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Young Comrade

FIGHT
AGAINST
CHILD
LABOR

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE JUNIOR SECTION, YOUNG WORKERS LEAGUE OF AMERICA.

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What Are The American Soldiers Doing in China?

HUNDREDS of American soldiers and sailors are now being sent into the city of Shanghai, in China. The United States is not at war with China. Why then are these soldiers being sent there?

The excuse that is given to everybody is that the property of the rich people in Shanghai is in danger and therefore it is necessary to protect it. But this is a false excuse, as we shall see.

The Chinese workers in Shanghai work under terribly bad conditions. Most of them slave for twelve to eighteen hours a day and get a tiny amount of money for it. Thousands of the smallest children work in the factories under the same conditions. These workers could not stand this any longer and so they went out on strike. They asked for shorter hours of work and more money for living.

The students in the colleges there wanted to help the Chinese workers to make their conditions better. So they held meetings in the streets and marched up and down with posters and banners.

The first thing that happened was that these students were shot down in the streets by the policemen of the English capitalists. They were shot down because they were for the workers.

The next thing that happened was that American and French and British soldiers and sailors were sent into Shanghai. These soldiers have absolutely no business in China. They are sent there because the United States is preparing for a war against Japan.

Why should there be a war between the United States and Japan?

It is because these two countries are fighting over the question as to who should rob China. The Chinese country is a very rich one. There are many big mines of coal and iron and other valuable metals. There are many big mines of coal and iron and other valuable metals. There are also big fields of cotton and rice. And then there is a tremendous supply of cheap workers. The cheaper a man or woman works the more profit a capitalist makes. That is why all the capitalists are so anxious to put a lot of money into China. They invest it in the industries and banks and make hundreds of thousands of dollars more than they can make in their own country.

The United States doesn't want Japan to have control of China. The capitalists of America want to boss China by themselves. So each country buys up Chinese generals and they fight it out, killing off many Chinese workers and farmers. In this way they try to weaken their rivals.

America is really preparing for a war against Japan to show who's boss in China and on the Pacific Ocean. That is why American soldiers are already being sent into China. Japan is also sending soldiers and sailors there. America sent a big bunch of battleships to the Hawaiian islands to practice. Why? They practice for the real work of battleships. That is, war. Japan is also building up a big army and navy. Soon, it is very possible, that this country will be dragged into another world war. This means that American workers will be sent to die and be crippled for the profits of the bosses.

We can see America preparing everywhere. In the schools all the pupils are being given military training, so that they will be able

THE BOSSES PREPARING FOR ANOTHER WAR



to kill other workers. Then there are the Citizens' Military Training Camps, where many other young workers are trained. And the papers of the bosses are always telling us how terrible the Japanese are, so that when war comes everybody will be foolish enough to think that this is a right war, when it is really a profits war.

Every little child of the workers must know these things. Even the children are being trained for the war. In the Boy and Girl Scouts, they get the capitalist war spirit into them, and are taught to love the government of the bosses and to obey them everytime and everywhere. That is why we carry on a fight against the Boy Scouts and every other boss organization.

The workers have one real enemy. That is the only one we will carry on a war against. In fact, we are for war, but it must be a war against the true enemy of the workers. They are the bosses and the servants of the bosses. We will fight against them because they rob the workers everywhere. They force the workers to slave for low wages and long hours. They make the little children go to work in the factories and fields because they do not give the parents enough wages to keep up a family. Their system brings bad conditions, misery and war to the workers.

That is why we shall fight against them. We shall also fight against their trying to bring us into a new war. This new war against Japan or maybe England means that many more workers in China and other countries will become the slaves of American capitalists.

Therefore let us demand that every soldier and sailor be immediately taken out of China. They do not belong there. They are being made to do the dirty work for the American bosses who worry only about profits and not about the lives of the workers.

Down with the wars of the bosses!
Up with the war of the workers against the bosses!

The Rich and the Poor

By HILDA KARSHALL, Age 11.

ONE rainy day, I saw a little girl shivering in cold dark street. In her little red hands were bars of candy which she was trying to sell to the people who passed. Her face was pale and thin, and her shabby clothes flapped in the wind.

As I looked at her, I heard a little noise and turned to see another girl coming towards the candy girl. She looked very different from that pale child. She carried a silk umbrella to keep the rain off. She had a rain-coat, too, to protect her pretty silk dress which I could see when the wind made the coat flap a little. A woman who must have been her nurse walked beside her and held to her hand.

Just then the little candy-girl saw her coming, and she ran towards them, holding out a bar of candy, with the words "Please buy some. It's only five cents."

But the rich lady only clung to her nurse, and said, "Oh, make her go away! Can't you see you'll muss my clothes!" and the two walked on.

And as I watched this scene, I couldn't help but think.

Both of these girls were of about the same age. One lived in the worst possible way, while the other was used to the greatest luxury. Yet the rich girl had not even any kindness towards the poor girl. She had been brought up to look down on workers. Perhaps her father was a big factory owner and the way he treats the workers in his factory is the same way his child treats the children of the poor workers.

Send in your subscription to The Young Comrade.

A Challenge

AT the last C. E. C. and C. C. C. of the Junior Section of the City of Chicago, we pledged five hundred dollars for the Young Comrade.

This money the Juniors of Chicago intend to raise within the summer months to enable the Young Comrade to become a better and larger paper. We also think that the Junior Sections of all other cities should follow suit and pledge some money for their paper.

Thru this column the Chicago Reds challenge all other Sections all over the country to raise as much money as we. We think that this challenge tho it will be expected by nearly all the sections, will be carried thru successfully to the end by the Chicago Section. The Race is ON! Go to it Juniors!!

Old Mother Hubbard

Old Mother Hubbard,
Had to toil and scrub hard,
Tho she was but skin and bone;
While wealthy fat dames,
With pedigree names,
Do nothing but eat, sleep and groan.

About "The Sparrow"

ON another page in The Young Comrade you will read the beautiful story of "The Sparrow." This story comes from a big book of other lovely stories which you should have. The name of the Book is Fairy Tales for Workers' Children. It is sold for 75 cents in a flexible cover, and \$1.25 in a hard cover.

But you can get one of them for nothing if you will send us five subscriptions for a year to The Young Comrade. A subscription costs 50 cents for a year. Five of them cost \$2.50. If you send us five of them right away you will get a copy of Fairy Tales for Workers Children FOR NOTHING! Send it in QUICKLY!

If every reader of The Young Comrade would take another copy and give it to a friend, the circulation of the paper would be doubled.

The Young Comrade Sub Drive

ALL the Juniors know that the Young Comrade has not been coming out regularly for the last few months. And most of the Juniors know that the reason for this is that there had been no money to put it out.

But starting with this issue the Young Comrade is going to come out regularly once a month and the way we are going to be sure of this is by getting busy in the Young Comrade Sub Drive.

If we get enough subscribers for the Young Comrade, our paper will never be in such danger again as it has been lately. And if we can double our subscribers to the Young Comrade, our paper will not only come out regularly, be a better paper, with more pictures and drawing, but we will be able to change the Young Comrade into an eight page paper. Our slogan in the subscription drive will be: "Double the Circulation to Double the Size." "An Eight Page Young Comrade by September 1st."

