

THE MAGAZINE YOUNG SOCIALISTS'

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

Vol. XI

FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 2

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE

By Tom Clark Auld

Rouse ye! men of greater glory
Than the victory of war.
Rouse ye! men renowned in story,
Kindled by a brighter star;
With the battle-cry of nations
Falling on your listening ears.
Hush the nations' acclamations,
Harken to the widows' tears.

Rouse ye! men of nobler passions
Than the sordid lust for gold—
Gold which, for the present,
fashions
Baseness in a baser mould.
This the time of peaceful greet-
ing?
~This the opening of the dawn?
While the Christmas hours are
fleeting,
Be the hostile swords with-
drawn.

Rouse ye! men of larger actions
Than the conquest of the
sword;
Men of might, who fear no fac-
tions;
Men of courage, speak the
word!
Peace shall triumph, though in
battle
Fertile fields be drenched with
gore,
Though the muskets' deadly
rattle
Hush the angels' song of yore.

Rouse ye from your drowsy
slumbers!
Men of action, men of peace!
War has slain its countless
numbers.
Bid the cruel carnage cease;
And the whisper of the sages,
Mingling with your voices,
then
Shall repeat adown the ages:
"Peace on earth, good will to
men."

HOW ENVIRONMENT ACTS

By R. A. Dague.

Luther Burbank, California, the noted scientist who assists nature to make improvements in plants, fruits, and trees, said:

"It took the cactus 1000 years to develop spines.

"When the cactus had to contend with hungry beasts and heat of the desert, it developed spines and a thick hide; but even this dumb thing can be taught in a few years to no longer bristle to protect itself when properly cared for.

"The human plant responds to thousands of refined influences which do not affect other organisms, adapting itself quickly to new environment and yielding most rapidly to development or blight.

"So the crust of human bitterness, the thorns which men have retained from a harsh, barbarous life, could be quickly removed if selfishness and rapacity could be eliminated.

"A flower can be coaxed out of almost any weed."

Burbank proceeds to say that if humanity could have good government which would provide proper environment for people, especially for children, we would soon see a mighty improvement in humans. Continuing, he says:

"By good government I mean enough to eat, first of all; fairly good clothes to satisfy self-respect; sunshine and music; pleasant companionship and the training which fits a nature for the enjoyment of its task as well as to insure efficiency.

"There must be cleanliness instead of filth; sunshine and air and room to grow. Not contention and nagging and the chok-

ing influences of the slums, with coarse living, but a coaxing out of the delicate tendrils of endeavor and idealism upon the fundamental trunk of mere physical existence.

"Underfed, underpaid, ignorant and helpless folk, peopling the deserts of our cities, go through identically the same readjustment as the wild cactus. They develop barbed, suspicious, embittered natures.

"We can either work in unison toward the development of a better species, or at odds, with animosities and a preying one upon another; directing intelligently, or groping blindly."

There is more science, true statesmanship, sound philosophy and genuine religion in the foregoing than can be found in tons of books written on law, government and theology. The clergy may preach for a thousand years about original sin, and threaten sinners with endless damnation if they do not be good, but if millions of them are underfed, underpaid, ignorant, helpless folk peopling the deserts of the cities, the choking influences of the slums will develop thorns and thick hides instead of delicate tendrils of endeavor and idealism. That is what Socialists mean when they present what they call the "materialistic conception of history."

Stated in other words, Socialists say: "Let us improve the environments and the material conditions of the people, to the end that we may coax out of them the tender tendrils and beautiful flowers that are now dormant in

them." Truly does Burbank say: "The crust of bitterness, the thorns which men have retained from a harsh, barbarous life, could be quickly removed if selfishness and rapacity could be eliminated." Socialists say that selfishness and rapacity of a few crafty men should be restrained for the benefit of the many. The advocates of the competitive system of industrialism contend that no restraint shall be put on the incentive of men to exploit their fellow-men and force them into bankruptcy and the slums.

Socialists urge the people to put into activity, for the improvement of humanity, the philosophy and methods Burbank uses in improving plants and fruits. He provides for the plants, good soil, pure air and water, bright sunshine—in short, favorable environments. Socialists say let us abandon the greedy, selfish, grossly unjust system of competition, and adopt in its stead co-operation. Let us abolish the slums, provide people with cleanliness, sunshine and air, pay working people the full value of their labor, and, in that way, break the crust of human bitterness and remove the thorns and thick hides which owe their existence to the barren deserts of capitalism.

Burbank says: "A flower can be coaxed out of almost any weed." Socialists say, "Let us coax out of humanity the beautiful flowers of kindness, justice and good-fellowship."

The fruits of capitalism are thorns, thick hides, poverty, crime and wars. Socialism would eliminate all such evils and establish an industrial system that would coax out of humanity the delicate tendrils of endeavor and idealism.

WHAT LIFE MEANS TO ME

By JACK LONDON

I was born in the working class. I early discovered enthusiasm, ambition, and ideals; and to satisfy these became the problem of my childhood. My environment was crude and rough and raw. I had no outlook, but an uplook rather. My place in society was at the bottom. Here life offered nothing but sordidness and wretchedness, both of the flesh and the spirit; for here flesh and spirit were starved and tormented.

