

# THE MAGAZINE YOUNG SOCIALISTS'

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No. 2

## THE BRICKLAYER

By ELBERT AIDLINE

(From the Russian of V. Brussoff)

"Bricklayer, bricklayer, what are  
you building,

Bending there high, in the  
gale?"

"Hey, don't disturb us, we're busi-  
ly working—

We're building, we're building,  
a gaol."

"Bricklayer, bricklayer, wielding  
the trowel—

Who shall there helplessly  
reel?"

"None of the kin of your rich,  
wealthy brethren—

Nothing compels you to steal."

"Bricklayer, bricklayer, weeping  
and groaning,

Who shall there wallow till  
late?"

"Maybe my son, who's a toiler  
as I am;

Such is the workingmen's  
fate. . . ."

"Bricklayer, bricklayer, maybe  
he'll curse then

Those who the walls helped to  
swell?"

"Hey, there! Beware of the scaf-  
fold! Be silent—

I know it, I know it too well!"



## MOTHER JONES

(United Mine Workers' Journal)

For our cover page of this week we reproduce a late picture of that grand old warrior of, and for, the working class, Mother Jones.

We miners love to claim Mother for our very own, but she does not belong to the miners alone.

Whenever and wherever the workers in any of the industries are fighting against oppression that has become unbearable, there will be found, in the forefront of the struggle, encouraging the men, consoling and succoring the women and children, this woman of over four-score years; full of life, vigor and able resistance.

And, where oppression, borne too long, has crushed out the spirit that makes for resistance; where misery, dire poverty, overwork, has apparently reduced some of the workers to the black despair that accepts oppression dumbly, hopelessly; there also we will find this aged lover of her kind, fanning to life by her burning words of hope the all but extinguished divine spark of discontent and resistance.

Mother Jones' life has been dedicated to the great struggle to aid the self uplift of those who toil. Many of her friends have advised for her rest for the few years we still may hope to keep her here.

But for Mother Jones there can be no rest. Her message to the workers she will deliver with her last breath; she will die in the harness; her only regret, then, that she has not been able to accomplish more.

## PASTEUR

By Houston Peckham

He led no legions forth to maim and kill;

He burned no city, scarred no fertile farm

With trampling. Nay, he never knew the thrill  
Of throbbing drum, of fife, of trump's alarm.

In finding how to lengthen our short days,

In easing human pain, he spent his time

Therefore, proud Clio gives him feeble praise,

And bards neglect him as a theme for rhyme.

But God, who smiles with scornful pity down

On all our foolish ways, knew well his worth,

And crowned him with a brighter shining crown

Than all the regal diadems of earth.  
Bonaparte! Charlemagn! — Oh, what were these

Beside this doughty conqueror of disease?

## Why Socialists Support Unions

The Socialist Party thus has every reason to encourage and support the economic organizations and the struggles of the labor movement in all its forms. It does so in this country, it does so in every other country. It does so for the reason that it realizes the economic organization of labor is the main proof of the worker under the present conditions; that it serves very largely to raise the standards of the worker's life in every direction, and to make it better and healthier and happier. It supports, for similar reasons, the co-operative movement of the working class, and it supports every other radical reform movement based upon actual economic needs, and aiming at actual economic improvement. —From "The Double Edge of Labor's Sword."

## WHAT IS A LIVING WAGE?

By James H. Maurer

The old living wage for the workers is all the wealth their toil produces. Taking the figures of production published by the government, this would mean that after the cost of the raw material is deducted from the product of the worker, the equivalent of \$40 per week would be the just share of the toiler. This would be the least amount and many would produce much more. For those who refuse to credit this statement I would call attention to the fact that Henry Ford, the manufacturer of automobiles, is now paying a minimum wage of \$30 per week and makes a frank statement that he is not paying the workers the full share of their product. How can other employers explain away this statement of Ford's? When the majority of the workers of this country determine to use their organized power to secure this living wage, they can get it. In the meantime we can use what power we now have to compel legislation to improve our condition so that we can fight with more efficiency for our ultimate goal, which is the living wage that I have defined. Our opponents know what our ultimate goal is, and that is the reason they are straining every effort to fool the workers that they may continue to rule and rob them.

## Improvement Needed

"What you want, I suppose, is to vote, just like the men do."

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Baring-Banners. "If we couldn't do any better than that there would be no use of our voting." —Washington Star.

## THE POWER OF EARLY IMPRESSIONS

By KENDRICK SHEDD

There was a great teacher who once told mankind some vast truths in a most simple and commonplace way. He loved the little children and believed in them. He realized what power there is latent in their young souls. He said this which was then a scientific principle, and which is just as deeply scientific and just as sensible to-day as it was then. He said: "As the twig is bent, the tree inclieth." No truer principle was ever stated in word, nor printed in a book.

The Catholic Church knows a vast deal of psychology. It has made a specialty of that study for almost two thousand years. The science of the human mind or soul. And upon what principle is the Catholic Church builded? Upon this very principle above all others: "As the twig is bent, the tree inclieth." Or, to put it in different words, as one of their wise teachers taught, it runs something like this: "Give me a child until he is seven, and I care not what you do with it after that."

The wise man of the Bible said several thousand years ago: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

Now, you and I want Socialism to come. We know it is right, and we are working for its coming. We are talking for it, arguing for it, sacrificing ourselves and our life-prospects for it. How are we to get it? Where shall we start? The old system must go. It has served its place

in history and the development of man, and has proven itself to be a bane and a curse. Its days are numbered, and its dissolution is written down. But why doesn't it go away? Why does it stay with us? How can we abolish it?

Is it true: "As the twig is bent, the tree inclieth"? Listen! Over in Europe is a cruel war. The men who are fighting there against one another all know it is cruel. They all hate war. They know it is wrong. And yet they fight. Thousands of them are Socialists, and claim to believe just as you and I believe. They admit that the men of all nations are brothers, and that they should love one another and not let hatred of one another have any place in their hearts. Yet there they are to-night, seeking to slay their brothers, lying in wait for them to take their lives, to take them away from their families, to rob the world of their cleverness in the shop or of their intelligence in the factory or the school. They used to say that the only true patriotism was the world-patriotism, and that national boundaries only create national hatred and national jealousy, and lead to war among the nations. They claim to believe in the philosophy of Internationalism, and yet to-night they are rabid Nationalists, and are all seeking to prove by the giving of a thousand reasons that their country is right in every particular, and that the "enemy" are the aggressors, and to blame for all the blood and

the horror of the awful bloody horror.

What's the matter? Simply this—those men were taught wrong. When they were babies, they were started wrong. They imbibed Nationalism with their mother's milk. Then the school and the church and the press and all the other agencies of influence got in their work on their young and tender minds, and they became warped and twisted. Later the truth came—the great truth of Internationalism. They accepted it. They admitted that the old ideas were fundamentally wrong, and so they cast them away, and from that time on they spoke of their former opinions only with contempt. Yet—sad to say—when the crisis came, a few months ago, when the call of capitalism became insistent; when the powers that govern under this system of selfish tyranny and wrong commanded; when the church and the school and the press grew red in the face with their talk of patriotism—then away flew the beautiful Internationalism, and back into the life came the old Nationalism with compelling power—and what is the sequel? There they are to-night, what is left of them, ruthlessly slaying their brothers on dozens of battlefields.

## In the Future

In the future society the private ownership of natural resources by individuals will be regarded with the same distaste with which we to-day regard the ownership of one man by another.

Y. P. S. L.

Have you ever tried to take these four letters and make a sentence by using each of them as the initial letter of a word? For example:

Young people sing lovely.

You preach so lovely; you practice so little.

Your plans seem lifeless.

You pass some literature.

