

# THE YOUNG SOCIALISTS' MAGAZINE

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## NO SOLDIERS FROM RANKS OF Y. P. S. L.!

President Wilson has been assured that no soldier boys will be recruited from among the ranks of the true members of the Young People's Socialist League by National Secretary William F. Kruse. The letter was prompted by the fact that all sorts of other organizations were pledging (in hot air or printer's ink only) their support in case of war. The Yipsel letter follows:

His Excellency, Woodrow Wilson,  
President of the United States,  
Washington, D. C.

Mr. President:

You have been assured the support of various bodies of citizens in the event that this country enters the world war. Allow me, on behalf of the Young People's Socialist League of this nation, affiliated with kindred organizations all over the world, to assure you of our unalterable opposition. If America is to serve humanity let her remain at peace, if she is to continue in the service of Mammon let her follow further her bloody course. American patriotism—the love for the

welfare and safety of this country—can at this grave crisis best manifest itself in keeping Americans out of the war zone, and in forbidding that our mills and workshops be turned from the arts of peace into Hell-factories for the promotion of murder across the seas and corruption at home.

Our members in other lands have stood firm in their opposition to any form of Militarism. They have willingly faced imprisonment and death as a penalty for their devotion to the cause of peace. Our members in this country are willing, should occasion require, to show the same determination.

Upon your shoulders, Mr. President, rests the greatest opportunity conferred upon any man of modern times. It is your lot either to write yourself down in the book of history as a man of the people or else as another of the many whose pens have helped leave their record writ in blood and tears. Which shall it be?

Most respectfully, I remain, sir,

Sincerely yours,

William F. Kruse,  
National Secretary, Young People's  
Socialist League.

(From the Young Socialist of Great Britain)

## SOWING THE SEEDS OF A BETTER DAY

Away in the far northwest of Durham, a long way from any railway station on the north side of the beautiful Derwent valley, stands a large colliery village of nearly six thousand inhabitants. Its name, Chopwell, is known in the North of England as one of "the places where the cause of Socialism has a firm hold. Naturally the Socialist Sunday School in a place like that is bound to have some faithful adherents. All the principal leaders of Trade Unionism are among its strongest supporters.

No more inopportune time could be selected to commence a school than August, 1914, yet in that dark hour it was born, and now when sanity is returning it counts on having done something towards that object. It has produced from its ranks one of the youngest Conscientious Objectors, Eddy Lawther, not yet nineteen years of age. The following statement that he made before a D. C. M. at Sunderland on December 5th, at which he received two years' hard labor, is proof of the great moral influence the Socialist Sunday School is in the lives of the future men and women:—

A St. Louis woman gave an elaborate funeral for her pet canary, Pete. The body was embalmed and placed in an oak coffin, silk-lined, and buried in the family plot in the cemetery with appropriate service and floral offerings.

"All the time I have been in the hands of the military I have refused to obey all orders. I have signed no papers, received no pay, worn no clothing or badges. I am in civil dress, and, even more so, in civil mind. Therefore, I stand here as a civilian and not as a soldier. I am charged with disobeying a lawful command, but seeing that I am consistently maintained that I am not a soldier, the order, to me, was not lawful. There are no laws binding on the human body which violate the conscience. I believe a man should be guided entirely by his own reason. To me that is a first principle of life. Therefore, I cannot be compelled to do things merely because another orders them to be done.

"I believe force and violence can do no lasting good; they only beget their like. Therefore, I oppose war not because it may mean death or injury to myself, but because it is founded on force and violence.

"We all benefit by peace, but in war even the conqueror weeps. What kingdom can you set beside the lives and blood of so many thousands, aye, millions of young men? What victory can compensate the loss of a brother? I believe no good can come out of such madness and destruction which is going on at the present time unceasingly from day to day in half the world. I therefore take my stand, fearless of the consequences, in the hope that it may bring a little nearer the brotherhood of man."

Is not this a worthy testimony to the great ideals for which the Socialist Sunday Schools stand? And the proof that the seeds of a better day are being firmly rooted in the young mind?

The rich are not to blame for being rich but the poor ARE to blame for being poor. The poor are largely in the majority and can vote themselves out of poverty whenever they will.—"Appeal to Reason."

## Thoughts from a Cell.

Four whitewashed walls, grim and some four feet square,  
A window barred, of thick, translucent glass,  
A door, fast-bolted from without, and where  
The seldom footsteps echo as they pass.

And this is all? Nay, never was this room  
So thronged with those who in the past have fought  
And died for freedom. Swiftly from their doom  
They come on wings of love by suffering bought.

Down the long centuries of human pain  
They glide, each whispering, "Courage, brother mine;  
In this your hour we suffer once again.  
And live our triumphs o'er again with thine."

Fred Tait,  
Newcastle Barracks.

"Get the truth about Socialism to the people and the people will soon get Socialism."

Freedom with all its risks is preferable to DESPOTISM with all its benefits!—"Co-operator," Sydney.

Capitalists and their press have no objection to Labor organizations so long as they make no use of their power.—Buffalo "New Age."

This talk of settling the strike is all very amusing to a student of economics. No strike ever was or ever will be settled permanently as long as things are produced for profit instead of for use.—"Appeal to Reason."

## "CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS IN KNEE-BREECHES"

THE SOCIALIST AND THE RED CROSS NURSE

By Wm. F. Kruse, Nat'l Sec'y Y. P. S. L.

One of the smallest, most persistent attempts at cheap sarcasm ever seen in a newspaper is found in an "editorial" in the New York World of February 15th. The editorial is headed "Youth Years for Martyrdom," and speaks of a "passionate young person" who has "withdrawn his valued talents" from a high school because he "would not submit to being turned into a soldier" by the new compulsory exercises. The World goes on to state: "However, we are probably in for a season of conscientious objectors in knee-breeches. \* \* \* Since pretty nearly everything in these days feeds the maw of war the safest route for youth yearning for martyrdom is to fold its pipestem arms and refuse to do anything."

It is an important admission to make that pretty nearly everything in these days feeds the maw of war. There are a lot of hungry people in the World's own back yard who could use a little of that "everything" to much greater advantage than to have it shot out of the mouths of cannon. And there are a lot of wives and mothers on the other side of the water who would still have the protection and love of their dear ones if "everything" had not gone to strengthen the grip of such jingoes as those that control The World. A lot of little orphans would still have had their fathers, and mountain and plain would not now be called on to cover over the rotting carrion of what once was the flower of European manhood.

If war were of any earthly use to any but a handful of munitions profiteers there might be some justice in the World's puny attempt at sarcasm. But it represents nothing but the utter bankruptcy of reason on the part

of both rulers and ruled. It represents nothing but death and suffering for the generations of to-day, and debt and exploitation for those of to-morrow.

The "conscientious objectors in knee breeches" will some day be looked upon as far more worthy of honor than those kept scribes that sell their soul for the price of bread and bed. Had the grown men of Europe had the courage when but youths to "fold their pipestem arms and refuse to do anything" when the drill sergeant came around with his bullying, civilization would not to-day be chained to the cannon-wheels of Mars. Hail to the "conscientious objectors in knee-breeches." May their tribe increase so that, some day, to live for one's country will be thought more noble (and infinitely more sensible) than to die for it. Upon them rests humanity's hope for peace and progress.

"Did you do your bit in the great war, papa?" "I made my bit, my son, if that's what you mean."—"To-day."

"Rent, interest and profits—the unholy trinity."

"Poverty is the puncture in the type of capitalism."

Why is an industrious tailor never at home?—Because he is always cutting out.

Why are tall people the laziest?—Because they are always the longest in bed.

What precious stone will name an entrance?—A-gate.

What Spanish instrument's harmonious name and fishers' occupation are the same?—Cast-a-net.

Why is the House of Commons like the influenza?—Because sometimes the ayes have it and sometimes the noes.

The Socialist as a rule appeals to the workers who do actual fighting in all wars not to do any military service. The female sex has always been approached, not that she should not volunteer but that she should preach against service in the army or navy for men. But now comes this question, "If war is declared should a Socialist join the Red Cross and help the wounded soldiers?"

What should the answer be?

It must be an answer that must stand staring in the face of those who think pro and con on this subject. Many Socialists who are opposed to war and militarism will undoubtedly enlist as Red Cross nurses. But, alas, they are fooled as those who think they are fighting for "their" country.

When a Red Cross nurse volunteers her services she at once gives more power to the capitalist class. She is sent to the battlefield to treat the wounded. She must not take care of the dying nor the armless, or those with their feet shot off. She must treat those who if cured will be used again by the capitalist class as mere tools. Tools for what? Surely for destruction!—Ah, but for destruction! That same tool (who was shot by a soldier of another country (whom he had never seen) will be put back into harness on the battlefield and told to kill. Kill for what? For profits, for the class that caused his injury. The workers have no country to defend. The country that they happen to exist in is not theirs. Wars are not declared because the workers must some time or other receive physical training, but because of the greed of the capitalistic class.

