

# THE MAGAZINE YOUNG SOCIALISTS'

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No. 1

## --- FIVE SOULS ---

### FIRST SOUL.

I was a peasant of the Polish plain;  
I left my plough because the message ran:—  
Russia, in danger, needed every man  
To save her from the Teuton; and was slain.  
*I gave my life for freedom. This I know:  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

### SECOND SOUL.

I was a Tyrolese, a mountaineer;  
I gladly left my home to fight  
Against the brutal, treacherous Muscovite;  
And died in Poland on a Cossack spear.  
*I gave my life for freedom. This I know:  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

### THIRD SOUL.

I worked in Lyons at tay weaver's loom,  
When suddenly the Prussian despot hurled  
His felon blow at France and at the world;  
Then I went forth to Belgium and my doom.  
*I gave my life for freedom. This I know:  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

### FOURTH SOUL.

I owned a vineyard by the wooded main,  
Until the Fatherland, begirt by foes,  
Lusting her downfall, called me, and I rose  
Swift to the call—and died in fair Lorraine.  
*I gave my life for freedom. This I know:  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

### FIFTH SOUL.

I worked in a great shipyard on the Clyde,  
Then came a sudden word of wars declared,  
Of Belgium, peaceful, helpless, unprepared—  
Asking our aid: I joined the ranks, and died.  
*I gave my life for freedom. This I know:  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

W. N. EWER in the Nation.



## THE PEOPLE OF THIS NATION CAN FEED, CLOTHE AND HOUSE THEMSELVES.—Allen L. Benson

You tell us that the people of the United States, acting through their government, cannot feed, clothe, and house themselves. We frankly say we do not believe you.

We Socialists tell you that this might be a nation of happiness, in so far as a sufficiency of needed material things can create happiness.

We tell you that the natural resources of this country, if developed solely for the country's good and without thought of private profit, are sufficient to care for a population of 500,000,000. (Note the population of little Belgium.)

We tell you there is no reason except capitalism why all the men in this country cannot be employed all the time, as we tell you there is no reason except capitalism why any of the children should be hired out to wage-slavery any of the time.

We tell you there is no reason except capitalism why great military establishments should be maintained at the expense of the people or wars fought by the people at their own expense.

By voting against us, you challenge every statement that we make.

But in the white light of war will you kindly take paper and pencil and point out our errors.

We want beef. Is there any reason except capitalism why the United States government could not raise cattle in sufficient numbers and market the beef at the cost of operations? The United States government is carrying parcels, though a few years ago

you said it couldn't. The United States government, at an expenditure of \$400,000,000, is carrying steamships across the Isthmus of Panama. Why cannot the United States government raise and market beef, dig and market coal, grind wheat and market flour, dig iron and market steel, weave and market cloth, own and operate railways?

Why cannot the United States government build houses and rent them for a sum that represents only the annual depreciation? Little New Zealand is doing it. The United States can build floating fortresses that cost \$10,000,000 each—fortresses in which death is dealt out to human beings. Why cannot the United States government as well build houses in which life and comfort are dealt out to human beings?

Why cannot the United States government as well take over all of the great industries now owned by private individuals that are necessary to the maintenance of human life, and operate them solely for the benefit of the people?

Why cannot the United States government take this tremendous army of unemployed that is now going to waste than waste and set it to work raising beef, weaving cloth, operating trains and producing those things of which we stand so much in need?

To say that the United States government, if permitted to do so, could not do all of these things and more is to say that

the United States government is administered by fools. Such is not the fact. The United States government is administered by men far above the average in intelligence. But the United States government is also administered by men who are pledged to the support of the capitalist system. If these gentlemen did not so believe they would not have the government in their charge.

We Socialists propose, therefore, first, that the people own the government, and then let the government own the trusts.—

### Behind the Times.

The American chorus girl, who is now invading London with great success, is nothing if not up to date. Mr. George Arliss, whose performances in "Disraeli" are arousing so much interest, illustrates this with a story.

"You are behind the times over here," said a pink and pretty American show-girl. "Why, I notice that 'Twelfth Night' is playing in one of the Strand theaters, and we had that two years ago on Broadway."

A farmer boy and his best girl were seated in a buggy one evening in town, watching the people pass. Near by was a popcorn vendor's stand.

Presently the lady remarked: "My! that popcorn smells good!" "That's right," said the gallant. "I'll drive up a little closer so you can smell it better."

## THE VERDICT: COWARD OR HERO?—A True Story

By ALLEN CLARKE

In that sweetest and sunniest region of Lancashire known as "The Fylde" or field, quite a delightfully different world from the grimy factory parts of the same county—at a farm on the banks of the river Wyre (which means the bright water), there dwelt with his parents, a young man of twenty years named Luke Hambleton. He was a fine healthy fellow, and, a matter worth note, was rather more studious than the majority of agricultural workers. He liked books, and wished to learn something of the rest of the planet beyond his small rural sphere.

He was also a member of the Fylde Territorials. At the time he joined he had not thought much about the event. The nation was at peace; there was not the faintest sign or hint of war. Drilling and camping with the Territorials would be fun and exercise and change. That was how he looked at it.

Still perhaps he would never have joined but for the vicar. The vicar, in a sermon one Sunday, declared that it was every young man's duty to train in arms, so as to be ready to defend his country if need arose. Then the vicar personally pressed Luke to join the Territorials; and the lad, without thinking anything about the affair at all, enrolled, and soon became one of the smartest men in his company.

That was a year before there was any shadow of war in the sky.

In the June of the next year, five or six weeks before the war

broke out, there wandered along the banks of the Wyre, in search of the picturesque for painting, an artist from Manchester; a jolly middle-aged Bohemian, with advanced views on most questions, and very democratic sympathies. Indeed, he was a Socialist, and heart and soul for the brotherhood of man.

The artist put up for a couple of nights at Ford Farm, which was the name of Luke's abode, and spent three days taking sketches or painting on the banks of the river, where Luke had a good chat with him one afternoon, and listened, enchanted, as one beholding a vision of a beautiful new earth, while the artist talked of fellowship and international brotherhood, and the end of strife and war. The message gripped the young man's soul; this was the revelation he had unconsciously been seeking for years.

The artist lent the young man some books, told him of others, and introduced him to the Socialist and Democratic Labor publications. When he went away he gave Luke one of Tolstoy's little books about the evils of war.

Tolstoy appealed to the farm-lad. The great Russian writer held him as a devoted disciple. Luke saw clearly all the folly and horror of war. He saw, as Tolstoy preached, that it was utterly anti-Christian; and, being of a truly religious nature, felt that he must have nothing to do with it. Why did ministers support war, seeing that it was all against Christ's teaching? Why had the vicar urged him to join the Ter-

ritorials and learn the trade of war?

However, that did not matter much. There was no war now, nor any likelihood of any. And, as Territorial service no longer squared with his awakened conscience, he would leave the regiment as soon as he could.

Then came the thunderbolt. Britain, allied with France and Russia, started to war against Germany.

Britain will need all her sons for the fight," said the vicar, calling upon Luke, and meeting him in the farm-yard. "I suppose I needn't ask you if you are willing to volunteer for the front. You'll do your duty, I know, for king and country."

Luke said nothing. The vicar took the lad's silence as consent, but he certainly thought Luke might have been more enthusiastic.

In the evening of that day Luke met Jenny Eccleston in the village street—on the bridge over the river—a mile from the farm where he lived.

