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

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## WORKING CLASS CHILDREN WILL CELEBRATE MAY DAY THRUOUT WHOLE WORLD

### Juniors Will Leave Schools to Demonstrate on Workers' Holiday,

May the first, the great holiday of the workers' is almost here. On that day the workers all over the world, whether they are big or little, white or black, lay down their tools and celebrate together. In far away Japan on the first of May our comrades there will walk out of the factories and hold big meetings. The workers' children who still go to school will put aside their books and parade down the streets behind the Junior Group banners. In Germany, the flaxen haired workers there, who are living under the most terrible conditions forced upon them by the Capitalists of their own and of our country, will stay away from the factories and with ringing voices will declare that they are part of the International movement of workers who are working for Communism. The German workers' children who see how terrible the conditions around them are, and are organized in the Junior Groups of Germany (they call themselves the YOUNG SPARTICIDES), will also refuse to go to school on the workers' holiday, and they will march thru the streets of their town and cities carrying aloft the banners of their groups. In England, in Africa, in China, in Italy, in any country that you can mention, the workers and their children are going to celebrate the International organization of the workers.

Of course, it is in Soviet Russia that the happiest May Day of all will be celebrated. That is because in Russia the workers rule and have already got the freedom that the workers in all other countries are still fighting for.

We must all celebrate May Day. Every Junior in the world, must think, the very first minute he wakes up that today is the first of May. Today all the workers are happy because they know someday all workers will be free as they are now in Russia. And then every Junior must meet with the other Juniors any place near him. They should have parades, meetings, games and show the big bosses that we know that the days of their ruling are numbered, that we are going to live in a world entirely ruled by workers. And after our celebration we shall go forward to a year's work of laboring for Communism, of making our Junior Section one that will take in hundreds of thousands of the workers' children. In that way we will prove that in celebrating May Day, the workers' holiday, we were really true to the workers and to the whole working class.

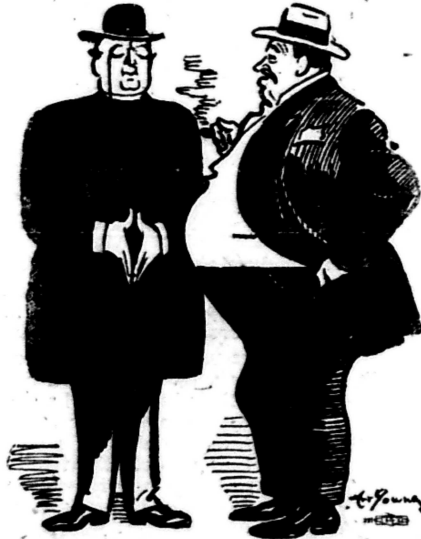
Remember Juniors. The one holiday of the workers is the first of May! Celebrate it with the comrades of the Young Workers League and the Workers Party and all the other workers. Remember that you are a Junior—which means Young Communists. Live up to your name.

### A Bigger Young Comrade

All the Juniors are working hard because they want a bigger and better Young Comrade. They know that the way we can be sure of having a better paper is by getting more subs. If we get 2,000 subs we will have a much bigger paper with more pictures in it than ever before.

Many subs are coming in already. Let's get busy so we can have a bigger paper before the summer is over. Two thousand subs is a lot, and if we are to get this many it means that every Junior must do his share.

### GETTING HIS ORDERS



The Boss and the Preacher are old friends. The Preacher always did what the Boss wanted him to do, and always told the workers' children that they all should do what the Boss wants.

The Boss always kept the Preacher busy filling the children of the workers full of that religious dope which makes good slaves. So that he could better do this, the Boss built churches and temples for the Preacher.

But when the Preacher tried to get all the children to come to his churches, he found that only a part of the children came, and that these children only came when they were forced to, or when he made them believe that there was some awful God who would punish them if they remained at home, or if they stayed outdoors and played.

So the Preacher went to his old friend the Boss, and he rubbed his hand just as he is doing in the picture above, and he asked the Boss: "What shall I do?"

And the Boss answered: "If you can't get all of the children into your churches, you will have to go where the children are to teach them OUR religion. If you don't, these children might grow up so independent that they would forget that I and MY God are their Masters and the Rulers of the world."