Above me towered the colossal edifice of society, and to my mind the only way out was up. Into this edifice I early resolved to climb. Up above, men wore black clothes and boiled shirts, and women dressed in beautiful gowns. Also, there were good things to eat, and there was plenty to eat. This much for the flesh. Then there were the things of the spirit. Up above me, I knew, were unselfishnesses of the spirit, clean and noble thinking, keen intellectual living. I knew all this because I read "Seaside Library" novels, in which, with the exception of the villains and adventuresses, all men and women thought beautiful thoughts, spoke a beautiful tongue, and performed glorious deeds. In short, as I accepted the rising of the sun, I accepted that up above me was all that was fine and noble and gracious, all that gave decency and dignity to life, all that made life worth living and that remunerated one for his travail and misery.

But it is not particularly easy for one to climb up out of the working class—especially if he is handicapped by the possession of ideals and illusions. I lived on a ranch in California, and I was hard put to find the ladder whereby to climb. I early inquired the rate of interest on invested money, and worried my child's brain into an understanding of the virtues and excellencies of that remarkable invention of man, compound interest. Further, I ascertained the current rates of wages for workers of all ages, and the cost of living. From all this data I concluded that if I began immediately and worked and saved until I was fifty years of age, I could then stop working and enter into participation in a fair portion of the delights and goodnesses that would then be open to me higher up in society. Of course, I resolutely determined not to marry, while I quite forgot to con-

sider at all that great rock of disaster in the working-class world—sickness.

But the life that was in me demanded more than a meager existence of scraping and scrimping. Also, at ten years of age, I became a newsboy on the streets of a city, and found myself with a changed outlook. All about me were still the same sordidness, that wretchedness, and up above me was still the same paradise waiting to be gained; but the ladder whereby to climb was a different one. It was now the ladder of business. Why save my earnings and invest in gov-



JACK LONDON

ernment bonds, when, by buying two newspapers for five cents, with a turn of the wrist I could sell them for ten cents and double my capital? The business ladder was the ladder for me, and I had a vision of myself becoming a baldheaded and successful merchant prince.

Alas for visions! When I was sixteen I had already earned the title of "prince." But this title was given me by a gang of cutthroats and thieves, by whom I was called "The Prince of the Oyster Pirates." And at that time I had climbed the first rung of the business ladder. I was a capitalist. I owned a boat and a complete oyster-pirating outfit. I had begun to exploit my fellow-creatures. I had a crew of one man. As captain and owner I took two-thirds of the spoils, and gave the crew one-third, though the crew worked just as hard as I did and risked just as much his life and liberty.

This one rung was the heights I climbed up the business ladder. One night I went on a raid amongst the

Chinese fishermen. Ropes and nets were worth dollars and cents. It was robbery, I grant, but it was precisely the spirit of capitalism. The capitalist takes away the possessions of his fellow-creatures by means of a rebate, or of a betrayal of trust, or by the purchase of senators and supreme court judges. I was merely crude. That was the only difference. I used a gun.

But my crew that night was one of those inefficient against whom the capitalist is wont to fulminate, because, forsooth, such inefficient increase expenses and reduce dividends. My crew did both. What of his carelessness he set fire to the big mainsail and totally destroyed it. There weren't any dividends that night, and the Chinese fishermen were richer by the nets and ropes we did not get. I was bankrupt, unable just then to pay sixty-five dollars for a new mainsail. I left my boat at anchor and went off on a bay-raid on a raid up the Sacramento River. While away on this trip another gang of bay pirates raided my boat. They stole everything, even the anchors; and, later on, when I recovered the drifting hulk, I sold it for twenty dollars. I had slipped back the one rung I had climbed, and never again did I attempt the business ladder.

From then on I was mercilessly exploited by other capitalists. I had the muscle, and they made money out of it while I made but a very indifferent living out of it. I was a sailor before the mast, a longshoreman, a roustabout; I worked in canneries, and factories, and laundries; I mowed lawns, and cleaned carpets, and washed windows. And I never got the full product of my toil. I looked at the daughter of the cannery owner, in her carriage, and knew that it was my muscle, in part, that helped drag along that carriage on its rubber tires. I looked at the son of the factory owner, going to college, and knew that it was my muscle that helped, in part, to pay for the wine and good-fellowship he enjoyed.

But I did not resent this. It was all in the game. They were the strong. Very well, I was strong. I would carve my way to a place amongst them, and make money out of the muscles of other men. I was not afraid of work. I loved hard work. I would pitch in and work harder than ever and eventually become a pillar of society.

work, and he was more than willing that I should work. I thought I was learning a trade. In reality, I had displaced two men. I thought he was making an electrician out of me; as a matter of fact, he was making fifty dollars per month out of me. The two men I had displaced had received forty dollars each per month; I was doing the work of both for thirty dollars per month.

This employer worked me nearly to death. A man may love oysters, but too many oysters will discipline him toward that particular diet. And so with me. Too much work sickened me. I did not wish ever to see work again. I fled from work. I became a tramp, begging my way from door to door, wandering over the United States, and sweating bloody sweats in slums and prisons.

I had been born in the working class, and I was now, at the age of eighteen, beneath the point at which I had started. I was down in the cellar of society, down in the subterranean depths of misery about which it is neither nice nor proper to speak. I was in the pit, the abyss, the human cesspool, the shambles and the charnel house of our civilization. This is the part of the edifice of society that society chooses to ignore. Lack of space compels me here to ignore it, and I shall say only that the things I there saw gave me a terrible scare.