We have read of many women becoming nurses because of their love to help the wounded, yet though their intentions may be good they are helping to carry on wars longer. They try to save a life, and if they do that same shattered being takes other lives because he is put in a position where he can do so. The worker never gains by war. He is always the loser. What Socialist women should do is to agitate against war, against militarism, and if war is declared, refuse to enroll as any tool for the capitalist class. There is no difference between a soldier who kills and a Red Cross nurse who will treat a soldier until he is able to shoot again. Working women, unite! Workingmen, unite! The time is now! Organize yourselves as a class to fight all capitalist wars. Organize yourselves to fight in one great war—the "class war," on the political as well as on the industrial field and, if necessary, to fight with physical weapons as well as the ballot.

#### OUR PLEDGE

As we leave our League to-day,  
Each comrade brave and true,  
We have before us one and all  
A mighty task to do;  
And all the strength we gather  
here  
Of heart, and brain, and hand,  
We'll use to free the working class  
In this and every land.  
And so, dear comrades, one and all,  
I make this pledge to you:  
(*extend right hand open*)  
Where'er in life I may be called,  
Whatever else I do;  
When comes a chance to strike a  
blow  
I'll never let it pass,  
But I will strike with all my might  
(*strike with right hand closed*)  
To free the working class.

## "PEACE-WITH HONOR".

(From the Young Socialist of Great Britain.)

[Hubert Hill, an 18-year-old scholar in the South Salford Socialist Sunday School, weakened by months of worry over the claims of the State for military service (against which his whole nature and his internationalist faith revolted), died on the 2nd of December after a brief but painful illness. The burial service was conducted by his Socialist Sunday School teacher, Comrade William Watson (British Socialist Party National Executive). The following is a transcript of Comrade Watson's address at the graveside.]

Comrades and friends:—A sad but tender duty calls us here, to witness yet again the closing scene in the grim, gaunt tragedy of Death.

There was a youth—clean and pure as the flowers that he loved—tender and pure as the music that thrilled his soul. Honest in thought, upright in deed, and with an independent spirit that guided him to seek always the right and the true. Such as he have at all times been called upon to bear the heavy burden of Humanity's upward struggle, and Hubert Hill took up that burden with hope and great promise. He looked forward to his future life and work with high anticipations. But upon his youthful shoulders the terrible times in which

#### WHY OUR EYES NEED MORE GREEN

People nowadays are compelled to resort to treatment for their eyes and to use glasses at a much earlier age than formerly, and unless we do something to remedy the difficulty the percentage of blindness in early life will soon be greatly increased. Green is the mildest color we have, and it has never been known to hurt the eyes. Nature has clothed the world in green in various shades, and we can scarcely open our eyes without being confronted with some degree of this protective color. It is never tiresome to the eye, but has a soothing effect on it. In many cases all overworked eyes need is the rest that comes from seeing the green which is so abundant in the woods and fields as well as on the ocean.

we live thrust an added load, and though he struggled bravely onward, the burden was too great, and he sank beneath it.

Thus is a splendid young life sacrificed to the barbaric god of War.

Nevertheless, we are proud that Hubert Hill died as he had lived—consecrated on the altar of Humanity. We shall think of him always standing proud and defiant against all the forces that sought to drag him down. We shall see him again and again carrying forward the banner of our sacred cause, and, falling at last, embraced carressingly in its folds, at once the victim and the victor.

Hubert Hill has gone, but the banner which he bore remains to us. We shall take it up tenderly and reverently, and bear it onward.

So shall it come to pass that some time, in the days that are to be, when social servitude and suffering shall have passed away, there shall arise a people free and happy, and in their eyes will shine a light such as never yet illumined the portals of man's soul.

The paper on which bookkeepers work should have a slight tint of green. If every white object we are compelled to gaze upon for any considerable length of time possessed a greenish hue the strain on our eyes would be greatly lessened.

If a little green was placed in the ink, and a little in the paper of the books and newspapers we read, there would be more ease in reading, and fewer spectacles needed.

Even a sheet of green paper placed behind one's work, or hung up where it will throw a sort of greenish glow over things about the desk or work bench will rest the eye a great deal.

Yellow ranks next in the ease it gives the eye. It is much easier to read print on paper that is slightly tinted with yellow than on pure white paper.

# THE LONG DAY

By Scott Nearing

The long day is one of the most hideous survivals of a past age.

In some of the steel mills, where men work twelve hours a day for two weeks and then twelve hours at night for two weeks more each time that they change from the day to night shift they work twenty-four consecutive hours—a whole day without rest.

The engineers and brakemen on freights and the signal tower men work for periods which exceed, in length those of any similar group of workers.

The Interstate Commerce Commission recently issued a bulletin showing the relation between overwork and railroad wrecks. Example after example is cited in which a brakeman, who had worked fifteen, twenty, thirty, or even thirty-six hours, with practically no opportunity to rest, was sent back at night to flag an oncoming train, fell asleep on the track and was cut to pieces by the engine, which, in another moment, crashed into the train from which the sleep-sick brakeman had been sent.

Do you know how long the working people of the United States actually work? I mean the people who dig the coal which you burn, who make the shoes, hats, shirts and gloves which you wear, who carry you from city to city, or from street to street.

#### Workday in Textile Mills

The average workday for textile mills is ten and a half hours, and for shoe factories ten hours. For steel mills the report on the wages and hours in the iron and steel industry in the United States thus summarizes the length of the working day:

"During May, 1910, the period covered by this investigation, 50,000, or 29 per cent., of the employes customarily worked seven days per week, and 20 per cent. of them worked eighty-four hours or more per week, which, in effect, means a twelve-hour working day every day in the week, including Sunday. The seven-day working week was not confined to the blast furnace department, where there is a metallurgical necessity for continuous operation, but it was also found that in other departments productive work was carried on on Sunday for commercial reasons only."

Do you realize the meaning of a "twelve-hour day"? If a man must spend an hour going to and from work (this is below rather than above the average), if he requires an hour to eat breakfast and dinner, if he spends half an hour washing, dressing

and undressing, if he secures eight hours of sleep, he has left in each day ninety minutes to visit his family, read, play, enjoy life. The twelve-hour day means that the man who leaves home at 5:30 in the morning and starts to work at 6, quits at 6 in the evening and reaches home at 6:30. In the steel industry, at the time of this investigation, there were 90,000 men doing this six days a week, and 35,000 others doing it seven days a week.

Such conditions persist in the face of expert testimony that men work better during an eight-hour than during a twelve-hour day. In some industries, such as steel-making and railroad work, long hours are maintained continuously throughout the year. On the other hand, many industries have "rush seasons," during which the factories work for abnormal long hours, and then do little or no work in the "slack season." The hours in the steel industry are habitually long. Whether the long hours be continuous or intermittent, their result is the same. Both involve overwork.

#### Strain on the Worker

The strain of industrial effort upon the worker depends first upon the length of the day's work, and second, upon its intensity. Not only are hours in American industry long, but they continue long in the face of a rapid increase in the industrial strain. A score of devices are used to speed men to their uttermost.

Within the last decade hours have slightly decreased in the industrial world, but with this decrease in hours has gone an increase in speed. The girls in the recent shirtwaistmakers' strike in New York complained that instead of watching one needle running as needles did ten years ago, at the rate of 2,200 strokes a minute, they were now compelled to watch from two to twenty needles on the same machine, some running as high as 4,400 strokes a minute. The needles break, the thread catches, the material draws—a dozen things happen, and, as the work is piecework, every minute counts. While the total number of hours may be less, the total vitality expended on the work is necessarily much greater because of the increased concentration and speed required.

Fatigue is the product of the number of hours of work multiplied by the intensity of the work during each hour. In the steel mills of Pittsburgh "superintendent is pitted against su-

perintendent, foreman against foreman, mill against mill. When a record is broken it means simply that the goal to be struggled for has been set ahead."

Similar conditions exist in the textile mills of New England. Years ago a woman tended two slowly running looms. Later, as the hours of work grew less, the number of looms was increased to four and six, and now, with the Drapers, an operative is expected to look after from twelve to sixteen looms.

#### Overwork a Menace

Overwork is a menace to industrial, social and personal welfare, because it results in one of the most serious and far-reaching human maladies—fatigue. Fatigue, long continued, leads to disease, and then, ultimately to a death which is due to continual, wearing, intense work. Overwork, with its attendant evils, thus becomes a problem of serious magnitude.

The waste of fatigue is far in excess of the waste from illness, since fatigue is directly responsible for the lower efficiency of at least one-half of the population.

Gripped by the stern necessity which compels him to earn his bread, the worker enters American industry, and, caught in its levers and cogs, labors on, producing what he must, to earn what he may. Society does not need the extra goods which his weary fingers shape. There is one primary factor upon which society must depend for its maintenance—that is, upon joyous, enthusiastic men and women. There is neither joy nor enthusiasm in the victim of the long day.

