

# THE YOUNG SOCIALISTS' MAGAZINE

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Workers  
of  
the  
World,  
Unite!



You have  
Nothing  
to Lose  
but your  
Chains!

And a World to Gain!

## THE FIRST OF MAY—A PROMISE

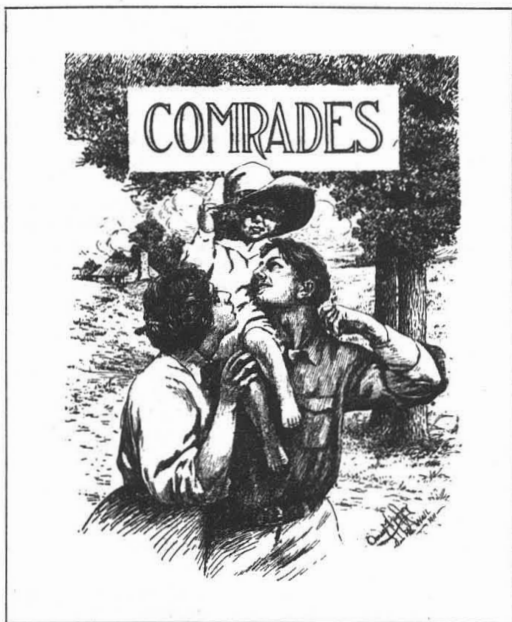
The first day of May has been to the organized working class, the world over, a day of rejoicing and gladness. As we marched in the ranks of a May Day demonstration, comrades everywhere, our hearts singing in tune to the music, as we felt that everywhere, in England and in Germany, in France and in Austria, in Russia, and even in the Balkan States, thousands and hundreds of thousands were marching to the same songs, with the same gladness and uplifted spirits.

Since the war, the first of May has been a tragic day. While we demonstrated in our own country, for the demands of the laboring class, while we called for universal suffrage, for an eight-hour day, for peace and disarmament, our thoughts again traveled over the ocean, to those, who had marched with us in the past. We saw them in the trenches; we saw them behind prison bars; we saw them in secret meetings, we saw them, alas, in the chambers of kings, working hand in hand, with the government, for bloodshed and war. But we saw them too, in meetings, here and there, denouncing the government, calling for peace, in voices, that grew more and more insistent as the year went on.

One short year. And yet how everything has changed. We ourselves, the country in which we live, has been dragged into the carnage. This first of May

will mean for us, not a fight for the preservation of peace; but what required infinitely more courage, a fight against war and all that war means to our people. But over there, the heads of labor

ending. There, too, of that we are convinced, the holiday of the international proletariat will be reborn, and from its glad bonfires will rise the spirit of a new, a fighting movement.



are lifting. In Russia, the first of May will be a day of rejoicing, such as the modern proletariat, in all its history, has not conceived of. In Germany the days of fear and trembling, too, are

And so we will celebrate once more, happily, jubilantly. For the International is not dead. It lives and it will live, in spite of wars and oppression. And the first of May shall usher it in!

## WHY I AM A SOCIALIST

By Karl Dannenberg

I am a Socialist because I want to abolish a system of production and a form of society which relegates the vast majority of its members, the workers, into the category of commodities.

Do you know, fellow-worker, that, although you are politically on the same footing with Morgan, Carnegie, Rockefeller and the rest of the drones in the community, you are, viewing your political equality from the bread and butter side of the question, nevertheless in the same class with shoes, hats, pig-iron and mules?

Do you know that you, a political peer of Mr. Astor or Harry K. Thaw, are in this "country of the free and home of the brave" actually sold daily on the market, the same as cheese, potatoes, or flour?

Do you know that, when you go out looking for that at times so elusive job, you, a free-born American citizen, are actually seeking a buyer to whom you can sell your ability to do useful mental or physical work? And do you know, fellow-worker, that when you sell your faculty as a bookkeeper, carpenter or ditch-digger that you are actually selling yourself or renting yourself out to a man or corporation—the capitalists—who own the things which you need to live?

Eliminating all the election day, spread-eagle gab of the dexterous politician, and observing conditions as they are, you will agree with me, fellow-worker, that you, as a workingman who is compelled to sell his labor-power to a boss, are not much better than a mule who is bought and sold because he can perform a certain kind of work.

Why are the workers, who are the creators of all wealth—of everything you can perceive with the naked eye and which bears the stamp of labor—why are the bees in society thrown into the same category with mules, cheese, pig-iron, etc., and how can we get out of this category? In other words:

*Why are we politically in the same class with a Morgan, Carnegie, and other rich parasites? And why are we economically in the same category with hats, shoes, pig-iron and mules?*

An answer to the questions will contain the solution to the many so-called social problems agitating and occupying the minds of millions of workers to-day. It will also explain the somewhat farcical but in reality tragical contradiction: Why those who perform all the useful work in the industries and those who till the soil, the busy human bees of society, are practically stripped of every vestige of wealth—rarely receive in form of wages a naked living; and why those, who lead a life of actual parasites, the human drones of society, are the owners of practically all the wealth, as it appears in the gigantic industries, the facilities of transportation and the soil—enjoying a life of unproductive luxury in idleness.

Politically conceived, we have so-called equality.

Industrially viewed, however, society is divided into classes: It consists of a class that owns all the things necessary to the life of a nation, and a class that owns nothing and has been divorced from the land and the machines.

The working class produces, with the assistance of nature, all wealth and owns nothing.

The capitalist class, relatively speaking, produces nothing and owns everything.

In this contradiction we find the causes that are at the bottom of the various social problems, which again, grouped together, express themselves in the tremendous labor wars, strikes, lockouts and political clashes between capitalists and workers: this contradiction is the cornerstone of Socialism and the modern labor movement. To remove this contradiction is the duty and purpose of the class-conscious element in the working class all over the world.

Exploitation is international, therefore the working class is international.

The Socialist Party, in seeking to remove above-cited contradiction, seeks to establish, therefore, a state of society based upon the principle:

That the workers, who with the assistance of nature produce all the wealth, shall also own all the wealth, by giving to every toiler the full product of his toil.

And that the shirkers and parasites, who produce nothing, shall receive and own nothing.

This state of affairs can only be achieved through the elimination of the profit system, and the common ownership of all the industries, railways, mines and land, i. e., all things necessary to the life and prosperity of a people, by the people. How such a state of affairs can be realized, and the reason for desiring this social ownership of the means of production will be explained in my next article.

## THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO THE RUSSIAN PROLETARIAT?

Out of the darkness and despair of war, like a beacon-light on a storm swept sea, comes the news that the Russian people have torn asunder the fetters of political slavery, and have driven out with the Zar and his family the whole class of merciless exploiters who have, for generations ruled the land with merciless and bloody despotism.

In its industrial development Russia has been far behind the other nations of Europe. Before the great Revolution of 1905, in which thousands upon thousands of men and women sacrificed their lives in a vain attempt to overthrow the autocracy of the "Little Father," this vast nation was almost without modern industrial enterprises. Production on a small scale characterized the more eastern nations of Europe during the first half of the last century. There were a few highly organized monopolies, some of which employed more than a thousand men, as in the sugar, naphta, and mine industries.

These were peculiar exceptions to the general character of Russian methods of production.

The agrarian life in Russia, before the outbreak of the first Revolution was exceedingly primitive. There was no modern farm production, except in a few outlying provinces.

The population was one of tenant farmers, poor, miserable, downtrodden creatures, who suffered unnumbered wrongs at the hands of their nobly-born landlords and rulers.

It is evident that a country of this sort offers little opportunity

for the development of capitalist industries. Capitalist undertakings, in order to have a chance for success, must have, first of all, a market for their products. The Russian-Japanese war had effectually destroyed for the time being, the outer market, while the poverty-stricken farmers offered but scant chance for the development of a home market.

The Revolution of 1905 was, therefore, not a revolution of the proletariat against the capitalist class. It was the result of the progressive or liberal wing of the capitalist class itself, supported and carried out by the peasants of Russia against the unbearable restrictions that the despotism of the Zar placed upon their opportunities for development and expansion. The reforms formulated in this Revolution were purely capitalistic in character, and in keeping with the demands of a capitalist class, as for instance, the demand for suffrage, and a popular parliament, for confiscation of nobility lands, for shorter working hours, and for a regulation of wages.

The first revolution occurred in an epoch of great changes in the world market. The growing industrial development of the large nations had effected a rise in the price of foodstuffs. Particularly wheat and rye were rising steadily in price, a fact that offered to the Russian landlords a favorable opportunity for export and trade. Developments in the interior of Russia were favorable to this change. Many of the great nobility landholders had during the revolution, in fear of peasant revolts, sold their lands, usually

to the more wealthy of their tenants. Prime Minister Stolypin, in his famous agrarian reform act, had divided up the community lands in such a way that the more influential landholders secured the lion's share. There sprang up within a few short years, a class of wealthy Bourgeois landholders, who organized upon a more or less communistic basis for large scale production on their lands. They adopted new, modern capitalistic methods of farm production, and soon became an active factor in the world market. The old half-serf peasant class of tenant farmers vanished more and more, and in its place there grew up a proletarian peasant class, which in its very nature, was more easily accessible to revolutionary ideas. In the cities, hand in hand with the development on the land, industries grew up, and a large, radical proletariat has formed.

This new class of capitalist landholders of course sought to express their demands upon the political field, and formed the liberal, progressive element in the Duma. Their interests were, however, not diametrically opposed to those of the Zar and his followers. They enthusiastically supported his bloody policy of world expansion, were his most energetic supporters when the present war broke out.

The growing proletariat in Russia had rapidly organized, in spite of the brutal opposition of its lordly rulers, in industrial and political working class organizations. The old type of anarchistic revolutionists gradually vanished and gave place to new, socialist

organizations. The beginning of the war practically lamed the whole labor movement. The liberals declared a civil peace with the government, a civil peace that meant the gagging and oppression of the laboring masses. But as the war progressed the complete disorganization of the whole Russian national life showed the inability of the Zarist regime to carry on the war. The railroad system of the country was completely paralyzed, corruption controlled even the highest officers. The none too solid financial basis of the nation began to topple. In order to meet the enormous war expenditures the government printed paper money, in such amounts, that its value deteriorated 50 per cent. or more. Prices, already high because the lack of labor had caused a shortage in supplies, were inflated to an impossible degree. The burden of taxation grew more and more irksome and the lot of the proletariat grew daily more desperate.

Despite these conditions the liberals, who had formed a progressive group—the Duma, still supported the Zar. It was only when the workers of Petrograd themselves arose in revolt, and drove the whole nation with them that the liberal capitalist bourgeoisie, with Miljukoff at its head, took advantage of the situation, and assumed control of the reins of government.

The news that has come to us from Petrograd show the important part that the workers have played in this revolution. It is certain that the workers of the big factories in the large cities had their secret committees, and that the Socialists, too, have rescued their organization from complete annihilation. But it is

just as evident that the great event was in no way prepared or organized. The Revolution began with food-revolts. Petrograd's masses were hungry and the soldiers were hungry. When the police lost control of the masses, the soldiers were called. But these soldiers were no longer the puppets they had been at the beginning of the war. The war had made the army a people's army, had awakened a new spirit in its ranks. When these soldiers were commanded to shoot upon the hungry masses they refused, and shot upon their officers instead. They turned against the police, and large laboring masses joined the rebellious soldiers. The police was driven back—the Revolution was victorious.