I was scared into thinking. I saw the naked simplicities of the complicated civilization in which I lived. Life was a matter of food and shelter. In order to get food and shelter men sold things. The merchant sold shoes, the politician sold his manhood, and the representative of the people, with exceptions, of course, sold his trust; while nearly all sold their honor. Women, too, whether on the street or in the holy bond of wedlock, were prone to sell their flesh. All things were commodities, all people bought and sold. The one commodity that labor had to sell was muscle. The honor of labor had no price in the market place. Labor had muscle, and muscle alone, to sell.

But there was a difference, a vital difference. Shoes and trust and honor had a way of renewing themselves. They were imperishable stocks. Muscle, on the other hand, did not renew. As the shoe merchant sold shoes, he continued to replenish his stock. But there was no way of replenishing the laborer's stock of muscle. The more he sold of his muscle, the less of it remained to him.

And if he did not sell more, he sold out and put up his shutters. He was a muscle bankrupt, and nothing remained to him but to go down in the cellar of society and perish miserably.

I learned further, that brain was likewise a commodity. It, too, was different from muscle. A brain seller was only at his prime when he was fifty or sixty years old, and his wares were fetching higher prices than ever. But a laborer was worked out or broken down at forty-five or fifty. I had been the cellar of society, and I did not like the place as a habitation. The pipes and drains were unsanitary, and the air was bad to breathe. If I could not live on the parlor floor of society, I could, at any rate, have a try at the attic. It was true, the diet there was slim, but the air at least was pure. So I resolved to sell no more muscle, and to become a vender of brains.

Then began a frantic pursuit of knowledge. I returned to California and opened the books. While thus equipping myself to become a brain merchant, it was inevitable that I should delve into sociology. There I found, in a certain class of books, scientifically formulated, the simple sociological concepts I had already worked out myself. Other and greater minds, before I was born, had worked out all that I had thought, and a vast deal more. I discovered that I was a Socialist.

The Socialists were revolutionists, inasmuch as they struggled to overthrow the society of the present, and out of the material to build the society of the future. I, too, was a Socialist and a revolutionist. I joined the groups of working-class and intellectual revolutionists, and for the first time came into intelligent living. Here I found keen-flashing intellects and brilliant wits; for here I met strong and alert-brained, withal horny-handed, members of the working class; unrocked preachers too wide in their Christianity for any congregation of Mammon-worshippers; professors broken on the wheel of university subservience to the ruling class and flung out because they were quick with knowledge, which they strove to apply to the affairs of mankind.

Here I found, also, warm faith in the human, glowing idealism, sweetness of unselfishness, renunciation and martyrdom—all the splendid, stinging things of the spirit. Here life was clean, noble, and alive. Here life rehabilitated itself, became wonderful and glorious; and I was glad to

dollar and cents; and to whom the thin wail of the starved slum-child meant more than all the pomp and circumstance of commercial expansion and world-empire. All about me were nobleness of purpose and heroism of effort, and my days and nights were sunshine and starshine, all fire and dew, with before my eyes, ever burning and blazing, the Holy Grail, Christ's own Grail, the warm, human, long suffering and maltreated, but to be rescued and saved at the last.

And I, poor foolish I, deemed all this to be a mere foretaste of the delights of living. I should find higher above me in society. I had lost many illusions since the day I read "Seaside Library" novels on the California ranch. I was destined to lose many of the illusions I still retained.

As a brain merchant I was a success. I entered right in on the parlor floor, and my disillusionment proceeded rapidly. I sat down to dinner with the masters of society, and with the wives and daughters of the masters of society. The women were gowned beautifully, I admit; but to my naive surprise I discovered that they were of the same clay as all the rest of the women I had known down below in the cellar. "The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady were sisters under their skins"—and gowns.

It was not this, however, so much as their materialism, that shocked me. It is true these beautifully gowned, beautiful women prattled sweet little ideals and dear little moralities; but in spite of their prattle the dominant key of the life they lived was materialistic. And they were so sentimentally selfish! They assisted in all kinds of sweet little charities, and informed one of the fact, while all the time the food they ate and the beautiful clothes they wore were bought out of dividends stained with the blood of child labor, and sweated labor, and of prostitution itself. When I mentioned such facts, expecting in my innocence that these sisters of Judy O'Grady would at once strip off their blood- dyed silks and jewels, they became excited and angry, and read me preachments about the lack of thrift, the drink, and the innate depravity that caused all the misery in society's cellar. When I mentioned that I couldn't quite see that it was the lack of thrift, the intemperance, and the depravity of a half-starved child of six that made it work twelve hours every night in a Southern cotton mill, these sisters of Judy O'Grady attacked my private life and called me

sooth, settled the argument.

Nor did I fare better with the masters themselves. I had expected to find men who were clean, noble and alive, whose ideals were clean, noble and alive. I went about amongst the men who sat in the high places, the preachers, the politicians, the business men, the professors, and the editors. I ate meat with them, drank wine with them, automobiled with them, and studied with them. It is true, I found many that were clean and noble; but, with rare exceptions, they were not alive. I do verily believe I could count the exceptions on the fingers of my two hands. Where they were not alive with rottenness, quick with unclean life, they were merely the unburied dead—clean and noble, like well-preserved mummies, but not alive. In this connection I may especially mention the professors I met, the men who live up to that decadent university ideal, "the passionless pursuit of passionless intelligence."