"But where can I reach all of the children," asked the Preacher who could not imagine how he could fill them all full of his religious dope.

"In the Public Schools," answered the Boss.

And this is the true story of how they first started religious training in the Public Schools.

### A Walk on the Common.

By MINNIE FINKLE—Age 12.  
Boston, Mass.

Our Junior Group had just finished its lecture on Child Labor and we all thought it would be nice to take a walk thru the common. After walking for an hour we sat down to rest and sing songs, our songs. After singing all the songs we knew one started the Red Flag and all of us joined in. As we were singing a large policeman came by and ordered us to stop. He told us to go away and that we did not belong there. While walking home we could not talk of anything except of what had happened. This shows us how free the parks are for the workers. If the children of the rich had been there and made all the noise they could the policeman would let them go on and even tell them to make more. The rich tell us that they try to give all enjoyments such as free parks and such things but they are only doing this for their own good.

## BOSSES WANT TO FILL SCHOOL CHILDREN FULL OF RELIGIOUS DOPE

### Juniors Will Fight Back Thru Campaigns

In lots of states all over the country, (New York, Ohio, and many others) laws have just been passed to make every child in the public schools study "religion" in classes, and pass examinations on what has been learned.

In almost all schools, we have to take up religion till now, even without the laws. We have had to sing hymns and we have had to bow our heads and recite either the Lord's Prayer or the Twenty-third Psalm. And sometimes we have had to listen to the teachers reading "verses" from the Bible.

Now the new laws mean that we have to spend many hours every week in studying these things.

Do you know why the teachers in the public schools teach you religion in the schools.

If even the very smallest Junior thinks a little, he can think up the answer to that question.

For all Juniors know that the teachers in the public schools are just working for the capitalist class. They spend most of the time during the day teaching the workers' children how terrible Bolsheviks are and how to be good slaves for the big bosses.

And they think that studying religion will make these workers' children even better slaves for the big bosses.

For religion teaches the workers not to care about what poor conditions they have here on earth, that they'll get pie in the sky when they die. And they are going to teach all of us children that we must be satisfied with whatever job and pay and hours the big bosses give us—no matter how bad they are. For they say that it is God's will. And when the bosses do anything to hurt us, we will be taught to "turn the other cheek."

And when the bosses send the healthy young working men of the country to fight for them in big capitalist wars to make more money for the bosses, we will be taught that we cannot resist, cannot complain, for we will be taught to believe that God is a God of wrath, and that he will be angry with us if we don't go.

And if we begin to look around us and see how many thousands of poor workers there are living in poverty, in poor houses with little to eat and how the few bosses are rich and powerful, we will be taught that this, too, is God's will. For the capitalists hope that we will believe what they are teaching us in the religious classes and that it would be against religion to make better conditions.

But we Juniors are going to fool the big bosses and their servants, the public school teachers. We are going to fight against the teaching of silly religion in the schools to which we go for such a short time to learn something. We are going to call upon our parents to help us in fighting against these new laws. We are going to call upon all workers and all workers' children to organize together to make this teaching of religion in our schools, NOT to take place. And we're to call upon all the organizations of the workers, the trade unions, etc. to help us in our fight.

We won't be satisfied by calling upon other people to help us. We are going to work ourselves. We are going to make up leaflets, and pass them out to all the children in the schools, telling them that this religious stuff is poison.

We're going to hold big meetings at which we'll have speakers, and our audience will be the school children and their parents.

# NEGRO CHILDREN LEAVE SCHOOL AT EARLY AGE TO HELP SUPPORT FAMILY

## Junior Groups Will Organize These Child Laborers

By H. V. PHILLIPS.

