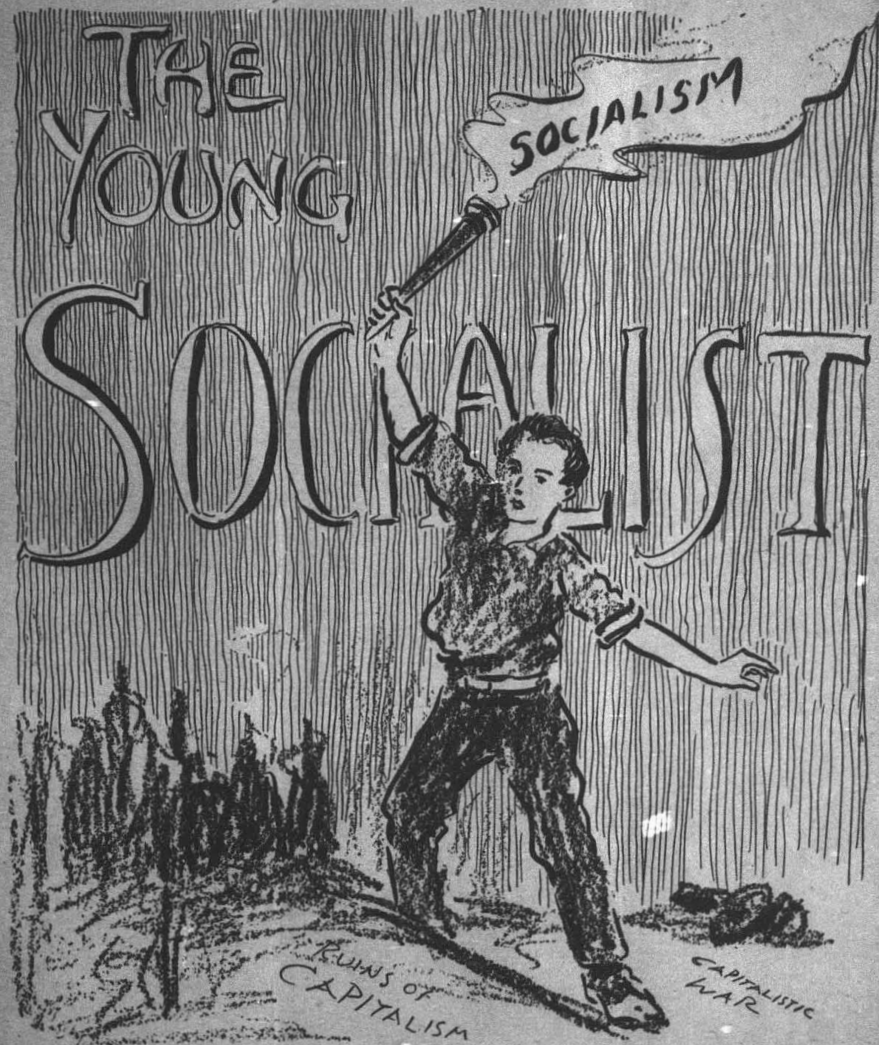


The Young Socialists' Magazine

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Drawn for the Y. S. M., by Ryan Walker.

THE TRAITOR

By Berton Braley

He hangs out a flag from his home and his office,
He always stands up at "The Star-Spangled Banner,"
In talks and discussions he rails at the Prussians
And handles the Kaiser in virulent manner;
He always is present at loyalty meetings.
And up on the platform he pays for a seat,
(The price doesn't matter, his profits are fatter
Since war gave him chances for cornering wheat).

He talks with emotion of "brave soldier laddies"
Or "noble young jackies who sail on the foam,"
Then shoots up the price on potatoes and rice
And other things needed abroad and at home;
He praises brave mothers who give their sons freely,
Then soaks those same mothers for clothing and food.
But if you cry "traitor," this smooth speculator
Will think you are one of a lunatic brood.

Yet Benedict Arnold was only a piker
Compared 'to the man who, amid all the strife,
Will seize on the chances to force huge advances
In things that a nation depends on for life.
He did his foul work in the war of secession
He poisoned our boys in the conflict with Spain —
High up on a gibbet we ought to exhibit
This traitor who holds up a nation for gain!

WAS SHE CRAZY?

It is a very common sight nowadays to see large touring cars decorated with the stars and stripes and carrying the sign "Join the Army or the Navy" on our thoroughfares. The passengers of such cars are usually richly gowned ladies who do not bear any of the signs of want or care on their faces—and who can go undisturbed about their patriotic work.

Not long ago one of these automobiles graced our humble street—stopped a short distance from the office of our union. Needless to say there was a squad of policemen and detectives on hand to protect the enlistment booster. A middle aged woman, clad in costly furs, rose from her seat in the machine, waved the national emblem for a while, then began her agitation for recruits. In part she told the men that it is their sacred duty to enlist—that the honor of their country should be above everything—that if they do not en-

list they are traitors to the country, etc., etc. The audience was unresponsive—many eyed the speaker with restrained anger. I noticed especially an elderly man, a typical Irishman, who was having difficulty in keeping himself in hand. He finally uttered a loud oath in protestation and then disappeared in the crowd.

The crowd gradually dwindled to a handful of people. The speaker, undaunted, continued. She addressed most of her remarks to a pale-faced, seemingly poorly nourished woman in her urging the women folk to encourage their men to enlist. Just then one woman asks the speaker: "In whose name are you speaking? Whom do you represent?" The speaker says, "In the name of American women, American mothers and in the name of the Woman's Suffrage Party." The questioner looks around a minute and angrily exclaims "It is a lie! You are not talking in the

name of American women and American mothers: You are talking in the name of Wall Street, Rockefeller, Morgan and all the insidious forces whose hands are stained with the blood of the workers. You are talking in the name of the very forces who sap the life out of us and rob us of our freedom. I am a member of the Woman's Suffrage Party and surely not I nor thousands, yea, tens of thousands, like me have given you the right to speak in our name. You and those like you have never asked us if we are for war! You have ignored our protests! You are swindlers and impostors!" The last few words she shrieked in hysterical tones. The speaker became pale and agitated. The police have grabbed the disturber and are jostling her about very roughly, but they do not arrest her because the speaker asked them to leave her alone, explaining that the poor creature must be insane.

SOCIALISM AND WAR

By Karl Dannenberg

By virtue of his economic position the worker can justly consider himself as the only true internationalist in society today. In his capacity as a wage slave he pays tribute to only one master, 'is subjugated by only one power, and recognizes only one foe: private property in the means of life.

In capitalist society the numerically superior class of wage workers is stripped of every remnant of property, and also of all conceptions, traditions, and customs closely identified or interwoven with ownership. The worker is a proletarian in the truest sense of the word: he is propertyless and dependent upon those who will utilize his physical or intellectual ability to work for their personal aggrandizement. He is compelled to offer himself in the market like every other commodity to the highest bidder.

The purchaser seeks in this commodity, labor, a source of revenue, because unlike all other commodities it yields in its consumption not only value for value, but reproduces its own value (wage) plus additional value (surplus). The seller of his labor power sees in this sale the only opportunity to gain a livelihood. This bargain, however, is an odious transaction in to which the worker is coerced by the threat of starvation.

Between the seller and purchaser of labor power an insurmountable barrier exists: the cleavage between exploiter and exploited. In everyday shop

life irreconcilable economic interests manifest themselves in the tendency of both parties (worker or capitalist) to get an ever larger share of labor's product.

In political life this industrial struggle assumes definite and conscious shape in the organization of a distinct proletarian political party, having for its object the destruction of the commodity character of labor power through the socialization of the means of life. Until this aim is realized an irrepressible conflict will continue to rage between the exploiters and exploited, the capitalists and the wage slaves—and the worker will remain a commodity.

I am certain that quite a few readers are wondering why I am, at this late hour of the proletarian struggle, reiterating these commonplace fundamentals of Socialist principles. However, when we view the confusion rampant and tactics employed in the labor movement at home and abroad, then we are compelled to conclude that these fundamentals old as they are, have not been mastered by the many so-called "leaders," and are still unknown to many sincere and well-meaning "Socialists." Due to this blissful ignorance, the determining forces or basic causes of social life in general and the gigantic war in particular were not recognized by even the so-called "Socialist vanguards" of the workers, and therefore intelligent counter-action was made impossible at the outset.

Now, then, to return to our original theme, as a commodity the worker ceases to be a member of a distinct community, or an inhabitant of a specific country: his national "dignity" or consciousness is obliterated by the badge of wage slavery. As a commodity the worker's only interest is to sell his labor power to the highest bidder, consequently, he considers that country his "fatherland" where his ware has the highest exchange value, or where he has the opportunity to keep himself and family alive by producing profits for his employer. As a propertyless wage slave his stability as a resident depends upon the condition of the labor market and not upon his inclination or love for the country of his birth.

All governments to him are but the legal and executive agents of the owners of private property in the means of life: all governments are but the upholders of and apologists for the system which oppresses him—all governments are but lackeys of the class which exploits him.

