

THE MAGAZINE YOUNG SOCIALISTS

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I PROTEST

To sit in silence when we should protest
Makes cowards of men. The human race
Has climbed on protest. Had no voice been raised
Against injustice, ignorance, and lust,
The inquisition yet would serve the law,
And guillotines decide our least disputes.
The few who dare must speak and speak again
To right the wrongs of many. Speech, thank God,
No vested power in this great day and land
Can gag or throttle. Press and voice may cry
Loud disapproval of existing ills;
May criticize oppression and condemn
The lawlessness of wealth-protecting laws
That let the children and childbearers toil
To purchase ease for idle millionaires.
Therefore, I do protest against the boast
Of independence in this mighty land.
Call no chain strong which holds one rusty link,
Call no land free that holds one fettered slave,
Until the manacled slim wrists of babes
Are loosed to toss in childish sport and glee;
Until the mother bears no burden, save
The precious one beneath her heart, until
Our soil is rescued from the clutch of greed
And given back to labor, let no man
Call this the land of freedom.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

IN MEMORY OF ST. VALENTINE

This month we dedicate the fourteenth day to the memory of St. Valentine. He was not a statesman or a soldier. It is said that he won his way to the hearts of the people of his time through his kindness and sympathy. He attained immortal fame through the letters of love and cheer and good council which he sent to those in need. Of course most of his letters are lost, but we found this one addressed to the Y. P. S. L. of America:

My dear young comrades and friends:

My heart is always with you in your great and worthy work. Full well I know that you and your elders are building the stately mansions in which the human family shall some day dwell in greater perfection than any which was ever known. So I say unto you each and all, be of good courage, build steadily and patiently and you shall accomplish great things. 'Tis true that even our master workmen have completed little more than the foundation of the structure, but our architects were keen and wise, the plans are well made and its completion depends only upon the sincerity and energy of the workers.

You, my young friends, are now serving your apprenticeship for the greater task which await you. To you falls the work of building the great roads upon which the new material must be brought to the central structure. You must also gather this material and construct the outer walls of our store houses. And I say unto you, "Build with care, lest there be ruts and holes in the

roads where the fruits of your gathering will be delayed and perhaps lost forever." Verily I say unto you, "Every hellish act, every broken promise mars your work and leaves great rents and gaps through which our enemies thrust their swords of malice and slander and undo our work and steal our stores." Forget not to heed the words of those who have gone before you and profit by their work and greater experience. Be ever mindful of the plan and forget not the scheme of the whole lest you build your own head into the wall and it will come to pass that you will mar the unity of the work and make the wall crooked and unsightly. Bear in mind that the time for ornamentation and digression has not yet come and our great task still is the building of plain, solid, invincible walls of facts and deeds. Neither must you spend too much valuable time in the contemplation and admiration of that which you have already done while the winged opportunities for more and better work are passing by.

Above all let your work be done with love toward your fellow workers and the cause. True love is the greatest preservative known to man. It will last on through all ages.

From your
Valentine.

An advertisement which may be seen at the Asheville Baseball Park reads as follows:

"Don't kill your wife!
Let US do your dirty work.
Mountain City Laundry."

PROTECT THE SPRING!

In a deep forest, under shady trees, surrounded by grass and velvety moss, is a spring. A never ending stream of crystal-clear water flows down the slope into the valley below, watering trees and plants that they may bear rich fruit. And all who drink its waters become so strong, so brave, so noble, that they can live only in freedom, in purity, in sunshine and light. But the spring was poisoned. The crops in the valley were ruined, no flowers bloomed, and those who drank its poisoned waters became ill, cowardly, and blind, as they attacked and tore each other like wild animals. But the joy that was in hell over this senseless carnage was of short duration. Unceasingly, day and night, the spring in the forest sent down its clear, fresh water. In a short time it had carried off the poison from the brooks and streams, and there where human blood had dyed the meadows a horrible red, flowers blossomed in a riot of colors and trees bore fruit; thousandfold. But the humans who drank of its waters became strong and well once more, became braver, nobler and greater than before.

Friends, protect the spring!

Away from This Hell!

By Henry M. Tichenor

Our country, all the earth;
Our race, of every birth;
Our God, all Nature;
Our creed, Humanity—
Justice—Equality
To every creature!

There, shall the war-drums cease,
There, shall we live in peace,
Where no tyrants dwell;
No one to whom we bow—
Our heaven HERE and NOW,
Away from this hell!

LET CAPITALISTS FIGHT

By Eugene V. Debs

The countries are owned by the capitalists; let the capitalists fight for them. If we have a war in this country and you see Morgan and John D. Rockefeller coming out and enlisting as soldiers to fight for their country, the country they own, you men in this hall will then know you'll be in good form to enlist alongside of them, only let them enlist first, for they will be fighting for what belongs to them. If you can put the ruling class to fighting you will put an end to war.

As a Socialist I can very sincerely regret that any Socialist in Europe should have voted one dollar toward a war appropriation. Of course even at this distance we can appreciate that these men, our brothers in the warring countries, stood in the midst of tremendous pressure. But it would have been better if they had chosen to stand like a stone wall in the midst of just such pressure and told their countrymen that not one dollar would they vote for war purposes. To my mind they should have maintained their international standing.

If this country of ours were at war I would not vote one penny toward financing such a war as is in progress in Europe at the present time. I would rather be shot a thousand times for treason, if this were construed as treason, before casting such a vote. Better by far to be shot for treason to the capitalist class than to live and be a traitor to the working class.

We Socialists are opposed to war, and that brings to my mind that the continued existence of war is another reason why woman

should be given the vote; because war plunges her into grief, destruction and death and with the war having been undertaken without consulting her.

You who have been long members of the Socialist party will recall that the professional exploiter of the people and what should be the common treasure is continually trying to stir up prejudice by saying that Socialism and all that it stands for insists on crowding out everything that stands for a man's religion.

If we stop for a moment and think about this question of religion we must necessarily contemplate the example of the warring nations of Europe. All Christian nations, mind you. All praying to the same God that he will whet their sword that they may successfully disembowel their neighbor nation. This example of Europe shows the religion of the ruling class of the world. If you are over 18 and under 45 you are potentially a soldier—you may not know it, but you are. Wait until sufficient time has passed and you will find out. What does it stand for, religion or no religion, that of all the shot-ridden flags on the European battlefields, on not one is there the red flag of Socialism?

I am speaking for a party that has never bought a vote. It is the only democratic party in the world. In time to come there will be but two parties in this country, the capitalist party and the workers' party. And out of this order of procedure there must come a change. There must come a change whereby the capitalists of the country have controlled the

press and magazines, and for 25 years steeping the public mind with poison.

Another tool of the capitalist class is the militia. What is the militia formed and maintained for? To keep the capitalist in order, to turn out and poke the capitalist with the butt of a gun. You never heard of its being done, did you? No, the militia is maintained to keep the working class in the position the capitalists think it ought to be kept. This is the reason the militia is maintained, and if you refuse to believe it, go where a strike is in progress (you may find another Ludlow), and see what is happening.

I have been for many years an exponent of the franchise privilege being extended to women. I do not believe this nation can remain in a condition where half the people are slaves and the other half free, and most always the better and more important part. I have noticed by observation that the more ignorant a man is the more firmly he becomes convinced that woman is his intellectual inferior. If this country is a democracy it must clothe women with the franchise. We have got a strange and remarkable country here in America in many ways, for less than half of all the workers receive more than \$500 a year. Of the women, less than one-half receive more than \$6 per week for their work.

The present war has no possible justification in morals, and there is in fact no conceivable excuse for the appalling assault upon modern civilization. The world learns slowly but surely and out of the terrible catastrophe, out of this indescribable slaughter there will arise as never before a demand for world-wide democracy, world-wide brotherhood and world-wide peace.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S INTERNATIONAL

The war in Europe, which completely disorganized the Socialist International, likewise made it impossible to carry on the work of the Young People's International which had its head in Vienna. The business of the Young People's International has therefore been transferred to Berne, Switzerland, where the comrades are working splendidly to tie up the torn threads of the movement, to come in contact with the movements of the various nations. There is no easy task. Up to this day, though many months have passed since the new International Bureau has taken up its work, it has been impossible to get into communication with either the Hungarian or the Belgian movements.