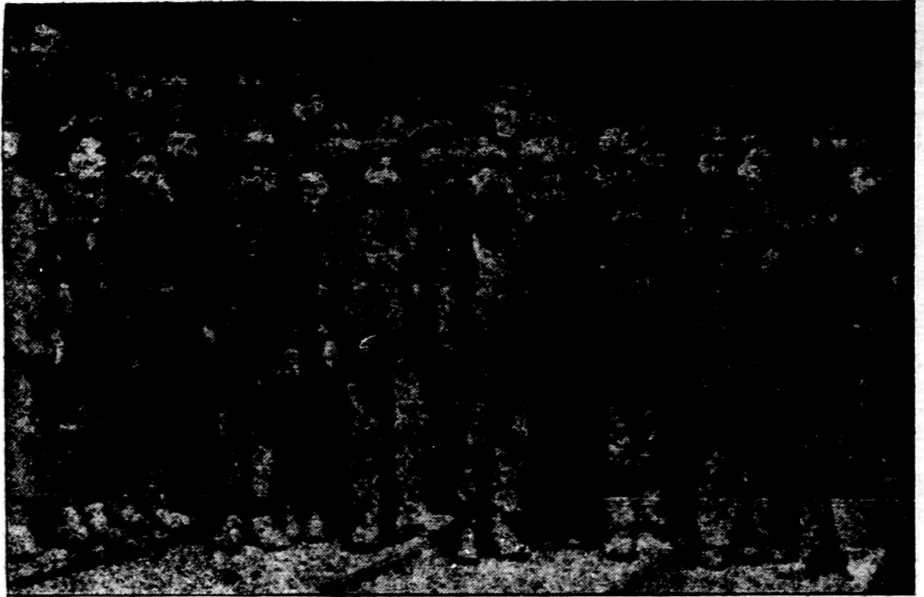
Because their fathers must work for such low wages, the Negro children we see in our schools must soon leave school and go to work to help support their younger brothers and sisters.

These children too will have to work long hours for low wages for the boss knows that their fathers do not make enough to care for the family and these children must help.

The Junior Groups are going to organize these young Negro children and get them to fight against the bosses, for as long as one child is made to work long hours for little pay, so long is a working class child in danger. The bosses are greedy, the more wealth they pile up the more they want. The less they pay the workers the harder they oppress them.

But the bosses will not always be on top. The workers' children will join hands with their parents and kick the bosses out. Then all children will have plenty of good food and clothes.

But first we must get the workers' children into our groups. We must tell them the preachers are fooling them about the swell place they will go to when they die if they are good workers and obey the boss. Then the children will want their good things here and will tell their mothers and fathers how to fight for their freedom.



The picture above is one of breaker boys employed at a Pennsylvania mine. In coal mines thruout the country, young boys are employed as breaker boys, spraggers, mule drivers, trapper boys and often in much more dangerous work. What is a breaker boy?

These boys work in the breaker with the roar of the coal as it rushes down the chute filling their ears. The black coal dust fills the lungs of the children who do this work—and later their lungs will be filled with diseases as a result.

The sharp slate cuts their fingers, bruising their hands and making them sore and swollen. When the child of an unemployed or worn-out miner goes to work as a breaker boy to help support the family, his fingers bleed continuously during the first few weeks before his skin becomes tough.

But there are many other jobs in the mines given to children which are much more dangerous than work in the breakers.

These are the jobs underground—deep down in the mine itself.

Here "older" boys than the breaker boys, that is boys from 12 to 16, toil all day in complete darkness. Here, underground, the young boys are often forced to work in mud and water, sometimes stripped to the waistline because it is so hot that they can't stand it. Here they grope their way thru gas and smoke, ruining their health for profits. And underground, not only is their health ruined, but every day from early morning until late their lives are in danger, and they are liable to be cut off and die there without the strength to struggle to safety.

Thruout America there are thousands of older miners out of work!

Then why does the boss hire thousands of children who should be in school?

Can every Junior answer this question!



# JOHNNY RED MEETS THE BLACKLIST!

By BILLY SAYLES.

JOHNNY Red's father came home from work much later than usual that night. Rosie and Johnny and their mother were sitting around the kitchen table after supper anxiously awaiting when he came in. His face was lined with tired wrinkles and he looked very sad.

"Hello, Pop," yelled Johnny and Rosie together, "what's the matter? Why so sad?"

"Don't bother him with questions until he has eaten," said their mother as she gave him the supper that she had kept warm in the oven for him.

"I can tell you all about it quick enough," said Johnny's father sadly, "I've lost my job. I've been fired again."

The children stopped laughing then and came and stood near their father. They knew how serious this was.