But the fight was not yet ended, when a workingmen's and a soldiers' committee was organized. The first step was taken by the munition workers who sent one delegate to every 1000 workers. The soldiers sent one man from every company. The people's army recognized in this board its highest authority. It was this committee that later joined the Duma-Executive and formed the provisional government. This committee, which is socialistic in its point of view and actions, is today the motive force of the Revolution. It was this committee that opposed all compromises, that were suggested in the first days. It was this committee that insisted upon a complete breach with the old regime. It was this committee which forced the provisional government to proclaim universal suffrage, and to call a new constitutional assembly. It was this committee which insisted on amnesty for all political prisoners, on the right to strike,

on a thorough reconstruction of the whole country.

Workingmen's committees, after the Petersburg pattern, were organized all over Russia, where they are still the driving force behind the revolutionary activity of the provisional government.

During the first days the relations between the provisional government and these committees were exceedingly critical. The bourgeois element in the government feared the influence of the Socialists, who stood at the head of the workers' movement. Under the clever leadership of the Social-Democrat Tchcheide, a Duma delegate, a degree of harmony was accomplished, and all elements undertook, as the first and most important task, the firm establishment of the democracy. But the workers insisted, that the political overthrow must be a thorough one, and their point of view prevailed.

The first step in the liberation of the Russian people has been accomplished. It has given them the possibility of free discussion, of class organization, of Socialist propaganda. But the real struggle of the laboring class for supremacy on the industrial field has only begun. Like its neighbors, in the West-European nations, Russia will have to pass through an epoch of rapid, intensive capitalist development.

The Revolution in Russia has lighted a conflagration that will not down. It will spread to Germany, to France, to England, to America, it will break out here, there and everywhere, again and again, until the capitalist class lies buried under the ruins of its own social system.

## STATEMENT BY TOM MOONEY

I do not know why I was denied the poor privilege of making a statement in the court room where I had just listened to the sentence of death. It could hardly have been fear upon the part of my accusers that I would, in such an hour, say something that would arouse them to a realization of the crime they had committed against me, and so incline their hearts to a tardy justice. One brought to the shadow of the gallows for a deed that he has not committed, and of which, indeed, he has had no knowledge other than common report, could perhaps, from the outrageousness of his situation, find words otherwise denied him. But no man, stand where he will, or face whatsoever horror, could find words to quicken the conscience of those who for weeks have—almost nonchalantly—engaged themselves with the weaving of prejudice and perjury, of hate and fear and even so hideous a thing as the greed of blood money, into a hangman's noose for one guiltless of other offense than devotion to what he conceives to be the rights of his kind.

I do not know why life, as we workers have to live it, is sweet, but it is. I do not know why one should wish to prolong this unceasing battle, but I do. Because of this feeling which may be little more than a man's instinct to live, I would have uttered one final protest—futile here no doubt, but not without avail, I trust, in the ears of the public, which when permitted to know the truth is always committed to justice.

I wanted to ask the gentlemen of the jury if they had voted to

take my life because of the testimony of Oxman, who writhed in the witness chair and could not meet my eyes, or if their verdict rested upon the evidence of the miserable creature called McDonald, whose baseness was proclaimed in every feature and attitude; or if they believed both of these pillars of the prosecution, though each contradicted the other.

I wanted to inquire of the twelve men who, virtually without deliberation and certainly without heed to the evidence in my behalf, have convicted me, whether they believed these damning statements of the Edau women, sworn to with glib assurance at my own trial or the equally glib but utterly incompatible statements made by them at the trial of Warren K. Billings.

I wanted to ask the prosecution why, when it had used in the Billings trial one set of witnesses to establish a certain part of its theory, it abandoned those witnesses in my own case. Having deserted one set of willing witnesses because of the exposure of their characters and their motives will it desert another, similarly exposed, when my innocent companions come to trial?

I wanted to talk of my alibi and that of my wife. I wanted to hurl into the teeth of my condemners that which they can not and will not deny, but can only bluntly and without conscience disregard—the fact that sixteen photographs and twenty-five witnesses have given indisputable evidence that we were far distant from the scene of the explosion at the time that it occurred, yes, at the exact

time that the witnesses for the prosecution, from motives which they themselves best understand, swore that we were assisting in the placing of the instrument of destruction. No such conclusive, impeccable alibi has ever been produced and disregarded in any case of note, and I wanted to look into the eyes of the prosecutors and those who by manufactured testimony have brought about my conviction, and read there the evidence that some faint spark of conscience yet remained alive within them. The shadow of the gallows is black—black even when one will carry to the grave, if he must die, the consciousness of innocence, and faith that his death shall not be utterly in vain; but the shadow will be immeasurably deepened if I must go to the end with the knowledge that the struggle for existence has produced men so monstrous as to be without those humane emotions and natural compunctions which we have been wont to believe have shed a redeeming light upon the most abandoned soul.

As I stood before the tribunal which was the visible manifestation of the machine of the law—a machine utilized by selfish and sinister powers to bring to an end a career which, though humble and of little account, has been devoted to a justice against which they have set faces of flint and hands of steel—I wanted to shout that the death of one man or of four men and a woman, or of all the victims of the struggle for living wages and tolerable working conditions for those who toil, cannot hinder the movement to which we have given whatever



we had of energy and devotion. I wanted to laugh at the fatuous blindness of those who hope to smother the cry for justice within prison walls, or strangle it with the hangman's noose.

I am under sentence of death. Whatever may be the legal exculpation, the crime of which I have actually been convicted is not that of having thrown a bomb into a throng of innocent people which included my wife's brother-in-law, to whom we are both tenderly attached; but that of having striven with what strength I had for the alleviation of the industrial wrongs that labor has suffered, and the establishment of the rights which naturally belong to labor. I do not believe—I cannot believe—that because I have thus exercised the simple privilege of a human being, I must meet death on the gallows. The fury engendered by industrial strife may defeat justice in a given locality, but so deeply imbedded in the hearts of the people is the desire for justice that it must inevitably find expression in a court of review. In that faith I am content.

Judge Franklin Griffin of the Superior Court of California, who presided at Mooney's trial in San Francisco, issued, on April 24th, a direct request to Attorney-General U. S. Webb of California, to confess error and ask the state supreme court, to order a new trial.

At the same time reports came from Sacramento that certain members of the California Legislature were discussing the possibility of the recall of District-Attorney Fickert, one of the main movers of the conspiracy.

## INTERNATIONAL NOTES

### ITALY

In the night of September 11, of last year, Roman policemen surrounded the printing office of Comrade Luigi Morara, broke down the doors and took possession of the whole place. On the following day the capitalist press of Italy was full of the sensational news that a secret plot, organized between Zürich, Switzerland (the seat of the Juvenile International), and Italy had been uncovered. Whole pages were devoted to this romantic "international conspiracy." They told of the four young Socialists who had been arrested, of the 400,000 leaflets that had been secretly printed for distribution on the Italian front, for the purpose of inciting a revolution.

The purpose of the whole performance was, of course, the complete suppression of the young people's movement in Italy and, with it, the whole Socialist party. During the excitement the "Avanguardia" and the "Avanti" were several times in eminent danger of suppression.

As a matter of fact there were only 1,300 leaflets in the establishment of Comrade Morara, in the Italian language, containing a proclamation written by the International Bureau, and distributed by all sections affiliated with it. As its publication was forbidden by the censors, it was printed secretly, at night, and the copy set up by the comrades themselves. When it was discovered, all but one of the members of the National Executive, together with a number of other prominent comrades, were arrested, and are still behind Roman prison walls.

In connection with this campaign against the Roman Socialists, the young Socialist movement in other towns, likewise, endured a period of outrageous persecution. In Castel San Giovanni a number of young workers were searched on the street for manifests, and in a number of cases the homes of comrades were thoroughly searched. In Milano the press called upon the police to arrest and imprison all young Socialists. In Bologna twenty young comrades were imprisoned, after a demonstration before a particularly obnoxious capitalist newspaper. In Parma and in Forli the police systematically hounded the young Socialists for many weeks.

In spite of these continued persecutions, eight new sections were organized in this period. This feverish agitation has not been without its tragedies. In a small town on the outskirts of Rome, at the time when the excitement there was at its height, two young Socialists who had deserted from the barracks, were held up on the street, and one of them was led away by the police. The other, Comrade Dandola Cimini, running to his assistance, was shot and immediately killed by one of the officers.

Nov. 13.—Behind closed doors the four Italian comrades, Toscani, Morara, Marinozzi and Sardelli, were tried and condemned to 21 years of prison: Italo Toscani to six years, Luigi Morara, Frederico Marinozzi and Giuseppe Sardelli each to five years imprisonment. All press comments on this unbelievable outrage were rigorously suppressed.

## THE REAL WAR

By Lieutenant "X" of the French Army  
(THE MASSES)

This article was written by a young French officer, who before the war was known as a writer. He served several months at Verdun, where he was decorated for bravery, and is at present somewhere on the Somme front. The French censor refused to allow this article to pass through the mails, and it was accordingly smuggled over by an American returning from France. The present text is, of course, a translation from the original French.

The public has a very natural tendency to picture this war, and all wars, according to a certain theatrical conventional form adopted by battle painters, by innumerable stories and romances of battle, and even by official reports. The press, which only infrequently has access to the theatre of operations, is led to comment upon events in the same fantastic style, and in order to preserve the "morale" of the armed nation, an aureole of "war-like beauty" is accorded to even the most dismal, the most monstrous scenes of the present drama.

In the interests of the future and of the civilized world, however, it would be well for everyone to know the war as it is, and not as one may imagine it without participating in it, or as one would like it to be when one is in favor of it.

Even among the bravest soldiers, I have never seen any who liked to fight, and felt in their element. It is only in newspapers that troops are impatient to go under fire and that they rush forward as to some pleasant entertainment.

In this war, the form of courage and individual heroism is new and deceptive. There is no grandeur in the method of fight-

ing; there is no individual grandeur for the combattant. What soldier of the present day can win glory or nobility from his exploits? The aviator, perhaps. He alone, when he meets and attacks another aviator in the open sky, is "sans peur et sans reproche," like a knight who challenges his foe to equal combat, face to face. Yet this war without honor has dishonored even some aviators whom it has obliged to throw bombs at nights on sleeping towns.

The brilliant horseman no longer has any part to play, or at least, so small and so exceptional a one that he would do well to leave his horse for an aeroplane.

The artillery has as its motto: Kill from hiding, far from the enemy, and without even seeing him.

As for the poor mass of infantry, its role is merely passive. It marks up the points on this devastated checkerboard, where there are hostile cannon with instruments of precision have engaged in a primitive struggle, a cowardly and ferocious combat. It has been said that Germany has dishonored war. I think there was no need of Germany's doing this, and that war has always dishonored mankind. But Germany, in substituting the technique of destruction for the art of fighting, has at least thrown the ignominy of war into a crude light, and deprived it of its last seduction. Thus ugliness, stripped of all ornament, makes us hate it the more.

But to come back to the infantry.

Battle stories, magazine illus-

trations, and even some official reports show us the infantry in the assaults of the present day much as we have been taught to imagine the zouaves at Sebastopol, or Bonaparte at the Arcoba bridge. We hear of "superb onslaughts," of "magnificent dash," and of positions taken in "fine style." The reality is different, and more poignant. The foot soldier who leaves his trench, like the foot soldier who is attacked in his trench, has less to act than to endure.

Let us consider the succession of events in one of these attacks, like so many which have taken place in Champagne, at Verdun or on the Somme.

