

THE MAGAZINE YOUNG SOCIALISTS

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THIS FIRST OF MAY!

Come, Comrades young and Comrades old!
Our crimson flag we will unfold
This First of May with strengthened hearts,
With upward gaze, with fervor bold
Our tear-stained flag, our blood-stained flag,
THIS FIRST OF MAY!

With steadfast steps, with tightened clasps
We'll lead the march of labor strong;
Let tremble all the thrones and crowns,
Let rulers fear! The giant comes
And shakes the earth and warns the world
THIS FIRST OF MAY!

"Make way, make way, I am awake!
My gaze is keen, my torch is high,
My power lies within my breast—
My swelling breast with high revolt!
I bid you halt! I bid you halt!
THIS FIRST OF MAY!

"I bid you stop this hellish game
This Satan's game that, ours at stake
All Nature's strife for higher aims,
For better lives, for nobler creeds!
Beware and heed, for **LABOR BIDS**
THIS FIRST OF MAY!"

—*Ann Report.*



"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"

By James Howard Kehler

I passed a store where a window-dresser was working, pathetically it seemed to me, with cheap goods and cheap accessories, to make a window that would appeal to the passers-by. He crept in soiled sandals over a cheap crepe-tissue-covered floor to lay carefully, tenderly, against a similar crepe-tissue-covered box in front, a limp imitation-leather handbag.

The scene was typical of what is the matter with our limited, unsocial and uncivilized point of view as to what business is or should be. That is why it was pathetic.

I did not blame the window-dresser.

I did not blame his employer.

I did not blame the poor shop-girl who was going to labor pathetically to sell this imitation handbag to some other shopgirl who could not afford to buy it, but who must have it to make an imitation impression upon imitation people.

I did not blame the imitation manufacturer who made the shoddy handbag and who proposed getting rich through supplying the artificial wants of an imitation civilization.

I did not blame anybody.

I felt sorry for everybody concerned in the transaction and for everybody affected by it, however remotely, which includes you and me.

It was pathetic because social blindness is the most pathetic thing in the world: blindness to our own inner processes; to any conception, even elementary, of what life means or of what we

are here for; complete, abysmal, black blindness as to what constitutes a logical, dignified, honest, self-respecting place for oneself in the general scheme of life.

The handbag had no excuse even for existence.

Yet sentiment, potent human life had been poured into it lavishly—thousands of capable, hopeful, creative human beings had contributed to it; potentially useful men had conceived and designed it; workmen whose skill could have erected a Pantheon had built a factory and machines to make it; other men and women were giving their lives to selling it—all to the end that another person, a fellow human who could not afford it, should give the result of her labor, which is her life, to buy it.

And this one who buys, what of her? Just this. She, too, most likely, is giving her potentially useful life to making or selling some equally shoddy and inexcusable thing for and to those who are giving their lives to making and selling things for and to her.

Says Rear Admiral Chadwick: "Navies and armies are insurance for the wealth of the leisure class of the nation invested abroad." And the premiums are paid in the blood of workers who go to war to assure capitalism a long life.

The self-sacrifice of a human being is not a lovely thing. It is often a necessary and noble thing; but no form nor degree of suicide can be ever lovely.

MY COUNTRY

(The Young Socialist of Great Britain)

My country is the world, I count
No son of man my foe,
Whether the warm-life currents
mount

And mantle brows like snow,
Or red or yellow, brown or black,
The face that into mine looks back.

My native land is Mother Earth,
And all men are my kin,
Whether of rude or gentle birth,
Or even steeped in sin,
Or rich or poor or great or small—
They are my brothers, one and all.

My flag is the star-spangled sky
Woven without a seam,
Where dawn and sunset colors lie
Fair as an angel's dream;
The flag that still unstained, untorn,
Floats over all of mortals born.

My party is all humankind,
My platform brotherhood;
I count all men of honest mind,
Who work for human good,
And for the hopes that gleam afar,
My comrades in this holy war.

My heroes are the great and good
Of every age and clime;
Together mocked, misunderstood,
And murdered in their time.
But, spite of ignorance and hate,
Known and exalted, soon or late.

—R. Whittaker.

Suicides occur because men grow weary of life through failure to obtain in a sufficient degree the material things necessary to sustain and gladden life. The remedy for suicides is to make the sources of these necessities of life equally accessible to all men, that they may receive in return for their labor those things which they rightfully demand of life.

MESSAGE TO THE YOUNG

By Eugene V. Debs

If the young people to whom this brief message may come, and who are not yet Socialists, are influenced in the least by what is here said, I hope it may be in a way to induce them to study Socialism and learn about the Socialist movement.

Frances Willard in her advanced years joined that she might give the whole of her life to this great movement.

The young of to-day will tomorrow replace the old and rule the world, and nothing is more essential than that, they should be imbued with the spirit of the future and have ideas and ideals in advance of the sordid ones which have so long prevailed—ideas and ideals which will develop their latent energies and aspirations and inspire them to nobler endeavors and loftier attainments than were known to past generations.

This is truly a wonderful age—an age of magic, of marvels and miracles, and the young of to-day will witness the greatest social transformation in history. Indeed, the young will themselves be the chief actors in this transformation and determine by their capacity to meet its demands and take advantage of its opportunities the extent to which it shall elevate and emancipate the race and bless and ennoble mankind.

The Socialist movement is the essential historical instrument in this social transformation.

It is a young movement and a movement of and for the young. It is the movement of the future; the movement in which the young of to-day who are alert enough to

catch its spirit will write their names in immortal letters in the history of the race.

Many of the old, the middle-aged, and not a few of even the young have a tendency to drift into ruts and grooves and remain there. They cease to grow except as they grow narrower. They live in the past and become fossilized. They are mentally dead

to the young that the Socialist movement makes its especial appeal.

To the young the ideas and ideals of the Socialist movement, once understood, are not only irresistible but command unswerving devotion and unflinching consecration.

Here social service is not only taught as a duty but practiced as a joy. Indeed, duty and joy are one in Socialism, and to serve greatly is to expand in grace and live nobly for all time.

To you who are young the world to-day presents the greatest opportunity ever presented to a rising generation since the world began. Can you but realize it, the future is rich beyond words with the fulfilment of your dreams.

I am not given to advice, nor to preaching, but I entreat the youth of the land to learn the meaning of this wonderful movement to them and to mankind, and to embrace its glorious opportunities for service and consecration in the cause of humanity.

The young should fairly flock to the splendid standard of the Socialist movement that symbolizes the coming era of world-wide democracy and of brotherhood and peace.

It is for the young to make mighty the Young People's Socialist League—organized to teach them their first lessons in the cause of international fraternity—that its beneficent power may be felt in the great moral struggle to put an end to war and inaugurate peace throughout the world.



EUGENE V. DEBS

long before they are physically buried. They vote the same old ticket, belong to the same old party, have the same old ideas, observe the same old customs, and venerate the same old superstitions their dead ancestors did, and if the world depended upon them it would soon be one vast cemetery.

But the greater part of the young have the spirit of the living present and their minds are receptive to the new truths and new ideas which precede the new and better future, and it is therefore

The Socialist movement is the greatest peace movement ever instituted among men. It binds the workers of all nations together in bonds of brotherhood and love and teaches them that war is murder and a crime against humanity, and that it is their highest duty to dwell together in unity and peace, serve, one another with all their hearts, and rejoice in the manifold blessings of a commonwealth of comrades.

The young are naturally sensitive to the cruelties and horrors of war and all their sensibilities should be aroused against militarism in all its ghastly forms and against the social system which breeds war among nations and thrives in the bloodshed of the innocents.

In the Young People's Socialist League the bright and promising young of to-day will find full play for all their faculties and full expression for all their hopes and aspirations.

To encourage the young in this great work is to go into partnership with the future, and insure victory to the cause, and every one of their elders, especially the old and seasoned comrades, should help by all available means to interest the young in the movement that means so much to them, and to build up and make strong the Young People's Socialist League that means so much to the movement.

In a sense all Socialists are young and the spirit of Socialism keeps them so. They continue to grow and while they grow they cannot decay.

Man is no older than his heart, and since Socialism keeps the heart young the decrepitude and infirmity that fall to the lot of those who live in the past instead

of the future, are not for Socialists.

It is in this spirit of youth, therefore, that I appeal to the young and not in the spirit of solemn and stupid moralizing that is one of the afflictions of old age.

To the young of the land and of all the world we extend our hands with our hearts in them and bid them welcome, a thousand times welcome to the Socialist movement, whose glorious mission it is to bring peace and joy to all mankind and make this our world a world of loving comrades.

Good Health at a Cheap Price

An apple a day, it has been wisely said, will keep the doctor away. But so will plenty of water, and water is cheaper and handier than apples. Because water is to be had for the asking and taking, we do not value it. We are careful to wash our outer bodies. Doctors say that if we all gave the body eight glasses of water each day doctors would have less practice. "Most of us would starve," said one doctor lately. "if people followed this schedule":

- 1 glass of water upon rising,
- 2 glasses of water between luncheon and dinner,

1 glass of water upon retiring. That is certainly not an impossible achievement. "But," added this doctor, "although there are two opinions about drinking water with meals, the weight of medical opinion is against asking food to swim in water. Before and after meals is the safest rule for drinking water, and then plenty of it." It is worth thinking about: if we can get good health at so cheap a price.

IN THE BLESSED NAME OF PEACE

By The Rip Saw Poet

Let's build the biggest navy beneath the shinin' sun,
For the way to keep from fightin' is to tote a loaded gun;
And the only guarantee of peace, so moneylords insist,
Is a chip upon your shoulder and a musket in your fist.
That's the way they do in Europe, and anyone can tell
That nothin' but armed butchers stop the world from raisin' hell.
So let's spend a thousand millions, and a thousand millions more,
For battleships and cannon to keep us out of war.

Let's trail behind war-demons, like the kings' and kaiser's geese.

With a chip upon our shoulders, in the blessed name of peace!

A Deep One

Johnny stood beside his mother as she made her selection from the huckster's wagon, and the farmer told the boy to take a handful of cherries, but the child shook his head.

"What's the matter? Don't you like them?" asked the huckster.

"Yes," replied Johnny.

"Then go ahead an' take some."

Johnny hesitated, whereupon the farmer put a generous handful in the boy's cap. After the farmer had driven on, the mother asked:

"Why didn't you take the cherries when he told you to?"

"Cause his hand was bigger'n mine."

MESSAGE

By Allan S. Benson, Socialist Candidate for President

The campaign of 1916 opens a time when the world is passing through the blackest period of modern history. What the civilization of the future is to be or, indeed, whether there is to be any civilization, is beyond the power of the human mind to know. Humanity having sown in ignorance, is reaping in agony.

It is for us in this dark hour of the world's need to consecrate ourselves anew to the principles for which we stand. It is for us, who know what it was that unloosened upon Europe titanic forces of destruction to proclaim to all men that upon the capitalist system lies the guilt. In the United States the sun is still shining, but its rays are coming through a rift in black clouds that may at moment shut off the light and turn on the lightning. If ever there was need of devotion to a just cause, it is now.

If ever there was a time when our philosophy should be convinced it is now. Yesterday, we

were dismissed as unpleasant theorists, to-day Europe is writing in letters of fire and blood athwart her midnight sky: "This

capitalists fell out over a matter of trade and plunder—wherefore millions were made to die.

The party has asked me to step out, for a moment, from the ranks and assume new duties. With unfeigned humility I answer the call, resolved to do my best. I am profoundly grateful for the confidence of the party that has so long honored and will forever honor our great comrade, Eugene V. Debs. In the position to which the party has called me, I feel as did Thomas Jefferson when he went to Paris to become the American minister to France. "You have come," asked the Parisians, "to take Dr. Franklin's place?" Mr. Jefferson always replied: "Nobody can take Benjamin Franklin's place. I am only his successor." I am but the successor of Comrade Debs. I trust that his great example may forever inspire each of us to be not only loyal and true, but energetic and persistent in the propagation of the principles of Socialism.



ALLAN S. BENSON.

war was caused by the greeds and hatreds engendered by the capitalist system." Great groups of

LOVE!

By Neith Boyce

In the poultry yard a little black crow hopped and fluttered about pathetically. The feathers of one wing had been clipped, so he could not fly. The fat golden and white hens, busy about their domestic affairs, paid no attention to the stranger. They were absorbed in family duties, calm, complacent. The roosters, stepping about proudly, sometimes glanced out of one scornful eye at the crow, but pointedly ignored him. He was certainly not respectable.

The little wild bird was very unhappy. His light, brilliant eyes glanced fiercely over the placid throng about him; he made desperate efforts to escape.

Clarissa pointed him out to me through the wire meshes. "It's so hard to tame him!" she grieved. "We have to keep clipping his wing all the time or he would fly away."

She smiled with pleasure as she looked at the crow, who just then made one of his frantic and futile

attempts at flight. "Isn't he charming!" she cried. "What a beautiful color—and just look at his wild eyes!"

"Why don't you let his feathers grow—why don't you let him fly away, if he wants to so much?" I inquired, sentimentally.

Clarissa opened her lovely eyes wide at me.

"Oh, I couldn't do that!" she said reproachfully. "I love him too much!"

THE BIRTHDAY OF YOUTH

By Wm. F. Kruse

In the ranks of those workers who are conscious of their historic mission the "first of May has come to be an actual division point in the calendar. The day is rife with historical significance, and scarcely a year goes by but is marked with a renewal of some struggle on the part of the workers for freedom.

The history of this day is bound up in late years with the battle for the universal eight-hour day. To America belongs the honor of initiating the modern observance of the day, at the St. Louis Convention of the A. F. of L. in 1888 the date was set aside as one on which two years later to begin a general battle for the eight-hour day, and the International Socialist Congress of Paris in 1889 adopted it as the International Labor Day. From 1900 on, every year has been marked by great demonstrations in all parts of the world; parades, meetings, and strikes for the shorter workday being the general forms taken.

Yet, we must not imagine that this modern significance tells the whole story of May Day, or that it interprets the whole of its wonderful message to the youth of the world. Long before mankind ever thought of Socialist or trade union conventions there was observance of May Day. In almost all the religions of the world May is a sacred month—it represents the mother principle in life—the rebirth of all the beauty and strength that makes the earth a worth-while place to live in. This applies, of course, only to the northern hemisphere where

May signifies the return of Spring and the promise of approaching Summer. May is the month symbolizing Youth—the time when the sap in the trees flows freely, and blood courses wild and hot. It is the mating season, and any student of animal life knows that at no time is strength and courage at a higher point than at this, the time of love and mating.