"You see," said Johnny's father at last, "when I was leaving for home after work, the

superintendent called me in and said he had to talk with me. I knew then that I was in for some trouble, but didn't think that I'd have to leave so soon after I found a job, and when we need the money so bad.

"Well, when I got into the office, the superintendent told me that it was never the policy of the company to hire men who were Reds, who were 'trouble makers' among the workers or who were Communists."

"Oh," interrupted little Rosie, "I bet some of the workers you were talking to, told on you, how terrible."

"No, Rosie," said her father, "at least I know that none of those workers are yellow. They are all good guys and when I talked to them about conditions, they were very interested."

"Then how did they know that you are for workers' freedom and against the big bosses?" puzzled Johnny.

"I'll tell you that, too," smiled his father. "After the superintendent had said this, he opened the drawer of his desk and took out a letter which he gave me to read. It was a letter from the factory in Chicago where I worked before we came here."

"What did it say?" came from Rosie. "In the letter it said that I was a Red and that I tried to get better conditions for the workers and that they should let me go."

"I know what that is," said Johnny nodding his head decidedly, "that's the blacklist we learned about in our Junior meeting."

"Yes," said Rosie, "the bosses put all the workers that are working for freedom they know about on their blacklist, and refuse to give them jobs. But that won't make any difference to them. They'll still work for the workers and for Communism, won't they Pop?"

Her father put his arms around her and Johnny.

"Well, we've got two more real little Communists right here in the family, we sure have. And after I handed back the letter, the boss fired me. And there are more unemployed in the city now than ever. I don't know when I'll ever get a job."

"I will get a job, Pop," said Johnny, "we learn in the Junior Group that even when they refuse to employ men, the bosses are willing to hire kids because we work for lower wages. And we sure do need the money. Gee, but just the same I don't want to go to work."

So Johnny's mind was made up. Now he must get up early and look for a job. Then every day he would leave home to go to work, and when the other children were playing games in the warm Spring sunshine, he would be working in a big factory. And when other children were eating their supper, he would come home from work too tired to do anything else but eat and go to bed.

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### THE YOUNG COMRADE

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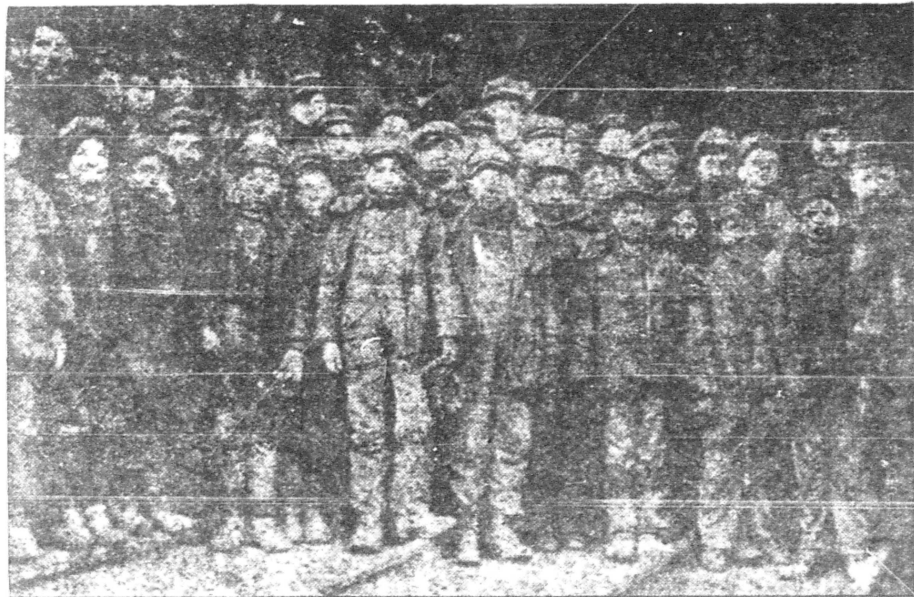
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The sharp slate cuts their fingers, bruising their hands and making them...

# ▲ THE LITTLE MILLINERY WORKER ▲

By MARY.