Well, here's your chance. Write me a letter soon. Send me at least two of these sentences. They should have some sense about them, and if they can be made to refer to the aims or the methods or the work or play of the members of the Young People's Socialist Leagues, so much the better. I will agree to have a committee appointed to judge them, and will send a copy of my Socialist Songs, with music (a large book of over 80 pages), to each of the five winners—members, of course, of Young People's Socialist Leagues in or out of New York State.

So here is your chance. Send them in at once, if you can. When the judges have given their decision, we shall publish the sentences of the winners in the Young People's Magazine.

### Dirge of the Unemployed

E. Aimée Piza

Our hearts with care are sore.  
In vain we try each door  
To have new hopes destroyed.  
To be still unemployed.  
Yet rich folk think we shirk!  
Does God know we want work?  
An answer to our call  
An honest chance—that's all!

### A VISION OF THE FUTURE

By Robert G. Ingersoll

I see a world where thrones have crumbled and where kings are dust. The aristocracy of idleness has perished from the earth.

I see a world without a slave. Man at last is free. Nature's forces have by science been enslaved. Lightning and light, wind and wave, frost and flame, and all the secret subtle powers of earth and air are the tireless toilers for the human race.

I see a world of peace adorned with every form of art, with music's myriad voices thrilled, while lips are rich with words of life and truth—a world in which no exile sighs, no prisoner mourns; a world on which no gibbet's shadow falls; a world where labor reaps its full reward; where work and worth go hand in hand; where the poor girl in trying to win bread with the needle—the needle, that has been called "the asp for the breast of the poor"—is not driven to the desperate choice of crime or death, of suicide or shame. I see a world without a beggar's outstretched palm, the miser's heartless, stony stare, the piteous wail of want, the livid lips of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn.

I see a race without disease of flesh or brain—shapely and fair, the married harmony of form and function, and as I look, life-lengthens, joy deepens, love canopies the earth; and over all in the great dome, shines the eternal star of human hope.

### Enough!

Willie—"Paw, what is the difference between genius and talent?"

Paw—"Talent gets paid every Saturday, my son."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Die im freihätlichen Sinne geleiteten

Vereinigten Freien Deutschen Schulen von New York und Umgegend

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

Bronx: 964 Washington Ave., Samstag und Sonntag vorm.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

Espéranto. Violin School. Stenography.

Kindergarten (Sundays only).

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

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

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

# SOCIALISM AND HAPPINESS

The Socialist theory is based on the historical assertion that the course of social evolution for centuries has gradually been to exclude the producing classes from the possession of land and capital and to establish a new subjection of the workers, who have nothing to depend on but their precarious wage-labor. The Socialists maintain that the present system (in which land and capital are the property of private individuals freely struggling for increase of wealth) leads inevitably to social and economic anarchy, to the degradation of the workingman and his family, to the growth of vice and idleness among the wealthy classes and their dependents, to bad and inartistic workmanship, and to adulteration in all its forms; and that it is tending more and more to separate society into two classes—wealthy millionaires, confronted with an enormous mass of proletarians—the issue of which must either be Socialism or social ruin. To avoid all these evils and to secure a more equitable distribution of the means and appliances of happiness, the Socialists propose that land and capital, which are the requisites of labor and the source of all wealth and culture, should become the property of society, and be managed by it for the general good.

But while its basis is economic, Socialism implies and carries with it a change in the political, ethical, technical and artistic arrangements and institutions of society which would constitute a revolution greater probably than has ever taken place in human his-

tory, greater than the transition from the ancient to the mediæval world, or from the latter to the existing order of society.

In the first place such a change generally assumes as its political complement the most thoroughly democratic organization of society.

In the second place Socialism naturally goes with an unselfish or altruistic system of ethics. The most characteristic feature of the old societies was the exploitation of the weak by the strong under the systems of slavery, serfdom and wage labor. Under the Socialistic regime it is the privilege and duty of the strong and talented to use their superior force and richer endowments in the service of their fellow-men without distinction of class or nation or creed.

In the third place, Socialists maintain that under their system and no other can the highest excellence and beauty be realized in industrial production and in art, whereas under the present system beauty and thoroughness are alike sacrificed to cheapness, which is a necessity of successful competition.

Lastly, the Socialists refuse to admit that individual happiness or freedom of character would be sacrificed under the arrangements they propose. They believe that under the present system a free and harmonious development of individual capacity and happiness is possible only for the privileged minority, and that Socialism alone can open up a fair opportunity for all. They believe, in short, that

there is no opposition whatever between Socialism and individuality rightly understood, that these two are complements the one of the other, that in Socialism alone may every individual have hope for free development and a full realization of himself.—Encyclopedia Britannica.

### The Economic Bone

We claim that the class struggle is at the bottom of the greatest number of our industrial problems, and we claim that this problem cannot be solved unless we abolish the very system which has produced it. We may preach harmony between employers and employees, or we may have organizations especially formed for the promotion of such harmony, such, for instance, as the National Civic Federation, but, as a matter of fact, so long as the economic interests of the two classes remain conflicting, so long will no actual harmony exist between them.

### Truth and Error

With the first hostilities Error stood up proudly.

"Here," she remarked to her entourage, "is where I quit creeping into the news, stealthily, in a handgong manner. No more of that for me. From now on I enter the advices in serried squadrons, in true military order."

Truth, in the meanwhile, though not exactly crushed to earth, was shaving to resort to all kinds of devices to get past the censors.

# AND IT WAS CHRISTMAS DAY

(A Story) By Wm. F. Barnard

The road from the war-ruined village lay straight across the snow toward the south, toward peace; perhaps, but not so surely, toward plenty. For, when the husband and father, Pierre, had left them to hasten to the trenches a few hours before, he placed in the mother's hand a small map, saying, "Follow this." With clumsy and knotted hands he had drawn a line upon it from north to south. This line, following roads for the most part seemed now almost their only friend, leading out of a world of cold, desolation and despair, where Pierre had kissed them good-bye.

There were six in the little group, not counting the donkey, so necessary to their present project. The white-haired grandfather (the aged and trembling grandmother had died the day before from exhaustion and fright, and now lay hastily buried in the ruins of their garden), Marie, the mother of four little ones, and Mignon, Henri, Violet, and Rose, they trudged along, the mother with dumb despair in her face, the children alternately crying with cold, and then, warmed by each other's kisses, prattling of Christmas Day, which lay only one sunset and one sunrise beyond them.

The two wheels of the donkey cart creaked dubiously as the sturdy little animal stumbled along over the hummocks of a ruined road, plowed into furrows by the weight of great cannon. The flimsy vehicle was piled high with a few poor belongings of the family, saved from the general carnage. Two or three

stools, badly broken, a small table, two large bags of straw to serve as beds, several quilts and blankets, a few dishes and cooking utensils—these made the sum of the worldly possessions of the family.

Now and then the grandfather, faltering with uncertainty, and bending his gaunt figure to the ground, picked up a stray piece of wood, the poor offerings of the trees overhead to the altar of the fire which was to comfort them. These he thrust into the cart as well as he could between the legs of the stools. Numb from unaccustomed cold, the natural frosts of his age were but accentuated, dulling his eyes a little more, and congealing his time-frozen brain.

The young but broken mother, her matted hair lying in tangles upon her shoulders, tried to keep her little brood before her. Her tortured mind dwelt alternately upon her husband back there somewhere, lost among the trenches, whom she would probably never see again, and her children, each of whom she looked upon despairing, wondering what was to become of them. As Mignon, the elder, turned back and placed her small cold hand within her mother's, the woman's eyes flooded with tears, and, lifting her and crushing her convulsively to her breast, she cried in a sobbing whisper, "My child! My babies! Oh, where is your father!"

They struggled along until the sun, level with their eyes, made the now more resolute and guardian mother look about in all directions for a place where she

might gather her brood together for the night. The words "fire" and "a bed" made brave little Henri, a child of six, grasp a stick like a man and stride sturdily along, while his two smaller sisters followed exactly in his footsteps, shouting in their childish treble, "We are going to find St. Nicholas and ask him to give us a whole bag of toys!"