I met men who invoked the name of the Prince of Peace in their diatribes against war, and who put rifles in the hands of Pinkertons with which to shoot down strikers in their own factories. I met men incoherent with indignation at the brutality of prize-fighting, and who, at the same time, were parties to the adulteration of food that killed each year more babies than even red-handed Herod had killed.

I talked in hotels and clubs and homes and Pullmans and steamer chairs with captains of industry, and marveled at how little traveled they were in the realm of intellect. On the other hand, I discovered that their intellect, in the business sense, was abnormally developed. Also, I discovered that their morality, where business was concerned, was nil.

This delicate, aristocratic-featured gentleman was a dummy director and a tool of corporations that secretly robbed widows and orphans. This gentleman, who collected fine editions and was an especial patron of literature, paid blackmail to a heavy-jawed, black-brown boss of a municipal machine. This editor, who published patent-medicine advertisements and did not dare print the truth in his paper about said patent medicines for fear of losing the advertising, called me a scoundrelly demagogue because I told him that his political economy was antiquated and that his biology was contemporaneous with Pliny. This senator was the tool and the slave, the little puppet of a gross, uneducated machine boss; so was this

judge; and all three rode on railroad passes. This man, talking soberly and earnestly about the beauties of idealism and the goodness of God, had just betrayed his comrades in a business deal. This man, a pillar of the church and heavy contributor to foreign missions, worked his shop girls (1) hours a day on a starvation wage and thereby directly encouraged prostitution. This man, who endowed chairs in universities, perjured himself in courts of law over a matter of dollars and cents. And this railroad magnate broke his word as a gentleman and a Christian when he granted a secret rebate to one of two captains of industry locked together in a struggle to the death.

It was the same everywhere, crime and betrayal, betrayal and crime—men who were alive, but who were neither clean nor noble, men who were clean and noble, but who were not alive. Then there was a great, hopeless mass, neither noble nor alive, but merely clean. It did not sit positively nor deliberately; but it did sit passively and ignorantly by acquiescing in the current immorality and profiting thereby. Had it been noble and alive it would not have been ignorant, and it would have refused to share in the profits of betrayal and crime.

I discovered that I did not like to live on the parlor floor of society. Intellectually I was bored. Morally and spiritually I was sickened. I remembered my intellectuals and idealists, my unrocked preachers, broken professors, and clean-minded, class-conscious workingmen. I remembered my days and nights of sunshine and starshine, where life was all a wild sweet wonder, a spiritual paradise of unselfish adventure and ethical romance. And I saw before me, ever blazing and burning, the Holy Grail.

So I went back to the working class, in which I had been born and where I belonged. I care no longer to climb. This imposing edifice of society above my head holds no delights for me. It is the foundation of the edifice that interests me. There I am content to labor, crowbar in hand, shoulder to shoulder with intellectuals, idealists, and class-conscious workingmen, getting a solid pry now and again and setting the whole edifice rocking. Some day, when we get a few more hands and crowbars to work, we'll topple it over, along with all its rotten life and unburied dead, its monstrous selfishness and sordid materialism. Then we'll cleanse the cellar and build a new habitation for mankind, in which there will be no parlor floor, in which all the rooms

air that is breathed will be clean, noble and alive.

Such is my outlook. I look forward to a time when man shall progress upon something worthier and higher than his stomach, when there will be a finer incentive to impel men to action than the incentive of to-day, which is the incentive of the stomach. I retain my belief in the nobility and excellence of the human. I believe that spiritual sweetness and unselfishness will conquer the gross gluttony of to-day. And, last of all, my faith is in the working class. As some Frenchman has said, "The stairway of time is ever echoing with the wooden shoe going up, the polished boot descending."

THE STRIKE

By Covington Hall

Say what ye will, ye owls of night,
The Strike upholds the cause of right;
The Strike compels the king to pause,
The statesman to remould the laws.
Say what ye will, yet, without rath,
The Strike drives home the bitter truth;
The Strike tears off the mask of things;
To mass and class the issue brings.

Say what ye will, the Strike is good;
It clears things long misunderstood;
It jolts the social mind awake;
It forces men a stand to take.

Say what ye will, all else above,
The Strike is war for bread and love;
For raiment, shelter, freedom, all
The human race can justice call.

An English soldier disabled at Ypres is now earning a living by means of a barrel organ, to which this notice is attached:

"Friends, I was discharged from the East Lancashire Regiment with a pension of 10s. per week, and have not drawn a penny of the pension, and my case is before the Commissioners of the Soldiers' Relief Fund. This is my only method of supporting my wife and three children until such time as I can get some relief from above."

At Ypres he saw severe fighting, and received a gunshot wound in his left arm, which has rendered it useless.—Reynolds.

Young People's Socialist League and the Socialist Party

The Director of a Young People's Circle

By HARRY D. SMITH, Director, Circle 2, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The director of a circle must, in a large measure, be like a teacher. The ideal teacher possesses the following qualifications:

Neat and clean personal appearance.

Is a real live person with a few faults, and sometimes makes mistakes just to show pupils that teacher, too, can be human.

Does not preach precepts which he or she violates or does not follow.

Knows subject to be taught thoroughly, and a little more, besides.

Is a psychologist and understands child-nature.

Fatherly and motherly in nature, possesses a big heart, a broad expanse of sympathy and has the knack of winning confidence of the pupils.

Does less talking and more questioning—leading and guiding, instead of dictating.

Does not talk over the heads of the pupils—speaks every word so that it counts.

