

The Young Socialists' Magazine

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Labor is the Idlers' Santa Claus

KARL MARX AND FREDERICK ENGELS

There is not a chapter in the history of the Socialist movement more beautiful than the one which tells of the friendship of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels.

In Stuttgart, Germany, there was published a short time ago a collection of letters which were written by Marx and Engels during the years which the former spent in exile in Germany.

Karl Marx had been exiled from Germany because of his revolutionary activity there and after traveling with his wife and children from place to place, hounded by the German government they finally found a refuge in the worst district of London. Here Marx tried to support his family by writing articles for papers and periodicals, by all sorts of odd literary jobs which came his way. But his revolutionary articles were but little in demand and were poorly paid. The family of Marx lived in bitter want for many years. His own health, and that of his wife and children suffered fearful ravages from destitution. Had it not been for Frederick Engels, who was ever ready to help, ever ready to give all he had, Karl Marx would not have survived.

Engels was the son of a well-to-do family who had left his home because of the antagonism of his people toward his revolutionary ideals. He was a cheerful man. His letters frequently rescued his friend from the depths of black depression.

The correspondence published in the small four volumes is of unestimable value. There is but little in the letters which shows these

men as human beings. They are filled with discussions, with records of current happenings and party activity which make them invaluable as a document of the growth and development of the early party movement. But here and there, there appear a few words, a sentence, a paragraph which shows what these years meant to them both.

"To you alone I owe this," writes Marx on the evening when the first volume of "Kapital" lies ready for the printer before him. "Without your self-sacrifice for me I should never have accomplished this tremendous task these three volumes have meant. I embrace you with gratitude."

These few words, scant as they may seem, express a fullness of heart, which more than repayed Engels for all he had done. For these men seldom spoke of themselves, never of their feelings or their sufferings.

"My wife is ill," Marx wrote in September, 1852, "little Jenny is ill, Helen has a sort of nerve-fever. I cannot call the doctor for we have no money for medicine. For the last ten days I have been feeding the family with bread and potatoes. And to-day I do not know where to get those."

To write an epoch-making work like the "Capital" under such conditions required more than human courage. It is a wonderful victory of a great mentality, of beautiful idealism, of sublime faith in the working class over material discomforts, over suffering and destitution.

From the very beginning of their friendship Engels had been

his supporter. In order to be able to support his friends more plentifully, he made a sacrifice, underwent a humiliation which no amount of personal suffering could have forced upon him. Instead of living, as he longed to live as a writer, living from the products of his pen he pocketed his pride, asked for and received a position in the office of the company of which his father was part owner. It was a bitter step, but it enabled him to send each month, for nineteen years, 100 to 200 marks to London. For nineteen long years he stifled his own longings, his own ideals that the great work, which embodied the lives and the hopes of both of these men might be given to posterity.

The world cannot honor enough men who are capable of such nobility, men like Engels who give their lives that by the greatness of another the world may gain, men like Marx who can receive the very life of a friend and yet remain true to their trust, yet keep his friendship, make it firmer, richer, in the very giving. It is a friendship that honors the men who lived it, that honors too, the class, the working people to whose liberation it was dedicated.

"It is wondrous how, the truer we become, the more unerringly we know the ring of truth, discern whether a man be true or not, and can fasten at once upon the rising lie in word, and look, and dissembling act.

—F. W. Robertson.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST

A Story by Oscar Ameringer

For months Indian Joe (called the Modern John the Baptist) had preached in the city. The fiery eloquence and deep sincerity of the great revivalist had converted the people by the hundreds of thousands. One building after the other had become too small for ever swelling assemblies. Finally City Park, comprising over three hundred acres, was turned into a huge camping ground. Not less than a half a million people met there every day, to be swayed by the magnificent exhorter. The singing, weeping and shouting of the multitudes could be heard for miles above the roar of the city.

All classes and denominations had been drawn into the wonderful revival. Even the Catholic clergy and the Jewish rabbis joined in. Millionaires and slum-dwellers, society leaders and criminals could be seen weeping, shouting, embracing each other on the endless rows of mourners' benches. The Morning World estimated the number of converts at not less than two and one-half million.

In the early stages of the revival, thousands of working people had deserted their places in shops and factories. The transportation industry suffered severely from the lack of trained men. As a result, famine threatened the city. In the emergency, the Governor declared the metropolis under martial law. Militiamen guarded the industrial plants to prevent the workers from taking part in the religious

awakening. In spite of these precautions, numerous employees managed to slip past the guards and not a few of them had to be shot at sight as the only means of preventing a general desertion and the starvation of the population.

The climax of the revival came when Indian Joe announced the second coming of Christ on the first day of May, only a few weeks distant.

It is difficult to describe the wild excitement which followed the announcement. Had it not been for the cool minds and marvelous organizing ability of the great financiers and captains of industry, who fortunately stepped in at the crisis, the result would have been chaos. Under the able direction of these gentlemen, thousands of carpenters, masons and other artisans were soon at work turning the City Park into one huge auditorium. The great stage on which the reception was to take place was surrounded by an amphitheatre, which seated not less than a million people. At the auction of the reserve seats some of the choice seats fetched as high as one hundred thousand dollars. It is rumored that John D. Fellerocky, the oil magnate, paid a cool million for one single box.

All during the latter part of April a rapidly swelling stream of pilgrims flowed towards the city. Soon the hotels became utterly inadequate to house the mass and the multitude overflowed into the streets, alleys and subway stations. On the 28th of April the

Mayor issued a proclamation to bar every pilgrim who did not carry at least ten days' provisions with him.

The following day the militia confiscated the animals of the horse-car company and opened soup houses for the lower classes who by this time had reached starvation. A group of hungry pedestrians killed a valuable dog belonging to Mrs. Eslatia Van Renselar, the society leader, and greedily devoured the carcass.

Early in the morning of May the first, the transportation facilities gave out. It was no longer possible to retain the motormen, engineers and firemen of the street cars, powerhouses and ferry boats. Dark turbulent rivers of humanity poured through every street and avenue towards the City Park. High above the heads of the masses soared scouting air-men who were to inform the people of the approach of the Christ who, it was expected, would come to earth on a cloud.