Jenny Eccleston was glorious to look upon—at least, so Luke thought, and he was not by himself in that opinion. Jenny had also the voice of an angel—so Luke thought, and many others fully endorsed that view—and was in the church choir. In short, Luke was in love with Jenny Eccleston, and meant, someday, to ask her to be his bride. Jenny knew this, though as yet there had not been any great love-making berwixt them.

"Our Tom's going to the war,"

said Jenny—her brother Tom was also in the Territorials. "I'll reckon you'll be going too, Luke."

"Not yet," said Luke, "I'm considering."

"What is there to consider?" asked Jenny. "Those wicked Germans are slaying and destroying, and wanting to invade England. We must stop them. Every man who is able to fight ought to go to the front."

"I think all war is murder and robbery," said Luke. "It is wholesale murder. It is not right. It is not Christian."

"What are you talking about?" asked Jenny. "Are you afraid to go? Shall I present you with a white feather?"

"Oh, Jenny, you don't understand," said Luke.

"And I don't want to, neither," said Jenny, contemptuously. "I only know that you decline to go and fight for your country. That's enough for me. I have done with you."

"Let me explain," cried Luke.

"No, I have finished with you," and off Jenny rushed, leaving Luke standing dejected on the old stone bridge over the river.

So passes Jenny Eccleston out of this episode, but we may have the story of her fate some other time.

Luke walked slowly home along the riverbank. He was miserable, but he felt that he was right. He would not go to shoot fellowmen who had done him no harm—men forced or tricked by their rulers into this ghastly business of slaying one another in regiments.

But it was hard to have Jenny's scorn, and to lose her. For he felt that she was lost to him forever now.

When he reached home, his

mother said: "The vicar has been here and put thy name down to go to the war."

"And what do you think of it, mother?"

"Eh, lad, I think it's an awful thing, but I guess it can't be helped," said Mrs. Hambleton. "I suppose it's thy duty to go."

"Good night, mother," said poor Luke, and went off to bed.

In the morning, when Mrs. Hambleton was preparing the breakfast, she inquired for Luke. "I've not seen him this morning," she said to her husband. "I don't think he's got up yet, and as a rule he's up first. Perhaps he's ill."

She called at the foot of the stairs, but there was no response. She went up to see. Luke's bed was empty.

Her husband went to look for the lad. He found him lying dead, in a corner of the big barn. Beside him was his Territorial rifle. He had fixed the barrel in his mouth, and pulled the trigger with his foot.

The coroner's inquest, after hearing the witnesses—the vicar, the lad's parents, and the girl Jenny—gave verdict to the effect that the young man had committed suicide rather than go to war. The coroner, totally unacquainted with the higher heroisms, said it was the act of a coward; and thus was Luke Hambleton branded in that country-side, and his memory held a shame to his kindred.

As it was a verdict of felony—deliberate self-slaughter, or temporary insanity in this case—the vicar, who would have been terribly indignant if you had suggested that he was not a good Christian—refused to let the poor lad's body be interred in what is

specially labelled "consecrated ground."

So, in the tragic ironies so common in this ignorant world, the young man who was hero enough to die rather than kill others, who was martyr enough to perish rather than desert Christ, was denied "Christian" burial by "Christians" who outrage Christ's gospel every day of their lives, and now sleeps—none the less serenely because of the Church's excommunication—in an unmarked grave in a field on the bank of the river whose waters flow by murmuring "Peace."

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.

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

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

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

All children paying carfare to reach the school do not pay any dues at all.

#### Pennsylvania Organizing

Leagues in Pennsylvania are preparing to organize a state federation. All leagues in the state are requested to report to L. Pirkes, secretary of the Central Committee of the Philadelphia Leagues, 2119 S. Seventh St., Philadelphia.

## LEARN FROM THE LITTLE ANT

By J. KOETTGEN

There is no more interesting insect than the ant. Mankind likes to look down upon the animal world as something inferior. Yet there are creatures that are, though quite different from us, our equals in many ways, and even our superiors in some things.

Take the little ant. If we look at these little brown or black fellows as they are busily running about in a garden or wood, we can hardly realize that they are builders of cities, tillers of the ground, and cattle farmers. Yet, scientists who have carefully and patiently studied their mode of life and the organization of their societies assure us that it is so. In Texas there is, for instance, a kind of ant that is engaged in regular agriculture. It begins by choosing a plot of ground of about a square yard; then it builds a kind of wall all around it, levels the field, and removes all the weeds. Only one kind of grass, a kind which scientists call *aristida stricta*, is left standing. The farmer ant cultivates that grass for its seeds which it harvests. An ant in California, also an agriculturist, has a peculiar way of storing the harvested grain. By a method, as yet unknown to men, it stores the seeds underground, protects them from humidity, and keeps them from germinating. Another kind of ant is a clever market gardener. It prepares a kind of bed on which it raises edible mushrooms.

If in spring or summer time you examine the new shoots of roses or other tender growths you will often find ants moving among the greenflies which feed on the abundant sap of the young plants. Possibly these greenflies have been carried there by the ants. For in the household of the ant the greenfly plays a role similar to that played by the cow in the human economy. Ants are as fond of the sweet fluid exuded by the greenfly as we ourselves are of milk. So they take as great care of their greenflies as we do of our cows. If a spray withers the farmer ant will carry his little cattle to some fresh spray, just as we drive our cattle to some new pasture if the old one will support them no longer. Mr. Ant will even build a shed round his favored greenflies so as to tend them all the better. Nay, he sometimes transfers them to his city to serve him there.

A wonderful builder of cities is our ant and a hard worker. Have you ever by accident disturbed a nest of ants? If you did you will have seen the little creatures running about in great confusion trying to carry away and save their whitish babies, or larvae, as we humans call them. For the ants love their children dearly. These larvae develop out of eggs laid by a queer ant of which there are several in every ant city. In an ant society there are few males and females. The latter serve the purpose of propagating the species, and when they have done that they are no longer wanted.

The ants have established the principle that he who will not work shall not eat. Therefore, only workers are allowed to live in their cities. And there are lots

of things to do in an ant city. The numerous streets must be kept in order and continually added to, for the number of the inhabitants is constantly growing. All are working in the common interest, and not for themselves. They plan and build the avenues leading to their city or nest, sometimes covering them with a vault. In the evening they close the city gates and mount guard over them. They collect the food of the ant community, tend the eggs and their babies, the larvae; and sometimes they have to go forth as soldiers to wage war against hostile cities of ants.

What we have to learn from the ants is their indomitable industry in serving their community for which they will readily sacrifice their lives, and the strict adherence to the principle that he who will not work for the common good shall also not eat. Such useless individuals of human society as kings and emperors, Rockefellers and Pierpont Morgans would have a mighty poor time in a city of the ants. If they showed themselves in its busy streets they would surely be taken by the scruff of their necks and shoved into the dustbin for the ash-carriers to take away the next morning. In doing all those things enumerated above the ant is guided by instinct; and that this instinct is good and just is proved by the fact that, though only a puny creature, the ant has become a mighty race and succeeded in spreading all over the world like man himself. There is no country where ants are not



to be met with. Mankind is guided less by instinct than by reason. But reason tells us that that which the ant does instinctively must also be good for human society. In a society where everybody works and no lazy members are tolerated poverty will be unknown. All will have an equal chance to develop their faculties, not for their own aggrandizement, but for the good and growth of the community. All will be entitled to share in the great spiritual and material benefits which human reason has made accessible to our race. All will have equal rights and equal duties. Such a society will be unconquerable and imperishable as long as the world lasts. And to bring about such a state of society is the aim of Socialism.

## THE POGROM

(Continued from last issue)

"You must not cry; sleep my golden one. . . . It is I, your mother . . . my heart . . ."