It should be easy for us now to double the number of subscribers to the Young Comrade by September 1st. In the first place a subscription to the Young Comrade only costs fifty cents for a whole year. Then the Juniors will start the campaign during the summer when they have lots of time to go after the thousands of workers' children who would like to subscribe to the Young Comrade and the thousands of older workers who find the Young Comrade so interesting that will quickly subscribe if you ask them.

Read the story about the campaign on page (?) and watch this page for the news of the campaign every month. The groups sending in the most subs during the months will be listed here and all Juniors sending in five or more subs will have their names printed in this column.

Subscribe to The Young Comrade and get a copy of the Fairy Tales for Workers' Children all for one dollar. And don't forget to tell your friends about it.

Those who join the junior groups, join an organization which is helping in the great fight against the murderers of working class children, the capitalists. Join now!

The Sewing Girl

Little Miss Muffet,
Sits on a buffet,
Stitching and sewing all day.
For a big fat spider
Whose profits swell wider
Out of her starvation pay.

LETTERS

She Likes Our Paper.


Forest Grove, Ore.

Dear Friends,

I am ten years old. My father takes the Daily Worker. I read the children's column and like it fine. Daddy thought I'd like The Young Comrade and sent in my name. I just received my first paper; I sure like it. The two stories I liked best were "Johnny Red Meets the Blacklist," and "The Little Millinery Worker." I am going to read these two stories to my friends. I want to join the Junior Groups. I would like to hear from some of the young comrades and hear more about it.

Yours for a workers' republic,
Ruth E. Boyd.

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FAIRY TALES FOR WORKERS CHILDREN



**BY HERMINIA ZUR MUHLEN
TRANSLATED BY IDA DAILES**

During the Campaign

every Junior has a chance to get a FREE COPY of this book of stories for workers' children.

It is a large book beautifully bound and contains the best of the stories by Herminia Zur Mühlen.

All You Have to Do

is get five subs to THE YOUNG COMRADE and at the same time you will be helping us in doubling our paper and making it an eight page paper.

Send the five subs and the money to the

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT OF THE
YOUNG WORKERS LEAGUE OF AMERICA

1113 W. Washington Blvd.

Chicago, Illinois

Single copies ordered thru us are 75 cents. The book and a year's sub to THE YOUNG COMRADE can be had for one dollar.

THE SPARROW

By Hermynia Zur Muhlen

QUARREL and disagreement ruled in the Sparrow family. Mother Sparrow squatted unhappily in her nest all day and Father Sparrow swore and grumbled and found fault with everything. The family that had once been so gay and happy was completely changed. And for all this misery the youngest Sparrow was to blame. One evening at supper he had declared, briefly and boldly, "I'm not going to school any more. I've had enough of being insulted by those aristocrats. Above all, I'm tired of all this life. I want to go out into the world." He stuck up his bill and looked at his parents defiantly.

Mother Sparrow was so shocked that all her feathers stood up. She stared helplessly at her naughty son, and all she could do was to say weakly "Peep, peep."

But Father Sparrow opened his mouth so wide in anger that the worm he had meant to



eat slid quickly away. He was a person of action, did not believe in talking much, and proceeded to beat his son in the face with his sharp beak.

The young Sparrow screamed more defiantly than ever, "I won't stay here any longer. I've had enough. I'm going out into the world."

Then Mother Sparrow found her voice again and said tearfully, "You wicked child! That's how you thank your parents for their love. Haven't we brought you up well? You are the first sparrow in our village to attend Professor Swallow's school of architecture and learn to build artistic nests. You belong to the best society and mingle with Swallows, Starlings and Yellow-bills. And this is how you repay us."

"I don't care a pin about fine society," replied the excited young Sparrow. And he whistled defiantly. "Tweet, tweet!"

"No other Sparrow is studying such a respectable profession," despairingly piped Mother Sparrow.

Then the young Sparrow began to make such a fuss that the whole nest shook. "A respectable profession, truly a beautiful profession. To build nests in which others live. To slave in the heat of the sun, carrying straws from all over, to weave them together, to see that everything is just perfect—and then the fine ladies and gentlemen move in and throw me a little worm for my wages, hardly enough for a decent meal. Above all, these fine people. The swallows, always dressed up in their frock-coats; the Yellow-bills, always showing off their fine jewelry. And how they treat our own people, full of pride and scorn. Common laborer, they call me. I've had enough of it. I'm as good as they are, and maybe better."

Mother Sparrow shrank in horror, but Father Sparrow blew up until he nearly burst and shouted, "Be silent, you lost soul, you whipper-snapper. You talk like a Bolshevik. You forget that I am chairman of the Council of Jesters. My son must not rebel against law and order."

"Yes," exclaimed Mother Sparrow, "and suppose the neighbors should hear you! How dreadful!"

The young Sparrow laughed shamelessly, peated himself on the edge of the nest and whistled a revolutionary song.

Father Sparrow rose hastily and grumbled in an undertone to his wife, "See to that young

fool and make him behave. I must go to the meeting of the Singing Society." He flew away without one look at his naughty son.

Mother Sparrow sighed deeply and asked in a complaining voice, "Now what is it you really want?"

The young Sparrow came closer, nestled against his mother, and said with a sweet smile, "I want to go away little mother, far away. To foreign lands where it is always summer."

"But son of my heart, you know that even the stupid children of men learn in their schools that the Sparrow is not a migratory bird."

"What is that to me? I can't stand here any longer. Always seeing the same things; in the distance the old church steeple, here before our noses the farm-house, and the dung-hill. No, I want to go away."

At that he spread out his wings and pushed himself head first out of the nest into space. It seemed very dangerous, but his wings carried him safely thru the air.

But the young Sparrow was by no means as joyous and light-hearted as he seemed to be. The words of his parents had aroused all sorts of doubts in his mind. "Mother was really right," he said to himself. "The Sparrow is not a migratory bird. No one has ever heard of a Sparrow that has flown across the great ocean and gone to foreign lands. But why shouldn't I be the first one to do this?" he asked himself, with defiant courage. "Some one must always be the first one. If my venture succeeds, I will have proven to all the Sparrow folk that they need not freeze and starve in the winter-time, but can move to the warm countries and live happily. Certainly, the ocean. . . ." The Young Sparrow's heart lost courage, he thought of what his teacher, the Swallow had once told him about the great, wild water that never seemed to end, about the angry frothy waves over which one had to fly daily. If one's wings lost their strength, one fell down and was lost. One was swallowed by the waves.

At these thoughts the Sparrow almost wanted to give up the idea. He shrank together and began shivering. Then suddenly he thought how in past hard winters many wretched Sparrows had died of hunger and cold.

"No, no," said he to himself. "I must not be so cowardly. This matter does not concern only myself, but all my brother Sparrows, all the Sparrows of future generations, who will live when I have been long dead. It will be worth every danger and every sacrifice if I can help them to a happier life."

And the brave young Sparrow decided to leave the next day.

