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TO THE WISE—A BARGAIN

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

Said the Stumchild to the Wise—
To the people of place and power
Who govern and guide the hour,
To the people who write and teach,
Ruling our thought and speech,
And all the captains and kings
Who command the making of things—
"Give me the good you know,
That I, the child, may grow!
Light, for the whole day long,
Food that is pure and strong,
Housing and clothing fair,
Clean water and clean air,
Teaching from day to day,
And room—for a child to play!"

Then the Wise made answer cold:
"These things are not given, but sold.
They shall be yours to-day,
If you can pay."

"Pay!" said the child. "Pay you?
What can I do?
Only in years' slow length
Shall I have strength.
I have not power nor skill,
Wisdom nor wit nor will—

What service weak and wild
Can you ask of a little child?"
But the Wise made answer cold:
"Goods must be bought and sold;
You shall have nothing here
Without paying—paying dear!"
And the rulers turned away.
But the child cried on them: "Stay!
Wait! I will pay!"
"For the foulness where I live,
Filth in return I give.
For the greed that withholds my right
Greed that shall shake your might.
For the sins I live in and learn,
Plentiful sin I return.
For my lack at home and school,
Ignorance comes to rule.
From where I sicken and die,
Disease to your homes shall fly.
My all uncouped death
Shall choke your children's breath.
Degenerate—crippled—base,
I degrade the human race.
And the people you have made—
These shall make you afraid.
I ask no more. I take the terms you make,
And steadily, day by day,
Faithfully, I WILL PAY!"

FOOD

The average person has little idea of the nutritive value of the things he eats. He does not know how his food should be combined in quantity or element, or how it should be varied to give him the best return. He just stumbles along in the dark, eating and drinking according to the custom of his countrymen, blindly following his appetite, which is often an unsafe guide because improperly trained.

During the active growing period of a healthy childhood and young adult years, and in older people who follow an energetic physical and mental life of work and play, a good constitution somehow survives the rough abuse to which the ordinary individual subjects it in feeding. Middle life is safely reached and passed. Old age comes shuffling on with more deliberate step and silvered crown. "And when those robbers, Time and Death, athwart the path, conspiring, stand," their prospective victim is—a watch run down, a bullet spent, a blossom born to bloom and drop its petals in decay. Men say, "He died full his allotted time and filled at a ripe old age." This is the result which the average man would like to have for himself.

But what of the people handicapped from birth by faulty digestive and eliminating organs? How about those who inherit fine appetites, but are cursed with occupations which steal their chances for normal exercise? How about a dozen other kinds

of folks, who, to live out their threescore and ten, must have a better system in dining?

An excessive diet of carbohydrates, if digested, will run to excessive fat about the heart, as well as elsewhere, and burden the heart in nourishing it. It is prone, also, to disturb digestion. It is bad for dyspeptics. Those with stomach trouble will often benefit by resorting to a judicious meat diet.

On the other hand, an excessive meat (protein) diet overworks the eliminating organs and brings on degeneration of the heart, blood vessels and kidney, with high blood pressure. This, in a broad way, means Bright's disease and premature old age.

Look at the many individuals in the class of "forty, stout." Their prominent abdomens are burdens of useless fat. Bulky, paunchy, flabby people, short of breath and long on appetite—they are overfed and underworked.

A pig has appetite plus, and little brain. A man is little more than a porker, if he runs to banquets and neglects his biceps.

Forty inches about the waist in a man five feet eight inches tall, whether twenty years old or fifty, is a porcine proportion. If he is not lazy, his energy runs to pushing a pen, eating enough for two and "sitting tight." He rides out and from his office, behind a chauffeur, if he has one.

Ten to one he has to consult a doctor suddenly, some day, for gall stones, kidney stones, Bright's disease, or other serious trouble. He spends the last

ten years of his life trying to escape premature decay.

Added to these pudgy people pampered on sweets, and the sedentary people who make their meals on meat, there is a third class. These habitually suffer from faulty elimination. They are constipated, bad breathed and coated of tongue. The motions of their eliminating tracts are sluggish, and there is sand in the gearing of their gray matter. Chronic absorption from their thirty feet of sewer poisons their brains and vital organs. Their scant exercise, careless habits and faulty quality of food cater to the undertaker. Man's muscles, mind and meals must be well balanced to insure comfort, comeliness and long life.

Finally, food is a misfit when worry, fear, anger, hate or disappointment dominates. They check the flow of stomach juices just as they interfere with appetite. Good appetite and good digestion line with good cheer. (October Bulletin, Department of Health, Chicago.)

BALLOTS WILL EDUCATE.

By Wm. E. Bohn

In the public schools we are spending more money on the education of girls than on that of boys. One of two things is true. Either the educated female is a good product partly wasted, or she is a poor product and our money is wasted.

As a matter of fact, she is a good product. But she is not as good as she might be. Give the girls the prospect of active participation in our political life and a wide range of studies will gain new meaning for more than half our pupils. They will learn more without the expenditure of an additional dollar. And what they learn will gain in meaning. The girl graduate will leave school a fitter person because she has seen from the start a reason for intelligent citizenship.

THREE LITTLE WAR PICTURES

By Allen Clarke

I.

In the seaside town where I live, there were last winter some thousands of troops in training.

Early in the New Year they went away.

Most of them have now "died for their country," as the newspapers say, and will come back to Britain no more.

This autumn there are again some thousands of troops here in training. Fresh batches; fresh fuel to feed the great war-fire, the mad bonfire of kings. They are being got ready to send to "the front," to the line of slaughter. They are being well fed. They are being drilled and exercised to make them fit and strong. They are marched about inhaling the rich seaside air that many of them would never have tasted but for the war. They are being developed to their physical best, into as fine specimens of manhood as good food, fresh air, and exercise can make them. What for? That they may become healthy citizens and the progenitors of a sounder race? Are they thus being prepared that they may bless the world with healthy useful life?

Oh dear, no! Nothing so utopian as that in this practical age!

No, it is for death they are being made so fit and strong.

The other day I saw a regiment of them marching along the promenade. The bugles blew; the drums rattled; the thousand feet went forward rhythmically. These men had been in training for months. All the summer, before coming to our town, they had

been in a camp in a rural district. Their faces were brown and red; their eyes bright; their step vigorous; their voices brave and jolly as they sang a music-hall ditty as they marched along. Not a limp, not an unsound limb, not a faltering foot amongst them all. All at their best, all in splendid condition—ready to go to "the front," ready to be transformed into— what?

II.

The answer is somewhat supplied by another batch of soldiers coming in the opposite direction. These are not so numerous as the others—there are not five hundred here—there are only about three dozen. The other four hundred and odd of this lot have not answered the roll-call. They lie in France and Flanders.

This batch is coming from the convalescent camp at the other end of the town. They, and others like them, come out only for an airing. They wear a red tie and blue trousers—the badge of the wounded.

These are not walking briskly along—far from it. They are not even in step—their injuries prevent marching in unison. Some are limping, some hobbling, others dragging a foot, others helping themselves along with sticks, while still others have an arm in a sling, or a bandage round their head. Some of them look very pale, very weary, as they march along. They have no bugler and no drums with them; but they are whistling a tune as they creep along. But, in order to accommo-

date itself to their pace, the tune is very slow, sad, and mournful, and sounds much more like a funeral march than a battle challenge.

This batch represents those who have been to "the front" and through the fire. They are survivors, remnants of just such another fine and strong five hundred as the regiment approaching them.

The five hundred who have not yet "been in it" stare at these living specimens who have.

And some of them begin to wonder.

It is not an encouraging spectacle, for though it rouses their pity it also raises questions.

Are they—bright, strong, active men—to run the risk of being turned into such stricken weak creatures as these, by bayonet and bullet and shell?

Is there no way to settle international quarrels but this?

III.

It is three o'clock in the morning. It is a Sunday morning. I am awakened from sleep by a shrill whistle. I know that whistle. It is the whistle summoning the soldiers to assemble for parade. There are many soldiers billeted in our street. Opposite our windows is a house used as orderly-room and headquarters.

I get up and peep through the curtains. The night is very dark, and (because of Zeppelin fears or coast attacks) there are no lamps lit in the neighborhood. The dark night is made still blacker by dense clouds threatening a drizzle of rain.

The orderly-room windows are lit up. I can see the soldiers fall-

ing into line. I hear the calling of the roll. I see, shadowy, vague, women and men gathered round—friends, wives, sweethearts of the men who are going away—the men who have been training here and getting ready. Yesterday the train brought mothers, sisters, fathers, relatives, from inland towns, for a good-bye afternoon with those who were to depart. On the promenade I saw a pretty and yet a very pathetic sight—a young soldier carrying a baby in his left arm, while his right arm encircled the waist of his young wife, to whom he was talking earnestly. The girl's face was white and solemn. It was an unusual sight to see in the daylight, in a public thoroughfare, a man with a baby in one arm and the other round its mother.