In our anti-militaristic agitation we should pay particular attention to the striking fact that all belligerent nations, whether republics or monarchies, whether ruled by Emperor or Czar, have been unanimous in using the war and the power it gives to the military authorities for the oppression of the people at home, and for the overthrow of any and all liberties that have been so bitterly fought for and so dearly won in the years gone by. Hundreds of comrades have been imprisoned for long terms, under the most brutal conditions, for anti-militaristic and revolutionary propaganda.

Neither Germany, in its defense of European culture, nor France, in its campaign against German militarism, have hesitated to choke down the slightest murmur of dissatisfaction within their own nations, with relentless brutality, while Austria and Russia wreak terrible vengeance upon

everyone who dares to breathe a word against the fair name of his fatherland. Even Bulgaria, Greece and Italy follow the example set by the more powerful nations.

The Italian Young Socialist movement held a national congress in Reggio Emilia in May, which was an imposing manifestation of the unity and brotherly spirit of the Young People's movement. Members of the Party Executive who attended the Congress expressed their satisfaction and admiration for the seriousness of purpose that marked the whole proceedings.

On May 23rd, on the day that war was declared, the Young Socialists of Italy published a manifesto that was reprinted by the whole Socialist press, in which was emphasized once more the necessity of unceasing activity during the war for the defeat of reaction and for the organization of the young people of Italy.

Particularly gratifying are the harmonious relations that exist between the Young Socialist and the regular party organizations of Italy. This is no accident. Where in the other large belligerent nations, in Germany, Austria and France, the Socialist movements have made concessions to their respective governments have allowed themselves to be submerged by the wave of patriotism that has swept their nations, the Young Socialist organizations throughout Europe have held fast to International principles. The Italian movement, however, will remain ever memorable in the annals of the International for the brave stand it took against militarism and war before and after hostilities were declared.

The proclamation of the Young Socialist Bureau calling for International demonstrations on October 3rd was carried out in most countries as the following reports will show:

In Italy and Austria the state of siege rendered demonstrations impossible. In spite of the most earnest efforts it was impossible to get the International manifests into the hands of the Italian comrades.

In Denmark about 40 demonstrations were held. 30,000 leaflets were distributed and 1,000 large placards hung and 1,200 Francs collected for the Liebknecht Fund.

In Norway were held 25 meetings, with a participation of over 15,000 people. About 1,000 Francs were collected for the Liebknecht fund.

In Germany it was particularly difficult to arrange demonstrations. Military control, police and the nationalist blindness of "well-known" labor leaders made a public demonstration impossible. However, in many cities in Germany demonstrations in the spirit of the International proclamation were held on October 3rd.

In Holland it was impossible to arrange demonstrations in more than nine cities. In a number of cities demonstrations which had been planned were frustrated because the owners of the meeting halls had been intimidated by the police and did not dare open their halls to these demonstrations.

In Switzerland splendid demonstrations were held, about 70 in number. 30,000 proclamations were distributed, large quantities of other literature distributed and 800 Francs collected for the Liebknecht fund. Everywhere new members were enrolled, and eight new circles were organized. About 25,000 people participated.

A VALIANT FIGHTER FOR THE INTERNATIONAL

These unhappy days have brought us so many bitter disappointments, so many shattered ideals, have driven so many of our comrades into the enemies' camp, that we sometimes feel as if national feeling had entirely wiped out International brotherhood. We forget that in every nation of Europe Socialists are suffering long months of imprisonment for speaking and writing as Internationalists, that more than one comrade has given his life rather than sacrifice his ideals.

Alexandra Kollontay is, we may say it without reservation, one of the heroic figures of our International movement. A Russian by birth, a daughter of the ancient feudal nobility, she early became drawn into the revolutionary movement of her country. The breaking of all family ties was inevitable and, with nothing to live for but the movement which had become her life, she went to Switzerland where she spent a short time in the study of social sciences. But after two years she returned to her native land to take an active part in its revolutionary propaganda, though her activity for the Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party endangered life and liberty. Oftener than we have time to tell she was arrested. She worked under a constant cloud of suspicion and persecution until in 1906 she fled from Russia and took up her home in Berlin. Russia's loss was Germany's gain, at least so far as the movement was concerned. The brilliant young speaker toured the country for the German Social Democracy and was

likewise active in England, Belgium, Switzerland, France and Norway. Here her extraordinary talent for languages was of great value to her in her work.

When the war broke out Comrade Kollontay was arrested, as were all Russians in Berlin, but was released a few days afterward, with the friendly permission to "leave Germany." But



where was she to go, this woman without a country? France, Belgium and England were closed to her. So she went to Sweden but was driven from there for her anti-militaristic agitation. In Stockholm and in Malmö she spent a number of weeks behind prison bars for the same unpardonable offense. In Norway, where Comrade Kollontay finally took up her abode, she again took up her activity, but a little more carefully, so that she remained there until she came, at the invitation of the German language group, to our country.

Comrade Kollontay is now closing a splendidly successful tour through the United States. Her enthusiastic meetings are proof of the fact that here, as everywhere, the great mass of the class-conscious working class has not forgotten its mission, that, though leaders may have fallen, the rank and file are standing firm for solidarity and international brotherhood. To have recalled American Socialists to their mission, to have torn the veils of nationalist prejudice from the eyes of deluded comrades, this has been the great service that she has rendered to our American movement. In a few days Comrade Kollontay will return to Europe where the work of reconstruction calls for all hands on deck. But before she leaves our shores she has another message to deliver, a message to the young Socialists of the nation: "In the hands of the coming generation lies the future of the Socialist movement and its problems. But that the International of the future may be fit to live and to take up the struggle against our enemies it must build three fundamentals, must lay three corner stones upon it to build up the super-structure of education and agitation. First, a united, international organization of the working class, an organization whose highest duty shall be to substitute international solidarity for chauvinism and narrow patriotism, which shall place class feeling above the feeling for the fatherland. We are rapidly approaching terrible struggles and revolutionary actions. To prepare the proletariat to fight these

struggles effectively and successfully, this is the second duty of the International.

The third cornerstone, however, shall be an unceasing, uncompromising war upon war, a campaign against militarism and militaristic spirit."

So says Comrade Kollontay in a call to the youth of the International movement.

The Young Socialists of Greater New York have arranged a mass meeting to be held on February the 8th at Stuyvesant High School, at which our comrade will speak to the young people of our movement. It will be more than a meeting, it will be a pledge of the young people that they will join us in the battle against patriotism and narrow nationalism, against militarism and war. It will show that the future of the proletariat will be safe in the hands of the coming generation.

Too Good

When General Beck was a young lawyer a man was arraigned for murder and had no counsel.

"Mr. Beck," said the presiding judge, "take the prisoner into that room at the rear of the court, hear his story, and give him the best advice you can."

Accordingly Beck disappeared with the prisoner, and in half an hour's time returned into court—alone.

"Where is the prisoner?" asked the judge.

"Well," replied Beck, slowly, "I heard his story, and then I gave him the best advice I could. I said: 'Prisoner, if I were you I'd get out of that window and make tracks.' He slid down the water-pipe, and the last I saw of him he was getting over a stone wall half a mile away."

VICTOR HUGO'S ORATION ON VOLTAIRE

DELIVERED AT PARIS, May 30, 1878
THE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF VOLTAIRE'S DEATH
(Translated from the French by James Parton)

(Concluded from January)

To combat Pharisaism; to unmask imposture; to overthrow tyrannies; usurpations, prejudices, falsehoods, superstitions; to demolish the temple in order to rebuild it, that is to say, to replace the false by the true; to attack a ferocious magistracy; to attack a sanguinary priesthood; to take a whip and drive the money-changers from the sanctuary; to reclaim the heritage of the disinherited; to protect the weak, the poor, the suffering, the overwhelmed, to struggle for the persecuted and oppressed—that was the war of Jesus Christ! And who waged that war? It was Voltaire.

The completion of the evangelical work is the philosophical work; the spirit of meekness began, the spirit of tolerance continued. Let us say it with a sentiment of profound respect: **Jesus wept; Voltaire smiled.** Of that divine tear and of that human smile is composed the sweetness of the present civilization.

Did Voltaire always smile? No. He was often indignant. You remarked it in my first words.

