

# THE MAGAZINE YOUNG SOCIALISTS'

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE Y. P. S. L. OF U. S.

Vol. XI

APRIL, 1917

No. 4

## HAIL THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION!

It is done!

Clang of bell and roar of gun  
Send the tidings up and down.  
How the belfries rock and reel!  
How the great guns, peal on peal,  
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!

Every stroke exulting tells  
Of the burial hour of crime.  
Loud and long, that all may hear,  
Ring for every listening ear  
Of eternity and time!

How they pale,

Ancient myth and song and tale,  
In this wonder of our days,  
When the cruel rod of war  
Blossoms white with righteous law,  
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!

All within and all about  
Shall a fresher life begin;  
Freer breathe the universe  
As it rolls its heavy curse  
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!

In the circuit of the sun  
Shall the sound thereof go forth,  
It shall bid the sad rejoice,  
It shall give the dumb a voice,  
It shall belt with joy the east!



# PRESENT-DAY CHINA

I remember the Ha-ta-men street as the place which kept me down to earth in China. The Ha-ta-men street is one of the great thoroughfares of Peking; it skirts the legation quarter and plunges through the great gateway from which it takes its name into the heart of the teeming small shop quarter of the city. After listening all day to the frock-coated students of the South playing at democratic government in their parliament, after talking to suffragettes, so-called, after lunching with a president of the Senate who spoke brilliant French and claimed to be a Socialist, after listening to plans for internationalism, Esperanto and social reform, in a word, after touching day after day the hem of that splendid garment of modernism which this band of patriots and pioneers are trying to cut to their country's fit, it was helpful and chastening to see that nation revealed on the Ha-ta-men street in the naked reality of its common people.

The strange and tireless pageantry of that street is one of the freshest and most enduring impressions I have of China. I can see it now as it was in the evening, a great, broad, dim road thirty feet or more from curb to curb, full of little flickering lights and swarms of people and strange smells. It is four hours after sundown and still from side to side this great street is crowded with people. Under the flare of hundreds of peanut-oil lamps the keepers of the outdoor bazaars are doing a thriving trade. Here is a street restaurant with its twisted cakes sizzling noisily in hot pans and bowls of pungent broth and chopped meat and veg-

etables hustling over the crowded counter to the clamorous, quarreling, half-naked mob of customers. Just beyond a man cries, in a terrifying liquid guttural, the virtues of a cold red drink which he is lading out in cups. Across the road a little magician sits with drooping moustache and cunning eyes, and holds a crowd spellbound at his tales of fortune read from little ivory sticks. Beside him a tall old man with a sparse, straggling beard sells American cigarettes, ten for a cent, while further along a lean young man with shaven head, in a gray robe, looking much like a Buddhist monk, draws a secular and very profitable custom manipulating white dice in and out of a brown leather bag.

Along the dimly lit roadway rickshaws clatter swiftly, threading their way among the people by miraculous lunges from side to side. Their passengers are inconspicuous, but here and there a gaily dressed lady flashes by. Children in all stages of nakedness chase after them like little ninnows in a pool.

And as the busy, sordid, swarming life of the Ha-ta-men brings to your mind the way in which these people have lived for centuries, so the unassuming malignant tower above them, typifies unforgettably for you and for them the mean and alien despotism which has ruled them and crushed them and forgotten them.

Now that despotism is gone; new hopes, new ideals, and a new restlessness are abroad in the land. Schools are coming, laws are more just, and the law's penalties in prison and social institu-

tion are losing the cruel edge of the past. But of the new idea, what of that? Where can you see the republic, the new China, radicalism along the Ha-ta-men street? What is there here among these medieval crowds to tell you that you are in the same country, in the same city, in the same century with a Chinese parliament? I could see nothing. And that is why walking along the Ha-ta-men street was a chastening experience to my warm sympathies with China's hot-blooded radicalism. It brought one down to earth, to a type of life on which the new words and the new feelings seemed to have no effect whatsoever. And I came to feel that unless I could find a sign of the New China in the Ha-ta-men street, even though that street were in the heart of the unsympathetic capital of the unprogressive North, and among the common people whose superstitions against reform were eloquent still in ghostly memories of Boxerism. I could not really believe in the Chinese revolution.

And then one night I found it. I was walking through the Ha-ta-men district with a friend who spoke Chinese, if anything more fluently than the people themselves. He had been in China thirty years, as interpreter, mining engineer, customs official, and unofficial doctor and missionary; and for the past year or so he had been spending his time in a little village where nobody could speak English and only eight people could read or write at all. When he came up to Peking it was an event; he, too, was looking for the revolution among the com-

(Continued on Page 9)

# KARL LIEBKNECHT

By FRANZ MEHRING

Stone wall do not a prison make  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a hermitage.

Lovelace the poet who wrote these words, lived in the middle of the seventeenth century. He was a staunch defender of royalty, a cavalier of Charles I of England, whom he followed into prison, when Cromwell won his victory. It was against Cromwell, his jailor, that these lines were written.

The beauty and truth of these lines so charmed the German Herder that he included their translation in his folk songs, with the *Erkoning* and the *Heideraschen*. On a cell door of an old prison in Berlin, that has since been torn down, the same thoughts were carved by one of the victims of the reactionary rulers of the past century.

Its words gave courage to youths like Arnold Ruge and Fritz Reuter. And later Freiligrath burst open the doors that held Hübner, the rebel of 1848, with the words of the 17th century royalist on his lips.

And these words again came to my mind, when on the 28th of June, returning to my home, I found on my desk, in a boys unformed handwriting a slip of paper with the words: "My father was condemned to 2½ years imprisonment to-day on the charge of treason." So the shadow of treason has fallen on the third Liebknecht generation. Karl Liebknecht felt its force much earlier than his eldest son. His mother bore him beneath her heart when his father, in the excitement of war-time, amid a storm of the wildest and most impossible accusations, was held for one hundred days pending investigation on charges that meant the worst. The sufferings that racked the soul of this brave woman in those awful months, she often said, have left an indelible imprint on Karl's inmost nature.

I have known him for almost a generation. He was a youngster, 17 or 18 years of age, when he wrote me a letter from Leipzig asking me for a copy of the Berlin *Volkszeitung*, for the use of

some students' organization that he had founded. This was in the time of the Socialist exception laws, when the Berlin *Volkszeitung* was by far the most radical paper in existence in Germany. I responded gladly to his request, for at that time we, in Germany were not yet so self-sufficient in our wisdom as we are to-day. We still remembered that Schiller had written his "Robbers" when he was but 19 years of age, and we yet felt that the lovable foolishness of youth is often worth more than the fearsome wisdom of a lame old age.

Several years later, when his parents moved to Berlin after the exception laws had fallen, I met Karl Liebknecht personally for the first time. At that time he was a student, barely twenty years of age, gifted, industrious, brilliant, bold, a little too cock-sure perhaps, as every real youngster should be. But he was never arrogant, never vain, and above all, never hurt when one refused to accept unconditionally his first budding shots of wisdom. Karl Liebknecht had inherited the lovable modesty of his parents.

Later he and I often fought serious battles, although our personal friendship never suffered even under the severest strain. When I conducted the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, I often found it necessary to check the enthusiasm of the fiery youth, especially in those days when he conducted the valiant fight for the young people's movement. He was always a little indignant when he came to Leipzig with his pockets full of burning essays to find the "old man", unexpectedly at his desk. Nothing could arouse him to such furious resentment as to have me refuse some particularly incendiary article of his "for the sake of your wife and your mother," who both belonged to my dearest friends. For Karl Liebknecht, the real son of his father, has never known personal considerations is his fight for our great cause.

To-day I remember my victories over Karl with slender satisfaction. They were so easily won, for after, all, they rested upon the power that my control of the printing-presses of the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* gave me. How fallacious is the much vaunted wisdom of age! Would the sparks that I so virtuously stamped out at that time, perhaps have kindled a cleansing flame? To-day I

do not know. But I do know that, the wisdom of forty years in the press and penal laws of Germany failed my young friend after all, when it should have helped him most. Together Karl Liebknecht and I laid the treasonable document that cost him a year and a half in military prison

before our friend Teyffert and I approved of its publication. Later, when we fought with equal weapons, I never succeeded in throwing water into the fermenting wine of Liebknecht's enthusiasm. To-day this fact brings to me a melancholy satisfaction.