He spent that night in his parents' nest, nestled close to his mother, wept a little secretly because it was hard for him to leave.

Father returned late, and he was quite drunk, threw himself on his head so that it cracked and fell asleep immediately.

The grey white sky began to turn rosy, morning came flying on the wings of the wind and brought light to the world. The young Sparrow awoke, looked for the last time at his sleeping parents, and flew forth. He knew in which direction he must fly, for he remembered the stories of the Swallows. Now he flew exactly that way.

The sun climbed higher into the heavens, it became hotter and hotter, the poor Sparrow could hardly breathe. His wings were so tired and sore that he could hardly lift them. Still he flew further. He had resolved not to rest until the shadows would fall upon the earth.

Never had he lived thru so long a day. Vainly his bright little eyes explored the heavens, but the great golden sphere of the sun shone brightly, would not go down.

"I was a fool," thought the Sparrow. "Now I might be sitting at home in our nest, or be bathing in the puddle by the cherry-tree. Ah, how pleasant it would be to bathe; at this moment even the ocean would not be to large."

Still he flew steadily on. But now he flew slowly, every beat of his wings caused him dreadful pain. He began to hate the sun, this merciless glowing red sphere that would not go down. To give himself courage, he made up a little song, singing it very softly and moving his tired wings in time to its rhythm.

"My cause is the cause of my brothers,

My strength must save them all;

If I fail I do wrong to the others,

And their chains will never fall."

At last, at last, great black shadows fell upon the earth. A refreshing breeze came flying, coolly the weary Sparrow, carrying himself gently along on its mighty wings.

As the sun went down behind a blue hill, the Sparrow alighted on a large meadow. He lay panting in the tall grass. The soft chirping of the crickets lulled him to sleep; his eyes closed.

Rough, loud voices of men awakened him. Under a knotty old nut tree he saw two ragged, dust-covered men seated. One of them pulled his torn boots off, looked woefully at his blistered feet and said, "I can't run any more, I must rest a day."

"Just another half hour," the other man said comfortingly. "Just to the next railroad station. There we will hide in a freight car and ride until morning. Then it will not be for to the sea."

The Sparrow had listened carefully to their conversation. "So people get tired, too," thought he, "and then they ride. I don't know what that means, but I know that one does not tire oneself that way. If people ride, why should not Sparrows also ride?" He decided to follow the men, and since they left in a short time he flew after them.





They arrived at a house in front of which two shining bands were stretched on the ground. Now night had really come. All was hidden in darkness, only the stars shone faintly in the sky. The Sparrow stayed near the two men and waited.

Suddenly something dreadful appeared. Thru the darkness a gigantic black beast came rattling, its red eyes shining so brightly that one could see them from a great distance, it puffed and panted, the earth shook after it. It shrieked frightfully as it came near. Then suddenly it stopped. It let out clouds of smoke from its long black nose.

The Sparrow was astonished that neither of the two men, nor the rest of the people, seemed to be afraid of the monster. On the contrary, they ran up to it, disappearing in its smoke. Then the Sparrow saw that the monster pulled some black houses behind it. He saw the two men sneak into one of these houses and flew on to the roof of the same house. Scarcely had he settled himself when the monster again began to puff and pant and started on its journey.

The poor Sparrow thought he would die of fright. The monster rushed with such speed that the little bird could not hear or see. At home he had often flown with the wind for the sport of it and had enjoyed the swift motion. But this was altogether different. He made himself very small, settled himself firmly, and believed his last hour had come. If men called this rest they surely are strange creatures. Perhaps it wasn't so terrible where the people were. He was a clever Sparrow and when the monster stopped again to take breath, he flew down from the roof of the house and examined it. The door was not quite closed. The Sparrow squeezed thru the crack, entered a dark room where many boxes were piled. He squatted on one of the chests and waited to see what would happen.

The monster began to run again. The Sparrow laughed with joy; now he had guessed right. He sat here quietly, comfortably, and the monster had to slave to carry him further. So this is what people call "to ride." Truly, people are not so stupid as he had thought.

The countless feet of the monster pounded over the earth singing a rattling, rumbling, monotonous song. The Sparrow understood the words to mean "Into the distance! Into the distance!" For a while he listened to the song, then he fell asleep.

He must have slept a long time. When he awoke the sun was high in the sky and its rays came into the dark room thru narrow cracks in the door. The Sparrow saw that his two acquaintances had hidden themselves between two tall boxes. They seemed to be in good humor, chatting with one another and laughing.

"We have traveled a good part of our journey without trouble," said the older one. "Now we only have to walk another day and ride another night. Then we will reach the ocean."

"How long will we have to swim?"

"About five days."

The Sparrow was frightened. Five days he would have to swim over the endless waters, five long days he could not rest or cease if he wished to save himself from sinking into the waves. How could he endure it? He began to

reflect carefully. Could men swim so long in water? He had seen boys bathing in the village pond, yet they would come out of the water in a short time and none of them ever remained in the water all day long. But perhaps there were also tame monsters which carried men over the water. Again he decided not to leave the two men and to do everything they did.

When the two men jumped, unnoticed, off the freight train at a railway station, the Sparrow followed them. He flew very close to them. He felt that they were both his friends and so long as he would not leave them nothing would happen to him.

All day long the men journeyed, walking thru fields and meadows, thru little villages with queer pointed church steeples. The younger of the two men limped, he could only walk slowly. This was very pleasing to the Sparrow, because he did not have to move fast, he could fly comfortably. When the men stopped, the Sparrow followed their example, meantime seeking his food, as the long journey made him unusually hungry. He also chatted with a few strange birds, all of whom advised him not to continue his dangerous journey. The migratory birds looked him over scornfully, saying with a sneer, "Do you believe you can do the same as we distinguished people? To travel, to see the world, to spend the winter in warm countries—that is not for common people."

An old blackbird minister, black-frocked and solemn, delivered a sermon to him from a branch. "We must obey God's commandments. God has ordained that Sparrows must spend the winter in the north."

"If God has decreed that all our people shall freeze and starve and that only the aristocrats, the Capitalists, like the Swallows and Starlings, shall fly away to the warm places, I don't want to know anything about him!" cried the Sparrow and his feathers bristled up in anger.

The old blackbird minister primped his shining feathers with his bill and growled senselessly. But the Sparrow was sad. "How cruel the birds are to one another," he thot to himself. "I want to do something that will help all and am just laughed at. Can't anybody understand me?"

"Hark, hark!" called a soft voice from a great height, and a young Lark shot downward as swift as lightning to the side of the sad Sparrow. "I understand you. Everybody jeers at me too, because I don't fly close to the earth like they do, but always seek to fly higher and higher, into the blue sky. Do not be downcast, beloved brother, you will reach your goal."

The young Lark flew quite close to the Sparrow, looked at him and said, "Fly a little for me, brother, so I can see how strong your wings are."

The Sparrow flew up, hovering over the Lark.

As he returned she looked at him sadly and said earnestly, "Your wings cannot carry you over the great ocean, my poor friend. But you must not give up on account of that, you must do as men do, who cannot fly and yet travel all over the world. They have invented a sort of house that swims over the water. They call it a ship. You must. . ."