The watchful mother at last spied an old pile of straw by the roadside just ahead, and, deciding at once upon that as their resting place, she told the old man, and diverted the little cavalcade to the side of the road. The donkey welcomed the sight of food with prolonged and strident braying. They were soon on the sheltered side of the mass of straw; and while the grandfather scraped the snow from the ground to make a place for their tent the mother kindled a fire at a safe distance, filling the big iron pot with snow, and began to prepare a kind of soup from her poor store of food.

The children, gathered in an independent group beside the straw pile, disconsolately viewed the settling up of the tent. Though for two nights previously they had slept in the cellar of their little home, still it had been their home, familiar and loved in its every door and window. "Where was the big bed in which they, the four, had always slept together? Where was the happy fireplace around which they had always crowded when it was cold?—Where was the old cat, which used to lie on the foot of the bed, purring so loudly that it sang them to sleep?"

And then the terror of the carnage rose before them again, and small Henri saw as in a dream the scene when the hordes of soldiers seized their home and the garden had been torn to pieces by the men who dug trenches, laboring like oxen, quickly, and painting and sweating as they toiled as fast as they could. The booming of the cannon was in his ears again as he stood abstractedly, the horror of the previous days in his eyes.

When the tent had been raised at last the children sat wide-eyed at their new surroundings. The mother produced a bag of charcoal from her precious cart, and placing some of it in an old covered pan at the opening of the tent, and bringing a little fire from beneath the pot, tried to create some warmth inside the poor shelter. They had their soup in small earthenware bowls. Mignon helping to feed her two younger sisters, who took their black bread and soup without a word, sitting on the bags of straw. The mother ate little or nothing, while Henri and Mignon supped from the same bowl. The grandfather querulously pleaded for a second helping, but the eyes of the mother silenced him ere he had spoken five words.

Taking a candle from her bosom the woman with thoughtful invention tied it in an upright position to the center pole of the crowded little tent. The poor light dazzled the eyes of Violet and Rose, who, lying down at once on the straw pile to avoid it, were soon in each other's arms fast asleep. The old grandfather turned dumbly to a far corner of the tent, and lay down upon the straw with a groan, covering himself with a worn great coat which

he had taken from the body of a dead soldier.

The mother, Mignon and Henri were alone.

Henri broke the strange silence. "Mamma, will there be Christmas Day where we go to-morrow? Will the bells ring early? Will the Christ Child come again to bless little children? Will there be wine, nuts, and cakes? Tell us, Mamma!"

"Yes," chimed in Mignon. "I heard the priest say last week that there would be peace on earth and good will to men; that nobody would hate anyone any more, Mamma," she went on, "will St. Nicholas come to us here to-night, or shall we have to wait till we reach the next village?"

The mother turned her back, and bowed her head to hide her tears.

Blasphemous thoughts crowded her mind as she listened to their sweet childish prattle. No, there was no God over the world, loving and caring for it. There was not peace on earth, nor any good will to men, but only life-long suffering for the poor everywhere, and eternally postponed hope. The war over there, a world-large devouring monster that had destroyed their little home and driven them thus into the cold fields with nothing; what brotherhood, what peace on earth, what good will to men was there in that?

"Mamma," came the small voice of Henri again, "shall we have Christmas Day to-morrow; and does St. Nicholas love all little boys and girls? Perhaps all the men are fighting and no one is left to cut Christmas trees. Perhaps there won't be any more Christmas Days!"

The lie that the devoted mother longed to tell lay unspoken upon her dry lips, and the two children, afflicted by her silence, turned to each other for comfort, the girl sobbing softly, her head upon her brother's arm as they fell asleep.

For hours she kept her vigil, till the candle, its last inch burning, showed but a speck of the wick. Suddenly the light blazed up, fluttered feebly and died. The woman rose at last, numb with cold, and going out, lifted from the cart a small box or trunk. She carried it to the dying fire where the iron pot still hung, and lifted the lid. Within there lay a single doll, tawdry and faded with age. Laid away now these many years in a bed of its tarnished finery, it lay like a withered rose pressed in a book for memory's sake. Her tears fell upon it as she murmured more than once, "Only one doll and four little hungry hearts of love!"

Sombre streaks of day barred the east as she turned desperately toward her sleeping brood in the tent. In blank and utter wretchedness she threw herself down beside her little ones, despairing as she covered their baby figures from the cold. Then merciful sleep blotted out the world.

She sat up suddenly. It was almost broad daylight. What was that terrible noise coming nearer and nearer? Those hoarse commands? The tramping of ten thousand feet; the rumbling of a hundred heavy wheels? What was it?

She crept toward the opening of the tent clasping and unclasping her hands convulsively. Not a thousand yards away, right across the fields they came, solid

(Continued on page 10)

## The Young Socialists' Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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

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### TO OUR READERS

We are glad to be able to announce that Comrade Kendrick H. Shedd will take an active part in the editorial work of this magazine. Several of his articles, signed and not signed, appear in this issue and will, we are sure, help to improve it very considerably. His rich experience in the work with and for the young people, his understanding of the young people which makes him practically the only American Socialist prominent in this work, will, we hope, encourage our young people's organizations to assist in spreading the magazine and thus help to make it bigger and more versatile. May Comrade Shedd's entrance introduce a new period of prosperity for the magazine, and thus help to strengthen the young people's movement. Remember, a strong magazine with a big circulation will be one of the most valuable assets in the propaganda and educational work of the young people's movement.

## BEGINNING AT THE BEGINNING

The System must be changed; must be abolished and replaced. Some say by industrial action only. Some say by political action. Others say by force, even by dynamite. Who knows?

We say, mainly by education and enlightenment. This method will be too slow to suit some, but it is in the line of science and evolution. We have history on our side.

We must educate the—adults? Yes, as much as we can. But listen to the wise man of the scriptures: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Here follow ten reasons, among many, why we should begin at once to educate the young—the youth and the kiddies—to Socialistic thinking:

(1) Because the church and the school are educating them away from us as fast as they can.

(2) Because the printing press, with its books, magazines and papers, is in the hands of our enemies.

(3) Because the boy scout movement for the boys, and the camp fire and other movements for the girls are taking the young away from us in droves.

(4) Because the enemy are feeding "dope" to the young day and night, so as to keep them in subjection. By means of funny-papers, baseball and other forms of ball, motion pictures, the tango craze and its allies, and fun in general, the young have no time and no energy and no thought for vital things. They are kept partially paralyzed so that they may not think. See?

(5) In a garden the best time for removing weeds is when they are young and small. So with the weeds of error and wrong thought. Believe me, there are plenty of them growing up in the young minds.

(6) The child mind grasps ideas easily, and it is just as easy to instill or implant right notions as wrong ones.

(7) Evolution is scientific, and starts at the beginning.

(8) After men and women have been started wrong they are often "converted" to better ideas. But when the crisis comes—maybe they stick and maybe they don't. Note the war in Europe and see how furiously the Socialist "Internationalists" are slaying their brothers! Their early Nationalism is working overtime.

See, too, how those who have been "converted" late in life split their ticket on a religious issue. Why?

Listen! You are never sure of those who have been changed late in life. Start them young! See the point?

(9) Start them early and they will have more years of strength and enthusiasm to devote to Socialism.

(10) Socialism brings a keener vision. A keener vision brings a keener capacity for good work and understanding, and so more joy in life. Give the kiddies this vision early!

There are other reasons. You think of some more. By all means let us get at the young. Hurrah for the Y. P. S. L.! Hurrah for the even more vital Socialist (Sunday) School!