### An International Questionnaire

In accordance with a decision of a meeting of the International Bureau of Social Democratic Young people's Organizations, the following questions were sent to 300 of the best known comrades of the international labor movement. The answers will be published from time to time.

The questions are as follows:  
Dear Comrade:—

A meeting of the undersigned bureau decided to arrange a series of questions which are to be put before the best known men and women of the international labor movement. The answers will be a symposium of the opinions and attitude toward socialist young people's organizations.

Our international organization of Socialist Young People's organizations, which numbers at present 120,000 members in 17 countries desires clearness upon the relations between the older and the juvenile movements—relations as they are and as they should be.

For these reasons we request you, dear comrade, to answer the following questions, which we consider important for this purpose. Your answer may, of course, include considerations apart from the present political conditions, if you believe that these will prove beneficial to our movement.

1. What beneficial or detrimental influence has the young people's movement in your coun-

try had upon labor organizations?

2. Has the war changed this relationship in any way? How?

3. What criticisms have you to make of the juvenile movement in your country?

4. What do you consider a suitable age limit for membership in the juvenile movement? Do you differentiate between active and advisory membership?

5. What do you consider to be the peculiar field of action of the young socialist movement?

6. How should the activity of the young people's organizations in relation to the general party organization be limited?

7. Within what limits and what way should every party support its young people's organizations.

8. In what way, in your opinion, can the juvenile movement give especial support to labor unions, and in what way should the latter support the young people's movement?

9. What, to your mind, are the duties of an International Union of Socialist young people's organizations, and what powers would you accede to such an organization?

10. Does the action of the juvenile movement in giving the left wing of the party, meet with your approval, and how do you explain this fact.

Thanking you in advance for your kind reply, we are

Fraternally yours,

The Bureau of the Int. Union of Socialist Young People's Organizations.

### Refuse to Enlist

By Abraham Sunde.

State Organizer of the Y. P. S. L. of New Jersey.

The capitalist class of America is attempting to conscript us to fight their battles. The youth of America must be awakened to the dread of militarism. Now is the opportunity for the Y. P. S. L. to do its might to defend civilization. Every "Yipsel" should rally to our cause. The issue is plain. We are against all war that will benefit the capitalist class. Every "Yipsel" who is of age to serve in the Army should refuse to enlist.

The war cloud seems to be over us. Capitalism and militarism are about to sacrifice the youth of America upon the altar of greed. This shall not be—it must not be. We have learned the bitter lesson of Europe. The youth of Europe was fooled and tricked into the trenches by the self-same forces that are at work in America. Just as they are paying the price of militarism in the Old World, so will the American youth be offered to the god of war. Shall we be silent in this most perilous moment? Shall we heed the call of Mammon? Shall we defy our movement and join the colors? Not emphatically No!

We refuse to kill, and be killed. We recognize the workers of the world as our brothers and sisters. Our only enemy is the capitalist system, which breeds war and brings with it the destruction of human life and happiness.

In this grave hour, when war seems to be almost with us, the "Young People's Socialist League" stands out alone as the only organization of the American youth that is unalterably opposed to war with any foreign country.

If we refuse to enlist, our conscience will be clear; our hands will be clean. Do not be tricked by the stirring trumpet call, the shrilling fife and roll of drums. Open wide your eyes, brothers—and sisters. The next trick—to the trenches—is being prepared. Agitate against war wherever you are. Awaken your brothers and sisters and friends. Refuse to enlist!



"But this don't lead to Democracy!"  
"Damn Democracy! We gotta protect our National Honor."

### LOYALTY TO WHOM?

By Herbert B. Nagler

America, or more correctly speaking, the United States is to war on Germany. Workers of the United States are to kill, kill and kill workers of Germany. What for? For the workers' gain? For my gain? For your gain? Do you want war? Does your friend want war? You are silent. Ah! You speak. You take courage to answer. "No, I do not want this war," you exclaim. I and my friends do not want war with Germany and for that matter with anyone. Well, who does? I have it! It's the kingdom of plutocracy of the noble and free country—the United States.

It is the wish and more so the command of the lords of plutedom that the noble young men of this country are murdered in cold blood trying to murder some other just as valiant and unthinking men and even women and children. Comrades, they want your

lives, the lives of your sweethearts and brothers.

What are you going to do? Are you going into this mad, bloody butchery as your fellow-men across the wide, wide sea without even a struggle? I will for one pledge to you that I will rather have my body riddled with bullets by the henchmen of Rockefeller, Morgan and Company than take up arms against my fellow-men, no matter on what spot of the earth it was their luck to be born. I would rather be a dead hero for the workers' cause than a live hero to the rule of capitalism.

The Socialist Party of the United States to assemble April 7th at St. Louis to define its standing on the question of war. It is for us to appeal to the S. P. that it fights tooth and nail to save us from this horrible nightmare, the terrible calamity that is to befall us. It is our lives that Wall Street wants mostly. We are young and have something to fight for—our lives. Then let us not fight

## Dare to Be a Coward

By Eugene V. Debs.

Now is the time to dare to be a coward. In this hour of made-to-order "patriotism" that is sweeping over the land like a whirlwind, the real man, the true patriot though he stand alone, will assert himself. He is too cowardly to be a hired "hero," too cowardly to be a "patriot," too cowardly to be a murderer, to kill his fellow-worker or be killed by him for the benefit of the class that robs them both and holds them both in contempt.

In the name of all that is fit to be called civilization and all that may justly pass for humanity we protest against this nation being flung into the fangs of the mad-dogs of Europe.

If the capitalists and exploiters, the profit-mongers of this system in their mad cry for war are patriots then by all the gods we are traitors and proud of it, and if their hirelings are heroes we are cowards, and for the same reason.

workers of other countries at the best of capitalism for their greedy profits. But if to fight we have to and if our lives are to be sacrificed then let it be for the workers' emancipation and not the further enslavement of the proletariat.

Let us all in one affirm our loyalty, all in one also affirm our loyalty—yes, our loyalty to the solidarity of the working class and for the freedom of ourselves and our brethren. Let us tell Congress when it convenes that we are utterly opposed to war on any conditions. That there is absolutely no cause why this country is to war with any other country and that we will not spend an ounce of effort in their behalf. If enemies we are to meet it will be our exploiters and not workers of Germany or any other country.

Brothers and sisters, comrades, words will not do now. It is action and defiance. Are we ready? I say we are. Ready to uphold the honor and freedom of ourselves—the workers.

## From Our International Ranks

### AUSTRIA.

In the Christmas number of the Austrian juvenile organ, the "Jugendliche Arbeiter", the hole christmas article was destroyed by the censor. The editors publish the following comment. "As we may not publish our own thoughts, we shall allow the Pope to speak for us, and hereby reprint the Papal christmas address of 1914 and 1915.

### FRANCE

The arrest of the Italian comrades in Rome called forth considerable excitement in Paris, and gave the French capitalist press the welcome excuse to demand an energetic campaign against the Socialist minority, accompanied, of course, by a campaign of calumny against the juvenile movement. The "Libre Parole," edited by the deputy Danais, was particularly energetic in its anti-Socialist agitation. It so happened that Comrade Blanc met the former in the assembly room of the Bourbon Palace and called him to account for his insults. At this moment Comrade Brizon entered the hall and, infuriated at the sight of the despicable capitalist tool, soundly boxed his ears. On the following day a protest against the anti-Socialist agitation of the "Libre Parole," written by Blanc and Brizon, found room, for the first time, in the columns of that paper.

### GERMANY

With threats and promises the social-patriotic majority of Germany is trying to keep the young

people's movement in line. But with little success. Every month brings further losses, and the local organs of the Socialist international juvenile movement are constantly increasing their circulation. The work done on these papers, in spite of the deadening weight of German war-absolutism commands our highest admiration. So, for instance, the "Morgenrot" appeared but once and was immediately suppressed. The "Freie Jugend" succeeded in publishing a second number. It has been followed by the "Kampf," the "Proletarier-Jugend," and the "Mittellungsblatt," for Hannover, and other illegal papers. In all large cities there are groups of international young Socialists. They are, at present, discussing a second national conference.