Every seat in the huge amphitheatre was occupied long before daylight. Millions had slept on the ground during the night. About nine o'clock the stage began to fill up. Never in the history of the country had a more representative and distinguished audience assembled in one place than gathered on this occasion on the stage, which was almost hidden by flowers and palm branches. Admission was by card and only the very elect of the religious, financial, industrial and social world could gain admission. Among those present

were the principal owners of our beloved land. From the far north had come Mr. J. J. Hilly, president of the Great Pacific Merger, with his retinue embracing such distinguished ecclesiastics as Cardinal Ireland and Archbishop Potterer. Aaron Rosenthal, better known as the Garment King, one of the foremost philanthropists of the land, had come from Philadelphia, accompanied by Monsignor Bambabolli, the Papal delegate, and Major General Woody of the U. S. Army. Among the guests from abroad, we may mention Colonel Waldorf Astoria, Prince De Sagan, the Princess Marlborough nee Elesti Goold, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Count Bony Castelani.

The reception committee proper was composed of Morgan the Second, Andreas Karnegee, the Steel King, Abram Cohen, Cardinal Grabit, Rabbi Wisner, the learned Talmudist, President Le Ruin of the New York Central R. R., Ogden Armour, Bishop Doolittle and Senator Smoot, all well known pillars of church and society.

A golden throne stood on the center of the stage, to be occupied by the Messiah. Above this arose a gorgeous gold embroidered canopy of purple satin. In front of this stood Indian Joe with outstretched arms, his face turned heavenwards in holy ecstasy.

It is not known who gave the signal, or why it was given, but all of a sudden every bell in the city began to ring. The five thousand-voiced choir burst forth in Handel's immortal Hallelujah chorus. Organs pealed, trumpets flared. A tremor passed through the multitude. Every face turned towards heaven. High above floated a shimmering white cloud. Millions of eyes were riveted on

the shining speck. But the cloud passed over the assembly and out of view behind a towering skyscraper. Just then a commotion started on the front of the stage.

It appears that while every one was gazing into the sky some rude person had taken advantage of the situation and had mounted the stage. How he managed to slip past the cordon of liveried servants and plain clothes men, no one can tell. Some one sought to eject him from the stage where he stood in glaring contrast to the magnificently gowned ladies and the dignitaries of the church attired in splendid vestments. There was something about the person which overawed the attendants, for presently they fell back and allowed him to proceed.

The man was ridiculous and out of harmony with his surroundings. He wore heavy, much-worn shoes, faded corduroy trousers, a blue, coarse shirt open at the throat and a battered slouch hat. Apparently he belonged to the lower classes. The only striking part of the stranger was his strong, pale face—a face which spoke of suffering and want. Dropping his slouch hat on the carpeted floor, strewn with roses and violets, he took a few paces forward. He motioned for silence and said: "I am he for whom you are waiting."

Some one snickered. A burly man near the stage bellowed: "Throw him out."

The stranger smiled sadly and repeated: "I am he for whom you are waiting."

At this juncture a few of the society ladies on the stage called for their automobiles. Indian Joe was seen gesticulating violently before a group of ecclesiastics. And again there arose the strong clear voice of the Stranger: "I am he for whom you are waiting."

"Throw him out" yelled the burly man who had spoken before.

"Why don't somebody arrest the tramp," came in a high thin voice. "Give the man a show," shouted another one. "That's right, give him a show, let him talk," came a chorus of voices.

The stranger proceeded:

"For many years I have been among you. I have tramped from one end of this land to the other. I have toiled in the cotton fields of the south and in the lumber camps of the north. I have stood in the bread line among the outcasts and dug coal in the mines of Pennsylvania. I have wandered in the streets at night and mingled with the homeless and the harlots. I have stood half naked before the roaring furnace in the mills and shivered as I toiled in the tunnels beneath your river. I have seen the waste of want and the waste of wealth. I have seen the daughters of the rich selling their bodies for titles and beheld the daughters of the poor selling their bodies for bread. I have seen the palace and the hovel. I have seen dogs eat from golden plates and children search for crusts in the gutters of your cities.

"I have seen babies toiling during endless summer days in the poisoned air of cotton mills, while those for whom they slaved played like children in the sand, fanned by the cooling ocean breezes."

By this time, some of the boxes began to empty. The crowd on the stage diminished visibly. As Aaron Rosenthal was leaving the stage, accompanied by Monsignor Bambabolli, he was heard saying to the latter: "The joke is on us, father."

Whereupon the great divine shrugged his shoulders and laughed good-naturedly. And again the great voice of the stranger rose above the tumult:

"I have stood in the windowless room of a tenement at early dawn and listened to the hacking cough of a dying mother bending over a whirring machine.

"I have held in my arms the wasted body of a child flower-maker, who had fainted at her task.

"I have followed the jobless man, begging for the right to work until the dark waves of yonder river closed above his weary head.

"Oh! You poor and oppressed.

You build palaces and sleep in hovels. You weave silken garments and walk in rags. You go hungry to feed the gourmandizer. You shear the sheep and wear shoddy. You toil ceaselessly to pile up wealth for the few who even now are rotting under the mountain of unearned gain. Behold the tears of your wives sparkling in the hair of yonder women. The sparkle of your children's eyes are glimmering at their milky throats. Your blood has dyed the purple canopy above my head. The hue of the roses beneath my feet is drawn from the cheeks of your maidens."

The reserve seats were now quite empty, but the common people far to the rear were pushing towards the front, so as to hear better. A cluster of church dignitaries held a hasty conference on the left of the stage. They now approached the stranger. Their spokesman, the rector of the most fashionable tabernacle of the city, bowed sarcastically before the speaker.

"I hope you will pardon the interruption," he said in a perfectly modulated voice, "but this is not a Socialist meeting. We did not come here to hear the harangue of an irresponsible agitator, who apparently has no other object than to enflame the minds of these good people against the ladies and gentle-

men who man all-wise Providence has selected as stewards over the riches of this earth. You may not be aware of the fact that the very people whom you have seen fit to insult have built the magnificent temples of this city. Thanks to their munificence, the clergy are still able to live in an environment compatible with their elevated position as shepherds of the flock. I dare say, had it not been for the liberality of these ladies and gentlemen, who—"

"Enough," cried the stranger with flashing eyes. "Hypocrites and pharisees, you have not changed these two thousand years. As of yore, you lend your silvery tongues and nimble minds to those who rob the poor. Mouth-pieces of oppression, you are still pouring the soothing syrup of meekness, humility and obedience in the ears of the despoiled. Will you never cease to preach of heaven on yonder side and support hell here on this earth? Your God is Mammon, your heaven gold, and greed is your religion. You—"

A squad of police had rushed on the stage. Strong hands grasped the speaker. As he forced them back, a night stick crashed on his head. Blood spurted from the wound and his limp body crumpled to the rose strewn carpet.

The riotous scene which followed the accident, is too well remembered to require repetition. It required weeks before the city resumed its normal state and business proceeded in the customary manner. The battered body of the stranger was never identified.