Beauty, strength, courage, hope, love—these are the words conjured up by association with the thought of May Day. What can be more proper than that the Young Socialist Movement claim it for its own best day? It has all of these things—beauty, strength, courage, hope, and love—all these belong by Nature's mandate to May. Youth belongeth to May and Springtime—and these twain are the certain heritage of Youth. Every new rebirth of the earth's gladness has brought with it a rebirth in the spirit of revolt so long dormant in the breast of the proletariat. And now, in these most troublous times, it is again the youth, the organized youth, the Young People's Socialist Leagues all over the world, that are in the vanguard of the fighters for freedom.

The spirit of the Young Socialist International is the hope of the future; it must be, for, mothered by immortal Revolution herself, and fathered by the grim Experience of by-gone generations, theirs is the heritage of all the ages, the earth and all upon it. May Day—the day of Youth—is with us. In solid

alignment we await the call to storm the ramparts of privilege; we shall drive misery and oppression from the happy face of Spring-visited earth forever.

YELLS IN NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY

Like practically all college boys and girls and also many high school students the boys and girls of many Y. P. S. L. Leagues have a special "Yell" invented for themselves.

The Greater New York leagues as represented in the District Committee adopted the following, originally introduced by the Comrade Club of Hudson County, N. J.:

Organization! Education! Solidarity. COMRADE!—are we in it? Well, I guess! Socialism! Socialism! Socialism! Yes—Yes—Yes!

The Bronx Yell

The Bronx League still yells its own yell, which yells:

Rah! Rah! Rah! Sis! Boom! Bah! Who in the world do you think we are? Well! Well! Well! Yell! Yell! Yell! We are the boys of the Y. P. S. L. Young People's Socialist League! Bronx! Bronx! Bronx!

It is a generally accepted fact to-day that worry kills thousands and shortens the lives of thousands more. Ninety per cent of all worry is due to some economic cause—worry about making a living, worry about paying interest on the mortgage, worry about not being able to give wife and children the things they need and to which they are justly entitled. Socialism will remove the cause of this worry. Under Socialism we will not only live better but longer. Do you object?

PREPAREDNESS

By George R. Kirkpatrick, Socialist Candidate for Vice-President

Why should a chattel slave "prepare" his master for defending anything monopolized by his master?

Capitalism rests on ignorance and bayonets.

Capitalistic "preparedness" is in the ignorance of the workers and in the bayonets for the workers.

The present cunning shout of the ruling class for "preparedness" is intended to perpetuate the ignorance and guarantee the bayonets. "Preparedness," as now defined and planned by the capitalist class, deepens and solidifies the workers' ignorance and equips the capitalist state for operating capitalism—always, everywhere and under all circumstances against the fundamental interests of the working class.

* * *

The recent and present swift growth of the working class movement of the world, convinced and now convinces the ruling class that it must either confuse the issue or be destroyed by the working class; that it must either confuse the issue or be driven from the industries and legislatures of the world by the increasingly conscious and self-respecting working-class.

Therefore, confuse the issue:

"Thou shalt not kill." Except by blocked exits, subway explosions, adulterated food, slums, fire-damp, fast trains, sweat-shops. In short, in the regular course of trade—"Life."

that is, shout "preparedness" and call it "patriotism"—and the old, old trick will be turned once more against another generation of the horny-handed, gullible six-footers of the working-class.



GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK

As long as the working class can be confused and tricked into the pitiful attitude and condition of political infant and intellectual suckling, it will be flattered, crushed and robbed in times of peace, and flattered, bled and robbed again in times of war. In the present war, and in the "next war," and in the class war the

only thing the capitalist class sincerely fears, is a working class too cunning to fight for a civilization which the workers are shrewdly kept too ignorant and busy to keenly, deeply and comfortably enjoy—a working class too cunning to bleed itself into pale-faced stupidity, licking the boot that kicks it while it yawns patriotism and wallows in its own ignorance and poverty from which ignorance and poverty the working class can never escape while the ruling class is "prepared."

* * *

A decision for "preparedness" now will throw the working class under the boot and fist of the god of war and of the capitalist class—to cringe and groan, helpless as sheep before wolves.

I refuse to be confused.

Look at Europe and learn what "preparedness" prepares for. Look at Colorado and California and West Virginia and learn what "preparedness" prepares for.—Look also, with very special care, at the unholy brutality and cunning of the assassins of the sacred rights of freedom of discussions, and you must surely realize that the "preparedness" of militarism leads straight on to the lynching of liberty.

The bookkeeper who had worked twelve hours a day for thirty years paused to look at the captivity of a canary. "How pathetic!" he exclaimed.—"Life."

Marx's favorite quotation: "Follow your course and let the people talk."

It is the history of our kindness that alone makes this world tolerable.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

FRANZ MEHRING

If one can think of humanity in times like this, it is when we think of men like Franz Mehring, the great German Socialist philosopher and historian who recently celebrated his 70th birthday, that we feel pride and happiness, that we, too, are part of the movement that can produce men like he. In a time when so many leading spirits of the Socialist International have fallen, when so many failed to adopt their Socialist philosophy to existing facts, when a great historic moment found so many unprepared, Franz Mehring remained true to his principles, and carried out the spirit of his life work.

Many of us have heard of the single copy of the publication "The International," that was published by Mehring and Rosa Luxemburg in April, 1915, as a rallying cry to all who had remained International, which was confiscated by the German military powers and was reprinted in Bern, Switzerland. But few of us know that Franz Mehring, in the very first days of the war, called to the comrades who were almost all carried away in a tumult of patriotic fever, back to their duty as Socialists.

In an article that appeared in the black August days of 1914, in the Party organ of Bremen, he reminded them that our great Committee took the following, ways taught that "not the good will of humans decides, but the inevitable law of material things.

"If the German Empire should come out of this war as the victor, not you, but the possessors, will become stronger, mightier

than ever. And you will be weaker, more impotent than before." To write as Mehring wrote, to speak as he spoke in those days was not only heroic, but it was the act of a man whose mind is firm and strong, whose principles are so deeply rooted that no chaos of events, no voice of a deluded people can confuse them.

What helped Franz Mehring to hold up his head in this terrible crisis? He knew, as perhaps no other man in the whole Socialist movement, the historical development of the working-class. His ideals were firmly founded upon knowledge, upon fact.

The new International will use the splendid gifts that Franz Mehring has, in his twenty-five years of untiring work, as one of the few things that are left out of the wreck of the splendid building of our movement, upon which a newer and a better International may be built.

May he live for many years to work and teach among us in the same spirit.

FOR THE BOGIE MAN WILL GET YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT

By Joseph Adelstein.

Put a rifle to your shoulder,
Put a bayonet in your hand,
Put a Bible in your pocket,
For your country take a stand.
Spend a hundred million dollars,
Make a thousand grafters rich,
For the Germans or the Mexicans,
I don't know which.

Will get you if you don't watch out . . .

ADVISE TO YOUNG MEN

John Peter Altgeld, jurist, statesman, publicist, humanitarian; foe of privilege and defender of human rights; of whose sterling kind the world has too few, and the characteristics of whose make-up we should aim to emulate, died just fourteen years ago.

What could be more beautiful than the following sentiment expressed by him to the younger generation:

"Let me say to the young men: This age is weary of the polite and weak camp followers, weary of servility, weary of cringing necks and knees bent to corruption. This age is calling for courage, calling for strong character, calling for men of high purpose, calling for men who have convictions of their own and who have the courage to act on them. Young men, life is before you. Two voices are calling you—one coming from the swamps of selfishness and force, whose success means death; and the other from the hills of justice and progress, where even failure brings glory. Two lights are seen in your horizon—one is the fast-fading marsh light of power, and the other the slowly-rising sun of human brotherhood. Two ways lie open for you—one leading to an ever lower and lower plane, where are heard the cries of despair and the curses of the poor, where manhood shrivels and possession rots down the possessor; and the other leading off to the highlands of the morning, where are heard the glad shouts of humanity, and where honest effort is rewarded with immortality."

KARL LIEBKNECHT

By May Reinhardt

If we hearken back over the turmoil and noisy confusion of the twenty months of war in Europe we will hear the one clear voice that rang true above all the discord. We will see one man who was neither hoodwinked out of his principles nor frightened into denying them. This was Karl Liebknecht.

When he visited this country in 1910 the small group of young Socialists then organized in New York invited him to address their meeting. They found in him a sincere, friend of the young Socialist movement.

Liebknecht grew up with the movement in Germany. He explained the conditions which gave rise to and necessitated the organization of young Socialists there and proved that similar conditions exist here, by his observations during his transcontinental tour. In Germany the league is a sort of union guarding the economic interests of its members and working in unison with the labor organizations and, wherever the conditions permit, in alliance with the Socialist Party by means of committees. One of its special purposes is to counteract the inroads made upon the workers' health, by encouraging hikes and outdoor exercise. Through courses it supplements the faults of omission of the public schools, and strives to awake in its members a desire for more knowledge. In order to lead the young people to higher



KARL LIEBKNECHT

Liebknecht said that he felt confident that the two main points of the "Communist Manifesto," the emancipation of the working-class, must be affected by the workers themselves, and "Workmen of the World, Unite!" could be clearly explained and understood by a child of twelve. And he contended that if a child had once grasped these two great thoughts

he would be a Socialist, and every other requirement would naturally follow later.

After telling how the young Socialist organization was persecuted in Germany he pointed out the bitter need of a strong organization here where children are exploited to a far greater extent than in Germany. He expressed the hope that New York would lead in the good work and that we would have a representative of the Young People's Socialist League of the United States at the International Congress in Vienna in 1913.

Comrades, we were not represented at that congress, and now it is more than five years since our great leader outlined our duties for us. Have we held to the course and steered straight for the goal? Does each one of our members realize sufficiently the importance of our work? There will be another congress in Switzerland in September, this year. I am sure that if the war closes before that date the Y. P. S. L. of this country could find a way to have a representative there. I am also confident that Karl Liebknecht will be there, too. What kind of a showing will we make when reports are read? Let us keep this in mind and strain every effort to make our organization better and stronger to show our appreciation and understanding of the splendid message Karl Liebknecht brought us.

It costs England \$5,000,000 a day to carry on the war, Germany \$4,000,000, Russia \$2,000,000, France \$3,000,000. Wonder what it costs the devil to run hell?

"The workers are robbed and

starved to death in peace times. In war they are given a quick despatch from their slavery."

(For Our Younger Readers)

THE BUGLE CALL

How the German Lad Answered It
By Russell Everett

Karl and his mother were walking along one of the broad streets of the city of Berlin, when suddenly there came the shrill call of the bugle. It came from the distance, and yet it was a pleading, living, attractive call. It came nearer and nearer, and then the whole band crashed out in stirring military music. Karl, like most boys, and especially German boys, loved music, and he caught his mother's arm and wanted her to stop to look and listen. Marching past was one of the German regiments of soldiers. They looked strong and brave. In front was an unfurled banner bearing the sign of the eagle.

That bugle note still lingered in the air; that military music still made Karl feel that he, too, would like to "fall in" behind these marching men. That was just the first feeling, for Karl, though he was only twelve years old, knew what soldiers and martial music really meant—war. War—yes, his father had told him what war was. He had described the battles to him. The fathers and brothers of the French boys and girls on one side, and their own German fathers and brothers on the other side. They had never seen each other before, so they had never quarrelled; but their rulers had told them to fight, and so they marched away from their homes, following their banners. Ah! fighting was awful. As Karl heard the bugle call and the "tramp, tramp" of the marching soldiers, he could almost fancy he heard the moaning of wounded and dying men, the whizzing of the shells, and the screaming of frightened horses. Yes, Karl knew what war was—pain and suffering and death, all that was cruel and hor-

rible. French boys and girls who would never see their fathers again, German boys and girls who would never again spend happy evenings with father and mother—because the German father and the French father would not come home from the war. Karl liked music, and the colors, and the floating banner—but war, no, he hated war.

But there was a yearning in his heart. He turned from the marching soldiers, and looking pleadingly at his mother, asked—"Is there no bugle call for me, mother? Is there no banner I can follow?" His mother smiled. "Yes, my boy, there is," she said. "When little children cry because they are hungry and cold; when mothers and sisters are sad and ill because of heavy burdens; when strong men ask that they may have work to do in order to live, these are bugle calls to you, my brave Karl. When the common people—not the rich and powerful—plead for a chance to see and enjoy the beauties of the world, the wonders of distant lands, the rolling seas, the mighty mountains, the laughing valleys, when they plead for a richer, fuller, 'bigger' life, that is the bugle's call to you."

Karl listened breathlessly. "The cry of pain or suffering, the low sigh of sadness, the yearning call for love and pity, whether from some German city or English village, these are the bugles calling to 'follow the flag' and to fight."

"Yes, mother," said Karl, "but what banner do you mean?"

"Our banner, Karl, has only two words upon it—'Justice' and 'Love,'" replied his mother. "That banner with its message flaming red, like blood upon the snow, leads

us on. In our army we fight—not with swords and guns—that justice may make all men and women like brothers and sisters, free and equal, that none shall be called great merely because they are rich, but just because they are noble. We fight as soldiers of love to bring joy to the sad, smiles instead of tears, love and understanding instead of hate and fear. Our fight, Karl—and it is a hard one—is not to kill and hurt, but to heal; not to destroy the beautiful, but to help the beautiful to win everywhere; it is to make all really happy. No one will be poor, because none will be very rich when our victory is won. There will be no masters, for there will be no slaves when our banners of 'Justice and Love' flies where the German Eagle, the Union Jack, and all such flags now fly."

"Look," said the German mother, as they reached the end of the street, "the sun has scattered the morning fog, and revealed the beauty of the day; our fight will scatter the fog of suspicion and hate and drive pain and poverty from the world; and instead of the bugle call and the martial music calling to cruel war, there shall be the music of the peoples of every land 'living out' the song of justice and love in real comradeship."

Living on Hope

An examination was being held in little Emma's school and one of the questions asked was:

"Upon what do hibernating animals subsist during the Winter?"

Emma thought for several minutes and then wrote:

"On the hope of a coming Spring."

HOW DO WE STAND ON "PREPAREDNESS"?

By Joshua Wanhope

Every young Socialist should not only be an advocate of preparedness, but should do everything in his power to prepare himself.

This may seem a strange thing to advocate, but only so because in the popular sense just now 'preparedness' means fighting for the ruling-class—for the capitalist and the militarist.

The Socialist is a fighter. He is by no means a pacifist. He believes in war—against capitalism and everything that supports it, and the best Socialist is he who fights the hardest against it.

It is a nonsensical contradiction to declare that Socialists carry on the class struggle, and still are pacifists—"opposed to war on principle," as the common saying goes.