Private property in the means of production, distribution, and exchange, i. e., capitalism, is upheld by all governments the world over. The worker is consequently exploited in every country on the globe. Wherever he may wander, he can not escape this servitude—this system of production. Capitalist production is international in so far as it represents a distinct economic stage in the evolution of society.

(Continued on Page 6)

ARE THERE SLAVES IN AMERICA?

Every Fourth of July the spellbinders rave of our "glorious independence," just for all the world as if it were true instead of being a colossal lie. Never was there in the world at any time in its history a people less independent, and more entirely dependent upon the will of a ruling class, than are the great bulk of the people of this nation. And what is true of this country is true of all the great commercial nations of the world. The liberty of the Englishman or the American amounts to the same as the liberty of the German, the Russian or the Spaniard—to work for such wages and under such conditions as the master class may determine, or starve. The much vaunted "Liberty" of the workers is, after all, only as Shelley sings:

"To work and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day.
In your limbs as in a cell
For the tyrants' use to dwell.

'Tis to let the Ghost of Gold
Take from toil a thousandfold
More than e'er its substance could
In the tyrannies of old.

This is slavery—savage men
Or wild beasts within a den
Would endure not as ye do—
But such ills they never knew."

There are two means of enslaving men: either you may, by purchase or by conquest, acquire the ownership of the people themselves—this is one way—or you may own the means whereby they must live. If you own all the means of a man's life, nay, further, if you own anything that he cannot live without, you are his master and he

is your slave as truly as if you owned him by right of purchase or of conquest. Shakespeare realized that when he said:

"You take my house, when you do
take the prop
That does sustain my house; you
take my life,
When you take the means whereby
I live."

If we apply that test to our economic system and ask ourselves whether we own all the means of life, or whether some indispensable things are not withheld from us, no amount of sophistry can hide the fact that the great bulk of the means of the common life are in the hands of a few people, and that we are dependent upon them for life itself. Thomas Carlyle, whose dyspepsia was responsible for many foolish sayings, said also some profoundly wise things. His description of the difference between the wage-worker and the chattel-slave ought to be graven on the tablets of the memory of every workingman and every workingwoman. The difference between the white wage-worker and the negro slave, he said, consists principally in the fact that the negro slave was bought for a lifetime for so many hundreds of dollars, while the wage-worker is bought for so many cents an hour or so many dollars a week, as the case may be. That is the chief difference. Another thing is that we don't give them the trouble to offer us by auction nowadays, but instead we go and offer ourselves for sale, saying "please buy us at so much an hour or so much a week," for

that is what it amounts to when one man has to beg from some other man the right to work. We sell ourselves on the instalment plan—and heaven knows the price is small! Under the old-time slave system the master who had a couple of thousand dollars invested in a slave would naturally look after the health of the slave, since he would lose if the slave died or was ill. But there is no money invested in the wage-slave and the employer has not that interest in his well-being. If a worker is killed or maimed, what of it? The employer loses nothing and there are plenty waiting to step into his place. Our position, then, leads us to condemn as wrong and immoral the whole fabric of society.

"We First Endure, Then Pity,
then Embrace"

"Militarism will mark the program of the Kansas City Country Club at its Decoration Day Exercises Wednesday."
(Kansas City Star, May 27.)

If savage tribes despise our island kingdom,
Refuse to be to British greed a prey;
We claim with arms our right to hold dominion,
For conquest is the only theme to-day.

Then strike your harps, ye bards,
in warlike numbers,
Such sentiment just now is sure to pay;
Your am'rous notes must rest in peaceful slumbers,
For conquest is the only theme to-day.

Dear Comrades:

We are about to add a new feature to the *Young Socialists' Magazine*, which we believe will increase the interest and usefulness of the magazine. It will consist of a Directory Department, containing the names of all the Young Peoples' Circles as well as the addresses and dates of meetings.

The advantages of this Directory Department are obvious. Communication between the Young Peoples' Circles is at present a difficult and slow matter, due to lack of knowledge as to the whereabouts of each circle, and sometimes as to just what circles there are in existence.

Membership in this department means that your league will be made known to all readers of the magazine and if any other league should wish to communicate with your circle (or vice versa), it will merely be necessary to turn to the magazine for the address instead of writing to the National Office, which entails unnecessary delay and trouble. We therefore feel that this department should be of great convenience, as well as the means of bringing the leagues in closer touch with one another.

We hope you will approve of this plan and help us carry it out successfully. Membership in the directory will be \$2 per year. If your league wishes to be listed, please send us the name of your organizer, and the name and address of your league, the dates of your meetings and the membership fee. Please also keep us informed as to any change in these details.

Send all communications concerning the directory to Alex. Jaunviksna, 1301 57th Street, Brooklyn, Circulation Manager.

TWO DAYS

Although the alarm clock struck about ten minutes ago, the time for me to get up, yet I still lie in bed thinking how delicious it is to lie, half asleep, half awake, cheating time. But my imagination played me a trick; I suddenly thought that it must be half an hour or more I had overslept, and jumping out of bed I dressed quickly, and after a hurried breakfast started for work. And here another day, just as all the others of the worker's monotonous, fruitless year, began, I came into the factory just as the power started, sat down at my machine and began to work.

"Got the blues this morning?" asked the girl opposite. I looked up and smiled a faint, artificial smile. "Oh, no," I answered, knowing it was a lie. I try to think of pleasant things but cannot. Then slowly the fever of the power creeps into my bones. I try to keep up with its speed. The noise of the one hundred other machines is lost to me. I hear only my own machine. I seem to see only the bright needle dance rapidly up and down and my thought is to feed it. Suddenly I feel a sharp pain in my side and I stop abruptly. The girls near me look up as the noise of my machine subsides. I resent their interest. Why should it molest them if I wish to stop? They note the angry expression on my face and are silent. I start the machine again but most of my energy is gone. I work slower. I begin to think—forgetting gradually about the work.

I am thinking of Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell" which I have reread the previous evening. Certain strong lines run through my mind and I smile. I begin to feel kinder

bigger in spirit. I really have almost forgotten the work, when suddenly I see black . . . My heart is torn with pain. I have driven the needle into my finger through the nail. One of the girls brings quickly peroxide, bandages. There is a stir, a medley of excited, pained voices, twenty kindly eyes beam sympathy upon me for a few moments, then work resumes as before. Such occurrences are nothing, we are all used to such things here. But in my heart and mind fierce thoughts run riot. I feel hatred and rebellion against everything, especially against those individuals who say, while they rest complacently in some cushioned chair, "Oh, well, it really does not matter what one's hands do, the mind can always go soaring."

Only for a few moments my mind "went soaring" and here I am. It is a lie! These dear ladies have never run a power machine where hands and eyes and mind must all cooperate in the dull drudgery or one pays dearly. With such thoughts I begin work again. Soon the bell rings—it is twelve o'clock. Everyone rushes to get out first. We have thirty minutes for lunch, and the girls who eat at the cafeteria have their time evenly divided: five minutes to get there (it is a block away), ten minutes to wait in line, ten minutes to eat, and five minutes to get back again. I go out and down for a walk. The sun is shining brightly. What a glorious summer day it still is! I have walked three times around the block and it is time to go up again. Again work begins. The afternoon hours pass slowly. I am nervous, my finger aches. I feel like crying but am ashamed to do so—the other girls so near. At last the bell rings again. This time

the girls go out slowly. Tired and angry and irritable, I am now so unlike the girl who lay in bed a little longer this morning. Mother looks at my bandaged finger as I come in and says, "Again?"

I eat supper and start for school. A few hours later I am in bed—my eyes close quickly. My mind is dull now. I only long for sleep. No—there are no dreams woven the last minutes before falling asleep. My feet are ice-cold, and a sigh of relief escapes my lips, for mother has placed a hot-water bottle in my bed. I press my feet close against its kindly warmth and fall to sleep—to wake again—to begin another day so like the days which passed.

(Two months later.)

I have been in the hospital more than a week. The visitors have just left and I lie here perfectly still, watching the daylight merge and blend into night. My window faces the east and I never tire of looking at the hills when I am not in pain. It is wonderfully quiet here. The bed opposite is occupied by a little girl, suffering, I should judge, from underfeeding. She is about ten years of age, with a very childish voice but an old face, and speaks but little. I lie with my eyes half shut, thinking. I allow my imagination to pick up each thought, which is only interrupted by the entrance of the nurse with medicine. When she is in the room I like to watch her. She is a well-built girl about twenty-six years old, with a strong, healthy voice.

Again I turn my eyes toward the hills. There against the darkening sky they have taken on new shape. Suddenly I hear music—at first I think it only my imagination but soon I hear it distinctly. It is a haunting, yearning sound, sug-

gestive of the sob of the wind above a gray wintry sea. The music awakens hidden strings in my heart. They roar, cry, speak, and into my mind come recollections old and new, but not of happy things. The music seems to come from some cottage near the hospital. Soon the sound changes and with it my mood. Now they are playing something loud and rapid, and through my mind flashes the thought of the city with its clatter and turmoil. I see eternal poverty on one hand and eternal luxury on the other. Again the music changes, but keeping the same strain. I ask, will it ever be thus? Is my dream for a glorious future for mankind only a dream? Oh, how I hate the accursed city with its overcrowded population, vast, unemployed armies, famine, disease and luxury!