If the average worker in modern industry was engaged in an occupation of tense interest and broad value, eight hours might be too few, but the average job is a dead job—monotonous, same, to the point of madness. Could you make the same motion 4,000 times a day and keep it up day after day, year after year, without growing weary?

Was industry made for man, or man for industry? There is one possible answer to that question. "Every social institution was made for man, hence when an institution ceases to serve man, and instead demands service of him, that institution must either be reformed or abolished." Men and women need not work twelve hours a day in order to secure a livelihood for themselves and for their families.

## A LETTER FROM THE RANKS.

This letter does not come from among the high and mighty. It comes from the ranks of those that do the hardest work, that carry the cost, that bear the burdens, and that pay most of the penalties. It was written by Comrade Blum to myself as a personal letter, but I am sure that he will not object to having his sentiments toward the loyalty of the league membership serving as an inspiration for still further loyalty on their part.

Yes, this is the same Blum who is in danger of spending a year and a half in the penitentiary because of his part in the recent Westinghouse Strike. And it is the same Blum who, during all the strain and danger of the past half year, has still served his league faithfully as secretary. Blum is a good scout, he doesn't think himself a hero and he does not mind having the same kind of sport, pleasure, and work that ordinary Yipsels enjoy. He is grateful for your support, and does not mind telling you so. Here's his letter:

Dear Comrade Kruse:

The Westinghouse Defense Committee has received the Yipsel donation of \$125.00, and I am now taking this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the attitude our young rebels are taking toward this case. The amount, \$125.00, is a large one, and will help considerably, but with that \$125.00 comes a spirit of comradely sympathy and consoling encouragement that, in this hour of threatening danger, surpasses by far in worth and value all the bloody gold of capitalism.

I am not writing this letter as a matter of formality. Behind these lines is the genuine human feeling of appreciation. At this time we are daily expecting the decision of the Superior Court, we are facing the possibility of returning to the prison again. If, under these circumstances, one is assured, as I am, of the moral support of an organization like the Y. P. S. L., then all the bars and bolts

of prisons, all the courts and police and blacklists are powerless even to mar the courage of one who dares to go into the field of industry to fight the battles of the workers.

We are but social animals and can stand only about so much. There is a limit to hu man endurance. A man may brave the prison walls, he may face persecution unflinchingly in their courts, he can buck up under the blacklist that drives him helpless from factory door to factory door, he can endure somehow the keen pangs of hunger and may even stare unmoved into the gallows' noose—but when friend or comrade questions the motives that underlie the cause of the persecution, when the hirings of Capital are justified, when sarcastic mockery is heard in place of comradely sympathy—then the breaking point has just about been reached.

Yet, when you wrote me some time ago that you had almost \$100 in the Yipsel Defense Fund and that the Yipsel comrades were behind me in the fight, things brightened up a good deal. I valued those letters. And if the court says that we have to go back behind the bars, just keep writing me, for a letter there means a great deal more even than it does out here.

Your Comrade,  
Rudolph Blum.

## THE "WHY" OF JEWISH LEAGUES

The newly organized Jewish-speaking Y. P. S. L. of Boston, Mass., outlines a fine policy and a proper aim when it says:

"We have organized on a Jewish basis for the purpose of Americanizing ourselves while members of the Y. P. S. L. To this end we conduct discussion meetings or lectures twice a month in the English language."

This policy ought to be followed by all language organizations. It would be a good thing for the members in helping them to master the English language and would also be a good thing for the league generally.

"The anti-Socialist guns kick further than they shoot."

"A capitalist in a pair of overalls looks like a 17 neck in a 13½ collar."

## "FOLLOW OUR PRESIDENT"

By Joseph Tuvim

"Follow the President." "Follow our leader," "Hurrah for our President," "Long live Wilson." These are the echoes of our jingoistic friends. These are the sayings of the capitalist press. Such shouting, writing and speech making can be heard throughout the United States. The very people who spoke against him before election now honor him. The press, the pulpit, the schools, and every other source of publicity now honor our President.

Why the change? What are the reasons? How does it come about?

It is very simple. It is very easy to answer.

President Wilson has played into the hands of the capitalist class. He has helped that class in its propaganda for preparedness and militarism. The people who voted for him have been betrayed. They who voted for him because of his stand on militarism have been fooled. They now know it, but, alas, it cannot be helped. They refused the message of Socialism at the last election, but regret it now.

On December 14, 1914, President Wilson said: "We never have had, and, while we retain our present principles and ideals, we never shall have a large standing army." Evidently Wilson has not the same opinion today. About fifteen months ago the newspapers of America informed the public that "Wilson claims that 'America is too proud to fight.'" That the devilish massacre going on in Europe would exhaust the nations and insure peace for fifty years. That this alone proved that Uncle Sam had no need to increase his armaments.

But what has happened since. We see that Congress has passed appropriations for the army and navy of 60 millions. That a compulsory military training law is to pass. That a greater military system is being fostered upon us.

During the last few months various problems have arisen. Among them the German-American situation. Germany plans a submarine warfare. It intends to undermine all ships that carry ammunition to its enemies. American interests are at stake. American capitalistic investments may be lost. American shippers who have shipped foods and clothing to England and her allies and starving America are having their shipments sent to the bottom of the sea. War may come at any moment. They cannot afford to lose all the surplus product

(Concluded col. 3, page 7.)

## YOUTH AND STRUGGLE.

In olden times, when a man had violated the rule of his tribe in such a way that even death could not pay the debt, the worst of all punishments was inflicted upon him: he was banished from the tribe. Many a strong, fearless man, who would have faced death without a tremor, blanched when that sentence was passed upon him. He knew then that he was beyond the pale, that his clansmen no longer recognized even his existence, and that he was doomed to wander the woods alone and unbefriended.

There are some unfortunate individuals who cannot attain happiness in the company of their fellow-creatures, but they are very few, and we have every right to pity them. The most of us are social beings—ever since the first few individualists crouched together on the hard cave floor for mutual protection and warmth—we have sought the companionship of our kind. And, as the development of society made the units of economic and industrial organization ever larger—the social organizations with which man sought to protect himself were made more and more extensive and important.

So we find man to-day a social animal—if ever there was one—more so to-day than ever before. Where, not so long ago, the food and shelter for himself and his family could be won by his own labor applied directly to the means of production—where, only a short time ago, he went into the woods and fields to get his own livelihood with his own hands—to-day his food is prepared in a thousand factories, and is worked on by a million shop-men. His clothing, that in days gone by, he ripped from the backs of his wild four-footed enemies, to-day comes to him bearing the taint of the mill and the sweat-shop.

Man, to-day, has almost completely conquered the hostile forces of Mother Nature—where once uncertainty of food and shelter harassed him, he can now insure a plenitude with but little effort. The great forests, once grim and menacing, are now a source of beauty and power. The raging cataracts that once struck terror into his heart are now harnessed to lighten his burden. Great chains of mountains, once thought insurmountable obstacles to progress, are now a source of comfort and diversion. Man's battle with Nature is almost complete, after

long ages of struggle he has established the best of relations between himself and the natural world.

But he has not yet succeeded in bringing about fair and equitable relations between Man and Man. Brothers in race and species still claw at each other's throats for gain, for what they consider their personal advantage. As once the Cave-man struggled and killed, so does man to-day. But in the days of old there is none. Then it was a struggle for bread, for life; there was not enough to go round, so the strongest ate, and the weakest perished. But to-day there is enough bread to feed all the human family, and still we struggle and kill.

## Why?

Because the bread, and the earth from whence it comes, does not belong to those who use it. A few masters, possessed of scraps of paper on which they speak of "Mine" and "Thine," hold Earth, and Bread, and Life itself at a price, and that price the bondage of the human race in the toils of a new slavery—wage-slavery. Just as the master of old cowed his slaves with the medicine-man's stories of fetich and voodoo, so to-day he seeks to poison the mind of the workers the inducts of prostituted savants of all kinds. All his efforts are bent toward maintaining the system, the capitalist system, by which he rides on the back of the workers and lives off their sweat and blood.

But the workers are finally awakening to the true state of affairs. They draw the lesson from the processes of social evolution, and they, too, combine to wage an effective and better battle against their oppression. They have come to realize that slavery, whether to man or nature, is not so much a question of right, as of power—relative power. In point of numbers the workers are strong, in point of power—organized power—they are woefully weak. What is to be done? The answer comes clear and strong:

"We must get power!"

They do this by banding together, millions strong, to give battle to the masters on every possible field. On the economic field, through the labor unions, they wage the great class war in every strike, lockout and boycott. On the political field, through the Socialist Party, they fight for the powers of government, to further the

workers' emancipation. And all the workers, young and old, are in this great battle.