It is unfortunate that the great revival ended in a farce. Religion is one of the strongest bulwarks of private property, which forms the foundation of our Christian civilization. Rob the masses of the hope of future rewards, deprive

them of the fear of hell and they are liable to turn their attention to the affairs of this world to the discomfort of their betters.

How easy it is to mislead the lower element and to influence them against their superiors, was again proven in this case. Even the demented tramp who lost his miserable life in the City Park was not without followers. Only last night the police arrested twelve longshoremen and water rats, who held a secret meeting on lower West Street.

Their ringleader, a fisherman by the name of Peter Flanigan, was reading the Sermon on the Mount from a soap box, when the police broke up the meeting. The prisoners, who claim to be followers of the new Christ, have been sent to the workhouse.

We want religion in this city, but not of the kind that interferes with business.

Apropos, has anybody seen Indian Joe, the Modern John the Baptist?

He Got It At Last

An epitaph suggested by "Forward," Glasgow, England:

Here Lie

The Mortal Remains of
JOHN SMITH.

Who worked hard and died poor,
supported through all the Trials
and Vicissitudes of Life

By the Reflection
that

He was the proud inheritor
of a Share

In the Glorious Empire upon which
the Sun never sets.

At his Death he was Placed in
this Grave, and

His Share

Of the Glorious Empire was reverently
Shoveled in on Top of

Him, so that he Came by
His Own in the End.

THE CALF-PATH

"All the Rights They Wanted"

By Sam Walter Foss

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home, as good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.

Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;
And then a wise bell-weather sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-weathers always do.

And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made,
And many men wound in and out
And dodged and turned and bent about
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;

But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf,
And through this winding wood-way stalked
Because he wabbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse, with his load,
Toiled on beneath the burning sun
And traveled some three miles in one.

And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.
The year passed on in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street,
And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.

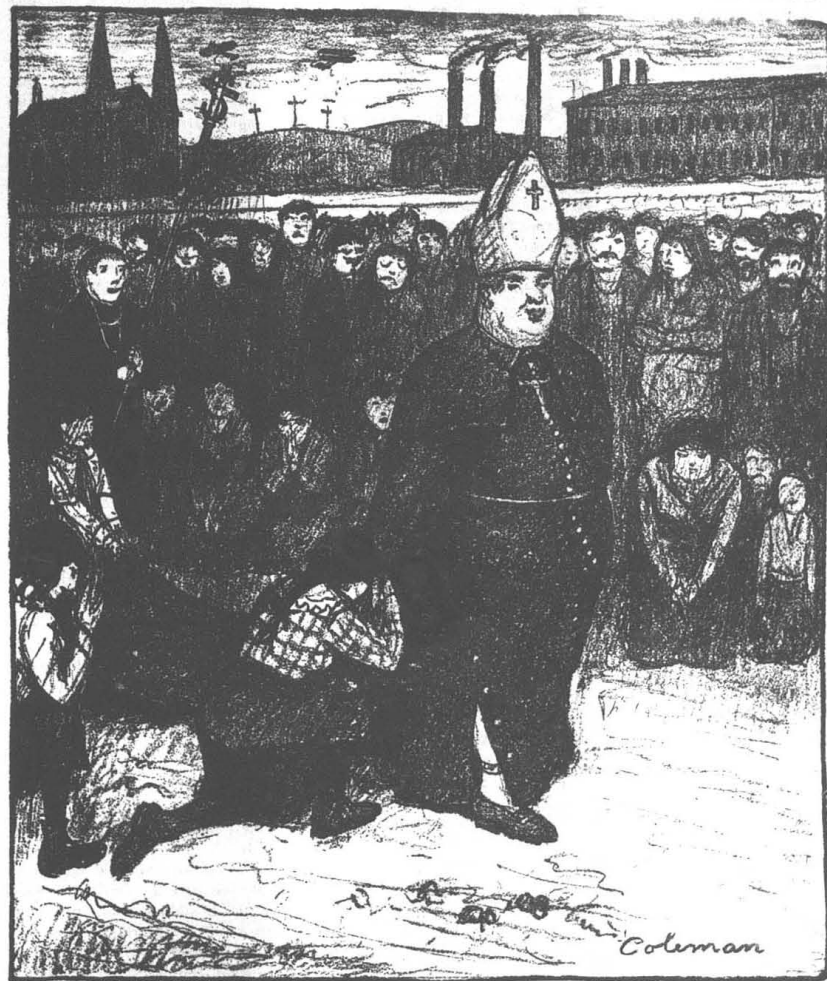
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.
And men two centuries and a half
Trode in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.

They followed still his crooked way
And lost one hundred years a day;
For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.
A moral lesson this might teach,
Were I ordained and called to preach.

For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind,
And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.
They follow in the beaten track
And out and in, and forth and back,
And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.

But how the wise old wood-gods laugh
Who saw the first primeval calf!
Ah! many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.



"Forever and Ever, Amen"

From THE MASSES.

The Young Socialists' Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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TO LABOR

Awake, arise—ye sleeping slaves,
Throw off your clanging chains.
Throw off the yoke that bore you
down
For ages in the past.

Awake—see ye the sun is rising,
Its glorious glow is shedding
light
O'er all the earth, and penetrates
All human hearts.

And still you crouch in darkness,
Still you stoop with toil.
When only your awakening to
the light,
Will set you free.

Then rise in many numbers,
Strike with a monstrous blow,
And shake the earth to trembling
With your strength.

If you are slaves,
'Tis yourselves you have to
blame.
So rise, awake, and greet the light
that comes
To loose your chains.

—Gertrude Kranz.

National Children's Day

On December 28, the Sunday following Christmas, thousands of working men and women will celebrate the first anniversary of Children's Day.

It is fitting that an organization whose purpose is the rebuilding of society, in order that future generations may receive more of the joys of life than has the past, should set aside one day each year to speak to the children, of the children, for the children and with the children.

It is also fitting that this day should be during the Christmas holidays. The observation of the old-fashioned Christmas is gradually dying out to the sorrow of many of us. The lowly Nazarene with his message of "Peace on earth; good will to men" has been forgotten. The holy day on which we celebrate His birth is being turned into a mockery, through the flaunting of wealth by the very rich; the exchange of meaningless gifts by the middle class or by the doling out of charity to the very poor, either through private or organized charity associations, or gifts from employers.

The working class of our large cities, who are annually the large subjects of charity celebrations in one form or another, have come to look upon Thanksgiving Day and Christmas as days of sacrifice, days on which every shred of their pride and manhood are stripped from them by the vicious social system which breeds charity faddists.