Yet the couple were utterly oblivious of the folks who passed them. They were absorbed in their fond farewell. Nevermore might the father hold his child orenfold the mother with his arm.

"God bless them," I said to myself as I passed.

Perhaps that young father was one of these soldiers now assembling in the dark night to march to the railway station and depart for "the front."

I heard the officer give his commands, "Form fours—right turn," and then I watched through the window, the regiment, dim in the gloom, march towards what seemed a terrible cloud of blackness—impenetrable gloom—at the bottom of the street running down to the sea. I heard voices calling out, "Good-bye, Dick." "Are we down-hearted?" And the men started singing as they marched away.

Then they quickly disappeared into that tremendous black cloud.

WHY?

By Tom Robinson.

The scene, a slum room in Canning Town on Christmas Eve; and the dockers' wife (whose husband is "fighting for his country,") and her four wee bairns are seated round a fire that barely keeps grim King Frost from invading the soldier's empire—his home.

"Mammy," says Jack, aged twelve, "where's my daddy?"

"He's—I dunno exactly where he is—somewhere in France."

"Why?"

"He's fighting for his king and country, laddie."

"Why?"

"The Germans are trying to invade us—see?"

"But why, mammy?"

"Because—so the papers say—they're jealous of our wealth and power."

"Daddy's wealth and power?"

"No, sonny; the wealth and power of the British Empire. Your daddy couldn't stand looking on when his king and country needed him."

"Why?"

"You will know why when you are a man."

"But wasn't daddy out o' work?"

"Yes, dear; he mostly was out of work; but his country was in danger, and it was his duty—so his master said—to go."

"Why?"

"His king wanted him."

"But, mammy, so do we!"

"I know—but it is every man's duty to fight for his king."

"Every Englishman's duty?"

"Of course, dear."

"And every German's?"

"Yes, I suppose so, dearie."

"Why?"

"Because—oh! I dunno why!"

"You remember the dock strike, mammy?"

"Indeed! I do. I have reason to, my dear."

"Did the king want to stop the strike?"

"I don't know—why do you ask?"

"He must have wanted to stop the strike—he sent his soldiers!"

"Oh! that was to prevent rioting. It is wrong to riot."

"Why?"

"Property has to be protected."

"Daddy's property?"

"No, dear; other people's property. Rich folk's."

"Why?"

"When there is danger to property it is necessary to send soldiers to protect it."

"The soldiers' property?"

"No, the property of the great folks."

"Oh! I see how it is! Daddy has gone to protect the property of the Kaiser?"

"Oh, dear, no! He hasn't gone to do that!"

"Then, why has he gone?"

"To protect the property of the—er—Empire."

"Then I think my daddy should have stopped at home."

"How do you mean, laddie?"

"To protect English soldiers' property."

"Soldiers haven't got any property."

"Why?"

"Well, if they had property they wouldn't go soldiering."

"So that's the reason why soldiers protect other people's property?"

"Of course, dear."

"Why?"

"I dunno properly—but—"

"I wish my daddy would come home."

THE POPULISTS AND THE SOCIALISTS

By H. A. Trexler

Up to the eighties the laborer had his union and was content to fight against capital through its organization. Despite the fact that there were many followers of Karl Marx both among the workmen and the philanthropists, there was very little nation-wide effort to gain notice or rights through politics. But during the eighties the more radical of the laborers organized the Union Labor Party. Those who considered that ends could best be gained through political activity deserted the old union policy and became ambitious "Laborites." In 1888 the new party polled a fair vote. But the support of the farmers was found to be necessary.

The farmers had been in a bad way after the Civil War. Taxes were high and prices, abnormally boosted by the war, fell during the seventies. The railroads had been extended during the fifties largely by grants of land, and loans and subsidies from national, state and county governments. With high taxes, low prices, and what were considered unjust freight rates, the farmers from Ohio to Nebraska and from North Dakota to Florida became disgusted. The various Grange societies were organized. They gained many victories over the railroads and the elevator companies. Later the Farmers' Alliances were formed. They boasted some three million members in 1890. But they lacked a national political organization.

Between 1890 and 1892 J. W. Weaver of Iowa, W. A. Peffer of Kansas, and others organized the

People's or Populist party. At Omaha on July 4, 1892, a national ticket was placed in the field and a memorable platform was constructed. It was so constructed that not only the farmer but the laborer was won over. Bimetallism was the first plank and then followed many demands for reform that sound "near"-socialistic—government ownership and operation of railroads, telegraphs, and telephones, popular election of United States senators, the suppression of national banks, and a postal savings bank system. Many of the Populist state platforms in addition advocated the popular election of the president and the vice-president, the initiative and the referendum, and an eight-hour day on all private and public contracts. But this was not all. The preamble of the Omaha platform contains the following statement which is typically Marxian and reads like a ringing sentence of Eugene Debs: "Wealth belong to him who creates it, and every dollar taken from industry without an equivalent is robbery."

With the most satisfactory program yet put before them the laborers were induced to join with the farmers in forming the Populist party. The unions gave no official countenance to the movement but thousands of the laborers became active Populists. In Montana, a state where organized labor was strong, this fact is obvious. Mr. J. H. Calderhead, a prominent Butte labor leader of the nineties and Chairman of the State Central Committee of the Populist party from

1894 to 1896, wrote the present writer as follows: "The Butte Miners' Union—as a union—gave the Populist party no support, although a very great many of the members were active and influential in the party."

When the Pullman strike caused President Cleveland to send federal troops to Chicago, the Populists by bitterly condemning him scored another bid for labor support. When Debs, a Populist supporter, was sent to prison his cause became that of the Populists. They fiercely berated Cleveland and furiously attacked injunctions.

It is supposed that the developing socialistic forces almost entirely fell in with the Populist procession. The latter had many forceful men in Congress, among them "Soxless" Jerry Simpson of Kansas. In the Senate were Kyle of South Dakota, Peffer of Kansas, and Allen of Nebraska—all of them war-horses of the people in the battle against Wall Street and the railroads. The social reform planks of the Populist platforms, were the best that could be gotten at the time. What better chance had the socialists than to enter the new party and help to mould its policies?

But the Populists were not all as anxious for socialist votes as for a nation-wide accession of voters which would sweep the old parties out of power and give them a President. Many loved none too well the social reform planks anyway. So from the beginning the Populist party contained two factions—the conserv-

atives who wished to submerge the socialistic planks and, if necessary, fuse with one of the old parties on the free-silver issue; and the Middle-of-the-Road Populists or "radicals" who, like Tom Watson, would have not one of the Omaha planks cast in the shade, and who abhorred amalgamation with Democrats or Republicans as temptations of the Devil. The conservatives wished to make the currency question the one and only issue of the party. This policy might drive out the socialists but it would make the party an "orthodox" organization which any voter could enter without losing caste.

When the party met in national convention at St. Louis on June 22, 1896, the internecine struggle again broke out. The conservatives urged that the convention put forward but one issue—free silver. They demanded that the party endorse the Democratic nominees, Bryan and Sewell. Tom Watson and his middle-of-the-road followers would have the whole Omaha platform or nothing. They would have none of Sewell's ilk, as he was "a railroad magnate and a national bank president." Watson et al were beaten. They seceded, but the party was doomed. The conservatives merged with the Democrats and in time disappeared. Watson and his worshippers stood by the ship for several years.

But the Socialists were disgusted and were done with the movement. Those of them who remained with the Populists up to 1896 now had a Socialist party to join—the Socialist Labor Party which put out its shingle in 1892. But many had lost hope and had left the Populists by ones and twos before. They had lost faith in "orthodox" parties which annexed Socialistic ideas and tacked to their platforms social reform planks with which to catch votes. For this reason the Progressive movement of 1912 could not allure the Socialist from his own party by holding out a chance of realizing many of his demands at once.