There is a line or several lines of hostile trench to be taken. Given the terrible defenses with which these lines are provided, barbed-wire, machineguns, trench artillery, and so on, they cannot possibly be approached unless they are entirely destroyed, levelled, evacuated. A formidable artillery brought up for the purpose accordingly proceeds to carry out this work of destruction—a work which has been long and minutely prepared by aviators. It is also necessary to destroy as much as possible of the adverse artillery charged with keeping up a curtain of fire; and as each of the innumerable batteries has a definite role, preparatory firing goes on for nights and days. During this time the infantry which is to take the desired position is crouching in its trenches and shelters. The enemy's guns reserve their fire, are silent, and make no disturbance;

they are completely occupied with preparations; they wait.

The men, packed in first and second line, and in reserve, knowing that they are about to fling themselves toward the terrible unknown, have endless hours to think about it and wear out their nerves. This tension of waiting is an ordeal a hundred times harder than a spontaneous, unpremeditated fight. They cannot really rest, but they doze under the noise of their own artillery rolling infernally behind them. Generally they do not know where they are. They have come up in the night by an interminable march full of detours, stops, difficulties, which has ended in a hopeless labyrinth of communicating trenches. They have been transported from another sector and brought here for the attack. For it is never the troops who have held a sector a long time, and are thoroughly familiar with it, who make an attack in this sector: they would know too well how redoubtable is that which is opposite them, and all soldiers will tell you that experience kills courage in this war, where carelessness and lack of reflection are almost always the conditions of heroism.

So the infantry waits, nervous, tense, feverish, or prostrated. The men do not laugh and joke as much as they are said to do in newspaper stories. Or if they do, it is to overcome something which is not exactly fear, but which weighs upon the stomach and tightens the throat: a profound and tenacious anguish. When the moment of attack comes, they will consider it as a relaxation, a deliverance. This moment does come. As no man is capable of dashing coolly toward a machine gun in action,

and as the artillery may have spared some enemy works, they are given a drink of spirits at the last instant. Some officers or soldiers even calmly set about intoxicating themselves. I have seen one man, exalted by this means, scale the trench wall long before the time and start all alone toward the enemy, vociferating. And at last they spring forward, stunned and dazzled, accepting their duty, and once more fondly hoping to bring about a solution, and hasten the end of their troubles.

They run and run. They are not in order; they go as fast as they can to avoid the curtain-fire which is not yet accurate or perhaps has not yet begun. The ground is overturned; they stumble, fall, pick themselves up, twist their feet, and lose breath, loaded as they are with grenades, cartridges, and their rifles—the latter elongated and made heavier by the cumbersome and almost always useless bayonet. They are surprised and happy at meeting no enemy. They cross a volcanic chaos which was the hostile line; they see inert arms and legs torn and bloody human debris. They discover here and there a few trembling beings, exhausted, pitiful, visibly inoffensive, whom they have no desire to kill. The resistance of these survivors had nevertheless been foreseen. Certain men, under the name of "trench cleaners," armed with long cutlasses, were to run through and inspect the conquered lines, killing all who resisted in hand-to-hand fights. But such scenes rarely take place save in the imagination of staff officers who do no actual fighting. In reality, if it occasionally happens that some brute stabs or clubs an unarmed enemy half buried under

ruins and ready to surrender, this act arouses general disgust and indignation. I speak at least of what I have seen among French troops.

So the infantry simply send their few lamentable prisoners to the rear; they look them over curiously and often with commiseration; then they go on. The greater part of the enemy's units have retired long ago from this chaos where the enormous shell holes are so close together that they overlap.

At last the objective is reached. "Halt!" comes the cry. And the breathless men flatten down in what remains of a trench. For nearly two years a trench has been their element. They are no longer used to being exposed to shells and bullets. So they set to work in great haste and with all their strength to reconstitute the trench, to dig and scratch, and rearrange debris and material of all sorts.

It sometimes happens that the enemy tries to take back the lost lines by an immediate effort. But already machine guns have been put in place, and artillery observers are watching. The counter-attack cannot get started.

Thus the conquerors have not had any real fighting to do. Their artillery has scored "one point," and they merely mark this point by their presence, which at most they manifest by firing a few rifle shots at random, without seeing any adversary.

But the enemy's artillery is not long in determining the location of the new position, and the inverse game begins. Then on the barely reconstituted trench falls, a sudden rain of shells, ever more numerous and accurate.

There is nothing to be done. One can only stay there, stay

there stoically, be wounded or die. Ceaselessly the big shells whirr through the air like machines, then, with a formidable noise, shake and blow up the earth just before or just behind the trench, or right in it. The men, pressed against one another in precarious shelters, in the smallest places where they can find, if not protection, at least the illusion of being protected—the men during hours and hours, with all their nerves and muscles tensed, and even their very brains, suffer this hardest proof of all: to be a passive target, a gage for the enterprise of death, exactly like some animal which marksmen have tied to a stake to practise on.

Fragments wound or kill men here and there; then more accurate shells cause catastrophes, mingling the blood of twenty crowded bodies. There are heads crushed in, arms blown off, legs torn to shreds.

As a curtain-fire cuts off all communication with the rear, the wounded cannot be transported. All those who have not the strength to drag themselves along and try to escape unaided from this hell, will stay here and die, near their comrades who have to hear them moan and rasp a whole day or an entire night.

Meanwhile the losses are too great. Water and food no longer arrive; communication becomes impossible, and despite the stupendous efforts of the exhausted survivors to repair the trench between two shell explosions, it is destroyed and rendered indefensible. It must be evacuated, under cover of night, during a momentary calm. The survivors return to the old position.

At dawn, the enemy's infantry once more takes possession of the

bloody gage, scoring up one point in turn for its own artillery.

And the same operation begins over again indefinitely, marked by reciprocal, odious and inevitable tenacity, until the stronger and more accurate of the two artilleries finally wins.

This game of attacks and counterattacks has lasted months near Verdun, at Douaumont, Thiaumont, Vaux, Fleury, and the Morthomme.

The two infantries have no other part to play than that just explained. They are doing nothing different from this today on the Somme front. I know an infantryman who has been in most of the attacks and counterattacks of the last six months. He did not make them with his useless bayonet; he carried his gun strapped at his back; and held in one hand his wife's letters and in the other, photographs of his children. It is with such weapons that he "struggled," that he awaited death or deliverance.

The poor "poilu" smiles when, to flatter him, doubtless, to compensate his martyrdom somewhat, the official report, true to tradition, tells of his brilliant action, his initiative, his exploits. For his part, he prefers, as being closer to the bitter truth, the cold articles of specialists, where in the same columns mention is made of cannon, munitions, and "human material."

His real merit is sad and inglorious. He is still told, and it is said of him on all occasions, that he is a hero. No! This ignoble war will not allow him to be that; it is a false word, and moreover, a word far too flattering, if not for him, at least for it—for the war!

The man who has been suffer-

ing and dying in the trenches for the last two years is not a hero; he is a martyr.

**Five reasons against introducing compulsory military training into schools and colleges:**

1. It teaches young people to look upon war as the normal way of settling international disputes.
2. It commits America to a policy of far-reaching military preparedness, just when Europe is hoping to throw militarism aside.
3. It forces young men and their parents, who do not believe in preparation for war, to act against their consciences.
4. It introduces another group of interests into an already overcrowded school and college life.
5. It diminishes the priceless American quality of personal independence by forcing young people to obey without thought the petty officers who are placed over them.

If, therefore, compulsory military training weakens the forces tending toward peace, interferes with the freedom of conscience, narrows the field of personal liberty, and diminishes thoughtfulness of action, why should it be approved or introduced by the American people?

E. P. C.,  
University of Pennsylvania.

If the influence of the United States is to be for peace, then all the influence which the educational institutions have should be exerted in that direction. The danger which the military training inevitably brings with it is that when the nation is equipped and trained for war, it may also conceive itself to be dedicated to war.—John Lovejoy Elliott.

## SCHOOL

Teacher.

Some children love the teacher,  
And bring her every day  
An apple or an orange,  
Or maybe a bouquet;  
And other children hate her  
(Especially the boys)  
And wriggle and make faces  
And tease her with their noise.  
They both are very silly,  
For any one could see  
A teacher is a teacher  
Because she has to be.

\* \* \*

Magic.

At school we study magic.  
One kind is my delight  
It's truly very wonderful  
To learn the way to write!  
You take a piece of paper  
And mark on it with signs—  
Of course you must be careful  
To keep upon the lines—  
And if you send the paper  
To some one far away,  
The magic marks will tell him  
What they were told to say.

And then there is another kind  
That's called arithmetic  
It really isn't magic  
But just a guessing trick.  
How many pears and peaches  
Belong to Tom and Joe,  
And seven in eleven  
How many times will go;  
You guess by teacher's buttons,  
Or scratches on the wall,  
Or flies upon the ceiling—  
Or anything at all.

\* \* \*

Saturday.

I went to school on Saturday  
To ask the janitor  
If he had found the locket  
I lost upon the floor.  
The schoolrooms all were empty,  
With only desks and walls,  
And every little sound I made  
Ran shouting through the halls  
I didn't stay to find him,  
For I was terrified  
The place was like the body  
Of something that had died.  
—Mary.

At the same time we no longer have the right to walk where we please or even stand on the bridge for a breathing space. When the command to "halt" is given it matters not whether we are 76, too old, or 12, too young to understand, our lives are forfeited. The soldier having been commanded to "shoot to kill" must obey whether he is stationed in the city streets and aims at passersby, or in the foreign trenches. When we realize how many of these armed guards are at present stationed about the public places in the city we cannot help but feel that it is our first duty to stay at home and protect our aged parents and younger sisters and brothers from the danger which surrounds them. Workers, defend your homes, your rights, your democracy!

Dr. Charles Eliot, former President of Harvard, sums up the view of most skilled leaders in physical education when he says: "Military drill seems to me to be one of the poorest forms of bodily exercise and all free sports. There is too much routine and automatic action in it and too much repression of individual freedom."

Col. Thomas F. Edmunds of Boston says: "In Boston the effect of school drill has been to make the boys round-shouldered and narrow-chested. I never saw a school company well set up in my life. Every time I tell the truth on this matter I raise a storm from persons illy informed upon the subject and from the boys, whose self-conceit, enlarged by this drill, should be one of the greatest arguments against its further practice."

## WHAT IS TREASON?

By Wm. F. Kruse

The president of these United States, elected last Fall on a program of "he kept us out of war," is now demanding that Congress give him the power to conscript American citizens and to put them to any use he sees fit. He does this on behalf of sweet "Democracy." He makes his claim in the name of "American Patriotism"—and perhaps by the time that this article is printed he will have succeeded in bending Congress to do his bidding. If he succeeds (and backed by the untold power of the monied masters and their newspapers there is little chance that he will fail) it will undoubtedly be considered treason to oppose his wishes.

There are a lot of people in this country who do not agree with him. I, for one, do not agree with either his premise or his conclusion, and if that be treason there can be no doubt of my guilt. To my way of thinking conscription is the very essence of that Prussianism and autocracy that is His Excellency's avowed purpose to stamp out. No nation has the right to attempt to force its citizens to become murderers. It may arrogate to itself the power to do so, but this has never and can never make the usurpation a right. And should any government seek to force so autocratic and inhuman a course upon its people, it is the right and the duty of those not in harmony with the aims sought or the methods used, to resist to the last ditch any attempt to stain their hands with the blood of their fellow men.