Certainly, gentlemen, measure, reserve, proportion are reason's supreme law. We can say that moderation is the very respiration of the philosopher. The effort of the wise man ought to be to condense into a sort of serene certainty all the approximations of which philosophy is composed. But at certain moments, the passion for the true rises powerful and violent, and it is within its rights in so doing, like the stormy winds which purify. Never. I insist upon it, will any wise man shake those two august supports of social labor, justice and honor; and all will respect the judge if he is embodied with justice, and all will venerate the priest if he represents hope. But if the magistracy calls itself torture, if the Church calls itself Inquisition, then Humanity looks them in the face and says to the judge: I will none of thy law! and says to the priest: I will none of thy dogma! I will none of thy fire upon the earth and thy hell in the future! Then philosophy rises in wrath, and arraigns the judge before justice, and the priest before God!

That is what Voltaire did. It was grand.

What Voltaire was, I have said; what his age was, I am about to say.

Gentlemen, great men rarely come alone; large trees seem larger when they dominate a forest; there they are at home. There was a forest of minds around Voltaire; that forest was the eighteenth century. Among those minds there were summits, Montesquieu, Buffon, Beaumarchais, and among others, two, the highest: after Voltaire—Rousseau and Diderot. Those thinkers taught men to reason; reasoning well leads to acting well; justice in the mind becomes justice in the heart. Those toilers for progress labored usefully. Buffon found naturalism; Beaumarchais discovered, outside of Moliere, a kind of comedy till then unknown, almost the social comedy; Montesquieu made in law some excavations so profound that he succeeded in exhuming the right.

As to Rousseau, as to Diderot, let us pronounce those two names apart; Diderot, a vast intelligence, inquisitive, tender, thirst for justice, wished to give certain notions as the foundation of true ideas, and created the encyclopedia. Rousseau rendered to woman an admirable service, completing the mother by the nurse placing near one another those two majesties of the cradle. Rousseau, a writer, eloquent and pathetic, a profound oratorical dreamer, often divined and proclaimed political truth; his ideal borders upon the real; he had the glory of being the first man in France who called himself citizen. The civic fibre vibrates in Rousseau; that which vibrates in Voltaire is the universal fibre. One can say that in the fruitful eighteenth century, Rousseau represented the people; Voltaire, still more vast, represented Man. Those powerful writers disappeared, but they left us their soul, the Revolution.

Yes, the French Revolution was their soul. It was their radiant manifestation. It came from them; we find them everywhere in that blast and superb catastrophe, which formed the conclusion of the past and the opening of the future. In that clear light, which is peculiar to revolutions, and which beyond causes permits us to perceive effects; and beyond the first plain the second, we see behind Danton Diderot, behind Robespierre

Rousseau, and behind Mirabeau Voltaire. These formed those.

Gentlemen, to sum up epochs, by giving them the names of men, to name ages, to make of them in some sort human personages, has only been done by three peoples, Greece, Italy, France. We say, the Age of Pericles, the Age of Augustus, the Age of Leo X., the Age of Louis XIV., the Age of Voltaire. Those appellations have a great significance. This privilege of giving names to periods belonging exclusively to Greece, to Italy, and to France, is the highest mark of civilization. Until Voltaire, they were the names of the chiefs of states; Voltaire is more than the chief of a state; he is a chief of ideas; with Voltaire a new cycle begins. We feel that henceforth the supreme governmental power is to be thought. Civilization obeyed force; it will obey the ideal. It was the sceptre and the sword broken, to be replaced by the ray of light; that is to say, authority transfigured into liberty. Henceforth, no other sovereignty than the law for the people, and the conscience for the individual. For each of us, the two aspects of progress separate themselves clearly, and they are these: to exercise one's right; that is to say, to be a man; to perform one's duty; that is to say, to be a citizen.

Such is the significance of that word, the Age of Voltaire; such is the meaning of that august event, the French Revolution.

The two memorable centuries which preceded the eighteenth, prepared for it; Rebelais warned royalty in Gargantua, and Moliere warned the church in Tartuffe. Hatred of force and respect for right are visible in those two illustrious spirits.

Whoever says to-day, might makes right, performs an act of the Middle Ages, and speaks to men three hundred years behind their time.

Gentlemen, the nineteenth century glorifies the eighteenth century. The eighteenth proposed, the nineteenth concludes. And my last word will be the declaration, tranquil but inflexible, of progress.

The time has come. The right has found its formula: human federation.

To-day, force is called violence, and begins to be judged; war is arraigned. Civilization, upon the complaint of the human race, orders the trial, and draws up the great criminal indictment of conqueror and captives. This witness, History, is summoned. The reality appears. The fictitious brilliancy is dissipated. In many cases, the hero is a species of assassin. The peoples begin to comprehend that increasing the magnitude of a crime cannot be its diminution; that,

if to kill is a crime, to kill much cannot be an extenuating circumstance; that, if to steal is a shame, to invade cannot be a glory; that Te Deums do not count for much in this matter; that homicide is homicide; that bloodshed is bloodshed; that it serves nothing to call one's self Caesar or Napoleon; and that in the eyes of the eternal God, the figure of a murderer is not changed because, instead of a gallop's cap, there is placed upon his head an emperor's crown.

Ah! let us proclaim absolute truths. Let us dishonor war. No; glorious war does not exist. No; it is not good, and it is not useful, to make corpses. No; it cannot be that life travails for death. No; oh, mothers who surround me, it cannot be that take from you your children. No; it cannot be that women should bear children in war, that men should be born, that people should plow and sow, that the farmer should fertilize the fields, and the workmen enrich the city, that industry should produce marvels, that genius should produce prodigies, that the vast human activity should, in presence of the starry sky, multiply efforts and creations, all to result in that frightful international exposition which is called a field of battle!

PERSONAL HYGIENE

By Arnold Lorand, M.D.

Ill Ventilated Quarters

That living in the vitiated air of a close room is deleterious to health is proved by a simple observation of the faces of those stopping for a long time, or habitually doing so by reason of their professions, in close localities. They will present a pale, gray, sickly appearance, and it is a fact that they very rapidly acquire all sorts of infections; especially is tuberculosis very prevalent in such cases. We observe precisely the same thing in the case of plants which, if kept in a close room, especially where little light reaches them, soon lose their color and are destroyed by parasites; and exactly the same happens in the case of man. Prisoners, unfortunate work-people,

living and laboring in large numbers in small and close quarters, waiters and similar employees, are those in whom tuberculosis is most frequently found. In respect to workmen, this may be more truly the case in Europe, where they live under more miserable conditions than in America, where their position is possibly the most enviable of all wage earners.

Close air, just as much as stagnant water, promotes the growth of dangerous microbes, and the chances of infection are greatly enhanced where a number of people are gathered together in such places. Many of them may be suffering from infectious diseases of the respiratory organs; they exhale, and also eject by coughing or sneezing, an enormous number of microbes, which mingle with the air and multiply at their leisure in such close atmospheres; and this is especially so when they are assisted in their growth by the great heat prevalent in such places, particularly in winter time. Bacteriological examinations made of the air of such localities have shown an enormous number of dangerous microbes. We need, therefore, not be surprised when persons, and especially children whose resistance is diminished, often contract tonsillitis, diphtheria, bronchitis, or pneumonia, etc., after having passed an evening in such a place, the air being hot, and particularly if, at the same time, the temperature outside was very low.

Living in a close room will soon tell on the general health, and this is easily visible in the appearance of such persons. Their pale faces form a striking contrast to the fresh rosy cheeks of those who habitually live in the fresh air.

The Young Socialists' Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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As a consequence of passing the night in such a close room, we feel, on the following morning, very heavy, and often have a headache; we also often have no appetite for breakfast after such a night, unless we first take a walk in the fresh morning air.

The danger of the close room should be brought home to all, even children, through instruction in hygiene in the public schools; and even from their very youngest days this should be installed into the minds of youth, together with the contra-advantages of fresh air. By these means they will be accustomed to the fresh air and its beneficial effects, as much as they will learn to detest the horrors of the air exhaled by other people, which is the source of so many infections. Every one who wishes to enjoy life during youth, and live to a good old age, should abominate a close room and never, if he can possibly help it, pass an hour in such an atmosphere.

(The Young Socialist of Great Britain)
The Labor Member's Lordly Smoke

By Allen Clarke

The Labor Member, leaning back in his easy chair, began his reposeful revel in the cigar, the sublimely special cigar which had been graciously given to him by a lord—a real hall-marked, properly labelled, proudly pedigreed lord. It was, therefore, only felicitously fitting that it should be enjoyed under the most harmoniously easy elegant environment—or as near that desideratum as the Labor Member's lordly abode would allow.