Inspires, leads and trains pupils in the right direction to become useful citizens who can think and act independently without the aid of a prop.

The foregoing qualifications look formidable at first sight, but the natural teacher, leader or director will recognize therein many points in his or her make-up. However, the director of a circle of the Young People's Socialist League should be like a teacher, and something more. His or her qualifications could be summed up about as follows:

Member of the Socialist Party in good standing.

Must have the respect and good-will of fellow-Socialists for reasons that are obvious.

Admit that he or she does not know certain things on rare occasions and let the youngsters look them up themselves.

Should be really sociable and democratic and transmit this spirit to those being directed.

Must be above petty personalities and remember the great big purpose of the Young People's Organization.

Must direct organization so that no cliques arise; otherwise, the Director is a failure and the club doomed.

Should be strictly fair and impartial and must not encourage jealousy by developing "Teacher's Pets."

In short, he or she must be a good example of the following: A Socialist of standing who loves young people and can impart and draw out knowledge as well as lead, encourage and direct properly.

There are many members of the Socialist Party who can come under these qualifications and become Directors of Young People's Circles. There are, on the other hand, many youngsters clamoring for just such direction. If these two parts of a great and noble work cannot be made to meet, is there not something amiss? If these two cannot be brought together properly and given just encouragement, is there not something the matter with the Socialist Party and its individual membership?

How to End the War

The young colored recruit fled at the first fire. His captain, wishing to infuse him with courage and patriotism, began thusly in a scornful tone:

"So you ran at first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sah. And I'd a-run sooner if I'd aknowed it was a-comin'."

"Have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Mah reppytation ain't nuffin' to me 'tall, sah, 'longside o' mah life, sah."

"But even if you should lose your life, you'd feel the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"No, sah, if Ah done los' mah life, sah, Ah wouldn't have no feelin' 'tall. Ah wouldn't have nuffit, sah. Ah'd be dajd, sah!"

"Does patriotism mean nothing to you?"

"Nuffin' at all, sah! Ah wouldn't put mah life in de scales again no gvnment, sah, 'cause if the gvnment lived on an' Ah was killed, de los' to me couldn't be fixed up, nohow, sah!"

"Why, if all the soldiers were like you every government in the world would go to pieces."

"No, sah, on de contrary, sah. Dey'd last forever, lessen folks changed 'em by votin', sah. Ef all soldiers was like me dere couldn't be no fightin' 'tall, sah."

A bad millionaire lay dying. He muttered weakly to the parson by his side: "If I leave a hundred thousand dollars or so to the Church, will my salvation be assured?" The parson answered cautiously, "I wouldn't like to be positive, but its well worth tryin'."—"Harper's."

WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

By GEORGE H. STROBELL

The student will tell you that Socialism is the name given by scientific observers to that era or condition which, as a perfectly natural development, is taking the place of our passing competitive system. Just as competition succeedd feudalism, so competition is being displaced by Collectivism or Socialism. He will tell you further that there are three great fundamental truths that make the change to Socialism inevitable:

First—The Class Struggle. He affirms that there has been all through history a struggle, now hidden, now open, between oppressor and oppressed, exploiter and exploited, master and slave, employer and employe; that each economic period ends in a revolutionary reconstruction of society or in the ruin of the contending classes. This struggle is on-to-day. It is a force at work in society to be studied, interpreted and directed: this the Socialist seeks to do.

Second—Surplus value or unearned income. Labor applied to nature is the only source of wealth. It is now easily seen that those who labor are being exploited, and that the capital used in production at present is the result of the surplus value produced by labor and retained by the employer. Those who do not labor productively live upon the labor of those who do. It follows, therefore, that those who labor do not get what they produce. This exploitation of labor is universal; the form changes, but the practice goes on. It is not quite so apparent under the wage system as under slavery or serfdom, but it is there neverthe-

less. It is hidden under the various processes of our business system, in rent, interest, and profit. The Socialist philosophy points out the way it works, educates the social conscience to consider the means of exploitation immoral and describes the evolutionary steps society must take to eliminate the possibility of its continuance. Socialism, which contemplates the public ownership and operation of the means of production and distribution, might be defined as a system under which it would be impossible for any set of men to live on the labor of others.

Third—Economic determinism or the scientific interpretation of history in the light of economic conditions. In any given epoch the most important and fundamental element in shaping social, legal and political institutions is economic. This doctrine points out the determining element in social movements and enables the energy of man to be directed to the strategic point, upon the real issue. It does not deny that there are other factors, even ideal elements in history. It asserts that for men in the mass economic interests are decisive.

Based upon these three main thoughts we see that Socialism is the modern struggle of the oppressed class, the workers, knowing that they are exploited, knowing that good surroundings are necessary for a full, well-rounded life, to throw off the yoke of the oppressor and exploiter and to retain for themselves and their families all that they produce.

As the knowledge of these truths will permeate the working class sooner or later, their self-

interest will lead them to unite in the field of political action, where, being greatly in the majority, they will be successful. Thus we can assuredly say that Socialism is inevitable.

But what do the working class propose to do with the ballot, when they are united and have a majority? Let us see. We have yet to hear the wage-earner's answer to the question, What is Socialism?

The wage-earner will reply somewhat in this wise. By Socialism I mean the movement among the workers for the public or co-operative ownership and operation of all industries and distributing agencies, which will prevent exploitation so that I shall get the full product of my toil.