There are those of us, however, who would keep the yuletide sacred. The men and women with the message of Christ

burned deep into their souls resent the usurpation of our holy season. We resent the hollow-ness of the Christmas sermons.

Because of these facts, the Socialist Party, representing that great mass of humanity who no longer participate in Christmas celebrations, have inaugurated National Children's Day. Like our annual Women's Day we hope that this day may become an international day of celebration for the working class.

On this day Socialist locals, Young People's Socialist leagues, collegiate Socialist societies and Socialist study classes will throw open their doors to the mothers and children.

Every man and woman in the Socialist Party able to stand before an audience and deliver his message of "Peace on earth" will address these gatherings.

The children of the working class, fired with the enthusiasm of the Socialist movement, will do their share by way of songs, recitations, dialogues and readings. The smaller children will give drills, group dances and show the grown ups how to play.

Mothers will do as they have always done. They will bake, roast, boil and stew, vying with each other in the production of good things for every one to eat.

And last, but not the least, Socialist and labor papers will issue a special children's edition. These papers will be given away; millions of leaflets, dealing with the conditions of child slavery of the present age and the hope which Socialists hold for the future, will be distributed free.

No matter how large and important your local or how small, you should begin immediately to make preparations to join with your comrades in this annual Children's Day.

THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

Have you ever wondered why it is we have a Christmas tree, what its lights and its good things mean? Do you know why we give each other gifts at the Christmas season, why "good cheer" has become the by-word of Christmas-time? Listen, and I will tell you.

Just close your eyes a moment and let me carry you back thousands of years, to the early days when the northern part of Europe was covered with dense forests, when there were no cities or towns. Back to the days when Caesar invaded the land of the Gauls and the Britons, and forced Roman civilization upon them.

There lived at that time in the part of Europe called Germany today a race of people called Teutons. They lived from the products of Mother Earth, ate berries, roots and the flesh of animals, nuts and the bark of trees, much as the Indians did at the time when Columbus discovered America.

In summer they suffered no want. Mother Nature had stocked an ample larder. But when the winter's snow and ice covered the ground, when the animals had crawled into their dens for the winter's sleep and the birds had flown to the south, when the food that they had stored for the winter grew scarce, there often came bitter days when Starvation sat among them.

They knew why winter was here. They had noticed that the days were growing shorter, that the sun grew more and more distant day by day as the weather grew colder. They had discovered too, that in

the coldest weeks, when things were at their worst, there came a change, the days were growing longer. Long days meant the return of sunshine and spring, and spring meant food—meant plenty once more.

Can you imagine their joy then, when the sun once more began to shine and the days to grow longer? It became a day of rejoicing, a day of worship of the light and of eternal life.

Wild folk always symbolize their ideas, represent them by the things that grow about them. To them the fir tree stood for eternal life for the power of the earth to awake each year to new vigor, new productivity. The lights upon the fir tree meant the return of the light and warmth of summer days. Their Christmas tree represented the hope for better times, stood for the overthrow of darkness by the light.

Our Christmas trees too, should mean something to us, they should tell us that light will overcome darkness, truth will win over falsehood, brotherhood of man over competition and hatred.

Some Socialists believe we should have no trees, should celebrate no Christmas. They forget that the Christian religion adopted this old custom of the Teutons and used it for their own purposes.

But we, we shall think of it as the old Teutons did many thousands of years ago as a day of rejoicing in the birth of nature, as the day which heralds the coming of a better age.

JIMMY THINKS

By Kate Baker Heltzel

Yes, I was there last Sunday.
I sat right back by the door,
With the class of boys, on the left
hand side,
You've seen me there before.

And now that we're talkin',
And no one 'round to hear,
I want to ask a question,
If you can make it clear.

I've got a lot of brothers,
And sisters, as you know,
That I'm oldest, and am strong-
est,—
Is an easy thing to show.

But my mother always taught
me,
That the strongest one should
yield,
And give the easy places, to the
Weakest in the field.

Now I've been a clerkin' 'round
here,
In the stores for 'most a year,
And 'twould just surprise you,
Mister,
At the curious things you hear.

There's two men was in here
talkin'
'Bout a kind of business deal,
And it looked to me like nuttin'
But the biggest kind of steal!

And one man told the other
That—"Jones was mighty slow,"
And "the weakest kind of brother
When it came to grabbing
dough."

Now they really always taught
me
That the plain mark of a beast
Was to grab the best before you,
As you sat down to a feast.

So, won't you tell me,—Mister,
How old I ought to be,
'Fore I 'gin to take advantage
Of those not strong as me.

The Young Finns

The strongest section of the Socialist Party to-day is the Finns. There are over 13,500 dues-paying members in their federation.

They have accomplished more than any other part of the Socialist Party. They own three daily papers, and many halls and co-operative enterprises. The value of their property totals almost a million dollars.

How do they manage to do it? is a question often asked. This is answered in part in the fact that the Finnish movement is practically a young people's movement. A grey-haired Finnish Socialist is a curiosity, 95 per cent. of the membership being under thirty-five years of age.

The Finnish Socialist Federation developed out of social organization of young Finns throughout the country, which called themselves "Workingmen's Associations." The Socialists managed to secure control of these bodies and made them Socialist organizations. The first association to join the Socialist Party was that at Cleveland in 1904. Others followed in quick order.

There are 217 Finnish locals, which have 107 dramatic societies, 23 singing societies, 28 bands and 53 gymnastic and athletic clubs. The young people are the life of all these subsidiary organizations.

There is no separate young people's organization among the Finns, all young people paying dues direct to the Party. The locals then carry on their propaganda among young people through young people's committees.

What Socialists Mean by Revolution

Let us assume that none of us know what is "Reform" and what is "Revolution." Those who are posted will understand all the better; those who are not will follow all the easier.

We hear people talk about the "Reform Forces," about "Evolution" and about "Revolution" in ways that are highly mixed. Let us clear up our terms. Reform means a change of externals; Revolution—peaceful or bloody; the peacefulness or the bloodiness of it cuts no figure whatever in the essence of the question—means a change from within.