VICTOR HUGO'S ORATION ON VOLTAIRE

DELIVERED AT PARIS, May 30, 1878

THE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF VOLTAIRE'S DEATH

(Translated from the French by James Parton)

(Continued from December)

Another fact. After the old man, the young man. Three years later, in 1765, at Abbeville, the day after a night of storm and high wind, there was found upon the pavement of a bridge an old crucifix of worm-eaten wood, which for three centuries had been fastened to the parapet. Who had thrown down this crucifix? Who had committed this sacrilege? It is not known. Perhaps a passerby. Perhaps the wind. Who is the guilty one? The Bishop of Amiens launches a monitoire. Note what a monitoire was: it was an order to all the faithful, on pain of hell, to declare what they knew of, believed they knew of such or such a fact; a murderous injunction, when addressed by fanaticism to ignorance. The monitoire of the Bishop of Amiens does its work; the town gossip assumes the character of crime charged. Justice discovers, or believes it discovers, that on the night when the crucifix was thrown down, two men, two officers, one named La Barre, the other d'Etallonde, passed over the bridge of Abbeville, that they were drunk, and that they sang a guard-room song. The tribunal was the Seneschalcy of Abbeville. The Seneschalcy of Abbeville was equivalent to the court of the Capitouls of Toulouse. It was not less just. Two orders for arrest were issued. D'Etallonde escaped. La Barre was taken. Him they delivered to judicial examination. He denied having crossed the bridge; he confessed to having sung the song. The Seneschalcy of Abbeville condemned him; he appealed to the Parliament of Paris. He was conducted to Paris; the sentence was found good and confirmed. He was conducted back to Abbeville in chains. I abridge. The monstrous hour arrives. They begin by subjecting the Chevalier de La Barre to the torture, ordinary and extraordinary, to make him reveal his accomplices. Accomplishes in what? In having crossed a bridge and sung a song. During the torture one of his knees was broken; his confessor, on hearing the bones crack, flinched away. The next day, June 5, 1766, La Barre was drawn to the great square of Abbeville, where flamed a penitential fire; the sentence was read to La Barre; then they cut

off one of his hands; then they tore out his tongue with iron pinners; then, in mercy, his head was cut off and thrown into the fire. So died the Chevalier de La Barre. He was ninety-two years of age.

Then, O Voltaire! thou didst utter a cry of horror, and it will be thine eternal glory!

Then didst thou enter upon the appalling trial of the past; thou didst plead against tyrants and monsters, of the cause of the human race, and thou didst gain it. Great man, blessed be thou forever.

Gentlemen, the frightful things which I have recalled were accomplished in the midst of a polite society; its life was gay and light; people went and came; they looked neither above nor below themselves; their indifference had become carelessness; graceful poets, Saint-Aulaire, Bouffiers, Gentil-Bernard, composed pretty verses; the court was all festival; Versailles was brilliant, Paris ignored what was passing; and then it was that, through religious ferocity, the judges made an old man die upon the wheels, and the priests tore out a child's tongue for a song.

In the presence of this society, frivolous and dismal, Voltaire alone, having before his eyes those united forces, the court, the nobility, capital; that unconscious power, the blind multitude; that terrible magistracy, so severe to subjects, so docile to the master, crushing and flattering kneeling upon the people before the king; that clergy, vile melange of hypocrisy and fanaticism; Voltaire alone, I repeat it, declared war against that coalition of all the social iniquities, against that enormous and terrible world, and he accepted battle with it. And what was his weapon? That which has the lightness of the wind and the power of the thunderbolt. A pen.

With that weapon he fought; with that weapon he conquered.

Gentlemen, let us salute that memory.

Voltaire conquered; Voltaire waged the splendid kind of warfare, the war of one alone against all; that is to say, the grand warfare. The war of thought against matter, the war of reason against prejudice, the war of the just against the unjust, the war for the oppressed against the oppressor, the war of goodness, the war of

kindness. He had the tenderness of a woman and the wrath of a hero. He was a great mind, and an immense heart.

He conquered the old code and the old dogma. He conquered the feudal lord, the gothic judge, the Roman priest. He raised the populace to the dignity of people. He taught, pacified, and civilized. He fought for Servin and Montbailly, as for Calas and La Barre; he accepted all the menaces, all the outrages, all the persecutions, calumny, and exile. He was indefatigable and immovable. He conquered violence by a smile, despotism by sarcasm, infallibility by irony, obstinacy by perseverance, ignorance by truth.

I have just pronounced the word smile. I pause at it. Smile! It is Voltaire.

Let us say it, gentlemen, pacification is the great side of the philosopher; in Voltaire the equilibrium always re-establishes itself at last. Whatever may be his just wrath, it passes, and the irritated Voltaire always gives place to the Voltaire calmed. Then in that profound eye the smile appears.

That smile is wisdom. That smile, I repeat, is Voltaire. That smile sometimes becomes laughter, but the philosophic sadness tempers it. Toward the strong, it is mockery, toward the weak, it is a caress. It disquiets the oppressor, and reassures the oppressed. Against the great, it is railery; for the little, it is pity. Ah, let us be moved by that smile! It had in it the rays of the dawn. It illuminated the true, the just, the good, and what there is of worthy in the useful. It lighted up the interior of superstitions. Those ugly things it is salutary to see, he has shown them. Luminous, that smile was fruitful also. The new society, the desire for equality and concession, and that beginning of fraternity which called itself tolerance, reciprocal good-will, the just accord of men and rights, reason recognized as the supreme law, the annihilation of prejudices and fixed opinions, the fraternity of souls, the spirit of indulgence and of pardon, harmony, peace—behold what has come from that great smile!

On the day—very near, without any doubt—when the identity of wisdom and clemency will be recognized, the day when the amnesty will be proclaimed, I affirm it, up there, in the stars, Voltaire will smile.

Gentlemen, between two servants of Humanity, who appeared eighteen hundred years apart, there is a mysterious relation.

(To be concluded)

COLONY OF SPIDERS

In Hoboken, N. J., is a colony of 200 spiders which start and stop work when the whistle blows. They are probably the most indispensable workmen in one of the largest surveying instrument factories in this country. It is their duty to spin the delicate thread which is used for the cross hairs to mark the exact center of the object lens in the surveyor's telescope.

The spiders produce only during August and September. In that time they spin thousands of yards of web which is wound upon metal frames, and stored away until needed.

Spider web is the only suitable material yet discovered for the cross hairs of surveying instruments. Almost invisible as this fiber is to the naked eye, it is brought up in the powerful lenses of the telescope to the size of a man's thumb, so that all defects, if there happened to be any, would be magnified to such a degree that the web would be useless. Human hair has been tried, but when magnified it has the apparent dimensions of a rough-hewn lamp post. Moreover, human hair is transparent and cross hairs must be opaque.

A spider "at work" dangles in the air by its invisible thread, the upper end being attached to a metal wire frame whirled in the hands of a girl. The girl first places the spider on her hand until the protruding end of the thread has become attached. When the spider attempts to leap to the ground this end is quickly attached to the center of the whirling frame, and as the spider pays out thread from its pouch, this line is wrapped around the frame, often several hundred feet of thread at one time.

The spiders are kept in a large room, under the supervision of three girls and a forewoman. When not spinning, the little workmen are placed in a large wooden cage.—Popular Science Monthly.

ISN'T IT FUNNY?

Funny, isn't it? The more producers there are in the world the harder it is to make a living.

Funny, isn't it? The men and women who produce the wealth can never call it their own.

Funny, isn't it? The people who have the wealth of the world never produce any.

Funny, isn't it? The producers of the world keep on producing wealth for the non-producers and never get wise to the game.

Funny, isn't it? The non-producers are always fearful lest the producers get some fool Socialist idea into their heads.

Funny, isn't it? That so few workers get any of those ideas.

Funny, isn't it? The non-producers evidence so great an interest in the welfare of the workers.

Funny, isn't it? The fool worker can't see through that little joke being played on him all the time.

Funny, isn't it? The interests of the producer and the non-producer are identical.

Funny, isn't it? Their mutual interests make it necessary for them to vote the same ticket.

Funny, isn't it? The politician thinks so much of the workers before each election and immediately after the vote is counted forgets them so quickly.

Funny, isn't it? The workers even forget they have been forgotten.

Funny, isn't it? There are so many funny things in this world. Why don't you laugh—or do something?

The Young Socialists' Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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

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From the Day, For the Day

Christmas and Peace Talk have come and gone. And they who yesterday prayed for "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," are again lustily blowing the preparedness horns that the armament interests of our nation have obligingly furnished.

A year has passed, the bloodiest year of the world's history.

And fateful as the year just past, the coming year will be. The questions that it will decide, with fire and with sword, will play a great part in the future of humanity and of civilization.

This war has rent the bonds that bound the workmen of all nations with ties that seemed indissoluble. For us the new year must be a year of zealous work, a constant striving to rebuild what the war has torn down. The International of Labor must arise to a new life, must make of a

working class that was weak and unable to accomplish the task it had set itself, a movement strong and self-confident, a movement that will in the years to come force its will, its ideals, upon the ruling classes.

It all seemed so simple, so easy to understand. Where was the Socialist, two years ago, who would have dared to suggest preparedness? And now that the crisis has come, many of our comrades here in America are worse than the most bitterly condemned Scheidemann and Guesde. Not even they ever favored preparedness.