Therefore, we workers shall vote for the public ownership of railroads, telegraph and express business, and of National, State and Municipal utilities. Those secured we shall take over the business of those industries where the process of consolidation approaches completion. This could be done without any severe shock to the remaining business interests. It is probable that the land held by speculators out of use would be next acquired by the nation and on it industry on a gigantic scale, with up-to-date machinery and scientific processes, would be organized by the public to feed, clothe and care for its own employes.

These changes would institute economic equality, which we are ready for and which we want and must have; we demand it as our right and not because of ability or

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—3c. 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—3c. per copy.

ADVERTISING—10c. a line, \$1.00 an inch. For one year one inch \$10.00.



Socialism has but one definite object, and that is to forever banish poverty and the fear of it from the lives and minds of every man, woman and child on the face of the globe. When society readjusts itself to a world without poverty it will be the most perfect civilization the world has ever known.—Brisbane (Australia) Worker.

"Life is a great bundle of little things."—O. W. Holmes.

"Business, like charity, covers a multitude of sins."

"Those who struggle for foreign markets blaze the way for war."

"Master and slave—Socialism will abolish both."

"Capitalism being the cause of poverty, it cannot abolish poverty without first abolishing itself."

"Rent, interest and profit represent the difference between what the workers earn and what they get."

THE BOY WITH THE HAMMER

By F. G. FOSTER

Silas Samuel Oppenheim lit a cigar. A deep and restful feeling was with him this Christmas eve as he paced the delicately-bordered pathway that surrounded his lovely residence. Now and again he stopped and peered silently across the half-mile of distance that separated the stately Oppenheim mansion from a huger if less happy looking block of buildings that went by the name of Oppenheim's munition works.

Silas Oppenheim was rich; he was, moreover, considerably richer for the coming of the munitions. As he walked reflectively up and down on this exquisitely beautiful evening, the red sun was sinking slowly into its western cradle. He noted the black outline of the workers lifting itself in sharp relief against the blood-red background. It was a sight to catch the eye and the breath of an artist, and maybe to set him shuddering, for from every crack and crevice of the building there poured forth a thick yellow vapour; it was the steam emanation that by day and night rose from the long lines of chemical cauldrons, which the inmates of the factory had facetiously called the "Devil's stew-pots."

It was no new sight to the Muniton Master, but an impression came to him now that it looked bad, that it ought somehow to be stopped.

It may have been that the aroma of his fragrant cigar wakened slumbering sympathies within his worldly breast, or that the spirit of Christmas—that benign season—contrived to dis-

cover a kindly unhardened spot in his commercialized heart; howbeit, his thought turned unaccountably from the considerations of asbestos packing, exhaust valves, and leaden tubing to the human men and women who labored by day and night within the sombre walls and dreadful atmosphere of his factory. He pictured the familiar scenes; girls prostrated, stricken senseless with the noxious fumes; men and women vomiting poison.

He was thus cogitating when his eyes fell upon what was perhaps the most amazing sight it had ever been his lot to behold. Seated on the edge of a daintily trellised garden seat was a tiny boy. He was colored a deep yellow tint from head to foot, and his chin had fallen forward on his breast in profound slumber. He wore a simple clinging garment, which was as yellow as himself, and in his hand he clutched, staffwise, a long-handled yellow hammer.

At the Muniton Master's approach he suddenly awakened and sprang to his feet.

"Are you Oppenheim?" he asked, blinking and excited.

"I am Oppenheim," replied the other. "What is your pleasure, sir?"

"I've come to smash you," said the little fellow in a most matter-of-fact tone of voice.

The Muniton Master held his breath in amazement, then he burst into a peal of laughter.

"Well, I must say you're a brawny chap for the job," he opined. "Is it—er—is my destruction to take place at once,

or have you arranged it for some future occasion? And is this the implement?" he asked, pointing to the hammer.

"Oh, I'm really not going to do it with this," said the boy with a friendly smile. "This is what we call a symbol, and it won't be yet awhile, of course."

"May I ask you sent you upon this interesting mission?" asked the Muniton Master.

"Well, you see it isn't only me, sir. There are lots of us. It was all arranged in the place where you stay until you are born; I've been waiting years for my turn. I was to be an engineer, mines were my specialty. (The little apparition was quite talkative.) Of course, I should have had to study a lot; in fact, I should almost have lived down the mines at first, finding out things, but there'd have been no more accidents in mines when I'd finished. It was all mapped out."

He paused and a curious catch came into his throat. "Mother went to work over there." He pointed with his finger to where the yellow vapor was bursting through the apertures of the big building opposite. "I've been born yellow."

"See here!" exclaimed Silas. "The workpeople in that building are happy and contented. We are all doing our bit together. The yellow on their hands and faces is the sign of their faithful service rendered in time of need. It's their mark of honor."

"Where's yours, then, Mr. Oppenheim?"

The Muniton Master ignored the query.

"My workpeople," he went on, as one who discoursed on a familiar theme, "have every comfort, baths and wash-houses are provided, rubber overalls,

patent respirators, huts to take their meals in—"

"And ambulances when they're gassed."

"They recover from the gas in a few hours."

"Seven years," mysteriously said the boy. The Muniton Master started. "See here, young fellow," he cried, suddenly growing stern, "I want to know who's been telling you this tomfoolery about my works? I'll have the Defence of the Realm on 'em, whoever they are."

"The defense of whose Helm?" asked the boy, innocently.