This government, in creed and theory at least if in no other way,

is a government of the people and by the people. In the last election the issue was clearly drawn between the advocates of war and the apostles of peace. The people were informed, a thousand times a day, that the Democratic candidate for President had kept us out of war. The Republican assailed him on that very position. The people spoke—their voice was for peace. The great mass of the people are always for peace. Had this great world war in the first place meant that the rulers and diplomats who engineered its declaration would have to do the actual fighting and bleeding and dying—there would never have been a shot fired. And, without casting any reflections upon the courage of any man, had the entrance of this nation into the conflict carried with it the duty of the President and every pro-war Congressman to arm to the teeth and enter a bullet proof room in company with an equal number of German Princes and Dukes and there to fight it out for democracy or any other excuse—there would then have been less chance of this nation entering the bloody picnic.

The American people are a nation of builders, not destroyers. They are fighters, but their battle is directed to conquering the hostile forces of nature. Out of an untamed continent they have carved out a mighty nation, dotted with busy cities and covered with fertile farms. Our energy has been creative energy, we have built houses, and bridges, and work-shops rather than guns, mines, and other agencies of destruction. This country is strong,

not in the number of potential "enemies" we can kill per minute, but in the bounty of our fields and the intelligence and productivity of our workers.

Day by day grows the progress of the workers—the great mass of the American people. More and more they become conscious of their right to live—their right to more than a mere existence. Hours of labor are cut down, wages are raised, education is extended, child labor abolished, industrial risks eliminated—all of these things show the growing power and the broadening vision of the working class. Like a bolt out of the blue stalks our last great enemy of freedom—Militarism!

The master class, who yet own the tools of production of this as of other lands, are revelling in the bloody gains of warring Europe. With the end of the war in sight they see also the end of their mad orgy. The only hope of continued prosperity lies in new wars, and since Europe is bled white the next victim on the altar of Mars must needs be their own country. These sanctimonious devils are cunning—they do not put forth their real purpose. No! Greed is not a thing to tempt the sacrifice of the most gullible fool, so they put forth their claim in the name of "Patriotism"—they hide their gaping money bags in the folds of the flag. Cunningly the program is carried out, first the organization of "defense leagues", whose slush funds run into the millions, then the use of their powerful press to inflame the minds of the people against imaginary enemies, then an assault upon Con-

(Continued on page 13)

## DEFEND YOUR HOMES

The time for us to defend our homes and the democracy we enjoyed in this country has come. The long arm of conscription is already reaching out to break up every home in the country temporarily, if not forever. Universal service, when instituted, will require every man to give up at least one year or three per cent. of the most productive period of his life. Besides this great number of non-producers will have to be fed and clothed by those who are working. The budget of every home will be reduced by just so much, and as a result we will find less education, fewer books,

smaller quarters, less light, less air, less sanitation, and finally less health. It is indeed time to defend our homes.

The country is at war. We are in danger. We are asked to enlist in a fight for democracy, and for this purpose we are compelled to sign away our rights to think or question and pledge our "unqualified service" to our government and all it stands for on peril of losing our jobs. Surely, if we do not make a decided stand for true democracy now, it may be too late.

We are told to enlist now. This country is defending its rights.



## The Young Socialists' Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Organ of the American Socialist Sunday Schools and Young People's Federation

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF "Young Socialists Magazine," published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April, 1917, State of New York, County of New York.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Jacob Obriat, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the "Young Socialists Magazine," and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Socialistic Co-operative Publishing Association, 15 Spruce St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Ludwig Lore, 15 Spruce St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Lily Lore, 15 Spruce St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Jacob Obriat, 15 Spruce St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Socialistic Co-operative Publishing Association, 15 Spruce St., New York, N. Y., a corporation consisting of over 300 members, none of whom owns or holds one per cent. or more of the total amount of stock, President, John Nagel, 1367 Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Secretary, Otto Knoll, 725 Lexington Ave., New York City, N. Y.; Treasurer, Ernst Ramm, 214 E. 85th St., New York City, N. Y.

3. That the stockholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Jacob Obriat,  
Business Manager.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of April, 1917.

Simon Sultan,  
(My commission expires March 30, 1919.)

## THE SPRING OF SOCIALISM

By May R. Schocken

The spring is here. The pale mayflower and bearded trillium play hide and seek along the wooded paths.

Never before was there quite such a hustle and stir in the little garden plots, such a selection of seeds, such careful planning. Even in the city the pale toiler lays aside his dusty stained overcoat and his shoulders straighten and his step quickens.

We Yipsels have felt it. We have heard the call of the robins and are resuming our weekly hikes into the country. Here on pleasant walks and in shaded fields we gather our friends about us and gently, yea carefully plant the seed of Socialism with hope that it may grow.

The Young People's movement is indeed the "Spring" of Socialism in every sense of the word. It is now and will in future be its main source of supply. Like the bubbling spring of the forest it trickles, gurgles and pushes its way, over stony beds, through the thorny bushes, over the sloping meadow, refreshing and cheering as it goes ever on with the one intent to add its small mite to the strength of the mighty river.

It lends spring and elasticity to the older movement. It is the note of optimism for those who have toiled so hard before us. They see that when the burden shall become too great for them it will be taken up by hundreds of strong willing hands. Ten young voices to their one will take up their message and the heart that might bow hopelessly is cheered and the enfeebled eye brightens with hope for the future. Just as spring always brings new hope

and energy after the winter's desolation.

Again just as the spring of the year stands between hoary winter and the gay festive summer, so our movement stands between the locals and the Sunday schools. It is here perhaps that our greatest duties lie. This is a field open for our cultivation, the fruits of which are well worth gathering. It may well become a permanent source of supply for our movement if we but avail ourselves of the opportunity. Much work, much sacrifice of time might be required. But the spring song of the great harrows sowing wheat on the prairies, is Profit, Profit, more Profit for our masters; our spring song must be Work, Work, more Work for our movement.

An official commission to study the military education in Massachusetts states "that as far as available evidence gives, drill in the schools had had no beneficial effect in promoting enlistments in the militia, except in a few isolated localities. For various reasons it has seemed to create a dislike for soldiering."

Lieut.-Gen. Baden-Powell, the head of the British Boy Scout movement, says that "excessive military training of a boy tends to bore him and destroy the ambition to serve when his time comes later."

That militarism develops and improves the individual is indicated by the fact that in the last forty years 10,000 German conscripts committed suicide.

## WHAT IS TREASON

(Continued from page 11)

gress for more and ever more appropriations to enrich their own coffers, and finally, by a most despicable proceeding outlined elsewhere in this paper, the adoption of a conscription clause that is used for the foundation of other legislation along the same line. This has been done by the real enemies of the American people—the monied barons within our boundaries, super-patriots most of them—and it has been very well done, indeed.

This importation of Prussianism in its worst form, this conscription, is entirely uncalled for in the history of this or any other civilized country. That cheap glory which men call "War" is nothing more or less than organized mass murder. I do not oppose those who want to go down into the Hell of blood and tears, but I do object to being made in to a murderer at another man's bidding. There have always been enough men, sorry to say, who have overcome their scruples on this point to fill every army that was ever raised. It is pointed out that England has resorted to conscription to fill her armies, yet she did not do so until after she had secured four million men by volunteers and there remained only one-eighth that number of men of military age within the country who had not yet been taken. It is pointed out that this country used the draft in the Civil War, yet while the volunteer system brought to the colors over 26 per cent. of the total number of people of military age, the draft brought only 1½ per cent and it required more soldiers to keep order during its enforcement than were actually secured.

It is claimed that this is a war

for democracy. Were this true the least that might have been done would have been the employment of a little democracy in its calling. The people at the last election expressed their opposition to war. Yet the President informed Congress that a state of war already existed and all that it was to do was to agree with him—which it did. And now, when it comes to raising men to do the actual fighting, it is proposed to conscript them without even taking the trouble to find out who really wants to go to war and who does not. At a time when the war fever, and its natural result in lively recruiting, was at its height, the order was sent out from the War Department to suspend this activity and to take in no more volunteers. Why? The President and the Senate have already declared their intention of going ahead with conscription immediately, without bothering about volunteers. The jingo press backs them up enthusiastically. Why?

There is a growing suspicion on the part of many Americans that this declaration of war is merely a bluff to enable our financiers to sit in on the game of dividing the spoils when the carnage can go no further. Our monied powers have loaned great sums to the allies and this staggering debt will be on but small security if all the peoples of Europe show the same disposition to shake off their shackles as did those of Russia. With an army of several millions and an overpoweringly large navy we might easily be able to convince the British Empire that it would do better to give us Canada and the British West Indies as a pledge for the payment of our

loans than to risk a war with us in the future. With a sufficiently large militarist establishment we might be able to convince Japan and China that their destinies will be best served by placing themselves in pawn to American bankers and industrial magnates. And with an all powerful conscript army it should be an easy matter to prove to strikers that their reliance on American liberty to give them free speech, press and assemblage is slightly out of order.

These things are just conjectures for the present, yet whether affairs take this turn or not, the only people to benefit by this monstrous wrong of militarist conscription are the owners of the tools of life; the ones to pay the horrible price in blood and gold are the workers.

In these troublous times there are apt to be some disagreements on a definition of patriotism. To those now in control of things the highest conception of patriotism is to docilely shoulder a gun and go off to a European trench to have your head shot off. But to the minds of others there are better uses for a head than to have it used as a target. To those it is a far higher conception of patriotism to refuse to allow the iron heel of this un-American despotism to be fastened down upon us, and to resist the yoke with every means within our power.

It would be easy for the workingmen to support their wives and children but for the fact that they have also to support the wives and children of their employers.

"Have you seen? They have wiped out a whole column this morning." "Ah! those cursed Germans." No it is the Censor, who has struck out my last article, of whom I speak."—"Le Rire."





## THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

By O. HENRY

With Introductions by FREDERICK HOUK LAW

Of all recent American short story writers none is more popular than O. Henry. At the age of forty, when he gained his public, he had but eight years more to live, but he made those last eight years a triumph of success. And although he wrote so rapidly that his powers of production astonished every one, he could scarcely produce stories rapidly enough. The secrets of his great success lay in a wide observation of men, women and books; freedom from all literary conventions; humor and sympathy, and real genius in the story-telling art.

The years before O. Henry became successful were really aids to success, for he was unconsciously gathering material from which to draw lavishly in his last few years of work. In actual life he was William Sidney Porter: "O. Henry" is a pseudonym chosen because he was attracted by the name "Henry" seen in a New Orleans newspaper, and he thought the letter "O" easy to write. O. Henry was born in Greenboro, North Carolina, in 1862, but he lived as citizen of a wide world, seeing life in Central America and Texas, through the great West, and in every part of "Little-Old-Bagdad-on-the-Hudson." Like many other writers he had no particular education except that gained in "the school of hard knocks and experience." He was clerk in a drug store; ranchman in Texas; employee in a bank; editor of a humorous paper; reporter; adventurer in Central America; literary worker in New Orleans and finally in New York—and everywhere opened for life. Without doubt his death at forty-eight was the result of working at high pressure, but in his forty-eight years he lived longer than most men, and he wrote

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffs,

and smiles, with sniffs predominating. While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung

more than ten volumes of short stories that are still "best sellers."