The Socialist is not opposed to war on principle, by any means. Just the opposite in fact. He is opposed to but one kind of war—the war that is fought in the interests of the ruling-class and for the preservation of capitalist class rule. But as to war, the other way around, he is an enthusiastic advocate of it.

His weapons now are knowledge, education, and propaganda, leading to Socialist organization and power. Young or old, these weapons are common to all Socialists.

They are not deliberately chosen on our part. They are for the time being the best available, and we have practically no choice but to use them.

But it should never be forgotten that a time may come—as in-

deed times have come in past history—when these weapons will be neither available nor of any effect; when a cause has to be fought for with physical weapons. This time may come to Socialists, and they should never leave it out of their reckoning. When it does come they will

continue to keep this possibility continually in mind.

But in the meantime and at present, the best and most available weapons are knowledge, education and a determined persistence to spread the Socialist principles everywhere among the workers, young and old. Just now, that preparedness is the kind most necessary. It may not always be, however. The form of the fighting may change and the weapons change also. That is a matter over which we have no control.

And it is particularly important that the younger Socialists know and recognize this fact. The older men among us, who are past the physical fighting age, are not so much concerned personally. They have done and are still doing their work with intellectual weapons. But the younger generation may have to conduct the fight differently, and should always keep in mind that possibility.



JOSHUA WANHOPE

have one of two choices: either to fight or surrender without a blow.

We might wish that physical force should play no part in the coming of Socialism, but our wishes do not alter the facts. That method of fighting may come, for all we can do to prevent it. We have no choice of weapons; we must take those that are for the moment available. And it is well for us, and especially for the younger So-

To-day, the entire capitalist world seems to be in the melting pot. It is not so much the gigantic war and the destruction of human life entailed, as the tremendous economic changes that it already has forced, and is still forcing. It is not only Socialists who believe that the war is cutting the ground from under the still existing capitalist regime, but many capitalists also, and hosts of people who have no connection with and no particular sympathy for Socialism.

It is in and under such conditions that the younger generation

of Socialists will have to do their work. They come into the field at the instant when a tremendous economic cataclysm is convulsing old society. It may be that in this Western Hemisphere we Socialists will be spared the necessity of actually grasping new weapons with which to fight out the class struggle, but there is no such probability that the Socialists of European countries will escape the imperative necessity of taking up arms—at least here and there if not universally—to carry to a finish the social revolution that capitalism and militarism have started. On them lies the more probable burden of using arms to finish the capitalist monster in his last ditch.

Hundreds of thousands of European Socialists—mostly all young men—are serving in the European armies at present. They will not be all slain or disabled. Others who are not Socialists and whom the ruling class might rely on to fight Socialism after the war, will suffer in the same proportion. The Socialists are at no disadvantage in numbers, for in these matters, war is impartial. But they will have learned how to fight; they will have faced death a thousand times; they will have learned much about the economic basis of society that demands their slaughter, and they will teach multitudes of others. They are now getting the best kind of preparation for turning on their former masters, and eliminating them by physical force, if that becomes necessary for the final emancipation of the European proletariat.

Should this happen, as it is very probable it will happen, should we deplore the situation, or should we do all in our power

to cheer and encourage our European comrades in the struggle? The answer is easy. We should be with them heart and soul—if we are Socialists. And we should ourselves be ready to admit that were we in a like situation, we also should do as they are doing.

And this is the probable situation that nine-tenths of the world's Socialists are now facing. We may not have to face it, but we cannot be quite certain. We can only be certain of what we would do under similar circumstances. If the fight in this form is forced on us, then we will fight as best we can. It is not our choice, but the war against capitalism must be continued until that system is overthrown, and if it has the choice of weapons and selects, those that it is now using in Europe, we have no alternative but to do the same.

We are not pacifists. We are fighters, with any and all weapons we can use or are forced to use. We are not "opposed to war on principle." We are "committed to war on principle" instead. The war is the class war, and the principle is Socialism.

Let the young Socialists look these facts in the face and accept them as such. Nothing is gained by ignoring them, and much is lost. When we are discussing preparedness, let us not forget that we are advocates of it for one purpose and for one purpose alone, the overthrow of Capitalist Slavery and the establishment of Socialist Freedom.

A horse is no wealth to us if we cannot ride, nor a picture if we cannot see, nor can any noble thing be wealth, except to a noble person.—Ruskin.

As the art of life is learned, it will be found at last that all lovely things are also necessary.—Unto this Last.

IDEALISTS

Brother Tree:
Why do you reach and reach?
Do you dream some day to touch the sky?
Brother Stream:
Why do you run and run?
Do you dream some day to fill the sea?
Brother Bird:
Why do you sing and sing?
Do you dream—
Young Man:
Why do you talk and talk and talk?

Alfred Kreymborg.

• A Real Pessimist

Timothy McNulty was boss of a section of a Southern railway which included several tunnels. Timothy had as his guest Barney Mahoney, a new arrival from old Ireland, and together they were making an inspection of the road one morning. As they neared one of the tunnels they were greeted with the piercing whistle of the limited, and stepped aside until it had passed. Barney stood in open-mouthed wonder as the fast train neared, passed, and entered the tunnel at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

"Ain't that foine?" said Timothy, as the last car finally disappeared. "Talk about yer wonderful inventions! Where'll yer find anythin' ter bate that?"

Barney was awestruck, and it was some moments before he could adequately express his thoughts.

"Yis, Timothy, 'tis foine," said he, finally, "but I was jist thinkin' what a turrible thing 'twould be if it should miss th' hole!"

The ruling ideas of every age are the ideas of the ruling classes.—Karl Marx.

SWALLOWING THE SWORD



—By Robert Minor

★ DISARMAMENT ★

We have outgrown the helmet and cuirass,
The spear, the arrow, and the javelin.
These crude inventions of a cruder age,
When men killed men to show their love for God,
And he who slaughtered most was greatest king.
We have outgrown the need of war!
Should men

Unite in this one thought, ALL war would end.
Disarm the world, and let all nations meet
Like men, not monsters, when disputes arise.
When crossed opinions tangle into snarls,
Let courts untie them, and no armies cut.
When State discussions breed dissensions, let

Union and arbitration supersede.
The hell-created implements of war,
Disarm the world, and bid destructive thought
Slip like a serpent from the mortal mind
Down through the marshes of oblivion.
Soon
A race of gods shall arise! Disarm!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE BITTER CRY OF THE CHILDREN

By Pierre De Nio

"It is good when it happens, say the children, 'That we die before our time.'"

This subject was the topic under discussion in the Church House, at the Church of the Messiah, on Sunday Evening, April the 9th.

Mr. Edward F. Brown, Secretary of the New York School Lunch Committee, was one of the speakers, and he made some statements that are worthy of serious consideration by all people who have the interests of society at heart.

There are known to be 40,000 children in the City of New York who are suffering from malnutrition; malnutrition means, to speak plainly, that the child so suffering does not have enough to eat.

John Spargo in his very valuable book on the subject tells us that there are ten million in the United States who live below the poverty line.

This situation assumes very grave proportions, when we realize that it strikes at the most vital part of society when it reeks such havoc among the children.

Last year \$800,000,000 were spent in the United States in supporting custodial institutions, while the public schools spent only \$750,000,000. Society in the United States needs fifty million dollars more to support its victims than it uses to support its school system.

If we could add to that amount the vast sums used by the charitable organizations we could form some idea of what is becoming of the working-class of America.

This condition of slow starva-

tion among the "kiddies" has two very grave aspects. First, it is the brutal and inhuman phase that arrests the attention of the thinking person, to see the suffering of the children from cold and hunger in a world of plenty. Second, it is the poor business of society to allow its future citizens to grow up amid the squalor and filth and misery, that is the inevitable result of poverty.

Eight hundred million dollars per year to support the inefficients in the United States, and where do they come from? Mostly from the poverty-stricken homes of the poorly-paid workers.

The children are helpless; they are born into families that, in many cases, do not care for them and cannot adequately care for them, but that is beyond them to avoid. If they are to live and become worthy citizens instead of inmates of one of the innumerable custodial institutions when it behoves society in the United States, in the twentieth century, to think of something other than its "heroic mood" and open its eyes to the fact that its future citizens need attention.

One of the first steps toward a remedy for this very harmful state of affairs will be laws regulating the wages, to the extent that fathers may obtain a living that will ensure the children against suffering from hunger.

Then to make conditions that will ensure the children a decent childhood and an education, society must take control of industry and use it to make child life and adult life "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," not a black night of misery and despair.

THESE THINGS SHALL BE

By J. A. Synonds

These things shall be! A loftier race

Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of science in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare

All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;

In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,

And every life shall be a song
When all the earth is paradise.

These things—they are no dream—shall be
For happier men when we are gone:

Those golden days for them shall dawn,
Transcending aught we gaze upon.

Not Dangerous.

"You criticize us," said the Chinese visitor, "yet I see all your women have their feet bandaged."

"That is an epidemic," it was explained to him, gently, "which broke out in 1914. Those are called spats."



KEEP THE RED FLAG FLYING



By William Morris Feigenbaum

May Day, 1916, finds a world that is sore distracted. Never in the history of the modern labor movement has there been such a year, excepting only 1915. The terrible slaughter of the past two years continues with unabated fury. The hideous carnage of Verdun has been, at this writing, going on for fifty days, and two hundred thousand human beings have paid the price of the madness of the world with their lives. The venomous hatreds of the nations at war is growing in intensity. At noted priest, the "Socialist killer," Vaughan, shouts at a London throng, "Our business is killing Germans." Germans in a "charity" bazaar in New York show the sweet feelings engendered by war by firing at wooden figures of French and British soldiers in the shooting galleries. French musicians say that they never could endure Wagner. People is set against people. Race is made to hate race. The hot passions of the human race are aroused to the most intense pitch of madness that modern history records.

In this country, a systematic agitation has sprung up to convert the nation into an armed camp. Wild-eyed, inflammatory, incendiary agitators, like Theodore Roosevelt, Leonard Wood, Henry A. Wise Wood and the rest, are trying to lash the country into a frenzy of militarist passion. The whole press is purchased or feeds willingly at the trough of militarist lies. The whole of public opinion is worked until it would seem that shamelessness had reached its limit, to make the people acquiesce in a

Prussianization of the country such as Germany and France together never dreamed of.

The President of the United States, in his race for re-election, makes an agitation tour for militarism around the country, arousing terrible fears by veiled utterances, backed up by lying "news" from the rumor factory at Washington, until the nation is ready to break into war for no discernable reason whatever.

And all the time, the welfare of the workers is totally forgotten in this awful welter of hatreds, fears, lies, betrayals, slaughter. The workers are forbidden to think of themselves. They are told that nothing comes before the welfare of "the country," and they are made to accept whatever the master class says is "the country." It is "America first," poverty, starvation, unemployment, prostitution, hunger, factory fires and all.

The best of the manhood of Europe would not now be slaughtered and slaughtering each other if the workers had not followed their masters when the masters waved a flag and bade the workers follow, shouting "Germany first," or "England first," or "Russia first," or "France first." Europe marched straight into the shambles just because the masses took the cheap and lying claptrap of the master class for "patriotism," forgetting what Dr. Johnston said, that "patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel."

Now is not the time to speak of our European comrades with either commendation or condemnation. We must not condemn them because they did what we

do not like; we must not follow them because they acted in a certain way. We must view their acts and judge if they aided or barred the onward march of the workers, and we must profit by their mistakes. They are in the battleline, slaughtering for king, kaiser and czar and banker, misled by the cry of "patriotism." Therefore, we must learn how not to be misled.

Our task is to keep the banner, of Internationalism aloft. Our task is to keep alive the spark of international solidarity. We have seen the sham and the fraud and the crime of narrow, bigotted my-country-right-or-wrong "patriotism." Out upon it! Down with it!

Our enemy is the capitalist class of the world. Our comrades are the militant workers of the world. Our task is to overthrow capitalism. Nothing less.

They fly the black flag of international piracy. They use methods that would have made Captain Kidd and Nero and Tamburlaine green with envy. They have debauched and poisoned and warped and infected the whole human race. And they call us to do their foul and rotten work, as our comrades were fooled into doing in Europe.

Now, in this war-torn time, in this hatred-ridden time, in this crimson time of death and destruction, we have the holiest mission that ever man had.

Comrades, keep the red flag flying! Keep the fight going! The battle is with an enemy within, not with an enemy over the water.

Long live the international solidarity of the workers!

The Young Socialists' Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
Organ of the American Socialist Sunday
Schools and Young People's Federation

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter
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John Nagel, Pres. O. Knoll, Sec'y.
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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,
REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS
OF AUGUST 29, 1912, of "Young Socialists'
Magazine," published monthly at New York,
N. Y., for April 1, 1916, State of New
York, County of New York.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the
State and county aforesaid, personally ap-
peared Jacob Christ, who, having been duly
sworn according to law, deposes and says
that he is the Business Manager of the
"Young Socialists' Magazine," and that the
following is, to the best of his knowledge
and belief, a true and correct statement of
ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid
publication for the date shown in the above
caption, required by the Act of August 29, 1912,
embodied in Section 463, Postal Laws and
Regulations, printed on the reverse of this
form, to-wit:

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

2. That the owners are: Socialist
Co-operative Publishing Association,
15 Spruce St., New York, N. Y., a cor-
poration consisting of over 300 mem-
bers, none of whom owns or holds
one per cent. or more of the total
amount of stock. President, John
Nagel, 1367 Hancock St., Brooklyn,
N. Y.; Secretary, Otto Knoll, 732
Lexington Ave., New York City,
N. Y.; Treasurer, Ernst Ramm, 214
E. 85th St., New York City, N. Y.

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

4. That the two paragraphs next above,
giving the names of the owners, stockholders,
and security holders, if any, contain not only
the full list of stockholders and security holders
as they appear upon the books of the com-
pany but also, in cases where the stock-
holder or security holder appears upon the
books of the company in trust or in any
other fiduciary relation, the name of the per-
son or corporation for whom the stock is
being held, in each case, and the date when
acting is given; also that the said two para-
graphs contain statements embracing affi-
davit full knowledge and belief as to the
circumstances and conditions under which
stockholders and security holders who do not
appear upon the books of the company as
trustees, hold stock and securities in a
capacity other than that of a bona fide
owner, and the date when he or she came to be-
lieve that any other person, association, or
corporation has any interest direct or indirect
in the said stock, bonds, or other securities
than as so stated by him.

Jacob Christ,
Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this
14th day of April, 1916.

Simon Siltan,
Commissioner, expires March 30, 1917.

A DARK MAY DAY

This Will Not Be a Joyous May Day

When the International class-
proletariat first met in an international
congress in Paris in 1889 it was
decided to create a visible, tangi-
ble conception of international soli-
darity. So the first of May came
into existence. It was to be an
international demonstration, whose
evergrowing size should be an in-
dicator of the growing strength
and power of the labor movement.
At the time of its creation May
Day was chiefly a demonstration
for the eight-hour day. This was
the only demand that was spoken
of at the time of the Congress in
Paris.