Take, for instance, a poodle. You can reform him in a lot of ways. You can shave his whole body and leave a tassel at the tip of his tail; you may bore a hole through his ear, and tie a blue bow on one and red bow on the other; you may put a brass collar around his neck with your initials on and a trim little blanket on his back; yet, throughout, a poodle he was and a poodle he remains. Each of these changes probably brought a corresponding change in the poodle's life. When shorn of all his hair except a tassel at the tail's tip he was owned by a wag who probably cared only for the fun he could get out of his pet; when he appears gaily decked in bows, probably his young mistress' attachment is of tenderer sort; when later we see him in the fancier's outfit, the treatment he receives and the uses he is put to may be yet again, and probably are, different. Each of these transformations or stages may mark a veritable epoch in the poodle's existence. And yet, essentially, a poodle he was, a poodle he is, and a poodle he will remain. That is Reform.

But when we look back myriads of years or project ourselves into far-future physical cata-

clysms, and trace the development of animal life from the invertebrate to the vertebrate, and from the lizard to the bird, from the quadruped and mammal till we come to the prototype of the poodle, and finally reach the poodle himself, and so forward—then do we find radical changes at each step, changes from within that alter the very essence of what his being, and that put, or will put, upon him each time a stamp that alters the very system of his existence. That is Revolution.

So with society. Whenever a change leaves the internal mechanism untouched, we have Reform; whenever the internal mechanism is changed, we have Revolution.

Of course, no internal change is possible without external manifestations. The internal changes denoted by the revolution or evolution of the lizard into the eagle go accompanied with external marks. So with society. And herein lies one of the pitfalls into which dilettanteism or "Reforms" invariably tumble. They have noticed that externals change with internals; and they rest satisfied with mere external changes, without looking behind the curtain.

We Socialists are not Reformers; we are Revolutionists. We Socialists do not propose to change forms. We care nothing for forms. We want a change of the inside of the mechanism of society. We see in England a crowned monarch; we see in Germany a sceptered emperor; we see in this country an uncrowned president, and we fail to see the essential difference between forms. We are like grown children, in Germany, England or America. That being the case, we are skeptics as to the sense that we like to look at the inside of things and find out what is there.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUBS

GREATER NEW YORK CONFERENCE, THE YOUNG PEOPLES' SOCIALIST LEAGUES

The first session of the Greater New York Conference of the Y. P. S. L. was called to order at 3 P. M. on Sunday, November 30, at 207 East 10th Street, Manhattan. The delegates present were as follows:—Manhattan, Ortland, Goldstein, Kassavos, Levenberg, and Levine. Bronx, Obrist, Lehrman, Geil, Deutch and Folders. Brooklyn, Phillips and Schneider. Socialist Party, Laurens. Ortland was elected Chairman and Lehrman and Obrist, as Secretaries.

It was decided to hold the first Convention of Young Peoples' Socialist Leagues of Greater New York, on Sunday, January 11th at 2 P. M., at the New York Labor Temple, East 84th Street. The secretaries of the Conference will send out notices to all Young Peoples' Socialist Organizations, in the counties of New York, Bronx, Kings, Queens and Richmond. Each individual organization will elect two delegates and an organizer to this Convention. The Socialist Party Central Committees in each individual county will be requested to send a delegate to represent the Socialist Party and at the same time assist in the organization work of the Y. P. S. L. as was decided by the N. Y. State Committee of the S. P.

The following was adopted as the order of business:

1. Opening of the Convention and song, The International.
 2. Election of Committee of Credentials.
 3. Rollcall of delegates.
 4. Election of Chairman, and Vice-Chairman.
 5. Election of Secretary & Sergeant at arms.
 6. Report of Delegates on their individual organizations.
 7. Form of Organization for Greater N. Y.
 8. Time and place of next City Convention.
 9. New Business.
 10. Arrangements for receiving delegates of New York State Convention of the Y. P. S. L. to be held in New York City, in August 1914.
 11. Good and welfare.
 12. Adjournment.
- All Y. P. S. L. organizations are requested to instruct their delegates for this convention. Any organization not receiving a Convention Notice kindly

communicate with Convention Secretary, Y. P. S. L., 705 Courtlandt Ave., New York City.

M Lehrman,
J. W. Obrist,
Secretaries

YOUNG PEOPLES' SOCIALIST FEDERATION, N. Y.

The Federation had a good representation at the affair of the Socialist Party Thanksgiving Day—at Star Casino. There was a booth for the Federation and more than 100 copies of the Young Socialists' magazine were sold. Comrades, Sart, Vandercar and Bornstein of Circle 6, were well received by the audience with their sketch entitled, "Playing Doctor."

A committee of eight members, of the General Council, is now working on the annual affair of the Federation. The affair will be something, which one will never forget as nothing is being spared in arranging it. The members of the committee are Comrades Levin, Levenberg, Bernstein, J. Diamond, Katz, Kascover, Schachter and Weiner.

The Galician Young Socialists have joined the Federation and are now known as Circle 2. A wise move has been made in eliminating the business from Circle meetings, as many young people are joining the Federation. The meetings of the Circles now, consist of a lecture and some literary numbers. Young folks are especially invited and there are no admission fees.

The following is a list of Circles and when they meet.

- Circle 1—Friday, 8 P. M., at P. S. 62, Hester and Essex Sts.
Circle 2—Saturday, 8 P. M., at 249 Stanton St.
Circle 3—Friday, 8 P. M., at 82 Orchard St.
Circle 5—Sunday, 3 P. M., at 207 East 10th St.
Circle 6—Friday, 8 P. M., at 143-5 East 103rd St.

Sol Shapiro, Organizer

CIRCLE 1, Y. P. S. F.

Circle One is trying to secure a room at the Recreation Centre of Public School 62. With all of this hard time to secure a room it had still gained over twenty new members. The reason for this might be, because we cut down the business of the circle to one business meeting in a month.

On October 31, we had a discussion on "The Significance of the Campaign;"

on November 14, Comrade M. M. Laurens opened a discussion on the most important topics of daily news and closed the meeting with a lecture upon "The Fairy Tales of Mars." All discussions and the brilliant lecture were very successful.

Yours for the Social Revolution,
William Levine, Organizer

LINE ON A COPY OF "THE YOUNG SOCIALIST"

By William M. Fisher.

Earnestness stares from its pages,
Longing wells up like a sigh,
War against stagnation rages—
Who'd be a clod and stagnant lie?

I am with you brothers all!
My heart's pledged to like endeavor,
I too work that freedom's pall
May cover all the world—and ever!

Yet in seeking through material
Betterment the growth of Man,
Think not Spirit too ethereal—
'Tis the only power that can!

WAR

By Karl Kautsky

War is inseparable from the history of modern production, because the latter results not only in class, but also in national antagonism. When the economic interests of the powers ruling two sovereign states clash, when they become insurmountable, war is the only recourse. There is but one way in which war can be destroyed—to destroy, to remove its causes, the economic antagonism which are at its root.