What part can the young play here, and why should they be concerned in this war—the class war? This great fight is not only for to-day—it is not only for to-morrow, nor for the next year—it is a battle to be waged for all time. The youth of to-day are the leaders or to-be-heroes, and the veterans of the day after. It is their fight—it is a battle for bread and for life—their bread and their life—it concerns them vitally. It is the final stage of Humanity's age-long struggle for happiness. It is almost won—it can be achieved in the very near future—that future which belongs to the young of to-day. In that future lies Socialism—and in this to-day lies the struggle to bring it about.

Let no one shrink his duty—to-morrow will bring grave problems to solve. We, the youth of to-day, must furnish the thinkers to solve them. To-morrow will bring hard battles to fight. We, the youth of to-day, must furnish the staunch hearts, strong bodies and fearless souls to fight them. Let us prepare for these tasks in the organization of the young rebels—the Young People's Socialist League. Let us build up ourselves and our movement that we may claim the future as our own.

## "FOLLOW OUR PRESIDENT"

(Continued from page 6.)

of the workers of America. The President may call upon us to defend these interests. He will ask that we stand up and uphold his policies, either by gun or pen. We cannot accept his suggestions. We cannot, because Wilson is not acting honestly toward those who elected him.

The workers have but one war to fight in. It is the Class War. That war is going on in America as well as in Europe. It is a war between the worker and the capitalist. If Mr. Wilson would ask the workers to help him fight the class that oppresses the workers then we should not and could not refuse. But when he asks us to help fight the wars of the capitalists for their benefit, then we should refuse with all power. We shall refuse to do military duty. We shall refuse to slay workers of another country with whom we have no quarrels. If the capitalists want war, let them fight their own battles. The young Socialist, the old Socialist, the entire working class should answer, "We refuse." Their motto should be, "Workers of the World, Unite!"

## The Young Socialists' Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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

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### PROSE POEMS

By Count Ilya Tolstoy.

(Translated from the Russian by  
Nicholas Alejnikoff.)

#### The Madness of Beauty

I thought of you. The reminiscences of the past lifeswarm in my inflamed memory, and the beauty of your wise and responsive soul was growing brighter and brighter.

The half-forgotten words of some idle talk, some wink, a silent smile, a casual luster of an unexpected tear—all this I see again before me in a new light, and the deeper I look into your heart the brighter burns its depth.

You are unconsciously beautiful.

There is no thought, there are no words, there are no colors adequate enough to depict you.

To love you and to continue living and thinking in the same way as those unfortunate ones who know you not—it is impos-

# WHAT NOW?

Will the game work? Will the American public really keep its gaze turned upon U-boats until conscription has been foisted upon it? P. T. Barnum said: You can fool all the people some of the time, some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all the time. Will the scare of Prussian militarism so daze us that we will be blind to the improved form of that system that is being riveted upon us? If we only stop scanning the skies for Zeppelins we can see our fate clearly in the writing on the wall.

The government and the paid press are in a ferment about a few drowned Americans, but the scourge of malnutrition which is blighting the lives of the children of the poor is of no account to them. Moreover, the death-list of the industrial history of our country shows that our legislators never waxed warm over the loss of a few citizens. The germ of this preparedness fever is of different origin. This is no mere surmise. The active efforts of those who have fearlessly raised their voices in protest have already wrung this fact from the militarists themselves.

The president of the City College said the boys should enlist for military training because a trained force of from one hundred to three hundred men would be needed to protect public utilities against the mob. You know what that means. The members of the 400 are seldom found in mobs. Moreover, the good men in Albany are just as concerned about passing the Black Cossack or Constabulary bill as about the military laws. In a report of the Business Men's National

Service League of February first we are told that the argument they agreed to advance to overcome the antagonism of Socialism and Labor is that it is a great democratizing agency to have the workingman shoulder a gun and march side by side with the millionaire. Surely if they could in any manner justify war they would not resort to such a weak argument. And it again points to the fact that the entire preparation is as much, if not more, for possible trouble between employers and workers than for foreign foes.

We also see that the Wall Street Journal welcomes a war because it means prosperity to its readers. The financial reports of German investments here prove conclusively that German capitalists are reaping the profits from munitions made in Schenectady, N. Y., and hurled at German workers by the soldiers of the Allies. We need no greater proof that the war game like the capitalist system of which it is a branch, means more wealth for the wealthy and more hardship and oppression for those already oppressed. Their armies are trained and maintained to maintain and defend these conditions.

In self-protection the working class must fight this monstrous thing. They must raise their voices in protest at every step in its progress. They must not take any part in it whatever for any reason and must deny it funds. But most of all they must enlighten those still dazzled or frightened into its service. They must teach their fellow-workers what an abomination, what a curse it is and show them that the only sure way to eradicate it is to strike at the capitalist system which fosters it. Now is the

time for the workers to agitate and strengthen their organizations. We need everything, boy and girl, in the ranks of our young Socialist movement so that when the crash comes we can offer a united front of opposition to the enforcement of the military bills now being framed in Washington and especially our own state. We must unite to strengthen our protest against any war at any time not because we are pro-German or pro-Ally, but because we are ANTI-CAPITALIST.

### CONQUEST

The air is charged with noise and  
din of battle,  
We hear the charger's clarion-  
throated neigh,  
All day of war the older children  
prattle,

For conquest is the only theme  
to-day.

The patriot bards of warriors are  
chanting,  
Heroic deeds adorn their  
humble lay;

The patriot bands for other lands  
are panting,  
For conquest is the only theme  
to-day.

There was a time when Britain's  
name was Freedom  
Wherever Britain's sceptre held  
her sway,

But now her flag's unfurled to  
shelter slavedom,  
For conquest is the only theme  
to-day.

Extended empire is the grand  
achievement

That sends our soldier lads  
abroad to slay.

What matter if at home there is  
bereavement,

For conquest is the only theme  
to-day.

## SOCIALIST EDUCATION FOR CHILDREN

By William F. Kruse

The great mass of the people of this country are workers. And the great mass of the children of the land are workmen's children. These are being educated—those not forced directly into child-slavery in mill, mine and factory—in the public schools. What sort of education are they getting there?

It is certainly not a working-class education. We cannot expect it to be, we do not expect it to be. If the children of to-day were to be taught the truth about the history, resources, and conditions of this country, there would be some mighty big changes made by the men and women of to-morrow, the children of to-day. The master class, controlling the sources of education, dictating which text-books shall and which shall not be used, formulating the methods, and subjects to be taught—is striving to tighten its grip on the public schools and on the minds of the helpless little ones.

History, as taught in the public schools, has always been hopelessly garbled into a fairy tale of impossibly virtuous heroes doing a lot of unbelievably wise and noble things. Take up almost any school history to-day and these are the things that will be found in the high light: "Washington cuts down the cherry tree and gets caught," "Columbus discovers America because he was inspired," "Pocahontas saves Capt. John Smith and married John Rolfe." Mere isolated instances of no importance that either may or may not be true. Not a word of the fundamental causes and forces underlying to development of our society is to be found here.

Even prosaic arithmetic as studied is used to swing the poison into the minds of the workers' children. All that can be found in the greater part of our text-books is a statement of "profit-and-loss," and "commissions," and "percentage of gain," and "interest"—all the forms and guises of the graft game, very little with any honesty to it.

You find the same thing all the way through the curriculum and now, as a crowing insult and exploitation of the working-class, it is proposed to add compulsory military training to the burden. Already have the minds of the children been clogged up with a lot of useless and worse than useless junk. All that remains is to educate them into willing "hands" for capitalist machine profit production, and willing cannon fodder to fight the

capitalist wars in defense of the very system that now robs and exploits them.

Both of these provisions are already in force. Both are to be extended. In the so-called "Vocational Guidance" schemes the dream of the masters is to get a lot of the cheapest kind of labor for local industrial conditions. Using the excellent plan of teaching children to use their hands efficiently—a plan that would, if properly administered, impress the youngsters with the true dignity of labor well performed—the masters are planning to create an army of cheap child labor that can step immediately from the school into the factory. In the "Universal Service" mania now being enthusiastically stimulated by the kept press the masters hope for a chance to beat the last trace of backbone out of the children and make them the finest examples of "free" slaves that the world has ever seen. The advocates of this scheme point to the training of the school boys of Japan, and state proudly that "the natural docility of the Japanese youth makes the work of the drill master an easy one." They think that the backbone of the American kid will be a little harder to break, but are more than anxious to try it. The workers can hardly be expected to help them any.

I do not cry about the matter, or even ask the powers that be to quit. There is nothing to be done of the kind. They, our enemies, control the school system, and the only thing left for the workers to do is to take that control away from them in order that saner, more humane teachings may prevail. The only remedy for this poisoning the minds of the young lies in Socialism.

Still, during such time as it is going on we must not lose sight of the fact that our children, too, are being put under the thumb screws. Our children—from among whom we hope to raise the rebels and fighters of to-morrow. Little and they will be to us if the masters have their own sweet way. We must oppose their work with a counter effort that will be constructive and effective. Mere ranting against them will do no good. We must supplement Socialist education to that of the public schools if we would counteract the work of the masters. How can this be done?