It is possible that we, the materialists, have somewhat underestimated the strength of national prejudices. We who should have known better, forgot that the mind of the child becomes the soul of the man. We spent our time and our energy bringing men into the party, men whose souls and hearts had been moulded by the schools and the books of our ruling class. And then we wonder that a year or two of exceedingly haphazard Socialist education has not driven out the old ideals.

We have heard comrades who were clear and apparently well grounded Socialists favor a popular militia, a militia of the people, governed by the people of the nation. They present a variety of arguments to support their standpoint. In the first place, we will have some kind of a military system, so why not favor that which seems least dangerous? Secondly, Bebel and Liebknecht always spoke in favor of a popular militia, and this point of view has always been upheld by the International. Thirdly, when this war is over, the European nations may unite against the United

States who are daily becoming a more formidable rival, and would subdue it, were it unprepared. Then Russia would take back Alaska, Mexico the territory that was once stolen from it by the United States, and England, through Canada, might take possession of the northern part of our nation.

The first two arguments are hardly worth discussing. In the first place it ill behooves a Socialist who knows the stupidity of the working class of the country to speak of a militia of the people. A militia of the people in the United States would be under all circumstances a militia owned and controlled by the capitalist class. And woe betide the "Socialist regiment" that might desire to give expression to the "will of the working class." On the other hand there is no halting on an incline. Once we have sacrificed a principle for the sake of gaining something for nothing, we are on a downward path that must lead to destruction. Bebel and Liebknecht spoke at a time when it seemed that the Socialist ideal might be realized in Germany in the coming decade, when the strong revolutionary spirit of the German proletariat of the cities made it seem as if the time might come when a Socialist German State might have to defend itself from a barbaric Russia. But time has shown that our battles are not won thus easily, that new societies are not made in one year, no, not in ten years. The danger from a barbarous Russia grows constantly less. The old watchword "popular militia" must vanish. A new one, "International Brotherhood," must take its place.

The last argument is perhaps a little more worth our consideration.

(Continued on page 10)

SPARGO GALLS ON SOCIALISTS TO COMBAT
MILITARISTIC PLAN FOR AMERICAN NATIONBy John Spargo
(Address delivered before Inter-
legiate Socialist Society, Dec. 29)

I am not going to discuss the origins of the great world war, or the varying degrees of responsibility of the respective belligerent nations. My friend, Mr. Walling, has reminded you that those who, like myself, were born in nations which are involved in the great struggle are not justly entitled to serve as a jury to determine the question of responsibility for the war. Even if it were otherwise, and my right to pronounce judgment on that issue were unchallenged, I should not attempt it. The question of importance for us is not whose was the greater guilt, but rather what answer shall we give to the challenge of those who clamor for increased armaments, who demand vast increases in our naval and military expenditures.

As an American citizen none shall deny my right to judge that issue. I am, in law and in morals, a member of that jury. To reply to the challenge of the advocates of militarism is an undeniable moral obligation of my citizenship. Furthermore, it is especially my duty as a Socialist to face and to answer the challenge.

Should Combat Militarism

Now, I am not going to be taunted into a discussion of the doctrine of nonresistance. No good purpose can be served by clouding the issue as my good Comrade Russel has clouded it. The issue to be determined is not the purely speculative and academic one of what we are to do in the future in the event of an invasion of these States by a foreign foe. That is not the question before us and at present I shall refuse to discuss it. The only issue before us is this: Shall we consent to an enormous increase in our armaments in the hope and belief that by so doing we shall protect ourselves against possible foreign foes?

To that question I answer out of a deep conviction that the supreme and overwhelming duty of the American Socialist movement, at this time, is to combat by every possible means, and in a spirit of militarism with its menace to democracy; to rally with passionate devotion and loyalty to the old standards of international peace, solidarity and fellowship.

Must Have Peace Spirit

I answer, further, that the only adequate and efficient preparation against war, the only secure and certain insurance of peace, must be spir-

itual and not material. Let us not flinch from the utterance of this vital truth. The only real and effective protection against war must be built in the hearts of human beings. No number of sixteen-inch guns, of forts, of battleships and submarines will achieve it, for it can only be achieved through the development of a strong sense of international fraternalism and solidarity in the hearts of men and women, harboring neither hate nor race prejudice, but only a glowing consciousness of the oneness of mankind.

If we trust in vaster military and naval armament, it is as certain as the dawn that follows the night, that we shall but excite other nations to try and excel us in armed strength and efficiency. Every new gun we mount, every new fort we build, every new battleship we launch we serve first of all to cause other nations and empires to fear us and determine to outdo us in the race. And even if we could arm ourselves beyond the challenge of any other power, we could never arm beyond the limit possible to a combination of powers.

Russell's Lurid Picture

My good and beloved friend Russel has drawn for us a lurid and impressive picture of a vast and voracious empire, stretching from the North Sea to the Bosphorus and to the Persian Gulf. With dramatic force he assures us that this hypothetical empire of unparalleled might will hasten to invade this country and subjugate us. Does he really believe that such a world really exists? Even if we assume that the war ends as he predicts and fears—which I do not for one moment believe—is it not quite evident to every thoughtful mind that to hold and weld into a cohesive and coherent imperial whole its violently different parts, to secure the unity essential to imperial safety and stability, all the grins of the conquerors must be taxed for at least a generation. There will be neither time nor strength for foreign conquest.

The exhaustion of the brain and heart that made this great empire will require at least a generation—perhaps several generations—to recuperate. Even if we take Comrade Russell's view of the end of the war, it is as clear as noon-day that the magnitude of her imperial task alone

will forbid the conqueror making assault upon us.

Belligerents Are Weakened

And if we turn to any of the other belligerents in this war it becomes evident that the end of the struggle will leave them unable for many years to come to undertake any conquest anywhere. To repair the vast material and human wastes, and to prepare again to strike, will require many, many years.

Never at any time in our history, I dare affirm, have we been so free from peril of attack from any quarter in the world as we are to-day. We are asked to pay an increased premium to insure ourselves against any enormously decreased risk.

My comrade has given us what he termed a "lesson in logic." May I not, therefore, following his example, ask him to face candidly and without flinching the logic of his position? Is there is any one thing which war has demonstrated, it is the fact, evidenced by all the great wars of history, that no democracy ever was or can ever be an efficient military power, even the relative military inefficiency of England, which Comrade Russell so scornfully described, is the natural fruitage of English democracy. The military inferiority of the democracies of Western Europe as compared with the bureaucratic central empires is the inevitable counterpart of their greater democracy.

Must Accept Despotism

Very well, then, if we are to have an army and a navy better than the best, as Comrade Russel has told us we must, we must abandon our democracy and in its place accept imperialism and bureaucratic despotism. That is the logic of my friend's position.

Comrade Russel, you are not defending our American democracy when you call for increased armaments. We are defending that democracy when we cry out against militarism and resist its encroachments upon our liberties. You must choose between democracy and military efficiency. You cannot have both together.

We have had presented to us a frightful and awe-inspiring picture of Japan as a nation obsessed by a mad hatred of our republic and a passionate desire to make war upon us. Frankly, I do not regard the picture seriously. But if we assume it to be

true, there is nothing more certain than that extensive military and naval preparation will not avail to prevent war with Japan, but will, on the contrary, make that war certain. Once more I remind you that peace can only be insured by spiritual, never by material, preparation. Is it not our duty, nay, is it not the highest wisdom, to ask ourselves how it comes to pass that this nation, removed from us by 5,000 miles of ocean, has come to hate us so bitterly as to cherish the ideal of making war upon us?

Fault Lies in United States
If we look into our hearts and seek an answer to that question, we shall know how to prepare against war with Japan. Is Japan's hostility to us due to the fact that we have treated that proud and independent nation with insult and ignominy? If we answer that question honestly, we shall soon find ways to remove all peril of attack by Japan, by removing the cause of the hatred of us.

Suppose that, instead of relying upon this spiritual preparedness, you rely upon armed might, as Comrade Russell advised, what then? Suppose you spend twenty-five billions to arm and fortify the Pacific Coast? Suppose you build a bigger armada than Great Britain ever dreamed of—do you think that will avail to avert war and maintain peace? Is it not rather certain to cause Japan to make alliances with other powers unfriendly to us, or afraid of our great armaments?

But suppose we spend only twenty-five millions through a department of peace to promote good relations and a right understanding with Japan, to draw ever tighter the bonds of friendship between the two peoples, is it not certain that you will do far more to avert war and to insure peace than twenty-five billions spent by a Department of War on war preparations could do? To you in this audience who have come from lands torn by the fierce passions of racial antagonisms I can safely appeal for answer to this question. All history bears witness to the futility of my friend Russell's policy.