### THE UNWELCOME KIDDIE

"I don't like kids," some people say, and lots of them they think that we are only fit to play or else to eat and drink. They'd like to have us always sleep, or maybe slide or skate, or else they'd like to have us keep away, at any rate! When we're around they're mean and cross. They say we're in the way, and so they scold and blow and boss, and we don't like to stay.

We didn't ask to come to earth—the doctor made us come! And from the moment of our birth we made things ring and hum. But that's the way with kids, you know; they're surely not to blame. Then why should people storm and blow and not be glad we came? If ever I should be a dad and have some kiddies small, I'm sure I'd be just awful glad, and make them welcome all. I'd let 'em yell the whole day long, if they the colic had. I wouldn't swear; I wouldn't wrong the poor things nor get mad. And when they played, I wouldn't say that they should never yell, for I would know it's Nature's way and helps to make them well.

Now, every kid is going to be a grown-up some fine day, and he

### A Word of Encouragement from Japan

Several days ago we received from Japan a Socialist newspaper. With it came a little note that gratified us more than many a more wordy letter of praise.

"Biki sha"

Higashiarai, Katayanagi-mura;  
Kitaadachi-gure, Sakitama-ken,  
Japan.

Edited by K. Usukura,  
S. Usukura.

who were readers of the "Young Socialists' Magazine."

"Great trees from little acorns grow." That is the greatness and importance of the Young Socialist Movement, that by laying the foundation for a true understanding of the Socialist movement it bears within itself the power to produce splendid results for the future of the movement.

Let us hope that the work of our comrades in Japan may be crowned with a lasting success, that they and their comrades will build up a movement that will be a strong link in the great chain with which the International of the class-conscious proletariat is uniting the ends of the earth. Greetings!

will have his misery till he is old and gray. So let him have his childhood now while he is fresh and young. Fore wrinkles sink into his brow and grief his heart has wrung. And if in play you hear him shout and yell and screech and sing, why, don't get sore and go about his kiddish neck to wring! For he's just working out the traits that in his soul were born, when he was summoned by the Fates on that September morn.

O men and women, let me tell a secret right profound. If you will weigh its meaning well, your mind it will astound; One only chance a kiddie has to live its kiddish days, so do not let that childhood pass without its childish plays. Pray do not bid a little lad to be a solemn man, but let it be its gladdest glad and laugh the most it can!

### The Higher Learning

The Prince's Tutor—"What were the consequences, your Highness, of the Thirty Years' War?"

The Prince looks blank and says nothing.

The Prince's Tutor—"Quite right, your Highness. It brought inexpressible woe."

## AND IT WAS XMAS DAY.

(Continued from page 7)

ranks of men; their steel clashing, the roar of their voices bitter with rage and hate. Clutching the canvas flap she stepped out and looked in the opposite direction. There on the heights in the sunlight of dawn great guns began to shriek the message of death unto life. The oncoming rushing thousands were near her now. She turned gaspingly toward them again to see the shrapnel tearing great bloody gaps in their ranks. Now the lines were almost even with the tent. Demon eyes she saw. Cursing, bleeding devils they seemed, pushing on, on, even on toward those hell-dreadful heights which must be taken at any cost.

"She knelt in the snow right before them, crossing her arms upon her breast. Her eyes closed.

A shell burst directly above her with an awful detonation, scattering flame of death everywhere around. The gap made by the explosion showed only vacancy where woman, little children asleep and wild-eyed soldiers had breathed but a moment before.

There was another hurrah. On, on, on, the fighting thousands sped, their ranks closing like the jaws of a trap.

And it was Christmas Day.

## An Unheeded Warning

The attention of the warring nations of Europe is respectfully invited to the awful fate of the Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat, in the nursery classic. You remember,

"The truth about that cat and pup  
Was this—they ate each other  
up!"

## THE KING'S SURRENDER

Wm. F. Kruse

A strange scene meets our eyes and conveys an impression of weird unreality. Yet, here is the massive salon, just as our memory recalls it; here are the beautiful boards, which, laden with choicest viands, have often been graced by the cream of the realm's nobility. What a change has come! In place of the soft curls and scented wigs of the gracious courtiers there gleam the blood-red caps of the Jacobins. In place of the silken standards of king and noble there hangs the red banner on which is emblazoned but a single word: "Liberte." In place of the showy staffs and glistening side-arms of Count and Baron there are seen only the blood-stained pikes and scythes of the revolutionists. In place of the flowery speech and cultured banalities of the Court, there are heard but guttural accents and the rough, powerful protests of an outraged, rebellious people.

Ah!! if but the king would appear to silence these riotous disturbers. But, lo, when he does come forth, in harmony with this strange upheaval, he presents a truly startling appearance. In place of the golden crown, a blood-red liberty cap graces his head; in place of the jewelled sceptre, a wine-glass has been thrust into his hand. He comes, pale and trembling, partly pushed and partly carried, to the head of the great table.

"Citizen Capé," grimly announces the leader, "you will kindly drink the health of the Nation." And a chorus of assent comes from the assembled throng. The health of the Nation! What nation? Tell them, Louis, are you not the nation? "The impudent beggars! How dare they question my divinely inspired authority? Off with their heads!" In some such manner as this would that other Louis, your grand sire, have answered their clamorings. But your grand sire is in his grave and most of the conditions that made his power possible, too, are gone.

This is a sorry day for kings. The "rabble," so long denied, have achieved mastery, and carry sharp weapons that compel a hearing. Louis, at the price of his dignity and power, buys his life, which purchase, in a later effort to win back its price, he must also part with.

The glass is filled to the brim, it is raised in the trembling hand of the king; his lips, with great effort, begin

to carry out their hateful task. He begins, "My devoted subjects, the—" "Nay, nay," growls the mob, "we are citizens; 'devoted subject' may be a proper term for the clod who fears to strike for his own liberty. We are citizens; each the sovereign of his own soul."

In that weak king's toast a revolution was won. The throats, so terrible a burden upon the backs of the oppressed people, were shaken then, as they were by no other agency. "Fellow citizens," gasped the king, "to the health of the Nation." And so the toast was drunk.

In that utterance, wrung from the lips of a weak monarch, clinging desperately to his little spark of life, is symbolized the victory of mankind over all forms of human despotism. It is in this spirit that the modern industrial king, the great capitalist, is forced to recognize the existence and the rights of the workers. It is in this spirit that the employer of child labor is obliged to put adults in the place of the tiny victims of his greed. It is in this spirit that the smug, respectable exploiter of the unfortunate woman's barter of sex for bread is forced to flee from the shafts of the public's scornful accusation. It is in this spirit that the victorious hosts of labor will force the masters of their bread to abdicate their sovereignty and place themselves on a plane with all other citizens of our future commonwealth.

The French people suffered untold wrongs for centuries before they wiped out the monarchy that oppressed them. The people of to-day suffer under an oppression even more heartless, because of its impersonal form as a social system. But the revolt must come, not, in this case against any individual, but against the conditions that make the individual what he is, whether exploiter or exploited. It is our duty to bring all people to a full realization of these conditions.

The future is pregnant with the promise of better things for everyone, no matter what his station in life may be. True happiness, true progress, true love or joy or brotherhood or liberty can never exist until every man and woman, boy and girl can, with all their heart and soul, respond to this toast:

"Comrades, here's to our nation, the whole world wide; and to our people, all who dwell upon it, be their color, race, sex or creed what it may."

## THE EARTH, ITS ORIGIN AND LIFE.

By Emanuel Deutsch

All of us are interested in this great planet of ours which we call the Earth. Questions often arise in our minds asking the why and wherefore of our origin as a human being. We wish to know whence this cosmos came, and how it was formed as a habitable planet. We like to know how life itself first appeared on the earth, and how after aeons of time it evolved into its highest form—man.