For the Labor Member sat in his little parlor, in a house, which, alas! was not a sweetly isolated mansion, nor yet even a semi-detached villa (though the Labor Member had visions that the Providence which benevolently watches over the fate of Labor Members who behave themselves nicely, might eventually bestow on him that reward of virtue) but only one of a long row, all alike in their general build and details, from doorstep to chimney, in a street on the border of the manufacturing town which the Labor Member represented, more or less, in Parliament. Anyhow, and this was consolation to the self-respecting Labor Member, who had begun to have some regard for the richer developments of human life as outwardly expressed in the type of house one lived in, it was not one of the common four-roomed tenements, barracked about the factories, in which existed the toilers whom the Labor Member represented, more or less, at Westminster; because, for one thing, a Member of Parliament, with eight pounds

a week, could afford to pay more rent than a laborer with twenty-three or twenty-four shillings a week.

The time was eleven o'clock at night, and the Labor Member, whose name was Joshua Ruttall, had just come home with the lordly cigar in his pocket.

He had been speaking at a recruiting meeting, and had sat on the same platform as the lord—Lord Bobbington, of Bobbington Hall, and Colonel Dasher, of Chargem Hall, and mayors and other aristocratic and mercantile magnates of the borough and neighborhood, who, in their patriotism, noble fellows, had sunk all party feeling, patrician pride, and divisions and distinctions of that sort; and met as one man, unique and united, on one common plank, in the hour of their country's peril, to stand by the gallant British Lion, and snap their fingers in the foul face of the Prussian Eagle. Yes, that's just how it was, for that is exactly as the Labor Member put it, in what the papers would call his rousing speech—he recalled, with a natural vanity, his pompous and eloquent phrases, as he lit the cigar, and leaned back in his chair to wallow in the blue-blooded whiffs, as it were.

It was at the close of the meeting that Lord Bobbington had given the Labor Member the cigar—direct from his own lordly case. His lordship was lighting one himself ere proceeding to the motor-car that was waiting for him at the door of the hall where the meeting had been held. It was then that the Labor Member,

coming from the ante-room, rubbed shoulders with lordliness. "Ah, Mr. Ruttall," said Lord Bobbington. "I congratulate you on your speech. You spoke well. It should fetch the recruits in."

"I only tried, my lord, to do my utmost as a loyal subject to impress on our young men the duty of enlisting at once," said the Labor Member.

"And begad, you did it well," said Lord Bobbington. "Have a cigar?" And he held out his case. "Thank you, my lord," said the Labor Member, deferentially.

"Good night, Ruttall," said his lordship. "We must have you speaking again. You know how to get at the beggars, begad!"

The Labor Member (for Labor Members are only human when all is said and done) was pleased with this tribute to his oratorical powers.

He plumed himself that he had every justification for pride in the fact that he had risen from a poor factory lad to be an M. P., who was now hobnobbing with lords, yea, even with great capitalists and others whom he had in previous years denounced as blood-suckers and oppressors.

He sat enjoying the cigar. He was all alone. His wife had gone to bed.

He thought of his son whom he had got into the Borough Rate Office. The lad should not be a common drudge, but get his living "with his coat on." He was giving his son better chances than he had ever had himself. It was well to do one's duty to one's children. But it is also well to remember that there are other folks' children besides one's own, and to ask why should these not have fine opportunities also.

That thought set him thinking of Jack Croft, whom he had met

in the tram. Jack was a working-man of thirty-three, with a wife and two children, and one of Labor's hardest canvassers at election time.

The Labor Member asked Jack if he was going to enlist.

Jack, who had read a bit, and thought a bit, replied that he saw no reason why he should.

"But if the Germans should beat us—?"

Jack said he wasn't concerned about that question. "We have worse enemies at home than the Germans abroad," he said. "The sweating employers, greedy land-lords, rascally contractors, food-cornerers, cotton-cornerers—the chaps you've often told us we should combat everlastingly. Yet you've been sitting on the same platform with 'em to-night."

"Yes, yes," said the Labor Member, "that's all right at ordinary times, but this is an extraordinary time. All patriots must join together to crush the common foe."

"I don't see it," said Jack. "The grabbers grabbed before the war; they are grabbing now the war is on; they will grab just the same when it's over. Then the business of Labor is to fight the grabbers all the time; and when two sets of grabbers—like the British and the Germans—are fighting, it is Labor's business to stand aloof and help neither; or, better still, while the thieves are falling out, to look after getting a bit of its own back."

"In a crisis like this," said the Labor Member, "when the Empire is at stake, such a course would be contemptible and unpatriotic."

"Hard names break no bones," said Jack. "Call it what you like, but I think it would be common sense. You know very well that

when this war's over Labor will be robbed and abused, probably more than ever, by the very fellows who are now using you and other trade-union leaders for tools. And," Jack continued, "I'm not going to risk leaving my wife a widow and my children orphans—with the workhouse as their probable fate—to fight for men that pluck and plunder me all ends up."

The Labor Member half-sneered something about "being cowards."

"I can smile at that taunt," said Jack. "I think you can remember yourself how I saved a woman's life when Bullin's factory was on fire. By the way, has your son enlisted yet?"

The Labor Member thought this direct question was insolent. He was angry, but he answered, "There are reasons."

"Oh, I dare say," said Jack. "I'm not blaming you. But—there are other folks have lads as well as you, you know. Well, I get out here, good night."

The Labor Member recalled that rather annoying tram episode as he watched the smoke from the lordly cigar—the magic patrician smoke that works such transformations—that makes the world look so different from what it is to ordinary plebeian eyesight.

How dared Jack Croft talk as he had done about the Labor Member's son, whom his father was making into a gentleman?

Well, well, he would forget the little irritating incident; it wasn't worth a second thought.

Let him think of loftier, lovelier things—of Lord Bobbington, whose cigar he was smoking. He must make the most of his lordship's amiability—for the sake of his son who was in the municipal

offices. For lordly influence went a long way. Some day—when his son was after some big municipal appointment—a word from his lordship would be helpful.

Yes, it was just as well for Labor Members to be tolerant towards lords. Not only was it business, but it was christian to be charitable.

"What a splendid cigar it is," said the Labor Member, blowing out a fragrant nebula of smoke.

And any such democratic views as remained in the Labor Member's soul were clouded, and obscured by the lordly smoke.

THE COMRADE'S WORTH

Do you know the value and the worth of a real live crowd of young Socialists? The kind that can go out in a bunch and come home the same way without the least bit of damage done to health, happiness or friendship? The sort of a crowd that will sing and dance, swim and study, hike, read, play, run, row and be game for any old kind of fun at any old time and place? If you can truthfully say yes, congratulate you, and only hope that you may never have to leave them. I have been used to that sort of a crowd and have had to quit them—and now, take it from me, you can never measure the true worth of a Yipsel crowd until you've left them far behind you, and you know you can't get back over the week end.

This is how it works out. You're sent way down into the country to do the bosses' work, and incidentally to earn your bread. You don't want to go particularly—there's a number of good times just ahead, and perhaps you've already asked the best girl of all to go along with you. You are not crazy about leaving town just then, but you go—you bet you go. All that week it isn't so bad—of course, when meetin' night comes around you just fall a thinkin' about who'll all be there and who they'll have for chairman, and how long the meetin' will take.

But then Sunday comes around—and it's no use—the bluff don't do any further, you know by that time you're real homesick. No use cryin' about it though, so you just pick out the dandiest sort of a place or trip to take in, and you set out bold as

ever you please. You're not alone, either, because your side partner is in exactly the same boat as you. He, too, has been used to life and laughter, so you're partners in misery as well as work. You pick out a long excursion trip and think everything will be all right. You settle down comfortably and start to talk about scenery and cameras, and work and shows and girls—oh, lots o' things.

You leave as the sun is just about settling down to rest, and you figure out that the hikers back home are blowing "Taps" on the bugles to signal for the return journey. They must have had some sport, you muse. Then you try to settle down and rest. No use, it can't be done; so you start to wander round the limited deck space of the boat. You run into a crowd of fellows and girls, about thirty of them. That's strange, just about the size of your crowd. They go again. They start to sing—not your Socialist songs, to be sure—still, the tunes are familiar. And they're very friendly within their own circle, this crowd.