Everybody made way for her, before these efforts of motherhood making ineffectual attempts to act on reason.

"Don't cry. . . . Oh! Oh! . . . my nanny-goat. A nanny-goat is skipping over the mountain. Sleep, sleep, my little one."

She implored him, she hypnotized him. But the child cried on obstinately, wildly. . . . There must have been something in the mother's face and intonation that was not calculated to produce a tranquillizing effect.

And now, in this warm and strange underground atmosphere, the woman's brain wrenched out a wild, mad idea. It seemed to her that she had read it in the eyes, in the suffering silence of these unknown people. And her unhappy

frightened men understood that she was thinking of them. They understood it by the unutterable mournful tenderness with which she chanted, while drinking in the infant's eyes with her own.

"My nanny-goat, the nanny-goat is skipping over the hill. . . . He will soon fall asleep. I know. It is always like that: he cries for a moment, then he falls asleep at once. He is a very quiet boy." She addressed the tall man with a painful, insinuating smile.

From outside there broke in a distant noise. Then came thud, and a crack, shaking the air.

But the infant went on crying and, as it seemed, would never stop.

"He will undo us all!" blurted out the tall man.

Whereupon the mother replied in a whisper, to the wild thought that originated in her distracted brain.

"I shall not give him away. . . . Never!"

"Oh, God!" ejaculated the merchant, and covered his face with his hands.

The owner turned up the high fur-lined collar of his expensive fur coat, and turned away to the wall. Only part of his hair was visible, unkempt after the sleepless night.

The tall man started at the infant with fixed, protruding eyes, the suspended lower lip exposing his white gum.

Her thoughts beset the poor mother like apparitions, and she was sinking while struggling with them.

"I don't know you," the woman uttered, low and crossly, on catching that fixed look. "Who are you? What do you want of me?"

She rushed to the other men, but everybody drew back from her with fear. The infant was crying on, piercing the brain with its shouting.

"Give . . . to me," said the mer-

chant, while his right elbow trembled. "Children like me." And to quiet it he started smacking his dry lips, that did not seem to be his own.

The mother's head bent over the child, and her black hair hung down like a thick fringe.

"God sees it all," she repeated in a mad, cross whisper. It was strange, that association of the name of God with her very dirty face, unwashed since yesterday.

All of a sudden it grew dark in the cellar; somebody had approached the little window and was listening. At this shadow, breaking in suddenly, they all grew quiet. They felt it was coming, that it was near, and that not another second must be lost.

The mother turned round. She stood up on her toes, and with high, uplifted arms she handed over her child to the merchant. It seemed to her that by this gesture she was committing a terrible crime . . . that hissing voices were cursing her, rejecting her from heaven for ever and ever . . . that black chaos was approaching with execrating pain in the mind . . . that they had wrung her neck like that of a fowl.

Strange to say, finding itself in the thick, clumsy, but loving hands of the merchant, the child grew silent.

But the mother interpreted this silence differently. In sight of everybody the woman grew gray in a single moment, as if they had poured some acid over her hair. As soon as the child's cry died away there resounded another cry, more awful, more shattering and heart rending.

The mother rose up on her toes, and gray, terrible, like the goddess of justice herself, she howled in a

(Continued on page 14)

## THE CHURCH OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

By Alexander R. Golden.\*

An idea has been spread abroad and which reached numerous sincere and devout Socialists that the Revolution Church is composed of men and women who for one reason or another became displeased with the workings of the party and seceded. Nothing is more erroneous. If the Revolution Church is anything at all it is permeated with Socialist gospel through and through and with a claim of being the reddest red. To prove its true colors it raises its yet feeble voice in protest against the exploiters of labor's host and refuses any terms of compromise with the moneyed caste. It is Socialism.

Understand, the Revolution Church is in response to a need, a need which has not heretofore come to the notice of the valiant workers in the Socialist movement. It is not a disintegrator but a pathmaker preparing a way for the worker when against the load of oppression of exploiters in the bewildering to-morrow. With one hand it tears down and with the other builds up. For the religion of dogma it offers a religion of democracy. For superstition, science. For vague creeds, a Socialist philosophy, cornerstone of romance and life sublime. For war it gives the pure, the gra-

\* As an organ of the Socialist movement we conceive it to be our duty to give space to any and all phases of the Socialist movement. Therefore we give Comrade Golden the floor, though we may not agree with him as to the importance of the organization he supports.

cial, the plentiful air of peace. How like unto Socialism! Socialism it is, but made plain from a different angle of vision. One thing is imperative to the knowledge of any Socialist and that is the understanding of the Socialist movement in all its ramifications.

The Socialist movement in its process of development is like a quadruped evolution in the warmth of the womb. At its early stages it is shapeless, but as it develops organs, hands and feet begin to sprout which later become indispensable parts of the whole body. While the Socialist movement was yet in its nascent stages there was one homogeneous mass of people with one object in view; namely, recognition by society. Now the movement reached that stage of recognition and is therefore beginning to send out offshoots which are but part and parcel of the movement itself. (I venture to predict that there are still more offshoots coming, but each will not be adverse to Socialism, but rather for it.) Bouck White simply happens to be the person to lead that offshoot on this occasion. Therefore, the Revolution Church is not a product of his fancy—if it were. I assure you it would be defunct by this time. Rather a child of an age of industrial inequity it is; and into full stature it is destined to grow.

When Bouck White was asked whether he can account for the birth of the new church, he said: "Because the nowadays world is topsy turvidom. At present God

is at the bottom and gold is at the top. We propose to reverse that ordering whereby God shall be at the top and gold at the bottom. Exactly that is what is meant by social revolution and that is the creed of our church."

I wonder how many realize that there are millions of religious folks who will not venture into Socialist ranks fearing lest their faith in God and religion is destroyed. The Revolution Church take this fear out of them. For that purpose it is a church with a religion and a God, if you please. Impossible, you say. But read the covenant to which pious religionists, with a social vision, gladly subscribe to: "I enlist under the Lord of the blood-red banner to bring to an end a scheme of things that has enthroned leisure on the backs of labor. An idle class sucking the substance of the poor. I will not be a social climber but stay with the workers in class solidarity until class shall have been done away with. I will seek recruits for the Church of the Revolution unto the overthrow of present-day society and its rebuilding into comradeship." Is there a Socialist who will dispute that this covenant does not express the object, belief, and purpose of Socialism?

The first objective of the Revolution Church then in short is to work among men and women whom the Socialist Party has not as yet succeeded in reaching. The second is to bolster up the Socialist movement itself and thereby help it to exert a minimum of energy to obtain the maximum of results. Thus the church proposes to work co-operatively in promoting the noblest cause that ever has come to the attention of humanity—Socialism.

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The Corruption  
of a State

Colorado has been before the public eye many times as a result of her labor troubles.

The latest strike has revealed a condition of affairs that brings no credit to that commonwealth.

We take for granted that the testimony given before the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations is trustworthy.

Three points were brought out by three different witnesses which explain conditions in that state which are most threatening for the future.

The terrible effects of industrial tyranny are revealed with a significance that should startle the most indifferent.

J. J. Hendricks, district attorney of the Third Judicial district of Colorado, the strike zone, testified that in 23 years there has not been a verdict for damages against a coal company in that jurisdiction, regardless of the character of the claim. He stated that the juries in most cases are Mexicans who do not speak English so that the evidence must be given through interpreters.

H. C. Farber, station agent and telegraph operator at Ludlow, testified that he knew hours before the miner's tent colony was shot up and burned that the destruction would take place that day.