The Sparrow did not wait to hear the end. The two men had left during the conversation, and now the Sparrow saw them in the distance looking like two dark spots. Frightened, he cried. "My two men have left me," and he flew after them as fast as he could.

When it grew dark, the men once again sneaked into a freight train. The Sparrow followed them and slept all night, while the black monster again took him over hills and mountains, past rivers and streams.

As dawn came, the two men crept out of the train and the Sparrow flew after them. They walked for a little while, then the Sparrow saw an immense body of water lying before him. Endless, extending beyond his vision, this blue-gray body of water extended, and on its surface stormed wild, white-capped, monstrously high billows.

So this was the ocean! Never had the Sparrow felt so small and helpless as at the sight of this dreadful water. What was he in comparison to this? A poor, helpless little bird, a tiny something. Deep sighs lifted his little breast, from his bright eyes the tears fell. "If I were only at home, in the safe little nest," cried he to himself. "I could creep under mother's wings as I did when I was little."

The waves roared dismally, threateningly; the white froth squirted upwards. The two men walked unconcernedly on the damp, sandy ground. With beating heart the Sparrow followed them. And then he saw something surprising. In a great bay some strange things tossed. They were something like a house, but had few windows and tall chimneys from which streamed heavy grey smoke; some things that looked like a forest; bare trees without branches seemed to grow in it. Altho these trees bore neither fruit nor leaves, the Sparrow was delighted to see them. They gave him confidence. He began to feel at home. But how strange it was that these houses with trees on them were tossed up and down by the waves. Suddenly the Sparrow remembered the words



of the Lark. "Men call these houses that swim on the water 'ships.'" So these were ships! On one of these tossing, swimming houses he would journey to warm lands.

But which should he choose?

It occurred to him that at home the largest trees could best withstand the wind. Evidently the same was true of ships, and so he must choose the largest.

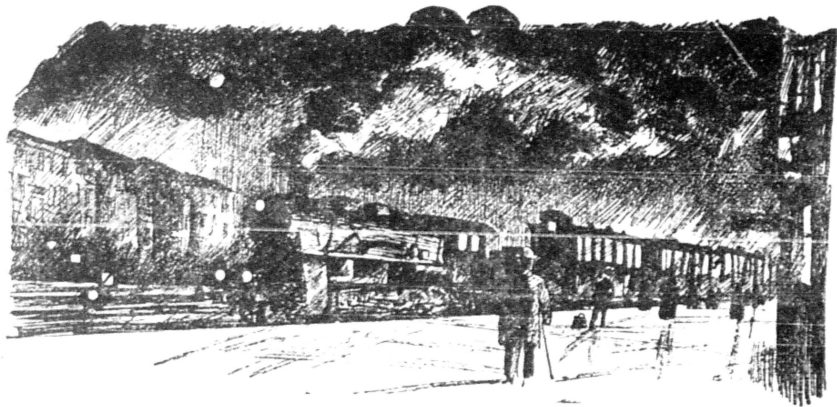
His two friends went to a small ship, and the Sparrow piped, "Good luck! Good luck!" but they did not hear him.

The Sparrow flew on to an immense ship from whose chimneys streamed great clouds of grey smoke, and him himself high up at the top of one of the leafless trees.

What noise and excitement there was below. Countless people ran hither and thither, calling and shouting to one another; something rattled, something clattered, the great chimneys shrieked loudly. A bridge that attached the boat to the land flew up into the air, then fell into the boat with a bang. The boat started on its journey. Slowly, solemnly it cut thru the water that bubbled on either side. The large house with leafless trees, the little bird's new home, swam away from the land.

The Sparrow's mind quite confused with the noise and hurry. And now another great fright came to him. Suddenly a young fellow climbed up his tree. The Sparrow believed that he wanted to capture him, but the fellow didn't seem to notice him and after a little while climbed back. As it grew dark, the boat became quiet and one could only hear the noise of the waves. The Sparrow flew down from his tree and sat down on the roof, where he soon fell asleep.

When he awoke in the morning, he thot he would die of fear. The land had disappeared.



Wherever he looked he saw only water; great grey waves rolled against the ship, shaking it gently as a soft wind shakes the nests in the trees. Nowhere a tree, a shrub, a flower. The boat swam all alone on the great ocean, that would not end.

The poor Sparrow felt quite lonesome and deserted. "If I could just find any bird," sighed he. "Even if it were a haughty Swallow or a strange Blackbird. At least I could speak with some one who knows my world, who speaks my language." Finally he lost all his courage and began to weep bitterly.

"Who are you?" suddenly asked a thin, piping voice, and the sparrow beheld a little mouse standing before him, who stared at him with large round eyes.

The Sparrow was happy, for he was acquainted with mice at home. He bent down and hopefully answered the questions of the mouse.

"You are a brave Sparrow," she said, after she had heard his story. "I bid you welcome to my ship."

"To your ship?" exclaimed the Sparrow. "I thought that the ship belongs to the people."

"The people also believe that," replied the Mouse sharply. "But don't you know that people believe that everything belongs to them?"

"That is true. The farmer at home believed that the church steeple was his, and yet it is quite clear that the church steeple was made for us Sparrows."

While they were speaking thus, a very old mouse came over and began to speak. "Not all people believe that everything belongs to them," she said learnedly. "There are also people who do not possess anything. You can observe that on the ship. Above live people in large, beautiful rooms, and eat all day long. My mouth waters when I smell the rich foods that are set before them."

"But down below the people are crowded together, so that they can hardly find place to lie down at night, and many have only dry bread along with them to eat on the whole journey. This stupid phrase 'my boat' you have also learned from men," she said scolding the mouse. "You know that the common things are ours. Don't let me hear false words from you."

"Excuse me, grandmother," begged the young Mouse.

"You are a stranger here," said the Grandmother Mouse to the Sparrow. "We will be helpful to you, so that you can endure the long journey. I advise you not to fly to the rich people, they will play with you a day or two, and then forget you. Indeed, it is only among the poor people, on the lower deck, that you will find a few breadcrumbs, and these people will be good to you because they know how a poor, unfortunate creature feels."

The Sparrow followed the advice of the wise Grandmother Mouse and soon realized that she had spoken truthfully. The children were delighted with him, and they spared him breadcrumbs from the few that were provided for their own little mouths. And because they were children, they understood the language of the Sparrow, and chatted with him. In this way the Sparrow heard many sad stories. The children told of poverty and distress, how hard parents had to work and how often there was nothing to eat at home. The honest Sparrow felt very sad to hear this. "There must also be a beautiful land for men, where conditions are good and they do not have to hunger and freeze," said he to his little friend.

"Perhaps," said a pale little girl. "But we have not yet found the road to it."

"When I am big," declared a little boy dressed in black, "then I will go out to search for that land. When I find it I will lead all the poor people to it."

The two mice also visited the Sparrow often, they always came towards evening, when all was quiet.

So passed a long time, and one day the Sparrow saw land in the distance, saw houses and trees and knew that now his goal was reached.