These questions are perplexing to the human mind, involving the most vital thoughts, and giving rise to a great amount of interest and discussion. Up to the present time the answers which we have received to these interrogations from most of our teachers and biblical scholars has not fully satisfied our somewhat rational mind. The answer that the Bible gives of the creation of the earth causes many of us to puzzle our minds with thoughts that lead us nowhere. So not being satisfied with the theological conception of creation, we look to the scientific world for the explanation of the origin of the earth and its manifold complexities.

We read the opinions of men who have spent their lives studying and investigating these deep questions, and we find that at last a sound, reasonable explanation is given of the origin of the earth, the forces which produced its inception, and the untold evolution of matter that had followed the eruption.

After a thorough search and investigation into the bowels of the earth and the antiquities of the past, the scientists have given to the world a theory called the Nebular Hypothesis which explains the forces that produced the numerous planets and cosmos, one of which we call the earth. The scientist who most fully expounded the theory of the Nebular Hypothesis was a Frenchman, Pierre Simon De La Place. The Hypothesis, being as it is only a theory, is not perfect and stands a great chance of being modified and more fully explained in the future. It has been accepted by scientists for over a century as being the most reasonable and scientific explanation of the origin of the earth and other cosmos.

The nebular theory is explained thus:—The sun and all its planets, among which is the earth, were formed from a gaseous fire mist

which was diffused through all space. Its particles, attracting each other, drew together and formed a mass. This mass condensed and contracted. As the particles drew toward a center, they set up a rotary or whirling motion. Well, when the sun's whirling sphere grew to a certain size, contending forces caused it to throw off smaller masses of itself. From these smaller masses, by the same general process that gave form to the sun, our earth and other planets were formed. The earth and its planets we call the solar system.

After grasping this theory of the origin of the earth, a question might arise in your mind, which is most perplexing to answer, and that is—who caused this nebular condensation and contraction which formed into the planets? To be sure the only answer I can give you is what all scientists have given—I don't know. You can call it God, if you please, but further than that there is no explanation.

Well, to continue with my treatise, according to the nebular theory, the earth was once a hot, molten mass. Students of the earth's surface find what are called fire-fused rocks underlying what are called water-laid rocks. The explanation of this is that the fiery surface cooled off and the waters appeared. Later as the earth continued cooling and shrinking, its crust became crumpled, forming continents and oceans.

From the oceans is said to have appeared the first form of life. According to Ernest Haeckel, a noted scientist, the first low forms of life were evolved from the primordial seas over one hundred million years ago. From the water there grew a slow process of development of the lowest form of life into the higher and more complex form. From the lower form of existence as water creatures there developed animals which became adapted both to the water and the land. This continual evolution of animal organism was brought about through the gradual change of the earth's surface. The more the environment of the earth changed, the more complex became the animal organism, whose form and appearance changed to adapt itself to the corresponding change in the environment.

Out of these innumerable complex

animal organisms, and their continual evolution into higher forms of existence appeared human life. This development of human life from the lowest forms was accomplished only through a long period of time. As far as scientists can calculate, they base this transformation of organisms to have taken many hundred thousand years. They cannot be exact on this estimation, for the further back we go in the history of the earth, or of man, the harder it is to form conclusions, for the evidence upon which to base conclusions is hard to obtain.

When human life first appeared in the form of man, it was not as we see to-day with our advanced civilization and civilized races. Man first appeared as a savage in a rude form, who was placed in the midst of wild surroundings and had to adapt himself to his environment and eke out an existence in the best way possible. The only potentialities which placed him above the lower animals were the power to reason and stand erect on his feet and use his hands freely.

With these advantages he was able to better adapt himself to the wild surroundings. He invented means of improving his livelihood and making the struggle for existence less keen. He learned the use of fire, with which he was able to cook his wild roots, nuts, fishes and fruits. He invented the bow and arrow, by which he was able to make use of game for food. The savage learned to build himself a hut made of the bark of trees; he helped to develop the first rudiments of a language, and of him can be said that he laid the foundations for all future work.

From savagery, man developed into barbarism. This transition was long, for it took him long to conquer over the arduous environment. In this stage he learned the use of pottery, he learned to tame animals, build houses of brick and stone, plant grains and smelt iron. He traveled more extensively, and made his language more serviceable to him by means of rude pictures and signs, but as yet he had not learned the use of spoken language.

It was when man used the spoken language, by means of sounds and symbols in the form of an alphabet, by which the written language had

improved, that civilization really came into existence. By means of the written language he could more easily preserve a record of past achievements and inventions, and pass on to posterity a knowledge of the progress he had made. Along with the use of the alphabet, civilization has brought about an innumerable amount of inventions and discoveries. Progress has developed at a quicker pace than ever before in the history of the earth. The invention of printing, gunpowder, machinery, the discovery of vast continents of land as an outlet for the expansion of the population; and the wonderful advancement in the arts, sciences and culture of the race has brought about such a magnitude of knowledge and progress as to make for such an advancement in the future, that will make it possible for the human race to live in comfort and increased happiness.

After a study of the earth and its peoples, and of the tremendous progress that has been made, there is one big question which looms above all, and that is: Why is it that in this age of civilization that boasts of its advanced knowledge and culture, with machinery such as the world has never seen before, and capable of producing enough food, clothing, and shelter for all, why is it that with such an abundance of wealth, we find in our so-called civilization millions of people in acute want and need? Why is it that we have such execrating poverty, millions of unemployed willing to work but can't get it? Why? Why?

This is the issue that is always the issue of every month, of every day in the year. To solve this issue we must pledge ourselves. There is only one scientific solution to this question, and that is Socialism. Socialism is the only remedy for poverty, unemployment, war, prostitution and exploitation. It is the duty of every thinking and broad-minded person to study this question thoroughly. If upon thinking it out for themselves they find it to be the only remedy for our present social conditions, it is their duty to work with all the power they possess to bring about the dawn of the Co-operative Commonwealth. You young men who read this, and belong to the Young Socialist League, should be in the forefront of the battle. To you the future will belong. You have at your command all the knowledge of the past, and if you will only use it you will be able to solve most of life's difficulties. To enable you to do anything worth while you must do three things: Read, Reason, and Think. This done, apply your

knowledge to the resources of the world for the best possible advantages for yourself and the human race.

### REPORT OF THE BOARD OF CONTROL

of the Young People's Socialist League, State of New York

#### Quarterly Report

The Board of Control of the Young People's Socialist League of the State of New York can well be proud of the active work they have accomplished for the first three months that they have been in office. Since the last convention the Board has held three meeting or, in other words, one meeting each month.

The first meeting of the Board of Control was held on Sunday, Sept. 20, 1914, in the headquarters of the 22nd Assembly District of the Socialist Party at 10 A. M.

The meeting was called to order by the State Secretary, Carl Ortlund, Comrade Bicks of New York being elected as Chairman. The members of the Board decided to draw up an Order of Business for procedure at each meeting. Under the roll call the following members responded: Morris Weiss of Bronx, Miss Reinhardt of Yonkers, Nat. Bicks of New York, Carl Ortlund of New York. Absent without excuse—Miss Bornstein of New York.

The State Secretary reported as follows: That the Leagues were starting their real active winter season work and that stamps were being bought regularly. That the State Committee of the Socialist Party had been requested to elect a Young People's Committee to lay out a definite plan for activities for the Leagues throughout the State, that the State Committee had elected such a committee.

In reference to the account of the former State Secretary it was decided to close up the former account and the new administration start off anew. A motion was made that the State Secretary keep in close contact with the Leagues and send each a copy of the Young Socialists' Magazine with the Convention Report, at the same time requesting the Leagues to order or subscribe to the Magazine. Motion was made to order the official pins for the Leagues. In reference to charters it was decided to leave this over until the next meeting. It was decided to print the referendums and send them throughout the State. Comrade Lore of the State Committee of the Socialist Party was granted the floor, and he expressed his opinion as how

various plans he had in mind would help the movement grow and said he would also lay these plans before the State Committee and request them to elect a standing body to work out these plans.