The third piece of astounding testimony was that of Lieut. K. E. Linderfelt, accused and acquitted of murder singly and en masse at Ludlow, that he looked upon the strikers as rebels and entitled to no more consideration than ordinary rebels.

The above facts clearly reveal

why it is that the state of Colorado stands condemned before the nation because of the unmitigating shame she has brought upon us all.

Here we have an illustration of what industrial tyranny produces in the way of bitter fruit.

The entire state has been corrupted by the bloody gold of coal and iron mine owners, most of whom live in the east and go to church on Sundays.

The nine little children murdered by being burned alive through the devilish plotting of the mine managers, those men known as the respectable stand-patters at this end of the country. Any such outrage against the children of the rich would have been followed by open rebellion.

Is it any wonder that the miners are arming themselves now for the purpose of protecting their wives and children against the attacks of the modern cossacks?

But what are we doing to put an end to all this hatred and strife?

Hatred there is and bitter hatred. Since hatred is in itself a destructive force it is incumbent upon every lover of his country to put an end to it.

How?  
We know of only one way to destroy the despicable tyranny that now grips our industry not only in Colorado but everywhere in more or less degree, and is the fruitful producer of bitter hate.

As we destroyed the kingly tyrant by political democracy, so must we destroy the industrial kings by industrial democracy.

We know no other way.  
Do not forget that the above facts are from official government records.

America must develop into industrial democracy or the deluge.

## RUSSIA AND PRINCE KROPOTKIN

By W. Morris Duff

In March, 1874, under the assumed name of Borodin, Prince Peter Kropotkin was arrested. The only crime he had committed was to have radical convictions regarding the cause of, and the cure for, social injustice, and to utter his convictions freely. When the police found that the man they had arrested was Prince Kropotkin, and the press made the fact known, there was a great sensation.

Kropotkin, without trial, was imprisoned in the Bastille of St. Petersburg—the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. During his imprisonment he was visited by the Czar, and many of the great noblemen of Russia, who tried to persuade him to give up his opinions, but all of no avail. His cell, which was in a basement, was dim and badly ventilated, and never free from dampness. The food was almost intolerable—little wonder he fell ill—and his health became permanently impaired. To the day of his death, he will never be free from the terrible effects of that imprisonment.

From the time Kropotkin was arrested he never gave up hopes of escape. To use his own words: "The firm determination to escape at all hazards never left me from the first day of my arrest. But if there is anything impossible in the world, it is to escape from the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. I drew up plans, or rather indulged in wild fancies, as I could not but foresee that they were only vain dreams."

After he had spent two years in the fortress, his illness became so serious that he was removed to the

Nicholas Hospital, and forthwith he began to devise plans of escape. The doctor ordered him daily exercise, and at about one o'clock every day draw up his plans. The courtyard of the hospital. A sentinel, musket in hand, was always by his side. However, Kropotkin took careful note of everything so as to draw up his plans. The courtyard was large. The gate usually shut was then open, as the hospital was taking in its supplies of wood for the winter. It was the month of July. As this, however, would only last for a few weeks, no sentinel had been placed at the gate. This gave him his chance. Kropotkin pretended the greatest weakness, so as to lessen the watchfulness of the officers, and established communication by smuggling letters to his friends on the outside.

Every day he was permitted to walk in the court-yard, and then, if at all, was his only opportunity of escape. He determined, by a delicate calculation, the point in the sentinel's march most timely for his making a rush for the gate. Kropotkin knew that in all probability, if he made a rush for the gate, the sentinel, instead of hastening to cut off his retreat, would endeavor to capture him, thus having to traverse two sides of a triangle, while he himself would only have to traverse one, and if a carriage were waiting at the gate he would have a good chance of escaping.

His views and plans, which his friends agreed, were as follows: No one should enter the court-yard. A carriage should await him at the gate, and an immediate escape should

be made to help him to dress in the carriage, as, when he had thrown off his dressing-gown he would only have on a shirt and a pair of trousers. The dressing-gown was so inconvenient and so long, that in walking he was obliged to carry the train in his arms. To run in such a garb was impossible. It must be thrown off before he could take to his heels.

The greatest difficulty remained, the selection of the right moment. This depended upon the condition of the streets through which they had to pass. However, it was agreed that there should be five sentinels watching the various streets. The fifth sentinel receiving information from the other four, had to give the decisive signal at the proper moment. The signal was to be a red air-ball, which would ascend at a given spot behind the high wall of the court-yard. The appointed day came, but too late to make any change in detail. It was ascertained that a red air-ball could not be obtained at any toy-shop in the city. However, a red India-rubber ball was purchased, which Kropotkin's friends filled with gas of their own manufacture. But the ball turned out so badly that at the proper moment, instead of rising high into the air, it fell to the ground.

To this accident Kropotkin owed his safety; for at the very moment when the ball was sent into the air, a long string of wood carts entered one of the lanes through which they had to pass. Without doubt, they would have been stopped, and all would have been lost.



Another interval elapsed, in order to arrange the necessary modifications of the plan, which was this time successful.

A room was hired on the third story of the building directly opposite the hospital. From the window could be seen not only the five sentinels, but also the court-yard. The signal was to be given by means of a violin, which one of his friends was to play whenever all the signals of the sentinels were favorable, and to cease when any of the signals became unfavorable.

On the appointed day Kropotkin went into the court-yard full of hopes. No sooner had he entered than he heard the violin playing. The music lasted for five minutes, then it stopped. Two minutes later, a wood cart entered the hospital gate. The playing recommenced.

This time Kropotkin determined to make a rush for liberty. Just as the sentinel was about fifteen or twenty paces in front of him, he made an effort to throw off his dressing-gown, but at that moment the playing again ceased. A moment later it was resumed; a patrol had just passed through the gate into the hospital. Directly the sentinel reached the extremity of his line, Kropotkin threw off his gown, and flew like an arrow for the gate. The Sentinel with a howl rushed to seize him, but as Kropotkin had foreseen, he made straight for him, thus having two sides of a triangle to traverse. On reaching the gate, Kropotkin saw the carriage; but for a moment did not recognize the officer in waiting. The officer on seeing him, hurried him into the carriage, drove off, and like a flash of lightning, Kropotkin was transformed into an officer.

At the hospital all was confusion. The officer on guard completely lost his head and exclaimed, "I am

ruined! I am ruined! Run after him! Follow him! Follow him!"

He was incapable, however, of giving any orders. One of Kropotkin's friends, the person who played the violin, hastily descended into the street; and, approaching the officer, began to exhibit the utmost compassion for the state he was in, actually asking what had happened, and who had escaped. The frenzied officer tried to reply, and thus lost precious time. However, he soon gained self-possession, and mounted on horseback with one or two followers, he gave futile pursuit. Kropotkin was smuggled out of the country in the disguise of a military officer. He escaped into Sweden and Norway, and thence to England, in which country he has spent most of his life. His property was confiscated, and he gave up all hopes of ever again returning to Russia.

The officer who helped Kropotkin into the carriage was no less than Sergius Stepniak, who, at the peril of his life, left England to go to Russia, where he was under sentence of death, to release his comrade.

The two oldest inhabitants were very ignorant, neither of them being able even to tell the time of day. A friend of Uncle Ben's gave him a watch, of which he was very proud. One day, before the crowd at the corner-store, old Pete, being slightly jealous of such wealth and wishing to embarrass his rival, said: "Say, Ben, what time have ye got?"

The other old fellow drew out his watch and turned its face toward his inquisitor. "There she be!" he exclaimed.