At last the m-o-o-n comes up—big and round and white. The crowd takes a hint from him and swings into a song. What is that melody so strangely familiar? "Santa Lucia," doesn't them, couldn't they try something else? But your mind goes back to another river and another crowd and other words to the same tune—they just keep ringing into your ears:

Comrades so dear to me,
Hearts warm and tender,
To them where'er I be,
My love I'll render,
Under broad Heaven's dome,
Where'er on earth I roam,
With them I feel at home,
We're Comrades' ever.

"With them you feel at home," yes—and without them you don't. You're just perfectly miserable, and you're longing ever so hard for the hearty laugh of your boys and the wish of the girls' dresses as they go dancing and skipping past. But the longest exile must come to an end some time, and in a few weeks you're back again. They're all glad to see you, but you're a whole lot gladder to be back with them. And the miseries of the past are soon forgotten in the pleasures of the present.

But there comes a time when you can't go back—and you know you can't. Your life takes you far away from the happy scenes and companionship. The crowd regrets your going, of course. There is a short period of farewells, where—"parting is such sweet sorrow"; then they go

back to their rounds and you face a world of cold strangers alone. You wander from place to place, never resting, never "at home." Success in some measure attends your efforts, but never anyone to rejoice in it with you. You feel the stings of defeat occasionally, and they rankle deeply, 'cause there's no hand of comradeship to slap you on the back and bid you "brace up, it will all come out all right." You try to buy whatever pleasure you, think you want—but there is a difference—and you find that you cannot buy true comradeship. You think of the youngsters back home—picture them all perched on a fence preparing for a race across the meadow. You see them like true proletarians, putting their lunches together in a communal pile from which everyone may help himself.

But a light dawns—you settle down in one place finally and you hunt for your kind. You come to them without any blare of trumpets. You only stretch out your hand and ask to be one of them—the least if need be—but one of them. And they take you in and make you feel at home, and they call you "Comrade." Gee! that sounds good to your ears again. You haven't heard it for a long time, you never paid much attention to it in the old days, but it's the sweetest kind of music just now.

And they take you in. Soon you have your regular place in their hearts and in yours. The others back in the old home always remain a most pleasant memory; and when the story circle forms round the fireplace you never tire of telling your new comrades about the efforts and pranks of those you left behind you. You take your place in their song and story, you do your share of work and play, and soon you just belong, that's all—you just belong.

The story is almost done—and it is a pretty poor sort of story—but I want to tell you again, it's hell to be a "Stranger Yipsel," a-knocking round alone. I've learned a little lesson. I wish you all would write it deep in your souls. When you see a lonesome lad, whose heart-strings seem to be a-rippin' one by one to the tune of "Comrade Ever" and the pale moonlight, try to help him to forget it. Take him up, no matter how exclusive your crowd may be, and try to make him feel that he "belongs."

It's good policy, Comrades, 'cause some day you may be a "Stranger Yipsel" a-knocking round alone, and then you'll find out that you never knew the Comrades' worth 'till you leave them behind.

OUR OWN AFFAIRS

NATIONAL Y. P. S. L. REFERENDUM "A," 1916

Exempt Stamps

To add the following to Article VII, Section 6 (b):

The National Office shall also issue to the State and Local Secretaries "exempt stamps" free of charge, to be used by League members temporarily unable to pay dues on account of sickness, strikes, lockouts, or any other condition beyond their control.

Any member desiring to use such "exempt stamps" shall make application therefore to the Financial Secretary of the League, who shall use his discretion in filling such requests. "Exempt stamps" shall, however, be issued only to members who have paid dues for at least three months and who by the same action are exempt from the payment of local and state dues. The number of "exempt stamps" shall not exceed ten per cent. of the total number of stamps obtained by the local or state organizations at the time of the order. The acceptance of "exempt stamps" by any member shall in no way disqualify such member from rights and privileges of the League.

Members must file their ballots with their Circle Secretary on or before March 21st.

Secretaries in organized states must have a tabulated and certified report of the vote of their Circle in the hands of their State Secretary on or before March 31st.

State Secretaries and Circle Secretaries in unorganized states must have their reports in the hands of the National Secretary not later than April 10. Ballots received after that date will not be counted.

This referendum was proposed by the Pennsylvania State Committee. It was seconded by the following Leagues, their membership given: St. Paul, Minn., 35; Lawrence, Mass., 15; Jamestown, N. Y., 56; Chicago, Ill. (North Side), 40; Pittsburgh, Pa. (Jewish), 110; Cincinnati, O., 21; Peoria, Ill., 18; Washington, D. C., 24. Total, 319.

Report Cards

All Leagues are hereby warned that unless a report card bearing an accurate account of their good standing membership is sent to the National Office before February 10, no ballots will be sent them. Most

Leagues have taken care of this matter, but unless they have no record but average number of dues stamps purchased. This is insufficient for a rapidly growing league, so see to it that the matter is taken care of.

Lecture Course

The following locals have already sent in their acceptances for the National Y. P. S. L. Lecture Tour: Lawrence, Mass.; Detroit, Mich.; Syracuse, N. Y.; St. Louis, Mo.; Fitchburg, Mass.; Camden, N. J.; Toledo, O.; Norfolk, Va.; McKeesport, Pa.; Pittsburgh, Pa. This is a role of honor, if your league is not on it, it ought to be. See to it that it goes on the list the next time it is published. There ought to be at least thirty-five dates, and we can easily make it, too. Terms can be had at the National Office, and a small number of Party dates can be filled.

TO REACH THE BOYS

Steps are now being taken to formulate plans for reaching the younger boys and girls with the message of Socialist comradeship. A committee of two—Jack Robbins, a "boy-specialist" of nation-wide prominence, and the National Secretary of the Y. P. S. L.—are to investigate the question and to formulate plans whereby a good worth-while movement of boy and girl comrades can be built up. This report is to be rendered to the N. E. C. at their next meeting.

The committee claims no monopoly of ideas on this question, and realizes that a considerable number of our comrades have given the subject as much attention as they. Suggestions as to means and methods, as well as the underlying educational principles, are welcome. This is a big task, one of the greatest we have yet undertaken, and is worthy of all our best efforts.

A strong, effective organization of this kind would counteract the false ideal now inculcated by the Boy Scout and some school organizations. It would give the children a live interest in the doings of the Socialists, and would give them the intellectual and physical foundation needed by our workers. Finally, it would act as a feeder of life, will train members to the Y. P. S. L. and lead them to the Party.

So let every boy-lover and (little) girl-lover send in their suggestions and ideas on the matter. We want an organization of boys and one of girls between the ages, say, of eight to fifteen. This is our problem, what is the solution? Send all answers to the Director of this Department.

PROGRAMMES

This is the last call for material for the February program. Some stuff was sent in by some of our loyal workers, but not nearly enough to make up the whole thing. Get busy now. The program is to include an impromptu mock trial, subject, "People vs. The Remington Arms Co." Charge: Aiding and abetting murder through the manufacture of munitions of war.

Commemoration: Birthdays, Washington and August Bebel, February 22nd.

Valentine's Party, February 14th; Leap Year Dance, February 29th.

A call for dates for the Kruse lecture tour will go out immediately after the new year. The tour will take in only the Eastern States and will begin about the middle of April. The number of dates is strictly limited, so immediate action should be taken on receipt of the particulars.

PLAYS

Sinclair's novel, "Samuel, the Seeker," has been dramatized by Comrade J. C. Frost of New York. It will receive its first production by the Comrade Club of Hudson County, N. J.

A new anti-military play by Wm. F. Kruse, entitled "Preparedness," is now ready for sale. Can be given in one act or two and plays for one hour. A ruling class, bent on war, finds their efforts frustrated by the organized workers, who are willing to defend their own country but refuse to attack anybody else's. Twelve very easy speaking parts and two good leads. Can easily be produced by any Y. P. S. L. Price 25c.

Fitchburg, Mass., though but recently organized, is showing good growth. They were represented at the State Convention, and are preparing a program of lectures and debates.

THE Y. P. S. L. MOVEMENT IN NEW YORK STATE

By G. I. Tishler, Rochester,
State Secretary

Our movement is only a little over two years "young," but even at this early age, although handicapped by the lack of sufficient funds and material for building, it is showing signs of maturity. We started with a few Leagues, and now we have twelve—Manhattan, Bronx, Queens, Yonkers, Schenectady, Rochester, Watertown, Buffalo, Jamestown, Syracuse, Glens Falls and Brooklyn, all of which are in good working order, and the last three named were added to our list since the last convention held last July at Rochester.