With unexpected enthusiasm the
decision of the delegates was car-
ried out. No hindrance was so
great but it was overcome. "No
work on Labor Day" became the
slogan of the organized Socialist
workers. And so May Day came
to represent the will of the work-
ing-class.

But the development of capital-
ism gave to the May Day a new
meaning. The new age of Imperi-
alism was springing up. Every-
where the working-class was suf-
fering under the load of insane
military preparation. So, as the
years went by, May 1, the expres-
sion of the will of the proletariat,
became a verile protest against
militarism, became a worldwide
cry for international peace. And
hand in hand with the peace move-
ment went the demand for pro-
tective legislation.

For many years we have cele-
brated May Day joyously. We
were happy in the knowledge that
our efforts had not been in vain
when each new May Day brought
out greater masses, when each
May Day saw a parade, a meeting,
a demonstration where none had
been before. We gloried in the
feeling that in every capitalist na-

tion of the earth labor was testing
its strength, was demanding its
right in a voice that commanded
attention.

This year, too, we will parade.
But our parade will not be a joy-
ous one.

There will be no worldwide in-
ternational Socialist demonstration
for peace, for our workers are in
the trenches, have forgotten that
the earth holds anything but mur-
der and bloodshed, horror and
disease. Our May Day will not
be a proof of our power, for we
know now that numbers alone
cannot conquer the earth.

It will be a dark May Day. The
hydra-headed monster of militar-
ism is raising its heads on every
side. Schools and colleges are be-
coming breeding places for war-
like spirits. The great press of
our nation, with its unbounded in-
fluence and power, is practically
unanimous in its cry for prepar-
edness. Even in our own ranks
there are those who have forgot-
ten the significance of interna-
tional solidarity. No, it will not
be a joyous May Day.

But our May Day to-day will
have a higher significance. It
will be a day of protest, a day of
firm resolve to fight above all, and
at all costs, the horrors of war-
fare and international strife. On
this May Day of 1916 we will cry
to the world of labor "Be true to
your cause. Love your comrades,
wherever they may be, but fight
with inexorable zeal your only
enemy, the capitalist class. The
worker has no country. His home
is the world; his sorrows, his joys,
his problems, his ideals those of
a suffering struggling proletar-
iat.

YOUNG SOCIALISTS BEFORE THE TRIBUNALS

(The Young Socialist of Great Britain)

Many letters reach us telling of
Tribunal experiences undergone by
workers and teachers in the Social-
ist Sunday School movement, or
asking advice, or a word of testi-
mony concerning the applicants'
past labors in the schools. With-
out exception, the letters express
the unalterable determination of
those who pen them to stand true,
whatever the consequences, to the
faith that is in them.

In many cases the writers are
scholars approaching, or having
just attained, military age. Young
men nurtured in the spirit and pur-
pose of internationalism, who hold
fast to the belief—indeed cherish it
as a deep religious faith—that not
only is the deliberate and organized
shedding of blood a violation of
every sacred human principle, but
that the "arbitrament of the sword"
must ever remain in the affairs of
man a futile method of settling hu-
man differences, whether these dif-
ferences be domestic, national or
international.

The Socialist claims before the
Tribunals, although received with
sneering and thinly masked ridicule
by the majority of the Tribunal
"patriots," is the only logically
conscientious one, because Social-
ism alone, among modern political
or religious gospels, offers a
practical and constructive alterna-
tive to the social conditions prevail-
ing here and the world over, and
out of which wars and the fear of
war arise. It, moreover, has con-
sistently urged the extension of the
judiciary principle, as expressed in
all the belligerent nations by judge
and jury, to the wider sphere of in-
ternational relationship.

The following extract from the
letter of a secretary of one of our

Glasgow schools is typical of many
others that will make a new and
noble page in the history of Social-
ism and the school movement.

" . . . As you can readily
understand my claim was dismissed.
The Tribunal opened with queries
regarding my business, and then
proceeded with the usual silly ques-
tions. They asked me if I was a
member of any church, and, of
course, I told them it was not a
question of denomination—that, in
the words of Mr. Bonar Law, "it
was a question of a man's own
heart and conscience." I was also
asked if I would accept non-com-
batant service of mine-sweeping,
and I told them I could not sur-
render my conscience into the
hands of the military authorities,
as I could only follow the dictates
of my own conscience. I was also
asked if I would rather help Ger-
mans than Britishers, to which
question I replied that I looked
upon them with equal favor as "The
world was my country, mankind
my brethren, and to do good my re-
ligion." They also asked if I was
aware that I was a soldier, and I
answered that I was not. They
insisted, however, and I said I was
not a soldier until I had taken the
military oath, a thing which I
would never do."

The following dialogue took
place before a Tribunal at Lewis-
ham, whose chairman was Mr.
Mead, the London magistrate:

Chairman—You have a conscientious
objection. What do you object
to?

Applicant—I believe it is wrong to
take human life, or cause it to be
taken. I believe war is wrong, mor-
ally; and also that the whole ethics of
war are wrong.

Chairman—Have you expressed
these views?

Applicant—Yes.

Chairman—Where, and when?

Applicant—In Sunday Schools and
Ethical Schools for the last seven
years.

Chairman—What religious denomina-
tion do you belong to?

Applicant—I belong to no Ortho-
dox religious body, but would like to
point out that it is not necessary to
belong to a religious body to be reli-
gious.

Chairman—Quite so. What schools
then?

Applicant—Socialist Sunday Schools.

Chairman—You are a Socialist,
then?

Applicant—Yes.

Chairman—Do you base your ob-
jection on religious grounds?

Applicant—I base my objection on
religious and social grounds, holding
that thou shalt do no murder—and
war is murder. As a student of so-
ciology I hold the beliefs I have
stated. We all know the science of
our bodies, but that thing we call life
we know nothing of. We know
whence our bodies come and go; but
the unknown thing that makes us liv-
ing, breathing, speaking, and, above
all, thinking beings, we know nothing
at all about, and therefore I deny the
right of any government—or man to
say you must take this life from any
human body.

Chairman—If we offer you a non-
combatant certificate, will you accept
that, as you will not have to kill?

Applicant—I cannot accept this
certificate, as I should be assisting
other men to perfect the machinery of
war and murder. You evidently do
not know my position?

Chairman—Oh, yes, we do, and we
offer you a non-combatant certificate,
will you take it?

Applicant—No.

Chairman—Appeal dismissed.

The *Forward* reports that the
best case put up for exemption be-
fore the Glasgow City Council
Tribunal was that of a member of
the Socialist Sunday Schools; and
our faithful and revered comrade
of the school movement, Alex. Gos-
sip, sends us some accounts culled
from the Fulham Tribunal:

MY BOY

By Morris Rosenfeld

Question—What would you do if a German was to try and violate your mother or sister?

Answer—That is a suppositious question, and has no reference to facts; but please allow me to ask the military representative what he could do if his superior officer should order him to shoot his mother or sister?

Tribunal—That is not a relevant question.

Question—What church do you go to?

Answer—None.

Question—Indeed. How can you claim, then, to have a conscience when you do not attend the church? Who trained you?

Answer—I was trained in the Fulham S. S. S. [Loud cries of "Oh! oh!" from the bulk of the Tribunal, one of its members remarking—"Oh! they believe in nothing!"]

Voice of mother of lad from back of hall—"Oh, yes, they do, they believe in love and brotherhood."

Question—Do you think England is in the right in this war?

Answer—I am not here to discuss that matter with you, though I could do so elsewhere.

Question—Do you know that God uses human beings to punish wrongdoers such as the Germans are, and do you think the members of the Tribunal are less religious than yourself?

Answer—I am not here to judge or condemn others, or answer such questions, but to tell you of my conscientious objections to the shedding of blood.

"At one stage of the proceedings," Mr. Gossip adds, "and after a good firm reply of a young Socialist, I was constrained to jump up, cross the room and heartily shake hands with the prisoner at the bar."

Thus, unflinchingly, the younger members of the Socialist movement, here as on the continent, are playing their part in this testing time of our Socialist faith.

But how can a nation that has a Roosevelt be called unprepared for war?—"Columbia State."

The first duty of a man is still of subduing fear.—Carlyle.

I have a little boy at home,
A pretty little son;
I think sometimes the world is mine,
In him, my only one.

But seldom, seldom do I see
My child in heaven's light;
I find him always fast asleep . . .
I see him but at night.

Ere dawn my labor drives me
forth;
'Tis night when I am free;
A stranger am I to my child,
And strange my child to me.

I come in darkness to my home,
With weariness and—pay;
My pallid wife, she waits to tell
The things he learned to say.

How plain and prettily he asked:
"Dear mamma, when's 'to-night'?"
O when will come my dear papa
And bring a penny bright?"

A Long Talk

Dr. Wiley tells the following story: Sleepily, after a night off, a certain intern hastened to his hospital ward. The first patient was a stout old Irishman.

"How goes it?" he inquired.

"Faith, it'sh me breathin', doctor. I can't get me breath at all, at all."

"Why, your pulse is normal. Let me examine the lung-action," replied the doctor, kneeling beside the cot, and laying his head on the ample chest.

"Now, let's hear you talk," he continued, closing his eyes and listening.

"What'll Oi be sayin', doctor?"

I hear her words—I hasten out—
This moment must it be!—
The father-love flames in my breast:
My child must look at me!

I stand beside the tiny cot
And look, and list, and—ah!
A dream-thought moves the baby-lips
"O, where is my papa!"

I kiss and kiss the shut blue eyes,
I kiss them not in vain.
They open—O they see me then!
And straightway close again.

"Here's your papa, my precious one,

A penny for you!"—ah!
A dream still moves the baby lips:
"O, where is my papa!"

And I—I think in bitterness
And disappointment sore:
"Some day you will awake, my child,
To find me nevermore."

"Oh, say anything. Count one, two, three, and up," murmured the intern, drowsily.

"Wan, two, three, four, five, six," began the patient. When the young doctor, with a start, opened his eyes, he was counting huskily, "Tin hundred an' sixty-nine, tin hundred an' sivitynt, tin hundred an' sivitynt-wan."

"Forget nationality; think only of humanity; kings and princes, only, have diverse interests; the people of all countries are friends."

In the last fifteen years 12,500 miners have been killed—in "peace" work.—"Justice."

GREETING TO THE Y. P. S. L.,
the Advance Guard of the World's Peace

I write this word from the Mexican frontier, where swarm the soldiers, the dumb, driven cattle of sinister powers.

In the El Paso railroad station one of these roundly abused a timid civilian for getting in his way.

Eight rough drunks in khaki on the El Paso and Southern rallied to the defense of one of their number from whom the conductor was trying to collect a ticket.

At ouglas a sort of military censorship exercised by the civil authorities prevented our holding a meeting. "The Birth of a Nation" in Bisbee drove our comrades from the only available hall to the cold park.

Into a world pretty much out of joint you are receiving political birth. Strong hands and clear heads are needed to work out social salvation in the years just ahead.

Some older in the battles are weary thinking of your task, but you are not weary nor must you weary. The world's bread must be freed from the grip of tyrants. Not all are able to trace the trail from the battle front to the profit-breeding workshop. To you it is given to see that our every betrayal springs from the sordid system that has its life only by buying labor cheap and selling its products dear.

A hearty health to the Y. P. S. L. May it live to be Labor's signatory to the treaty of peace in class struggle, by the conclusion of which the world's slaughter must cease. May the future be theirs in the measure that grows the intelligent power and the high resolve with which they storm its doors.

Until the victory, and then,
Your comrade,
Anna A. Maley.

LABOR PAGEANT

Thousands of workingmen and women will attend the great Labor Pageant and Bazaar being held at the Central Opera House, New York, on the last three days in April and the 1st of May. This event will be known as one of the most unique and interesting celebrations ever taken place in the history of the labor movement. It is held under the auspices of the N. Y. Call and the Rand School of Social Science, two large Socialist institutions who hope to gain by this undertaking an impetus to do far better work in the service of the working class.

The story of Labor, its struggles, its revolts, its progress and its vision will be the subject of the Labor Pageant.

To portray in a few dramatic moments the conditions that kindled the fire of revolt in the workers and to show that the flame of aspiration is ever present in the hearts of the mass of mankind—and in procession form to depict the onward urge of Labor in the progress of society—these two things will be the aim of the first great Labor Pageant to be given in the United States.

The Pageant consists of a series

of living tableaux, depicting the gradual emancipation of Labor through the ages. The story begins with a pastoral tableau, showing people living in a state of contentment before man became man's oppressor.

The first of the dramatic tableaux is a scene portraying the slavery of the Israelites under the Pharaohs. The second tableau shows the revolt of the gladiators and slaves under Spartacus in Rome. The revolt lasted over a year and was very nearly successful. The third tableau is a picture of the rebellion of the English peasantry under Wat Tyler in 1381, in which King Richard II. was compelled to sign a decree abolishing serfdom throughout England.

The next tableau takes place during the French Revolution and depicts the taking of the Bastille by the people. The last tableau consists of two parts—the first showing the devastating effect of war upon a peaceful land and fading into a second part visioning the hope of the future for the workers and for all classes. Each tableau will have from seventy-five to one hundred persons, dressed in the costumes of the time, and it will be given to appropriate music. During the final tableau, the great Labor Song, the words composed by Arturo Giovannitti, the music by Herman Epstein, will be sung.

By the logic of events the class struggle has been extended to the ballot box. Here from year to year the voters, most of whom are the workingmen, have a chance to say who shall direct the clubs of the police and the rifles of the soldiers, as well as the injunction of the judge and the laws of the legislators.

YOUTH AND MILITARISM

(The essay printed below was tied for first prize in the New Jersey Y. P. S. L. Essay Contest on "Youth and Militarism." It was written by Comrade Louis Cohen of Circle Paterson, N. J.)

While the important question of Militarism is agitating the public mind, let us studiously consider the relation of youth to this world-wide issue. The wholesale slaughter of our younger generations in the deluge of war and industrial battle has caused countless thousands to mourn.

The age-long battle cry "Prepare to defend your country's honor," has ever met with a spontaneous yet ignorant response on the part of our youthful misinformed brothers. Ruling-class governments through their powerful kept agencies of public opinion engender and nourish militant ideas among the masses. To the present-day man-written history, poetry, song, and fiction glorify Militarism. The love of country is often cashed into cheap patriotism which suggests pomp and ceremony, cheerful music, glittering arms, and young men eager to shed their life's blood for the masters of bread. Thus youth is cajoled from their diversified industrial and mental activities, into the narrow channels of national hatred, race prejudice and unthinking obedience. This condition ultimately engulfs them during times of internal and external strife.