Pete was almost at a loss, but he made a magnificent effort and retorted: "Blame if she ain't!"

## THE TRIUMPH OF LABOR

By T. Clarke Auld

Rouse ye! men of greater glory  
Than the victory of war.  
Rouse ye! men renowned in story,  
Kindled by a brighter star;  
With the battle-cry of nations  
Falling on your listening ears,  
Hush the nations' acclamations,  
Hearken to the widow's tears.

Rouse ye! men of nobler passions  
Than the sordid lust of gold—  
Gold which, for the present, fashions  
Baseness in a baser mould.  
This the time of peaceful greeting?

This the opening of the dawn?  
While the Christmas hours are  
fleeting,

Be the hostile swords withdrawn.

Rouse ye from your drowsy slumbers!

Men of action, men of peace!

War has slain its countless numbers,

Bid the cruel carnage cease.

And the whisper of the sages,

Mingling with your voices then,

Shall repeat adown the ages:

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

(From "Lyrics of Labor")

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### CLEVELAND, OHIO

The East Side Branch of Cleveland, Ohio, though but recently organized, is doing a great work. Classes are being conducted in literature, general natural science and Socialism. A series of weekly lectures are being held in the auditorium of a public library which is allowed the League free of charge. The League ran its first concert and dance November 7, and cleared \$60. Twenty per cent. of this amount will be used to build up a Socialist library and five per cent. was given the Socialist Sunday School. The League now numbers more than 100 members and continues to grow.

## THE CHURCH AND THE WAR

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

And now, where in our society is the organ whose function it should be to keep us constantly in mind that, as Lassalle said, "the sword is never right," and to shudder with him at the fact that "the lie is a European Power"? In no previous war have we struck that top note of keen irony, the closing of the Stock Exchange and not of the Church. The pagans were more logical: they closed the Temple of Peace when they drew the sword. We turn our Temples of Peace promptly into temples of war, and exhibit our parsons as the most pugnacious characters in the community. Inventure to affirm that the sense of scandal given by this is far deeper and more general than the Church thinks, especially among the working classes, who are apt either to take religion seriously or else to repudiate it and criticize it closely. When a bishop at the first shot abandons the worship of Christ and rallies his flock around the altar of Mars, he may be acting patriotically, necessarily, manfully, rightly; but that does not justify him in pretending that there has been no change, and that Christ is, in effect, Mars. The straightforward course, and the one that would serve the Church best in the long run, would be to close our professedly Christian Churches the moment war is declared by us, and reopen them only on the signing of the treaty of peace. No doubt to many of us the privation thus imposed would be far worse than the privation of small change, of horses and moto-

cars, of express trains, and all the other prosaic inconveniences of war. But would it be worse than the privation of faith, and the horror of the soul, wrought by the spectacle of nations praying to their common Father to assist them in sabring and bayonetting and blowing one another to pieces with explosives that are also corrosives, and of the Church organizing this monstrous paradox instead of protesting against it? Would it make less atheists or more? Atheism is not a simple homogeneous phenomenon. There is the youthful atheism with which every able modern mind begins: an atheism that clears the soul of superstitions and terrors and servilities and base compliances and hypocrisies, and lets in the light of heaven. And there is the atheism of despair and pessimism: the sullen cry with which so many of us at this moment, looking on blinded defeated-maimed wrecks that were once able-bodied, admirable, lovable men, and on priests blessing war, and newspapers and statesmen and exempt old men hounding young men on to it, are saying, "I know now there is no God." What has the Church in its present attitude to set against this crushed acceptance of darkness except the quaint but awful fact that there are cruder people on whom horrifying calamities have just the opposite effect, because they seem the work of some power so overwhelming in its malignity that it must be worshipped because it is mighty: Let the Church

Churches of Europe closed their doors until the drums ceased rolling they would act as a most powerful reminder that though the glory of war is a famous and ancient glory, it is not the final glory of God.

But as I know quite well that the Churches are not going to do anything of the kind, I must not close on a note which might to some readers imply that I hope, as some highly respected friends of mine do, to build a pacific civilization on the ruins of the vast ecclesiastical organizations which have never yet been able to utter the truth, because they have had to speak to the poor according to their ignorance and credulity, and to the rich according to their power. When I read that the icon of the Russian peasant is a religious force that will prevail over the materialism of Helmholtz and Haeckel, I have to content myself as best I can in the face of an assumption by a modern educated European which implies that the Irish peasants who tied scraps of rag to the trees over their holy wells and paid for masses to shorten the stay of their dead relatives in purgatory, were more enlightened than their countryman Tyndall, the Lucretian materialist, and to ask whether the Russian peasant may not find his religious opinions somewhat neutralized by his alliance with the countries of Paul Bert and Combes, of Darwin and Almroth Wright. If we are to keep up any decent show of talking sense on this point we must recognize that the while in this war cut

right across all the political and sectarian lines in Europe, except the line between our Socialist future and our Commercialist past. Materialist France, metaphysical Germany, muddle-headed England, Byzantine Russia may form what military combinations they please; the one thing they cannot form is a Crusade; and all attempts to represent this war as anything higher or more significant philosophically or politically or religiously for our Junkers and our Tommies than a quite simple primitive contest of the pugnacity that bullies and the pugnacity that will not be bullied are foredoomed to the derision of history. However far-reaching the consequences of the war may be, we in England are fighting to show the Prussians that they shall not trample on us nor on our neighbors if we can help it, and that if they are fools enough to make fighting efficiency the test of civilization, we can play that game as destructively as they. That is simple, and the truth, and by far the jolliest and most inspiring ground to recruit on. It stirs the blood and stiffens the back so effectively and quickly as hypocrisy and cant and humbug sour and trouble and discourage. But it will not carry us farther than the end of the fight. We cannot go on fighting forever, or even for very long, whatever Lord Kitchener may think; and win, lose, or tie, the parties, when the fight is over, must fall back on their civil wisdom and political foresight for a settlement of the terms on which we are to live happily together ever after. The practicable conditions of a stable comity of nations cannot be established by the bayonet, which settles nothing but the hash of those who rely on it. They are to be found, as I

have already explained, in the substitution for our present Militarist kingdoms of a system of democratic units delimited by community of language, religion, and habit; grouped in federations of united states when their extent makes them politically unwieldy; and held against war by the bond of international Socialism, the only ground upon which the identity of interest between all workers never becomes obscured.

### SABOTAGE

Walker C. Smith, writing in "Direct Action," published at Sidney, gives the following definition of "sabotage":

"Sabotage is the destruction of profits to gain a definite, revolutionary, economic end. It has many forms. It may mean the destroying of raw materials destined for a scab factory or shop. It may mean the spoiling of a finished product. It may mean the destruction of parts of machinery or the disarrangement of a whole machine where that machine is the one upon which the other machines are dependent for material. It may mean working slow. It may mean poor work. It may mean missending packages, giving overweight to customers, pointing out defects in goods, using the best of materials where the employer desires adulteration, and also the telling of trade secrets. In fact, it has as many variations as there are different lines of work."

The above is a definition of "sabotage" in a journal whose columns are consecrated to the I. W. W.

Sabotage as defined by "Direct Action" will not appeal to men

of intelligence, and any movement that is founded or built on the destruction of the products of labor is doomed to meet its Waterloo.

"Sabotage" is but the petty spitework of disgruntled employees who have no conception of the philosophy of unionism.—Miners' Journal.

### BALTIMORE MD.

The growing need for a Young People's Socialist League in Baltimore has resulted in the organization of such a group. The necessity for reaching the young folk has been felt time after time during the past five years.