Since the last Convention we have gained in addition to the three new Leagues several new Circles. Manhattan has added two, and hopes to gain one or two more. The Queens League now consists of two Circles, and Buffalo also has a new Circle. In a short time, perhaps before the next convention, we hope to have all the possible material formed into Leagues and the last stragglers whipped into line. And then we will have without dispute the largest and strongest State Federation in the Union, and an organization that will have to be reckoned with, and that will prove to be a factor in the growth of the Socialist Party and the politics of the State and Nation.

Our membership is about one thousand strong. That means in good standing. Otherwise we have about twelve hundred and fifty members altogether. What we want is an entirely good standing membership, and we could easily do that and more, too. We could in a short time double our membership if all our members worked. However, we have one little fault among our Yipsels and that is to rely too much on the officers of their respective Leagues. Let's all put our shoulders to the wheel and we'll get on to the top of the hill much faster and safer.

The referendum on the new constitution, which was sent out to the membership, by order of the Rochester Convention, showed that the Yipsels, that is those who voted (for a great number did not vote at all) were almost unanimous in joining the National Federation, which proves that we all feel the necessity for expansion, for spreading the principles of Socialism as far and as thoroughly as possible. By a majority of about fifty, the biennial convention plan was defeated and the annual convention retained. We don't know where the

next convention will be. Buffalo has been mentioned. But at any rate let us all begin getting ready and try to make it even more successful than the previous one, although I do not see how that can be done. (I am from Rochester, you know.)

At present we have practically no plan for systematic education. Every League follows its own course and does the best it can. We cannot have anything definite. We are still comparatively too small. The previous convention instructed the new Board of Control to tour an organizer. But we found that we had neither the money nor material for touring such an organizer. We tried a plan whereby a speaker or organizer was sent wherever necessary from the point nearest to the place where this organizer was needed. For instance Syracuse was supplied with an organizer from Rochester. Glen Falls got one from Schenectady, and Brooklyn was of course taken care of by New York. We find that this is the cheapest and most effective plan. We start working by correspondence, and when the right time comes, we send an organizer to finish the matter.

Most of the Leagues are fairly prompt in returning the report cards, sending in reports to the Y. S. M., and paying for supplies bought. We must have promptness. It does away with a whole lot of necessary correspondence and gives us a more efficient organization. I would urge all Leagues and officers of the Leagues to be as prompt as possible in the above-mentioned matters.

All the Leagues, with the exception of Schenectady, have ordered the Kruse leaflets, and the same will be delivered to them shortly. There has been quite a demand for stamps during the last month, which proves that members are paying their dues. We hope this keeps up, for the paying of dues is the most essential thing in the life of our organization. This is perhaps as short and accurate a review as can be given. In the not far distant future we hope to have an organization that will be as I mentioned before a great helping hand to the Socialist Party. Many of our members are at present also members of the Socialist Party and we hope that more will see the necessity of joining and supporting the Party. We hope to have an educational system whereby all the Leagues in the State will be doing or using the same programs at the same time. At present, about all we can do is work hard, and co-operate to build up our organization, and, little by little, step by step, we will realize our

ambition. Let us co-operate with our Socialist Party, comrades, with the officers of our Leagues, and with the officers of the State and National Federations, and support our publications. And remember and fulfil the spirit of our slogan, Education, Organization, and Solidarity.

Fifth Meeting of the N. Y. State Board of Control, Held at Rochester League Headquarters, 580 St. Paul St., Wednesday Evening, January 26th, 1916.

Following members were present: Garson Prenner, Isidor Tishler, Rose Ginsburg, Bertha Vossler.
Minute of previous meeting read and approved.

State Secretary submitted rough form of letter to be used in circularizing Socialist Party Locals in the State, where Leagues are not already in existence. The form was approved and State Secretary instructed to have about 100 of the letters printed and mailed.

State Secretary presented sample of the Charters as received from National Office, and was authorized to have same engraved. These will soon be forwarded to the various Leagues.

Comrade Prenner submitted form letter to be sent to Leagues regarding the Contest which has been arranged by Board of Control for the purpose of increasing Good Standing Membership in Leagues, also for securing new members and Socialist Party members. These letters will be mailed to the Leagues within several days.

Revised form of Comparative Report on individual League membership, activity, etc., was presented and Comrade Prenner authorized to have 200 or 300 of these forms printed, so that copies of same may be forwarded to Leagues in near future.

Convention Matters (1916) were discussed in a tentative way, and definite action on this will undoubtedly be taken at next meeting of the Board in March.

Meeting adjourned.
Respectfully submitted,
Bertha Vossler, Secy.

The Manhattan Dozen

After building the necessary framework of organization, the Manhattan League has started to put flesh on the skeleton. The disadvantageous geographical shape of historical Manhattan Isle compels us to scatter "circles" all over the County. The League has now reached a membership of 500, organized into 12

Circles. A "county committee," consisting of delegates from all circles-meets, once a month. This County Committee elects an Executive Committee, which carries on the routine business of the League and meets every week.

Circle business has been cut to a necessary minimum and an extensive educational program is carried out. The League has given special attention to social work.

Some circles publish their literary evaporation every month. The best of all circle reviews is the "Co-Ed," issued by Circle 5. It looks artistically "done" and inside the covers one meets frequently with good poetry, invariably contributed by girl members. The efficient editorial staff with Jacob Diamond as its chief editor, is holding a "Cover Design Contest." The League publishes a monthly service bulletin, "The Yipsel." Circle reports, dramatic and athletic and debating news are supplemented by a column, edited by the League's humorist, Avander Carr. It is called "The Treadmill," and its keynote is: "Tho' the mills of the critics grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly funny."

The Executive Committee, with the able general organizer, Hugo Polak, have started on a campaign of conquest—not, not that kind. We mean the conquest of new territory and the capture of new members. Persistent rumors are floating about that two new circles will be added soon. The League held a "General Literary Meeting" on January 30th, which was quite a success notwithstanding the abominable weather.

Manhattan has won all its debates in the Inter-League Debating Tournament so far. The inter-league debates are cementing the six leagues of Greater New York together and the work of the Greater New York District Committee has been beneficial to our League in giving it well-deserved publicity. Manhattan has taken a firm stand against all forms of militarism, and is combating the hysteria-wave among the youth of the schools with all its might. The feeling between League and Party is cordial. The large increase in the League membership and the intensity of activity has drawn the attention of many Party members. Local New York will devise in its convention of February 6 special measures to aid the League in its propaganda among the youth of Manhattan Borough. M. M. L.

Y. P. S. L. BRONX

The Bronx League is entering its fifth year of activity this month. On

January 22nd we celebrated our fourth annual with a rich musical program and pleasant dance numbers. A feature which surprised the many visitors from New Jersey towns, and Kings and Queens County organizations, was the unique medley of International Revolutionary airs which was played at the grand march. It was a meeting of enthusiastic workers of our cause, and one that will long be cherished in the memory of those present.

The Bronx League has become by an unwritten law (perhaps by our sociable attitude) the hostess for the Yipsels of the Metropolitan District. Our athletic meet of last summer, and the ball of our anniversary, proved that there is a collective spirit of harmony existing among all the leagues, and we are always willing and proud to develop that feeling.

There is something, however, we will have to learn from Queens and Hudson County Yipsels, and that is, how to successfully conduct a fife, drum and bugle corps. We are in the process of organizing one, and any suggestions from comrades with experience will be greatly appreciated.

A dramatic circle has been organized which promises to present a suitable play at our Lettish Hall Headquarters, which is equipped with a stage and decorations. Our February Social will be a hummer, as we have secured big time talent for the occasion. Watch for our debate on "Preparedness," as we can boast of a team that will be well prepared to handle that subject.

Fraternally yours,
Jack Weiss, Press Agent.

Y. P. S. L. Circle No. 9, Bay Ridge

About two months ago the young people of Bay Ridge started to organize a circle of the Y. P. S. L. So far it has been a success. Our first meeting was attended by nine comrades, of which eight joined, but up to the present time we have already 22 members. All are enthusiastic and positively sure to double the membership in a short time.

We meet on every first and third Friday of each month at Socialist Headquarters of 9th A. D., 312 51st St., at 8 P. M.

Our first attempt to raise money will be a package party on Lincoln's Birthday, Saturday, February 12th, at our Headquarters, 312 51st St. We hope that all the circles of Queens, Kings, Bronx, etc., will be represented by delegates.

All information please send to our recording secretary, Comrade Sophie Koenig, 349 44th St., Brooklyn.