Perhaps the music changed again, I do not know, for I fell asleep. Awake again at four-thirty I feel a thrill of glory as I look through the window. The sky above the hills is a fiery red. I glance for the first time at the little girl. She is leaning on her little hands and looking out. "Do you think it is pretty?" I ask. "Oh, yes, ma'm," she answers without taking her eyes from the scene.

"Wonderfully beautiful," I whisper, and try to sit up, but a sharp

pain in my side reminds me. I lie down again. Again I think of my days at the factory; of all my comrades in the mills, in the mines, in the cities, who never get a chance to see the glories and beauties of nature, and I wonder how many of them would prefer the pain I feel in order to get the rest—vacation—which I get and see the beauty which I see now. Yes, I know many of them would choose it. This may sound like bitter irony—it really is a farce which breaks the heart.

It is daylight now. Somewhere in the city the sun is trying to enter by stealth, for the high buildings are barring his way. B. K.

In Hospital, Los Angeles, Cal.

Two militiamen in front of the army. Solemn faces. Vehement gestures.

"Patriotic boys!" thought I. "How bravely they respond to their country's call. How earnestly they discuss her welfare!"

I approached.

... "Ought to be shot!" said one.

"Worse than that," replied the other. "Why, if he hadn't muffed that ball, the Giants would a'won!"

—*New York Tribune.*



SOCIALISM AND WAR

(Continued from Page 2)

The workers' struggle, therefore, assumes an international aspect. Much as the capitalist classes and their respective governments may be at variance with each other on questions of markets, fields of investment, etc., they, however, all agree in one respect, namely, that private property must be upheld and the worker remain a slave.

The capitalists are restrained and fettered by the national interests of their class or group in their respective countries. The war in Europe is conclusive evidence of this contention. And it is not at all an exaggerated generalization to state that this great war, in its last analysis, is but waged in order to decide to which national capitalist class the privilege of extorting the largest share of the surplus value, produced by the workers of the world, shall fall. The English and French capitalists are fighting for the maintenance of the status quo, which places them in a position to reap the lion's share of labor's product. And Germany, aggressive and militant imperialistic Germany, is struggling for a place at the through of surplus value which will enable it to consume the largest portion. All of these capitalist governments are struggling with only one object before them: to win for their respective capitalist constituents the power to dispose over the products of the disinherited working class.

Truly the workers have nothing in common with the fatherland loving phrasemongers, who under the cloak of nationalism conceal their greedy desire for

profit. The worker as a propertyless wage slave has no country, boundaries, traditions, and conventionalities to defend. Capitalism has developed in him its international grave digger. Consequently all Socialists who plead the cause of their respective capitalist governments on the strength of defending national institutions, etc., are seeking to defend something which the workers have long ceased to possess and are directly supporting the ambitions of their capitalist exploiters.

* * *

To regard this war as a struggle of democracy against despotic militarism, or culture against barbarism, is another view flowing from faulty reasoning; a reasoning that fully ignores the economic causes of this conflict and also the wage slave's economic position in society. This method of deduction is largely indulged in by English and French Socialists. Before we occupy ourselves more fully with the effects produced by assuming the sponsorship over Democracy against the onslaughts of Prussian militarism, let us again emphasize the following: This struggle, as stated before in these pages, is primarily a struggle of full-fledged capitalist countries for industrial and financial supremacy. Russia's fervent plea for Constantinople and her firm demand on her allies to recognize her claim, convincingly indicates the awakening of industrial and modern agrarian Russia to the necessity of well organized markets. Therefore, the struggle fought in Europe does not imply the subjugation of modern capitalist nations for the purpose of

wantonly eradicating their institutions or traditions, but rather for the purpose of exterminating their respective competitive influences in another part of the globe. For instance, German imperialism ambushed behind Mohammedan prestige in the Orient. This struggle is an imperialistic war, a war of national capitalist interests for international supremacy; it has its origin in the capitalist profit system and seeks its perpetuation upon a higher plane.

A DAMPER

The late Prof. Lounsbury, of Yale, was a foe to the purist and pedant.

On his summer holiday the professor gazed out across the lake one gray and sultry afternoon, and remarked:

"It looks like rain."

A pedant was seated in a rocking chair near by.

"What looks like rain, professor?" he chuckled. "Ha, ha! I've got you there. What looks like rain?"

"Water," Professor Lounsbury answered coldly.—*Tit-Bits.*

PUSSY KNEW

"Has Reggie come home from school yet, Mary?" asked Reggie's mother.

"I think so, ma'am," said Mary. "The cat's a-hiding in the coal house."

Mrs. Dents (at the ball game, excitedly): Isn't our pitcher perfectly grand, John! He hits the club nearly every throw!

TO THE CHILD OF A REVOLUTIONIST

By Louis Untermeyer

Child, you were born with fighting
in your blood,

Your first breath was a struggle,
sharp and swift:

Yet from the tumult and the darkening
floor,

Child, you must lift.

Splendid it is to hurl against the
strong

Bulwarks of ignorance a stronger
stuff;

Splendid to challenge prejudice
and wrong—

But not enough.

Yes, when your angry faith defeats
the foe,

And when the last, deep, thundering
growl is stilled,

With the same arms that stabbed
and brought them low,

Child, you must build!

Yet you shall hear the soundless
bugles call,

And there shall be fresh wars
and no release,

And you shall fight the hardest
fight of all—

Even in peace.

There shall be little rest and great
delight;

And struggling still, your banner
shall ascend,

Battling for beauty,—that exalted
fight

Which has no end.

A BAD TURN

Dr. B.—Johnson has done the meanest thing I ever heard of. He came to my house the other night, ate a big dinner, got indigestion, and then went to another doctor to be cured.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Concerning a Declaration of Principles.

The Declaration of Principles of the Young People's International has received the endorsement of the Executive Committee of the Swedish and Norwegian National Organizations, of parts of the German group, so far as they have received the communication, and by the Canadian organization.

The Danish Young People's organization, in general approved of the declaration, but proposes a number of changes and also a shortening of the whole. Our Danish comrades propose the following:

In recognition of the fact that—in accordance with the development of social conditions in this age of capitalism and imperialism—a closely related international union between the working class is necessary, if the proletariat hopes to overthrow its capitalist masters, to abolish capitalist conditions and substitute socialist methods in their stead, the International Union hereby resolves:

1. To work toward the organization of young workers in all countries, in separate organizations; to disseminate socialist ideas, to carry on an energetic campaign against militarism and nationalist prejudices, to bring the direct influence of the young people of the working class to bear upon the government, to strive for effective protection of the youth of the proletariat against capitalist oppression and exploitation, to train the young people of the working class to participation in the class struggle in all its various forms.

2. To recognize the necessity of proletarian action in case of war between the nations, and to encourage the labor parties of all countries to demand disarmament, to call upon the labor movements of all countries to unite upon definite action in case of war.

3. In case where the juvenile movement of any country meets with particular difficulties, to give them the greatest possible moral and financial support.

4. The organizations belonging to the union of Socialist Young People's Organizations hereby pledge themselves to carry out the decisions of the regular accredited representatives to this union, and shall be entitled to affiliation with this union only so long as they carry out these decisions under consideration of the conditions in the different countries.

5. The Secretariat shall draw up a constitution which shall cover all further details concerning the regular duties and privileges of the international union.

In the Social Democratic Young People's Organization of Denmark.

Ernst Christiansen.

Military Inspecting Officer.—Now, sergeant, what precautions do you take against infected water?

Sergeant.—We boil it!

Officer.—Very good.

Sergeant.—Then we filter it.

Officer.—Excellent!

Sergeant.—And then we drink beer.

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Advice to Conscientious Objectors

The Bureau of Legal First Aid of New York is informed that those persons who registered in New York on June 5th and feel that the cards bearing their signatures carry statements which are either incomplete or contrary to their intention will now have an opportunity to correct their registration. While it is not possible to alter registration cards already made out, additional statements which the registered person desires to make, if sent in writing, will be attached to his card, duly returned to the Assembly District in which registration was made and be considered an integral part of the registration.

It is suggested that similar permission might be granted elsewhere, if requested of the local registration board.

The Bureau of Legal First Aid advises everyone who desires to see his registration thus corrected to avail himself of this offer at the earliest possible moment.