This can be done only by the working class, because it will implant common ideals, solidarity in place of competition. This can be done only by the Social Democracy which will destroy competition, and will put in place the production of commodities by all, for all, production by society, for society. Social and international peace, can be realized only by Socialism.

SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The public school *idea* undoubtedly is a result of that force in the human breast leading mankind on towards "the better day." The public school *system*, however, is a different thing. It is because of the public school idea that most of us discourage adverse criticism. The public school idea is the most democratic institution we have, in fact it is hard to think of its being any more democratic than it is. But the system must change and change as often as our notions of morality and ethics change, and at every step in the advancement of science. Were the system as democratic as the idea, shocking changes would be unnecessary. The public schools would be leading society.

A few weeks ago the Socialist School Union of Greater New York held a meeting at which Comrade Mrs. Gruenberg gave a talk on what, in her opinion, the Sunday Schools should beware of, and should strive to do. At that meeting some of our comrades criticised the Socialist Schools and compared them with the public schools, pointing to the public schools as the superior. Others of course took exactly the opposite stand. It seems about time that we, as Socialist school teachers, should arrive at a clearer understanding of our position regarding the Public Schools, and we call upon the comrades to do their threshing here.

Some of us are of the opinion that if the Public School system were what it should be there would be no need for Socialist Schools. If the Public Schools developed the ability to reason half so much as it develops educational apishness; if they strove to train the thinking faculty as they struggle with the training of memory; if their disciplining consisted of half as much training in the child's ability to see what deserves obedience as they do in training for unconditional obedience; and if they dwelt as much on the facts in their history which point to the brotherhood of man as they do on those that point to the superiority of their nation, the Socialist could enter the fight politically and economically, with "a fellow his size." The betterment of the world would then not depend upon Socialist Sunday Schools.

There are those of us who think that the Public Schools are very good in general, fairly good in particular, and harmlessly bad in some directions; and that on the other hand, though the Socialist Schools might be very good, because of the lack of means and teachers, they are bad and might better be done away with.

There are those who feel that the Public Schools good in particular are pernicious in general and that the Socialist Sunday Schools are vital necessities to those who desire to see a better race.

There are those who feel that the Public Schools are doing good work and are progressing, but that because they don't teach Socialism we have to have Socialist Schools.

There are those who feel that though the Public School idea is the best thing in society, the system is artificial, suffering from poverty, which means overworked and poor teachers and other evils, and that any kind of a Sunday School that could stimulate and develop thinking irrespective of any kind of ism, would be a blessing.

THE SOC. TEACHERS' DEPARTMENT APPRECIATED

Jamaica, L. I., Nov., 1913.

Young Socialist Magazine,
S. T. Dept.

Comrade Editor:

Your appeal to mothers in this month's issue of the Y. S. M. struck home.

As a mother of two boys always clamoring for stories, I have found myself poverty stricken, indeed, in my helplessness to satisfy that hunger. My oldest, a lad of eight, very proudly joined the library. Book after book was "fairy tales," not "twice told," but a hundred repetitions of the most unreal and morbid, if not uncanny. There was the Blue Fairy Book and the Pink Fairy Book, etc., etc. In sheer disgust my boy asked, "Mother, why do they allow such books to be printed? Nothing but killing in them." I tried to explain that was due to ignorance of scientific knowledge of the period in which those stories originated and also to the fact that justice those days was rarely given to the common people and wrongs, real and imaginary, were generally righted through power of an individual or group wielding any force at hand, usually physical.

I am very anxious to learn how our Comrade Parents have solved this most important problem, and an exchange column of ideas in the Y. S. M. would be very beneficial. Of course, for the older children there are many books based on scientific facts relating to nature, geography, industries, etc., each and all of which could be improved by revision and addi-

There are those who look upon our baseball-mad youth, incapable of and adverse to any thinking, violently patriotic, indifferent to truth, snobish and vulgarly apeish; and feel that no matter how poor our efforts in the Socialist Schools may be, if they are making strenuous attempts to counteract these evil tendencies, they are not only worth while, but deserving the co-operation and support of every intelligent citizen of the community.

WHERE DO YOU BELONG? WHY? Here is some valuable space at your service.

"Professor Kirchwey Urges Revolution in American System of Education," and should be read by everybody interested in the subject.

The New York *Sun* of November 23, has a very interesting article, "An Attack on the Public Schools," by Prof. Geo. W. Kirchwey, of Columbia University.

A MATTER OF GREAT IMPORTANCE

In the last issue an article with the above title, was given to the composers to compose and set up. The compositor thinking the title itself conspicuous enough, gave it nearly the most inconspicuous place in the magazine—unfortunately. We beg to call your attention to it again. It was an attempt to arouse Socialist teachers and mothers to the need of good stories for children. We asked for help from you in the way of writing such stories. We appeal to you this time in an additional way. If you can't or don't care to write stories, why not tell us about the good one or ones that you know about. If you have read a good story for children, tell us all about it.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Socialist School Union of Greater New York is holding extremely interesting monthly meetings at the Rand School. They take place usually the first Saturday evening in each month. Watch the *Call* announcements.

Everybody that is interested in the educational problems of to-day is invited to attend and to participate in the discussions.

You will find the abused article on page 14 of our last issue.

tion of our philosophy. I trust the near future will bring this much needed reading material.

Now, another matter which worries me very much is how to counteract the evil, obnoxious influence of the "Funny Sheets" of the capitalist newspapers. They are anything but funny, they are gruesome in their vulgarity. May I suggest to the artists in our movement, Comrades Sloan, young Barnes, Winter and many other worthy artists to get busy on this and thus bring the blessings of all radical parents upon their heads. It would induce the children to become interested in

our papers and counteract the degenerating influence of the so-called "funny sheet" in our many-fold poisonous capitalist sheets.

A final suggestion: Why not form a Parents' Club to discuss the problems which vex our heathen spirits and aid each other in the most important work before us—the shaping of the coming Revolutionists? Working hand in hand with the Socialist Sunday School Teachers we can back up their work in the greatest stronghold of character-building—the home.

Fraternally,

Anna G. Walsh.

SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOL PUPILS' WINTER PICTURES

"The snow had begun in the gloaming

And busily all the night,
Had been heaping field and highway

With a silence deep and white."

—Lowell.

Think how many times the first snow has fallen since our little earth broke away from the seething sun. Every year it fell with the same "silence deep and white." To-day it has fallen just as it fell upon the lonely, sad, primordial world. Wherever there is a jagged end—a pointed rock, a dead blasted tree, or a deep, rough cut in the earth—there it lays most of its priceless ermine, and makes the edges soft so they can not hurt.