As a result a Socialist Sunday School was organized. However this only took in the folk up to 16 years of age. What was needed was some organization to hold the young folk between 16 and 21 especially.

A Marxian Literary Club was organized and out of this emerged the Young People's Socialist League, all of the members of the former organization joining the new body, though still continuing to keep the Marxian Club in existence.

The organization of a League was greeted with great enthusiasm on the part of all local Socialists. The first meeting was held October 30, and with Dr. Neistadt from the City Central Committee of the Party as advisor, the League proceeded with its work. Dr. Neistadt is filled with enthusiasm, which the young people seem to absorb.

The League started with 16 members and before January 1, they hope to increase it to 50. The League meets at the Marxian Club, 13 N. Caroline Street. All young folk of the city are invited to attend the meetings, which are held every Friday evening. Applications may be secured at the rooms from the secretary, Charles Bernstein.

Preparations are being made to hold a series of meetings with the most prominent Socialists possible to secure, as speakers. Look to Baltimore for big things.

### Y. P. S. L. OF THE BRONX, N. Y.

"Here hath been dawning another blue day,  
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?"

As the coming year is but a day in the life of eternity, the above quotation from Longfellow is particularly appropriate for the Bronx Y. P. S. L. This League will not let it "slip useless away," for it has already prepared an excellent program for the coming month. There will be a lecture by a very well-known comrade of the Bronx, J. J. Coronel, who will speak on "Slavery and Empire." To encourage the newer members of the League we have arranged a "soap box" night. Members will be permitted to speak on any topic concerning the working class for ten minutes. A subscription card to the "American Socialist" will be the prize for the best speaker. On the Friday night between these two events, the 15th of January, there will be a little entertainment, admission free, and we will have another classical dance by Comrade Ella Rapport. Besides these events which "pass in the night," on February 11th, 1915, Lincoln's Birthday Eve, an event will take place in the Bronx which will be attended by all real social Socialists. This is the third annual cabaret and ball of the Bronx Y. P. S. L. at Muller's Bronx Casino, 3rd Ave. & 154th St. An excellent union orchestra for the dance and concert music has been hired. The cabaret will consist of vocal solos, duets, classic dances, monologues, etc., all by members of the organization. To cap the climax a handsome souvenir program will be given to all present. The tickets are but 25 cents each, including wardrobe. The Bronx Y. P. S. L. takes this opportunity to wish all a Happy New Year.

Fraternally yours,

T. Engel, Press Agent.

### Y. P. S. L. OF QUEENS, N. Y.

Queens is also falling in line with the Young People's Socialist Organization. The League is in existence one month, and getting along to the Queens taste.

Up to the present time the League has a membership of twenty-six, with new members coming in at every meeting, with good prospects of having a membership of 100 within six months.

No efforts are spared in making things as pleasant as possible for the membership. After every business

meeting discussions are held. Steps have been taken to hold lectures and debates. Those who are fond of dancing are also remembered. An occasional sociable is held and then it can be seen that the members of this League are really full of life.

We have a dandy meeting place. The former Labor Lyceum, 1647 Hancock St., is for our exclusive use every Saturday afternoon, at 3 P. M.

The officers of the League are: Walter Briehl, Organizer; Elsie Baer, Recording Secretary; Lillie Lilga, Financial Secretary; Chas. Clode, Treasurer.

### YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIALIST LEAGUE OF NEW JERSEY

In answer to Comrade Louren's article in the November issue wherein he advocates a national convention of the Y. P. S. L. in the Spring, I wish to say that it would be the height of folly at the present time when the whole movement is confined to a few eastern states with a few leagues scattered out west and, as things stand, it would not warrant the expenditure of a few hundred dollars to provide junket trips for delegates, which sum can be used for a better purpose.

And, after all, what more could they accomplish than to draw up a constitution and plan for the future, which same can be very well done without going to Chicago. Of course, we want a national organization as speedily as possible; we want a more efficient machine to conduct the affairs of the leagues than we now have; but I fail to see where a convention at the present or even in the near future would be instrumental in giving us these things not until we have sufficient material to create a foundation upon which we can build a strong and powerful national organization. We must have at least 8 or 10 state organizations.

Yours fraternally

Eugene J. Brock,  
State Organizer of N. J.

### STATE COMMITTEE OF THE Y. P. S. L. OF N. J.

Regular meeting of the State Committee of the Y. P. S. L. of N. J., held in the Party Headquarters, 15 Prince St., Paterson, called to order 10:45 A. M. by Secretary Kruse.

Flora C. Frackenpohl elected chairman.

Minutes of previous meeting accepted as read.

Seating of new delegates—Comrade Club—Morris Wolf and Wm. Schu-

bert in place of A. Nielsen and C. Ludwig, resigned. Elizabeth—J. J. Baly, Rud. A. Koller, Evelyn W. Weeks, Minnie Housley. Delegates seated.

The following bills ordered paid: National Officer essay medals, \$3.00; Fred Krafft, speaking at picnic, \$2.00; Kruse, postage and sundries, \$1.20; Kruse, expenses in organizing Morris County, \$1.92. Total, \$8.12.

Roll call showed the following delegates present:

Newark—Fl. Frackenpohl, Yackel, Miller.

Hudson Co.—A. Blechschmidt, Wolf, Schubert.

Paterson—Freeman, Cowan, Lunde.

Passaic—L. Cohen, F. Cohen, Elizabeth—Baly, Koller, Weeks, Housley.

### Absent:

Newark—Binn, Weiss.

Bergen Co.—Huestis.

Officers present—Secretary Kruse; Financial Secretary substitute Frackenpohl, Treasurer Blechschmidt. Absent, Organizer Brock.

The organizer, being absent, made no report.

The Secretary reported his activities in detail. He had assisted in the organization of a Circle in Morris County. He called attention to the delinquency of several Circles in sending in their reports at the proper time. He had taken charge of all arrangements on the Essay Contest, but owing to outside interference they had not worked out entirely to his satisfaction. Called attention to Comrade Krafft's bill, which was long over due. In reply to the communication from Rogers concerning the National Y. P. S. L., he had prepared, but not mailed, his answer until same had been approved of by the Committee. Report accepted and recommendations laid over to New Business.

Fin. Sec'y reported: Stamps on hand last meeting, 4,600; sold 450, total 4,150. Due Cards on hand, 375. Receipts, \$9.00. Expenditure, \$7.02. Cash reported, last meeting, \$19.23. Cash this meeting, \$21.21.

Treasurer's report showed the same discrepancy noticed at the last meeting, otherwise agreeing in every detail. (Cash, \$20.21.)

Motion that the financial officers wipe out this discrepancy temporarily by an entry to this effect, to balance with the amount of cash actually on hand. The books to be audited by the Circle under whose auspices the next State Committee meeting is to be held. Carried.

Motion that the disputed Paterson

assessment be investigated by the Auditing Committee.

Applications of Morris County and Elizabeth for admission into the State Organization granted. Secretary to send notices to this effect.

Motion that we refer the judging of the "War Essays" in the N. J. Contest to Circle Elizabeth, this Circle being just admitted and having no entrants in the contest. Carried.

The Passaic County Picnic Committee turned in its revised account on the Haledon picnic. It showed an income (including the \$4 State Com. advance) of \$40.55. The disbursements (excluding Kraft bill for speaking, \$2.) were \$27.40, leaving a net balance of \$13.15. Report of the committee received with thanks, money to be turned over to financial officers.

Motion that the action of the State Secretary in withholding due stamps until new leagues are formally admitted be endorsed. This action to govern future cases. Carried.