A motion was made to try to help the Queens and Kings Leagues organize and for this purpose a Committee consisting of Comrade Bicks and Weiss were chosen with the aid of the State Secretary. Finances being quite low, it was decided to request the Leagues for contributions. Motion for adjournment.

The second meeting was held on Sunday morning, October 18, 1914, at the same meeting rooms as the preceding meeting. Comrade Bicks was elected Chairman. Comrade Subkow absent under roll call, all other members present. Minutes of preceding meeting read and approved.

Comrade Leslie of the N. Y. Call presented a Bundle Brigade Plan whereby the Leagues could help the Call and at the same time build up their libraries. Comrade Leslie was given the kindest thanks for the plan in which the full co-operation of the state office would be given.

Comrade Weiss reported in reference to the organization of the districts surrounding Mt. Vernon and Queens, that very promising work was being done. Report accepted with the recommendation to continue good work, at the same time keeping in touch with the state office.

All matters in reference to the state official pins and charters be dispensed with when the question in reference to joining the national organization was brought on the floor. After considerable discussion it was finally decided to put this question to a state referendum, with the other question of the last convention.

Next meeting of the Board to be held on December, 1914.

The third meeting of the Board was held on December 6, 1914. Meeting held to tally referendum vote and audit the books of the State Secretary.

The vote on the referendum was as follows:

Article 1—For, 167. Against, 5.  
Article 2—For, 170. Against, 3.  
Article 3—For, 152. Against, 18.

Although the voting was decidedly weak, still all the articles were carried.

Report of State Secretary:

Stamps received, 14,868  
Stamps sold, 1,000.

Entire receipts, including old accounts..... \$30.00  
Expenditures ..... 5.84

Balance.....\$24.16

A full report of this is to be sent throughout the Leagues and to the National Office.

The Committee of Organization reported good progress in Queens, where a Circle consisting of 35 members is now ready to join the State Organization. It was decided to proceed with trying to obtain a speaker to tour the State of New York, recommendation left over until the next meeting.

The next meeting of the Board is to be held after the holiday season is over.

Hoping that all the Leagues will keep up their good work and not forget to send in their monthly reports so that we may be able to see just what work you are doing.

Carl H. C. Ortlund,  
State Secretary.

#### Bronx League

Now that the great European war has become a mere matter of routine, there is a tendency to forget it and look for something else to be the customary nine days' wonder. The social Socialists of the Bronx have found the substitute in the Third Annual Cabaret and Ball, to be given by the Bronx League, on Lincoln's Birthday Eve, February 11, 1915. Besides the members who are to appear on the program we have secured some very well-known professionals, who are artists in their particular branch of cabaret entertainment. There will be Miss Dolly Meyers, who will sing the latest song hits; the Singer Family, who will entertain with singing and musical numbers, and John Ryan & Co., who are to appear in a one-act play. Besides, the German Singing Society of the Bronx will render revolutionary airs. "Some class, eh!" And all for 25 cents, including wardrobe. "Can you beat it?"

Don't conclude that because the ball is being featured so heavily the Bronx League is not doing any other work. In the report of the executive secretary of the Socialist Party it is stated that "the local branch of the Y. P. S. L. has aided materially the work of the Socialist Party." As a result of a lecture delivered about a month ago by Comrade S. Hahn of the Los Angeles League the Bronx Y. P. S. L. has a number of circles within its organization whose duty it is to interest the members in the various fields of activity controlled by these circles. That is, the

Musical circle is teaching the whole body to sing Comrade Sheed's songs. The Walking Circle invites all the members to well-planned "hikes" every Sunday afternoon. The Literary Circle, co-operating with the Educational Committee, are writing a play to be presented in the near future. As a result of the recent "Soap Box Evening" Miss Handel, a new comrade, won the subscription to the *American Socialist*. Now put this in your pipe and smoke it. Bronx Y. P. S. L. meets every Friday evening at McKinley Square Casino, 108th Street and Boston Road.

Yours fraternally,  
Isidor Engel, Press Agent.

#### Y. P. S. L. of QUEENS

The Young People's Socialist League of Queens is slowly but surely progressing. Several new members were proposed at our last meeting. To increase our membership a campaign has been formed, with good prospects of obtaining many new comrades during the next few months.

The Educational Com. is working hard, lecturing and educating the theory and principles of Socialism. All are eager to learn and help bring about Socialism in the future.

At our last Social an "Apron and Necktie Dance" was given, with quite a success. Steps have been taken to stage a play very shortly.

All young people are cordially invited to attend our meetings, at 1047 Hancock St., at 3 P. M., every Sunday. Dancing and entertainment follow all meetings.

Elsie Baer, Secretary.

#### NEW JERSEY NOTES

State Office:

The next meeting of the State Committee will be held at the Jersey City Headquarters, 256 Central Ave., on Sunday, Feb. 21, beginning promptly at 2.30 P. M. Directions: From depots or transfer stations take Hudson or Pavonia cars to Sherman Pl., walk one block east to Central Ave. Summit Car to Sherman Pl. stops in front of door. A good deal of important business is to be transacted. Delegates requested to be on time. Supper and entertainment in the evening.

Reports prove that all Circles are showing marked activity and are making steady progress. New Circles are being started in Camden, Guttenberg and Newark.

#### COMRADE CLUB, HUDSON CO.

A fine big banner is being embroidered by the girl members of the club.

Emblazoned on its folds is the emblem of the organization: The earth, encircled and conquered by the warm red hands of "Organization," "Education" and "Solidarity"; and illuminated by the torch of Progress, whose brightest flame and light is "Youth." A "big time" is promised at the banner's dedication ceremonies.

It will be some time before we recover entirely from the cloud that the death of Arthur Shultz, one of our able and beloved members, has cast upon us. The streets were covered with sleep, and a drizzling rain was falling as the Club, in a body, marched beside the hearse that bore to the Crematorium the remains of our departed comrade.

The Second Annual Lunch Party in honor of the full-time students and teachers of the Rand School of Social Science will be held on Sunday, February 21st, at 6.30 P. M. The well-established custom of the club to entertain the students every year is greatly appreciated by the School, with whom the most cordial relations are maintained. All who desire reservations should communicate at once with Miss Augusta Blechschmidt, 920 Savoye St., West Hoboken, N. J.

#### NEWARK

This Circle is growing so rapidly that another organization will soon be started in a different part of the city. A mile of pennies has been started for the establishment of a headquarters. The Circle is giving great help to the Party's lecture course.

#### PATERSON

Very satisfactory progress is being made. A course of Sunday night lectures is being run in the Party Headquarters. Only the best of speakers are engaged on this course.

#### MORRIS COUNTY

A newly-organized Circle, and it is doing well. The members go in for athletics and education as well as business.

#### ELIZABETH

Another new Circle that is growing by leaps and bounds. Best of relations with the Socialist Party. They have been appointed to select judges for the State essay contest.

#### PASSAIC

They are engaged almost exclusively in study work. Many older Party members find it highly profitable to join the young folks in this educational work.

## BERGEN COUNTY

They prove that the Y. P. S. L. can hold its own in the suburban and rural districts as well as in the big cities. Interesting meetings and entertainments are held every month, many of the members travelling miles in order to attend.

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

## Y. P. S. L., Circle 1, Elizabeth

The Young People's Socialist League of Elizabeth was organized on October 23rd, 1914, with a membership of 14. Since the day of its organization the circle has shown that its membership is active and ready to work. A box social held by the circle was a great success, while a Jim Larkin meeting, held on January 26, attended by over 200 people, added another jewel to our crown. We are now meeting every Tuesday at Socialist Headquarters on 7th St. and Marshall St., the first Tuesday of the month a business meeting, the second social, the third educational, and the fourth given over to debates and discussions. Our efforts have reaped a rich reward, for to-day we have a membership list of 72 in good standing and ten more applications were received at the Larken meeting.