Leads to Destruction
And surely it is well within my right as a spokesman for the Socialist party of this country to point out the tragic fact that for this utterly futile military preparedness we are called upon to barter all hopes of social reconstruction. I have loved Comrade Russell as truly as ever man loved man, I think. I have admired and loved him for the manner in which he has championed the

cause of the downmost and disinherited. Ever his voice has been heard urging the great remedial reforms—the steps to be taken toward industrial democracy and brotherhood. But now all is to be sacrificed.

If we are to follow his present leadership and consent to this vast increase of military and naval expenditure, then we must abandon all hope of old age pensions for the victims of the industrial struggle, of sickness and accident insurance, and so on. The program of the Navy Board requires an annual expenditure of some 265 millions on the navy alone, and the army expenditures will be no less. Here, then, we are to spend upon this hideously wasteful work of death and destruction each year far more than the total cost of the Panama Canal. We must abandon the work of social reconstruction and consecrate all our energies to the work of destruction, slaves and Mars.

Socialism Is Menaced

It is told in the gospels that on one occasion Jesus gathered His disciples around him and warned them that there were perilous times ahead of them, times of war and of rumors of war, when they would need to be careful not to permit themselves to be swept from the moorings of their faith. Surely, my comrades, we of the Socialist movement of America need to be on guard lest we be swept from the moorings of our great faith, as the brave and beloved comrade who has spoke to us, and so many others, have been. It is easy to affirm international solidarity in times of peace, when the skies are unclouded, but the test of our faith comes with war and the threat of war. And now more than ever we need to affirm our faith unshaken to set our faces and our hearts against hatred, against war, against militarism, and trust in the sword.

I am of those who believe that out of this war the democracy of Europe will emerge victorious; that it will rise triumphant over the prostrate form of militarism; that the war-weary and peace-hungry millions will be able to institute great and effective campaigns for disarmament in all the belligerent nations, victorious and defeated alike.

In that event I would have this America that I have chosen for my habitation and sphere of service—the America that I love, that is mine no less than it is Comrade Walling's—free to lead in the great realization of the prophets' ages-old vision. I would have her hold out clean hands to all the other nations, and say to them, "O sister nations, I, America,

who in times of peace took you weary and hungry children and loved them as my own, welding my love together in the flame of my love, causing their strivings and anger to die, now come to you and lay down my weapons with you weapons unite your hearts again in a common joy and with you walk in peace and fellowship."

How to Remember the Nines

Examine any one of the statements of equality in the multiplication table of nine, up to and including nine times ten. Select, for example, 9x7 equals 63; or 9x2 equals 18.

Observe that in each case the first digit in the product is one less than the number by which nine is multiplied; and the second digit in the product is such that when added to the first digit, the sum of the two is nine.

FROM THE DAY, FOR THE DAY

(Continued from page 8)

tion. There is a possibility, we admit, of just such events as we have pictured. But we deny most emphatically that Alaska could ever be Russianized, that Mexico could ever bring Mexican rule and Mexican conditions to any of our Southern States. Russia has never succeeded in Russianizing Finland. Finland still has its own diet, still elects its Socialists to parliament, has woman suffrage and workmen's compensation laws. In short, it is a historical fact that no politically undeveloped nation has ever been able to force its own oppressive laws upon a more civilized, more highly developed people.

So let us go on, undaunted, in our struggle against war. We have but one enemy, and that is the capitalist system. We have but one thing to fear, and that is, that our comrades may forget that the highest ideal; that the most beautiful phase of the Socialist movement is its international spirit, its world-wide solidarity.

Fight Capitalism, fight Nationalism, fight War!

These shall be **OUR** New Year's Resolutions.

OUR OWN AFFAIRS

Y. P. S. L. FORWARD MOVEMENT

During the next four months there will be a determined effort to reach territory heretofore not organized. All state secretaries of the Socialist Party have been asked to lend their aid and several have already promised to do so.

This help brings splendid results, better than has been realized by any other method. The leader in this work was Comrade Wm. H. Henry of Indiana. He mailed a carefully prepared batch of literature to twenty-five of his most active locals and there have already been two leagues organized and three or four more on the way. All this notwithstanding the fact that the word was sent out less than three weeks ago.

The plan is this: The State Secretary sends out one of his letters, together with one from the Y. P. S. L. National Office and some leaflets, charter and prospect blanks, etc., to every live local in his State. He gives prominence to this form of the work in every possible way, in his reports, through the press, etc. The result is all that can be expected, a growing Young Socialist Movement.

Other state secretaries who have promised aid along this line are Comrades Robt. B. Ringle of Pennsylvania and H. M. Sinclair. Those who have expressed themselves in sympathy with the plan are Comrades G. C. Porter of Nebraska and E. Francis Atwood of South Dakota.

PROGRAMS

At least a dozen leagues have announced the celebration of the first anniversary. Many others will soon do so. Ship in your programs, you big fellows, and give the others the benefit of them. As yet there is little or no program material coming in, although a big number of the leagues have announced their hearty endorsement of the program plan, quite a number sending in one dollar each to hear their share of the expense. Get busy, everyone, and see what you can dig up in the line of plays, games, stories, poems, recitations, decorations, programs—anything with which to have a good time.

PLAYS

In answer to the many, many inquiries of this sort of matter we can answer "Yes," we have two plays now available for use. "Our Income," by

Katherine Rand Stevens, 15c. per copy, eight for one dollar; "The Second-story Man," by Upton Sinclair, 25c. per copy, five for one dollar. All organizations intending to put on these one-act playlets will find it advisable to purchase the larger number as it will give a copy to each member of the cast and to the director, thus saving the trouble of separating the parts. Orders should be sent to the National Office.

EMBLEM CUTS

Every bit of printing and advertising that any league puts out should bear the emblem of the Y. P. S. L. Until recently it was difficult to do so because of the expense of getting cuts made. The National Office is now in a position to supply cuts in two sizes. Large, $\frac{3}{8} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ inches, for letter-heads, programs, etc., 40c. each; small size $\frac{3}{8} \times \frac{5}{8}$ inches, for tickets, envelopes, announcements, etc., 30c. Orders should be sent to the National Office.

A novel way of getting subscriptions to the Young Socialists' Magazine was recently inaugurated by the Reading, Pa., Y. P. S. L. They ran a "piggy" or "dark horse" at every meeting, selling chances on a prize furnished by the winner of the time before, and furnishing Y. S. M. subs out of the profit thus obtained. They have raised 22 subscriptions in this way.

Opening dance, debate on "Woman's Suffrage," Halloween Party and Hard Times Social is the record of the Cleveland Y. P. S. L. And all within a comparatively short space of time. They are organizing a study class.

ORGANIZATION TOPICS

By vote of 330 in favor against 6 opposed the N. Y. State Federation of the Y. P. S. L. ratified the action of its convention in joining the National body.

New leagues organized, Glens Falls, and Queens No. 2, N. Y. Scandinavian and Douglas Park, Chicago, Ill. Crawfordville, Elkhardt, Lafayette, and New Castle, Ind. Brad-dock, Pa.

Leagues disbanded, Humbolt Park, Chicago, Ill. Flint, Mich.

The N. J. State Fed. Y. P. S. L. has formed a committee on Inter-League affairs, their function is to bring

about closer unity between the fourteen leagues affiliated with the State body. Each league is represented by one delegate.

Y. P. S. L. NEW YORK STATE

During my travels through western New York I was able to observe the activities of the leagues in that section. Although I only spent two days in Buffalo, I find that they have an excellent dramatic club, and that they are running well-attended public dances and theatricals. Unfortunately I could not meet any of the Yipsels but received the above information from the Socialist Party Organizer. While at Rochester I met a number of the Yipsels at the Kirkpatrick meeting. From them I gathered that things are running along in very smooth shape.

I called on Comrade I. Tischler, Secretary New York State Y. P. S. L., and was advised by him that the leagues all over the state were doing very good work. He furnished the following table showing membership, etc.:

League	Total Membership	In good standing
Jamestown	158	65
Buffalo	72	54
Watertown	28	54
Rochester	172	100
Yonkers	45	25
Yonkers	55	43
Bronx—1	176	121
Bronx—2	66	64
Manhattan	450	350
Schenectady	40	?

In addition to the above there is a new league in Buffalo which has not filed a report with the State Secretary as yet. As per separate report, another league will soon be added to the list that will be Syracuse Y. P. S. L. and will swing in with about fifty members.

Y. P. S. L. Syracuse, N. Y.

On November 14th, Comrade Tischler and I visited the above league at their headquarters and attended a special meeting. We spent several hours here explaining the advantages of State and National Organization, as there has been a very strong sentiment against the Syracuse League joining the State Federation. This was at first due to the local Socialist Party's objections. Fortunately the Party withdrew their objections and at the League's regular business meeting of November 16th it was decided.

practically unanimously, to join the State and National Organizations.