Because the rulers have won untold wealth from the enslaved populace by trenching the vitality of its future citizens, they have hypocritically justified the murderous program of Militarism. Although conscious of their inhuman motives the military lords shrewdly set the scene for the conflict of nations.

To-day Europe is ablaze. This most frightful slaughter that history has recorded has claimed thousands of young, innocent lives. The immense devastation of person and property has already reached beyond human comprehension, while the economic, intellectual and moral life of several great nations has been brutally suspended.

The suffering borne by the young soldiers and non-combatants is great. Sad indeed, though it is, the flower of the belligerent nations of Europe are facing the fiery mouth of the roaring cannon. With amazement they witness the hell of war in all its glaring hideousness and hear the echo of death pierce their ringing ears.

'Tis the climax of a day's cruel battle. The smoke clears away and on the blood-soaked ground lie the mass of

mangled and shattered human wrecks. From this hysterical bewilderment arises a mournful cry of anguish. The horrible shrieks of dying comrades fall upon the ears of their more fortunate brothers. Both participants realize the tragedy of the shocking massacre. Many die. While gripped in the throes of death, thoughts of loved ones fill their minds. For many rows of unmarked graves mutely indicate their final resting place. Such is one of the many happenings that follows in the wake of modern warfare.

These periodical outbursts of blood and iron are prompted by the ever-enlarging military programs of nations. Preparation for defense of home and country subsequently leads to armed conflict. Governments unable to settle their differences by means of intellectual processes unrelentingly resort to brute force.

The present world carnage is a crime against civilization. That it was unavoidable is certain. Like other phenomena it has a cause. Modern hostilities are conducted between rival nations primarily for economic advantages.

The agencies of special privilege have succeeded in keeping the past and present generations in a state of mental darkness. Blinded by the flame of prejudice and superstition the toilers have been the willing slaves to the entrenched forces of reaction. Taught to be content, obedient and patriotic, the workers submitted helplessly to the tyrannical exploitation by their masters.

The class-conscious workers, who unitedly strive for economic betterment, are often suppressed by the huge military machines. The capitalists desire for more commerce, more wealth and power must not be hampered while the worship of almighty profits is their greedy ambition. Irrespective of social and industrial conditions affecting the young man or woman, military suppression to movements for human betterment is the resort of the profit mongers.

The organized methods of converting young people to become soldiers are many. Of course, those who ask them to join the army, navy or boy scouts conceal the true purpose of their actions. Our military experts surely understand psychology and get the small kiddies to think in terms of military "refinement." They know that "as the twig is bent, so the tree inclineth," and apply this axiom to their military policies.

Nature has given women the task of

building the body of the child and moulding its mind during its early years. At this period the child's mind is facile and susceptible to influence. The future character of its parents, childhood is decided by their playthings, such as toy cannons, revolvers, tin soldiers, etc. This power of their early impressions tends to cultivate an early militaristic spirit. (As the child grows into boyhood it is again confronted with other military influences. The game of "Cowboy and Indian," including others, prompts the frequent use of arrows, rifles, etc. In the school songs of hate are sung and a sordid patriotism preached. The military boy scout movement is making great headway and now claims thousands of young followers.)

Then the young men are captured. Lacking the knowledge of present-day social problems many easily fall a prey to delusive attractions. They are enticed by glowing advertisements and public military exhibitions. Many join the army or navy due to a lack of true information regarding its environment. Afterwards they are taught their only business, the art of murder. They have no alternative but to shoot and kill at the command of their superiors.

The position of the earth's industrial tyrants will remain secure with such oppressive measures as Militarism in their hands. Do the youthful soldiers know that they are a part of a soulless, heart-breaking machine used to crush Labor's aspirations? Do these young people realize their position in modern society? I guess not. They must protect the worldly goods of their rulers at all costs. When human versus property rights are in question, then the iron heel of despotism stamps physical disapproval of Labor's protesting efforts.

Let it be said that the youth who glories in the honor of being a human butcher, does so in his ignorance. He is, indeed, a helpless victim of his environment. If he acted for his own interests and those of humanity he would refuse to slay his fellowman. By interesting himself in topics of human welfare he could strive co-operatively to abolish the causes that contribute to the mental enslavement of his kind.

Oh! the curse of the death trap called Militarism. In blood and bitter tears and unhappiness have our

loving brothers and sisters paid it tribute. Yes, the war lords of Mammon have reaped in the human harvest and now seek to tax the generations yet unborn. Shall this fiendish outrage continue? Shall youth be sacrificed on the altar of greed? Ah! these are burning questions. We must answer them soon or await with fear future consequences.

The problem which youth faces is as vital as ever appealed to society. Youth must bear the burdens of the campaign to change the present economic and social conditions. Because of their abundant energies, fresh powers and new ideas, they must lead in the onward march toward freedom.

The growing menace of Militarism must not be conferred upon the young. To counteract the anti-social influences of Militarism, the young people should organize into one big union expressive of their ideals and aspirations. That movement is the Young People's Socialist League of international scope.

It is an organized protest against the ghastly influence of Militarism and its abhorrent evils. The young should enlist into the Y. P. S. L. and learn the lessons of peace and democracy.

Then shall we know that Militarism is legalized murder, and it becomes our purpose to live in unity and serve one another as true comrades.

Out of the present darkness of human affairs a light of hope flickers. It steadily becomes larger. 'Tis the torch of enlightenment, with its radiance of education, justice and truth. We earnestly watch the movement of the Young People's Socialist League. There the class-conscious young are spreading the message of love and hope. Behold their glorious mission!

And as "Yipfels" work rapturously they inspire and put new life into the movement of the Social Democracy. With gladness it makes one look forward and embraces the dream of the poet:

"For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw a vision of the world, and all the wonders that would be;

Till the war-drums throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled
In the parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

Freedom degenerates unless it has its struggle in its own defense.—Lord Acton.

Cremation has saved many a man a drunkard's grave.—John Nicholas Beffel.

The Dream of Podolkin By Z. LIBIN (Translated from the Jewish by J. Weiss)

Podolkin, a kneepants operator, went home from work about 11 o'clock at night.

Podolkin is one of the "hands" of the well-known sweatshop of Isaac Skinner.

To-day the workman worked overtime, and feels rather exhausted. He feels the pain in every limb, but he suffers particularly with a headache, and his feet pain mercilessly.

So the workman plods along slowly, as though he were promenading, sighing from exhaustion, and breathing heavily from the day's strain.

At length Podolkin enters the hallway of "his" residence. The hallway is dark. It would be a delight to strike a match, but Podolkin does not do so. It is the fourth day already that he has retarded the payment of rent, and his dignity has greatly declined, therefore he fears the making of any noise whatever, and he does not light a match, but crawls up the stairs in darkness as quietly as a cat.

Near his very door a loud cough forced itself from out of Podolkin's chest as though to announce his coming.

Sophie, Podolkin's wife, was lying in her bed and dreaming, but the signal of her husband's arrival caused her awakening. She got up and enlarged the lamp flame, and when her supporter entered the house, Sophie greeted him cheerfully with a kindly smile.

"How's the child?" Podolkin asked. "Asleep," answered Sophie, and the woman's face was illumined with a broad content smile.

Whenever Podolkin sees his wife in such a good mood he knows that she undoubtedly has a story to relate concerning the brilliance of the child, and he awaits the news with a wide-opened mouth.

"Oh, she is so smart," commenced Sophie, pausing to permit her husband to inquire further.

"What?" queries the impatient operator, and smiling in advance, though he does not yet know of what bit of his child's shrewdness his wife is going to relate.

"She eats like an adult," added Sophie with enthusiasm.

"Yes?" Podolkin questions further. "No evil eye shall befal her," continues Sophie. "She ate up a large slice of bread and never even complained."

"May she be in good health to us,"

interposed Podolkin, and a peaceful smile overtook him.

"Now, see how she sleeps—like an adult—lies all stretched out. Just come over. Take a look at our bride," and Sophie extended an invitation to her husband to step into the bedroom.

Podolkin observes the sleeping child and the pale face of Skinner's "hand" sparkles with love and happiness.

"Will you have something to eat?" queried Sophie.

"No, Sophie, I am going straight to bed. I am too tired to eat."

"Worked hard?" inquires Sophie with an expression of sorrow. "Talk about hard!" answered Podolkin with a sigh.

"But there is a very good supper," says Sophie, attempting to induce him to eat.

"What is it?"

"Noodle soup."

Podolkin is very fond of noodle soup, and though he feels tired and exhausted the supper is too tempting, so he seats himself at the table.

Sophie dished out the supper, and Podolkin started eating, but fell asleep in the midst of the process.

"Do you want to sleep, Podolkin?" asked Sophie, waking her husband.

"Oh, I am just dyin' for some sleep."

"Well, go to bed, child," and Podolkin retired.

It was when he lay in his bed that Podolkin only realized his great pains.

The poor operator felt the tremendous weight of the machine—Mr. Skinner, his boss—the knee pants—oh, how terrible he felt.

His aching head lay on the pillow like a heavy rock. And his feet? The poor devil had no place to comfort them. If some one would only come and cut them off from the rest of his body he would apparently be delighted.

"Oh, how badly I feel; how sick I am," cried the operator.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Sophie.

"I feel the very death."

"What ails you?"

"The head, the feet—oh, I'm going to—" and the worker fell asleep.

He sees himself in a dream, sitting at the machine and making kneepants, and his head aches terribly, and like

wise his feet are suffering pain. Mr. Skinner, his boss, approaches him and calls him:

"Podolkin!"
"Hey?" asks Podolkin.
"Do you know, says Skinner, 'the season will soon be over? It is getting slow.'"

Podolkin was dumbfounded at the dreadful news. He does not know what to answer, and sadly nods his head.

"But, don't fear, I'll see to it that you shall have work."
"Yes?" inquires Podolkin, hardly believing what he has just heard.

"Work, a-plenty. You'll work overtime every day!" speaks Skinner mildly and good naturedly. And Podolkin feels that delightful ease overtaking his soul. He wants to utter something, but he does not just know what. But, soon he retains his voice and says:

"Mr. Skinner, I hope that you will be satisfied with me?"

But Skinner's face grows dark as though it were covered with heavy clouds, and the boss remarks in an entirely strange voice.

"Do you know, Podolkin, I want to get paid for that?"

"Paid?" asks Podolkin, looking in amazement at his master.

"Yes, paid. A good, steady position such as this, is not obtained without payment."

"But where shall I get the money to pay?" retorted Podolkin. "You are well aware, Mr. Skinner, that I barely earn my mesager living here."

"I do not ask for any of your money," replied Skinner.

The worker feels much relieved, and anxiously asks:

"If you don't want any money, what then do you want?"

"What do you possess?" asks Skinner.

Podolkin does not comprehend his master's question, and, looking at him naively, asks:

"Hey?"

"What do you possess?" repeats Skinner. "What have you that you can call your own?"

"Nothing," Mr. Skinner, confesses Podolkin, "I am a very poor man."

"But you own your own body!" says Skinner, and a contemptible smile spread on his countenance.

"Truly, no more than my own body," answered Podolkin, reckoning that his master was merely joking.

"Then I want part of your body," says Skinner.

"What do you mean? I don't quite understand," says Podolkin.

"A limb, a fraction of your body,"

exclaims Skinner, with a glitter in his eyes.

Podolkin, astonished at the barbaric demands of his boss, lost his senses for a moment, but soon found sufficient courage, and retorted:

"Now, on the level, Mr. Skinner."

"On what level?"

"It is unjust."

"Unjust, what?"

"It is atrocious."

"What is atrocious?"

"To demand one of my limbs," replies Podolkin.

Skinner burst out in a villainous laughter, but Podolkin, growing more courageous, continued:

"It is simply outrageous. My body is my sole possession, and you are wicked enough to demand the separation of my limbs. No! I will not permit it."

"Very well, then," responded Skinner, "America is a free country. You can do as you choose. You can retain your body, but you must leave my factory."

"So, I will leave!" retorted Podolkin, with evident satisfaction. But, after a moment's reflection he recollected in his memory the fact that there are a wife a child at home. He recalled to his memory that on Tuesday next he must pay rent—on Saturday the grocer's bill. He recalled that his countryman, Zifkin, also an operator on kneepants, is already idling for two months, and looks very much grieved.

These thoughts and recollections thrilled the poor laborer. The very blood chilled in his veins.

"Well," asks Skinner, are you going to leave my place?"

"Mr. Skinner."

"What is it?"

"Do you still want one of my limbs?"

"Most assuredly I do."

"What for?"

"That is my business."

"What part of my body do you want?"

"I want to have your feet," replied Skinner triumphantly.

Podolkin was dismayed and terrified.

"My feet," he stammered, "my feet?"

"But I will not be able to work without my feet."

"Well, then, give me your head," said Skinner.

A cold shower of perspiration enveloped Podolkin.

"My head?" he impatiently asked, staring his eyes upon his master.

"Your head, your entire head, up to your very neck," commanded Skinner, with a devilish smile.

"What are you talking about, Mr. Skinner?"

"I know what I am talking about."

"Take some different limb, for pity's sake."

"There's no pity about it. I want your head; the entire head, with a part of the neck."

"Oh, I can't, I can't remain without a head," insisted Podolkin, with tears choking his throat.

"Well, then, give me your feet!" broke in Skinner.

"What are you talking about, Mr. Skinner; of what use is an operator without his feet?"

"Well, then, let it be your head."

Podolkin contemplates a while, and Skinner speaks in a milder tone.

"You blooming jackass. What the devil do you want your head for?"

"To be without a head—why, I would not be able to even think of anything," replied Podolkin.

"What do you want to think for? Surely, you can make kneepants without your brains?"

"But I will not even be able to eat."

"You should worry. That will enable you to reduce the high cost of living and save a little more money."

"Nor will I be able to hear."

"What do you want to hear? You can be deaf and still make kneepants. It does not matter."

"But I will not be able to see."

"That's not a great loss. Believe me, Plodkin, you are so well trained into your work that you will be able to make kneepants without your sense of sight."

"So, I shall forfeit my head?" asks Podolkin, and he feels the great difficulty he will be obliged to encounter in parting with his head.

"Certainly, you chump. It is for your own benefit. You will rid yourself of the heavy burden on your shoulders."

Thus, Skinner tries to persuade his employee.

"It's a loss," grumbled Podolkin.

"Why do you fuss so much over the loss?"

"I only got a hair cut last week—had I known it—"

"I'll cover the loss of 15 cents," answered Skinner, good naturedly, petting the workman on his shoulder.

"Will I be certain of work?" inquired Podolkin.