Socialism, the only American Institution

After all, there isn't so much difference between nations. The ruling class is the same, the world over; only it took the war to make some of us realize it. How familiar the story of the Boston Common incident, where a peaceful, orderly anti-war meeting of Socialists and labor organizations, held on the site that has stood, in the annals of American history for liberty and revolutionary spirit was broken up by a mob of soldiers, must sound in the ears of the Russian who lived in the Empire of the Czar in the palmy days of Cossack rule. The German, who came to this country to seek political freedom, the right to speak and to write according to the dictates of his conscience, feels far-off memories of Prussian democracy arise within him, when he reads that the American Socialist, the International Socialist Review, and the Philadelphia Press, active fighting organs of the Socialist movement, have been suppressed by that self-ordained Board of Censors, the United States Post Office. The young Englishman, who has just succeeded in shaking the dust of a too-solicitous fatherland from his shoes, finds his new home too, hastening to pave the way for a system of public registration such as has given to the autocratic rulers of Germany, Austria, and old time Russia a most effective means of combating growing revolutionary movements.

We are making the world safe for democracy—by splitting the heads of people who ask for peace.

We're making the world safe for democracy—by suppressing newspapers that have but exer-

cised their right of criticism and protest.

But after all the spirit of democracy and freedom is not so easily killed. It lived in Russia under the knout of the Czar and the sword of the Cossack.

It lives in Germany, and will live long after the House of Hohenzollern and all it represents will have gone down the ill-starred path of history's tyrants.

For it lives wherever men and women refuse to submit to the tyrant rule of a master class, drunk with power, be they the Junkers of a European absolutism, or the money lords of a republic that has sold its birthright for a mess of pottage.

The overwhelming majority with which the majority resolution was passed by the Socialist party membership proves, if proof was still necessary, that our movement has remained true to its international principles, and stands ready to fight the war to a finish, as the bitterest, most dangerous enemy that liberty and democracy in any nation can have. The fact that in every corner of the country thousands of men and women are joining our movement plainly shows that we have, by this vote, taken the only stand consistent with the mission we have to perform. For, while the socialist parties of Europe that fell before the sudden onslaught of the war into the arms of nationalist prejudices, have been driven back, step by step, we will grow, in spite of the frantic efforts of our war-mad rulers to suppress us.

For to-day, the "un-American" Socialist movement is the only "American" institution in America.

AFTER THE BATTLE

War Sketch by Frederick Krafft

George. Be quiet, my boy. We may get over it if help comes.

Henry: Where are you? Who are you? (Tries to crawl toward George.)

George: I'm George Alberts, and by the sound of your voice I judge you to be Henry Walter of our company. Are you hurt much, my boy?

Henry: I guess so. I have a dreadful pain in my side. I am sure I am going to die. I feel it—God knows I always tried to lead a good, peaceful life.—Oh, my poor mother—I was her only support, (Weeps.)

George: There is no use of crying now, any more than there was when we left our dear ones at the railroad station. And why fear to die now and be finished with our misery and suffering? If we live and our people find we will only have to go through another such a terrible day, if we are well enough to be put into the fight. The sooner we are dead the better.

Henry: Don't say that—for God's sake; don't say that. It may be worse after death than what we have lived through here.—Oh, oh, it hurts me to talk—oh, oh—

George: What? Can you imagine a worse hell than this? Ten thousand devils could not devise worse tortures, horrors and slaughterings, nor invent greater hypocries and lies than those under which we are now suffering.

First Soldier: Water, water—give me some water. (Others take up the cry. Outside cries of terror are heard approaching.)

Henry: My God, it's that insane man coming back.—God help us now.

George: Well, then, if you value your life so much lie down and don't stir. No telling what he may do next.

Robert (rushes in, in a mortal terror): Stop! Stop! Don't kill me—I surrender! I have a wife and family. Spare me, spare me! (Crouches in abject fear. After a few moments laughs hysterically.) Ha, ha, ha! I fooled you. Ha, ha, ha! I am a neutral nation—I do not supply ammunition, ha, ha, ha! (Looks heavenward.) Hey, God—God damn them all—Don't you hear me, God?—I am the Kaiser—I am the Czar—ha, ha, ha! Don't you believe me?—I am the King—I am the President—ha, ha, ha!—You know, you're on our side—you're fighting with every one of us. (Looks back.) There they come again. Help, Jesus Christ—help me! Runs to left front. After a pause

laughs derisively, gradually blending into sounds of fear and terror.) Good God, help me—help—see, they come—with ut arms—without legs—without heads—their brains spattering—their bowels dangling—ah—(falls forward with blood-curdling shriek, clawing the earth in his frenzy.) (Renewed cries of agony all around.)

1st Soldier: Water—oh, my God—only a drop of water—

2d Soldier: Oh, my poor wife—my poor children—

Henry: Great God, save me—spare me, don't let me die!

George (after a pause): Poor Robert, he has lost his reason, like thousands of others in this war. And thousands in neutral countries who are clamoring for war are losing theirs also. My God, it seems as though a plague of madness has seized the human race. (Drags himself toward Henry who has fallen at this time nearly reached the center front of the scene.) Hundreds of conflicting thoughts rush through my confused brain every hour of the day. Perhaps I am insane without knowing it, since most of the time I am in doubt whether I am awake or dreaming. One minute I would like to close my eyes forever, and in the next I cannot suppress the longing to live.—To live! What for?—Oh—my leg—oh! Confound it, what's the use of living in such pain and misery!

Henry: Oh, how glad I am to be near a living person among all these dead with their glassy, staring eyes, their disfigured faces and limbless bodies. Don't say we ought to be glad to die. We must live.

George (with sudden inspiration): Yes, we must live and get away from all this horror. The world must learn something of this hell before others are driven into it.

Henry: Oh, thank you for these words. We shall live. We shall live!

George: Ps! See, Robert is getting up again. Lie quiet.

Robert (sitting up as though stupefied, finally begins to sing.)

We will rally round the flag, boys, We'll rally once again—

(Shouts) Hooray!

You say my wife and children are starving? Rats!—To hell with them. Ha, ha, ha!—(Shakes a corpse.) Hey, get up—Are you dead?—Sure, you are—Serves you right, you damned fool. You're nothing but a poor

HENRY WILLIAM
ROBERT GEORGE

George (awakens gradually and looks about himself): Almighty God—dark—fire—where am I—(touches a dead body and utters a cry of terror.) My God!—Am I alive?—(Loud groans are heard.) What was that? (Starts to rise, falls back.) Oh, oh, oh, my leg—oh—oh—

William (whose arm is pinioned by a burning rafter, shrieking): Oh, my hand is burning—my arm—oh, what a pain. Help, help, help—my arm—I can't stand it—oh—kill me—kill me—oh, won't some one kill me—this is awful—oh, my God—my God—this is awful—

Henry: Oh, must I die? My God, must I die? I am so young.—Oh, mother—mother! Does no one hear me?—Must I die—oh, must I die? (with a loud shriek) My God, I killed no one—must I die? Forgive me—God, forgive me—let me live—God, let me live.

William: Kill me, oh, will no one kill me? Oh, my God—this pain—this pain (shrieking) oh—oh, this pain—

Robert (who was sitting with a blank expression): Ha, ha, ha.—This is great fun. What are you all hollering about? (Shoots William from where he sits.) There, you'll shut up now. Ha—ha—ha.—Are there any more of you? (Shoots several?) Ha, ha, ha.—(Rises, picks up a sword.) I am the commander-in-chief. Forward, damn you, forward. Shoot them down like dogs. (Runs off right with exultant yell.) Shoot to kill, boys, shoot to kill—ha, ha, ha!

Henry: My God, will he kill me? Oh, my God, I did not want to go. I always felt war would be like this.

sucker, anyway—ha, ha, ha.—The rich make the wars and the poor fight them, ha, ha, ha!

George: His shattered brain sends forth a truth as old as civilization itself.

Henry: Don't let him hear you. He is liable to become violent again.

(Dawn approaches as Robert remains motionless, staring into vacancy.)

George: I begin to feel tired and dizzy. Come to think of it now, I must have been unconscious for nearly a day, from fatigue and pain, as it was about noon-time when I fell, and now we are approaching daybreak.

Henry: I wish I could say the same, but I was awake all the time since I fell with a sudden pain just below my stomach. This was about nightfall. Hundreds passed over my body, but only one stepped on my hand, which I hardly felt because of the other pain. I will never be able to describe the sensations which seized me to see, on all sides of me, men being slowly stamped of ground to death by men, horses and wagons.—Under ordinary circumstances I would have fainted at the sight, but the dreadful death which threatened me quickened my nerves.

George: Then it certainly was a blessing for me that I did not see, did not feel any of this.

Henry: No wonder you are calmer than I am. My God, if I should live a hundred years I could never forget the intense mental and physical agony which I endured among the wounded and dying when darkness set in. (Weeps.) My God, what have I done to suffer so? Oh, those long, endless hours of an eternal night!—The silence of the dead around me was even more gruesome than the cries of the suffering.—My constant pain kept my head awake, which threatened to burst with all the changing emotions from horror to anxiety; now calling upon God in prayer, then torturing my brain with questions as to the why and wherefore of all this mad carnage, and through these all my vision was riveted upon my past life and associations.—Never before did my mother appear so angelic, my father as solicitous, my friends so kind, my home so inviting.—Oh, why, oh why did I listen to those who enticed me, who led me to believe that was a divine institution; who fairly forced me into this from which there is no escape? (Weeps.)