"The Realm," I said, not 'their Helm.' Who told you these falsehoods? Out with it," he repeated.

"Our mothers."

"Full particulars?" cried Silas, in the tone of a military representative examining a conscientious objector. "Time, place, and circumstances. When did they tell you?"

"They tell us when they are sad and when they are happy."

"And who told them—about the seven years and the other nonsense," thundered the M.R. voice.

"We did." This was too perplexing for the Muniton Master. "What do you mean?" he demanded, getting red and excited. "How could they tell you if they didn't know themselves until you told them what they had to tell you before—?" He stopped; he was getting frightfully mixed up.

"I'm afraid you'll never understand," murmured the boy with the hammer. You're too big; besides, you've been making munitions."

Silas glared at the two bright eyes looking steadily at him from the small yellow countenance. He was growing savage. "If you

weren't so confoundedly young I'd—I'd be inclined—"

"I'm not young," interrupted the pathetic boy. "I haven't come here to be young, have I?"

"Ah, no; my mistake, of course. Ha! ha! You've come here to destroy me." The Master of Munitions laughed out loud. He was laughing to keep back the hot guilty thoughts that rushed up to him from the deep-downness of his own heart. He was laughing so that he might not see that wistful look which reminded him "rangelly enough of the fair cheeks and bright eyes of his own little queen child, Estelle. "Yes, we're going to destroy all of you," went on the little man, "every one."

"Every one, eh?"

"That is to say, you'll have to go out of the business; you'll be transformed."

"Jimminy! Sounds kind of serious for us, I'm thinking. D'ye mind me smoking on it?" he asked, still smiling, though a long white crease shot across his prophetic forehead. He took a fresh cigar from his case.

Do you mind your 'hands' smoking?" asked the boy in re- turn.

"Not off the premises."

"Shilling cigars?"

"They can please themselves, of course," fibbed Silas. He lit up. "Now fire away, youngster. I'm interested to know when this destroying is to take place, and how. I don't quite like the look of you, somehow."

"As soon as we grow up," said the boy.

"Who's 'we,'" ungrammatically asked Silas.

"The boys and girls that are left when the war is finished and those that aren't born yet. We've arranged it all."

"Up there, eh?" Silas began

now to take his youthful visitor very seriously. "D'ye mean to tell me," he exclaimed, looking quizzically at the boy, "that babes are alive before they're born—before they are even thought of?"

The boy laughed. It was a great joke—tremendous. He looked at the Munition Manufacturer pityingly. "I'm afraid you'll never understand," he repeated, and his shoulders shrugged.

"Anyway, what set you whipper-snappers 'up there' discussing the war? What had it to do with you?"

"Well you see, we were friends," replied the visitor, "and a serious position faced us. Children are inter—what do you call it?—international. They are the same everywhere. When we were born some of us would come to live in England, some in France, some in Russia, and so on. We have to go wherever our mothers happen to call us to. Of course we never think about the place when we hear them. We're too delighted. So you see I might have been German," smiled the boy.

A dark scowl overspread Silas' face. "Huns," he ejaculated. He always said this, sometimes without even noticing it, when he heard the word "German."

"And, of course, so might you," continued the boy; "but, then, munition makers are as international as children, aren't they? They're the same everywhere. So, you see, if we didn't want to say goodbye and then in a little while be bombing and munitioning each other, it was necessary to make some arrangement, so we promised—that's how it happened. If none of us make munitions or go to fight there can't be any war, can there? You couldn't expect us

to study you, could you?" asked the boy, suddenly. "You never study us. Look at me!"

Oppenheim looked at him, and the cynical smile came back. (He was thinking of the Military Service Act.) "Wars will go on as long as there are hunns," he said—(the scowl flitted mechanically back at the word)—"and Kaisers and Crown Princes."

"And munition makers and merchant princes," added the boy. "Yes, we've thought of that. They've got to go, and slums will go too, and some other things will go with them. We're going to make a clean sweep."

"Well, you've got a job on, a mighty big one. Our children are patriots (he said it proudly, though there was the slightest quiver of his left eyelid as he spoke). You bet we see to that. We train 'em. The schools are ours. Picture Palaces, too. You've got a job on, my son."

"We shall do it," cried the boy, confidently. He shouldered his hammer shaft, and prepared to leave.

"Well, before you go, tell me of even one you've converted, one that thinks like you anywhere hereabouts. Is there one?" asked the Munition Master triumphantly.

"Yes," answered the boy quietly, "your little girl."

"To kill one is murder by law, And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe.

To kill thousands takes a specious name,

War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame." —Gray.

"When the worker cheats, he is a knave; when the capitalist cheats, he is a shrewd business man. Ever notice it?"

WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

(Continued from Page 7)

fitness. We are not at all doubtful of our ability to create a better state of society than the trading class has given us. As a class we are honest, our labor is honest; we render far more than an equivalent for what we receive. Therefore, as we are the victims of the dishonesty of the trading and exploiting class, we have an interest in the establishing of honest conditions.

Because we produce everything, we have been forced into evil conditions that are due entirely to the greed of the exploiters or arise out of our impotent rebellion against our servitude. For the profit of the trading class we have been herded into slums, tempted by the saloon, driven by scanty wage into poverty, prostitution and suicide, poisoned and killed by the wholesale, made criminals and tramps, only that we might continue in subjection. We shall, therefore, have an interest in their removal. No other class has the power, much less the disposition, to free us from them.