"Steady work, till your very grave. You'll work Sundays, Saturdays, and overtime every single night," spoke Skinner, in a kind and assuring manner.

"Take it! Cut!" consented Podolkin.

Skinner called his foreman, who

was also a cutter. The cutter held a long, sharp knife in his hand.

When Podolkin observed the instrument a chill ran through his body.

Skinner whispered something into the cutter's ear. The latter smiled, and, swinging his knife like a baton, approached the operator.

The poor fellow was scared to death and was unable to utter a syllable out of fear and anguish.

"How far shall I cut?" asked the foreman with his knife raised and ready for action.

"Cut down to the very shoulder."

"No, only up to its neck," are the words that Podolkin desires to say. But he cannot speak. A terrific fear compressed his heart and rendered him unable to speak.

The foreman grabbed Podolkin's head.

"Wait!" shrieked Podolkin.

"What's the matter?" yelled Skinner.

"Wait just one minute," pleads Podolkin.

"Did you change your mind?" asks Skinner. "But, you can't. It's settled. You have made a contract."

The cutter pressed Podolkin's head with greater fury.

"No, I didn't change my mind," apologizes Podolkin, "I only want to run over home for one minute."

"What will you do home?" asks Skinner, and in the meantime winks his cutter, who touches the knife close to Podolkin's shoulder.

"Wait—stop! I only want to cast one glance at my child. I will never be able to see her again—"

And from beneath Podolkin's breast issued forth a deep convulsive sobbing.

"Podolkin! what are you crying about?" heard the laborer the question of his wife and he awoke. But he was still under the influence of his dreadful dream, and commenced to feel his body with his hands.

"What are you searching after?" asked Sophie.

"My limbs," answered Podolkin, half asleep.

Poor Sophie felt a chill run through her veins upon hearing the brief reply of her husband.

"What limbs?" asked Sophie, looking in amazement at him.

"My head—my feet."

"Podolkin, you are asleep," cried Sophie in fear, and again waking her husband.

"Uninjured, sound, it's all there."

"Podolkin!" yelled Sophie, with an unusual shriek.

Podolkin awoke from his slumber, realized that it was only a dream, sighed deeply, and related his trying and unusual dream to Sophie.

LET US PREPARE

By Ellis O. Jones

(As sung by the National Hysteria League)

What if the king of the Esquimaux,
Aweary of arctic winds and snow,
Conceived it to be an excellent sport
To use our land as a winter resort,
And so, collecting a host of troops,
Cheered on by appropriate martial
whoops,
Succeeded by tactical means adroit
In taking the boulevards of Detroit.

Against such an irreconcilable fate,
We should carefully reckon before
it's too late.
The thought is sufficient to raise our
hair

Beware! Beware!
Prepare! Prepare!

What if the folks of a hostile planet,
Should build a baloon and amply
man it,

And sail away on a suitable day
To engage our nation in mortal fray,
And while we are happily doing our
work,

With never a thought of stiletto or
dirk,
This enemy fierce should approach in
the dark

And drop a torpedo in Central Park,

Against such a plausibly horrible fate,
We should make preparations before
it's too late.

We have not any Central Parks to spare.

Beware! Beware!
Prepare! Prepare!

What if some Friday or Saturday
night,
The Amerer of Borneo wanted to fight,
And so, in the course of a quick cam-
paign,

He landed an army on our domain;
Then working his way through clear-
ing and wood

To find some place where the killing
was good,
Proceeded with sabre and snickersnee
To prune all the people of Kanakae.

The thought is too frightful to con-
template.
So it certainly ought to be needless
to state

That our duty is plain and we've no time to spare.

Beware! Beware!
Prepare! Prepare!

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

GERMANY

The radical wing of the German Party, with 18 Reichstag representatives have broken away from the established Social Democratic Party of Germany, so that the long-expected split in the German movement has now become a fact.

ITALY

During the Christmas holidays large numbers of Italian soldiers received leave to spend the holidays with their families. In spite of the fact that the soldiers were forbidden, under the most stringent penalties, to impart any information of conditions at the front, enough talk of brutalities and insurrection percolated nevertheless to set the whole country into a fever of excitement. Everywhere there were clashes between police and soldiers who refused to return to the front.

From the trains that carried the soldiers to the front came the cry from a thousand voices "Down with war." In Laeie 2,000 returning soldiers overturned whole trains to make their return to the front impossible. Then they went singing through the town destroying everything that came into their path.

RUSSIA

Russia has been the scene of numbers of political strikes in which hundreds of thousands of workers participated, manifesting the protest of the Russian working-class against the governmental policy, and proclaiming an unceasing struggle against Czarism.

SPAIN

On March 25th, 1906, a central national organization of young people's clubs, comprising 20 sections and 1,109 members, was founded in Bilbao. In 1910 this was moved to Madrid, where the activity of the comrades materially increased its activity. At the present time it has 108 sections and 3,779 members. In 1913 the organ of the young people, "Renovacion," was founded. As first it had a monthly circulation of about 4,000. Then it was published fortnightly and increased to over 9,000 copies. The war has thrown its circulation back to 5,750 copies.

The young people have done splendid work, not only for their own organization, but also in assisting the Party in its propaganda work.

OUR OWN AFFAIRS

YOUNG SOCIALISTS, UNITE!

An appeal is sent out to all young Socialists to take a stand against the coming despotism, that is called in refined language "Preparedness." The ruling class has already taken its stand. Now, let the working class show itself. For years this great scheme has been planned by a class of oppressors for their personal and selfish interests. They have spent thousands upon thousands of dollars to blind the youth. They have financed the newspapers so as to have them favor this disastrous movement to the working class. The propertied class has no interest but to see that they derive the profits out of the workingman. They have from time to time shouted that the United States is unprepared. That is a lie! The United States is far more prepared than it ever was. Its navy, according to Congressman Kitchen (who is quoted by Oswald Garrison Villard), who has given his work to the public as a member of the House Naval Committee of years standing that our navy is twice as effective as the Japanese and considerably more effective than the Germans.

Our country needs no increase in armaments. That which it has is too much. If the capitalist interest know that they have the backing of the army and navy of this country we young Socialists would be called upon to kill the workmen of another country.

The workingman who hungers while he works and starves when he is unemployed has no country. The United States is not his country. The citizens of the United States are not his only friends, but the citizens of the whole world should be his friends.

The flag that now flies over the National White House, flew over Calumet, Lawrence, Bayonne, West Virginia, Butte, Mont., and other towns where workers were shot down for the sake of profit.

Will the workers stand for it? How long can they endure it? How long will they be oppressed by the parasite class, whose only aims are to have others produce their profits? Workers, unite! Young Socialists, unite! Organize the youth and give them some intellectual preparedness. Educate the youth, for in education and organization there is strength.

NEW YORK

GENERAL NOTICE OF Y. P. S. L.

Dear Comrades:

Several matters will be outlined in this notice, which may be of interest to you.

First of all the 1916 Convention will be held at Syracuse on July 2nd and 3rd. This was decided upon after much deliberation. In the near future you will be informed as to the number of delegates that you will be entitled to. Meanwhile see to it that your membership is in good standing, for upon that depends your representation.

We have succeeded in forming a league at Niagara Falls, which has already joined our Federation, and will prove to be one of our leading leagues. It may be well to send them a line of encouragement. A card from each league would tend to put a spirit of comradeship into their organization. Instruct your organizer to do this. Address Mrs. L. Brighton, 1886 Niagara Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

In a few days you will receive another State comparative report, which will show the standing of the leagues up to date.

We are about to enter the last leg of the Statewide contest arranged by the Board of Control, to stimulate general activity in the leagues. The first two parts have not been entered with the greatest amount of enthusiasm possible. Let us all pull together for the final spurt. We want to get as many league members as possible to join the party. That is our ultimate aim. Let us show the movement that we are doing constructive work. Let us all co-operate on this line. The contest will start April 25th and end May 25th. By May 5th register with the State Office your number of members in good standing and the number of your members who are also Party members. Then do the same at the end of the contest. Have the latter figures in by June 5th. We will then compare the figures, and the league showing the largest percentage of gain will be awarded a beautiful present.

We suggest that you conduct a special "Party Night" on some evening during the week of May 8th and 15th, or on some other date, if this is not suitable. Ask your local to send a representative to this meeting, who

shall explain what the Party stands for and why each league member should join the Party. Have a supply of application blanks on hand, and the State Office will send some special literature on the subject.

Comrades, Let's close the contest with a bang. Arrange the special meeting. Register according to the rules prescribed above. Distribute the literature which we will send. Work on this. Let us show what we can do. Let us pull together and we are sure to succeed.

Awaiting your registration, we remain,

Comradely,

The State Board of Control,
Isidor Tishler, Sec.

COMRADES, LET'S BE FAIR!

By Isidor Tishler

A queer title, isn't it? Yet, if you will consider for a moment you will find that it is full of meaning. This is being written in the fullest spirit of frankness and not for the sake of mere gossip. I sincerely hope that this may help to interest league members in the league and the leaguers relative to the State Federation, thereby strengthening and bettering our organization.

Some league members and league officers think that by having elected a state secretary and a state board of control everything was done; that there is no more work to do; that all activities should be a matter of fact, and nothing to worry about. Comrade, that is wrong. We cannot have any kind of movement without co-operation. I need not point out to you the value of co-operation. You understand it well enough. That is why you are Socialists. But, don't forget that it takes two to make a bargain.

When, at the last convention at Rochester, we were elected as the Board of Control for the ensuing year, we knew what was before us. We anticipated work and we were ready for it. Since then we did as much work as was possible to do in our spare time, considering the fact that during the day we all have an economic boss to work for. What seems to grieve me is the fact that much energy, valuable energy, that could have been utilized in useful

channels, has been lost, gone to waste; that with the same amount of energy dispensed with, by the members of the Board of Control and myself, much more work could have been done. More results could have been obtained if proper co-operation were rendered by some leagues, some members and some officers of leagues. I am not going to point out any single league or individual. This applies to almost all.

What would you say if, for instance, you ordered dues stamps and you had to write about three or four times before receiving these. I am sure that you would not hesitate about expressing your opinion as to the rotten state secretary you had, etc. You wouldn't like it a bit. Still, that is just what I met with. Instead of working enthusiastically, things are done half heartedly. We worked hard, spent time on planning and launching our State membership contest. Only six leagues entered the first month's contest and about two and one-half leagues entered the second part. Now, you know that is not a bit encouraging. It should not be so.

Pull yourselves together. Help all you can. Be interested in your league and in State affairs. Find out if your officers are co-operating with the State Office. Remember that our cause is great. That it is worthy of your utmost attention, that by working yourself, you encourage others to work. Unfortunately we cannot devote as much time as we would like to in this work. It is your duty to see that not a particle of this is lost, that every minute be used to advantage at this end and are willing to do and are doing our share. Are you doing yours? Let's be fair to each other. Let's help each other. It is for a most worthy cause. It is for humanity itself.

As I said at the beginning, I want to be frank, and hope that this will be read by all, especially those that need it, and that it be taken in the spirit that it is given—in a frank, friendly and comradely spirit with the thought of the Movement at heart.

Pennants

The new Y. P. S. L. pennants are finding wide favor among the Yip-sels everywhere, and they are being put to a wide variety of uses. The large one sell at 25c. each, \$2.75 per doz.; 10c. each, 70c. per doz.

"Preparedness," a new one-act dramatic sketch on the question of the hour, is now on sale by the National Office. Price, 25c. per copy; \$ for \$1.00.

THE BRONX Y. P. S. L.

A Few Facts for Discerning People Regarding a Worthy League

By J. W. SANFORD

A neat little vestpocket card folder, on which appeared the title, "What Every Boy and Girl Should Know," was handed to me by a young comrade recently, and to be frank about it, the attractive make-up of the folder and its suggestive title aroused in me the curiosity to read its full text. On the inside of the cover was printed an application for prospective members. The opposite page contained the following brief prospectus:

"The Young People's Socialist League of the Bronx is the only organization in this city for young people between the ages of 15 and 25, whose object it is to promote the intellectual and social relationship of its membership with the object of fostering a true understanding of the working-class movement. It is non-sectarian, and recognizes no distinction of racial characteristics. You cannot afford to miss our companionship. Dues are 15 cents per month, and 10 cents for initiation."

This rather sensational method of advertising of the league had its desired effect of creating an interest, and I decided to attend some of its meetings, and to interview the organizer.

Did the Bronx Y. P. S. L. carry out the program outlined in the little folder? Well, judging from the past few meetings I had occasion to attend, they seem to follow pretty closely along the lines of "promoting an intellectual and social relationship," of which the latter is made use of as a means to an end, and the former of course being the prime purpose of its existence.

One needs no introduction, nor formality of any sort to come in contact with this lively crowd, and its organizer, a youthful little girl, possessed with a democratic air and a sweet smile that would make you feel as though you knew her for a long time. The boys of the club nicknamed her "Raisins," for, as one of their members expressed it, "she's as sweet as a child." Though only in her teens, Ella Rapport has achieved distinction and a reputation among Bronx Socialists as an active worker, ever on the job assisting Socialist organizations, young and old.

"I have heard many young students say that they can find no time to be active in the League." I ventured forth with this declaration to the girl,

who has found sufficient time to act as organizer for two terms, and be active on the entertainment committee, and besides be the winner of the State Scholarship upon graduating high school. "Oh, of course, students are kept pretty busy, but I have always found inspiration for my studies from my league work. Once I was recognized as a Socialist at school, I felt that I must be a good scholar, as well as a good Socialist," she added, blushing, with an air of modesty typical of the small New England town in which she acquired her early education.

Then she narrated to me the entire story of the league's struggles and efforts since its inception five years ago, when it was only a handful of boys and but two lone girls. The brief history of this club is similar to the history of most Socialist organizations. Struggle, discouragement, and efforts almost in vain marked a period of three years for the club. Then came along new spirit, and activity which increased the membership to such proportions that it became necessary to remove to three different quarters within one year, and now the Bronx organization expanded into three circles, each of which is occupying the largest hall in their respective territory.

Among the big accomplishments of this league are the annual athletic meet at the Pelham Bay Park, which gains the patronage of all Yip-sels within a distance of fifty miles from New York, the annual May Day celebration, with a torchlight procession, the annual ball, which fills the largest two halls in town. In March an attempt was made in successfully arranging a public debate on "Preparedness" between Henry A. Wise Wood and James H. Maurer, which proved the value of the league as a propaganda body.