To-day we stand before our windows and look out upon it with the same love and wonder that welled up in the savage human heart ten thousand years ago, when he issued from his cave in the morning and began peering about with dilated eyes. See him smile as he sees the vast expanse of fluffy whiteness, and see how carefully he treads lest he mar the beauty he reveres. That softness must have fallen upon his jagged heart as it fell upon the jagged rocks and made it less cruel and him more in harmony with the feelings nature has striven ever since to implant in us.

Happy snow birds have left their colder north and come to

play about on our first snow fall. They are very happy as they fly about and dip into the whiteness as if they were fisher birds dipping into the waves. Or they fly up into the branches and delight in shaking down the pearl from the elm tree twigs, and see the tiny blizzard they stir up. They are happy because they have no fears. Nature taught them how to get food and how to keep warm in spite of the snow.

A yellow canary had been kept in a little cage for many years. Always it dreamt of freedom. Its cage hung near the window and it could look out upon the first snow fall and envy the happy snow birds. One day the cage door was left open and the canary flew out and far away. It dashed up into the air and fell down with great speed till it touched the snow and dipped into it as the snow birds had done—all because it was so happy to be free. Then it grew hungry, but it did not know how to get food. It had been a little slave so long, it had forgotten. All day it flew about but could see no food and the snow birds made no attempts to help. At night the snow birds all disappeared and the canary was lonesome and had no place to go to, to hide from the bitter wind that arose. It hid between a twig and its branch,—but was very cold. Next morning it lay dead on the snow and some more snow came and covered it up.

The first, second, third, and fourth snow had fallen. It was Christmas Eve. A poor wretched mother with a baby in her arms sat on the closed door step of a great establishment on the business corner of Broadway. Pedestrians passed by her by the thou-

sands and to each she stretched her half naked arm and appealed for help. She had lived a long time in the cage of civilization and she had forgotten how her ancestors had provided for themselves and their children in the days of their being wild. She appealed to the happy snow birds that passed, but they were busy being happy and thinking of their loved ones and of the morrow.

A happy father and mother on their way to gather good things for their own happy baby birds passed the outstretched naked arm and saw the half eaten up baby silent with numbness, and the father who had already given the Societies for the provision of Christmas dinners, quite a few dollars and who felt that he had done his share passed; but the pitiful voice stopped him and he thought himself. He left the happy mother with the sparkling jewels in her lovely slippers visible below the slightly raised fur-trimmed skirt standing and admiring him as he returned and into the frozen palm dropped a quarter which the woman could hardly clutch.

With eyes closed and dumb she thanked him from the bottom of her torn heart and he went on happier than ever to the little ones he fathered, enjoying their loveliness and the loveliness of his cozy home more, because he had done his duty.

A little ragamuffin, a newsboy, who had gotten three dollars for a Christmas gift passed her on his way home. He stopped a moment and looked at her. He thought he ought to give her part of what he had, but he wanted it badly himself. He went on but couldn't go far. With a frown on his cold face he retraced his steps and he too, dropped a quar-

ter into the bony hand and ran for all he was worth.

It was way passed midnight. The street, at other times crowded all night, now grew silent as the treading feet wended their way home. It was very hard to rise. She had been sitting in that position a long time. She tried again, and failed. The silent baby worried her. She tried a third time and failed. She wept and the tears froze as they fell.

A miserable wretched tramp who had just had his cup of coffee at the mission passed by. He was shivering himself, but he was up on his feet. He saw the woman struggling to get up. He approached her and helped her up on her feet. He wanted to let her go, but she staggered so, he helped her on for many blocks till they came into the dirty slums. She stopped before a dilapidated falling barn-like building, used for a blacksmith shop. A large wooden door led them to a wretched hole-like room in back. The tramp assisted her into that hole, and he heard crying voices of children.

The tramp hurried away and as he went the falling snow covered up his footsteps.

What is that which every living being has seen, but never will see again?—Yesterday.

—“Young Socialist” of England.

THE BRONX S. S. S.

If the progress of Socialism throughout the world was increasing as rapidly as the Bronx Sunday School is, we would have great reason to rejoice.

At any rate we are exultant over the fact that we have three hundred children already and would have more if we could accommodate them.

We hope from time to time to send little essays from our pupils to the Young Socialist's Magazine.

G. K.

FROM "THE CHALLENGE"

"There is a greater army
That besets us round with
strife,
A numberless, starving army
At all the gates of life.
The poverty-stricken millions
Who challenge our wine and
bread,
And impeach us all for traitors,
Both the living and the dead.
And whenever I sit at the banquet,
Where the feast and song are
high,
Amid the mirth and the music
I can hear that fearful cry.
And hollow and haggard faces
Look into the lighted hall,
And wasted hands are extended
To catch the crumbs that fall.
For within there is light and
plenty,
And odors fill the air;
But without there is cold and
darkness,
And hunger and despair.
And there, in the camp of famine,
In wind and cold and rain,
Christ, the great Lord of the army
Lies dead upon the plain."

Longfellow.

Patriotism

But what confounds the intelligence is that in all countries, the poverty stricken, the disinherited, the overworked beast of burden, ill-fed, badly housed, badly clothed, badly educated, as are three-fourths of the inhabitants of every country, march like one man, at the first call, whatever may be the cause of the war. People who would not take one step to render a service to their neighbors, workers like themselves, march hundreds of miles in order to get killed for the masters who sweat them.

—Gustav Herve.

When is a newspaper like a delicate child?—When it appears weakly (weakly).

MARK TWAIN ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

"The ever memorable and blessed revolution, which swept a thousand years of villainy away in one swift tidal wave of blood—one; a settlement of that hoary debt in the proportion of half a drop of blood for each hogshead of it that had been pressed by slow tortures out of that people in the weary stretch of ten centuries of wrong and shame and misery, the like of which was not to be mated but in hell. There were two Reigns of Terror, if we would but remember it and consider it: the one wrought murder in hot passion, the other in heartless cold blood; the one lasted mere months, the other lasted a thousand years; the one inflicted death on ten thousand persons, the other upon a hundred millions; but our shudders are all for the horrors of the minor terror, so to speak, whereas, what is the horror of swift death by the axe compared with lifelong death from hunger, cold, insult, cruelty and heart-break? What is swift death by lightning compared with death by slow fire at the stake? A city cemetery could contain the coffins filled by that brief terror, which we have all been so diligently taught to shiver at and mourn over, but all France could hardly contain the coffins filled by that older and real terror which none of us has been taught to see in its vastness or pity as it deserves."