When some one asked O. Henry how to write a short story he said: "Please yourself. There is no second rule." And please himself he did—using slang, coining words, violating the rules of paragraphing; writing with unusual dashes, parentheses, exclamation points and capital letters; making false allusions intentionally; breaking into his stories with side remarks; mixing the serious and the burlesque—but always so cleverly, so surprisingly, with such abandon of reckless, care-free ability that the reader knew O. Henry was a story-teller born to his art.

In "The Gift of the Magi" O. Henry has used the simple, partly humorous and partly serious events of ordinary life, and has constructed a single situation with a single effect. Without character analysis he has made character illuminate the entire story. As in all O. Henry's stories the most notable effect is surprise: both characters, in sacrificing their dearest treasures, at the same time unknowingly give up the possibility of enjoying each other's gifts. The higher surprise for the reader is that of being led unsuspectingly and irresistibly to the conclusion—toward which every word has led from the beginning—that self-sacrifice is the highest evidence of love. Written in a free and easy style that makes for originality and personality; quick, vivid and sympathetic; with an application that leaves the reader with a sense of gain, "The Gift of the Magi" told in common language, illustrates a unique and artistic type of the short story, founded partly on French models, but springing more truly from the virile life and thought of America.

to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out

dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed just to see him pluck at its beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she flattered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One fight up Della ran, and collecting herself, panting. Madame,

large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade. "Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand. "Give it to me quick," said Della.

"Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain, simple and chased in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the \$7 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant school-boy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror, long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do—oh! what could I do with \$1.87?"

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned

white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please, God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't live through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas,' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della, "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week, or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his over-

coat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble toes at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jeweled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely

sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are the wisest. They are the magi.

### Growth of Socialism Like an Onion

By George N. Hanson, Seattle

Did you ever take a large Burbank onion, and peel off the outer dry husks, down to the green juicy inner layers?

Socialism is somewhat like an onion, and there are some dry outer husks that we must peel off in order to get down to the real life-giving substance.

Now these dry husks were, at one time tiny little green tendrils, that pushed up through the earth; if it had not been for them there would have been no onion. They served their purpose, but now we throw them away, and give preference to the juicy layers inside.

I say, Socialism is like that, only we prefer to give the outer husks, that is the beginning of the growth of Socialism, a little more respect, and we should do so.

If I liken the pioneers of Socialism to the husks of an onion, I do not thereby mean to cast reflection upon them.

Does it not occur to you that we may be placing too little relative value upon the husks of the onion with respect to the meat inside?

Now let us see, the dry husks here, once were green and juicy, fit to eat, what has made them dry and unpalatable? They now serve as a covering which protects the inner layers, but they do not make the inner layers juicy, green and palatable, where does this new life sap come from, and what effect does it have upon the outer shell? The roots, deep down in the earth, draw nourishment and make the onions grow. The parallel is quite obvious, is it not?

New blood, new activities, expressing and emphasizing the original central truth of economic freedom, but in a hundred and one different ways. But mind you all hanging fast to the fundamental principle which gives our Socialist movement life, that principal of co-operation as opposed to the war-plan of competition.

But in order for the new life, new blood, new activity, to come up into the onion, the outer shells must give

way for the onion to grow. Slowly it forces out the sides, and as the green inside layers are exposed to the elements, they are touched by the sun and the wind and are dried and become more husks.

Now, I seem to see, of course I may be mistaken, but I seem to see, in our Socialist movement some of these dry husks, and I speak of them with nothing but the highest respect, draw themselves together and say among themselves, "No, we won't budge an inch, we won't spread a bit more, better for us to be a small dried up onion, than to allow that new sap to bubble up and force us to spread out and so expose us even more to the elements, which will dry us up." I say, I seem to see such an element within our ranks; they can read Marx backward and can tell you what isn't Socialism faster than you can run. Let us be considerate of these veterans, they are the pioneers; if you are at all appreciative, be thankful that you are a generation following, not preceding them, and will reap the benefits where they have sown in pain and hardship. Some day, we too may be forced out to the outer covering, and become dried husks, for though Socialism is fast becoming a reality, it will require many a brave struggle, many a hardship, before we bring about the social revolution.

My earnest wish is for a zealous activity and a studious up-building of our Socialist faith.

Let us be strong like the onion.

### Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

The Rev. George C. Abbott took down the receiver and placed it to his ear.

"Is that the Dickel Liquor Company?" a woman asked.

Mr. Abbott recognized the voice as that of one of his parishioners.

"No," he replied in stern reproof; "it is your rector."

Was there a dull thud?

No.

"Indeed," said the lady, quick as a flash, "and pray, what are you doing there?"—New Era.

The kind-hearted woman stopped to reprove the youngster who had chased a cat up a tree.

"You bad boy, suppose you were a cat, would you like to have any one chase you in that fashion?"

"Geel wouldn't I though, if I could climb like that," said the youngster, grinning.—Boston Transcript.

## REPORT OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT to the National Emergency Convention

To the Delegates of the National Convention:

Dear Comrades:

In the two years that have passed since the last report of this department was given a national socialist gathering, our propaganda among the young has been greatly extended. There are now more "Young People's Socialist Leagues," and they are better organized and more fully developed. Two years ago there were about 40 organizations more or less loosely connected with the National Office. There are today 150 bona fide leagues, in good standing. In the month of June, 1915 (just before I took charge of the department), there were 1,456 due stamps sold, the high record up to that time; in the month just passed, March, 1917, there were 5,482 so sold. In addition to this absolute gain in membership we now have six states in which State Federations of the Y. P. S. L. are organized and two more that will probably be so organized before the end of the year.

This gain in Y. P. S. L. organization is not confined to this country, but seems to be world-wide. Our International Secretary, Wilhelm Munzenberg, of Switzerland, reports an increase from 70,000 members at the close of 1915 to 120,000 members in the first quarter of 1917. I do not vouch for these figures, but understand that much of the increase comes through the affiliation of new young people's bodies with the International. Our International Bureau (Y. P. S. L.) held three meetings in Switzerland during the course

of the war, none of which, of course, were attended by an American delegate.

In these past two years the Y. P. S. L. has put out and disclosed of four of its own leaflets, written by myself, with a total issue of 350,000 copies. We have also had a special edition of The American Socialist, which reached a circulation of 90,000, and a self-supporting lecture tour of over 50 dates. The work of the League in helping out the Party in various local centers has been such as to win favorable comment from many comrades who had heretofore been rather lukewarm in their attitude.

### THE Y. P. S. L. PROGRAM.

The first effort of the Y. P. S. L. is to reach young people through their own youthful interests. These are quite generally social, and where this is so it is turned to good account to furnish an element of social comradeship so sadly lacking in many local socialist movements. Education is the real field of the league, and on it the young folks have done much to break down the prejudice against our cause, as well as to educate themselves and their young friends in our principles. The average circle of the Y. P. S. L. conducts a more intensive and fundamental educational program than does the average socialist local. In the agitation for war and the introduction of military training into the schools our members have shown themselves in unflinching opposition at all costs. In helping out in the political work of many localities our Y. P. S. L. organization has often

won the praise of hard-working local comrades.

### DIFFICULTIES IN OUR WORK.

In the conduct of our organization we run against all the handicaps that confront the Party today, and a lot of others besides, both natural and unnecessary. We run against the prejudice and ignorance found in all classes of workers, and in addition to this the natural indifference of Youth to anything so serious as Socialism. Then, too, most young people lack the spending money necessary to finance their own movement and capitalist agencies can offer a great deal more than we. Most of our members are inexperienced and "green" when they come to us, so we have to train them in their work—with this task we are never finished, for the natural age barrier makes our membership an ever-fleeting, changing one. People do not stay young very long before they graduate into party and labor union work and then we have to look around for new material to fill in the ranks.

As to cost and similar details, it is sufficient to say that although the work of this department has mounted and increased very greatly, thereby increasing also the expenses of running it, the income from the leagues has so far kept pace that it costs less today to carry on a greater volume of work than it did to maintain a smaller two years ago. Figures showing the relative cost of this department are appended hereto; where the asterisk is shown, it indicates a surplus for that particular month:

Month	RECEIPTS				EXPENSES				NET COST		
	Dues	Supplies, Etc.	Wages	Other Exp.	1915	1916	1915	1916	1915	1916	
January	1915	1916	1915	1916	1915	1916	1915	1916	1915	1916	
January	\$ 19.10	\$ 53.50	.....	\$ 84.60	\$ 90.00	\$ 72.00	\$ 45.41	\$ 139.05	\$ 116.31	\$ 72.95	
February	6.80	50.93	.....	57.62	73.00	72.00	77.80	69.65	144.00	33.10	
March	18.62	39.16	.....	103.30	73.00	78.00	14.80	167.67	69.18	83.21	
April	18.15	51.46	.....	45.71	72.00	105.00	42.81	100.48	96.66	108.31	
May	18.10	57.55	.....	130.23	92.00	84.00	87.37	48.11	161.27	55.67*	
June	28.91	35.05	.....	45.08	72.50	84.00	13.36	129.35	56.95	133.22	
July	19.80	30.60	.....	24.81	90.00	105.00	50.45	49.50	120.65	99.09	
August	29.30	29.10	\$ 6.25	58.45	72.00	84.00	7.20	137.27	43.65	133.72	
September	24.85	50.60	26.00	63.80	72.00	105.00	18.56	11.09	49.61	1.69	
October	27.20	49.80	16.00	39.95	90.00	84.00	11.54	8.10	58.24	2.35	
November	37.90	42.02	23.70	51.17	72.00	84.00	19.84	10.22	30.24	1.03	
December	62.60	73.64	16.30	50.00	90.00	105.00	147.96	24.13	159.06	5.49	
Total for year										\$1,105.82	\$618.49
1917											
January	.....	68.03	.....	35.46	.....	84.00	46.66	.....	.....	27.17	
February	.....	46.31	.....	54.15	.....	84.00	82.88	.....	.....	66.42	
March	.....	109.63	.....	48.08	.....	105.00	12.52	.....	.....	40.19*	

To those who may not be quite satisfied with even this showing, and who demand that this work be entirely self-supporting, I can only say that such a condition is desired by none more than by the Yipsels themselves, but that this expenditure of socialist funds for propaganda among the young should be looked upon as the soundest and best kind of an investment that the Party could possibly make. It is an investment that is already bringing in big returns in many forms, and is destined to bring in even more.

#### RECOMMENDATIONS.

My recommendations are these:

1. That every Party member be urged to do his best to interest young people of his acquaintance in Socialism, and to get them to join the Young People's Socialist League, bearing in mind that by so doing he is laying sound foundations for the Socialist movement of the future.

2. That anyone having suggestions or ideas for the better application of young socialist organization methods urged to get into co-operation with which he is familiar, or any other suggestions for the improvement of the work of this department, be urged to get into co-operation with the Young People's Department so that the same may be worked out and applied.

3. That every local of the Socialist Party not yet having a Y. P. S. L. in its locality be urged to take all necessary steps to get one, and, this having been done, to help and support its work in every possible way.

4. That State Secretaries be urged to take this matter up with their locals and field workers so that eventually we may have a young socialist state federation in every state in the union.

5. That all socialist editors, speakers, organizers and writers be urged to use their efforts and influence to interest the comrades, both young and old, in this work, not in any sense to the exclusion or detriment of the regular party activity, but as a most valuable auxiliary thereto.

6. That the same fine support and help given by many comrades, officially and unofficially, in the past may be continued and extended so that our organization may eventually include enough young folks to correct, on behalf of the working class, the effects of false education drilled into them from their sources.