The radical young Socialist movement of Germany mourns the death of its young comrade Borsdorf, who was sent to the front, with so many others, as punishment for his anti-militaristic agitation, and found his death. A few weeks before his death his mother and a number of young comrades were arraigned before a military court for distributing the "Jugend-Internationale," which has been prohibited in Leipzig. Four of the young comrades were condemned to imprisonment because the paper they distributed demanded active opposition to the war. Miss Werther, a young woman comrade, received an additional sentence for having disturbed the peace by singing the "Marseillaise." Several weeks later a well-known comrade in Stuttgart

was condemned to 2½ years imprisonment for the same offense.

### RUMANIA

In Rumania a tremendous demonstration was planned for September 3rd. Ten thousand international manifestos were ready for distribution. Then war broke out, and with one stroke our agitation was cut short. The best of our people were arrested and imprisoned, the remainder sent to the front. The few who remain are doing their utmost to keep the party movement intact.

### SWITZERLAND

The young Socialist movement of Switzerland is conducting an energetic educational campaign in its ranks. The work of agitation is not, however, being neglected. Since the new year began, ten new sections, with about 200 members, have been organized. This spring will be devoted to a widespread campaign for more liberal apprenticeship laws and more effective protection for apprenticed laborers.

### A Very Personal Note

Our readers will be glad to learn that our co-editor, and one of the most active young Socialists in this country, Comrade May Reinhardt, was married, on March 31st, to Comrade Selmar Schocken, the well-known member of the staff of the New Yorker Volkszeitung.

The Young Socialists' Magazine joins with the many friends and comrades of the young couple in the heartiest wishes for a happy and joyous life.

## The High Cost of Living in a Public School

By one of the Rebels.

In Public School 1, Queens, the 8B girls were directed by their cooking teacher to make out a menu for a family of six on one dollar a day. During the week they talked about the high cost of living, and gradually the majority agreed upon it that something must be done to notify the teacher that they thought it was an impossibility. Florence Dahme wrote out a petition which they called "The Petition of Girls." It ran as follows:

P. S. No. 1, Queens,  
March 20, 1917.

Dear Miss Barren:—

We, the girls of 8B, have discussed the matter over and come to the conclusion that no family of six people can live upon one dollar a day, eating substantial food and satisfying their appetites. The only ones who can do so are people on a diet. The Chinese are an extraordinary race of people, and if it were not for them using so much opium they could not live on so little either.

During the past years a dollar was considered a great deal of money, but now a dollar doesn't go very far. If we buy a dozen eggs, a pound of butter and a box of matches a dollar is gone. Poor people cannot have butter, and with the high prices of meat they very rarely get that.

Why should we make out menus for them when we know we cannot live upon that ourselves with the high prices of food. It is an impossibility no family of six can live on so little as a dollar a day. Perhaps you or I can do it for a period of one week but not for lifetime. We would not want to do it, so why tell others it can be done?

If we try this plan we might do as some of the Jews, have a feast the night before and after they fast. They prepare for hunger and that is what we think most of the people do who make out menus for the poor. They can do this for a week, and when the period is over go into a Fifth Avenue Restaurant and order a turkey dinner. Welsh rarebit or any of those French dishes.

The poor cannot do this when they live on these menus. If they live a plain, every-day life as this, never having any hunger, life will become monotonous and stealing, burglary and suicide will be committed more than ever. Therefore we beg of you not to send any of the menus we make to Fifty-ninth Street, because

they are not enough to satisfy our appetites.

The mince you made and we ate two weeks ago at seven cents a person the girls all said it was not enough for them, how will it ever be enough for a man who does a hard day's work? If in the future we were to put such a breakfast before our husbands they would say we are trying to starve them.

New York is full of consumptives who are not aware of the fact that they are consumptives. They are mostly poor people who are not properly fed and clothed. If diseases such as this are not checked consumption will spread throughout our entire city, state and country, and we, the future generation, if we are not properly fed, will make up a nation of weak, useless citizens, and our republic will soon be captured by stronger European nations of the world and the United States of America will exist no more.

Therefore, proper food is the main thing to build up strong, healthy citizens, whom the nation can be proud of, and this cannot be done upon one dollar a day.

This is the second petition which was written. The first one had the following after it:

"Here are the names of the pupils who consider these facts true."

The petition was rewritten because some girls changed their minds on the last day and were afraid that they might be expelled for signing.

The teacher considered this an insult and said any girl could be expelled for signing such a petition. The girls declared it a victory for themselves because, when the lesson was ended, their home-work was not a menu for one dollar but for a dollar and twenty-five cents.

An appellant told the Military Service Tribunal that he objected to military service because it was opposed to the teachings of Jesus. Whereupon a member of the Tribunal remarked: "If all of us were of your belief the Germans would get us all."

A returned soldier, who killed his wife, was at Leeds sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the second division. A conscientious objector who refused to scour utensils was at Newhaven sentenced to one year's hard labor.

Buffalo Y. P. S. L.

With Billy Sunday in town and revivals much in fashion, the Buffalo Yipsels have fallen in line, not down the sawdust trail, however, but onward with the appointed work of a Young People's Socialist League. Buffalo is reorganizing her forces which to some degree became inactive, and her committees are working on a schedule which is hoped will rouse a new and greater interest in the movement.

It is planned to have some form of entertainment or educational work week: First week to be educational, introducing debates, mock trials and speakers; second week, a dance, having each month some novelty, in way of decorations and method of enjoyment; third week to be social, the evening's merriment to be produced by "home" talent, calling upon each member for prose, poem, song, selection or some other expression of individual talent; and the fourth week given over to business meeting. The summer months, of course, will be largely devoted to hikes and other interesting outdoor sports.

We are at present hampered to an extent by the lack of a suitable permanent hall. It is expected that this condition will be remedied by next Fall, when the Socialist Party will probably have secured such a hall. At present, meetings are held every Thursday in a small assembly room at 99 East Genesee Street, where the party and "The New Age" (the Buffalo Socialist weekly) have offices.

Another Circle, Number Two, has been organized and has been granted a charter. It has now forty members in good standing, and meets every Tuesday evening. Several branches of the Socialist Party have expressed their desire to organize Young People's Leagues in connection with their branches, so that ere long, it is believed, the Buffalo Yipsels will have some good competition to urge them on. In addition to the business, educational and social meetings, the Yipsels are co-operating with the party by their attendance at its meetings. There are always Yipsels about, and their services are always willingly rendered when desired by the party for ushers, or in any other capacity.

On March 31st, a sojourn will be made to Rochester, N. Y., by as many members as are able to go. The Rochester Yipsels are arranging a Moonlight Dance, and Buffalo plans to be there, probably forty strong, to see the moon!

## The Young Socialists' Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter June 2, 1911, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly at  
15 Spruce Street, New York,  
by the

Socialistic Co-operative Publ. Ass'n.  
John Nagel, Pres. O. Knoll, Sec'y.  
E. Ramm, Treas.

SUBSCRIPTION—5c. a copy, 50c. a year. For N. Y. City and Canada, 60c. on account of the higher postage. Mexico and other foreign countries, 75 cents.

BUNDLE RATES—5c. per copy  
ADVERTISING—10c. a line, \$1.00 an inch. For one year one inch \$10.00.



### "Too Proud to Fight"

Wilson was "too proud to fight" until after his re-election by an anti-war vote.

By deliberately invading the barred zone, he has betrayed the voters who elected him to his exalted position in the belief that he was the one man to "keep us out of war."

Do the people want war?

If so, who made them want war?

The unthinking, ignorant mob want anything the peroxide press is paid to make them want.

The intelligent workers are strongly opposed to war.

Napoleon said: "I fear one newspaper more than I do a thousand soldiers."

Were the famous murderer alive to-day, he would make it a hundred thousand soldiers.

A man without an ideal is dead, so is the man who can only dream of an ideal and never dares work and fight for it. Ideals are worthless if they don't inspire to brave deeds and manly actions.