"I envy the man who believes that superstition about Friday," said Mr. Growcher.

"I consider it depressing."

"Not at all. A man ought to be mighty comfortable who can feel sure there's only one unlucky day in the week."

THE WIND

By Henrietta Gillin

"Oh, father, how the wind moans," cried a young girl as she sat beside the fire. "I can not bear it."

Her father who was unaccustomed to hear such words from his only beloved daughter, gazed at her in astonishment. He thought of the many times she had crossed the rolling plains on horse back during such wind storms. Often on her return from these long gallops she would speak of the soothing influence the wind had over her jaded mind—jaded by the monotony of the ranch. Then a question arose in his mind "Was she yearning for the plains which she had left?"

"Why has the wind become unbearable to you?" he asked her settling back in his arm chair.

With an expression of deep sadness she related what had happened to have caused this feeling.

"While seated on a bench in the park, watching a tiny squirrel as he scampered off with the nut I had given him, a young woman with a child in her arms sat down beside me and heaved a deep sigh. I glanced at her, and, Oh, father, how tired and weak she looked. I asked her immediately whether I could do anything for her. She said that I couldn't but I knew that she wished to say something and waited. Soon she began and poured out a pitiful story. She had lost her husband after the birth of her child. She could find no work and was unable to procure the necessary food to keep herself and baby alive; and as she spoke, father, she moaned just like the wind on cold winter nights."

A minister, who was not averse to an occasional toddy, hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar. Pat soon discovered a multitude of empty bottles, and hope repeated its speciality of springing eternal in the human breast. As he was carefully examining each bottle by holding it to the light, the minister saw him, and called out:

"They are all dead ones, Pat."

"They are, are they?" replied the Irishman. "Well, there's one good thing about it, they all had the minister with them when they were dying."

Die Weihnachtsglocken

Von Wilhelm Schulz

Es sind in dunkler Winternacht
Die Weihnachtsglocken all er-
wacht.

Man hört sie singen alle
Mit wunderschöner Schalle.

Sie singen voller Freud' und
Lust,

Steigt auch in mancher Men-
schenbrust

Ein Seufzen still und bange
Bei ihrem frohen Klange.

Die Glocken hangen hoch im
Turm

Geborgen gegen Schnee und
Sturm,

Sie wissen nichts von Dingen,
Womit die Menschen ringen.

Und keine Not bedrückt sie
schwer,

Sie schwingen fromm sich hin
und her,

Sie können gut da droben
Die liebe Weihnacht loben.

... Da donnern sie Sanftmut und
Duldung aus ihren Wolken und bringen
dem Gotte der Liebe Menschen-
opfer dar wie einem feuerarmigen
Moloch:

da predigen sie Liebe des Nächsten
und fluchen den achtzigjährigen Blinden
von ihrer Schwelle hinweg;

da stürmen sie wider den Geist und
haben Fern' um goldener Spangen willen
entvölkert und die Heiden wie
Zugvieh vor ihren Wagen gespannt;

sie zerbrechen sich die Köpfe, wie
es doch möglich gewesen wäre, dass die
Natur hätte können einen Ischariot
schaffen, und nicht der schlimmste
unter ihnen würde den dreieimigen
Gott um zehn Silberlinge verraten!"

Friedrich Schiller in "Die Räuber."

Mutter (zum Söhnchen): „Sage
mir nur, wer ist denn eigentlich in
eurer Klasse der bravste?" —
Söhnchen: „Der Herr Lehrer!"

Wie ich als Junge August Bebel lieben lernte

(Schluss)

So glühte in dem jungen Herzen die Begeisterung für August Bebel. Es war die Persönlichkeit vor allem, der Zauber, den die aufopfernde Liebe so vieler Menschen um ihn wob, der auch in mir die Verehrung für ihn weckte. Erst als ich älter geworden war und eifrig seine Reden und Schriften gelesen hatte, gesellte sich zu dieser Verehrung die Begeisterung für die Gedanken, die er verfocht, für sein hohes Ideal, für den Kampf der Arbeiterklasse um eine neue, bessere Gesellschaft. Bis zum heutigen Tage aber ist diese Verehrung für den Mann, in dem die aufstrebende Arbeiterschaft gleichsam verkörpert war, in mir, wie in so vielen Tausenden Proletariern und Proletarierinnen, lebendig geblieben.

Erst ein paar Jahre nach jenen Wahltagen durfte ich August Bebel von Angesicht zu Angesicht schauen und seinen zündenden Worten lauschen, und seitdem habe ich ihn noch öfters gesehen und gehört. Stets aber war ich traurig darüber, dass ich noch so jung war und ihm bei der Wahl meine Stimme nicht geben konnte, bis ich dann schließlich, am 12. Januar des Vorjahres, zum ersten Male wählen und zum ersten — und letzten Male meine Stimme August Bebel geben konnte.

Nun ist es tödt, er, zu dem Millionen als zu ihrem Vorbild aufschauten. Aber sein Lieb nur ist tot; sein unvergängliches Geist kann nicht vergehen; denn er ist Geist vom Geist des kämpfenden und hoffenden Proletariats. Die

Liebe zu dem feurigen Kämpfer wird vor allem in der Jugend lebendig bleiben, in all den jungen Männern und Mädchen, die heranwachsen, um dereinst das Banner zum Siege zu führen, das August Bebel ein Menschenleben in Stürm und Gefahren vorangetragen.

Ist auch der Säemann gefallen,
In guten Boden fiel die Saat;
Uns aber bleibt die kühne Tat.
Heiliges Vermächtnis sei sie
allen! Roland.

Weihnachtsfest

Von Rob. Reinick

Der Winter ist gekommen
Und hat hinweggenommen
Der Erde grünes Kleid.
Schnee liegt auf Blütenkeimen,
Kein Blatt ist an den Bäumen,
Erstarrt die Flüsse weit und
breit.

Da schallen plötzlich Klänge
Und frohe Festgesänge
Hell durch die Winternacht;
In Hütten und Palästen
Ist rings in grünen Aesten
Ein buntes Frühlings aufgewacht.

Wie gern doch seh' ich glänzen
Mit all den reichen Kränzen
Den grünen Weihnachtsbaum,
Dazu der Kindlein Mienen,
Von Licht und Lust besüßten.
Wohl schönste Freude gibt es
kann.

Da denk' ich voller Wärme:
Wie alle Jahr die Sonne
Aufsteigt aus Winternacht,
So geht auch Licht und Wahr-
heit

In immer höher Klarheit
Auf, trotz des Winters Nacht!