If these recommendations are concurred in by the Convention, and

even only partly observed, I am sure that the effect upon the "Young People's Socialist League" of this country will be such as to warrant the highest hopes of the organized socialist movement.

Fraternally submitted,

William F. Kruse,  
National Secretary, Y. P. S. L.

"Willie," said his mother, "I wish you would run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning."

A few minutes later Willie returned and reported:

"Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is."—New York Times.

It is, indeed, time to ask what the universities are doing to prepare for peace.

If the universities and high schools sent out their students with the kind of ideals that would make them combat the causes of war, they would render a far higher service than by helping to train soldiers. It is in the minds of many that the universities often do fail just at this point, and that too often the best trained graduates take their places among the predatory groups of the community, with their intelligence sharpened, and their abilities heightened to take part in a merciless individualistic competition.—John Lovejoy Elliott.

A Hint to Mothers.—Barrack conditions of life are peculiarly favorable to the development of homo-sexualism, sodomy, and certain other insidious forms of sexual perversion. (See Forel's "The Sexual Problem," Krafft-Ebing's "Psychopathia-Sexualis" et al.) Better see to it that the petty officer to whom you entrust your high school boy for military instruction teaches him only the gentle art of murder. E. R. C.

#### The Food Riots.

With wealth of the autumn the fruit trees were heavy—

With burden of red and with burden of gold;

The vines of the vineyard were strong in their bearing,

The olive-trees faithful, the apple-trees bold;

The wide fields were brave with the ripe yellow grain,

From the coast, North and South, far and wide,

And great was the harvest to nourish our pride,

Heaped high in the barns, filling train after train.

But women are crying,

"Give food or we die—

The markets are full

But the poor cannot buy—

Give milk for our babies

And meat for our men

And bread that our bodies

May labor again!"

The cattle have bred and the flock are increasing,

The fowl have sent fledglings abroad in the air;

The fish come in schools to the shores of the ocean

Or leap in white streams for the people to share.

The valleys are rich and the groves on the hills,

Oh, fat is the land, East and

West, far and wide,

And fair are the prairies and great is our pride

In the bounty that quickens, the beauty that thrills.

But poor is the people

Whose women must cry,

"We work, but we starve—

Give us food or we die!

Give milk for our babies

And meat for our bodies

And bread that our bodies

May labor again!"

Marguerite Wilkinson.



## OUR OWN AFFAIRS



#### NATIONAL CHAMPS WINNERS

##### Educational Division

First place, 10 points: Oswald Buresch, Buffalo, N. Y.

Second place, 7 points: A. Kanowitz, Ansonia, Conn.; Samuel Blauner, Northwest, Chicago, Ill.

Third place, 4 points: Anton Foders, Bronx No. 1, N. Y.; David Rothstein, Newark, N. J.; Fred Briehl, Brooklyn, N. Y.

##### Entertainment Division

First: Estelle Ferencievic, St. Louis, Missouri.

Second: Ruth Elson, Central West, Chicago, Ill.

Third: Rhoda Kerstein, Buffalo, N. Y.; Tom Matthews, Omaha, Nebr.

##### Organizers' Division

First: Isadore Glickman, Rochester, N. Y.

Second: Paul Shogren, Newark, N. J.; Tom Cornell, St. Louis, Missouri.

Third: Carl Ulrich, Toledo, O.; Max Konecky, Omaha, Nebr.

#### STANDING OF THE LEAGUES

(April 1, 1917)

##### First Division

Toledo, O., 48½; Buffalo, N. Y., 48½; N. W., Chicago, 48; Newark, N. J., 45½; St. Louis, Mo. (E.), 44; Omaha, Nebr., 43; Peoria, Ill., 39½; Trenton, N. J., 39; Rochester, N. Y., 38½; Hartford, Conn., 38; Watertown, N. Y., 32½; Providence, R. I., 32¼; Paterson, N. J., 32; Jamestown, N. Y., 30¾; Lawrence, Mass., 28¾; New Britain, Conn., 27¾; Cleveland, O., 26¾; Syracuse, N. Y., 25; Washington, D. C., 24½; C. W., Chicago, 24.

##### Second Division

Ansonia, Conn., 23¾; Milwaukee, Wis., 23¾; Reading, Pa., 23½; Decatur, Ill., 23¾; Lafayette, Ind., 23; Washington, D. C. (J.), 23; St. Paul, Minn., 22¾; Denver, Colo., 22¾; Fel., Chicago, 22; Dayton, O., 21¾; San Francisco, 20; New Haven, Conn., 19¾; Brooklyn, N. Y., 18¾; Bronx, N. Y., 17¾; Troy, N. Y., 13¾; McKeesport, Pa., 13¾; Terre Haute, Ind., 11; St. Louis, Mo. (J.), 11; Lynn, Mass., 5; Kokomo, Ind., 4¾; Richmond, Ind., 3¾; Fr., Chicago, 2¾; Wilkesbarre, Pa., 2¾; Boston, Mass., 1¾; Brockton, Mass., 1; Greenville, Pa., 1; Philadelphia, Pa., 1.

#### THE YIPSEL SURVEY.

The leagues all over the country are doing their bit. There are so many reports of really fine activity received that it is impossible to print them all and do justice to them. The National Champs especially are drawing wide support and enthusiasm and the good done to the movement is already apparent.

#### NEW YORK STATE.

Jamestown is already preparing for its annual camp on beautiful Lake Chautauqua. One of their members was a delegate to the Party Convention at St. Louis.

Buffalo No. 1 is running on home talent and doing it well. They are to conduct a class in elocution so that all may say their say no matter where they go.

Watertown, N. Y., held its second educational meeting in its new quarters and netted 11 new members. An Easter Ball was also a great success.

Syracuse can well be proud of turning out the best and most novel dance program that was ever seen in Yipsel circles. It was used on the occasion of their April Fool Masquerade Dance and consists of a double Y. P. S. L. emblem shield which is hand colored with water colors. A very neat little program without any advertisements, but full of good Yipsel hits is bound on the inside of this cover and a bit of socialist ribbon finishes the job. No two of the covers are exactly alike in coloring, but they all are good.

Queens No. 1 is carrying on some fine anti-war work and admitted three of its members into the Party during the past month.

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston is living up to its rep. A dramatic reading by a prominent actor and stage director, and a benefit ball for the N. E. Leader.

Lawrence has been carrying out some fine anti-war propaganda. One of our members recently memorized the entire anti-war program of the Socialist Party and recited it before the History class under the title of "An Historic Document." It caused widespread comment.

#### OHIO.

Cleveland No. 1 reports that they have reached their low-water mark, but are coming back strong. In the past month they had one educational

affair, one entertainment, and one large dance at the Olive Academy.

Toledo reports a highly successful April Fool's Party, a debate, and revived interest in business meetings. An anti-conscription meeting recent-S. L.

#### GENERAL REPORTS.

Richmond, Ind., is increasing its membership at the rate of two a week and is organizing a baseball held was attended by the Y. P. team.

Washington, D. C., announces a very successful pound party, that broke into the local press.

North Side Pittsburgh, Pa., has a new headquarters, for which it pays \$30 per month. They are planning a ball for the benefit of the Westinghouse victims, one of whom is a member of their own league.

New Britain, Conn., will entertain their neighbors from Hartford at a banquet on May 1st.

Ansonia, Conn., is staging a repetition of the Mooney Trial, to bring home to the people the disreputable methods used in bringing about a conviction.

Elgin, Ill., organizes a new league with 18 charter members.

#### QUEENS CIRCLE 1

Regular Business Meeting at Queens County Labor Lyceum.

Peter Knopf elected chairman. Minutes of the previous meeting read and adopted.

Adolph Friedman proposed and accepted as a new member.

All bills accepted and paid.

Hike Committee elected to arrange for walks during the summer months. The Committee: F. Briehl, chairman; Edna Krieger, Emil Krieger, William Paul.

Twenty tickets for a Ball of the Y. P. S. L. of the Bronx received too late to be used. These were returned.

Anti-War Meeting: Wm. Paul reports: Large Anti-War Demonstration prepared for to be held Friday, April 6th. Prof. Overstreet, Dr. Henry Neumann and S. E. Beardsley were prepared to speak. The police refused to let the doors of the Queens County Labor Lyceum be opened to the throng of people who wished to attend, and dispersed the groups, who stood outside. Expenses for this meeting were \$16.01. The notoriety obtained through newspaper discussion was well worth this expenditure. Dr. Neumann was disappointed on



not being allowed to speak, and said that he would be very glad to speak at any future meeting we hold.

County Committee's report accepted as read.

Press Agent Peter Knopf secures three credits for the league. His report accepted as read.

Peter Knopf reports on the Y. P. S. L. Magazine Committee. His report is accepted.

Entertainment Committee: F. Johannings reports: \$3.85 was made at our last social. Next social will be held Friday, April 13th.

Financial Secretary's report accepted as read.

Supper Committee: E. Berger reports: We will have a supper April 26th. 50c. for members, 75c. for outsiders.

Organizer J. Dillemoth reports: Now that the shadow of war and conscription threaten us, we should continue our socialistic work with renewed energy, and combat the foisting of militarism on us till the very last. Another meeting protesting against conscription of men, and advocating conscription of wealth will soon be held.

Chas. Krieger, Rec. Sec'y.

#### BUFFALO Y. P. S. L.

Circle One is up and about. The following officers elected on April 12th, have stated their intention to put Circle One on the map: Organizer, Oswald Buresch; Recording Secretary, Miss Beth Wrecker; Corresponding Secretary, Robert Kaiser; Financial Secretary-Treasurer and Press Agent, Glen A. Swanson.

On motion, it was decided to order fifty copies of "The Young Socialist Magazine" for May. The benefits to be derived from such a publication are invaluable and its service in reporting the work of the various leagues is most necessary for comparison and aid.

A series of social and educational meetings has been held during the past weeks. The programs that have been presented have been of good quality and an increasing interest has been manifested by members and friends.

Interest in the necessary procedure of business meetings has been lacking. The Executive Committee has therefore decided to call such meetings to order on time, and to act promptly upon all matters which may come up for consideration. It is hoped that business meetings may be adjourned in time to enable the members to attend evening performances

of local theatres, and that a discussion of the evening's entertainment be held at the following meetings of the League.

On Saturday, March 31st, fourteen spirited members, forgetting their responsibilities for the time being, journeyed to Rochester, N. Y., to attend the Moonlight Dance being held by the Yipsels of that city on that evening. They left Buffalo at 3:15 P.M., four of the seven lads wearing canes! Arriving late at the Buffalo terminal, and finding the regular coaches occupied, it was decided to become irregular and travel in 'bourgeois' style in chairs. On boarding the train, the conductor inquired if it were a theatrical company enroute. One of the party replied, "Yes, the 'Unborn Child' Company,"

which is the name of a production presented recently in Buffalo. The sojourn in Rochester was indeed an enjoyable one and our hats are off to Rochester Yipsels for providing such royal entertainment. The dance was one of the best ever, even though the moon did shine in the corners! Sleeping accommodations for the Buffalo girls were generously provided by the Rochester girls, while the lads of the party sought the shelter of a hotel. On the following day, Sunday, April 1st, despite the rain and the many "April Fools" that were perpetrated, the time was profitably spent. In the evening, an April Fool Dance was held, and added more merriment to the already overflowing measure of pleasure.

Other trips are being planned for the near future, and with hikes, picnics, etc., the summer promises to be a busy and profitable, as well as an enjoyable one.