The progress of the Y. P. S. L. of the Bronx can well stand as a criterion for the progress of the young movement in America. It has been slow at times, but steady. And while other leagues have had mushroom growth, and turned miracles overnight, then passed into oblivion, the Bronx organization's solidarity stands as a monument to the faithful endeavors of its members. In the present capitalistic "Katzenjammer" for Preparedness, they have brought forth the best talent in the country to offset it. The league's influence has spread to the City College, and the Morris High School, and its members, in those institutions have been leaders in the fight against a military system in the schools. Alone in the fight for

enlightenment in the midst of an environment of a Y. M. C. A., a Church House, and a Y. M. H. A. it has been warning the danger signal as a beacon light upon the dark, rough waters. Is there a parallel in this great country to this active young people's league?

Y. P. S. L.'S NOTICE

Every League in Greater New York and New Jersey should elect three official delegates to represent them at the Magazine Committee meeting to be held on Saturday afternoon, June 3, at the Rand School, to discuss and decide authoritatively the future management of the Y. S. M., and to elect various committees and officers to supervise same.

In the meantime leagues should discuss the good and welfare of the magazine and instruct their delegates as to their views. See to it that the most capable delegates are elected and that they can attend this meeting.

The publishers of the magazine are desirous that the Y. P. S. L. take over its management and build it up more efficiently to serve the young Socialist movement. Here is a good opportunity for the Y. P. S. L. to do effective work. Send in the credentials of the delegates elected to undersigned.

E. Deutsch,

Chairman Y. P. S. L. Committee,
412 W. 148th St., N. Y. C.

BROOKLYN Y. P. S. L.

The Young People's Socialist League of Brooklyn is on the map again. They are out again to fight the many evils that exist in the present system of society. Not alone do they challenge the advocates of capitalism, but they are organizing the youth of Brooklyn into a strong organization. Seven circles make up the local. Circles 1 and 4 have lately been re-organized; Circles 2, 3, 6, 7 and 9 are organized for some time, and have fine business and literary progress. Among the directors of the league we have such comrades as Abe Plotkin, Harry D. Smith, Bertha Fraser, and Meyer D. Graubard. The organizers are working hard to bring success to Brooklyn, and as things look we will be successful.

Jos. Tuvin, Organizer.

CIRCLE No. 2, BROOKLYN

The amazing success of the present organization of the Young Socialists of Brownsville (Circle 2, Brooklyn) has drawn in the sea of forgetfulness the trials and tribulations of its predecessors.

Organized six months ago by a hand-

ful of Brownsville's young Socialists, it has spread rapidly, until it has attained, at present, a membership of fifty girls and boys.

Two administrations have come and gone, and the third, which was elected last month, is improving on the work of the other two.

The new organizer, Louis Troupp, who is serving his second term, is one of the most active members of the organization. In addition to his work as organizer he is a member of the program and arrangements committee, and is a former member of the membership committee.

Miss Sadie Mirin, the recording secretary, is a member of the library and arrangements committees, and is one of the best members in the club.

The corresponding secretary, Louis Levick, is serving his third term, each time unanimously elected. He is very active in the work of the organization, and is a member of the arrangements and library committees.

Joseph Lapidus, treasurer, is a wonderful orator, and is the delegate of the organization to the Socialist Party of Brownsville. He is also a member of the library committee.

The Young Socialists of Brownsville are represented at the Central Committee of the Kings County Y. P. S. L. by three most active members: Samuel Stark, Benjamin Noskin, and Joseph Schapiro.

The Young Socialists of Brownsville have established a library and clipping system. The library contains books on Socialism and other topics of interest to Young Socialists. The clipping system contains more than 1,500 classified articles on all topics relating to Socialism and Labor from the New York Call and other Socialist papers. The work of the library is carried on by this committee. Ida Brodsky, Sadie Mirin, Samuel Stark, Louis Levick, Lillie Levinson. Credit must also be given to Sydney Marks, a recent member of the committee.

The circle intends to arrange an affair for the near future, for the purpose of getting more members to join. To take charge of this work it has elected a committee consisting of Ida Brodsky, Sadie Mirin, Louis Troupp, Louis Levick, Herman B. J. Weckstein.

The clubs delegates to the Socialist Party are: Joseph Lapidus and Alexander Gottlieb. The Program Committee consists of: Benjamin Nockin and Louis Troupp. The Membership Committee is composed of: Benjamin Potter, Abraham Feingold and Milton Rothenberg.

The director of the Young Socialists of Brownsville is Harry D. Smith, a devoted Socialist, former candidate for Congress, renowned orator and well-known debater.

Y. P. S. L. YONKERS, N. Y.

The Yonkers Y. P. S. L. helped to fire one of the first guns in Allan L. Benson's presidential campaign by acting attendants at the lecture given by Allan L. Benson and by Cornelius Lehane, the great Irish labor leader of Cork, Ireland, in the high school auditorium on Saturday evening, April 15, 1916.

There is a strong movement on foot to introduce militarism in the Yonkers High School by the revival of the disbanded cadet corps, and it is expected that the meeting will put a vigorous check on the attempt. It is fortunate that the Yonkers Y. P. S. L. has a large number of members in the Yonkers High School to oppose the movements of the militarists.

The League held a preparatory meeting, at which officers were elected and preparation made for a strong summer fight against capitalism. The League is now in a position to challenge the Bronx League in proportion of membership. The Yonkers League has a representative membership of two in 10,000, while the Bronx Y. P. S. L. has a representative membership of one in every 10,000 of the population of the Bronx.

Maurice Degenstein,
Rec. and Cor. Sec.



MEYER LONDON
The First Socialist Congressman from
New York

Y. P. S. L. YOUTH—BROOKLYN

Although Circle No. 9 of Bay Ridge is a newly organized body, we can report progress along the whole front. Our membership in good standing is at present 38, and we are still growing. We have a large field to cover, but if we keep on organizing as we did in the past, our circle will be at the end of the first year a good one, in quantity as well as in quality.

The main object of our agitation work for the next two months will be of an instructive character to such a degree that every one of our members understands why he belongs to the Yipsels and knows that it has to fulfill duties. Everyone of us shall be in a position to explain the position of the Y. P. S. L. movement and so become himself an agitator and organizer for our cause.

Our meetings are generally in a 100 per cent. and better attended. It shows a good spirit. We hope this spirit will prevail and give little 9 a solid foundation on which it can base its fight for Socialism.

Alexander Jaunwiksna, Organizer.

NEW JERSEY NOTES

The New Jersey Yipsels are looking forward to their third annual convention, which will be held at Progress Hall, 635 Elizabeth Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J., on Sunday, May 14, 1916. Indications are that this gathering will surpass those held in previous years, both in attendance and general interest. The circles in the State organization will elect about fifty delegates to the convention, and many visitors are expected to attend. All New York and New Jersey Yipsels are urged to set this date aside, since at this convention they will be able to get a fine idea of the work the New Jersey League is doing. Elizabeth may be reached by the Pennsylvania or Central Railroad of New Jersey, the fare not being excessive.

The comrades of Circle Elizabeth are quite proud of the fact that the convention is to be held in their home town. Over a month ago the various committees were elected to care for the details in connection with the convention. Nothing will be left undone to welcome delegates and visitors in a fitting manner.

The day's program, subject to change, is as follows: The convention will be called to order at 10 A. M. sharp. It will be opened with a suitable musical selection to be rendered by the Elizabeth League orchestra. A number of the prominent members of the Socialist

Party, who are interested in the Young People's movement, have been invited to give short addresses. After the election of all committees the morning session will adjourn at 12 o'clock.

During the noon interval group pictures of the delegates will be taken. One of the best photographers in Elizabeth has been engaged to perform this arduous task. It has been promised that if conditions are favorable the pictures will be ready for distribution the same day. Each circle is requested to take one of the large photographs along.

Between 1 and 2 P. M. an appetizing lunch will be served. Don't forget that it will be home-made, too. The afternoon business session will start at 2 o'clock, and its duration will depend upon the amount of business to be transacted. At the afternoon session the reports of committees will be heard and acted upon. The officers for the coming year are also elected at this session.

The New Jersey League boasts of having fifteen live organizations, three of them, Circle Perth Amboy, Progress Club of Union Hill, and the Karl Havlicek Circle of West Hoboken, having been admitted in 1916. Most of them are doing good work, especially Perth Amboy, which deserves special mention. In the three months of its existence the Yipsels in Perth Amboy have accomplished more than many of the circles have done in the entire period of their existence. If the present pace is kept up, and from all indications it will be, the slogan, "One thousand members in 1916," will become a reality before the year is over.

The circles are now busy selling the special assessment stamps to cover the expenses of the 1916 convention.

Erna A. Semmer, State Secretary.

MINUTES OF INTER-CIRCLE COMMITTEE MEETING

Meeting held at Newark Labor Lyceum. Called to order 4:35 P. M. Comrade Neuman in chair. Minutes of previous meeting accepted. Those present were Comrades Neuman, Knepper, Kalinski, Cohan, Bader and Shaw. Five other Inter-Circle Committee delegates were absent.

The secretary reported on the outcome of the state-wide essay contest and also stated that the majority of the leagues have failed to act on the I. C. C. proposition to hold a baseball conference and tennis tournament. The delegates reported favorably in reference to circle co-operation for the checker tournament.

Comrades Knepper and Shaw elected a committee of two to report May 7th on plans to conduct a state-wide checker-tournament.

Motion: That we recommend to convention that the State Organizer be one of the three state inter-circle delegates elected on this committee. Carried.

Motion: That we request the New Jersey Leagues to co-operate toward boosting the Young Socialists' Magazine (Special May Edition), carried.

Decided that the Inter-Circle Committee meet two weeks before the State Committee meetings at 124 Market St., at 2:30 P. M.

Motion: That the following be recommended to the State Convention:

That the Inter-Circle Committee be disbanded, that the Circles of New Jersey elect one of their regular state delegates to be known as a delegate on Inter-Circle affairs, who shall meet with the other I. C. C. delegates in conjunction with our State Committee.

Due to the lateness of the hour, this motion was referred to next meeting for discussion.

Next meeting to be held May 7, 1916. Adjourned 8:40 P. M.

Fraternally submitted,
Louis Cohan,
Secretary Inter-Circle Committee.

INTER-CIRCLE COMMITTEE OF NEW JERSEY

The Inter-Circle Committee of the New Jersey Y. P. S. L. is beginning to show symptoms of Yipsel progress. Although organized but a few months, its program of inter-circle activity is gradually being comprehended by the circles.

To provide for social and educational activity, which shall tend to unite the circles in a closer relationship, is by no means a small problem. This work is needed for organization uplift, and ought to be accomplished.

Many circles participated in the recent State-wide contest on "Youth and Militarism." This event proved fairly successful. Just now arrangements are being made for a State checker contest and baseball league. The success of these undertakings will necessarily depend upon the support given by every circle.

Through the inter-circle affairs the New Jersey Yipsels are brought closer together. At a Y. P. S. L. event one can see league members of different circles chatting, joking and discussing problems of Y. P. S. L. welfare. All this tends to foster the much-needed spirit of comradeship.

The I. C. C. urges all the circles to co-operate for success. Let no circle shirk this responsibility. Send your delegate to our important meeting, to

be held May 7th, 3 P. M., at 124 Market St., at the Newark Socialist Party headquarters.

Address all J. C. C. communications to the secretary.

Louis Cohan, 10 Twelfth Ave., Paterson, N. J.

HUDSON COUNTY

Tuesday, May 2nd, Bill Kruse, the "right man in the right place," will lecture on "The Fighting Chance," at 256 Central Ave., J. C., under the auspices of the Comrade Club, Y. P. S. L. The Yipsels of Hudson County are planning a big public meeting on "Military Training in the Public School" Tuesday, May 16, at County Headquarters. Plans are under way for organizing a County Study Club, which promises to be well attended. The New Jersey State Picnic will be a gala event, for Hudson County has arrangements in hand and is planning to make the picnic an Eastern Yipsel reunion.

Y. P. S. L. PATERSON, N. J.

Circle Paterson, N. J. (Y. P. S. L.) is arranging for its second grand annual picnic and games, to be held Saturday afternoon and evening, July 1st, at Willard Park. It's going to be a monster event, especially if outside circle co-operation can be secured. All near by New York and New Jersey circles are requested to reserve the date, July 1st, and not make any conflicting engagements.



A. I. SHIPLACOFF
The First Socialist Assemblyman
has from New York

TO OUR READERS

Well, comrades, what do you think of our May Day edition of the Young Socialists' Magazine? Do you not think it is the best issue ever gotten out? It is a thirty-two page issue containing articles by prominent Socialist writers, cartoons, one of which is contributed by our able and fearless comrade, Robert Minor, essays and poems by members of the Young People's Socialist League, and a lot of other interesting and instructive material which will prove of much enjoyment and enlightenment to our young readers.

For the success of this issue thanks are to be rendered to our loyal and faithful comrades who have been kind enough to volunteer their services either by written word, or by active co-operation in the circulation and arrangement of this issue. The Young Socialists' Magazine hopes to be able to gain their worthy co-operation in the future in making the magazine a live medium for the educational, social and physical development of the youth.

The Young People's Socialist Leagues, whose official organ this magazine is, should make it their endeavor to push the circulation of this issue amongst their friends and get them to subscribe regularly for it. Remember furthermore that this is your paper, and that without your active cooperation the magazine cannot get along very successfully. Whatever you desire your paper to be is your privilege, and suggestions for its further improvement will be gladly welcomed. Do not hesitate to send in your views about the magazine—good or otherwise

—to the editor. Fair and honest criticism will help a great deal to put the magazine on a firm basis.

An important matter for Young Socialists' Magazine readers to consider is this: If you want the magazine to contain material of particular interest to the youth—especially that which pertains to the activities of the Y. P. S. L., you are the ones who must do it. The main purpose of the magazine is to be a medium of expression for the youth; and therefore the co-operation of our readers is wanted along the following lines: Write essays of modern interest; short stories; poems; cartoons; news items of interest, about activities in the Y. P. S. L., and other young people's clubs; and, letters to the editor relating to any subject of importance, etc. See that whatever you sent in for publication is fairly written, and it shall receive proper consideration on the editor's part.

Comrades, do not forget these few recommendations. Begin working now for the next issue of the magazine and see whether we cannot continue the good work which we have realized in this number of the magazine. Boost the magazine in your League and see to it that every member gets a copy. Be ready at all times to lend your hand in building up your paper to be the best organ for young people in the country. Let's all work together toward this end.

Again, in closing I wish to extend the thanks of the Young Socialists to all who have cooperated in making this issue a success.

E. Deutsch,
Chairman of Special Magazine
Conference.

The Socialist Party Needs You

But it needs you trained in the best ways of doing things and educated in the knowledge of International Socialism.

Every state, every city is calling for ORGANIZERS, SPEAKERS, WRITERS and SECRETARIES. Sometimes these positions are compensated, sometimes not. Do you want to respond to the call?