## SIGN A LOYALTY PLEDGE?

We must confess that we are a little astonished at the whole-souled opposition that the degrading attempts of our would-be war lord, Mayor Mitchell, and his blood-crazed consorts, to hitch the proletariat of Greater New York to their militaristic band-wagon, has met with everywhere. We have never entertained great illusions concerning the anti-militaristic sentiments among the workers of America, and know that for blind, unreasoning, loud-mouthed jingoism the average American is hard to beat. In view of this, the steadily recurring refusal of large groups of laborers, students and school-children to sign the loyalty pledge comes to us as a pleasant surprise, as a hopeful sign that all is not lost. For it shows that in this war, notwithstanding the infuigated agitation of every capitalist paper, is unpopular in the full sense of that word. For of this we are convinced: that for every man, woman and child who have refused to be bulldozed there are half a dozen others who have allowed themselves to be bullied into signing, who have not had the courage of their convictions.

For us, the young Socialists of the city, this can mean but one thing. That no member of the young Socialist movement, or of the Socialist party, should give his signature to such a pledge, seems too obvious for repetition. But we have a further duty to perform. The wave of anti-war sentiment expressed by this refusal to sign the loyalty pledge assures us of a fruitful field for agitation. We have found a language that the people can under-

stand, and we must speak to them in this language, whenever and wherever we can.

When this issue of the Y. S. M. goes to press, we may already be at war. The first duty of the Socialist movement, an emphatic protest against impending war, is done, and has been done well. In crowded mass-meetings we have told the people of America that this war is a war in the interest of capitalism alone; that it is a crime against the proletariat of America to send them to slaughter in the interests of their exploiters. Though our movement has been too weak to combat the organized war cries of our capitalist class and its press, we have succeeded, of that we may be insured, of interesting a large portion of those workmen who are opposed to war, in our aims and ideals. We have become the mouthpiece of proletarian anti-war sentiment in America.

With the outbreak of war, a new situation confronts us. The time for comparatively safe and harmless protesting is passed. There is hardly a doubt that our American government will be as autocratic, as brutal in its suppression of organized anti-war sentiment as any belligerent government in Europe. To protest against war before war is declared is a simple thing. To keep up this protest after hostilities have broken out; to be a Socialist in the only sense of that word, in a war-crazed, war-mad country, means heroic action. The highest duty of the Socialist movement is still before us.

In a great mass-meeting held in Carnegie Hall, when the clouds began to gather over the

nation, the State Committee of the Socialist party presented a resolution which directed the Socialists of the state in event of war.

Our duty lies openly before us. Refuse to help the war. Protest and mass demonstrations must be held, the anti-war sentiment must be kept awake and growing even under the most stringent military control. The Party, and with it the young Socialist movement, must resist conscription, must agitate against compulsory service as determinedly as in the days of peace. We will refuse to acknowledge their civil peace—for in war as in peace, there can be no harmony. War means for the capitalist increased profits, increased power, for the workers increased oppression and exploitation, the loss of his most fundamental rights, death, suffering, annihilation.

**War against capitalism** in every country, in our country.

**War upon oppression**, in whatever guise of patriotism and national interest it may be presented.

**War upon war**, in peace and in war.

**Be loyal**—to your party, to your movement, to your class.

## Present-Day China

(Continued from Page 2)

mon people, and, being an old China hand, he didn't believe he would find it.

We came to a little lane down which the chief things noticeable were a lot of flickering lights among a silent crowd—and a Voice. The lights belonged to rickshaws, of which there were a dozen or so along the wall and

through the crowd, and the Voice belonged to an earnest, clean-shaven, attractive looking rickshaw man who was standing between the shafts of his old iron-tired rickshaw in the center of the crowd.

"This fellow must have a sun-stroke," my friend was saying, when—"hold on a minute," he said, stopping sharply. "Min kuo, Min kuo"; do you hear that? It means republic. Look here, there is something more that meets the eye down this lane: let's go and see."

On nearer view the crowd appeared to be about half a hundred people, almost all workers or artisans, with a dozen or so women scattered among them. The edges of the crowd, that is, inside of a considerable fringe of street arabs, came and went continually, but the great majority stood still and listened; and gradually we discovered that it wasn't a sun-stroke and wasn't a quarrel but was that unheard of thing in China—a street speaker. And the way he talked to the people of the Ha-ta-men street was as instructive as it was amazing. My friend translated between gasps of surprise and appreciation, for he was a keen admirer of the Chinese mind, especially when it was whetted in argument.

The rickshaw orator first got the crowd interested in himself. He told them his father had an official post but because he was not willing to pay bribes to retain it, he had been displaced by a man who was willing to purchase favors. Now his family was penniless and he was not afraid to go out and work for a living among the honest rickshawmen of Peking. He pointed the moral with rhetorical questions in finished

should we be robbed with this bribery and squeeze now?" he said. "What is the use of a republic if they still want money for only taking in your card to some fat official? Shouldn't we have all the more under a republic a preference for character and merit instead of corruption? Don't forget it, the people are powerful now. Why should we let these crooked officials do anything they please?"

"You know," said my friend excitedly interrupting his translation, "this is a serious business if there are any police in hearing." But it soon became more serious, for the speaker left the minor officials and began to attack the President himself.

"We have no more kings now, no more emperors. We have a president who is supposed to do what we, the people, want him to do, and yet this president issues decrees just as the Manchus did; and he says 'I decree, I proclaim' and he expects you to say 'we tremble and obey.' But this man is not a God, he is not even a scholar, but is only an ambitious soldier, and unless we watch him and make him fear us, he will deceive and betray the people just as the Manchus did before him."

"Don't think I am angry," continued the young speaker; "I will talk these things over calmly with anybody here. I will come again to-morrow at this time, but don't tell anybody about it because I don't want to have a disturbance on the street. I might get arrested and then my father would starve." He began to wheel his rickshaw ahead of him through the crowd. His voice had been very attractive, his words well chosen. Unquestionably, he had a sort of spell over these people.

But no one moved, no one asked a question. He was obviously a stranger and they were a little shy of him. Now he turned his rickshaw around and the light which had lit up his keen expressive face in the center of the crowd, disappeared. But as he went out to the mouth of the alley he was still talking and among his last words I caught one significant phrase myself. 'Kuo Ming Tang,' it was, the name, already known throughout China, of the revolutionary party of Sun Yatsen, the student Jacobins, the intellectual sans-culottes of the Chinese Revolution. "That places him," said my friend, "and he isn't the only rickshawman, real or pretended, who has been heard of (though I never believed it myself) working up the people's minds in the alleys and dark corners of Peking. These people had a new sensation to-night; they never heard anything like it before; and they won't soon forget it. You can't begin to realize what this sort of thing means in China. Fifteen years ago a man like that would have been in danger of his life, for then the Southern reform devils were just as despised as the foreign devils themselves. And there was hate right here for both a-plenty; Count von Waldersee was murdered within the sound of that rickshawman's voice on the open Ha-ta-men street. And now, on the same street, you have a crowd listening to liberalism, reform and the republic. That's the new China. I've lived here almost thirty years, and I never saw it so vividly as to-night."

The man had gone but the crowd lingered. Long after we had gone up to our cubicles in the mission hospital on the corner, where we were staying, knots

of people hung about, lights flickered, and the hum of talk came up to our windows. Only after midnight was there quiet at last along this strange old street, a quiet which the squeal of a fiddle somewhere along the deserted alley only seemed to make more still. But the Ha-ta-men was a different place to me now. On that time-sodden street I had caught the heart-beat of the present among the common people. That queer, naive, but stirring talk had been their notice of the revolution. To me it was a sign that no corner of China, no class of the Chinese people could be sure of being without the range of its influence. If the Revolution was abroad, on the Ha-ta-men street, it was abroad among the Chinese people.

## HEROISM UNDER A BUSHEL

(Concluded)

"And do you mean to say that the prevention of these disasters required only a single step? What was this step? What was this holy, inspired, all-embracing step?"

The surveyor Barabanoff smiled simply.

"At first glance the step was a very simple one; twenty years ago, on the fifth of September, I did not go to St. Petersburg, although my mind had been fully made up to go! I might have gone, in fact, I should have gone, but I did not go!"

I looked around. A full score of the notable citizens of Kalitkin surrounded us; they had gradually collected in the reading room and were now drinking in our words with a rare degree of attention and reverence.

"You did not go to St. Peters-

burg!" I cried, thunderstruck. "But what would have happened if you had gone?"