On February 16th Warren will speak under the auspices of the N. Y. Call. Our members will all attend.

## Activities of the Bay Cities' Federation of Y. P. S. L.'s.

**Vallejo, San Francisco, Oakland**  
Commencing Saturday, Feb. 20, 1915, and continuing through Feb. 21, we will hold a two-day convention of the Young People's Socialist Leagues in the Bay District of California at San Francisco.

## Events:

Saturday afternoon, Feb. 20—Committee meets to finish up its work at San Francisco Young People's League Headquarters, 32 Beaver St.

Saturday evening, Feb. 20, at 8 P. M., we will hold the First Annual Ball of the Bay Cities' Federation of Young People's Socialist Leagues at the Scottish Rite Temple, the most beautiful ball-room in San Francisco, Sutter St., at Van Ness Ave. Couples, fifty cents; extra lady, twenty-five cents. Informal.

This will be the largest social event ever held by the Socialists in this District.

Sunday, at noon, Feb. 21, the Convention will be called to order by Com. D. Smith, Temporary Organizer at Scottish Rite Hall (lecture hall), same address. All prominent Socialists of the Bay District have been invited to speak. The constitution will be adopted, officers elected, etc.

Each League is entitled to one delegate for every five members in good standing. The public and all League members are invited to attend. Admission free.

This is hoped to be the biggest boom to Socialist activities the Pacific Coast has ever experienced.

Our purpose is to organize a League in every city and town around San Francisco Bay and to strengthen those already organized, to assist in Socialist propaganda, and engage in inter-league activities. We plan to work in harmony with Walter Mills, Organizer of the Central District of California for the Socialist Party.

Program Young People's Socialist League  
32 Beaver Street

February 3, Wednesday eve., 8:30—Debate, Y. P. S. L., affirmative, vs. V. M. H. A., Negative. "Resolved that the Power of the Supreme Court to Declare Laws Unconstitutional Should Be Abolished." Note.—This debate will be held at Y. M. H. A. Headquarters, Ellis Street, bet. Fillmore and Webster.

February 10, Wednesday eve., 8:00—Monthly business meeting.

February 17, Wednesday eve., 8:30.—An evening with George Bernard Shaw. Com. Wm. McDevitt will speak on Shaw's plays, especially "Pygmalion."

February 20 and 21—First Annual Convention of Bay Cities' Federation of Young People's Socialist Leagues at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Van Ness Ave. and Sutter Street, San Francisco. Feb. 20, Saturday eve., 8:00—First Annual Dance (main ballroom). Couples 50c.; extra lady 25c. Informal Grand March 9 o'clock. Feb. 21, Sunday, 12 Noon.—(Convention (Assembly Hall). All prominent Socialists will speak. Public invited. Admission free.

February 24, Wednesday eve., 8:30.—Public Speaking Contest by members of the League for prize.

March 3, Wednesday eve., 8:30.—Debate, Y. P. S. L., affirmative, vs. Twentieth Century Club, negative. "Resolved, that the British parliamentary system is superior to the Congressional system of the U. S. A."

## San Francisco Y. P. S. L. on National Constitution.

## Art. I.—Name.

Sec. 1. Satisfactory.

## Art. II.—Object or Purpose.

Sec. 1. Satisfactory.

## Art. III.—Membership.

Sec. 1. We favor each league having jurisdiction over its own membership as regards age, dues, etc. Age not to be over thirty. We propose:

"Any league agreeing to abide by this constitution and by-laws, having an aggregate paid-up membership of ten is eligible to membership."

Sec. 2. Opposed to it entirely. Favor N. J. State Convention amendment or something similar. We now embody in local constitution to this effect that we recommend membership in Socialist Party. (See question at end of constitution.)

Sec. 3. We favor each league embodying clause in local constitutions endorsing political action as a means of attaining the triumph of Socialism. We do not believe that the Leagues should put trouble makers in the constitution. Let us keep that fight out of the Leagues and teach the principles of Socialism and not tactics. We are not direct actionists or I. W. W.'s and have no sympathies with them. We have been taught by sad experience. Our league having been torn to pieces over this clause in our local constitution. Let us not take any notice of tactics and factions in a compulsory way.

Sec. 4. After "Any member" add "of a Y. P. S. L." in order to conform with Sec. 1, Art. III.

## Art. IV.—Management.

Sec. 1. Make addition "of the Socialist Party" after "National Office."  
Sec. 2. Favor our own Secretary (endorse New Jersey stand).

## Art. V.—National Committee.

Sec. 1. Satisfactory.  
Sec. 2. Opposed to Party qualifications, unanimously. Reason—Member active in Socialist Party cannot be active in League and vice versa. Can raise qualifications to three years in League if desired.

## Art. VI.—National Secretary.

Sec. 1. Satisfactory.  
Sec. 2. Make addition, "shall receive and pay out all moneys of the league, etc." to conform with Art. VI, Sec. 2, as amended.

## Art. VII.—State Organizations.

Secs. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. All satisfactory. Do not favor 1c. for National organization. Two cents is needed to carry on work.

## Art. VIII.—Referendum.

Sec. 1. Inclined toward New Jersey amendment. Favor 5c. instead of 10 cents.

## Art. IX.—Amendments.

Sec. 1. Favor one league and at least five seconds having aggregate membership of one hundred fifty or two hundred.

## Question.

If we are a part of the Socialist Party does not membership in the League mean membership in the Party?

## Ferienleben in England.

Das vielbeschäftigte Hamburg liegt hinter uns. Ein kleiner Schlepper hat uns durch das Hafengewirr gezogen, und nun gleitet unser Dampfer die breite Elbe abwärts, dem Meere zu. Ein schöner, ruhiger Sommerabend. Auf dem Kajütendeck gemessen einige Dutzend zahlungsfähiger Passagiere die würzige Luft; in der Tiefe des Zwischendecks sind mehrere Hunderte mittelloser Auswanderer in engen Räumen zusammengedrückt. Ruhelos stöhnt die Maschine im Bauch unseres Dampfers. Als wir uns zur Ruhe gelegt haben, hören wir noch lange die Stosse der Kollen, und es scheint uns, als wenn es das Herz des Schiffes sei, das gar nicht stillstehen könne.

Ein Sommertag auf offener See, das ist ein kostliches, das ist ein unbeschreibliches Erlebnis! Ein leichter Wind wirft mässig hohe Wellenbägel auf. Die Spur unseres Schiffes zeichnet sich weit ab, bis die weisse Linie irgendwo am Horizont verschwindet. Mowen folgen uns in unermüdlichem Fluge. Dampfer tauchen in der Ferne auf; erst sieht man ihre Rauchfahne, dann folgt der Schornstein, und am Ende erkennt man auch den Schiffskörper. Und wenn wir dicht aneinander vorbeistreichen, dann werden Signale zum Gruss ausgetauscht, Tücher geschwenkt und wohl auch Rufe hinübergeworfen. Fischerboote haben ihre Segel aufgespannt. Grosse Segelschiffe gleiten mit ausgebreiteter Leinwand, die in der Sonne weiss leuchtet, gleich Riesenschwämen an uns vorüber. Und wieder wird es Abend, und wieder Nacht. Aber als wir am nächsten Morgen auf Deck kamen, da lagen wir schon fest, an einem Riesenspei-