The grey ocean had become quite blue and gleamed in the sunshine. It was very hot, and Grandmother Mouse said that in this land there was no winter.

When the ship landed, the Sparrow flew after his friends for a while and then contemplated his new home.

All the people had brown faces and wore strange clothes. The faces of the women were covered so that one could only see their large black eyes. He also saw queer animals that walked on four legs and had great humps on their backs. Even the trees were different than those at home, there were some with long pointed leaves and brown fruit that the Sparrow relished. There was plenty to eat; here no Sparrow had to suffer hunger, and there was no snow or cold.

"Isn't this also the right country for the poor people?" the Sparrow asked himself. But then he saw that in this sunny land there were also rich and poor, that some were richly dressed and others wore rags, that some lazy ones rode in handsome carriages and some dragged heavy burdens. And he thought, "It is much easier to find a Sparrow paradise than a land in which people may enjoy happiness." This pained him, because on his journey he had learned to love the poor people. "But how strange this is. People can tame wild animals to carry them thru all lands, they know how to build houses that swim on the water and yet they are so poor and destitute and let a few evil wretches take everything for themselves."

Now that he had reached the warm country, the Sparrow rested from his long and wearisome journey, flew about lazily, and spent each night in a different tree.

One day he came to a beautiful green stream and flew along its course. He came to a great large plain. At first he thought he had reached the ocean again, but as far as he could see lay fine yellow sand. In the distance he saw something rising out of the sand which looked like a monstrous animal. He flew closer to it and saw that it really was a gigantic creature with the head of a human being and two large paws. It was made of grey-brown stone and was partly covered with sand.

The ugly animal lay quite still and grinned angrily. The Sparrow curtsied carefully: would the beast wish to eat him? But no, it graciously acknowledged his greeting and said: "I have been lying here thousands of years, yet I have never seen a bird like you. Who are you? What are you doing here?"

The Sparrow related his story and the great beast listened patiently. Then the little bird inquired, "Will you tell me who you are? We have no animals like you at home."

The great beast laughed and replied, "People call me the Sphinx. I am so old that I have lost count of my years; have seen everything, know everything."

"In my country the Owls say that too," was the Sparrow's pert remark.

The Sphinx looked at him angrily. "The Owl is a conceited boaster!" he cried excitedly.

"Excuse me!" stammered the Sparrow, frightened. "I did not wish to insult you. You look much older than the Owl."

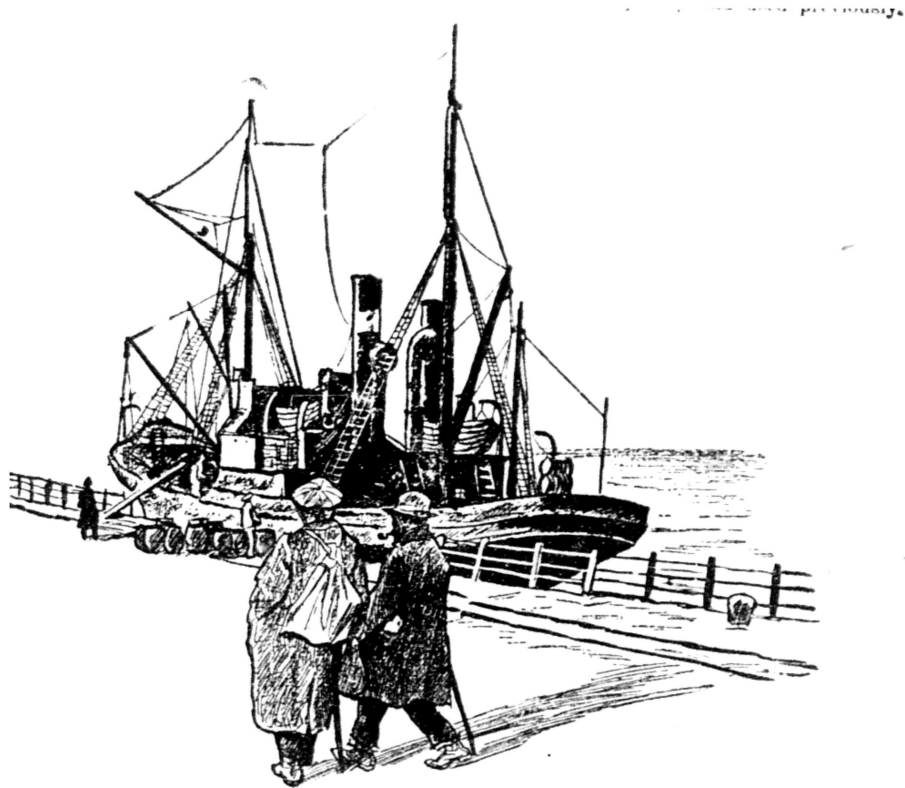
"Indeed I am. I count my years by the thousands."

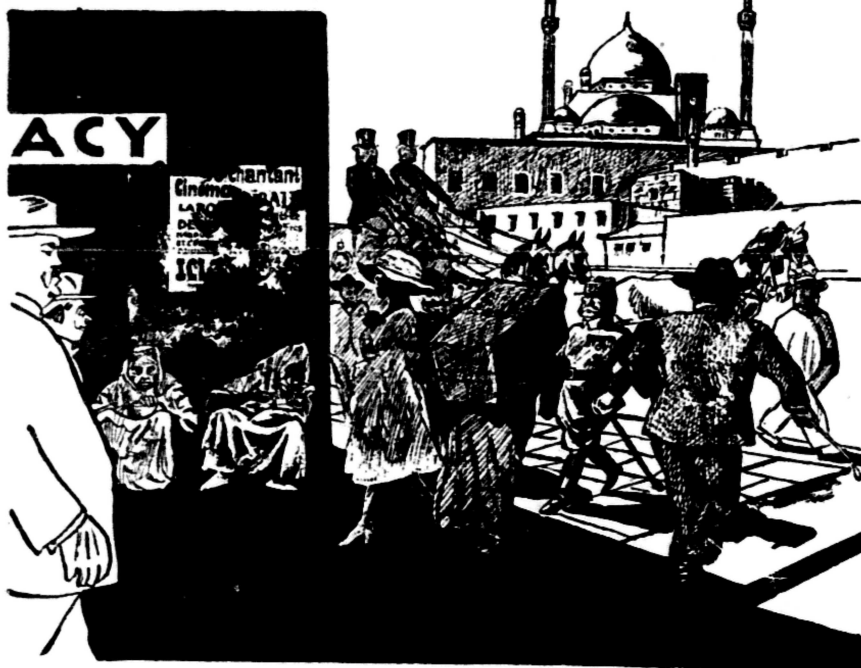
"How much you must have seen!" cried the Sparrow.

The Sphinx opened her gigantic mouth and yawned so hugely that the sand flew about her as tho a whirlwind had hit it.

"Since the year, 1000," said she. "I always see the same; I see people who have riches and joy, forcing their starving slaves to drudge. At first the slaves were driven with whips which the overseer used to beat them with when they became tired from the heat of the sun. Often these slaves were kept at work with chains on their feet so that they should not run away. Later the whips disappeared, the masters bragged of their kindness, saying, 'In these progressive times, no man is a slave.' But secretly they concealed a dreadful whip, Hunger, and this drove the people to slavery as surely as the whip they had used previously.