G. A. S.

#### Y. P. S. L. OF NEW JERSEY

Newark Yipsels are eagerly anticipating the 4th annual State Convention of the New Jersey Young People's Socialist League which will be held Sunday, May 13th, at the Newark Labor Institute, Barclay and Montgomery Sts., beginning at 9 A. M. The convention will consist of about 50 delegates representing 20 circles and about 900 members. Fraternal delegates are also expected from Greater New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Massachusetts.

At this time, when reactionary forces are gripping the country, the convention will prove of special import. It will mean more than reaffirming our stand on Socialism and re forging the links of comradeship. It will mean the clear, strong challenging cry of

an enlightened Youth against the powers of Militarism and Reaction; the uncompromising stand for Justice and Liberty against Exploitation and Slavery. The actions of the "Pioneer State Organization" of the Y. P. S. L. movement will serve not alone as a beacon light to Jersey Yipsels, but to the Yipsels throughout the nation.

The arrangement committees are working enthusiastically to prepare a pleasant time for the delegates. Efforts are being made to have Geo. R. Kirkpatrick and other prominent speakers address the convention.

After a day of strenuous mental exertion the delegates will greatly appreciate the entertainment and dance that is being arranged for the evening by the local Yipsels.

Directions for searching the Newark Labor Institute: From Broad and Market Sts., take "Kinney" Car going west. Get off at Barclay St. and walk two blocks to the right.

Ben C. Green,

State Secretary, Y. P. S. L. of N. J.

#### YOUNG PEOPLE'S COMMITTEE S. P. OF NEW JERSEY.

##### RESOLUTION.

"Resolved that we recommend to the State Committee of the Young People's League of New Jersey that they suggest to the various circles a discussion of the wisdom of reducing the age limit of the membership to twenty-one years with the understanding that older persons may become associate members without right to vote or to hold office—though the Committee does not commit itself to any particular age."

P. S.—May I explain the object of this resolution? It is to put before the Young Movement the serious matter of the age limit, since it seems that in a degree it does not seem it is attracting as large a portion of the young element as can be reached.

#### "WHAT WE HAVE DONE IN NEW JERSEY"

(The following being a summary extracted from the annual report of the state organizer to be read at the 4th annual state convention of New Jersey.)

By Abraham Lunde,  
State Organizer, Y. P. S. L. of N. J.

On Sunday, May 13th, if the government authorities do not interfere, the Young People's Socialist League of New Jersey will hold its 4th annual state convention at Newark, in

the new Labor Lyceum, cor. Barclay and Spring Sts.

All eyes are turned towards this event, and it is the talk of all the Yipsels in and about New Jersey for many weeks prior to the scheduled date. The question has arisen in the minds of many comrades why is that so? I will try to answer that question in the brief space allotted me in this magazine.

The year 1917 finds the New Jersey Yipsels in the most active and vigorous condition since its organization of 4 years ago. During the past year we succeeded in organizing 5 new circles, and in increasing our membership from 650 to close to 900. The latest reports also show that the financial basis of the various leagues are well fixed. The net balance on hand today shows a total of over \$700 compared to \$300 at the last convention. Besides, all of the 20 different leagues in the state are in a fine condition. The activities during the past year being the greatest in the annals of Yipseldom.

During the past year the state committee worked in a highly efficient manner; meeting and discussing all problems that confronted them in the best way possible. Their stand on militarism met with the approval of the leading socialists of the country. We made no unmistakable move that would have in any way helped to prolong the capitalist system. Time and again it sent resolutions of protest to the president and the members of Congress urging them to work in the interest of the working class. All of its internal questions were settled in a most satisfactory manner. We spread the light of the enlightened youth broadcast throughout the entire state. The various campaigns carried by the state organization all proved more than satisfactory.

Of all the undertakings by the N. J. Y. P. S. L., the most successful and most popular were the educational activities. There are at present 5 different leagues still continuing their educational classes. Almost every league in the state has a library of its own. Another most distinct feature are the inter-circle debates, which are gaining considerable popularity as the educational season draws to a close. The lectures held by almost every circle in the state, proved to us the fact that the youth is desirous of receiving an education. These lectures, which were arranged by the state office, were all highly success-

ful. In order to know just how much these lectures benefitted the members the state has decided to offer 3 prizes to comrades who will write the three best essays on what they have learned from these lectures. Discussion meetings and open forums are by no means foreign to the New Jersey Yipsels.

Sociability seems to be foreign to the Socialists, but not so with the Yipsels in New Jersey. The past year was indeed a year of sociability. Most circles had various kinds of dances and entertainments. Many members of different leagues traveled to the affairs of other leagues, thus making these affairs both a financial success and also attaining a greater spirit of comradeship and sociability. The annual state picnic which was held in Newark, brought together a large attendance of Yipsels from all the circles in the state and also many who came from the metropolis. The day was full of merry making and will long be remembered by all those present. Sociability, on the whole, is attaining a larger standard than ever before.

Athletics is another distinct feature of the Yipsels in our state. Hikes, base-ball and basket-ball tournaments swimming and racing contests were carried on the entire year. The formation of the C. A. U. in the northern part of the state has done some good work of propaganda and is helping to cement the membership in a greater union of solidarity.

During the past year, our "Garden State" Yipsels ventured to make things lively at various other events than ever before. These special features seem now to be regular parts of a program to be carried out at all times. Dramatics have been so effectively staged by almost every circle, that one of these dramatic groups has been called upon to perform their plays in many parts of the state. Orchestras, singing societies and sociological-research clubs are a part of the hundred-and-one things that bring the New Jersey Yipsels to the forefront in Yipseldom.

Owing to the large part that we play in the radical movement in this state, we practically forced the capitalistic press to yield enormous columns of publicity to us in almost every locality. Some of the large newspapers send a reporter to our meetings and give detailed account of the event in their next issue. Of course, during the present crisis we are being neglected by this press, and

our only medium of publicity is the radical press.

The relationship of the Y. P. S. L. with the Socialist Party is in this state the best under the circumstances. The Young People's committee of the S. P. has done some real hard work for us by aiding us in every way possible. The Yipsels, on the other hand, have played a tremendous part in the political campaigns of the party. Membership in the party is constantly being advised by the league to those who are of age, and as a result, there are at present about 200 Yipsels who hold membership in the senior organization. Inasmuch as there is but little relationship between the political and industrial wings of the working class movement—the Y. P. S. L. receives little or no aid from the labor organizations. We constantly urge all our members to wear nothing but strictly union-made garments. Our relationship to the national organization is of the best.

As yet we have not found any large opposition to our work. The various senior organizations are appreciating our co-operation with them in the different arrangements. We have, however, tried our best to combat the jingoistic and militaristic spirit that is prevailing throughout the country at the present time.

There are at present 3 circles in the state who have entered the national championship contest; and from present indications they are a sure winner. This contest has stipulated increased activities on the part of these circles, and we are all proud of the splendid showing these leagues are making.

Thus, in general, is the splendid work of the Y. P. S. L. of N. J. It is on account of the above facts, that so much interest is being displayed, by all those concerned in the welfare of the youth, for the coming convention of our Yipsels. The present crisis, which is threatening the young people's movement, will no doubt be the sponsor for the greatest amount of discussion.

If the Chamberlain draft measure is enacted into law, which is almost certain to be, then it will be up to the convention to decide what precautionary measures to draft so as to keep the organization intact. At present our forces are the greatest that they have ever been in our history. We must mobilize all these creative forces in a way so that we can still pursue our activity. Our opportunity was never so great as at present.

## SONETT

... und wenn das "Alter" es nicht kann, —  
Die heil'ge Pflicht; —  
O Jugend, Jugend, gehe du voran,  
Schlepp' du das müde Alter fort,  
Durch's Weltgericht, —  
Dein ist der Zukunft freier'ster Hort.

In dir verbirgt sich junges, neues Leben,  
Lass deine Kräfte schwellen, wie dein Streben,

## JUGEND, VOR DIE FRONT

Es zogen in den Krieg Millionen jugendlicher Arbeiter. Der Staat vergass, dass sie politisch unmündig sind, als Kinder behandelt worden waren. Wer's Gewehr tragen kann, muss marschieren! Es folgten ihnen Hunderttausende, die selbst durch das kapitalistische Gesetz zur Blutsteuer nicht verpflichtet waren. Freiwillig, berauscht! Niemand fragte, ob ihr jugendliches Urteil die Tragweite des Entschlusses ermessen konnte.

Hunderttausende von ihnen modern schon unter dem grünen Rasen. Bevor sie das Leben gekannt, bevor sie den Kampf um seine höchsten Werte begonnen! Hunderttausende kommen als Krüppel aus dem Kriege, eine Last sich selbst, Last dem Leben, das die volle Kraft des Mannes erfordert.

In der Geschichte der Komune steht auf einem Ruhmesblatte der Name jenes jugendlichen Pariser Arbeiters, der die ihm gebotene Amnestie zurückwies. "Hier ist mein Herz!" war seine Antwort an die Schergen der Bourgeoisie. Und die Kugel

Du junge sozialistisch-glühnde Welt, —  
Schlag' alles, was da schwankt und fällt,  
Zur Festigkeit und Stetigkeit des Wollen,  
Lass Taten werden aus dem innern Sollen.

Wir, wie die Alten, schlafen! — nein!! —  
Wir wollen freie stolze Jugendsieger sein.  
F. S., Dresden, z. Z. in Holland.

durchbohrte es, obwohl es das Herz eines Kindes war.  
Zu Tausenden sassen sie hinter den Gittern der zarischen Gefängnisse, jugendliche Revolutionäre. Die mächtigen Wellen der Revolution, die gegen die Mauern des Zarismus schlugen, sie haben sie mitgerissen, zum Kampf auf Tod und Leben. Sie haben vielleicht nicht alle "taktischen Fragen" verstanden, als sie ihr Leben der Sache brachten, die ihr Herz im Sturme erobert.

Und wenn dieser Krieg das Volk aufrüttelt, in ihm das Bewusstsein weckt: **wenn sterben, dann für die eigene Befreiung!** Wenn wieder Tage kommen, wo der Knecht nach der Krone des freien Menschen seine Hand ausstreckt, soll die Jugend beiseite bleiben? Weder sie wird beim Geburtsschein Rat suchen, noch der Geschichte Wirbel wird nach ihm fragen.

Opfer fordert von ihr jeder grosse Kampf. Sei er gegen das Proletariat, sei er für seine Sache. Schlecht sehen die Jugend-

schutzgesetze der kapitalistischen Gesellschaft aus, wo es sich um die tägliche Fron handelt. In den grossen Tagen der Geschichte hören sie gänzlich auf, werden mechanisch aufgehoben. So, wenn die Herrschenden alle Volkskraft anstrengen, um ihren Interessen den Sieg zu erringen, so, wenn das Volk selbst seine Sache in die Hand nimmt.

Der Weltenbrand frisst eure Leiber, ihr Jugendlichen. Und niemand protestiert dagegen. Eure Eltern bringen sich und Euch willig zum Opfer dem Moloch. Abraham, der sich und seinen Sohn einem fremden Gotte opfert! Sie haben einst gekämpft um eure Gesundheit, jetzt kämpfen sie nicht um euer Leben.