All my schoolmates call me now "Little Millinery Worker." Do you think this is my real name? No, my real name is Mary. But they call me "Little Millinery Worker," just since I left school and went to work in a millinery shop. Last night when I came home from work I found a group of my school girls who came to visit me. As I stepped in—I heard one girl call out, "Here she is, the Little Millinery Worker." Then the rest of them approached me with—"Why don't you attend school?" "Is it because you work?" "Why do you have to work?" "And how much do you earn a week?" Asking the questions they altogether made such a noise that I could hardly hear them. Finally, I said to them, "Be quiet girls! If you are interested to know all about what made me leave school—I'll tell you!" All the girls shut their mouths and eagerly started to listen to me.

"First I said, don't think I am too lazy to go to school. I would be glad to get even that little education that the capitalist schools can offer, but I am forced to go to work. "Don't your father work?" interrupted one of my school girls. "Yes," I said, "My father is working very hard, but on 15 dollars a week—which he gets for his work—he cannot support the whole family, consisting of five persons: my parents, me and two little brothers. And my

father is very sick. So you see, everyone of us wants to live. To live one must eat and to eat costs money—I must go to work in order to help them and myself."

"How do you like your work?"—suddenly interrupted a second one. And then she added: "You little millinery worker, you must earn much money."

"Well," I said, "I would like my work if it would not be so hard." And I told them that the place where I am working is a plain cellar. There it is awfully dark the whole day. The sun never shines into the windows. The air is dusty and around it is very noisy from the machines, at which many young people are sitting all day just as if nailed to them."

"Of course, when I came first I could not hear if anyone talked to me. I felt as if I was deaf."

"How many hours do you work?" they asked me further.

"I am working," I answered, "from 7 o'clock in the morning till 6 o'clock at night. And the boss asks me to do all the dirty work. Even when the rest of the workers go home, I must stay a few hours more because I have to sweep. And for all this hard work the boss pays me only \$6 a week. Imagine, six dollars! Could anyone live on \$6 a week, especially when you have to help out your parents? When I ask my boss for a raise, he says: 'Such a little

child as you are, Mary, doesn't need more.' And you know, girls, I am not the only one who is forced to work under such rotten conditions. I saw in factories many such poor working children as we are. Instead of playing, they work hard. The boss is making profit out of our work, with which he buys nice clothes, good food, nice houses for his own children. I think it is a crime that we poor workers should slave for them in order that they may live in pleasure, while we and our parents live in starvation and poverty."

"You are right, Mary," all of my schoolmates exclaimed!

"Well, but how long could me stand such injustice? Who is going to take care of us and see that we do not work at all but instead have some chance to get an education. The way things are now we kill ourselves."

"I think the thing for us to do is to get organized into groups of working class children. Only in such groups can we learn the truth and also learn how to fight for a better life and better conditions."

"Let us join the Junior Groups," suddenly exclaimed one. "I heard they are all kids of the workers," she continued.

"Yes, Yes, Yes!" I and the rest replied.

The next day we were already members of fighting Junior Group. And we are proud of it!

## FROM OUR COMRADES IN OTHER COUNTRIES

### A Letter from Our German Comrades in Hamburg

To the Junior Groups of New York.  
Dear Comrades,

We young comrades of the Young Spartacus organization send to you our heartiest comradely greetings. We are happy that we have the opportunity to write to you. We are sure that you will be glad to hear from your German young comrades.

Germany is, like all the other countries except Soviet Russia, a capitalist country, where the rich rule and the workers are robbed. We are taught in the schools to think that our enemies are the workers of other countries. But we know better. We know that the capitalists here in Germany and all over the world are the enemies of the workers everywhere. But we are told nothing about that in school.

Now we'll tell you about the things we do. On the 7th of November we held a memorial service at the graves of our comrades who had died for the workers during the revolution. We Young Pioneers all wore our red ties, and we traveled to the graves to lay upon them the wreaths and ties sent by our Russian comrades. At the graves of the revolutionists who had been killed one of our young Spartacides spoke. He laid a wreath upon the grave with the following words:

"In the name of the Young Spartacus organization we swear the following oath; we young comrades know that you gave up your lives for us. We pledge at these graves our our fallen comrades that that work which they have had to give up WE will carry on until we reach the goal of freedom. We cry with Karl Liebknecht; "Always Ready."