## . . . Neben Gewittern . . .

Im sonnenbrütenden Erdbeerhag  
Die Kupfermutter geringelt lag.  
Auf dürres Moos und verkrüppeltes Holz  
Der Mittag sendend niederschmolz.  
Am Horizont aus Dunst und Hitze  
Wuchs schweres Gewölk im Sonnenblitz.  
Ein Krater schien es, dessen Rachen  
Von Brausen schwoll, von dumpfem Krachen.  
Wie Donner klang es, rastlos grollend,  
Wie Knattern und Brodeln, in Stößen rollend.  
Dort drüben rangen, verhüllt von Dampf,  
Zwei Heere den Vernichtungskampf.  
Es schnürte sich ein stählernes Netz  
Um das berante, verlorne Metz.  
Doch freundlich schien die Sonne hier.  
Auf Poeten stand ein Grenadier.  
Stahlblau von Auge, hell von Haar,  
Ein Kerl, mit dem nicht zu spassen war.  
Der sperrte den Weg und rief sein Halt.  
Vor ihm, kaum sechzehn Winter alt,  
Barfüßig, ein Mädchen, das Kleid voll Flecken.  
Mass den Prussian\* mit bosn. Blicken.  
Und wie der schweigend rückwärts wies,  
Schlich sie beiseit durch Heide\* und Wies\*,  
Wollt' Beeren sammeln in einen Krug.  
Den mühsam ihr mageres Aermchen trug.  
Doch tief im sonnenbrütenden Hag  
Die Kupfermutter geringelt lag.  
Die hat, zu zügelndem Sprunge gezückt,  
Den Zahn in des Mädchens Ferse gedrückt.  
Aufsrecht das Opfer sinneraubt. —  
Da senkt der Feind sein behelmes Haupt  
Und niederkniend hält er fest  
Den Mund auf die bläuliche Wunde gepresst.  
Aufsahnd das Gift, errettend das Kind . . .  
Im dürrn Roggen schlief der Wind,  
Auf zwei gesenkten Menschenstirnen  
Fiel Liebesgruss von ew'gen Firnen.  
Sie schwiegen; die Sonne sank heiss und sacht.  
Im Blutrausch verbote die Sommerschlacht,  
Ein Weltereignis brach dort sich Bahn,  
Hier ward ein Werk der Liebe getan.  
Und welches von beiden das grösste war,  
Macht einst die Zukunft offenbar.  
Denn nur die Liebe kann erlösen  
Von Hass, von Krieg, vom Fluch des Bösen.

Emil von Schönau-Carolath (1870).

\* Franz.: Preusse. Sprich etwa prüßsjäng.



cher, neben einer schwarzen Haufenmauer. Die grosse Maschine unseres Schiffes ist endlich zur Ruhe gegangen. Dafür rasseln aber die Ketten der Kräne, Menschen laufen hin und her, und Waren werden auf das Land hin-  
Wir sind in Grimsby.

Die englischen Hafenstädte scheinen, miteinander grosse Aehnlichkeit zu haben. In langen Strassenzeilen stehen die niedrigen Häuser nebeneinandergereiht. Wenige der Bauten zeichnen sich durch architektonische Schönheit von anderen aus; Nutzmenschen und keine Genussmenschen scheinen in ihnen zu wohnen. Man sieht viele Arbeitslose an den Kai-mauern und auf Plätzen herumstehen; man möchte annehmen, dass das ärmste Proletariat hier noch stärker vertreten ist als in unserer Heimat. Doch das sind nur flüchtige Eindrücke. Ich habe Eile; es drängt mich nach meinem Ziele, dem "Socialist Holiday Camp" (Sozialistisches Ferienlager), das bei dem Dorie Caister, in der Nähe von Great Yarmouth, dem grössten Fischereihafen an der Ostküste Englands, liegt.

Man kann auch an anderen Orten Grossbritanniens ähnlichen Einrichtungen begegnen. Auf den Flüssen schwimmen kleine Hausboote, die Tag und Nacht bewohnt sind, und in denen oft ganze Familien ihre Ferienzeit verbringen. Oder es tun sich einige Freunde zusammen, die an einer abgelegenen Stelle, besonders gern an der Meeresküste, Zelte errichten und in ihnen tage- und wochenlang ein freies und frohes Leben führen. So ist auch das Caister Camp entstanden. Zuerst waren nur einige Freunde zusammen; im Laufe weniger Jahre fanden sich aber so viele Liebhaber solcher Erholung, dass zu

ihrer Unterbringung alle Jahre eine ganze Zeltstadt aufgebaut werden muss. Deutsche trifft man vorläufig nur wenig dort; zu meist sind es Sozialisten aus England und den englischen Kolonien, neben bessergestellten Arbeitern auch Kaufleute, Beamte und Akademiker. Freilich, wer den berühmten „modernen Komfort“ sucht, der soll nicht ins Camp reisen. Dafür aber findet er dort herzliche Freundschaft und verstehende Liebe; er lebt mitten in der Natur und ist wirklich Mensch unter Menschen.

Zehn Minuten von dem Dorie Caister und eine halbe Stunde von Great Yarmouth entfernt hat sich unser Camp angesiedelt. Dessen Leiter, Fletcher Dodd, bewohnt ein einfaches Landhaus; die Sommergäste sind in Zelten untergebracht. Die Mahlzeiten werden im Klubraum, einer grossen Halle, eingenommen, wo man sich auch tagsüber bei schlechtem Wetter aufhält. Für die leiblichen Bedürfnisse sorgt ein Küchengebäude, die geistigen kann man in einer Schreib- und Lesehalle befriedigen. Man schläft auf einfachen Bettstellen. Durch die Öffnungen im Zelt dringt die milde Nachtluft, der Wind bewegt die Leinwand, und zuweilen sorgt das Plätschern des Regens für Abwechslung in den nächtlichen Geräuschen. Aber man gewöhnt sich schnell daran, und wer daheim in der dampfen Stube die Erquickung tiefen Schlafes nicht kannte, hier wird er sie bald kennen und schätzen lernen.

Um 7 Uhr ertönt ein Trompetensignal: Mister Dodd ruft zum Aufstehen! Aber einige Frühaufsteher haben schon längst ihr Lager verlassen und sind zum Strand gegangen, der zehn Minuten entfernt liegt; in der frischen Morgenluft wird im ewig unruhi-

gen Meere das erste Bad genommen. Um 8 Uhr ruft die Drommete zum zweiten Male, diesmal zu der angenehmen Beschäftigung des Frühstückens. Man darf sich das englische Frühstück nicht so vorstellen wie etwa in Deutschland den Bliemchenkaffee mit der Schrippe. O nein, das mutet den Esswerkzeugen schon eine lebhafte Tätigkeit zu. Zuerst gab es Haferbrei in Milch mit braunem Zucker; darauf Kaffee oder Thee, dazu Butterbrote, Schinken, gebratene Fische, Marmelade und frische Früchte.

Man wird es begreifen, dass man damit auf mehrere Stunden den Magen befriedigt hat. Nach dem Frühstück bringt erst jeder sein Zelt in Ordnung, dann geht alles zum Strand hinab. Die Meeresküste an diesem Teile von England, in der Grafschaft Norfolk, zeigt keine wildromantische Felsenzerklüftung. Bis zu zehn Meter Höhe steigen sandige Klippen auf, in die die Sturmfluten tiefe Furchen schneiden. An vielen Stellen ist das Ufer durch starke Bauten gegen das Wüten des Meeres geschützt. Die Bewohner des Camps suchen keine Bequemlichkeiten, wie sie in den modernen Seebädern zu finden sind. In einer einfachen Holzhütte ziehen sich die Ladies zum Baden aus, in einiger Entfernung im Schutze einer Klippe die Gentlemen. Im Wasser giebt es natürlich keine Trennung der Geschlechter.

(Schluss folgt.)

Hinter den Mauern, hinter den Schloten  
Liegt euer Vaterland.  
Ihr sollt euch schlagen dafür und töten,  
Und habt es niemals gekannt.

Ludwig Thoma.