"What? But I'm telling you what! I have a brother-in-law in St. Petersburg whose name is Dudukayeff, a hot-headed, irascible man, who is always looking for something exciting. Naturally, I went about with him a good deal. Very well. But you also know, my dear sir, that about this time the German Crown Prince used to visit St. Petersburg regularly in order to pay his respects to our higher officials and acquaint himself with Russian conditions. May I assume that you are familiar with this fact?"

Burning with impatience, I answered mechanically:

"I know. But what connection is there?"

"Connection? The connection is this: As I have already said, my brother-in-law Dudukayeff is a man of hysterically eager disposition, and frightfully, senselessly irate. In addition, he is extremely shortsighted. If I had gone to St. Pitty that time he would necessarily have dragged me out with him to see the Crown Prince, and, naturally, because of his nearsightedness, would have been among those in the crowd who were nearest to the Crown Prince. The police, of course, observing his strenuous and persistent efforts to push himself forward, would push him back into the crowd, and he, who could never brook such treatment, would box somebody's ears, with the result that there would ensue a magnificent all-around fight, the center of which would naturally be the Crown Prince, whose suspicions would by this time be fully aroused. You know, gentlemen, that when there

is a fight, very little attention is paid to matters of rank and station, and it is likely that the Crown Prince would have gotten more than his share of the blows. The outcome cannot be doubted. A frightful international conflict would have blazed up—especially when you recall that the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs at that time was a man who was resourceless, untalented, with a swelled head and much hatred of the Germans. It would have been a frightful reverse for Russia if this minister had succeeded in involving us in an unsuccessful war, and I am not certain—"

And Barabanoff cast a glance full of meditation at the group of the men of Kalitkin:

"I am not certain that many of those present at this moment would now be alive and sound of limb."

"Hurrah for Barabanoff!" shouted the men.

### IV.

In amazement, not knowing what to think, I was still standing in front of the surveyor. I looked him straight in the eyes.

"And it is you who did all this?"

"Exactly. Just think! Suppose I had gone to St. Petersburg—"

"The deuce!" I cried, "and how can you prove that all these things would have taken place if you had gone?"

Barabanoff screwed up his eyes.

"And how can you prove that they would not have happened?"

One of the Kalitkin idiots went up to Barabanoff and patted him on the shoulder approvingly.

"Quite right, Barabanoff, they can never undermine your achievement."

"Yes," said someone behind me, "the thing is already a matter of history."

I understood very well that Barabanoff was making a fool of me as well as of all those present. But how was I to catch him in this lie? Especially since he was really only speaking of things that might have been.

I was about to turn on my heel and leave the place when a sudden thought that was really magnificent chanted me to the spot.

"To be sure—there is no doubt you did save Russia. But, tell me: what was it that prevented you from going to St. Petersburg? Was it merely a presentiment, or was there something else besides?"

"It was partly a foreboding, but chiefly the fact that I had not received my customary allowance from my mother in Kieff. Just at that time she had quite unexpectedly gotten under some carriage, broken her arm, and been sent to the hospital wherefore she was unable to send me the money."

"Stop!" I shouted in triumph. "Then it is not you who are the deliverer of Russia but I!"

"How's that?" they all cried, approaching nearer.

"Just because I am the man who drove the vehicle that ran over your dear mother!"

"Suppose you are? Well—, But what has Russia to do with that?" said Barabanoff with a contemptuous smile.

"What has Russia to do with it? This much: if I had not run over your mother she would have sent you the money, and you would have gone to St. Petersburg and started a world-wide conflagration there. So it is I that saved Russia—our great, beloved country, rich and fair!"

"I beg your pardon!" cried the gentleman standing behind me, who was the man whom I was doing business in Kalitkin, "not so fast! He isn't the deliverer of Russia either. I was supposed to meet him in Kieff, but didn't go. But if I had gone he would certainly not have run over your mother. And my reason for not going was that I had to attend the wedding of Bumagin's daughter."

Bumagin was also present. He beat his brest and said:

"So, it is not you that saved Russia, but I! For she's my daughter!"

"You mean your daughter saved Russia!" said someone in the rear of the crowd.

"No, but her husband! If he had not married her—"

"Where does the husband come in? His aunt—after her death—"

"Was it his aunt that saved Russia?"

A frightful confusion and shouting was on foot.

After it had lasted for half an hour, it transpired that Russia had been delivered by an illiterate old Russian woman, servant of the bridegroom's aunt, who administered to the old lady a double dose of some medicine, by mistake, with fatal results.

It was decided then and there to appoint a deputation from among the citizen of Kalitkin, with the object of searching for this old servant and expressing to her the gratitude of Russia's people.

When they found her, she proved to be a person of the most exceptional modesty, for she had not even dreamed of the feat performed by her—the deliverance of our great and glorious Russia, so well beloved by every one of us, from ruin!

## OUR OWN AFFAIRS

### YIPSEL NATIONAL CHAMPS

Following herewith is a statement of the standing in the Y. P. S. L. National Championship Contest as it stood March 1st 1917. The name of the league and the points scored are given in the order of their standing.

Peoria, Ill. 37 1/2; Hartford, Conn. 33 3/4; Newark, N. J., No. 2, 33 3/4; Buffalo, N. Y., 33; Trenton, N. J., 32 3/4; Chicago, Ill., N. W., 29; Paterson, N. J., 29; Providence, R. I., 28; Omaha, Nebr., 27 3/4; Jamestown, N. Y., 27 1/4; Lawrence, Mass., 25 3/4; St. Louis, Mo., (Eng.) 25; New Britain, Conn., 25; Cleveland, O., (Eng.) 24 3/4; Washington, D. C., Decatur, Ill., 22 3/4; Toledo, O., 22 3/4; Milwaukee, Wis., 22 3/4; Lafayette, Ind., 22; Washington, D. C., (Jewish) 22; Syracuse, N. Y., 22; Watertown, N. Y., 22; Denver, Colo., 21 3/4; Cleveland, O., (J.) 21 3/4; Reading, Pa., 21 3/4; Chicago, Ill., (Fel.) 21; St. Paul, Minn., 20 3/4; Dayton, O., 20 3/4; San Francisco, Cal., 20; St. Louis, Mo., (J.) 20; New Haven, Conn., 17 3/4; Ansonia, Conn., 15 3/4; Chicago, Ill., (C. W.) 13 3/4; Troy, N. Y., 12 3/4; Brooklyn, N. Y., 11; Bronx, N. Y., (A.), 10; McKeesport, Pa., 10; Lynn, Mass., 4; Kokomo, Ind., 3/4.

It must by no means be supposed that this standing will be shown all through the contest. Some of the leagues that are way down on the list are among our best live-wires, the only thing is that they failed to get in on time and started with a handicap of 20 points. Some of those in the middle of the list have done practically nothing to advance themselves, and another month or so will show a big difference. This is only a start, the race is twelve months long, so go to it, and may the best League win.

### New York

#### MINUTES OF BOARD OF CONTROL MEETING

Held at S. P. Headquarters, Buffalo, N. Y., Sunday Afternoon, February 25th, 1917

Meeting called to order at 3.30 P. M. by Comrade Kaiser.

The following members were present: A. Berggren, Jamestown, N. Y.; H. Brooks, Buffalo, N. Y.; E. Kaiser, Buffalo, N. Y.; I. Glickman, Rochester, N. Y.; Bertha Vossler, Roches-

ter, N. Y. State Secretary E. Bautz, absent, reported as being out of town. Comrade E. Kaiser, chairman; Bertha Vossler, secretary.

Minutes of previous meeting, Oct. 29, 1916, read and approved.

Comrade Kaiser reported that State Secretary E. Bautz had left Buffalo the forepart of February, without leaving any word, or making any arrangements as to taking care of state office matters and, therefore, on about Feb. 18, Comrade Kaiser found it necessary to step in and take state matters in hand somewhat, as numerous letters were on hand from various leagues in the state, requesting stamps, supplies, etc. Comrade Kaiser accordingly ordered stamps and supplies from National Secretary Kruse in amount of \$22.50, and proceeded to attend to some of the unsettled affairs.

Upon motion, Comrade Kaiser's action in regard to taking the matter in hand as above, in the absence of Comrade Bautz, was unanimously approved.