George: I feel no pain while I see you suffering like this. Come, boy, cheer up. While there is life there is hope.

Henry: Hope! Hope? No, no! This night has opened my eyes—but too late—too late. I see it all now. There will be no end to these horrors as long as the masses can be taught that they are fighting for their homes, for their families, for their country's honor, whatever is meant by that, when in reality all those rotting in the sun or lying in nameless graves, all of us, crippled and dying, we all have sacrificed our lives for the benefit of those who have obtained power and dominion over their fellowmen by all the arts of hell.—Oh, here is that pain again—oh—to remind me of my folly. I see it now. Oh, oh—too late—too late.

George: Come, stop talking, it excites you. It will do you more harm than good just now.

Henry: No, let me. My over-crowded brain must vomit these oppressive thoughts. That will bring relief.—Oh, this pain comes and goes.—There, it's letting up again.—How often did I hear people denouncing the rich and powerful! I felt like choking them for their envious hatred, that I deemed it to be. When they protested against war, I considered them cowards, worse—traitors. Oh, if I had only listened to them, if all of us had heeded their warnings we would not be here now, forsaken by God and man. (Excited.) The thought that I was such a fool will drive me crazy also. Oh, why—oh—my God—I can't breathe—I—oh!

(Falls back.)

George: Come, calm yourself. It will pass over. Here comes help. Thank God, here comes help. (Cries of help me, save me, water, are heard on all sides as members of Red Cross appear.) This way. For God's sake, hurry up.

1st Red Cross (bends over Henry): He's a goner. His intestines are pierced.

2d Red Cross: Come on. No time to lose.
(Renewed cries of help.)

Robert: Shut up your noise, you'll wake my children.—Where are my children? (Searches on the ground and in his pockets.) I am sure my children were here just now.

1st Red Cross: Another one gone nutty. Poor devil!

2d Red Cross: Let's get away from here. We've had enough trouble with these kind of cases.

Robert: Hold on there! Give me back my children.

1st Red Cross: That's all right, my man. Go over to the hospital. That's a good boy.

Robert: But I want to see my children.

2d Red Cross: There they are! Looking at the fire over there near the hospital.

Robert: Fire! You threw them into the fire. Yes, I saw you do it—My God, get them out. There they are, look. (Shrieks.) Give me back my children. Ha, ha, ha! See them throw away their arms and legs. Look at the blood spurting from them. The blood is coming this way. There, there, look out! We'll drown in it. Ha, ha, ha, now it is drying up—the flies are drinking it—Hurry up, we must put out the fire with blood.—There's no more blood.—Give me your blood! (Rushes at first Red Cross, who jumps aside and Robert stumbles and falls. Second Red Cross shoots him as he falls.)

2d Red Cross: Saved you just in time—Oh, what brutes we are forced to be, even in our vocation of mercy!

1st Red Cross: It certainly was a close shave. (To George:) What's the matter with you?

George: My leg—
(Red Cross cuts open his trouser leg and examines.)

1st Red Cross: You're not hurt much. Bullet struck your leg at a tangent causing simply a painful swelling of the muscle. (Saturates a bandage.) Here, wind this bandage neatly around your leg and we will get you later, if you can't limp along by that time. We must attend to the more serious cases first.

(They carry off another wounded person.)

George (bandaging himself): By Jove, many would call me lucky without reflecting that I only escaped this time to be patched up for another slaughter in which I may be finished off.—Ouch! (Starts in fright from Henry.) Ah!—My nerves are surely going to pieces.—I thought I saw Henry moving. (Raises Henry's arm and drops it.) He's dead, poor fellow, and he certainly clung to life. And he looks peaceful, as though nothing is disturbing him in the other world beyond. (Henry utters a groan causing George to shudder.) Almighty God, can it be possible he is still living.—Henry, Henry, do you hear me? Do you feel anything? Open your eyes if you do.—He lives

(To be concluded)

OUR OWN AFFAIRS

NEW YORK

FOURTH MEETING OF STATE BOARD OF CONTROL

Held at S. P. Headquarters, 583 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y., Sunday Afternoon, June 17th, 1917

Meeting called to order at 1.30 P. M. by State Secretary E. Kaiser. Comrade Edw. Kaiser acting as chairman and Bertha Vossler as secretary.

Following members present: Edw. Kaiser, Buffalo; Axel Berggren, Jamestown; Harlan Whitmore, Rochester; Bertha Vossler, Rochester. Comrades Brooks, and Swanson of Buffalo were absent.

Communication read from Rochester League to the effect that Comrade Harlan Whitmore had been elected to fill the unexpired term of Comrade Glickman on State Board (Comrade Glickman having left Rochester), and Comrade Kaiser reported that Buffalo League had elected Comrade Glenn Swanson to take the place of Comrade Kaiser on State Board (Comrade Kaiser now being State Secretary).

Upon motion Comrades Whitmore and Swanson were duly accepted as members of the Board.

State Secretary reported that only Rochester, Albany and Buffalo Leagues had advised the State Office of their approval of State Board's action at last meeting, in electing Comrade Kaiser to fill the unexpired term of E. C. Bautz as state secretary. It may be assumed, however, that the action met with general approval, as no word of objection was heard.

State secretary reported that communication had been received last month from New Jersey State Federation asking New York State Office to send fraternal delegates to their State Convention held May 13th. State secretary accordingly appointed Comrades Tishler and Glickman as representing up-state (both these comrades being in N. Y. C. at the time), also Comrades Pollock and De Young of New York to represent down-state. Of these Comrades Tishler and Glickman attended the Convention.

Minutes of New Jersey State Convention were read by state secretary and ordered placed on file for reference.

State secretary reported he had communicated with Comrade Bertha Mally of the Rand School regarding the Scholarship Contest matter, which had been neglected by previous State Secretary Bautz. No reply was received, however, from the Rand School, consequently, owing to late date, the matter was dropped entirely for the present.

State Secretary Edw. Kaiser reported on the matter of bonding himself, stating that for personal reasons it was very inconvenient for him to secure bond locally, but he offered to furnish a personal promissory note instead, which would cover any shortage in state secretary's account, which might be found at the expiration of his term of office in September, 1917.

Upon motion the Board accepted Comrade Kaiser's note in place of bond. The note was drawn up, duly witnessed by three members of the Board, also a notary public, and placed in the safe-keeping of Comrade Vossler. Copy of note being placed on file at State Office.

Comrade Vossler reported she had compiled the State constitution and gotten same into proper shape, so that state secretary now holds three complete copies.

Upon motion state secretary was instructed to have sufficient copies of the Constitution made for the use of delegates at September Convention.

State secretary reported that the total vote on National Referendum dated February 10, 1917, was as follows, for the state:

To change Article 6, Sec. 1—260 Yes, 6 No.

To insert Sec. 2—211 Yes, 61 No.

Upon motion it was decided that the State Board of Control go on record as favoring and endorsing the candidacy of Comrade Wm. F. Kruse as National Secretary of Y. P. S. L., owing to his most efficient work and untiring efforts in this capacity in the past.

Upon motion state secretary was instructed to urge all Leagues to take a more lively interest in the National Championship Contest, now being run through National Office.

Upon motion state secretary was instructed to urge all Leagues to assist in securing signatures to the petition being circulated from National Office for the repeal of the Conscription Act.

State secretary reported as follows on financial status of state:

February 25, 1917, to June 17th, 1917.

General receipts, \$159.05. General disbursements \$119.10. Cash balance June 17, 1917, \$39.95. Receipts on assessment stamps to date, \$9.50. Total cash on hand June 17, 1917, \$49.45.—Outstanding moneys to date, \$189.44. Cash balance \$39.95. Total worth of State Office \$229.39.

State Board reported they had duly audited state secretary's books and accounts, and found same to be correct.

State secretary reported that upon entering office in February the Leagues throughout State seemed very active, but within the past six or seven weeks matters seemed to be rather at a standstill, there being few orders for dues stamps and a lack of reports from Leagues.

State secretary reported there was a very small cash return on the assessment stamps to date. Leagues are urged to get busy on this matter as money must be turned in to the State Office from time to time, and all moneys collected up to July 31st must be received at State Office on August 1st, as the final meeting of Board, before Convention, will be held August 5th. It is understood, of course, that the stamp sale will continue after August 1st, but all moneys collected up to that date should be turned in promptly. The Leagues will please make careful note.

From present indications it would seem that funds received through sale of assessment stamps will not be sufficient to entirely cover the Convention expenses, and Leagues are urged to raise separate funds to meet the expenses of their delegates to the Convention. This is important.

State secretary reported that Comrade Copeland had advised him that the Yonkers League had been disbanded, due to the fact that several of its active members had left the city. State secretary advised he had written to several members of the Socialist Party at Yonkers, urging them to endeavor to keep the League in existence there, etc., but to date he had received no replies, or further reports.