The day of fighting capitalism with a few devoted soap-boxers is past. Now we must prepare ourselves to meet their methods with equally good methods. Capitalism has all the money it needs to train its agents. The Socialist Party has not.

But in a few months' work at the RAND SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE, you can equip yourself to respond to the call of the workers' militant movement. In our six months' FULL-TIME COURSE we give you courses in the theory of Socialism and all Social Problems and also practical courses in Organization Methods, in English and Public Speaking.

The Course begins immediately after election and ends the last of April. Begin to prepare now for next year. Send for full information to

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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).

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

The Abuse of Authority
Isabella in "Measure for Measure"
O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is
tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would
ne'er be quiet.
For every petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
nothing but thunder.
Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy harp and sul-
phurous bolt
Splitt'st the unweddeable and gnarled
oak
Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud
man,
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most
assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before
high heaven
As make the angels weep.
—William Shakespeare.

Telephone, Orchard 2233

THE PINE PRESS

GENERAL PRINTERS

175 East Broadway, New York

"NATURFREUNDE" CLUB

Tourist Club for the Working People
Meeting every third Tuesday
of the month, Labor Temple
Announcements of Excursions in the
Volkszeitung every FRIDAY N. Y. Call

Die im freiheitlichen Sinne ge-
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Vereinigten Freien Deutschen
Schulen

von New York und Umgegend

erteilen Unterricht im Anschauungs-
unterricht in Verbindung mit Vorträ-
gen sowie Gesang, und bei genügender
Beteiligung auch Turnen, Zeichen
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 4.
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 Wil-
oughby Ave., Samstag vorm. 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 Lin-
den Str., Samstag nachmittags.

Union Hill: Frömmchen's Halle, New
York Ave. und Union Str., Son-
ntag vormittags.

Die Vereinigung hat auch ein
hübsch ausgestattetes Liederbuch im
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83. Street, New York. (Advt.)

A man's nature either runs to
herbs or to weeds; therefore, let
him seasonably water the one and
destroy the other.—Francis Bacon.

DES KINDES RECHTE

Wir Kinder haben's Recht zum Spiel—

Das macht gesund;
Zu schwach sind wir zu schaffen viel

Ohn' jeden Grund.
Aber's Kapital braucht Gold,
Zwingt uns in seinen Sold.

Gebt Licht, das Wangen rot uns macht

Und frische Luft;
Freud' bei Tag und Ruh' bei Nacht

Und Blumenduft.
Aber's Kapital braucht Gold,
Zwingt uns in seinen Sold.

Wir haben's Recht auf gute Kost,
Gesund und rein,
Geschützt zu sein vor Hitz' und Frost

Und aller Pein.
Aber's Kapital braucht Gold,
Zwingt uns in seinen Sold.

Das Kind hat's Recht auf frohen Lauf

In Wald und Feld,
Bald hügelab, bald hügel auf,
Wie's ihm gefällt.

Aber's Kapital braucht Gold,
Zwingt uns in seinen Sold.
(Nach Prof. Shedd von J. Jülich.)



HOFFNUNG

Von Emanuel Geibel.

Und dräut der Winter noch so sehr

Mit trotzigem Gebärden,
Und streut er Eis und Schnee umher,
Es muss doch Frühling werden.

Und drängen die Nebel noch so dicht

Sich vor den Blick der Sonne,
Sie wecket doch mit ihrem Licht
Einmal die Welt zur Wonne.

Blast nur, ihr Stürme, blast mit Macht!

Mir soll darob nicht bangen;
Auf leisen Sohlen über Nacht
Kommt doch der Lenz gegangen.

Da wacht die Erde grünend auf,
Weiss nicht, wie ihr geschehen,

Und lacht in den sonnigen Himmel hinauf
Und möchte vor Lust vergehen.

Sie flicht sich blühende Kränze ins Haar

Und schmückt sich mit Rosen und Ähren

Und lässt die Brunnlein rieseln klar,

Als wären es Freudenzähnen.

Drum still! Und wie es frieren mag,

O Herz, gib dich zufrieden:
Es ist ein grosser Maientag
Der ganzen Welt beschieden.

Der erste Mai und die Jugend

Vor fünfundzwanzig Jahren war es, im Jahre 1889. In Paris feierte man die Erinnerung an die grosse französische Revolution, die gerade hundert Jahre zuvor, mit dem Bastillesturm, begonnen hatte. Diese Revolution von 1789 war eine bürgerliche Revolution gewesen; das heisst: es hatte sich bei ihr darum gehandelt, an Stelle der bis dahin bevorrechtigten Stände, Adel und Geistlichkeit, das Bürgertum zur herrschenden Klasse zu machen, den alten feudalen Kasten- und Ständestaat zu ersetzen durch den modernen bürgerlichen Klassenstaat. Und zur Jahrhundertfeier dieser grossen bürgerlichen Revolution kamen nun in Paris, nach langen Jahren zum ersten Male wieder, auch die Vertreter der Arbeiter aus allen Ländern zusammen, um in erster Beratung sich darüber auszusprechen, wie wohl am wirksamsten der Befreiungskampf ihrer Klasse zu fördern sei. Das war der Internationale Arbeiterkongress, der im Juli 1889 in Paris abgehalten wurde, der erste Kongress der "neuen Internationale."

Auf diesem Kongress beriet man nun nicht nur über die grossen Zukunftsziele und Zukunftsaufgaben der sozialistischen Arbeiterbewegung, sondern man beschäftigte sich nicht minder eifrig auch mit den nächstliegenden Zielen und Aufgaben, die die sozialistischen Arbeiterparteien überall in der Welt sich stellen müssten. Und da erschienen den Vertretern der Arbeitersache als wichtigste Forderung der Stunde ein gründlicher Ausbau des damals noch in seinen allerersten Anfängen stehenden gesetzlichen Arbeiterschutzes. Unter den einzelnen

Forderungen des Arbeiterschutzes aber war es die einer Verkürzung der Arbeitszeit, die oben an stand.

Vor einem Vierteljahrhundert waren noch tägliche Arbeitszeiten von zwölf und mehr Stunden an der Tagesordnung. Der Arbeiter, der so lange in der Fron der Werkstatt, der Fabrik, des Bergwerks gesteckt hatte, war nicht nur durch den völligen Mangel an frischer Luft und an Bewegung im Freien gesundheitlich aufs ärgste gefährdet, er war dann natürlich auch völlig stumpf und unfähig geworden, sich um die Angelegenheiten seiner Klasse und um öffentliche Dinge zu kümmern. Er war zu müde, um ein ernstes Buch zu studieren, oft sogar zu abgespannt zur aufmerksamen Lektüre seiner Zeitung; es fehlte ihm an Musse, sich dem Vereinsleben zu widmen und in Versammlungen zu gehen. So erschien denn die Verkürzung der Arbeitszeit geradezu als Vorbedingung jedes weiteren kulturellen Aufstieges der Arbeiterklasse, und so hatte es einen guten Sinn, wenn der Internationale Pariser Arbeiterkongress von 1889 die Forderung des gesetzlichen Achtstundentages in den Mittelpunkt der nächsten Ziele der Arbeiterbewegung aller Länder rückte.

Um dieser Forderung des Achtstundentages aber den gewünschten Nachdruck zu verleihen, sollten, so wurde in Paris beschlossen, die Arbeiter aller Länder an einem bestimmten Tage des Jahres sich zu grossen Kundgebungen vereinigen. An einem Tage sollte von Millionen von Arbeitern in allen Ländern den herrschenden Klassen im allgemeinen und den Regierungen

und Parlamenten im besonderen zugerufen werden, dass die Arbeiter nicht früher ruhen und rasten würden, bis sie sich ihr Menschenrecht wenigstens auf jenes Mindestmass an Musse und Kulturleben erkämpft hätten, das der Achtstundentag bedeute. Acht Stunden Arbeit, acht Stunden Erholung, acht Stunden Schlaf: das sollte das proletarische Feldgeschrei sein, das bei dieser grossen internationalen Kundgebung den herrschenden Klassen aller Länder in die Ohren gellen sollte. Als den Tag aber, an dem diese grosse internationale Kundgebung vor sich zu gehen habe, setzte der Pariser Kongress den ersten Mai, den alten Volksfeiertag, fest.

So entstand die Maifeier.

Es kann nicht die Aufgabe dieses kurzen Artikels sein, unseren jungen Lesern hier die nunmehr fünfundsiebzigjährige Geschichte der Maifeier auch nur in grossen Umrissen zu erzählen. Wir können hier nicht schildern, mit welcher Begeisterung die Arbeiter aller Länder, soweit sie damals schon zum Klassenbewusstsein erwacht waren, den Gedanken der Maifeier aufgriffen, und wie bei der ersten Maidemonstration, der des Jahres 1890, die herrschenden Gewalten überall in der Angst ihres bösen Gewissens fürchteten, nunmehr werde der "gewaltsame Umsturz alles Bestehenden" beginnen, und wie sie in dieser Angst Polizisten und Gendarmen, Infanterie, Kavallerie und Artillerie gegen die Maifeier mobil machten. Auch die vielfachen inneren Auseinandersetzungen in der Arbeiterbewegung selbst über die würdigste und wirksamste Form der Maifeier können wir hier nicht schildern, ebensowenig

die bisher erreichten praktischen Erfolge der Achtstundenbewegung, wie sie auf der einen Seite durch die Beeinflussung der Gesetzgebung und auf der anderen Seite durch die seit dem Jahre 1889 überall riesig erstarkten gewerkschaftlichen Organisation der Arbeiter erzielt wurden.

Nur bei Einem möchten wir gern kurz verweilen, bei der gewaltigen inneren Ausgestaltung, die der Gedanke der proletarischen Maifeier selbst im Verlaufe dieser fünfundzwanzig Jahre erfahren hat.

Wir hörten, wie die Maifeier ins Leben trat als Demonstration für Arbeiterschutz und Achtstundentag. Aber indem diese Demonstration an einem Tage die Arbeiter aller Länder vereinigte, wuchs sie ganz von selbst weit hinaus über ihren ursprünglichen Zweck: sie wurde dadurch zu einer gewaltigen Kundgebung für die Interessen- und Gedankengemeinschaft des internationalen Proletariats, zu einer praktischen Betätigung des mächtigen Mahnrufes, den Karl Marx und Friedrich Engels einst über die Eingangspforte der Arbeiterbewegung geschrieben hatten, der Mahnrufes: Proletarier aller Länder, vereinigt euch! Und gerade dieser Gedanke der internationalen Solidarität ist in der Maifeier von Jahr zu Jahr zu immer stärkerem Ausdruck gelangt. Je mehr die Interessenkonflikte und Konkurrenzkämpfe der herrschenden Klassen die internationalen Gegensätze innerhalb der kapitalistischen Wirtschaftsordnung zugespitzt haben, je furchtbarer die Rüstungen zu Lande, zu Wasser und in der Luft werden, mit denen die "christlichen" Staaten einander fortgesetzt bedrohen, je näher dadurch von Jahr zu Jahr die schauerliche Gefahr eines allgemeinen Weltkrieges mit seinen

unvorausehbaren Verheerungen gerückt sind, desto mehr ist die Arbeiter-Internationale mit ihrem Solidaritätsideal zum einzigen Schutzwall des Weltfriedens geworden und desto augenfälliger bekam die Maifeier von Jahr zu Jahr den Charakter einer grossen internationalen Friedersdemonstration, einer Demonstration gegen Militarismus, gegen Völkerverhetzung und Kriegsgreuel.

Aber zugleich lernten die Arbeiter auch immer besser begreifen, dass die letzte Quelle von Militarismus, Völkerverhetzung und Kriegsgefahr der Kapitalismus selbst ist mit seiner auf der Ausbeutung des Menschen durch den Menschen und auf dem wilden Kampfe aller gegen alle aufgebauten Wirtschaftsweise. Und so wurde denn die Maifeier ganz naturgemäss aus einer Kundgebung für die nächste Aufgabe des wirtschaftlichen Tageskampfes schliesslich zu einer Kundgebung für die letzten grossen Kulturziele der Arbeiterbewegung überhaupt, zu einer Kundgebung für die neue, freie Gesellschaftsordnung des Sozialismus. Der erste Tag des Monats, in dem die Natur aus langer Winterstarre zum blühenden Leben des jungen Frühlings erwacht — der erste Mai wurde so zu einem Wahrzeichen des kommenden Menschenfrühlings, den der Sozialismus einst den Völkern der Erde bereiten wird.

Und wie der erste Mai uns klar und immer klarer unsere Ziele zeigt und gleichsam diese Ziele in sich verkörpert, so zeigt er uns auch und so verkörpert er in sich die Kampfmittel, die uns diesen Zielen näher bringen. Als einziger Festtag im Kreislaufe des Jahres, den das Proletariat sich gesetzt hat gegen den Willen seiner Ausbeuter und Beherrscher aus eigenen Mitteln, hat es sich zum Bild-

licht uns der erste Mai die weltumstürzende Macht, die in dem revolutionären Trotz des Proletariats liegt. Indem die Maifeier die Proletarier lehrt, sich in gewaltigen Massenkundgebungen zu zählen, lehrt sie die, sich bewusst zu werden der ungeheuren Gewalt und Ueberlegenheit, die allein schon in ihrer Zahl liegt, in ihrer Massenhaftigkeit. Der Gedanke der Arbeitsruhe am ersten Mai zeigte dem Proletariat sinnfällig, welche Bedeutung seiner Arbeitskraft und ihrer Verweigerung im Befreiungskampfe seiner Klasse zukommt; der grosse Maigedanke des Zusammenschlusses zeigte ihm den ungeheuren Wert der gewerkschaftlichen und politischen Organisation, die getragen sein muss vom Wissen und von der Erkenntnis der gesellschaftlichen Zusammenhänge.

Jene Arbeitergeneration, die einst im Jahre 1889 den Maigedanken aus reinem, zukunftsgläubigem Idealismus heraus gebar, sinkt ins Grab. Nur wenige leben noch unter uns, die damals im Vordertreffen unseres grossen Kampfes standen. An euch, ihr proletarischen Jungen und Mädchen, ist es heute, das grosse Erbe des sozialistischen Maigedankens anzutreten. Jenes erste heilige Feuer der jungen Maibegeisterung, das vor fünfundzwanzig Jahren in Paris entzündet wurde: in euren jugendfrischen und begeisterungsfrohen Herzen schlage es heute wieder empor zu heller Lohe! Der erste Mai ist das Fest des jungen Sozialismus und er ist zugleich das Fest der sozialistischen Jugend, denn die proletarische Jugend ist berufen, die Ideale des Völkermais zum herrlichen Siege zu führen.