I see people pass here, rich strangers who visit this country out of curiosity, and see the poor Arabs, who work as muleteers and drag heavy stones, and are barely kept alive with a few dates and a little corn, just like their ancestors thousands of years ago."

The Sphinx became silent, gazing gloomily at the desert. Then she spoke again. "For thousands of years there were gorgeously dressed, jeweled priests here, who belonged in the same class as the rich people. They preached to the people, threatening them with the anger of the gods if they become dissatisfied with their fate. Today these priests are dressed in black, but they also lie and stand by the rich ones, they also worship a God who was a bad mechanic. It has always been the same, for thousands of years." And again the Sphinx yawned.

"Can't you also see into the future, wise Beast?" bashfully questioned the Sparrow.

"Yes, I can also see that. Listen to my words, little bird. A day will come when all slaves will arise in a dreadful struggle against their oppressors. After long bloody battles they will conquer and then there will be a new world, where everything belongs to all the people and all people are free. Even today the earth trembles in happy expectation, and in the quiet night I feel it trembling. For thousands of years I have not spoken to any being, I will only speak again when the day of freedom dawns. Then my voice will join in the jubilation of the freed people."

The Sparrow flew out of the desert where he could find nothing to eat, back to the green stream, and enjoyed many pleasant days there.

One day he was sitting on a stone on the bank of the stream, when he heard familiar voices, "Tweet! Tweet!"

He looked up and saw three Swallows who flew slowly toward him.

"Are you here already?" the Sparrow asked in surprise.

"Certainly, certainly," twittered the Swallows. "At home rough winds are blowing, the frost is in the meadows at night, winter is coming."

How frightened the Sparrow was at that. Here in this beautiful land where he had

plenty of fat worms and warm sunshine, he had forgotten about his Sparrow brothers. And in the meantime the deadly winter had come! He must rush home to teach them how to reach the sunny land. Would he reach there in time? How selfish he had been; if Sparrows were freezing and starving at home, it was his fault.

Even while he was thinking this he spread out his little wings and flew toward the ocean.

In the harbor many silvery-white Seagulls flew about, crying with shrill voices, "A storm is coming! A storm is coming!"

"Which ship is going north?" he asked hastily.

"None," answered a Seagull; but this was not true, they were disagreeable birds and wanted to frighten the Sparrow.

But he believed them. "Then I must fly over the ocean," that he, fearfully. "I must do it, for on me depends the life or death of my Sparrow brothers. I must make good."

Sadly he looked back once more on the wonderland; then flew out on the great waters.

Wild waves dashed up, the storm howled and rain fell. In a few hours, the Sparrow was so tired that he could no longer fly high. The billows made his feathers wet, they were heavy with the water and drew him deeper and deeper down. A monstrous wave reached out for him with white arms and the Sparrow fell into the ocean and was swallowed by the waves.

For that reason the Sparrows must still freeze and starve every winter, for there has not been another courageous Sparrow to show them the way to the sunny country.

But had the Sparrow suffered so much and died in vain?

No, the little black-haired boy on the ship had paid special attention to the story which the Sparrow had told him and had listened to what the Sparrow wanted to do for his Sparrow brothers, and this the little boy wanted to do for his fellow-humans. He grew up, and wherever oppressed workers struggled against their oppressors, he was the leader. But the story of the black-haired boy, of his life and his death, is another tale and does not belong here.

Against the Red Flag.

By GEORGE SIEGEL, AGE 10.

WHEN I was six years old, and in the second grade of school, I was a member of the Socialist Sunday School. I was trying to get a certain boy to join us. He said that he wouldn't join any Bolshevik organization. He told my school-teacher that I belong to a Bolshevik club. She asked me if I had ever learned any songs there, and I told her that I had. She asked me to sing them. I sang "The Red Flag," and "The Social Revolution." When I finished she looked shocked, and asked me if I liked the Red Flag. I told her that I did. She told me not to go to the organization again because the red flag is dirty. She said that if in this world there is any good flag, it is the red, white and blue flag. She asked me who sent me there. I answered her that my father and mother did.

One day she asked me if I knew what Wilson (who was then president) did to a small boy who liked the red flag.

I asked her, "What?"

She said, "President Wilson took the boy, and tied him to a tree and let him stay for three days and starve. He died of hunger."

I said, "Wilson is no good then, he should not starve poor boys." My teacher at once sent for my mother. My mother came.

My teacher said, "You don't bring up your child the right way, he insulted President Wilson." As I had told my mother about the incident the day before, she said to my teacher, "You shouldn't tell the children such things, if you want them to like President Wilson."

My teacher asked my mother the reason she let me go to the Socialist Sunday School. My mother asked the teacher if she went to church. The teacher said, "Yes." My mother asked her why. The teacher said, "Because it is my temple."

"The Socialist Sunday School is his temple," replied my mother, "and furthermore I can send my child where I want to, you can only teach in the schools, not in the houses, and I am bringing him up, not you."

My mother went home. The teacher told the boys and girls that they should have nothing to do with me for I was a Bolshevik. The boys in the streets would call me "German and Bolshevik." It was impossible for me to go out in the street for five minutes in fear that I would get hurt.

My mother went to the principal, and notified her that unless the teacher would stop the boys from hitting me or calling me names, she would stop me from going to school. It was stopped, but way down in their hearts they called me a Bolshevik, but I felt proud of it just the same. This is a true story.

Go against the teachers' bad ideas of Socialism!

Children join the Junior Groups.

Adults, join the Workers' Party!

Fight the bosses!

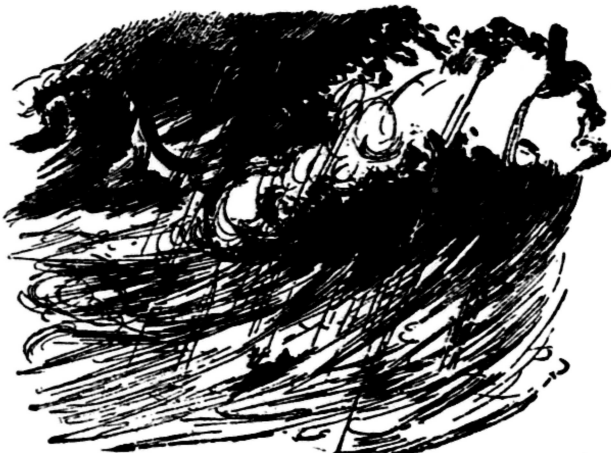
Help the Communists!

Hopeless.