State secretary reported that the Scotia, Utica and Troy Leagues were very inactive and it seemed some-

thing should be done to liven things up. State secretary reported further that he had communicated with Comrade Samuel Falkow of Albany, deputy organizer, instructing him to visit the above-mentioned Leagues at the expense of State Office, and do whatever he found necessary to rouse the Leagues out of their apparent state of inertia.

State secretary reported he had notified Manhattan, Albany and Buffalo Leagues to elect deputy organizers and had been advised that Comrade Samuel Falkow had been elected from Albany and Carl Bautz from Buffalo. To date no notification of action has been received from Manhattan.

State secretary reported that the Leagues are very lax in sending in the monthly report cards regularly, some leagues having ignored this matter entirely, so that it has been impossible for the state secretary to compile a complete and proper membership list with standing. It is of utmost importance that these reports be sent in regularly by Leagues from now on, in order that state secretary may be able to make proper membership report at Convention. Unless Leagues throughout the State live up generally during the next few months, increasing their good standing membership, etc., the representation at coming Convention will be smaller than in 1916.

Various reports of state secretary were duly accepted.

A WORD TO THE LEAGUES FROM THE STATE BOARD OF CONTROL

The State Board realizes that now, and during the present critical and trying times, the Leagues generally throughout the state should maintain their activities and the interest among members at the highest possible degree. A few of the Leagues seem to be doing this work well, but other Leagues, judging from State Secretary's report, are apparently inactive. The Board of Control strongly urges all Leagues to do their utmost to uphold their activities now, and if possible increase same, so that your present members may not scatter and leave the organization, but on the other hand, that the old members may be retained, and new ones gained. The Board offers the following suggestions for summer activities, most of which are no doubt familiar: Don't allow your members to scatter during the summer;

Plan outings, picnics, hikes, hay

ridges, camps, boating parties, bathing parties, lawn socials; arrange for various nature trips, visits to museums, parks and other points of interest and educational value; organize baseball teams; have your field days, etc.

In fact, make arrangements for a variety of programs that will maintain League interest throughout the summer.

This is not a time for suggesting educational or indoor affairs, but if possible it would be a splendid idea for Leagues to arrange for intro-League debates, mock trials, a make-believe soap-box evening at a park, etc., etc. You can surely think of something to suit your needs.

And finally, all Leagues should carefully heed the various requests and suggestions by state secretary and the Board, as contained in these minutes. It will help us all in our work.

We know that many of the Leagues have already adopted resolutions clearly declaring their stand in the present world conflict, and as the Board of Control, we call upon Leagues of the State to stand firmly by these splendid and determined resolutions, reaffirming their allegiance to the principles of Internationalism and Working Class Solidarity. We urge those Leagues who have not yet taken such action, to follow the splendid work of their comrade organizations.

And in closing, the State Board of Control wishes to repeat what our Comrade Kruse has said: This is a time for COOL HEADS AND WARM HEARTS.

Meeting adjourned at 6.10 P. M.
Board to convene again August 5th, 1917, at Buffalo.

Fraternally submitted,

Bertha Vossler, Secretary.
Edward Kaiser, State Sec'y.

BRONX NOTES

If you haven't read about us Bronxites lately its because we have been so busy.

Bronx Circle 1 has moved to new headquarters in the Hunts' Point Palace Casino at 163rd St. and Southern Boulevard. The house warming was celebrated by an apron and necktie party which brightened our thoughts for many days to come.

At its business meeting this month two dollars were donated to the Young Socialists' Magazine.

Circle 4 will also move to roomier

quarters in Lincoln Hall. Yes, we are expanding.

Circle 2 is growing as ever.

Circle 3 has just settled down to their usual earnest and sincere work in a cozy hall at 1132 Washington Ave. just off 174th St.

In a general meeting a committee of five was elected to arrange the New York State Convention of 1917 of which the Bronx has the honor of being the host. Committees were elected and the work is well begun.

CIRCLE 1, QUEENS

The Young Socialists of Circle 1, Queens, are always busy helping Local Queens, Socialist Party, folding leaflets, distributing literature and doing clerical work, also in holding good anti-war, business and educational meetings, socials, entertainments, going on excursion trips, hikes, picnics, outings, and last, supporting and furthering the interests of the "Young Socialists' Magazine." The Yipsels of Queens know the importance of this periodical as the official organ and mouthpiece of expression for the Young People's Socialist Leagues in the United States. What is your interest in regards to a Circle? Have you any interest in it at all? What is your answer?

At our last business meeting, held June 1st, and during the month of May the following most important transpired:

First—The league members had the pleasure of having two party members deliver an oration, asking and telling the league members to keep up their good work in the future as they have done in the past. The league members assured the party members of same as long as the flame of enthusiasm keeps on burning, by taking another good step in deciding to co-operate with Local Queens, Socialist Party, in holding future anti-war mass and peace meetings, etc. A meeting will be held some time in the near future, with Socialist Assemblyman A. I. Shiplacoff as the main speaker.

Second—The league members have already arranged for summer pleasure in the form as stated previously.

Third—As I stated previously in regards to showing an interest towards the "Young Socialists' Magazine" by the league. On May 18th the statements holds good, according to the following:—On May 18th the league held a May Day social and dance. The proceeds of this affair,

amounting to the sum of \$7.40, were turned over to the Magazine. The league members have not stopped at this point, but have gone further. Up to the month of May the Circle has always ordered twenty-five Magazines; from June on the Circle will receive thirty-five. A Circle directory "ad" will also be placed in the Magazine. Last of all, the league members will hold a minstrel entertainment and dance on the twentieth day of June. Most of the proceeds of same will be turned over to the Magazine. Have you as an individual or a Circle taken a similar initiative step? Does not the "Young Socialists' Magazine" merit the support of us all?

Fraternally submitted,
Peter Knopf, Press Agent.

BUFFALO Y. P. S. L.

At a regular meeting of the Young People's Socialist League of Buffalo, N. Y., held May 24th, the following resolution was introduced and a motion unanimously adopted:

"The Young People's Socialist League of Buffalo knowing and understanding that all wars are caused by the commercial and financial rivalry and intrigue of the capitalist interests; knowing also that war brings suffering, death and demoralization to the workers, be it therefore

"Resolved, that the Young People's Socialist League of Buffalo, in this present crisis, does hereby reaffirm its allegiance to the principles of Internationalism and working-class solidarity."

On June 3d, the "big" hike of the season will be held to Springbrook, N. Y. In the past few years this hike has been a banner event. The country to be entered is of exceptional beauty, and much pleasure will be afforded those who journey on foot.

An order of 500 leaflets on "War" has been received from the National Office. These leaflets are being distributed by Yipsels and the good work is continued on hikes, and all persons met with are asked to "read it."

The purchase of a Victrola has been authorized, which provides for after-meeting dances when members of "piano-playing ability" are not in vogue.

One hundred assessment stamps were received from State Secretary for the convention of the Y. P. S. L. Federation, New York State, to be

held in New York, Sept. 2d and 3d. Many of these stamps have been sold and it is expected all will be disposed of shortly.

Comrade W. F. Kruse was nominated for National Secretary of the Y. P. S. L.

Circle Two reports a continued constancy of its members, and a campaign is being made to secure a larger membership.

On June 1st, a musical and dance will be held in their new hall, 275 Austin Street, and for June 10th the Circle has combined forces with Branch Two of the Socialist Party for a River Party and Picnic. Walter Murphy is organizer.

Glen A. Swanson,
Press Agent.

ROCHESTER YIPSELS ARE STILL ON THE MAP

Although the Rochester League was not heard from in the Young Socialists' Magazine during the past two months, we have nevertheless been doing things.

Our educational meetings for past weeks have been especially good; there being large attendance at each meeting, and in fact, on several occasions we had to turn people away, our hall being overcrowded. This was due to the fact that we were able to secure some very interesting speakers locally—University of Rochester professors, etc., who always draw a good attendance and many outsiders. Following are some of the lectures:

Prof. Moore on "Dialect Readings,"
Prof. Forbes on "Psychology,"
Prof. Jacobstein on "Can a Radical Favor the Entrance of the United States Into the Present War?"

Prof. Chadwick on "What Geology Has to Say Concerning the Future of the Human Race."

Wm. Pidgeon, Jr., on "The Responsibility of Possessing Truth,"
Rabbi Wolf on "Prejudice."

Questions and general discussion from the floor, of course, always follow the remarks of each speaker.

Another noteworthy fact is that we usually receive considerable press notes, from local capitalist papers, both before and after meetings of this kind. Only recently two local papers saw fit to publish in full the first and last verses of our song, "War—what for?," as we usually open all our meetings by singing this and other Socialist songs, and the paper termed the song an "unpatriotic" one.

Aside from the Annual League May Walk and Outings, League members presented on May 25th, with great success, Catherine Rand Stevens' play, "Our Incomes." Dancing followed the performance and the entire affair was a splendid one for the League. We are making arrangements to present another play in the early Fall.