Then on the 15th of January we had in the Workers Home, a great meeting to honor our martyred comrades, Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. Your delegate was present and he greeted us in the name of all the Communist children of America. He told us of the political prisoners in your country. We knew then that the workers in America suffer too, under "class justice"

We hope that you will soon write to us about the work in your groups.

With Communist Greetings,

The Young Pioneers of the Young Spartacides.

Hamburg Division: St. Paul Nordi.

## Detroit Juniors to Celebrate May Day; Will Give Pledge

By JOHN KUZMICH.

All the Detroit Juniors and the Detroit Y. W. L. members are going to the House of the Masses, May 1st (Worker's Holiday) to say the pledge (I pledge allegiance to the RED FLAG, etc.) to prove that they are real Communists and then they are going to get their red kerchiefs. Then they will march in a parade to the schools where the teachers hit the kids. We are going to make these cruel teachers stop hitting them. And we are going to tell all the kids on Thursday, April 30th, "Stay away from school May 1st." We want to see how many will be out of school that day.

Let's all of us comrades celebrate May 1st! Let's give three cheers for the Workers' Holiday!

Now altogether—Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

I wish all you comrades a happy Workers' Holiday.

## NEWS FROM THE JUNIOR GROUPS

The little fishing town of ASTORIA, OREGON near the Pacific Ocean has a Junior Group of over sixty members. They have tried to organize Junior Groups in other towns, too. We can say nothing better about their splendid spirit than to quote from their own letter.

"We 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. We Juniors are fighting for a workers government where the children can go to school and have enough to eat, and warm clothing to wear and live in comfortable warm houses."

And we say "Speed the day!"

The Chicago Juniors are always in the front when it comes to doing real work. Just now they are busy not only in their school struggle work and their support of the YOUNG COMRADE, but they are forming Parents' Councils of the Junior Groups. All the working class fathers and mothers are being asked to form organizations to boost the Junior Groups and help them grow. These "parent organizations" will take up all sorts of questions. They will be very interested in child labor campaigns of the Workers Party that especially effect children. Other Junior Groups are urged to follow the example of Chicago, and get their leaders into action.

## The Difference.

By ROSE PLOTKIN—Age 10.

The poor workers live in the slum districts. In these slum districts many poor families live in one old shanty which is very old and made of wood. The poor children that live there get a piece of hard bread to eat and sometimes not even that. There is the wife, the husband and the older of the children working and yet they have not enough to live on. The children work in factories in the cotton fields and the parents work hard in heavy factories.

The children are often left in the day nurseries from early in the morning till night when their parents return from work. The children often go without supper and their parents help them to forget their hunger by telling them stories.

The capitalists live in the best houses which are built by the workers whom they exploit. They sit all the time in the house and smoke cigars and whenever they want anything they ring a bell for the servant and order him around. The workers slave while the capitalists loaf all day.

COME, COMRADES, LET'S FIGHT THE CAPITALIST!

## LITTLE STORIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY

(Continued from last issue)

But some of the miners saw them coming. They rushed to the landing in the darkness, and fought to prevent the thugs from reaching their shores. Many miners were killed but the thugs became scared and turned their boats down the river and retreated.

When the bosses saw this, they were very angry. They sent to the government and had the United States troops sent to keep the strikers from organizing. And after many weary months, the strike was lost.

All over the country at this time, the workers fought to better their conditions. And the cruel capitalists fought with all their might to make the conditions even worse.

But in spite of this, the unions lived on. The workers suffered but refused to give up their organizations. And with every strike and lockout, the workers learned how to organize better, and gradually many of them saw that freedom for the working class could come only if the workers themselves took over the industries and formed what is now known as a Workers' and Farmers' Government.

# THE STRIKE OF THE HORSES

By HERMINIA ZUR MUEHLEN

THE hot summer day was over. In the barn, where the work horses stood, it became darker and darker. The tired horses were groaning slowly in the stuffy heat. One old nag was moaning aloud and was licking his stiff knees with his wet tongue.

"Oh, but this has been a terrible day," he complained, "from early morning until late at night, we have been pulling the heavy hay wagons. We can stand this no longer."