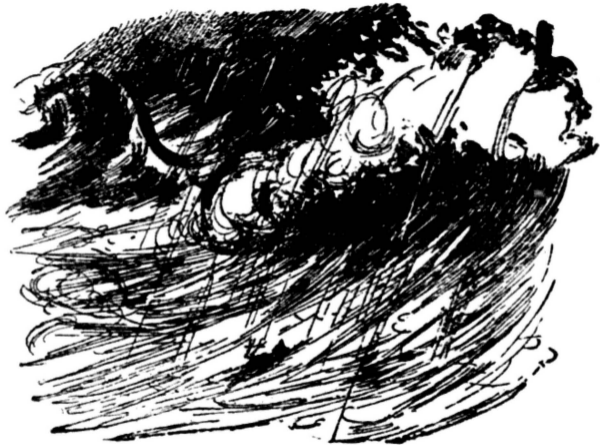
By ANNIE YAFFE, 10 YEARS.

TOM was without work. His family suffered greatly from misery and need. His oldest son was compelled to go to work after school. Every day he sold papers until late in the night. Tired and yet delighted he used to come home to give his poor wages to his parents. It gave them great pain when they had to take the child's wages to support the home. How happy Tom would be if he could be in his son's place and let him enjoy life. His only hope to do this was if he himself could get work. He saw that the child labor amendment was not ratified and he was vexed at its rejection. And now the last hope was when the workers would abolish the capitalist government and rule in their place. Then child labor would be destroyed.

Down with the capitalists and up with the workers' government!







Why All Working Class Children Should Be Communists

ALL working class children should join the Junior Section of the Young Workers League for the same reason that the older workers should join the only real fighting organizations of the working class—the Workers Party and the Young Workers League. It does not matter if the children are French or Russian or any other nationality, white or Negro or any other race, if they belong to the working class, their place is in the Junior Groups of every country.

The place of every working class child is in the Junior Section of the Young Workers League because it is the only movement in the world devoted to protect the interests of the working class children, dedicated to aid the children in helping to abolish child-labor, pledged to help abolish the teaching of lies about the working class in the public schools, determined to work against the untruths put out from the pulpits, thru the moving pictures and in the columns of the capitalist yellow newspapers.

Helping the children of the working class is the every day aim of the Communist Childrens Groups, but the greatest goal towards which the Communists are striving is to bring about the time when the working class men and women will no longer be the tools of the capitalists—like scabs and strike breakers—but comrades who will go under the banner of the workers of the world—the Red Flag—to abolish capitalism from the face of the earth.

Think this over. Today in the coal fields in Pennsylvania, there are children working who are between the ages of ten and sixteen. In the factories of New England little boys and girls as young as the youngest reader of this paper, are toiling long hours to make cotton gin there are tiny tots working from ten to and woolen cloth. In the beet-fields of Michigan fourteen hours a day and receiving little or no schooling.

Today the worker sows the wheat, makes the bread, builds the railroads, mines the coal, all to make profit for the capitalist class. When the workers children will have grown up, we intend to stop this idea of working to make profit for the capitalists. We shall work for ourselves, not for the bosses, and we will have a Workers' and Farmers' Government. Then we will give the boss a chance to make a living by really WORKING.

We do not intend that anyone shall make profits from our labor. We are organizing the children of the whole world—with all nationalities together into great children organizations including all the children of the working class. We are asking all the children of the working class to join with us. And when we do have workers control and capitalism is abolished, then we will guarantee that every worker will have a comfortable living, short hours and easy work. By having a workers government the toilers would receive the value of their work and it would not go to any idle capitalist who performed no usual work at all.

War and Patriotism

The Communists of the world do not believe in the wars of the present time. The last war—the World War—was called a “war to end wars” and a “war for democracy.”

It was not a war for Democracy. It was a war for the benefit of the capitalists of the Allies against the capitalists of Germany to see who could get the most money.

J. P. Morgan the uncrowned king of the world, had money invested in England. In order to get his money back he had to have a war. Morgan had soldiers, sent from the United States to Germany. The soldiers were all workers from the shops and mines and farms of this country sent to kill the workers of Germany. The Communists believe that if the workers fight at all—that they should fight for their own interests, fight to better their own conditions, fight to make the world a better place to live in for the workers, fight for the Soviet Republic of the world.



The Schools and Communism

And now we come to one more reason why all the children of the working class should be members of the Junior Groups. In the schools the workers children are taught lies about the working class and about Communism. For example, Imagine a strike taking place. The strikers want a raise in their wages so that they can give their families enough to eat. The capitalists want to lower the workers wages so that the capitalists will make more profits and get even richer and richer.

Now when the strike comes, the capitalists, the rulers of the government, send the militia

to shoot down the strikers to keep them from winning.

No matter how small a Junior Group we have, and no matter what town it is in, whether it is large like New York or Chicago, whether it is a small town like Roundup, Montana, or Astoria, Oregon, we ought ALL to unite with other workers, with other children, and have our meetings.

Let us show the public school teachers and the big bosses that we will not stand for this poison being given to us in our schools.

Let us show that we are Juniors—always ready to fight for the good of the working class.

What the Juniors Are Doing

LOS ANGELES.

May 1st as you all know is an international workers' holiday. The Juniors of Los Angeles went to a certain park to celebrate this holiday. On Monday, almost all of the children brought notes to school, reading as follows: "Was absent May 1st on account of international workers' holiday," though a few who were not so Communistic brought notes that they were ill. In the meantime, I will tell you that I am not writing about all the schools, but about the Junior High School of Los Angeles only.

Well, when the attendance teacher saw our notes, I saw by the looks on his face, that he became angry. He told us to report after school every day, until further notice was given us.

The children that received the punishment, got together the same evening with the Junior Director and decided to call a meeting of the parents. When the parents got together the following day, they made up a petition to which each one signed his name and three parents were elected to go with the petition to the principal and demand that the punishment be taken off. The principal told them that they had to go to the Board of Education. On the following day, when they were prepared to go to the Board of Education, the teacher let all the children off, say the reason was because they kept good attendance. But of course, that was just capitalistic bunk.

So now comrades, you see our activities are getting on the minds of the capitalists. They are becoming afraid of our power. This incident will give us new hope and we will keep up our struggles with the thought that we are going to win.

Ely Clayman,

Publicity Correspondent of the C. C. C. of Junior Section of Los Angeles.

Astoria, Ore.

I believe the Juniors in other parts of the United States would like to know what the Juniors of Astoria have been doing.

The Junior Group of Astoria was organized on May 22, 1924. It had thirty members to begin with. We have meetings every week; at the meetings the chairman calls it to order, the secretary calls the roll, the secretary reads the minutes of the previous meeting, the chairman calls for committee reports, then he calls for the treasurer's and organizer's report. If there is any old business we discuss it, after it is all discussed and decided upon some one brings up some new business, the chairman points out three comrades to give some program at the next meeting, we have had several comrades of the Workers Party speak to us at several meetings.

Last summer we had a picnic as a membership drive. We had lots of fun. We also had a halloween party as a membership drive. We have now over sixty members.

We have given several entertainments in which the Juniors have given songs, poems, games, dances, readings, solos, speeches, and plays; all the program was given by the Juniors.

One Sunday we took a trip to Svensens, Ore., to give an entertainment. Our purpose of giving an entertainment out there was to get the children of Svensens to organize a Junior Group at Svensens.

From what we have earned from the entertainment, we have sent \$15 to the Labor Defense Council, and \$15 to the starving children of Germany. We have also sent \$16.50 as a keep it up fund to the Young Comrade.