It was deemed advisable, however, in view of the fact that State Secretary E. Bautz had left Buffalo, apparently for an indefinite period, and considering his neglect of State Office work, etc., that it would be to the best interest of leagues in the state that Comrade Bautz be removed from the office of state secretary and a new officer installed at once.

Upon motion, unanimously carried, Comrade Bautz was removed from office of state secretary.

Comrade Edw. Kaiser of Buffalo was then unanimously elected as new state secretary, this election being subject to approval of state leagues.

Ernest C. Bautz is to be advised of our action re state secretaryship, and as soon as Comrade Kaiser is able to ascertain his address, he will so advise Comrade Bautz.

Communications were read from various leagues, also from Comrade Kruse, voicing neglect on the part of former State Secretary Bautz.

Communication received from Comrade Alex. Juunwiksna, circulation manager of Young Socialists' Magazine, advising of a conference of Y. S. M. to be held at Rand School March 4th, and asking the Board to send delegates. Upon motion this letter was referred to Comrade Berggren for attention with instructions to write Comrade J., suggesting that the Co. Committee send delegates to represent the Board.

Communication received from Comrade Sam Kornit of Albany, N. Y., advising that a new league had been organized there, and requesting charter. State Secretary Kaiser was instructed to grant the new Albany league a charter.

Application for charter was received from Buffalo League, Circle 2, and state secretary was instructed to grant same.

Comrade Kaiser reported that he had sent one hundred stamps each to Albany League and Circle 2, Buffalo, without advance payment. Under the circumstances, however, this action was approved by the Board, although in future state secretary will send no further stamps or supplies unless order is accompanied by payment in full.

Upon motion, state secretary was instructed to send out referendum ballots on national constitution amendments, as received from national secretary, and that Comrade Kruse be asked for an extension of time on receipt of final vote.

Bill for \$22.50 from Nat. Office was presented, covering stamps and supplies which Com. Kaiser purchased, and this bill was ordered paid as soon as possible.

Communication from Utica received, advising that a league had been organized there, and requesting 48 dues stamps. State secretary instructed to correspond with Utica League, asking them to secure charter.

Reported that a new league had been organized in Troy, N. Y., and state secretary was instructed to grant charter.

It was found that nothing had been done in regard to the Rand School scholarship matter by former State Secretary Bautz, and, accordingly, state secretary was instructed to correspond with the Rand School, securing new information on contest, and if time permits of entering such contest state secretary is to proceed on arrangements.

Referring to minutes of meeting October 29, 1916, it was noted that former State Secretary Bautz was at that time instructed to bond himself to the extent of \$50, but this was not done.

Upon motion, new State Secretary Kaiser was instructed to immediately bond himself for \$500.

Upon motion, it was decided that owing to late date, the printing of state constitutions in full be deferred

until after the next state convention, as the Board has several matters which should be incorporated in same.

At meeting October 29, 1916, former State Secretary Bautz was instructed to proceed with the printing of state constitutions as revised, but this work was never completed. The constitution will, however, be gotten into proper shape by the Board for reference of delegates at next convention.

Upon motion, State Secretary Kaiser was instructed to issue a special assessment stamp to help defray the expenses of delegates to convention. A quantity of these stamps to be sent to every league in state, to be sold to members and others at not less than 10 cents. Funds thereby raised to be turned into State Office. Should insufficient funds be secured through the assessment stamps to cover full expense, the funds received shall be credited to each league in equal proportion to their expense, and the balance to be defrayed by each individual league. Should more funds than required be raised by all leagues, the State Office is to retain balance.

Upon motion, it was decided that the 1917 convention be held Sunday and Monday, September 2nd and 3rd, and that the convention be officially opened at 9 A. M., Sunday, September 2nd.

The Bronx League to be advised of this date at once.

Meeting adjourned 6 P. M. Board to meet again in May, exact date to be set by State Secretary Kaiser.

Fraternally submitted.

Bertha Vossler, Secretary.

N. B.—Buffalo League to elect from among its membership a new Board of Control member.

#### Bronx County.

The March activities of the Bronx Y. P. S. L. culminating in their fifth anniversary dance, are certainly worthy of record. The county committee representing the four circles deserve commendation for their splendid management of the largest affair ever undertaken by young people. Of course, when they hired the large ballroom of the McKinley Square Casino and Halpern's orchestra, success was assured. Then the artistic souvenir books with the Yipsel emblem beautifully engraved on the cover inspired a feeling of comradeship and fellowship that has never been surpassed. Between the dances the popularity contest for the splendid silver loving cup attracted the attention of all present. When finally the Lionsdale Social Club and the Antimilitarist League had far outstripped the other

contestants the enthusiasm was unbounded. The Antimilitarists got the cup.

Then came the grand march. To the tune of the Marschallise all fell in line. The "Internationale" still found the line lengthening and when the solid phalanx, sixteen abreast, the pioneers of the movement went shoulder to shoulder with the newest members, a great burst of applause greeted them.

Among the local members who honored us with their presence, were, Marie McDonald, Mrs. Rapport, Mrs. Friedman, Mrs. Eckstein and our directors.

The many pretty girls, the splendid dancing of the boys and the noticeable lack of smoke lent an air of refinement which is seldom seen at affairs.

The preparations for the ball did not in the least interfere with any of the regular activities of the circles. Friday, March 9th, at a general meeting of the entire membership, the burning question: "What shall be the attitude of the league to militarism?" was enthusiastically discussed and resulted in the adoption of the following resolution:

Whereas, war is imminent in the present crisis, and

Whereas, we, the Y. P. S. L. are at all times opposed to war and militarism in all its forms.

We, the members of the Y. P. S. L. resolve:

1. To co-operate with all other antimilitarist organizations.
2. To spread broadcast all propaganda opposing militarism and war, by open air meetings, by mass meetings, by distribution of literature, and offering all service possible.

3. To call on all young people to unite with us in our fight against war and militarism.

4. To instruct the National Secretary to communicate with the International Bureau at Zurich as soon as possible.

5. That in case of an outbreak of war, to absolutely refuse to bear arms or aid in any way in the execution of the war, regardless of the outcome, even as our European comrades did.

A most interesting and educational meeting resulted from passing a set of questions out among the members and requesting each one to speak five minutes on the topic he held.

Friday, March 30th, Charles W. Erwin of the New York Call lectured in Circle 1.

Circle 2 has also had most remarkable meetings, having been fortunate enough to obtain Aaron Tomberg of the Board of Education to give an illustrated lecture on Egypt and the Pyramids and Pat. Quinlan on the Irish revolution.

Circle 3 had a most interesting reading contest and discussion.

#### CIRCLE 1, QUEENS

Circle 1, Queens, held a monthly business meeting at the Queens Labor Lyceum on March 2nd, 1917. The meeting was called to order by William Dillemath, organizer. Peter Knopf was elected chairman. The minutes of the previous meeting were read by the recording secretary and were adopted as read. Received a communication including ten tickets from Circle 2, Corona, in reference to their Japanese Ball that will be held at Knickerbocker Hall, Corona, on March 3rd. Motion made and seconded that tickets be accepted. Tickets to be paid for out of the league treasury and given to members that care to go to the Corona Japanese Ball.

Twenty-five tickets were received for a ball and bazaar that will be held under the auspices of Local Queens, Socialist Party, on March 4th, for the benefit of the Woodhaven strikers of the Lalance & Grossman Agate Ware Co. Motion made and seconded to place tickets in hands of committee to dispose of same. A member from the Woodhaven strikers' committee was present for the purpose of asking the young lady comrades to take care of the tea-room, also help to sell chances. The young lady comrades assured the member that they would be present and do all they can accordingly to the best of their ability. The "Yipsel Tango Band" volunteered to furnish the dance music for the affair, without any charge for same.

Under committee reports, first the delegate to the Corona, Queens Co., Committee reported in reference to the last Corona, Queens County, Committee. Second, the delegate to the Magazine Conference stated that there was no report to make due to the fact that the delegates to the Magazine Conference were informed to attend an anti-war meeting that was held at Carnegie Hall, thereby postponing the meeting until the next coming month.

Third, the press agent reported in reference to the work accomplished within the previous month. Read a letter from the National Office in reference to National Young People's Socialist League contest, stating duties of press agent, and asking co-operation of the league members during the contest. Fourth, the entertainment committee reported that the last social was a success, a Valentine Party. The committee stated that a St. Patrick's Social will be held Friday, March 16th. Fifth, the financial secretary's report was accepted as read.