#### Some Examples—Good and Bad

Many efforts have been made toward this end by well-meaning comrades; some have been good, others

have been very bad. Nothing can be worse than to attempt a Prussian schoolmastering over the youngsters.

Yet, some well-intentioned "educators" have thought that they were helping the cause of freedom by crushing out the individuality of their young ones. In their mad hunt for "discipline" they committed a worse crime than did the masters, and almost invariably succeeded only in driving the children away from the movement. Other attempts have been directed to the end of teaching children to say, parrot-like, "I hate the boss and I love the workers." And they have been taught to stamp their little feet and clench their little fists at an imaginary foe. This also is wrong, utterly wrong! It is the very opposite of Socialist education, it reaches blind hatred instead of an effort to understand opposing conditions. There is enough blind hatred among the workers as it is, intelligence is their need.

There are two aims in Socialist education. The first is to get the children to think for themselves, to subject everything that is presented to them to the light of reason, to refuse to believe anything merely because it is said to be so, and to fearlessly question every authority on the face of the earth unless its edicts square up with known and knowable facts. The second great aim is to get the children to feel themselves a part of the great community of workers, folk that live and toil all over the world, to wipe out race prejudice and craft prejudice and all other kinds of prejudice. If we can get out young folks to feel these two great principles—reason and comradeship—we need never fear that the masters will be able to hoodwink them.

The way to put these ideas into effect for the older young folks is through the Young People's Socialist Leagues, for the younger through the Socialist Sunday Schools and Junior Yipsel Leagues. We get these younger Socialists together and teach them co-operative games and songs, we teach them to use all their senses all of the time, we teach them to think straight and without stilt. We must not force any conclusions on them, we cannot make hair-splitting economists or "filosophers" out of them and would not want to if we could. Our aim is to supply the movement's greatest need—now and at all times—the need of fearless thinking comrades who will work as well as talk for their ideal.

## HEROISM UNDER A BUSH

By ARKADYI AVERCHENKO

I.

The train was drawing nearer the town I had to stop at, that of Kalitkin. And the nearer I got the greater became my interest in that city.

When we were only six stations removed from Kalitkin I asked one of the passengers in my compartment:

"Are you acquainted with the city of Kalitkin? What is to be seen there? Are there any important monuments, museums, beautiful views?"

"I really am absolutely unable to say," answered my neighbor, after some reflection. "Possibly there is not a single monument or museum in town. I know of only one thing, and that is that a very remarkable citizen lives there."

"What kind of a citizen?"

"I am absolutely unable to say. I do not even remember his name, much less the reasons for his fame. I merely know that he is a famous man."

When we were only three stations removed from Kalitkin my interest had been fully aroused, and I turned to another one of my neighbors:

"Could you perhaps tell me what sort of famous townsman they have in Kalitkin?"

"Yes. It is Theoktist Ivanych Barabanoff."

"Really? And can you tell me what he is famous for?"

"I am very sorry to say I cannot. All I know is that Barabanoff is a tremendously famous man, even outside the confines of Kalitkin."

At the last station before Kalitkin I turned with my question to a third passenger in my compartment.

"Who is this Barabanoff?"

"Theoktist Ivanych? He is the deliverer of Russia."

"You don't say so! How did he do it?"

"I am unfortunately not informed of that. All that is known to me—"

The train jolted heavily and came to a stop. This was Kalitkin, the home of that enigmatic but famous citizen Barabanoff, who delivered Russia.

I left the train, seated myself in a cab and drove to a hotel, the best in town. It was not only the best hotel, but also the second-best and the worst in town, because it was the only hotel in Kalitkin.

Having washed up in my room, I sought out the proprietor of the hotel and, full of feverish curiosity for his famous fellow-citizen, I asked:

"Do you know Barabanoff?"

"I should say so!"

"Is he the savior of Russia?"

"You bet he is!"

"But, how did he save it?"

"From the Germans, that's how!"

"From what Germans?"

"From a war between Germany he saved us, that's what he saved us from!"

"And how did he do that?"

"I really don't think I know that, but that he did save her—of that you may rest assured. The whole city knows about it."

"But, what was he at the time when he saved Russia? Was he an ambassador of some kind?"

"No, he was not an ambassador."

"A minister? Or the king of some friendly state?"

"What, Barabanoff? No. He

was just a plain district surveyor at that time, was Barabanoff."

"Remarkable! I don't believe it."

The proprietor left the room with a proud, self-complacent expression and I, after dressing and asking the way to the club, soon followed suit.

I had to look up a number of people at the club, but I hoped, in addition to that, to clear up finally every bit of the mystery and enigma surrounding the story of the surveyor Barabanoff.

II.

The steward entered my name in some book or other, while I, burning with curiosity, asked him:

"Who is Barabanoff?"

"Barabanoff?" He saved Russia."

Evidently everyone had become quite accustomed to this great deed of Barabanoff's, for all spoke of it without the slightest shade of excitement or exuberance. The steward spoke this tremendous, terrifying sentence in about the same tone of voice as if he were saying:

"I've just had a little glass of vodka."

One becomes accustomed to anything in a short time. I am sure that the contemporaries and acquaintances of the great Pushkin spoke of him in about the following manner:

"Sasha's just written another one of his pieces; I think he calls it *Boris Godunoff*, or something like that."

The servant of the great Gogol polished the shoes of his master every day without the slightest spiritual commotion and even (how well I know servants) occasionally spat upon that essential portion of the clothing of the creator of *Dead Souls*. Probably it never entered the poor fellow's head that after all his master was likely to have a monument erected

to him on every vacant plot of land in the Russian Empire.

I turned to the steward:

"Oh, I know all about his being a deliverer. But I want to know how he did it."

"How he did it? Why, he prevented the outbreak of a war between Germany and Russia. And in that year such a war would have turned out disastrously for Russia. In fact, I'm not sure that any of us would have lived to tell the tale."

"But, what did he do to bring about this great result?"

"Do? The fact is it was nothing at all that he did! He refrained from doing a thing which, if he had done it, would undoubtedly have involved us in a war with Germany. You will admit yourself that to refrain from such an act is equivalent to the performance of the greatest positive deed. To do or not to do—one is as great as the other, in this case."

"How is it that you do not know this monstrous thing that Barabanoff did or did not do—or this deed of heroism which was performed by him?"

The steward waved his hands in despair.

"Well, he hardly ever talks about it himself, and I only know of it from the lips of others."

"Where is Barabanoff?" I cried with sudden energy.

"Just now he is here, at the club. In the reading room. In fact, he's almost always there. He reads the political news in the papers and studies the history of nations in a lot of books. Reads a lot about wars and such things. A remarkable man!"

I could delay no longer. I walked up to Barabanoff's place.

III.

Before me, in a low arm chair, sat a man no longer young, with blue eyeglasses and a pale, wan

face, attentively reading a big, fat book.

With a feeling of perturbation and reverence that everyone will understand, I regarded this second Ivan Susanin from a distance for some time, as he sat there, so simply and unpretentiously, in the reading room of a small provincial club, when he might be speaking from the capital with a voice of thunder, and have money and honors and decorations showered upon him.

Before me sat the man who had saved Russia—that mighty land, a single province of which is larger in area than France and Italy!

I approached his arm chair and in a voice quaking with excitement, asked:

"Mr.—Barabanoff?"

"That's my name," said the famous surveyor, laying aside his book, "what can I do for you?"

"I am considerably interested in a certain matter," I began, somewhat confused, one knee getting in the way of the other, "in what manner did you save Russia? Everyone speaks of it, the whole city trumpets it forth, but how the thing was done—no one seems to have any intelligent information as to that."

Barabanoff put down his book on the table and answered, quietly:

"Yes, it is I who saved Russia."

"Isn't that—wonderful! But I should like—further details."

"Oh, it's a long story—I shall sum it up briefly: I took a step which prevented a war in which much blood would have been shed, between Germany and Russia—in fact, a step, which, if it had not been taken, would positively have brought about a series of disastrous events, leading practically to a complete downfall and destruction of our great empire—"

(To be Concluded.)

## OUR OWN AFFAIRS

### THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST

The few answers of the officers thus far received are fine. If that record should be kept up by all leagues during the whole of the year the resultant good to the movement will be immense. The answers show clear thought and originality. Every officer is urged not to wait until the last minute with his replies, but to send them as early as possible, so that attention can be more favorably given them. Thus far the work has been very well done, and those leagues that have not yet entered the work ought to do so before it is too late.

### OFFICIAL BUSINESS—YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIALIST LEAGUE

All Jewish-speaking leagues affiliated with the Jewish Y. P. S. L. Confederation are hereby notified that they are to buy their dues stamps in the same way as do the English-speaking and other leagues of their locality. Where there is a county or city Y. P. S. L., they will buy the stamps from the financial officers of the county or city league. Where there is only an organized State league they will buy them from the State Secretary. Where there is no organized State or County they will buy them directly from the National Office of the Y. P. S. L.