COMRADE KOLLONTAY IN GREATER NEW YORK

The Greater New York District Committee has been working overtime and as a result we will have one of the greatest gatherings of young Socialists Greater New York has ever witnessed. The great auditorium of Stuyvesant High School has been obtained for the evening of February the eighth. Alexandra Kollontay, the brilliant speaker who has come direct from the war zone to tell us about conditions there, will be the speaker of the evening. She has a special message for the young people—those who must bring the teaching of this generation to the next generation to come. We must be prepared to be good teachers if we wish to deliver our message well. So let there not be a single comrade missing at this important gathering. There are only a few more tickets to be had. Get one now and come early.

NEWS FROM ROCHESTER

The Rochester League has just completed two very busy months (December and January), and we are pleased to report that our efforts were crowned with a good measure of success.

On December 10th, 1915, a vaudeville show and dance was held for the benefit of the local Rochester Socialist Party and the Labor Lyceum Building. About 750 tickets were sold for this affair, with the result that a neat sum of money was turned over to each of the above-mentioned organizations. Regarding the show itself, it suffices to say that it was a very good one. The entire program was filled by League talent, and the little sketch, "School Days," which was written by several of the Yipsels here, being specially adapted of course to the talent of the particular members who took part in same. Dancing followed the program, and to sum up, the affair was an honor to the Rochester League.

On January 15th, 1916, we scored our second point. This time in the form of a Fifth Annual Y. P. S. L. Ball, featuring Leap Year Dancing. The attendance was a record-breaker for a dance, there being approximately 400 people present. The net receipts on this affair were for our own treasury, so that had you been with us on the eve of January 15th and noticed our Yipsels "all smiles," you would have been correct in saying "There's a reason." There surely was. Several of the Buffalo Yipsels also attended our dance.

But do not think for a moment, because we have herein made special mention of two social affairs, that we are in any way neglecting our educational features. Our regular Wednesday evenings are given over to educational programs, and our new committee on this work has arranged for a series of scientific lectures for February and March, the speakers to be various professors of the University of Rochester. It may be mentioned here that we find the professors most courteous at all times. They seem to be interested in us and our work, and are very willing to give us their time, which, of course, is without charge. It is needless to say that their lectures, although not directly on Socialism, are always of great interest, and another very important feature about them is that they are a drawing card for visitors and non-members.

On Sunday evening, January 23rd, our Y. P. S. L. team debated with Local Rochester Socialist Party on the subject "Resolved, that this nation shall immediately embark on an adequate program of preparedness to resist attack by any foreign powers." Local Rochester's team upheld the affirmative side, and of course it was a splendid debate. The three judges decided that the Y. P. S. L. or negative side won the debate, and gave special mention to one of our debaters. A good musical program preceded the debate, and dancing followed. This was the first of a series of Sunday evening meetings, which are being arranged by Local Rochester Socialist Party and the Y. P. S. L., and these co-operative affairs promise to be very successful.

Rochester Y. P. S. L.,
Bertha Vossler, Organizer.

MINUTES OF NEW JERSEY Y. P. S. L. STATE COMMITTEE MEETING

"1000 Members in 1916"

The regular meeting of the State Committee was held on Sunday, Jan. 9, 1916, at the Labor Lyceum, Newark, N. J.

The meeting was called to order by Organized Neuman at 3.10 P. M. Comrade Frank Buickerood of Elizabeth was elected chairman.

Minutes of the previous meetings accepted as read.

Communication from Com. Efrein, secretary of a new circle, organized in Perth Amboy, was read. Motion made and carried to receive same and refer it to State Organizer for attention.

Roll call of officers showed present Organizer Neuman, Treasurer Blie-

schmidt and Secretary Semner. Absent Fin, Secretary F. Frackenpohl.

The following 21 delegates answered the roll call: Newark No. 1: Meltzer, Brock, Heller, Miele; Newark No. 2: Abramson, Green, Kasen; Conrade Club: Knepper, Schubert; Paterson: Cuminisky, Cohan, Lefkowitz; Passaic: Janowsky, Dickes; Fellowship Club: Garsson; Fraternity Club: Freund, Schutz; Trenton: Spector; Elizabeth: Picard, Koller, Buickerood.

Comrade Neuman, State Organizer, reported that he had tried to organize a circle in Linden, but so far they have not formed into an organization. The Students' Club recently organized has disbanded for the time being, due to the fact that most of the members attend night school and also that they had no one to play piano at their meetings. They intend, however, to come together later on. While at a meeting of the Manhattan League recently, he had discovered that a league has been in existence in Perth Amboy for quite some time. He immediately got in touch with them with a view to having them join the State Y. P. S. L.

Comrade Semner, State Secretary, reported having received 84 and forwarded 109 communications in the interest of the State organization. Telegrams of congratulation were sent to Indiana and Massachusetts State Conventions on Nov. 25, 1915, in Kokomo and Indiana, respectively. All press notices were attended to.

Com. Louis Cohan (10 Twelfth Ave., Paterson, N. J.), who was recently elected Secretary of the Inter-Circle Committee to succeed Com. Neuman, reported about the activities of the above committee. Recommendation that the Inter-Circle Com. function as the Information Bureau of the New Jersey Y. P. S. L. was concurred in.

Com. Picard of Elizabeth Circle reported that the books of the State financial officers were audited on Nov. 24, 1915, and found correct.

Com. Spector of Trenton strongly recommended the starting of the Boy Pioneer Movement which is in opposition to the Boy Scout Movement, in other cities, as it has proved a success in Trenton.

Com. Cohan of Paterson reported that they have at present 80 good standing members, and all those who do not attend meetings with any degree of regularity will be dropped. The interest displayed by the members in their local Rand School Class has been great and it was urged that other circles form similar classes.

Floor was given to Com. Efrein,

who gave a very interesting talk describing the many and varied activities of the newly organized Perth Amboy League. He realized the necessity of their joining the State organization.

The State Ex. Com. presented the following three methods of raising funds for the State treasury: (1) Voluntary donations from circles; (2) percentage from successful entertainments, and (3) individual assessment. All were discussed. Motion that the State Committee sanction the State Ex. Com. to try all three methods to raise \$100.00 for our treasury was carried. Motion that Com. Garsson (in conjunction with Com. Semner) act as a committee to purchase the typewriter—carried.

Motion that the N. J. State Com. second the amendment to National Y. P. S. L. Constitution, pertaining to formation of Junior Young People's Leagues was lost. The consensus of opinion was that this would throw additional burden on those interested in the Young People's Socialist League, our duty being to place this organization on a more perfect foundation.

Motion that Newark be made permanent meeting place for the N. J. State Committee—carried.

Motion that this Committee go on record as favoring the establishment of a nationally owned Y. P. S. L. press carried.

Motion made and carried that the New Jersey circles adopt the plan of giving a copy of the Young Socialists' Magazine free to every member in good standing.

Motion that the State Secretary arrange for the printing and distribution of 500 special assessment stamps to cover the expenses of the 1916 convention to be held on Sunday, May 14th, at 635 Elizabeth Ave., Elizabeth, N. J., carried.

Motion that the next meeting of the State Committee be held on the third Sunday in March (March 20) in the Labor Lyceum, Newark, carried.

State Financial Secretary's report for last three months:

Cash on hand Oct. 1, 1915, \$55.30. Plus total receipts for Oct., Nov., and Dec., 1915, \$42.31. Total, \$97.61. Less total expenses for Oct., Nov. and Dec., \$54.24. Cash on hand Jan. 1, 1916, \$43.37.

Stamps on hand Oct. 1, 1915, 350. Bought during Oct., Nov., Dec., 825. Total, 1175. Sold during Oct., Nov. and Dec., 800. On hand Jan. 1, 1916, 325 stamps.

Fraternally submitted,

Erna A. Semner, State Secretary,
N. J. Y. P. S. L.

MAHNUNG

Das sei dir unverloren:
Fest, tapfer allezeit
Verdien' dir deine Sporen
Im Dienst der Menschlichkeit!
Rundum ein Kampf auf's Messer!
Lern' du zu jeder Frist,
Dass Wunden heilen besser
Als Wunden schlagen ist.

(Freiligrath.)