I may add that Syracuse is an excellent City for a healthy league to grow in, and would not be surprised to see this league surpass all the other leagues in western New York State, excepting the incomparable Rochester aggregation. Their organizer, Comrade Ungleich, is an efficient worker, and we may rest assured that he will do all in his power to make the State Federation proud to include Syracuse in their ranks.

Y. P. S. L. Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

This city will soon have a Y. P. S. L. if Comrade John Hughes, now Socialist Party Organizer of Luzerne County, Pa., formerly secretary of New York State, Y. P. S. L., makes good the promise he made to me in October. This section is in excellent condition for the formation of a Y. P. S. L., and considering the good work Comrade Hughes has been doing, such as organizing new party branches, and conducting well-attended lectures, I can see no reason why, with the aid of this esteemed comrade, that we cannot soon include a Y. P. S. L. of at least one hundred young people in our National Organization.

Y. P. S. L. Albany, N. Y.

I regret to report the sudden death of the above league, which occurred somewhere between September 1st and November 1st. According to Comrade Wm. Bensley, it was caused by most of the active members attending night school, and also to the weak condition of the local Socialist Party. He will, if circumstances afford, divide his time to organizing a league in Albany.

Respectfully submitted,

A. J. Frackenpohl,

Special State Organizer.

Y. P. S. L. QUEENS

The first annual entertainment and dance of the Y. P. S. L., held jointly by Circles 1 and 2, at the Labor Lyceum, on November 28th, proved to be a success financially and socially. The Queens League was honored with the presence of a number of members of the various leagues, particularly "lusty-lunged youths from the Bronx."

Now that the big time is over, members are settling down to educational work. Both circles have subscribed to the Inter-Local Study Class Course of the Rand School. So that all members would be enabled to take the course, the circle treasury pays half the tuition fee, with the result that

very nearly all members are taking Anna Maley's course, "Elements of Socialism." It is encouraging to see the Queens Yipsels devote themselves as wholeheartedly to the study of Socialism as they do to a good time.

Respectfully submitted,

Lillian Brichl, Press Agent.

NEW JERSEY DOINGS

The next meeting of the State Committee will be held at the Labor Lyceum, South 14th St., Newark, on Sunday, January 9, 1916, beginning at 2:30 P. M. sharp. Delegates are requested to be on time. Visitors are always welcome and will find our meetings interesting.

Below is a brief summary of the activities of the fourteen New Jersey leagues:

Bergen Co. Circle

The psychology of Bergen Co. Yipsels differs more or less from the others. They do not want the State Office to know much of the good work they are doing. Two successful dances and several lectures have been held within the last few months. They are great lovers of nature, which is in accord with their environment.

Camden

This is a record city, as three circles have been formed there within a year's time. They are all doing splendid work.

The youngest but the most active is Circle No. 3. They have found debates a good way to attract interest.

Comrade Club, Jersey City

As usual, this is one of the most active leagues in the State. Hallows' evening entertainment, amateur night and dramatic events have been their recent attractions—and some more to come. A number of the Yipsels participate in the Jersey City Public Speaking Class.

Elizabeth

Due to the fact that I am a member of this circle, I have been able to keep an eye on their activities. We think our circle is the best in the State—but actions speak louder than words. Here are some of them: People are still talking about our successful anniversary affair. As a result, dramatic circle was formed with a view to discovering new talent. The Yipsels are strongly represented in the local Public Speaking Class. Will celebrate Children's Day.

CIRCLE No. 1, NEWARK

The Yipsels of Circle No. 1, Newark, held their seventh semi-annual masquerade and civic ball on Saturday evening, December 4th. This event as usual was the most successful one held during the year.

Over four hundred people crowded the Labor Lyceum hall on that night. Young folks, old folks, veterans who had given their best years, to the cause, all were there wearing the happy smile of comradeship such as can be found only at Socialist gatherings.

Large delegations of Yipsels from nearby cities were present. Comrades from Paterson made themselves conspicuous by constantly breaking out in cheers and Socialist songs.

At twelve o'clock two door prizes were drawn for, after which dancing was resumed until 2 A. M., when the crowd began to disperse.

On the whole, the affair was a great success, for besides its financial and social returns, it brought many a young man and woman in closer touch with the Y. P. S. L. movement.

PATERSON

The Y. P. S. L. of Paterson, N. J., is again climbing up the ladder of progress, and by no means does it intend to descend. The great success of its last few undertakings have created such a sentiment in the young folk's circles of Paterson that our Yipsels have decided to leave no stone unturned until the Y. P. S. L. shall be the standard organization for young people in that city.

After the many knocks and threats that this circle received, it is now preparing to celebrate its second anniversary with a banner dedication and a masquerade ball to be held some time in March. Judging from the keen interest displayed by the members, these events will by far surpass anything previously attempted.

One of the finest embroidered silk banners with the new national emblem and the motto "Education, Organization, Solidarity" is now being modeled at one of the great New York establishments.

On January the 2nd John Spargo, the well-noted Socialist and Marxian student of America, will address the members and their sympathizers on one of his famous lectures: "The Cause of Poverty," in the hall of Columbia College, on Market St., and on Sunday, Jan. 16, a social and entertainment will be held in the same hall.

The membership of the Paterson Circle has now reached its 100 mark, and is still growing.

Some twenty odd members of the Paterson League displayed the true meaning of Yipselism on December 4 at the annual masquerade ball of Circle 1 of Newark, when every now and then they broke out in wild enthusiasm with songs and yells.

The Paterson Yipsels are also staunch supporters of the "Young Socialist Magazine," and they find it to be a great educational factor as well as an inducer for activities.

There are at present 15 members taking up the correspondence course in the "Elementaries of Socialism," by Anna Maley, with H. A. McCarrie as instructor, and a class in public speaking with A. Waks as instructor, Jacob Hendly and Thomas Wright render their aid in discussion meetings and lectures.

Paterson now stands as the liveliest league in New Jersey, and the Paterson Yipsels are proud of it.

Y. P. S. L. ELIZABETH, N. J. Just to let you know that the Y. P. S. L. Circle 1 of Elizabeth, is still in existence. We held our semi-annual election of officers December 8, the following were elected to serve for six months:

Organizer, Frank Buickerood; Recording Secretary, Miss Evelyn Weeks; Financial Secretary, William Koller; Treasurer, Lou Coplan; Educational Manager, Rudy Koller; Social Manager, Miss Joe Maurer; Press Manager, A. Cline; Athletic Manager, Rudy Stanzel.

Our league is busy now in both social and educational matters. On November 12 we held our "Anniversary Party." The affair was very successful, both socially and financially. The program for the evening was very elaborate and was enjoyed by everyone. "The Second-story Man," a one-act playlet by Upton Sinclair, was the feature of the evening. It was played by three of our own comrades, Miss Alice Gilbertson, Louis, Fischer, and Rudolph Koller.

Frank Buickerood, the chairman of the evening, told how the league started with 13 members a year ago and how it grew until our membership reached the 150 mark. There were over 300 people present.

Wm. Koller.

Fellowship Club, Bayonne

Their first annual dance was a success from beginning to end. The Bayonne-Yipsels are just as interested in educational work as they are in social.

Newark, No. 1

While not as strong as in former years, the Yipsels are doing their share. Second annual masquerade and civic ball was one of their recent suc-

cesses. Don't lose your "pep." Take an example from Camden, where three circles can work successfully in one city.

Newark, No. 2

Doing splendidly. Their lectures conducted every first Sunday of the month have proved to be successful. Keep up the good work.

Guttenburg

Fraternity Club is also in the race. Successful entertainments with plays and study classes have been on their list of activities.

Paterson

Another lively league in every respect. Lectures every month by prominent speakers, debates, entertainments, etc. Their membership is growing by leaps and bounds. This circle holds the record of having the biggest treasury in the State.

Passaic

In the past their meetings have been more of an educational nature. It has been discovered by them that sociability is just as essential as education.

Trenton

Boy-Pioneer movement has been started in this city, in which the Yipsels are a great factor.

Our youngest Circle, the Students' Club, also of Jersey City, is a little weak just now. It is hoped, however, that in the nearest future they will be in the race.

It is strongly recommended that all the circles adopt the proposed 1916 national program, and try to carry it out to the fullest possible extent.

State Sec'y N. J. Y. P. S. L. Erna A. Semmer.

Central West Side, Chicago, had brilliant success with their lecture by Kolt. C. Howe on "The Currency Question." A "Flying Post" with a prize to the girl receiving greatest number of letters was an attraction.

Peoria, Ill., celebrates its first anniversary with the play "Our Incomers," date Jan. 2nd.

Pittsburgh, Jewish, celebrates opening of its library with appropriate ceremonies. It will be open to the public every evening.