Under new business.—First, motion made and seconded that the league buy a hectograph for the purpose of using it for the leagues' hectograph printing. Second, motion made and seconded that the league pay all expenses of the "Vipsel Tango Band" out of the league treasury. Third, Maurice Paul, the circle director, asked if the circle had already elected an executive committee. He stated that it was necessary to elect an executive committee, after being informed that we had no executive committee, by giving a five-minute speech and showing the importance of same. After the director's speech the following were elected on the executive committee: William Dille-muth, Emma Gebhardt, Charles Krieger, Peter Knopf, Beda Staeholm.

There being no further business, meeting adjourned.

Fraternally submitted,

Peter Knopf, Press Agent.

#### ROCHESTER YIPSELS

The present U. S. war craze is not retarding the activities of Rochester Yipsels, and a good proof may be found in our splendid meetings during the past month.

Rose Schneiderman of New York was with us on Feb. 28th, with her good message for women in industry, and on March 7th, one of our local comrades gave a most interesting talk on "The True Democracy." The usual questions and discussion followed the speaker's remarks, so that the meeting was very instructive.

On Saturday eve, March 10th, league members and friends, enjoyed a good Farmers' Dance with its various features.

On March 14th, the league had a special treat in that one of the Professors of the University of Rochester gave a splendid reading of his own book on "A Scientific Romance." 'Twas the story of the life and travels of a water molecule, covering millions of years, telling of its experiences in the great oceans, up in the clouds, in the rain, the snow, in the glaciers, and icebergs, upon the earth, within the various plants and animals, etc., etc.

On Sunday evening, March 25th, Local Rochester, S. P., held a Big Peace Meeting at one of the local theaters, with Comrade Shipplough as speaker, and, of course, the Yipsels were on deck for the ushering, selling of literature, collections, etc., and we also presented a resolution which was adopted by the meeting.

The league program for the future

includes several lectures on Anti-Militarism, Anti-War, etc.

Just at present we are looking forward to a very successful Moonlight Dance, Saturday evening, March 31st, also an April Fool Party, April 1st. At the same time we have under way the preparations and rehearsals for a play to be presented about the latter part of April. So that together with the National Championship Contest which we always have in mind, we have sufficient work ahead for the future, and then too, the beautiful early Spring weather which we have been enjoying up-state during the past week, has set us thinking of the coming Spring hikes and outings, our conferences with nature, the beautiful free outdoors, which always inspire us to better work for our cause.

Bertha Vossler, Press Agt.  
Rochester Y. P. S. L.

### Announcement

The business-management of this publication herewith desires to inform all the subscribers and friends, particularly all the Yipsels, that through the joint co-operation of a group of devoted comrades a security fund for the general improvement of the magazine has been organized. This fund amounts to about \$100, and is to be considered the beginning of a concerted attempt to improve our magazine, both mechanically and intellectually.

With the May issue, our publication will appear in new dress and an enlarged form. The magazine will be printed on a superior quality of paper, and the contents will be of a character more in accord with the high standards set for an educational organ of the Young Socialist Movement. The magazine which has hitherto been a sixteen page periodical will henceforth appear in twenty-four pages, and we can again assure our readers and friends that this increased volume of reading matter will also be accompanied by a corresponding qualitative improvement in the articles and the general contents of the magazine.

The readers, subscribers and friends of the magazine will readily appreciate that this innovation is bound to be connected with and cause quite an additional expense in the production or the turning out of the publication. The Security Fund will only partly reimburse the management for this deficit. In order to meet and safeguard against any approaching losses, we have decided to raise the price of the paper on single copies and bundle orders from three to

five cents. Furthermore, we must emphasize that this deficit can only be avoided, if a sufficient number of regular standing bundle orders, accompanied by remittances in advance, are always on hand, and materially increase the circulation.

Bundle orders regularly placed and paid for in advance are, consequently, now an important factor in the future life and proper development of this magazine. Agitate, work and organize your forces to secure these orders. Send in your orders before April 20th, if you desire to secure the May issue. The May issue will be an excellent example of what the future copies of the Young Socialist's Magazine will be like and what our innovations will eventually create out of our publication. A copy of the May issue should be in the hands of every Yipsel—of every young brother and sister of that great family constituting the working-class.

What will be your answer to our plea? How will you, the class-conscious members of the proletarian youth, respond to our request? May we figure upon your co-operation in this undertaking? We anxiously await your answer; in your hands rests the future development of this publication.

Send in your bundle orders, send in your advance remittances—work intensively and diligently for new subscribers.

Al. Janwicksna, 5592 6th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### KRIEG UND KIRCHE

Die Armee wie die Kirche ist die Welt der Rechtsumkehrer, der Begünstigung, der Willkür, des passiven Gehorsams, der Verachtung des menschlichen Lebens, der menschlichen Würde. Sie ist, sagt man, der Herd des Heldentums und der Hingebung; sie ist auch der Herd des Verrats und der Feigheit. Leset in den Memoiren und Korrespondenzen der Zeit die Klagen von Soldaten aller Grade unter dem Konsulate und ersten Kaiserreiche. Da ist keine Spur von Moral, keine Frage nach Recht und Gesetz. Das Verbrechen des Soldaten wie das des Christen wird nur in ein schwereres, insoweit es den Befehl, die Hierarchie, die Disziplin verletzt.

P. J. Proudhon.

## MAX BORSODORF

Von  
Karl Radek

### Eines jugendlichen Revolutionärs Leben und Tod

Krieg im Land! Brand im Land! So gellte es von allen Seiten. In den Strassen wälzten sich schwarze Massen, von Angst gepeitscht. "Sie haben uns überfallen, wir müssen uns wehren", ging es von Mund zu Mund, von Herz zu Herz. "Lieb' Vaterland magst ruhig sein" klang es bald, und hart wie Erz wurden die Gesichter. Nur hie und da begegnete man in den unermesslichen Mengen Gruppen, denen man es ansehen konnte: fremd stehen sie diesem patriotischen Enthusiasmus gegenüber. Fremd, aber zähhaft, Ihre Blicke suchten die alte, stolze rote Fahne, die ihnen bisher den Weg wies. Ihre Ohren warteten auf den Kampfruf der Partei, die bisher ihr Hirn war. Aber die rote Fahne wurde heruntergeholt, sie sank vor der schwarz-weiss-roten, die allein in der Augustluft flatterte. Und als die Parole am 4. August ausgegeben wurde, da lautete sie: Wir verteidigen das Vaterland. Die Welle ging über die Köpfe der sozialdemokratischen Arbeiterstromer hinweg und zog sie in den Strom der allgemeinen Stimmung herein.

Nur kleine, verschwindend kleine Arbeitergruppen liessen sich vom Rhythmus der patriotischen Massenbegeisterung nicht mitreißen. Unter ihnen Max Borsdorf, ein sechzehnjähriges Proletarierkind, in Leipzig. In seiner Brust schlug das lebende Herz, das die ganze Menschheit umfasste; in seinem Hirn lebte, wie er schon als Kind eingesaugt hatte; tiefer Glauben an den Sozialismus, der die Menschheit von den Greueln des Krieges befreien sollte. Und jetzt? Die Partei hat

alles verraten, was sie verkündet, an was er kindlich blind geglaubt. Sie half jetzt das Kanonenfutter für den Brudermord begeistern.

Max Borsdorf blieb lebend. Aber eine grosse Traurigkeit kehrte in seinem Herzen ein. Die Sonne, die über seiner Proletarierjugend stand, war ausgelöscht, die Sterne, die ihm den Weg in den Kampf zeigten, verschwunden. Max Borsdorf suchte von älteren Genossen zu erfahren, was zu tun sei. Aber auch die, die dem Sozialismus treu geblieben sind, wussten den Weg nicht, scheuten vor der Tat zurück, sie warteten, bis der Rausch verfliegen sein wird. . . . Schwer ging Borsdorf jeden Tag an seine Arbeit. Bis her adelte sie der Kampf, den er nach schwerer Fron für die Ideale des Sozialismus führte, jetzt war nur der Robot geblieben. Kalt war es um den jugendlichen Proletarier.