Secretary reported 19 communications received and 36 sent out (their contents specified). The report accepted as meeting with the complete approval of the committee.

Written reports from Paterson (Sept., Oct., Nov.), Newark (Oct., Nov.), Hudson Co. (Oct., Nov.). Oral report from Elizabeth. Accepted.

It was reported that Circle Haledon, having only six members, was still trying to maintain an independent organization. It would not come under the jurisdiction of the State because its members considered themselves fairly treated by Circle Paterson on a matter of selling ball tickets. The Party members were said to have their hands full with the administration of the Borough, so would give no attention to the Young People's affairs.

Letter of November 18, from J. A. Rogers, read. It dealt with National Organization matters. The proposed reply by Kruse endorsed by committee.

Motion to withdraw our amendment to Art. VIII, Sec. 4, carried.

Motion of percentage necessary to initiate referendums. State committees to the amount of 10 per cent. of membership to have power to initiate referendums. Carried.

Motion that State Executive Committee be empowered to take action of all matters pertaining to National Organization. Carried.

Secretary

Circles failing to send in their reports on time for three consecutive months be deprived of all representation in the councils of our organization. Concurred in.

Secretary's request for more copies of the constitution was met by volunteer service. Elizabeth to furnish one dozen, F. C. Frackenpohl to make like number.

Secretary explained the difficulty of his attending State Committee meetings owing to his taking up the Full-Time course in the Rand School. The election of a temporary Assistant Secretary was considered impracticable.

Motion that the next meeting of the State Committee be held in Jersey City about the first Sunday in March. The meeting to begin at 2:30 P. M., sharp.

Delegates' carfare ordered paid (as per motion of last meeting): Hudson County, 40c.; Elizabeth, \$1.00; Newark, 40c.; Passaic, 5c.; officers, \$1.20. Total, \$3.05.

Motion to adjourn (1:45), carried. Fraternal submitted.

William F. Kruse,  
State Sec'y Y. P. S. L. of N. J.

#### "NOISE" By "Sentó"

The most popular member of the local Young People's Socialist League, to which I have the good fortune of belonging, has a nickname. It is, to my opinion, the most prosaic, common appellation ever given to a human being. A feeling of pleasant satisfaction overfills me whenever the thought, that not I am the owner of this ugly appellation, enters my mind. Indeed—should it be applied to me, I would feel extremely vexed and would think myself one of the very unfortunates. The nickname does not convey any sense of virtue or good character. It is simply—"Noise."

But my friend and comrade does not care. He knows perfectly well why we call him so. And he knows the spirit in which we pronounce the word "Noise" when it is addressed to him.

He is firmly convinced that his kind of noise, that is, loud, emphatic, and convincing argument in the presentation of one's ideas, is essential if one desires the presentation of his ideas to bear fruit. And he practices his beliefs. There is not a question of importance to the welfare of our organization that is not eventually brought to the attention of our members and more per-

manifests the goodly amount of wisdom contained within, and which is crowned by an abundance of stiff, curly hair; his eyes that convey thought and constant deliberation; the bold, roman nose; his manly chin and firm mouth; the tan of his countenance, and his loud, heard-all-over voice, always succeed in influencing his auditors whenever his mature mind is set on making the members "do something."

"Keep your manifestation of appreciation until after I am done speaking." "Noise" is frequently forced to break the flow of his eloquence by the above remark—for there are always some enthusiastic auditors who lose control over their hands whenever they are carried away by "Noise's" speeches. A strangely serious smile usually appears upon his face when he is thusly interrupted—but he never becomes uneasy. His logical arguments are again set forth in the same manner of emphatic "noise."

There are but three things which "Noise" hates: Conventional, hypocritical Politeness and Pride. Besides being the most energetic, the most influential, and the most successful member in our lucky association, he is also the most humble, the most earnest servant of all. All his spare time is given up toward nearing the day of the Social Revolution. All his thoughts and intellectual activities strive toward the accomplishment within himself of a perfect, humble, useful servant of the toiling masses.

No one can imagine "Noise" being silent—especially in his activities. Forever he is "attending." Forever taken up with the work of "improving the organization." And he succeeds in doing it.

That is the reason one hundred and twenty-five young Socialists respect and, I venture to say, love our "Noise."

(Continued from page 6)

desperate, unhuman voice that brought destruction with it.

Nobody had expected that sudden madness. The school-boy fell in a swoon.

Afterwards the newspapers reported details of the killing of six men and an infant by the mob; for some had dared to touch the mad

#### NICHT ALLE SIND TOT . . .

Nicht alle sind tot, deren Hügel  
sich hebt!  
Wir Lieben und was wir geliebet,  
das lebt,  
Das lebt, bis uns selber das  
Leben zerrinnt:  
Nicht alle sind tot, die begraben  
sind!

Und du auch, o Freiheit, auch du  
bist nicht tot,  
Du schlummerst entgegen dem  
Morgenrot,  
Doch leis durch die Zweige schon  
säuselt der Wind:  
Nicht alle sind tot, die begraben  
sind!

Friedrich Stoltze.

(Arbeiter-Jugend)

#### Der Krieg als Erlebnis Von Heinrich Schulz.

In jedes Menschen Leben ist  
Geschichte. Shakespeare.

Dem gewöhnlichen Verlaufe  
der Dinge auf unserem Planeten  
ist für einige Zeit ein Ende  
gesetzt.

Ungeheures, Ungeheuerliches ist an seine Stelle getreten. Die Werke des Friedens sind zu Nichtigkeiten herab gesunken. Was vor einem halben Jahre noch die ganze Kulturwelt erregt und erschüttert hätte, etwelche Unfälle im Natur- oder Menschenleben, der Untergang eines Riesen dampfers, ein Erdbeben, eine Schachtkatastrophe, was bedeutet das alles gegen die bewussten und gewollten "Unfälle", die jeden Tag die Millionen-Heere der grossen Staaten einander antun! Was besagen hundert Ertrunkene in Friedenszeiten gegen die Tausende und aber Tausende erschossener, erschlagener, ertrunkener Soldaten hüben und drüben!

Lassen wir ein Häuflein kal-

herziger Fanatiker beiseite, so hat niemand den Krieg gewollt. Dennoch ist er da! Wie ein ungeheures, unentrinnbares Verhängnis steht er vor den entsetzten Menschen und fordert seine Opfer an Gut und Blut.

Wir wollen hier nicht untersuchen, am allerwenigsten in dieser Stunde, wie weit menschliches Ungeschick und böser Wille einen kleineren oder grösseren Teil Schuld an dem Ausbruch dieses Krieges büssen. In jedem Falle bleibt die Schuld einzelner Menschen winzig im Vergleich zu der Schuld, die auf die Menschen als Gesamtheit fällt. Die menschliche Gesellschaft mit ihrer Unvollkommenheit, die Mangelhaftigkeit der gesellschaftlichen Organisation, die Unfähigkeit der Menschheit, ihre Schöpferkraft richtig und zweckmässig zum Wohle der Gesamtheit anzuwenden, sie sind die eigentlichen Ursachen des Krieges. Und so lange diese Ursachen fortwirken, wird die Menschheit auch in Zukunft nicht vor Kriegen bewahrt bleiben.

Der Krieg ist wie eine Revolution. Gewaltigere Kräfte, als sie der menschlichen Gesellschaft in friedlichen Zeiten dienstbar sind, haben in Kriegszeiten die Herrschaft an sich gerissen und setzen mit rücksichtsloser Gewalt durch, was menschliche Unzulänglichkeit vergeblich versuchte.