"And the rotten food we get, too!" added another thin horse.

So they went on complaining and groaning and only one of them remained silent. He was a very smart looking colt who stood in his corner and listened to the others. But as he listened to their moanings and complainings, he laughed mockingly.

"Why do you laugh at us, you heartless one?" one of the work horses finally called out, and the old nag answered, "what can this carriage horse, this city worker, know of our hard life?"

"I am laughing at you," said the carriage horse, "because you are responsible for your own misfortune which you are complaining about."

"You're crazy," roared the old horse. One of the other young horses, however, who always found new ideas interesting, looked at him with his beautiful large eyes, and asked, "what shall we do?"

"Why do you work for the men who take so much from you, and give such bad food to eat in return?" asked the carriage horse.

"Because the men have the whips," called out a brown colored horse,

"Who is stronger, you or the men with the whips?" quickly asked the carriage horse.

The young brownie looked laughingly down at his strong legs and said, "I am stronger, much stronger."

"And yet you serve and are afraid of one who is weaker than you," returned the carriage horse.

The other horses did not like this kind of talk. "Don't talk foolishness," said one, and another cried, "Sure he's one of those city guys; that's why he thinks he's so smart." One old gray horse, however, who only worked at carrying water because he was so weak, and so unsteady on his old legs, sighed, "The men are our masters, we belong to them and we must serve them."

The young brownie, however, looked full into the clever face of the carriage horse and said, "Let this wise young horse speak. You have been complaining and groaning as long as I can remember, and it has got you nothing. Perhaps he knows what he is talking about."

Then all the horses became silent and looked towards the corner where the carriage horse stood. And he said this:

"I do know what I am talking about; I have seen in the city what the men do when poverty and need forces them into the position you are in. Now in the time of hay harvest, you are very necessary to the men. They must have you to carry the hay to the hay mows. Refuse to work unless you receive better fodder. Then you will see that the men will have to give in to you."

"That's a good idea!" cried Brownie, but the older horses shook their heads unbelievably.

"What harm will it do to try it for a day?" asked the carriage horse. "Even if it brings us nothing, it is not hard to try. But I assure you it will bring results."

And he spoke to them, declared that the men depended upon them very much, and how mean the men were to pay them so little for their hard work. The young horses immediately began to argue on his side, but the older ones somehow lacked the courage. When, however, the first rays of dawn filtered thru the little window of the barn, the carriage horse had persuaded all of them that he was right.

"The men will beat us," he warned them, "they will go after us with force. But you must not give in."

"Let them just try to beat me," challenged

Brownie. "They'll feel my hoofs all right, all right."

"That's right!" praised the carriage horse, "we must meet force with force. When they use violence against us, good words on our part mean nothing."

When it was bright, the people came to bring the horses out of the barn and to harness them but the horses stood right where they were, as tho they were made of stone. They moved not a single muscle; they laid their ears back; bared their teeth and glared angrily at their masters. At first the men tried to make them move by speaking to them gently, telling them what good horses they were. When this brought no results, they seized their whips. But this, too, did not frighten the brave horses. Like carved stone statues they stood in their places and let the blows rain upon them.

"This is a real strike of the horses," cried the masters.

"I always told you that the animals got too little to eat," said an old farm hand, who was, for these words, immediately beaten, too.

Finally the men saw that they could do nothing with the horses and the young horses began to kick and bite as soon as any of the men came near their stalls. So the men withdrew, cursing and muttering under their breaths. The horses laughed with joy and praised and thanked the young carriage horse who had given them all this good advice.

Then suddenly the old nag called out from his place nearest the little window, "Alas! Alas! The oxen! Now the men are harnessing the oxen to our wagons! We are lost!"

The carriage horse, who after all knew very little about country customs, had not thought of this happening at all! Of course, the oxen worked much slower and more clumsily than the horses, but still they worked, and the men could in this way get their hay safely into the hay mows. The horses began to complain anew, and all their complaints became even louder when they noticed that they were going to receive no food for their breakfast. They threw bitter curses at the poor carriage horse. The old horses said that they had been right when they wanted to go to work, and now the wrath of God was being visited upon them, for breaking the custom of serving their masters the way they always had."