The price of these stamps is three cents each more than the regular dues rate paid by the other leagues. Thus, in unorganized territory, Jewish leagues pay the National Office 5 cents for each stamp. Where there is only an organized state, and that state has a per capita tax of 2 cents per stamp, they will pay 7 cents for each stamp. This additional 3 cents that is paid in excess of the regular Y. P. S. L. rate is turned over by the Y. P. S. L. National Office every month to the Jewish Y. P. S. L. Confederation.

This is the substance of the action taken by the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party, and since it was passed by unanimous vote is to be taken as absolutely official.

William F. Kruse,  
National Sec'y Y. P. S. L.; Director  
Young People's Department, Socialist Party.

### NEW YORK

#### BRONX Y. P. S. L.

There's only one thing hear of in the Bronx these days, and that is about our Fifth Annual Ball, which is to be held Saturday evening, March 24, at McKinley Square Casino, 169th Street and Boston Road, Bronx. If you're anywhere near New York on that day you've got to come. We've hired the biggest hall in the Bronx, secured one of the most popular bands and made arrangements to give you the time of your life.

It's going to be a real reunion of the Yipsels of three States—New York, New Jersey and Brooklyn. If there's anyone in Yipseldom you want to meet, meet him—or her—at the Bronx Ball. There will be pretty girls galore (and for the girls—handsome fellows). Dancing until P. G. next morning, lots of things to talk about and lots of Yipsels you know (or ought to) to talk to. If you can't dance you can eat at the Buffet.

If your circle secretary has not already received tickets, write to Wm. Okin, c/o Socialist Party, 1167 Boston Road, Bronx. Tickets are 25 cents, and hat check 25 cents. Special inducements are offered to out-of-town comrades. Don't forget to ask Billy Okin about them. Full directions as to getting to the hall will be given in the party press for two weeks before the Ball.

Write for tickets before it's too late.  
Joseph B. Adelstein,  
Press Agent Bronx County Ball Committee.

#### VISITS TO OUR LEAGUES

The associate editor, Jos. Tuvim, will visit various circles during the month to come and will give his report each month. This line of work is to live up to the circles to arrange good meetings during the month.

#### Brooklyn

Did you ever attend the business sessions of Circle 6, Kings? I have attended the last meeting, at 167 Tompkins Ave., the home of the Sixth A. D., with a membership of about 50. They held a businesslike meeting. The organizer, Max Leiberman, gave his report in a manner which should set an example for other organizers. It was a short set of suggestions and report of work that had transacted during the week. The membership takes a great interest in the work. One can readily tell so by listening to the discussions. The circle intends to carry on a great deal of the work in

the Sixth A. D. For their literary sessions they had a few numbers on the program, followed by a class in Socialism by one of the best known scholars in Brooklyn, Samuel Chugerman. The good work which this comrade does in this circle cannot be described in writing. One who attends these sessions cares not to leave. The members who attend these meetings can be counted upon as one who knows what Socialism is and what Socialism is not.

I have also visited circle 7 of Brooklyn. There the membership is not as large as Circle 6. They meet at the Brooklyn Labor Lyceum, 949 Willoughby Ave. Their membership is thirty-five strong. All were present. It was a special meeting called by the organizer, Hyman Dinerstein, for the purpose of devising ways and means, to carry on the circle's work during 1917. I cannot refrain from giving due credit to this circle after hearing the reports of the various officers and committees. It seems that this circle as Circle 6 carries on a great deal of the work in the 19th A. D.

The circle held an affair on December 23, which was both a moral and a financial success. They held a social and dance on February 25th at Labor Lyceum, Yipsels of Brooklyn, Bronx, Manhattan and others attended. Such lecturers as A. H. Howland, A. Pauly, and Edward Lindgren have lectured there. They have arranged for a lecture on "The Fundamental Principles of Socialism," by Bertha M. Fraser, on March 18th, and a lecture on "Horace Greeley and Early American History," by Samuel Chugerman, in the near future. Meyer D. Graubard is the director of the circle.

#### YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIALIST LEAGUE, BUFFALO, N. Y.

At several meetings previous to the New Year of 1917 the league members met and discussed and arranged for a splendid and very interesting and successful rogen banquet, which was held at Rodenberg's Hall of this city. The rejoicing began in the afternoon at three P. M., and continued until the wee hours of the following morning.

Preceding the banquet, which was held at 6:30 P. M., was an informal dance. All dancers and watchers were given a chance to hear wonderful music, both by some of our talented members and by the Victrola, which was supplied with the best records obtainable.

After the after-dinner speeches and

toasts and witticisms a talented member gave the league a vocal solo, which was very much appreciated and enjoyed by all present.

Among those present were several out-of-town comrades. The best of food was indulged in, and all had more than their fill at the banquet table.

An informal dance followed the banquet, and to top off the whole enjoyable evening, all the members went to a midnight show and ushered the New Year in such a manner as to make the whole of the coming year and we hope all thereafter happy, healthy, prosperous and full of success.

Thus ended the third annual banquet of the Young People's League of Buffalo.

Respectfully submitted,

Carl Bautz.

#### CIRCLE No. 1, QUEENS

Circle No. 1, Queens, held a monthly business meeting at the Queens Labor Lyceum on February 2nd, 1917. The meeting was called for by Edna Krieger, organizer. William Dillemuth seated as chairman. The minutes of the previous meeting were not read, as they were not at hand. One new member proposed. Was admitted in membership. Communication received from the National Office in reference to a National Y. P. S. L. contest. The league decided to enter into the contest. Ball committee reported that the expenses of the Japanese ball amounted to \$95.40. Money received up to date amounts to \$116.80. Balance of clear profit up to date amounts to \$21.40. All money received hereafter will be clear profit. Educational committee reported that twenty-two members are attending the study class. The members in the study class decided to pay the Rand School for all books used up to date. The circle is taking up Algeron Lee's course in "Social History and Economics." The members of the study class are well pleased with their class instructor, Comrade Walrath, a man who is good at heart as well as intellectual in mind, well read and voiced on the topics of economics, drama, physiology, etc., a man who is always willing to do all that he possibly can for the members of the study class in order to enlighten them in every way without keeping them in doubt or embarrassed in reference to any topic or question of discussion.

The Queens delegate to the Corona-Queens County Committee reported in reference to the last Corona-Queens County Committee meeting. The delegate to the Young Socialists' Magazine Conference reported that circulation of the Young Socialists' Magazine increased from 1,800 to 2,500 copies between the months of June and December, ending year 1916. The circulation of the magazine is improving by degrees and is being circulated into new territory that was not covered before. The delegate placed the magazine on the news stand of the magazine on the news receives his newspapers from. Through this effort nine subscribers for the magazine were secured, with eleven additional outside subscribers, making twenty in all. Entertainment committee stated that a league social will be held at the Queens Labor Lyceum on Friday evening, February 16th.

Under new business, first, the members of the study class decided to hold a theatre party and supper at some future date, inviting others, in honor of the class instructor, Comrade Walrath. The following members were elected to serve on the committee: Emile Berger, Toastmaster; William Dillemuth, Miss J. Fiedler, Miss F. Johannnges and Miss A. Seaholm. Second, Circle 2, Corona, will hold a Japanese Ball on March 3rd. Thereby Circle 1, Queens, elected a committee to get in communication with Circle 2, Corona, to ask them, the Corona Yipsels, if they could not make good use of the lanterns that Circle 1, Queens, have on hand from their Japanese Ball. The lanterns are to be loaned to the Corona Yipsels. Third, Maurice Paul, the circle director, suggested that the circle send a telegram to President Wilson in reference to the war situation. This was done immediately. I also suggest that other leagues do likewise. You are the future makers of the world. Now for the telegram: "Ridgewood, L. I., Feb. 2, 1916. To the President of the United States.

"Mr. Woodrow Wilson.  
"Sir:  
"For Humanity's cause, nobler than bloody honor, avoid this war.  
"Young People's Socialist League.  
"Circle 1, Queens."  
After this election of new league officers:  
Organizer, Wm. Dillemuth; Financial Secretary, Emma Gebhardt; Recording Secretary, Chas. Krieger; Press Agent, Peter Knopf; Treasurer, Bada Seaholm.  
Educational Committee, Fred Briehl, Chairman; Edna Krieger, Maurice Paul.  
County Committee, Emil Krieger, Chairman; Johanna Lohse, Pete Knopf, Edna Krieger.  
Delegate to Central Committee, Edna Krieger.