Ob Zeiten kommen werden, in denen Kriege und Revolutionen als Geburtshelfer neuer Zeiten nicht mehr notwendig sind, wir wissen es nicht. Aber unsere heissesten Wünsche gehören solchen Zeiten. Gerade in diesen Tagen des Furchtbaren sehen wir sie mit leidenschaftlicher Ungeduld herbei.

Aber Wünsche allein vermögen solche Zeiten nicht zu schaffen, vermögen nicht einen Stein auf

einen anderen zu legen. Dazu gehört der Wille und die Tat.

Wohl ist der Krieg von heute ein fürchterliches Erlebnis für jeden Menschen, der Mitgefühl und Kulturempfinden besitzt. Wir all, hätten jetzt gern noch mehr getan, als wir getan haben, um ihn zu verhindern.

Aber nun er einmal da ist, dürfen wir dieses gewaltige Erlebnis für uns selber nicht genug sein lassen in ohnmächtigem Klagen über seine Furchtbarkeit. Es geht nicht an zu sagen: ich habe ihn nicht gewollt, ich billige ihn nicht, weder in seinen Ursachen, noch in seinem Verlauf, und darum will ich möglichst nichts hören und nichts sehen von ihm. Es geht auch nicht an, in diesen harter und grausamen Zeiten nur die Schrecken des Krieges mitzuerleben, nur über sie zu reden und zu klagen und dann vor Entsetzen die Augen zu verschliessen.

Wohl gehört das mit zu dem grossen Erlebnis dieser Zeit. Und wir dürfen hoffen, dass die Menschen gerade aus dieser blutigen Lehre des Krieges das Beste für die zukünftigen Beziehungen der Völker lernen. Aber darin darf sich das Erlebnis der kriegerischen Gegenwart nicht erschöpfen.

Es ist nicht Zufall, dass die Geschichtschreibung immer gen

aussführlich bei den grossen Kriegen der Vergangenheit verweilt. Sie sind meistens wichtige Wendepunkte zum Guten oder zum Bösen, nach aufwärts oder nach abwärts gewesen. Die wechselseitigen Interessen der Menschen lieferten sich in ihnen ihre Schlachten. In solchen Zeiten aber fallen gewöhnlich alle Hüllen von den Seelen; die Menschen geben sich wie sie sind; zu Verstellungskünsten; ist weder Zeit noch Stimmung; in elemen-



tarer Offenheit stehen sie voreinander.

Darum kann man aus den Kriegen der Vergangenheit viel lernen. Viel über den jeweiligen Kulturzustand, viel über die Menschen jener Zeiten, viel über Schuld und Fehler einzelner. Oft glauben wir klugen Spätgeborenen genau zu wissen, wie es hätte gemacht werden müssen, damit die Menschheit einen besseren und weniger leidensvollen Gang gegangen wäre.

In diesen Tagen, in den blutigen Monaten des Weltkriegs 1914, erleben wir alle miteinander Geschichte, lebendigste Weltgeschichte. Dieser Krieg, mag er ausgehen wie er will, wird für die ganze zukünftige Ordnung der Völker der Erde, für die ganze zukünftige Menschengeschichte von grösster, von allergrösster Bedeutung sein. Kein Krieg, kaum irgendein Ereignis der Vergangenheit kann sich mit ihm messen.

„In jedes Menschen Leben ist Geschichte“, sagt Shakespeare in einem seiner Königsdramen, in denen er die blutigsten Zeiten der englischen Geschichte zu gewaltigen künstlerischen Kapiteln zusammenfasst. Aber er denkt dabei nicht so sehr daran, dass im Ablauf jedes menschlichen Einzelschicksals sich geschichtliche Ereignisse von irgendwelcher Bedeutung vollziehen, als daran, dass jeder einzelne Mensch ein Stück zur Geschichte seiner Zeit beiträgt oder doch beizutragen hat.

Nicht alle in gleichem Masse! Der eine bedeutet einen Gran und noch nicht einmal so viel, der andere trägt mit Löffeln und der dritte gar mit Scheffeln zum geschichtlichen Geschehen seiner Zeit bei. Aber jeder ist ein Stück dieses Geschehens.

In diesem Sinne müssen wir Zeitgenossen dieses gewaltigsten aller Kriege, dieses gewaltsamsten Umformers, diesen Krieg miterleben. Wir müssen in ihm und seinen Wirkungen Weltgeschichte sehen, wie sie die Bürger künftiger Zeiten nur aus dicken Büchern nacherleben können. Während jene aber als die dann lebenden klügeren Spätergeborenen durch mühevolltes Studium herauszubekommen versuchen werden, wie es hätte sein müssen, sind wir als die Miterlebenden heute berufen, dieses Stück Weltgeschichte durch unsere Mitarbeit zu gestalten. Und hierfür sollen wir den Willen und die Tat aufbringen!

Nicht kann jeder die sich überstürzenden Zeitergebnisse in ihrer Totalität erleben und mitgestalten wollen. Das wäre törichte Vermessenheit, ebenso töricht, wie die Beschränktheit, das Ereignis des Krieges mit einer einzigen Formel zu erfassen und danach seine Stellung zum Kriege einzurichten. Dieses Erlebnis ist für die Menschheit wahrlich zu gross und zu erschütternd, als dass es vorschnell in einen Satz gezwängt und dann durch ein selbstgefälliges Urteil erledigt werden dürfte. Es ist ausserdem so tausendfach mannigfaltig, dass es von dem einzelnen Menschen nur in seinen Teilen erfasst werden kann. Jedes Teilerlebnis aber ist wiederum noch überwältigend genug, um die ganze Seele zu füllen und dem Gehirn die schwierigsten Aufgaben zu stellen.

Mehr als für alle anderen gilt das alles für junge Arbeiter und Arbeiterinnen. Sie, die in diesem Kriege selber mitzuhelfen noch nicht berufen sind, haben später erst die Aufgabe, seine Ergebnisse zu werten und zu verwerten. Dabei ist es gleichgültig, welcher

Art diese Ergebnisse sind, und ob sie günstig oder ungünstig für Deutschland sind.

Das werden sie aber in der richtigen Weise nur zu tun vermögen, wenn sie die schweren Tage der Gegenwart nicht lediglich als Tage des Schreckens empfinden oder gar nur als willkommene Veranlassung nervenkitzelnder Sensationen, sondern als Tage grössten weltgeschichtlichen Geschehens. Was bedeutet gegen diese Zeit das harmlose Kanonenschiesens zu Valmy, bei dem Goethe dabeigewesen ist? Es ist eine Spielerei gegen den fürchterlichen Ernst unserer Zeit. Dennoch empfand Goethe die weltgeschichtliche Bedeutung jener Stunde und war stolz darauf, sie miterlebt zu haben.

Von den Ereignissen der Gegenwart gilt noch mehr als von jener Zeit, dass sie eine neue Epoche der Weltgeschichte einleiten. Wir sollen deshalb durch unser Verhalten den Ernst der Stunde würdigen und die Mahnung Shakespeares beherzigen:

„... Verkehrtes Trachten,  
Vergangenes, Künftiges hoch, nie  
Jetziges achten!“

A booking agent for a Chautauqua bureau visited a small town in the Middle West. He called on a man who said that in order to introduce a Chautauqua it would be necessary to see the most prominent man of the town. Together they called on the "first citizen," and the booking agent was introduced.

"Mr. Jones," said he, "I called to see you in regard to a Chautauqua."

"It won't do a bit of good," spoke up the prominent citizen. "My wife and I have looked over all the catalogues carefully and have already decided on another machine."