Da kam der 2. Dezember 1914. Ein Mann hob die in den Kot getretene Fahne des Sozialismus hoch auf, durchbrach mit ihr in der Hand die Reihen der zu Regierungsveragenten herabgesunkenen, pflichtvergessenen sozialdemokratischen Abgeordneten, bedeckte sie mit seiner Brust und verteidigte sie gegen die ganze Meute des Kapitals. Karl Liebknecht gab das Signal zum Kampf. Disziplinbruch, wetteten die, die die Grundsätze der Partei mit Füßen getreten haben; Voreiligkeit. Eigenmächtigkeit zischten die, die den Sozialismus nur mit Einwilligung seiner Verräter zu verteidigen sich getrauten; ein Heissporn und schlechter Taktiker, raunten sie. Borsdorf wusste

gewiss wenig von den Taktik- und Tiktakfragen — war er doch ein "grüner Junge" —, aber er wusste, dass man für die Sache des Sozialismus kämpfen muss er wusste, dass man zum Kampfe Massen aufrufen muss, er wusste, dass man dies nicht durch Parlamenten mit den Scheidemannern erreichen kann. Er jubelte Liebknecht zu. Er ging an die Arbeit unter seinen jugendlichen Arbeitsgenossen, um mitzuhelfen, dass eine Macht sich um den Mann sammle, der bespion und bespuckt von der Bourgeoisie und den Sozialdemokraten, im Stiche gelassen von den Lauen und Halben, mit seinen Gesinnungsgenossen die Reihen der Kämpfer zu sammeln begann.

Ein neues Leben begann für Max Borsdorf. Mit seinem jugendlichen Verstand wusste er Stand zu halten dem Bremsen der Parteiorganisation, die, obwohl Gegner des Verrats an Sozialismus, vorsichtig jedem scharfen Kampf aus dem Wege ging, das "Treiben" der Jugendlichen mit scheelen Augen ansah. "Scharfe Debatten mit den Alten gehabt", berichtete Borsdorf am 21. Januar 1916 an einen Gesinnungsgenossen in der Schweiz. "Die Kämpfe mit der Partei verschärfen sich", schreibt er wieder am 23. März. In der knappen Zeit, die ihm nach der Arbeit verblieb, galt es, die Verdrossenheit zu bekämpfen, die Jugendlichen aufzurütteln, sie in Kampfgruppen zu verwandeln. Jetzt war es wieder wert, zu leben. In der Werkstatt schlichen die Stunden nicht mehr träge, denn da galt es, alles zu überlegen. Und in den Stunden nach der Arbeit, da floh nur so die Zeit. Von der Jugendausschusssitzung in die Jugendsektionen, von denen in die Parteisitzungen. Und dazu galt es zu lesen, zu kor-



respondieren. Max Borsdorf wuchs über sich hinaus. Er wurde zu einem der tätigsten Jugendgenossen. Seine Intelligenz, seine Energie, seine Liebe zur Sache, eroberten ihm die Herzen der jugendlichen Genossen, die Achtung der Erwachsenen, die gleich wie er sich um Liebknecht zu scharen begannen.

Bald wurde die Polizei auf die Tätigkeit Borsdorfs aufmerksam. "Wir haben jetzt tüchtig mit den Behörden zu tun... Es sitzt ein Spitzel in unseren Reihen, dem wir schon auf die Spur kommen werden. Ich selbst schwebte in Gefahr. Verschiedene Diskussionsredner sind durch ihn der Polizei bekannt geworden. Na, werde es schon ertragen. Zu was bin ich denn Sozialist? Lass mir nur bald neues Material zukommen!" schrieb Borsdorf am 2. Januar 1916. "Wir haben jetzt herrliche Kämpfe mit den Polizeibütteln durchzufechten. Vor Kurzem war eine Frauenversammlung. Anschliessend machten wir eine Demonstration. Daraufhin haben zwei Freunde von mir... Haft wegen unerlaubten Singens der Marsellaise gekriegt. Wir werden trotz allem Sieger sein. Allen Gewalten zu Trutz sich erhalten!" schrieb er im März 1916. Bald begannen die Haussuchungen, einmal nach dem andern. Max Borsdorf unterbrach seine Tätigkeit für keinen Augenblick. Ueber ihm schwebte das Schwert der militärischen Erziehung. Jugendliche, denen die Sozialdemokratie das Recht des Mitsprechens bei politischen Entscheidungen in der Partei abspricht, weil die Jugend erst zur Teilnahme an der Politik erzo-gen werden muss, sie werden im 18. Lebensjahr auf die Schlachthank geführt, damit sie helfen, das Vaterland der Kapitalisten zu verteidigen. Dass der

Moment der Einbeziehung durch seine agitatorische Tätigkeit, durch die Konflikte mit den Behörden für beschleunigt wurde, wusste Borsdorf gut. Aber er wankte nicht. Er sehnte sich nur nach einer Reise nach der Schweiz — bevor der Polyp des Krieges seine Fangarme nach ihm ausstrecken würde — sich mit Gesinnungsgenossen auszusprechen. "Wenn ich mehr verdienen würde und nicht mehr Lehrling zu sein brauchte, ich käme wahrlich vor meiner Lehrzeit einmal zu dir!" schrieb er am 25. Januar 1916. Sein Traum sollte nicht erfüllt werden. Er wurde mit mehreren anderen Genossen wegen der Verbreitung der "Jugend-Internationale" festgenommen und sofort in die Kaserne gesteckt. Jetzt sollte er, der revolutionäre Kämpfer gegen den Krieg, lernen, wie man seine Brüder, die Arbeiter anderer Länder tötet.

Welche Kämpfe Max Borsdorf in der Kaserne auszufechten hatte, was er unter den Gedanken an den immer mehr heranrückenden Kriegsdienst litt, wissen wir nicht. Wir wissen nur, dass er auch in der Kaserne seine Arbeit unter den wachsamen Augen der Behörden getrieben, dass er im steten Kontakt mit den Gesinnungsgenossen verblieb, die um sein Schicksal zitterten.

Während seine der Verbreitung der "Jugend-Internationale" mitangeklagten Kameraden im Dezember 1916 vor die Richter gestellt wurden, musste Max Borsdorf ins Feld. Im Westen lag er im Schützengraben französischen Arbeitern gegenüber und vielleicht war es die Hand eines jugendlichen Sozialisten, die am 1. Januar 1917 das Gewehr abdrückte, dessen Kugel Max Bors-

dorf einen schweren Bauchschuss beibrachte.

Zwei Tage rang er in einem Feldlazarett mit dem Tode. Ob ein gütiges Geschick mit einer Wolke der Bewusstlosigkeit sein Kämpferhörn umhüllte, ob er die schrecklichen Leiden bewusst durchzuhalten hatte, wir wissen es nicht. Aber wir sind sicher, dass jeder klare Gedanke, zu dem er in dem Fieber der Agonie noch fähig war, neben seiner geliebten Mutter nur dem Sozialismus galt.

Am 3. Januar war es mit dem jugendlichen Kämpfer zu Ende. Er, der alles Zeug in sich hatte, einmal Arbeiterbataillone in den Kampf auf Leben und Tod gegen den Kapitalismus, für die Befreiung des Volkes zu führen, fiel im Kampfe für den Kapitalismus. In zwei Jahren vom Kinde zum Manne, zum bewussten Kämpfer gereift, ist er im Alter von 18½ Jahren zum Opfer des Molochs geworden, bevor seine grosse Begehung, seine Energie, sein Enthusiasmus all die grossen Früchte bringen konnte, die von ihm jene erwarteten, die ihn kannten. Aber umsonst waren seine Arbeit, seine Opfer nicht. Er setzte immer seine ganze Persönlichkeit für die Sache ein, er zeigte anderen den Weg, er bewies durch die Tat, dass auf den Ruinen der verfaulten in ein Werkzeug des Kapitalismus verwandelten Internationale ein neues Leben blüht, dass eine Jugendinternationale aufwächst, die bereit ist, für den Sozialismus ihr Leben zu geben.

At Montville, in the Lilley (Queensland) electorate, the vote for the Referendum was 122 for "Yes", and one "No." At the Exemption Court held at the same place almost every man of military age—47 in number—applied for exemption from military service! The Patriots! The howling, raging Patriots!