On Sunday, June 24th, we all enjoyed a most interesting visit to the Museum at Rochester University. Prof. Chadwick, who spoke for us during the month, had offered to take us, and we all considered it quite a treat.

We suffered in May, the loss of another one of our worthy, willing and able workers, in that Comrade Isador Glickman, our former organizer, left our city to take up new work and studies in New York. We have missed his splendid comrade spirit and his good work with us. He carried with him for all time our sincerest best wishes for success in his new endeavors, also our comrade greetings and good cheer, and we are looking forward to the time when we can welcome him home again.

We expect Comrades Isidor Tishler and Garcon Prenner will join us soon again, for a time, and to be sure it will be a joyous reunion for us all.

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

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The Yipsels have not been heard from some time. But this does not mean that we are not active in the work for the movement, although having lost two of the active members, Joe Surreno and Henry Ungleich, who are doing active Socialist work elsewhere. We have been busy both with the National Contest and our educational work. The Syracuse Yipsels have taken hikes, two of which were held in co-operation with the Syracuse Social Science School. The interesting part of one of these hikes was at Greenlake, Clark's reservation, where the beautiful scenery and particles of animals seen in the stones were keenly enjoyed by the members of both organizations. The Syracuse Yipsels are ready for the fall campaign and for the big demonstration which is to be held on the Fourth of July by the Socialist Party. The Syracuse Yipsels will hold a boatride some time in the near future.

C. Karlik, Jr., Organizer.

NEW JERSEY ACTIVITIES

This page is conducted by the New Jersey State Committee of the Young People's Socialist League. Address all correspondence to State Secretary, Louis Cohen, 10 Twelfth Ave., Paterson, N. J.

STATE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

General Organizer—Rudolph A. Koller, 145 Fifth St., Elizabeth.
Assistant Organizer—Ben. Hirschon, 100 Union St., Trenton.
Secretary—Louis Cohen, 10 Twelfth Avenue, Paterson.
Financial Secretary-Treasurer—Jeanette Heller, 519 Bergen Street, Newark.
Educational Director—Solomon Efrein, 524 Henry St., South Amboy.

FOREWORD

Through the courtesy of the Young Socialists' Magazine's management the state office of the New Jersey Y. P. S. L. has been permitted the use of this page for news exclusively on matters pertaining to the state movement, both official and otherwise.

The Jersey Yipsels in general and the local league officers in particular ought to appreciate this kind offering. It will undoubtedly redound to their benefit, providing their co-operation is assured.

Hereafter the league officers are requested to send their monthly reports to the state office promptly, the press agent his bit of "Our Circle is, has and intends to, etc." on time, and the rank and file Yipsel his bit in order to make this column measure up to the usual "Jersey Yipsel" progressiveness.

The best expression of our thanks to for their kind favor, is our assurance to strive to make this page one of interest, that it may in part be a small contribution to the growth and perpetuity of the National Y. P. S. L.

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

June 3rd, 1917.

The regular meeting of the State Committee was called to order at 3:45 P. M. at the Newark Labor Lyceum.

Comrade Seidman of Circle No. 1, Newark, elected chairman.

The minutes of the last State Committee session were in the hands of Comrade Feitlowitz who left same at home and thus they could not be read at the meeting.

The ways and means items in the convention minutes were referred to new business.

The following were seated as new delegates: Comrades Pakula and Lunde of Paterson; Geraci and B. Mufson of Passaic; Frankel and Efrein of Perth Amboy.

Delegates present were: Paterson—Morris Pakula, Abram Lunde and Samuel Feitlowitz, Passaic—Anthony Geraci and Benjamin Mufson. Newark, No. 1—Samuel Seidman, Francis Wiener and Rae Meltzer. Newark, No. 3—Maurice Shilman. Perth Amboy—Bertha Frankel and Solomon Efrein. Plainfield—Zigman. Kearney—D. R. Westlake, Karl Havlicek—Anton Zaparka and Wm. Eichhoff. Guttenberg—Fred Freund. Jersey City—D. H. Marsden.

The following Circles had no delegates present: Newark No. 2, Newark No. 4, Newark No. 5, Elizabeth, Linden, Camden No. 1, Camden No. 3 and Trenton.

Officers present were Comrades Heller, Koller, Efrein and Cohen. Comrade Hirschon only absent.

Attendance at State Committee—21.

Bills—State secretary, postage and miscellaneous, \$3.49; Comrade Ben Green, report in Newark Leader, \$2.25; Bertha N. Bader, getting out Convention minutes, \$2.23; paper supplies for State Office, \$2.00. Total, \$9.97.

State secretary's report for May accepted.

Financial Secretary and Treasurer's report accepted. Report showed as follows:

Cash account June 1st, \$64.20; regular stamps on hand, 260; Jewish circles' stamps, 100; dues cards, 225; application cards, 250.

Educational director's report, outlining plans for future activities, accepted.

Report as submitted by Comrade M. S. Alexander to the Socialist Party convention was read by State Secretary Cohen. The report commented upon the good work of the New Jersey leagues and suggested a greater interest upon the party's side in the affairs of the Y. P. S. L. Ordered accepted.

Motion that we extend a vote of

thanks to the Young People's Committee through State Secretary of the Socialist Party, Milo C. Jones. Carried.

Reports of Circles ordered dispensed with.

On motion, a charter was ordered granted to Circle Plainfield. Comrade Zigman, temporary secretary, reports 31 members, mostly girls, and bright promises for a growing and progressive circle.

Motion that state office increase price of dues stamps to 5 cents to go into effect July 1st. Amendment that raise take place after June 3rd, carried.

Motion that matter of contest for circles be left into hands of State Executive Committee, this body to plan same and act as judges for the contest; the state secretary to manage the contest. Carried.

The above two motions are in accordance with the provisions as specified in the ways and means items of the convention minutes.

Discussion followed on the question of registration and conscription. The delegates from several circles reported activity on part of their members in the following organizations: Federated Union for Democracy, American Union Against Militarism, World Patriots, etc. Comrade M. S. Alexander gave valuable information to us on the workings of the Registration Law and other matters of like nature, relative to the Y. P. S. L.

Motion that we advise our members to register and claim exemption on grounds of being conscientious objectors. Carried.

Comrade Cohen, on behalf of the New Jersey membership, presented Comrades Lunde and Green with handsome gifts, as a token of our esteem for their valuable services rendered during the past year. Comrade Semner, the other ex-state officer, was absent at the ceremonies. Comrade Koller was ordered to personally present Comrade Semner's gift to her at the meeting of Circle Elizabeth.

Motion that the next State Committee meeting be held at Paterson on August 5th, 1917. Carried. Adjourned 6.30 P. M.

Fraternally submitted,
Louis Cohen, State Secretary.

P.S.—The league secretaries should read these minutes at their respective league meetings as usual.

On motion, a State Executive Committee session has been called for Sunday, July 1st, at 2.30 P. M., at the Newark Labor Lyceum. An account of this session to appear in August issue.

Circle Plainfield enters our ranks as a newly admitted league, making 18 circles in New Jersey to date. Has 30 members, mostly of the fair sex. Meets at Socialist Party headquarters, conducts sociables and expects to run a large affair pretty soon. Comrade M. Zigman of 218 Plainfield Ave. is the organizer. Here's greetings to the "freshmen."

July 14th marks the third annual picnic of Circle Paterson. This affair is looked forward to by many out-of-town yipsels. The "Silk City" boys certainly know how to run off an extra large affair "all alone," and clear about one hundred greenbacks. Don't forget: "Don your glad rags and hit 'Parison' on the 14th."

To League Secretaries: Kindly hustle your answer to the Information Blank that was sent you by the State Secretary recently. It is needed by the comrades engaged in state work.

Remember, the time and nature of your answers will determine in a large measure the scope of our activities in the near future.

In these trying times, it is imperative that we do our utmost to keep a-going Y. P. S. L. activity in New Jersey. Do your bit.

SLOW MOVE THE PEOPLE

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

Slow to anger, the People—
Patient and Dumb and Meek—
But the time is coming, coming fast,
When the People shall awake at last,
And speak.

Slow to arouse, the People,
Blind to the staring Fact,
But the time is come of opening eyes,
When a wakened people shall arise,
And act.

The World belongs to the People—
To all, and not to a few—
We have no force to waste in rage,
For we have the work of a wondrous age

To do.

A SUGGESTION

By Solomon Efrein,
State Educational Director.

Yipsels, let's go a-slumming. The select set of Fifth Avenue enjoys itself this way—why shouldn't the select set of the important part of the town similarly enjoy itself? If we can't live to see the commonwealth realized, let's at least get our fun fighting for it. But let us not call it slumming—let's name it sociological research—thus joining study with play.

The game is played in this way: Arrange for all the Yipsels of your circle to meet early some Sunday morning and pay a visit to that part of the town, where the most exploited workers live. There break up into groups, and go out to study conditions.