Und was heute uns mit Schrecken erfüllt, morgen, übermorgen kehrt es wieder zurück. Es kehrt zurück, das reisende Untier, wenn die Arbeiterschaft es nicht an die Kandare nimmt, es nicht erdrosselt. Gelähmt stand sie da, als der Weltkrieg begann. Jetzt beginnt sie ihre Kräfte zu sammeln, jetzt will sie den Kampf aufnehmen.

Um euch geht es, jugendliche Arbeiter. Ihr fühlt es. Ueberall strömt die Jugend zu den Reihen der wiedererwachenden Internationale. Ihr habt ihren Fahnen geschworen auf dem Berner Jungentage.

Das wurde euch übel genommen. "Zuerst lernen, dann richten und kämpfen", wurde euch zugerufen. Aber niemand darf aus Bescheidenheit seinen Kopf unters Beil legen. Drum nicht rechts noch links geschaut! Vorwärts geht der Weg! Das Aug' aufs Ziel gerichtet, die Hand am Schwert! Und was ihr bisher nicht gelernt habt, das werdet ihr im Kampfe nachholen. Die so-

zialistische Wissenschaft ist eine Wissenschaft davon, wie man den Kapitalismus niederringt. Wo könntet ihr das besser lernen als im Kampfe gegen den Kapitalismus?

### DANKO.

Von Maxim Gorki.

Lebte einst, wie nicht wo, in alter Zeit, ein Volksstamm. So viel nur weiss ich, dass grosse, undurchdringliche Wälder von drei Seiten die Zelte dieses Volkes umgaben; auf der vierten Seite lag die Steppe.

Es waren fröhliche, starke und kühne Menschen, die nicht viel bedurften. . . Zigeuner waren es wohl. Und siehe, es kam einmal über sie eine gar traurige Zeit: andere Völker kamen von irgendwo her und trieben die früheren in die Tiefe des Waldes hinein.

Dort waren Sumpfe und Finsternis, denn es war ein uralter Wald, und so dicht in einander verflochten waren seine Aeste, dass man zwischen ihnen hindurch den Himmel nicht sah und die Strahlen der Sonne sich kaum einen Weg durch das dicke Laub hindurch zu dem Sumpfe bahnen konnten. Sobald jedoch ihre Strahlen auf das Wasser der Sümpfe fielen, erhob sich ein Pestgestank, von dem die Menschen einer nach dem andern hinstarben.

Da begannen die Frauen und Kinder jenes Volkes zu weinen, und die Väter verfielen in Grübeln und Schwermut. Sie mussten diesen Wald verlassen, und da gab's nur zwei Wege: der eine führte wieder zurück, dahin, wo die starken und bösen Feinde waren, der andere vorwärts, wo die Riesenbäume standen, die sich gegenseitig mit ihren gewaltigen Aesten umschlangen hielten und

ihre knorrigen Wurzeln tief in den zähen Sumpfschlamm getrieben hatten. Schweigend und unbeweglich, wie wenn sie von Stein wären, standen diese Bäume tagsüber in grauem Halbdunkel und schienen gegen Abend, wenn die Lagerfeuer aufblamten, um jene Menschen noch dichter zusammenzurücken. Und zu jeder Zeit, am Tage wie in der Nacht, war rund um sie herum ein Ring gezogen, der sie, die an die Steppe Gewöhnten, gleichsam zu ersticken drohte.

Noch grausiger aber war's, wenn der Wind über die Wipfel der Bäume hinfuhr und der ganze Wald dumpf tönte, wie wenn er jenen Menschen, die sich vor ihren Feinden in ihm verborgen hatten, Drohungen zuriefte oder ein Grablied säng. Und doch waren es starke Menschen, und sie hätten den Kampf mit dem Feinde, der sie besiegt hatte, wohl aufnehmen können, aber sie durften nicht untergehen im Kampfe, da sie ein heiliges Vermächtnis zu wahren hatten, das mit ihnen verloren gewesen wäre, wenn sie der Tod ereilt hätte.

Und darum sassen sie da und grübelten während der langen Nächte, beim dumpfen Rauschen des Waldes, in dem giftigen Pesthauch des Sumpfes. Sie sassen da, und die Schatten, welche die Lagerfeuer warfen, hüpfen rings um sie in stummem Tanze, und allen schien es, dass nicht Schatten tanzten, sondern dass die bösen Geister des Waldes und des Sumpfes über sie triumphierten. . . Sie sassen da und grübelten. Nichts aber, weder die Arbeit noch die Weiber, ermüdet Leib und Seele der Menschen so sehr, wie schwermütige Gedanken, die gleich den Schlangen das Herz aussaugen.

Und sie wurden schwach von

dem ewigen Grübeln und Sinnen. . . Furcht entstand in ihrer Mitte und lähmte ihre starken Arme, banges Grauen erzeugte das Schluchzen der Weiber, die über den Leibern der an dem Sumpfgift Verstorbenen wehklagten und das Schicksal der Lebenden, von der Angst gefesselten, beweineten. Und feige Worte liessen sich vernehmen in dem Walde, zuerst schüchtern und leise und dann immer lauter und lauter. . . Schon wollten sie zum Feinde gehen und ihm sich selbst samt ihrer Freiheit zum Geschenk darbringen, und keiner fürchtete mehr, vor lauter Todesangst, das Leben in der Knechtschaft. . . Da aber erschienen Danko, und er allein rettete sie alle.

Danko war ein Mann jenes Stammes. Jung und schön war er, und die schönen Menschen sind allezeit auch kühn. Und also sprach er zu seinen Volksgenossen:

"Nicht kann man einen rollenden Stein aufhalten durch einen Gedanken. Wer nichts tut, dem kann nicht geholfen werden. Was verschwenden wir unsere Kraft in Grübeln und Trauern? Brecht auf und lasst uns diesen Wald durchschreiten — er muss doch ein Ende haben, wie alles auf der Welt! Nun denn, vorwärts! Lasst uns gehen! . . ."

"So führe Du uns!" sprachen sie.

Und er führte sie. . .

Sie zogen mit ihm, alle miteinander, und sie vertrauten ihm. Ein schwieriger Weg war das! Dunkel war es, und auf jedem Schritt öffnete der Sumpf seinen gierigen, stinkenden Rachen, um die Menschen zu verschlingen und die Bäume hemmten den Weg wie eine gewaltige Mauer. Wie Schlangen waren ihre Zwei-

ge ineinander verflochten, überall traten ihre Wurzeln aus dem Boden, und viel Schweiß und Blut kostete jeder Schritt die Wanderer. Lange gingen sie so . . . Immer dichter wurde der Wald, immer mehr schwanden ihre Kräfte. Und da begannen sie zu murren gegen Danko und sagten, dass er, der Jugendliche und Unerfahrene, sie irreführt habe. Danko aber schritt rüstig und unbeirrt weiter.

Eines Tages jedoch brach ein Gewitter über dem Walde los. Da ward es im Walde so dunkel, als ob alle Nächte, die seit seinem Entstehen verflossen waren, sich in ihm vereinigt hätten. Die kleinen Menschlein schritten unter Blitz und Donner zwischen den grossen Bäumen dahin, und die Baumriessen knarrten und dröhnten und heulten ihre zornigen Lieder, und die Blitze flammten über den Wipfeln des Waldes, erhellten ihn für kurze Augenblicke mit ihrem kalten, bläulichen Feuer und verschwand ebenso schnell wie sie aufgezuckt waren, und schreckten und reizten die Menschen. Und die vom kalten Feuer der Blitze erhellten Bäume schienen lebendig geworden und fest entschlossen, die den Fesseln der Finsternis entweichenden Menschen mit ihren langen, netzartig verflochtenen Armen in ihrem Banne zurückzuhalten.

Mitten im wilden Triumphgeheul des finsternen Waldes machten sie Halt, ermüdet und voll Grimm, um Danko zu richten.

„Du bist ein elender Mensch, der uns ins Verderben stürzt,“ sprachen sie. „Du hast uns hierhergeführt, uns der Kraft beraubt — darum musst Du sterben!“

Und Blitz und Donner bestätigten ihr Urteil.

„Ihr saget: ‚Führ uns! — und ich führte Euch,“ sprach Danko, ihnen kühn entgegnetend. „Ich fühle mich Manns genug, Euch zu führen — darum tat ich's. Und Ihr? Was tattet Ihr zu Eurer Rettung? Ihr brauchet nur zu gehen und seid doch nicht Manns genug, einen längeren Weg zu gehen! Ihr ginget nur, wie eine Herde Lämmer.“

Aber diese Worte machten sie nur noch zorniger.

„Du must sterben! Du must sterben!“ brüllten sie.

Da brauste auch in seinem Herzen der Unwille auf; weil er jedoch Mitleid mit ihnen hatte, erlosch sein Grimm sogleich wieder. Er liebte diese Menschen und dachte, dass sie ohne ihn untergehen könnten. Und sein Herz entflammte im heissen Feuer des Wunsches, sie zu retten und auf einen besseren Weg zu führen, und in seinen Augen erglühete die Strahlen dieses gewaltigen Feuers! . . . Sie aber dachten, da sie dies sahen, dass Wut ihn erfasst habe, wovon seine Augen nun so hell und heiss funkelten, und spitzten gleich den Wölfen die Ohren, in der Erwartung, dass er mit ihnen kämpfen werde und drängten sich dichter an ihn heran, dass sie umso leichter Danko packen und töten könnten. Er aber hatte ihre Seele schon durchschaut, und noch heisser entbrannte davon sein Herz, da das, was sie planten ihm mit Kummer erfüllte.

„Was soll ich tun für die Menschen?“ schrie Danko so laut, dass er den Donner übertönte.

Und plötzlich riss er mit den Händen sich die eigene Brust auf, riss sein Herz heraus und hielt es empor hoch über seinem Kopfe.

Die Menschen aber standen erstaunt da, starr wie die Steine.

„Kommt!“ rief Danko und stürzte vorwärts auf seinen Führerplatz, das flammende Herz emporhaltend und den Weg der Menschen mit seinem Lichte erhellend.

Sie zogen hinter ihm her, voll Begier des Neuen, und wie vom Zauber gebannt.

Und siehe, plötzlich zerteilte der Wald sich vor ihm und blieb hinter ihm zurück — eine stumme dichte Masse. Danko aber und alle, die mit ihm waren, tauchten unter in ein Meer von Sonnenlicht und reiner vom Regen erfrischer Steppenluft. Das Gewitter stand dort, hinter ihnen, über dem Walde — und hier strahlte die Sonne, atmete die Steppe, glitzerte das Gras von Regenperlen und schimmerte golden der Stromlauf . . . Abend wars, und rot erglänzte der Strom von den Strahlen der sinkenden Sonne — so rot wie das Blut, das als heisse Flut aus Dankos zerrissener Brust quoll.

Und einen Blick warf vorwärts in die Steppenweite der sterbende Danko, der stolze und Kühne — einen freudigen Blick liess er gleiten über das freie Land, das vor ihm sich dehnte. Hochgemut lachte er auf, fiel hin und hauchte den Geist aus.

Leise flüsterten die erstaunten Bäume, die hinter ihm geblieben. flüsterte das Gras, das von Dankos Blut gefärbt war.

Die Menschen aber, voll der Freude und Hoffnung, merkten nicht seinen Tod und sahen nicht, dass neben Dankos Leiche noch immer sein mutiges Herz flammend dalag. Nur einer von ihnen, ein vorsichtiger Mensch, bemerkte es und trat, irgend etwas fürchtend, auf das stolze Herz mit dem Fusse . . . Und da sprühte Dankos Herz in hellen Funken auf und verlöschte . . .