"Mr. Woodrow Wilson.  
"Sir:  
"For Humanity's cause, nobler than bloody honor, avoid this war.  
"Young People's Socialist League.  
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Educational Committee, Fred Briehl, Chairman; Edna Krieger, Maurice Paul.  
County Committee, Emil Krieger, Chairman; Johanna Lohse, Pete Knopf, Edna Krieger.  
Delegate to Central Committee, Edna Krieger.

Delegate to Magazine Conference, Peter Knopf.

Auditing Committee, Elsie Baer, Chairman; Joe Matersperger, Hedwig Krueger.

Entertainment Committee, Florence Johannnges, Chairman; Johanna Fiedler, Agda Seaholm, Bada Seaholm, Johanna Lohse, Emma Gebhardt, Emile Krieger.

There being no unfinished business or good and welfare, motion in order to adjourn.

Respectfully submitted,

Peter Knopf, Press Agent.

#### ENTHUSIASM IS THE SLOGAN OF THE ROCHESTER YIPSELS

There is one thing more than anything else which determines the success of a Y. P. S. L., and that is the enthusiasm manifested by its membership. When we tackle a big job, or no matter what kind of a project or principle, we endeavor to advance. If we lack enthusiasm to back it up, then it is bound to fail. Enthusiasm creates activity. The success of any organization depends on its activities. Unless we are active we cannot expect to keep members interested, nor can we get outsiders to join our movement.

The Rochester League is making an effort to keep active at all times. On Wednesday evening, January 31, Mrs. Ada Chase Dudley, President of the Rochester Branch Consumers' League, addressed the league on the work of the Consumers' League. The object of the league is for the furtherance of the welfare of women and children in industry. It was very interesting and a lively discussion followed.

Our regular monthly business meeting was held Wednesday evening, February 7th. It was advertised as a big revival meeting and brought some of the old faces back again.

The league ran a box social on Sunday evening, February 11th, which was a success both socially and financially. The girls responded well in bringing their lunch boxes. The boys were quite liberal in the process of bidding for them. The general feeling was, we had a good time.

A very interesting talk was given to the league on "Normal Life," Wednesday evening, February 14th, by Dr. Mary Dickenson, a well-known physician of the city. A lengthy discussion followed, which resulted in an educational treat.

On Sunday evening, February 18th, the league had a valentine party for the benefit of a Victorofa which the league is contemplating getting in the near future.

### REPORT OF THE CONVENTION OF THE Y. P. S. L. OF CONNECTICUT.

By Joseph Davis of Bridgeport. The first annual convention of the Young People's Socialist League of Connecticut was called to order at 10:30 A. M. Sunday, February 11, 1917, at 11 Central Row, Hartford, Conn., by Jack Belford, acting state secretary. Jack Belford of New Haven, Joseph Davis of Bridgeport, and Simon Alderman of New Haven were elected temporary chairman, vice-chairman, and secretary, respectively. Committees on credentials, constitution, by-laws, orders, and resolutions were elected. The convention adjourned at 12:15 for an hour and a half recess to take pictures and enjoy a banquet prepared by Local Hartford Y. P. S. L.

The convention was again called to order at 2 o'clock. Comrade Alderman of New Haven and Comrade Adolph of Bridgeport were elected publicity committee. The temporary officers were elected permanent officers, and Comrades Belford, Davis and Alderman took their places as officers. There were no contested seats and delegates were seated from Hartford (4), New Haven (4), New Britain (4), Ansonia (4), Bridgeport (2), and Wallingford (1). The report of the committee on orders was accepted and Robert's Rules of Order was ordered as a guide for meeting. The report of committee on constitution was ordered to be adopted by a referendum vote. The committee on resolutions reported, and the following resolutions were adopted:

Be it resolved, that the Connecticut State Y. P. S. L. in convention assembled, go on record as opposing the break with Germany and implore the President not to take any further action;

Be it resolved, that the Connecticut State Y. P. S. L., in convention assembled, go on record as opposing militarism, and also go on record as especially opposed to Governor Halcomb's military censor, and he be sent a copy of this resolution, and also go on record as opposing the militarizing of the Connecticut State schools as are the New York schools, and a copy of this be sent to the State Board of Education;

Be it resolved, that the Connecticut State Y. P. S. L. go on record favoring the "New York Call," and that the Yipsels boost same as much as possible, and send a copy of this resolution to the "New York Call";

Be it resolved, that the Connecticut State Y. P. S. L. go on record as favoring the "Bridgeport Examiner" and urge Y. P. S. L. members to support same and send a copy of this resolution to the paper and the State Board of Control be urged to have all printing done at the "Examiner"

printing shop, located at Bridgeport, Conn.;

Be it resolved, that the Connecticut State Y. P. S. L. go on record as favoring the Young Socialists' Magazine and that a copy of this be sent to all locals and also to the magazine.

Other resolutions were adopted, such as declaring the conviction of Mooney an unjust act. Under new business the State Board of Control was elected, consisting of Jack Belford (New Haven), chairman; Augustus Adolph (Bridgeport), Samuel Weiner (New Britain), and Anna Hoodus (Ansonia). Under good and welfare Comrades Plankett (State Secretary Socialist Party), George Spies, Jr. (Organizer Socialist Party, Hartford), and Clarke (Director of Sunday School, Hartford), addressed the Yipsels, who were very much interested and impressed. All the delegates spoke under good and welfare and the convention adjourned to a social prepared by Local Hartford Y. P. S. L.

(Note—As usual, the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. was not on time, the train out being due 7:30 P. M. First it was one hour late, then 40 minutes again, and then another 30 minutes, and as almost all the delegates had to make the Boston-New York 7:30, they were forced to remain at Hartford until 9:40 P. M. While waiting they visited the State Capitol, the Supreme Court and City Hall Building. Local Hartford sure does deserve credit for the knowledge of what people like to eat, as a better meal could not have been expected than was prepared by them.)

### HUDSON COUNTY Y. P. S. L.

The Young Socialists of Hudson County and their friends made merry at the mask and civic ball of Karl Havlicek Circle, Saturday night, February 17th. Nepivoda's Hall was a gay scene of festivities, and was artistically decorated with varied colored streamers which formed a lattice work overhead. The lights were shaded, and the dimming of the lights at intervals gave a "sun-setting" effect.

Numerous characters were represented. Prizes were awarded to Geo. Washington, the most elaborate costume; two tramps, the most comical, and a comrade Yipsel representing our Young Socialist Movement, as the most original.

Saturday, February 24th, 8 P. M., at Sokol Hall, 131 26th Street, Guttenberg, a County entertainment and dance will be held. Two one-act plays will be staged, "Shambles," a timely play, dealing with the most vital question of to-day; "Militarism,"

and "The Rector of St. Jude's," by Alexander Irvine; a talk on the value of dramatics to the Y. P. S. L. will be delivered by Comrade Fred Kraft, Socialist Candidate for Governor of New Jersey at the last election; and a selected musical program has been arranged, violin solos and cornet solos by Comrade Alfred Strehen and a trio, i. e., piano, violin and 'cello, will be rendered. The official organ of the Y. P. S. L., containing news of circles throughout the world, will be on sale.

### TRENTON, N. J.

Trenton Circle Y. P. S. L. is very much alive and doing very effective work along educational lines. We have a membership of 105 in good standing. From 150 to 200 members and visitors attend our weekly meetings.

We also have a Rand School Extension Course in Social Science, and Public Speaking, with a class of 92 enrolled, under the instruction of Comrade August Claessens. This class is attracting much attention. There are a number of non-Socialists enrolled.

We are sending along a propaganda song, to the air "Onward, Christian Soldiers," with a greeting to all other leagues.

**Onward, Yipsel Army**  
Dedicated to Y. P. S. L.

In memory of L. B. H.  
Onward, Yipsel army!  
In a bloodless war,  
With the crimson banner  
Going on before.  
Comradeship our watchword,  
Helpfulness our aim;  
'Till the workers still in slavery,  
All shall drop their chains.

Chorus:  
Onward, then, ye Yipsels,  
In this righteous war,  
'Till the crimson banner,  
Flutters over all.  
All may join our army  
Who bear the cross of toil.  
We are all one family,  
Sprung from nature's soil.  
Selfish exploitation  
Is our common foe,  
But the sword of education  
Lays the monster low.  
Chorus.  
Won't you join our army?  
Help us in our fight,  
There are suffering millions,  
There are wrongs to right.

When we march to victory,  
This will be our song,  
Organization, education,  
Solidarity.  
Chorus.  
Caroline B. Brooks,  
Press Agent.

### Something new for Yipsels.

As part of Circle Paterson's educational program a class in Municipal Civics has been formed. It has been in existence for a period of three (3) months. At present twelve yipsel students attend the class regularly. Meetings are held every Friday evening at the headquarters of the local Socialist Party. The instructor of the class is C. J. Hendley, a comrade well versed in the problems of city government. To get in the "limelight" and not speak the name "radical" we call ourselves "The Young People's Civic Club."