Ask questions as to wages, rent, cost of living, health and general welfare of these people. Be sympathetic, put in a good word for Socialism, and leave some literature. Take notice of all you learn, snap pictures of interesting cases, and jot down discoveries. Then upon reassembling, compare your results. You will unearth a wealth of sociological data in this way; you will strengthen your own convictions, and you will be having a good time in the meanwhile. So when you are at a loss for a good program, Yipsels, form a sociological research party and go slumming.

PACIFISTS CAUSED TROUBLE IN 1812 IN SOUTHERN CITY

When war fever was at its height in this city 105 years ago there was a strong pacifist element, as there is now. In New England declaration of war was cause for flags to be flown at half-mast. In Baltimore a riot was created on account of the pacifists in comparison with which the Sunday night demonstration at the Academy of Music fortunately was a mild outbreak. There was injudiciousness then by those in opposition to the war as there is to-day, and this injudiciousness was the real cause for Baltimore gaining the unsavory appellation Mob Town.

A pacifist newspaper—there is none in the city at this crisis of the country's career—aroused bitter resentment by inveigling against and impugning the motives of those who favored war with England. The other newspapers were in opposition to this one, which was known as the "Federal Republican."

The people became so excited over the controversy that on Saturday,

June 27, at 9 o'clock in the evening a mob gathered about and destroyed the structure where the paper was published, and the type and presses were thrown into the street.

Later in the month the newspaper, which had been removed to Georgetown, resumed publication in this city. The "McSherry-James History of Maryland" states that "the editor commented upon authorities and the people of Baltimore in the same violent strain that before had awakened popular feeling. The editor made no secret of his determination to preserve freedom of speech even to the point of actual hostilities," but he invited belligerency by introducing into his office stands of arms and making the fact known.

The people took up the challenge and the mob gathered about the house at night and attacked it. The editor and his besieged sympathizers, after several warnings, opened fire, wounding several persons and killing one. Under menace of a fieldpiece the besieged surrendered, and while being conducted to jail were treated with indignity.

The prison was broken open during the night and the prisoners were violently treated. Probably if lynching had been the vogue in those days that it later became, this would have been their fate. The killing of Gen. Langan, an honored revolutionary war veteran, in the fracas was the outstanding regrettable incident.

Many acts of violence were committed by the mob, whose passions were directed against everything that invited their anger, even the post-office, where it was supposed copies of the "Federal Republican" had been deposited.

This outburst against the pacifism of those who were the peace-at-any-price element in the stirring days of the outbreak of the war of 1812 gained for Baltimore the unsavory notoriety that caused it to be styled Mob Town the country over. An appellation that lost none of its force when the Knownothing riots, the attack upon the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment passing through Baltimore the Baltimore and Ohio strike riots and other similar occurrences turned the attention of the country to this city as one of frequent turbulence.

Baltimore long ago lived down its bad reputation and the demonstration at the Academy of Music, wherever the responsibility may lay, will not revive the old unenviable name.

What Kind of Food You Should Eat

What foods and how much does the body need? These are questions which every man and woman should be able to answer, but very few people can do so. Most men eat when they are hungry and of whatever food and in whatever quantity their fancy or appetite may chose. Or they are compelled by a well-meaning, but misguided housewife to successions of pot roast, corned beef and cabbage, meatpie or some other dish. These things may be good in themselves, but the body demands a variety as well as a quantity of food. The following kinds of food will suggest what you should eat:

1. The body needs water every day, in order to keep the digestion, circulation, etc., in order. You will understand this need if you remember that three out of five parts of the body are water. Almost all foods contain some water; milk and fruit have a large part water. You need six or eight glasses of water every day. If you have milk, skim milk or buttermilk to drink, you will not need quite so much water.

2. The body needs mineral substances to supply material for growth of bones in childhood and to help regulate the functions of the body. These minerals are found in milk, the grains of wheat and oats, etc., the yolk of egg, in fruits and vegetables. There are very small quantities in any one of these, so it is well to have as great a variety of these foods as possible.

3. The body needs food to supply material for building the body tissue (muscles, etc.). The flesh of animals the cheesy part of milk, the white of eggs, parts of peas, beans, wheat, oats and other grains and nuts give us the tissue building food.

4. The body needs food to furnish heat and energy to move about and to do work. Sugar and molasses; the starchy part of flour, cornmeal, rice, oatmeal, potatoes, beets, parsnips and other vegetables and fruits; the fats of milk, meats, seeds (cotton seed, etc.); fruits (olives, olive oil, etc.); and grains give us this energy-food.

5. The body also needs certain things which, strictly speaking, are not foods at all. You should eat certain things not so much for the nourishment they contain but because they have a large amount of waste. Vegetables of certain kinds, particularly the green ones, are lar-

gely waste, with the exception of the mineral salts mentioned above, but you need the bulk and the waste these foods supply for the effect on your bowels. If these organs do not have a certain amount of waste or bulk to work upon, they become flabby, and constipation and what people often call "stomach trouble" results. So serious does this situation become in certain people that sometimes doctors prescribe for them biscuits made of such things as sea-weed or bran which have no food value but which are eaten because they furnish bulk for the intestines.

If a man eats large quantities of meat and neglects those foods which furnish heat and energy, or the mineral substances so much needed, his diet is one-sided and sooner or later he will suffer from a weakened digestion; this may lead to many diseases, among which is tuberculosis. To keep well and strong, and to avoid disease, you must eat a varied and balanced diet.—Labor Press Service.

THEIR BIT

"An outraged citizenry, thirsting for war, wrecked enough china made in Germany to equip all the restaurants in Manhattan last night. The scene of the battle, the Union des Arts booth at the festa in Macdougall Alley, was a shambles of shattered teachups and cake plates.

"When it was over, a score or more of men of generous girth and non-conscriptive age, smiled grim but satisfied smiles as they contemplated what they had done for their country."

(New York Tribune, June 12.)

Making Jobs Ad Absurdum

Workmen still object occasionally to labor-saving machinery and other means of increasing output, and sometimes—because the transition to the better methods is badly managed—not without good reason. But the theory of the labor-saving device hardly needs any better defense than a certain old story.

Two men were watching a steam shovel at work.

"Look at it," said one, bitterly. "Think how many men's jobs it is taking."

"Well, then," said the other, "why not do it with teaspoons?"—March System.

ON THE FIELD OF HONOR

A dead face turned up to the moonlight.

"A white man's face; he well might be my brother."

His uniform? No matter; feel his fingers.

No gun-barrel made them callous; 'twas a hammer.

A hoe, a trowel. They are like my fingers.

Why is he here, dead, with a gun beneath him?

These lips, pale as they are, still hint good-humor.

These glaring eyes would twinkle were he living.

Such-looking men hum tunes while they are working

And stretch a step to miss a caterpillar.

Why is he here, in fighter's clothes, all bloody?

This hair, still thick and glossy in the moonlight,

Was rumped by a loving woman's fingers.

And this cheek, with its weekly growth of stubble,

Has rubbed against the tender cheeks of children—

Just like my kids!—and tickled them to laughter,

Of evenings when the fellow's work was over.

But now—a dead face staring at the night sky.

Look over there! another, and another—

White faces in the moonlight, see how many!

Oh, murder! murder! Just God, who has done this?

Badger Clark.

Percy Ames, who is just back from the warring side of the world, says a mustering officer—a sergeant—met on the street of an English coast village a strapping, upstanding youngster of twenty-one or thereabouts. The non-com. hailed him:

"See 'ere, my lad," he said, "are you lin good 'ealth?"

"I are," stated the youth.

"Are you married?"

"I aren't."

"Ave you any one dependent on you?"

"I ave not."

"Then your King and country need you. Why don't you enlist?"

The youth stared at the sergeant, round-eyed.

"Wot?" he said. "With this bloom-in' war gein' on? You must think I'm a silly fool."

LEAGUE DIRECTORY

Send all communications concerning this Directory to: Alexander Jaunwiksna, 1301 57th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

NATIONAL OFFICE

Wm. F. Kruse, 803 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Ohio

Y. P. S. L., CLEVELAND

East Side Circle meets every Saturday at Labor Lyceum, 5610 Scovill Avenue.

New York

Y. P. S. L. BRONX COUNTY

Circle No. 1, Hunts Point Palace, 163rd St. and So. Boulevard. Meets every Friday evening.

Circle No. 2, Lettish Hall, 371 Willis Ave. Meeting every Friday evening.

Circle No. 3, Jewish Circle, 1728 Washington Ave., near 174th St. Meetings every Friday.

Circle No. 4, Lincoln Hall, 1258 Boston Road near 169th St. Meetings every Friday.

Bronx County Committee meets at S. P. Headquarters, 1167 Boston Road, every Tuesday.

Y. P. S. L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Circle No. 6 meets every Saturday evening at Socialist Headquarters, 167 Tompkins Ave.

Circle No. 1, Queens, meets every first and third Thursday of the month at the Queens County Labor Lyceum.