I wish that all the children of the United States would join the Junior Groups of the Young Workers League of America, because the Junior Groups are the youthful guardsmen of the proletariat.

The Juniors are fighting for a workers' government where the children don't have to work for a living, and all the children can go to school, and have enough to eat, and warm clothing, and live in warm houses.

With Communist greetings,
Paul Siro.

Letters from Britain. To Our Comrades in Chicago.

April 2nd, 1925.

Dear Comrades:

I want to give you an idea of the progress that our Section is making. We meet every Sunday at three o'clock. We begin our meeting with a Revolutionary Song. After the singing, a young comrades gives a talk on the class-struggle and the sufferings of the workers.

We have produced a play called "When Dreams Come True." This exposes the evils of capitalism, and by a comparison, shows the justice and happiness that we would have under Communism. Our membership is slowly increasing.

In closing, we wish your Section great success and a good increase in membership. Write to us as soon as possible.

Yours in the fight,
GLADYS TOPPING.

For the Edinburgh C. C. G.

The Story of the Pioneers

(TRANSLATED FROM THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE GERMAN COMMUNIST JUNIOR GROUPS)

In a large city lived a young boy. His parents were so poor that they often did not have enough to eat or had any new clothes to wear. His father had been out of work for four months and had only recently got a job. The wages were so little and as it only helped the family a little Ernest was forced to go to work. Everyday Ernest could be seen with his bootblack box. During the bad or good weather he was forced to earn his living.

Life was miserable to him. He could not associate with the children of the rich or with children whose parents were well off. They claimed that he was not fit to associate with because he was poor and had to work. How could he who wore old clothes and had no money go with them. He could not go with the children of the poor and of the working class because after work he was too tired to go out.

One day as Ernest was working he thought to himself, "I hope the time will come when the working class will be free and everybody will be equal. I would give my life for such a cause that fights for the interests of the working class."

As Ernest stood there thinking he heard a noise which startled him. He looked up and there before him stood a long line of children singing and talking happily to each other!

"I wonder who these happy children are," thought Ernest as he noticed the peculiarity in their clothes. Here were a group of children dressed in white waists and red handkerchiefs. In their hands they held up little red



flags which were inscribed "Jung-Spartakus-Bund" (Young Spartacus Group).

"Why are these children so happy and who are they," he thought as he decided to follow them and find out. After a little walk they came to a large house where they entered. He decided to go in and finish his quest. He entered a large room and there around a large table they all seated themselves and a quiet and orderly fashion.

In a few moments they were all seated and one junior who acted as chairman opened the meeting. This was all new to Ernest, but it interested him very much when they spoke of the workers and how they must fight for them. Each took the floor and discussed how they would enter in the daily struggles at the factories where campaigns were led by the Young Workers League.

Around the room were pictures of the great revolutionary leaders of the world such as Lenin, Liebknecht, Marx, etc. Ernest resolved to come here for a time to learn more about these Juniors and for the next two weeks he was found regularly in this hall where the Juniors met.

He soon became acquainted with the children and learned that these were children of the working class and were fighting for the interests of the workers and were known as Communists. He learned of the Russian revolution and of how the workers in Russia had overthrown the rule of the capitalists and the Czar. He now knew that the factories were in the hands of the workers and that they had for them all that they produced. How glad he was to hear that the rich palaces were turned over to the workers and that social halls and gathering places were made for the youth in Russia, the real youth of the working class.

Ernest soon became one of the most active members in the group. His parents soon learned of this and went to find out where their son went and what kind of a place it was. When they learned of the organization they became very interested and later became members of the Communist party. Later when the group was out on one of its demonstrations Ernest could be seen at the head of his group singing happily and talking to his comrades. That night when he went to bed, he lay there thinking to himself.

He had found a party at last that was a revolutionary, that fights for the interests of the working class and would lead them in the fight.

—TRANSLATED BY ALBERT GLOTZER.

OUR COMRADES IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

Our movement, the Communist children's movement, as well as that of Communism in general, is world wide. There are Pioneers or Juniors in almost every important country where there is a Communist Party. But, of course, in Soviet Russia the movement is the strongest.

Our Russian comrades are publishing many newspapers in which they have special departments for the Pioneers, but besides that there is a beautifully illustrated semi-monthly magazine being published, The Pioneer. We received a copy of this magazine and were surprised to find a photograph of our own Young Comrade in this magazine alongside with that of the Young Spartakus of Germany, the Pioneer of Scandinavia, The Young Comrade of England, etc. Besides pictures of Communist children groups in foreign countries and their newspapers, they are also printing interesting letters from these children. Our Russian comrades are real internationalists keeping in touch with children in other countries. They are interested to know what is going on in other countries. No long ago the Pioneers of Odessa, Ukraina, requested on the pages of the Daily Worker that the American Juniors shall correspond with them. In this issue we are printing a similar request from the Pioneers of Astrachan, Soviet Russia. Why not answer their request? How about it?

Letters may be sent to our office and we will forward them.

Over a Million Pioneers in Soviet Russia.

According to latest information received by us there are at present 1,102,000 Pioneers in Soviet Russia organized into 19,000 companies. There are also 1,200,000 members of the Young Communist League or Comsomoly, as they are called in the Russian language.

Gee! With such a crowd it is easy to scare the capitalists to death all over the world. No wonder the bosses hate so much Soviet Russia.

Who Will Write to Them?

We received a letter from the Pioneer of Astrachan, Soviet Russia, in which our Comrades write:

"From far Astrachan, one of the cities of Soviet Russia we are sending you our hearty comradely greetings. One of your Comrades by name Turchinsky, came to us from America and joined the Young Communist League, the printers' nucleus. We asked him to give us a report about our movement in the United States. He gave a very interesting report which lasted for two hours, telling how the Young Workers League and its Junior Section are working and fighting in America. After listening to his report we passed a resolution which we are including and decided to write to you this letter.

"We, the Astrachan Young Communists and Pioneers are much luckier than you, because we are conducting the struggle under much more favorable conditions than

you are in the United States. Besides that we have the backing of the powerful party of the Bolsheviks, the Communist Party. Of course, you also have the Workers (Communist) Party and the Juniors, but the conditions are quite different. We believe, however, that the time is not very far when we will be able to greet your overthrow of capitalism which is ruling over you for such a long time.

"Dear Comrades! Please correspond with us. We are very much interested in your struggles. We will be glad to help you in your fight. Please send us your paper, Comrade Turchinsky will translate it for us.

"Long live our American Comrades."
(EDITOR'S NOTE: Letters for these Comrades may be mailed to our office.)

THE REAL TEACHERS

The real teacher in the public school is the capitalist and his servant the army man. They fill the minds of the working class child with poison against the working class.

They teach the child to be a slave to the capitalist and to be willing to do everything that the masters tell him.

Also the army teaches him at a very young age to be able to shoot other workers so that the bosses can make profits out of wars.

Even the smallest children are taken in hand by the capitalists who run the schools.

But some day we shall run the schools ourselves for the benefit of the whole working class and not for a little gang of bosses and their servants.