The North Side, Chicago, Y. P. S. L., has arranged for a monster Symposium, Concert and Dance, at which the foremost exponents of Socialism in this country will speak. This is the gala Yipsel event of the year.

Boston, Mass., reports a big success in the 83rd Socialist Lyceum

Course. It has certainly put the league in the public eye and is worth every bit it costs. The convention is sure to be a big affair.

Pennsylvania

The Philadelphia Central Committee has mapped out an ambitious organization program. Before the next State Convention, May 1, 1916, they expect to have six English, two Jewish, one Polish, and one German circle in their city. They are opening their winter season with ten small meetings and one large affair, where a crowd of 5,000 is expected. This will be the biggest effort in their membership campaign, and admission will be free.

The Pittsburgh (Jewish) League's annual banquet proved a bigger success than ever before. Fifteen new members taken into the league while twelve took out their diplomas by joining the Socialist Party. This was the main event of the evening. They are planning a big concert for October 31, one-half of the proceeds to go to benefit "Die Neue Welt," a new Jewish weekly.

Young Socialists: You Will Be the Party of To-morrow

STUDY SOCIALISM BY MAIL. Twenty-two lessons on Social History and Economics, by Algernon Lee.

Twelve lessons on the Elements of Socialism, by Anna A. Maley.

For full particulars, address

Bertha M. Mailly, Ex. Sec. Rand School of Social Science, 140 E. 19th St., N. Y. C.

Parents and children are invited to inspect the methods of the Ferrer Modern Sunday School, Yorkville, a school conducted on strictly Socialist principles. Look what we offer you:

Object Lessons (Anschauungsunterricht) rendered by four Socialist teachers. All objects concerning the life and struggle of the working class.

Singing of English and German songs with Socialist tendency.

Esperanto, Violin School, Stenography.

Kindergarten (Sundays only).

An excellent German School. Offerings of eight different nationalities visit this department with the most brilliant results.

Fees are so minimal that every worker can afford to send his children to this school.

Registration, Sundays, between 9 A. M. and 1 P. M., Saturdays, from 2 to 4 P. M., at Sack's Union Hall, 1591 Second Ave., between 82nd and 83rd Sts. (Advt.)

A REMNANT OF BARBARISM

By Alfred Russell

In early times men went out hunting and fishing for food, as they now do for sport. They killed animals, caught fish, and then went home and cooked them in the best way they could. The women and children, who remained at home, shared their meal. Sometimes one lot of hunters disputed with another lot. They fought with rough weapons, and there were wounded and dead to be cared for or buried.

How could they settle their grievances, in these early times, in any wiser way? Their everyday life made them friendly with the rough knife and the arrow. There were not many steps between killing animals and fighting with each other. These hunters were brave and hardy, faithful to their side of the conflict. Sometimes religious fanaticism caused them to fight, or they sacrificed human life to their gods. We sometimes say that they lived in a barbaric, or rough, uncivilized age.

In quieter times, when the people learned to cultivate the land, life became more kindly, till a class began to claim special rights in the land, making others work for them, and taking a large part of the produce to themselves. So much was produced that markets had to be found, and thus wars were again engaged in, this time on behalf of wealthy people. But in these wars, pain, suffering, death, ruin, were the lot of the people of the countries, while some began to talk of the foolishness of killing. Still more men became owners of land. Factories were added with the introduction of steam power, and ways of do-

ing work quickly by means of machinery. Heaps of things were made easily by fewer people than before, but these things did not find their way to those who needed them. Food was sold to those who could buy, and so were all kinds of articles. Many articles could not find buyers, though there were many needy people. New markets must be found. Soldiers could prepare the way. It was only necessary to work up a quarrel, and then send soldiers to settle it by sword, cannon, and bayonet. In this way modern wars began.

Still, as in early times, war means cruelty and inhumanity, which we shudder to think of. Sorrow, ruin, destruction, death, mad conflict, and loneliness and anguish to innocent as well as guilty. It is a remnant of barbarism—something left over from the savage ages.

If food, clothes, houses, were made for use, and if all shared in the work, unless those too young or two infirm, there would be no wars, though human passions would not disappear. The Socialists, who are striving and working for this time, "more true and fair," are on the side of Peace, because they are on the side of human well-being.

But till Socialism is realized, the horrors of War should be prevented. The Socialists should make sure that the workers are represented directly in the councils of those who make, and those who have the power of avoiding, War. They must join their thoughts and actions in all countries, linked together by joint understanding, through conference

and mandate. They must insist that no man shall have the right to hasten War, through being given too much power, and that all serious questions shall be dealt with slowly, carefully, and openly. Then the chances of War will be reduced, and the people will have a lead, while pressing forward by the use of every means open to them, towards the time when War shall indeed be a remnant of barbarism; men, women, and children living a common life, with education free as the air we breathe, useful work for all, over-work for none, leisure and pleasure shared by all, and the old dark days appearing but as a shadow from the past.

Die im freiheitlichen Sinne geleiteten

Vereinigten Freien Deutschen Schulen

von New York und Umgegend

erteilen Unterricht im Anschauungsunterricht in Verbindung mit Vorträgen sowie Gesang, und bei genügender Beteiligung auch Turnen, Zeichnen und Handarbeitsunterricht für Mädchen, Die Adressen der einzelnen Schulen sind, in: Manhattan: Rand School, 140 Ost 19. St., Samstag vorm.; Labor Temple, 247 Ost 84. Str., Samstag und Sonntag vorm.; No. 2329 2. Ave., Samstag nachm.; No. 884 Columbus Ave., Samstags vorm. 9-12 Uhr.

Bronx: Ecke 158. Str. und Forest Ave., Wm. Stellwagen's Hall, Samstag und Sonntag vorm.

Brooklyn: Labor Lyceum, 949 Willoughby Ave., Samstag vor- und nachmittags.

Long Island City: Hettinger's Halle, Broadway und 7. Ave., Samstag vormittags.

Elizabeth, N. J.: 605 Elizabeth Ave., Sonntag vormittags.

Greenville: Labor Lyceum, 129 Linden Str., Samstag nachmittags.

Union Hill: Frömmchens Halle, New York Ave. und Union Str., Sonntag vormittags.

Die Vereinigung hat auch ein hübsch ausgestattetes Liederbuch im Verlag. Nähere Auskunft erteilt der Sekretär Reinhard Meyer, 301 East 83. Street, New York. (Advt.)

SIND AFFEN DENN AUCH LEUTE?

Von Wilhelm Busch.

Der Bauer sprach zu seinem Jungen:

Heut' in der Stadt, da wirst du gaffen.

Wir fahren hin und seh'n die Affen.

Es ist gelungen

Und um sich schief zu lachen,

Was die für Streiche machen

Und für Gesichter,

Wie kraute Bösewichter.

Sie rauen sich,

Sie zausen sich,

Sie hauen sich,

Sie lausen sich,

Beschnupern dies, beknuppern das,

Und keiner gönnt dem andern was,

Und essen tun sie mit der Hand,

Und alles tun sie mit Verstand,

Und jeder stiehlt als wie ein Rabe.

Pass auf, das siehst du heute!

O Vater, rief der Knabe,

Sind Affen denn auch Leute?

Der Vater sprach: Nun ja,

Nicht ganz, doch so beinah.

DER MEISTERDIEB

Von Jakob und Wilhelm Grimm.

Eines Tages sass vor einem ärmlichen Hause ein alter Mann mit seiner Frau und wollten von der Arbeit ein wenig ausruhen. Da kam auf einmal ein prächtiger, mit vier Rappen bespannter Wagen herbeigefahren, aus dem ein reichgekleideter Herr stieg. Der Bauer stand auf, trat zu dem Herrn und fragte, was sein Verlangen wäre und wie er ihm dienen könnte. Der Fremde reichte dem Alten die Hand und sagte: "Ich wünschte nichts, als einmal

ein ländliches Gericht zu genießen. Bereitet mir Kartoffeln. wie Ihr sie zu essen pflegt, dann will ich mich zu Eurem Tisch setzen und sie mit Freude verzehren." Der Bauer lächelte und sagte: "Ihr seid ein Graf oder Fürst oder gar ein Herzog; vornehme Herren haben manchmal solch ein Gelüsten. Euer Wunsch soll aber erfüllt werden." Die Frau ging in die Küche und sie fing an, Kartoffeln zu waschen und zu reiben, und wollte Klöße daraus bereiten, wie sie die Bauern essen. Während sie bei der Arbeit stand, sagte der Bauer zu dem Fremden: "Kommt einstweilen mit mir in meinen Hausgarten, wo ich noch etwas zu schaffen habe." In dem Garten hatte er Löcher gegraben und wollte jetzt Bäume einsetzen.