DER MEISTERDIEB

Von Jakob und Wilhelm Grimm

(Fortsetzung)

Als der Meisterdieb sah, dass es ihm geglückt war, gab er dem einen statt des Zaums ein Seil in die Hand, und dem andern, der den Schwanz gehalten hatte, einen Strohwich: aber was sollte er mit dem, der auf dem Rücken des Pferdes sass, anfangen? Herunterwerfen wollte er ihn nicht, er hätte erwachen und ein Geschrei erheben können. Er wusste aber guten Rat: er schnallte den Sattelgurt auf, knüpfte ein paar Seile, die in Ringen an der Wand hingen, an den Sattel fest und zog den schlafenden Reiter mit dem Sattel in die Höhe; dann schlug er die Seile um den Pfosten und machte sie fest. Das Pferd hatte er bald von der Kette losgebunden, aber wenn er über das steinerne Pflaster des Hofes geritten wäre, so hätte man den Lärm im Schloss gehört. Er umwickelte ihm zuvor die Hufe mit alten Lappen, führte es dann vorsichtig hinaus, schwang sich auf und jagte davon.

Als der Tag angebrochen war, sprengte der Meister auf dem gestohlenen Pferd zu dem Schloss. Der Graf war eben aufgestanden und blickte aus dem Fenster. "Guten Morgen, Herr Graf!" rief er ihm zu, "hier ist das Pferd, das

ich glücklich aus dem Stall geholt habe. Schaut nur, wie schön Eure Soldaten daliegen und schlafen, und wenn Ihr in den Stall gehen wollt, so werdet Ihr sehen, wie bequem sich's Eure Wächter gemacht haben." Der Graf musste lachen, dann sprach er: "Einmal ist Dir's gelungen, aber das zweitemal wird's nicht so glücklich ablaufen. Und ich warne Dich: wenn Du mir als Dieb begegnest, so behandle ich Dich auch wie einen Dieb."

Als die Gräfin abends zu Bette gegangen war, schloss sie die Hand mit dem Trauring fest zu und der Graf sagte: "Alle Türen sind verschlossen und verriegelt, ich bleibe wach und will den Dieb erwarten; steigt er aber zum Fenster ein, so schieße ich ihn nieder."

Der Meisterdieb aber ging in der Dunkelheit hinaus zu dem Galgen, schmitt einen armen Sünder, der da hing, von dem Strick ab und trug ihn auf dem Rücken nach dem Schloss. Dort stellte er eine Leiter an das Schlafgemach, setzte den Toten auf seine Schultern und fing an, hinaufzusteigen. Als er so hoch gekommen war, dass der Kopf des Toten in dem Fenster erschien, drückte der Graf, der in seinem Bett lauerte, eine Pistole auf ihn los. Alsbald liess der Meister den armen Sünder herabfallen, sprang selbst die Leiter herab und versteckte sich in einer Ecke. Die Nacht war von dem Mond weit erhellt, dass der Meister deutlich sehen konnte, wie der Graf aus dem Fenster auf die Leiter stieg, herabkam und den Toten in den Garten trug. Dort fing er an, ein Loch zu graben, in das er ihn legen wollte.

Was zog der Graf für ein langes Gesicht, als am andern Morgen der Meister kam und ihm das Bettuch und den Ring brachte! "Kannst Du hexen?" sagte er zu ihm, "wer hat Dich aus dem Grab geholt, in das ich selbst Dich gelegt habe, und hat Dich wieder lebendig gemacht?"

"Mieh habt Ihr nicht begraben," sagte der Dieb, "sondern den armen Sünder am Galgen," und erzählte ausführlich, wie es zugewungen war; und der Graf musste ihm zugestehen, dass er ein gescheiter und listiger Dieb wäre. "Aber noch bist Du nicht am Ende," setzte er hinzu, "Du hast noch die dritte Aufgabe zu lösen, und wenn Dir das nicht gelingt, so hilft Dir alles nichts."

Jetzt, dachte der Dieb, ist der günstige Augenblick gekommen, schlich behende aus seinem Win-

Der Meister lächelte und gab keine Antwort.

Als die Nacht angebrochen war, kam er mit einem langen Sack auf dem Rücken, einem Bündel unter dem Arm und einer Laterne in der Hand zur Dorfkirche gegangen. In dem Sack hatte er Krebse, in dem Bündel aber kurze Wachslichter. Er setzte sich auf den Gottesacker, holte einen Krebs heraus und klebte ihm ein Wachslichtchen auf den Rücken; dann zündete er das Lichtchen an und setzte den Krebs auf den Boden und liess ihn kriechen. Er holte einen zweiten aus dem Sack, machte es mit diesem ebenso und fuhr fort, bis auch der letzte aus dem Sack war. Hierauf zog er ein langes, schwarzes Gewand an, das wie eine Mönchskutte aussah, und klebte sich einen grauen Bart an das Kinn. Als er endlich ganz unkenntlich war, nahm er den Sack, in dem die Krebse gewesen waren, ging in die Kirche und stieg auf die Kanzel. Die Turmuhr schlug eben zwölf; als der letzte Schlag verklungen war, rief er mit lauter, gellender Stimme: "Hört an, Ihr sündigen Menschen, das Ende aller Dinge ist gekommen, der Jüngste Tag ist nahe, hört an, hört an! Wer mit mir in den Himmel will, der kriechen in den Sack. Ich bin Petrus, der die Himmelstüre öffnet und schliesst. Seht Ihr, draussen auf dem Gottesacker wandeln die Gestorbenen und sammeln ihre Gebeine zusammen. Kommt, kommt und kriecht in den Sack, die Welt geht unter!" Das Geschrei erschallte durch das ganze Dorf. Der Pfarrer und der Küster, die zunächst an der Kirche wohnten, hatten es zuerst vernommen, und als sie die Lichter erblickten, die auf dem Gottesacker umherwanderten, merk-

ten sie, dass etwas Ungewöhnliches vorging, und traten in die Kirche ein. Sie hörten der Predigt eine Weile zu, da stiess der Küster den Pfarrer an und sprach: "Es wäre nicht übel, wenn wir die Gelegenheit benützten und zusammen vor dem Anbruch des Jüngsten Tags auf eine leichte Art in den Himmel kämen."

"Freilich," erwiderte der Pfarrer, "das sind auch meine Gedanken gewesen; habt Ihr Lust, so wollen wir uns auf den Weg machen."

"Ja," antwortete der Küster, "aber Ihr, Herr Pfarrer, habt den Vortritt, ich folge nach."

Der Pfarrer schritt also vor und stieg auf die Kanzel, wo der Meister den Sack öffnete. Der Pfarrer kroch zuerst hinein, dann der Küster. Gleich band der Meister den Sack fest zu, packte ihn am Basch und schleifte ihn die Kanzeltreppe hinab; so oft die Köpfe der beiden Toren auf die Stufen aufschlugen, rief er: "Jetzt geht's schon über die Berge." Dann zog er sie auf gleiche Weise durch das Dorf, und wenn sie durch Pfützen kamen, rief er: "Jetzt geht's schon durch die nassen Wolken, und als er sie endlich die Schlosstreppe hinaufzog, so rief er: "Jetzt sind wir auf der Himmeltreppe und werden bald im Vorhof sein." Als er oben angelangt war, schob er den Sack in die Taubenschlag, und als die Tauben flatterten, sagte er: "Hört Ihr, wie die Engel sich freuen und mit den Fittichen schlagen?" Dann schob er den Riegel vor und ging fort.

Am andern Morgen begab er sich zu dem Grafen und sagte ihm, dass er auch die dritte Aufgabe gelöst und den Pfarrer und Küster aus der Kirche weggeführt hätte. "Wo hast Du sie ge-

lassen?" fragte der Herr. "Sie liegen in einem Sack oben auf dem Taubenschlag und bilden sich ein, sie wären im Himmel." Der Graf stieg selbst hinauf und überzeugte sich, dass er die Wahrheit gesagt hatte. Als er den Pfarrer und Küster aus dem Gefängnis befreit hatte, sprach er: "Du bist ein Erzdieb und hast Deine Sache gewonnen. Für diesmal kommst Du mit heiler Haut davon, aber mache, dass Du aus meinem Lande fortkommst, denn wenn Du Dich wieder darin blicken lässt, so kannst Du auf Deine Erhöhung am Galgen rechnen." Der Erzdieb nahm Abschied von seinen Eltern, ging wieder in die weite Welt und niemand hat wieder etwas von ihm gehört.

Die im freiheitlichen Sinne geleiteten

Vereinigten Freien Deutschen Schulen

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

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

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

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