The purpose of the class is to get all available information concerning the workings of every city department of importance. This we do by securing from the respective departments all books and pamphlets issued by local, state and national departments, personal talks with city officials, visits to stores and public buildings and by the students inter-changing their personal experiences. Oftentimes the class director asks certain students to "read up" some book and "report back" the essence contained therein. When there is acute differentiation on a subject than the opinions of the students, a debate is usually arranged.

Some of the departments and problems that our civic class has perused are as follows: Health, Education, Building and Tenement House Inspection, the problems of Education and Democracy, Child Labor, Salary of School Teachers, etc.

In reviewing the work of the city, we have occasion to find fault in the administration of different departments. We consequently voice our protest through the channels of publicity. A letter or resolution is sent to the department under consideration, also to the local press. Suffice it is to say that it has a tendency for good.

From present indications the Paterson Yipsels will continue the good work of learning to know about the people's government and its trustworthy and "unworthy" officials. Those interested, desire this knowledge and training. For they realize that soon the responsibilities of citizenship will be theirs. And they want

to fulfill their duties to the best of their ability. Besides they want to join in the fight to awaken a sense of civic pride and consciousness among the city's populace.

Civic enlightenment is the glaring searchlight upon the actions of the city officials. In striving for measures of public improvement, we fulfill the task of serving the best interests of the common people.

The Yipsels ought to take an interest in the problems of their municipal government. The information obtained will be of utmost value in their immediate future.

May other leagues follow the example of the "Silk City Squad."

Louis Cohen,  
Ass't. to Publicity Mgr., Paterson,  
Y. P. S. L.

### THE GREAT AFFAIR OF NEWARK

On Saturday, February 3, the Yipsels of Newark Circle No. 1 held their semi-annual affair at the Labor Lyceum Hall in Newark. From reports of those present there was one of the greatest scenes of merriment ever witnessed in the history of the Young People's movement, for, because of the untiring efforts of the various working committees, there was nothing overlooked in whipping this affair into good shape.

First, there were large bodies from Jersey City, Passaic, Paterson, Kearney, Brooklyn and New York City there to partake of a good time. Since these were all invited, the next step was to make their coming worth while. So the program arranged was looked upon to fulfill this purpose. First an overture selection was played by the band, which, by the way, was one of the finest that could be hired. Then, after this, came a violin solo, played by Comrade Miss Fisher, a Yipselite of our circle, who scored a hit with the audience because of her fine talented playing. After the solo Comrade Hartwig, a black-faced comedian by trade, delivered a monologue, which lasted for about fifteen minutes, and met with the unanimous approval of the whole thousand people present. Then followed the best item on the bill—a sketch, "The Rector of St. Jude's," a drama by Rev. Alex. Irvine, played by the fine talented dramatists of the circle. It was this that alone made it worth while for numerous visitors present at the affair.

After the program there came dancing, during which there was awarded a large silver loving cup to the couple dancing the one-step best. All in all, it was a great affair financially and morally, for it served a great purpose in driving home the fact that the Young People's Socialist League is the organization, as the only truly progressive organization for the youth of the land.

Charles Weis,  
Circle Newark No. 1, Y. P. S. L.

### NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE

"Is Germany justified in her submarine blockade policy?" is the subject of the debate in the Hartford, Conn., League.

New Britain is doing very well for a newly organized league. Reports good meetings always.

Circle 2, Newark, N. J., reports an increase of membership from 5 to 30 in short time, a successful play and enthusiastic work from every member.

The N. S. Circle will hold a masquerade ball on Saturday evening, November 11th, and will open a dancing class on the 18th of November. The Rand School Class was organized on the 17th of October. This Circle has a pool and billiard table in their headquarters, and are organizing a pool league. They meet every Tuesday night at 807 Federal St.

Decatur, Ill., reports that cold weather kept the members from warming up to their league work, but that things will soon be hot once more.

Peoria, Ill., will commemorate the life of Washington and August Bebel jointly, both of them having been born on February 22. The affair will be held on the 25th. The plan is to have one member describe the life of Bebel, one that of Washington, and the organizer will strike a comparison of the two.

It is the painful duty of the St. Paul Yipsels to chronicle the death of one of the most loyal of their "Mother's Circle"—Comrade Mrs. Wm. Arver. She was the mother of nine children, all of them rebels and three of whom are members of the leagues.

Marxian Y. P. S. L. of Milwaukee, Wisc., reports an interesting symposium on "The Advance of Socialism" by league members. They will produce a dramatic sketch for the benefit of the A. C. W. of A. Concert.



## Bei den Märzgefallen.

Am Humboldthain liegen sie begraben, die Toten des März. Auf dem alten, efeuumsponnenen Friedhof ruhen sie, die Namenlosen. Im Herbst war ich bei ihnen. Rot und gold flammten die Eichen und Buchen, und Ströme Lichtes fluteten über die Welt, über die ernste, schwere Erde.

Die Toten des März!

Ein seltsames Gefühl quillt im Herzen hoch. Ein Sohngedächtnis — ein Brüdergefühl. Eine Ahnung, dass wir zusammengehören. Wir, die Lebenden und die Toten. Nicht, weil sie für uns gestorben sind, nein, weil sie gekämpft haben, wie wir jetzt kämpfen. Weil sie kühn gestrebt haben nach dem, was auch unsere Sehnsucht ist. Sie waren Weggefährten.

Ein wildüberwachsener, wettergebleichter Grabstein. Ich lese:

A. WERPOL,  
Arbeitsmann aus Berlin.

Für die Freiheit . . .

an einem Stich durch die Brust.

O du stolzes Wort: Für die Freiheit! O du Heldentod: An einem Stich durch die Brust! . . .

Für die Freiheit . . . Bruder, wästest du für die Freiheit? Und du, Schwester? Es gibt keine Barikaden? Bruder, auch im Rädergerätee ist Platz für den Kampf! Klingt das Säusen der Riemen nicht wie Kugelgepeife? Und das Klirren der Eisen wie Schwerterklang? Staupft die grosse Maschine nicht einen gigantischen Totenmarsch? Fielen und fallen nicht Tausende im Wirrwarr der Fabriken? Fallen die nicht für die Freiheit?

Und die Falne? Sahst du das schwarze Banner aus Rauch und Russ noch nicht? Manchmal ist es golden gezündet und rote Funken tanzen in der Luft . . .

Einem Freund biss eine surrende Säge zwei Finger ab. Das Blut spritzte bis zu mir. Schon nach

einer Stunde stand ein anderer an der Maschine und zitterte nicht bei dem Pfeifen der Säge. Trotzdem das Blut des Kameraden das Eisen bedeckte und die Sonne darin zuckte.

Und da sagst du: es gibt keine Barikaden? Da sagst du: ich weiss nicht, was ich tun soll? . . .

Wir, die Lebenden des März, rufen unsern Brüdern, den Toten des März, zu: Wir stehen, wo ihr standet und sterben, wo ihr starbt. Es lebe die Freiheit!

Max Barthel (Dresden).

Die im freiheitlichen Sinne ge-leiteten

Vereinigten Freien Deutschen  
Schulen

von New York und Umgegend erteilen Unterricht im Anschauungsunterricht in Verbindung mit Vorträgen sowie Gesang, und bei genügender Beteiligung auch Turnen, Zeichen und Handarbeitsunterricht für Mädchen, Die Adressen der einzelnen Schulen sind, in:

Manhattan: Rand School, 140 Ost 19. St., Samstag vorm.; Labor Temple, 247 Ost 84. Str., Samstag und Sonntag vorm.; No. 2329 2. Ave., Samstag nachm.; No. 884 Columbus Ave., Samstags vorm., 9-12 Uhr.

Bronx: Ecke 158. Str. und Forest Ave. Wm. Stellwagen's Hall, Samstag und Sonntag vorm.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Parents and children are invited to inspect the methods of the Ferrer Modern Sunday School-Yorkville, a school conducted on strictly Socialist principles. Look what we offer you:

**Object Lessons** (Anschauungsunterricht) rendered by four Socialist teachers. All objects concerning the life and struggle of the working-class.

**Singing** of English and German songs with Socialist tendency.

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

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

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**Young Socialists: You Will Be the Party of To-morrow**  
**STUDY SOCIALISM BY MAIL**

Twenty-two lessons on Social History and Economics, by Algernon Lee.

Twelve lessons on the Elements of Socialism, by Anna A. Maley.

For full particulars, address

Bertha M. Mailly,

Ex. Sec. Rand School of Social Science  
140 E. 19th St., N. Y. C.

### THE BRONX

is known to you for its Yipsels. You know them, since they're a live bunch. Most likely they've attended some affair of your league. Or else you've heard of their comradeship, or their pretty girls.

They are going to hold their Fifth Annual Ball this month, and if you want a good time or to meet comrades from far and near, come.

If you can't dance, you can eat at the Buffet  
**COMING?**  
March 24th, 1917.

at  
McKinley Square Casino  
The Bronx Ball  
**ARE YOU?**