"Habt Ihr keine Kinder," fragte der Fremde, "die Euch bei der Arbeit behilflich sein könnten?"

"Nein," antwortete der Bauer, "ich habe freilich einen Sohn gehabt," setzte er hinzu, "aber der ist schon seit langer Zeit in die Welt gegangen. Es war ein ungeratener Junge, klug und verschlagener; aber er wollte nichts lernen und machte lauter böse Streiche; zuletzt lief er mir fort und seitdem habe ich nichts von ihm gehört."

Der Alte nahm ein Bäumchen, setzte es in ein Loch und stieß einen Pfahl daneben, und als er Erde hineingeschaufelt und sie festgestampft hatte, band er den Stamm unten, oben und in der Mitte mit einem Strohseil fest an den Pfahl.

"Aber sagt mir," sprach der Herr, "warum bindet Ihr den krummen, knorren Baum, der dort in der Ecke fast bis an den Boden gebückt liegt, nicht auch an einen Pfahl, wie diesen, damit er strack wächst?"

Der Alte lächelte und sagte:

"Herr, Ihr redet, wie Ihr's versteht; man sieht wohl, dass Ihr Euch mit der Gärtnerei nicht abgegeben habt. Der Baum ist alt und verknorrt, den kann niemand mehr grad machen; Bäume muss man ziehen, solange sie jung sind."

"Es ist wie bei Eurem Sohn," sagte der Fremde, "hättet Ihr den gezogen, wie er noch jung war, so wäre er nicht fortgelaufen; jetzt wird er auch hart und knorzig geworden sein."

"Freilich," antwortete der Alte, "es ist schon lange, seit er fortgegangen ist; er wird sich verändert haben."

"Würdet Ihr ihn noch erkennen, wenn er vor Euch träte?" sagte der Fremde.

"Am Gesicht schwerlich," antwortete der Bauer, "aber er hat ein Zeichen an sich, ein Muttermal auf der Schulter, das wie eine Bohne aussieht."

Als er das gesagt hatte, zog der Fremde den Rock aus, entblößte seine Schulter und zeigte dem Bauer die Bohne. "Herr Gott!" rief der Alte, "Du bist wahrhaftig mein Sohn," und die Liebe zu seinem Kinde regte sich in seinem Herzen. "Aber," setzte er hinzu, "wie kannst Du mein Sohn sein. Du bist ein grosser Herr geworden und lebst in Reichtum und Ueberfluss? Auf welchem Weg bist Du dazu gelangt?"

"Ach, Vater," erwiderte der Sohn, "der junge Baum war an keinen Pfahl gebunden und ist krumm gewachsen; jetzt ist er zu alt; er wird nicht wieder gerad. Wie ich das alles erworben habe? Ich bin ein Dieb geworden. Aber erschreckt Euch nicht, ich bin ein Meisterdieb. Für mich gibt es weder Schloss noch Riegel; wonach mich gelüftet, das ist mein. Glaubt nicht, dass ich stehle wie ein gemeiner Dieb. Ich nehme

nur vom Ueberfluss der Reichen. Arme Leute sind sicher: ich gebe ihnen lieber, als dass ich ihnen etwas nehme. So auch, was ich ohne Mühe, List und Gewandtheit haben kann, das rühre ich nicht an."

"Ach, mein Sohn," sagte der Vater, "es gefällt mir doch nicht, ein Dieb bleibt ein Dieb; ich sage Dir, es nimmt kein gutes Ende." Er führte ihn zu der Mutter, und als sie hörte, dass es ihr Sohn war, weinte sie vor Freude; als er ihr aber sagte, dass er ein Meisterdieb geworden wäre, so flossen ihr zwei Ströme über das Gesicht. Endlich sagte sie: "Wenn er auch ein Dieb geworden ist, so ist er doch mein Sohn und meine Augen haben ihn noch einmal gesehen."

Sie setzten sich an den Tisch und er ass mit den Eltern wieder einmal die schlechte Kost, die er lange nicht gegessen hatte. Der Vater sprach: "Wenn unser Herr, der Graf drüben im Schlosse, erfährt, wer Du bist und was Du treibst, so nimmt er Dich nicht auf die Arme und wiegt Dich darin, wie er es tat, als er Dich am Taufstein hielt, sondern er lässt Dich am Galgenstrick schaukeln."

"Seid ohne Sorge, mein Vater, er wird mir nichts tun, denn ich verstehe mein Handwerk. Ich will heute noch selbst zu ihm gehen." Als die Abendzeit sich näherte, setzte sich der Meisterdieb in seinen Wagen und fuhr nach dem Schlosse. Der Graf empfing ihn mit Artigkeit, weil er ihn für einen vornehmen Mann hielt. Als aber der Fremde sich zu erkennen gab, so erleuchtete er und schwieg eine Zeitlang still. Endlich sprach er: "Du bist mein Pate, deshalb will ich Gnade für Recht ergehen lassen und nachsichtig mit Dir verfahren. Weil Du Dich rühmst, ein Meisterdieb

zu sein, so will ich Deine Kunst auf die Probe stellen; wenn Du aber nicht bestehst, so musst Du mit des Seilers Töchter Hochzeit halten und das Gekrächze der Raben soll Deine Musik dabei sein."

"Herr Graf," antwortete der Meister, "denkt Euch drei Stücke aus, so schwer Ihr wollt, und wenn ich Eure Aufgabe nicht löse, so tut mir, wie Euch gefällt." Der Graf sann einige Augenblicke nach, dann sprach er: "Wohlan, zum ersten sollst Du mir mein Leibpferd aus dem Stalle stehlen, zum andern sollst Du mir und meiner Gemahlin, wenn wir eingeschlafen sind, das Bettuch unter dem Leib wegnehmen, ohne dass wir's merken, und dazu meiner Gemahlin den Trauring vom Finger; zum dritten und letzten sollst Du mir den Pfarrer und Küster aus der Kirche wegstehlen. Merke Dir alles wohl, denn es geht Dir an den Hals."

Der Meister begab sich in die zunächst liegende Stadt. Dort kaufte er einer alten Bauersfrau die Kleider ab und zog sie an. Dann färbte er sich das Gesicht braun und malte sich noch Runzeln hinein, so dass ihn kein Mensch wiedererkennen hätte. Endlich füllte er sich ein Fässchen mit altem Ungarwein, in welchen ein starker Schlaftrunk gemischt war. Das Fässchen legte er auf eine Kotze, die er auf den Rücken nahm, und ging mit bedächtigen, schwankenden Schritten zu dem Schlosse des Grafen. Es war schon dunkel, als er anlangte. Er setzte sich in den Hof auf einen Stein, fing an zu husten, wie eine alte, brustkranke Frau und rieb die Hände, als wenn er fröre. Vor der Türe des Pferdestalles lagen Soldaten um ein Feuer. Einer von ihnen bemerkte die Frau und rief

ihre zu: "Komm näher, altes Mütterchen, und wärme Dich bei uns! Du hast doch kein Nachtlager, und nimmst es an, wo Du es findest!" Die Alte trippelte herbei, bat, ihr die Kotze vom Rücken zu heben, und setzte sich zu ihnen ans Feuer. "Was hast Du da in Deinem Fässchen, Du alte Schachtel?" fragte einer. "Einen guten Schluck Wein," antwortete sie, "ich ernähre mich mit dem Handel, für Geld und gute Worte gebe ich Euch gerne ein Glas."

"Nur her damit!" sagte der Soldat, und als er ein Glas gekostet hatte, rief er: "Wenn der Wein gut ist, so trink ich lieber ein Glas mehr," liess sich nochmals einschenken und die andern folgten seinem Beispiel. "Heda, Kameraden!" rief einer denen zu, die in dem Stall sassen, "hier ist ein Mütterchen, das hat Wein, der ist so alt wie sie selber, nehmt auch einen Schluck, der wärmt Euch den Magen noch besser als unser Feuer." Die Alte trug ihr Fässchen in den Stall. Einer hatte sich auf das gesattelte Leibpferd gesetzt, ein anderer hielt den Zaum in der Hand, ein dritter hatte den Schwanz gepackt. Sie schenkte ein, soviel verlangt ward, bis die Quelle versiegte. Nicht lange, so fiel dem einen der Zaum aus der Hand, er sank nieder und fing an zu schnarchen, der andere liess den Schwanz los, legte sich nieder und schnarchte noch lauter. Der, welcher im Sattel sass, blieb zwar sitzen, bog sich aber mit dem Kopf fast bis an den Hals des Pferdes, schlief und blies mit dem Mund wie ein Schmiedebalg. — Die Soldaten draussen waren schon längst eingeschlafen, lagen auf der Erde und regten sich nicht, als wären sie von Stein.

(Schluss folgt)