But young Brownie called out, "This is not happening because of God, it is happening because of the oxen. If we fail now, it will be because of these oxen."

The carriage horse seemed to hear neither the curses nor his defense. He stood very still in a corner and thought and thought.

Finally he asked, "Does any one of you ever come in contact with these oxen?"

"Yes," answered the old nag, "Twice a day I carry water to their barn."

"That's good. When the men lead you to the water wagon, you must obey them, and when you get to the oxen, explain to them why we are striking. Tell them that tomorrow they, too, must refuse to work, if we win conditions will be better for them, too."

The old nag promised to do his best, and when the time came he let himself be harnessed to the water wagon and so came into the ox' barn. There he told them all and then returned.

"The oxen say," he reported, "that they will have nothing to do with this strike. They complain loudly, it is true, about the rotten food that they get too, but they believe that the ox God has ordered them meekly, tirelessly, and patiently to serve the men, and be thankful for what they are given. If they do not do thus, then they will sin, and not be allowed to enter the oxen's heaven."

The carriage horse snorted with anger, and cursed the oxen with their silly belief in an ox God and an ox heaven. "Everything is just as bad for them as it is for us!" he cried angrily, "but they are too stupid and too lazy to bestir themselves. They are so dull that they do not realize what powers they possess, but we are not thru with them yet."

And then he spoke long and earnestly to the old nag.

On the following day, the horses again refused to let themselves be harnessed. Again they stood like stone and if a man came towards them with a whip, then they kicked them out. And again the oxen went meekly to the fields, altho they were dead tired from their hard work the day before.

At eventime the old nag again brought water to the ox barn, and began again to plead with the oxen.

"Well, loyal slaves," he asked them, "have you received for your wonderful labor, wonderful and especially delicious food to eat?"

"Alas no," sighed the oxen, "we received just as little and just as rotten food as we have always got. Man is a thankless beast."

"And you will work for them again tomorrow?"

"Certainly, what else shall we do?"

"You see what we are doing."

"You! Why, you have let yourself be led by this youth from the city. This carriage horse does not believe in God or Devil. He will bring you to ruin," cried the oxen in chorus.

Then the old nag told the oxen what the carriage horse had said; he told them that they were much stronger than the men and only their stupidity prevented them to get thru with their cruel masters altogether. And finally he asked the oxen again to refuse to work the following day and to stay united in the fight together with their horse brothers.

At last some of the oxen believed that it would be well to join with the horses, and they promised that on the next day, that they would refuse to go to work. But at that many of the oxen became very angry.

"Get out of this barn," they bellowed, "Here order and the fear of God will rule! You do not belong with us! You are not good oxen." And then a big argument started. The old nag had now to go. Before he left, he called out so loudly that all the oxen heard him, "If you will not help your horse brothers willingly, then we will force you to. The horses wish you to know that every ox who goes to work tomorrow will be in danger of having all his ribs broken by the kicks that we horses will give him when we meet him. Remember, every ox!" and he left the barn.

The oxen were terribly frightened. They feared the hoofs of the horses even more than the whips of the men. Since they had never before fought with the horses, too, it was very natural that all of them let themselves be won over to help their comrades.

On the following day the oxen, too, stood in their stalls as tho made of stone, except that they lowered their horned heads threateningly whenever a man ventured to come near a stall with a whip.

In the east great black clouds were forming, and the hay still lay on the fields. The masters of Gute ran here and there not knowing what to do. Finally he said, "I must give in. There is neither man nor beast who can do less." And he let the horses as well as the oxen be given rich and delicious food in their bins. Then he went from one animal to another, patting them and petting them.

The horses ate as much as they wished and then they let themselves be harnessed and brought the hay to the haymows.

The carriage horse did not remain much longer in this barn. Because of his way, the master could no longer stand him and he was sold. But the horse had done his work. From that day on, the horses took nothing for granted, when the food was bad, or if they were forced to work too hard, then they stayed home the following day. They refused to be harnessed. Finally the men had to get used to the idea that the horses had to be well paid for their work. The young horses who went from this barn to other barns told their comrades that they, too, could seize their power. Only the oxen went on in the old way, not getting the full rights of their labor—or wanting to. That is why they are "oxen."

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