We do not propose to eliminate private property. It is only private property used in production that is to be abolished. The worker's share of the product is his private property and may be disposed of in any way he pleases, and in no possible manner can he be deprived of it. There can be no way by which the present means of exploiting by rent, interest and profits can be used to reduce the purchasing power of his income. Under the co-operative ownership of the means of production and distribution there can be no non-productive class living upon the labor of the producer.

THREE POOR DEVILS

Not nearly so many die of wounds received in battle nowadays as formerly, because of the immediate scientific attention that the wounded receive. To-day soldiers can be shot up a good deal without serious injury.

Hiram Maxim.

The nurse stopped beside a cot near the window. "This is Brissol," she said.

He lay upon his back, motionless; only his head had turned slightly upon the pillow as we neared him, that he might more easily look at us. But I did not notice his face. I was looking at his feet. They stuck out at the bottom of the bed, each bound lightly to a thin board padded with cotton—like a makeshit sandal. They were waxly white, and looked clean and soft, like a woman's hands. The white coverlet that hid all between ankles and chin lay without a wrinkle.

The nurse explained. "He's paralyzed, from the waist down. Shrapnel. And we had to amputate his left arm. His back is sore, too—bed sores, you know, from lying still so long. It is covered with them. The worst I ever saw. . . ."

She turned to the wounded man and spoke in French. "Brissol, this gentleman is from New York."

He had been watching us, his eyes glancing from one to the other. They were eyes black and extraordinarily brilliant, as though they had taken over the vitality that had passed from that inert body. He spoke now for the first time.

"Ah, New York." He smiled. "To see my petit bras?"

"He calls the stump his 'little arm,'" she explained. "I'll ask him to show it to you. He likes us to joke about it." She turned again to Brissol. Would he show us his petit bras?

He nodded, and with his remaining hand turned back the coverlet that we might look. The sleeve of the flannel nightgown had been cut away to give freer play to what was left of his arm. The end was neatly done up in intricate platings of bandage. The upper part, where the flesh showed, was white, waxy white like his feet, and frail. I could have spanned it with my thumb and forefinger.

He could move it, he said. See? The thing wagged grotesquely. "Ce n'est pas très long, mon p'tit bras," he murmured.

"How long did you lie wounded before the stretcher-bearers found

you?" The question was almost involuntary. I do not know why I asked it.

"Two days. . . . That is a long time." He paused a moment. "A long time," he repeated softly.

"Will he ever walk?" I asked the nurse as we turned away.

"No. Never."

"Still—somehow it doesn't seem quite so bad as if he were a younger man, with a whole lifetime—"

She shook her head. "He is not old. Many of them look like that. He is only thirty-five."

We had reached another bed. No paralytic, this, for he was sitting up, dressed in his uniform, the faded coat unbuttoned at the throat, and wearing a pair of shabby black bedroom slippers. He heard us coming and turned his head; and I saw that he was blind. The half-closed right eye was dull and sunken, while the drooping left eyelid protruded, swollen and purplish, as though the eyeball beneath were trying to force its way out of the socket.

"One of my best patients," said the nurse. "Bon jour, Grangeon!"

At the sound of her voice his heavy, patient face lighted up with eager welcome. "Ah, Meers Smeeth! 'Bon jour, bon jour," he babbled excitedly. Then, suddenly, his mood changed; he became mysterious, important. "Attendez!" I have something for you!"

He fumbled under the pillow for an instant, found the object he was searching for, and held it out proudly. A little basket; a clumsy little raffia basket about three inches across, wobbly and lop-sided, with frayed ends of straw sticking out of its uneven rim.

"Ah, c'est joli!" cried the nurse. For me? Truly? Merci, Grangeon! Her eyes were very bright. She took his hand and held it, patting and stroking it as she talked to me.

"Poor Grangeon! It's worse for him than for some of them. He is older—over forty—and he is only a peasant, a farm hand. He is not clever. He finds it hard to learn raffia work and chair caning, like the rest. It is too late. He cannot change. I don't know what he will do."

She was talking in English, of course. But Grangeon did not seem to mind being left out of things. He sat on the bed, his legs straight out before him and his shoulders bent a little. But his chin was raised, so that he seemed to be peering at some-

By DENIS TAYLOR, Paris

thing very far off. 'Twas because he was but newly blind. When he had been blind a little longer he would not hold his chin up that way. He would give up the fight, the unconscious struggle to see, and the taut muscles would relax.

Already the anxious, puzzled lines on his face were commencing to smooth out, were giving way to the awful placidity of the blind. Perhaps this was why he seemed so much younger than Brissol; Brissol, who was thirty-five and looked fifty. Sitting there, clutching the nurse's hand with his thick, calloused fingers, he seem'd strangely like a child. Your thought of a little boy, in the dark, holding fast to his mother's hand for comfort. . . .

"We must go," the nurse said. "The surgeons will be making their rounds soon." She gently disengaged her fingers. "Au revoir, Grangeon."

"Au 'voir, ma'mselle."

As the door closed behind us she glanced down the corridor and pointed in surprise. "Why, there's Dupré. I didn't know he was well enough to be up. We must stop and speak to him. He's a very remarkable case—plastic surgery. When he came, it didn't seem as though he could possibly live. But the surgeons saved him. They've given him almost a whole new face."

He did not look up as we stopped before him. He was sitting in a low chair, leaning forward, his elbows upon his knees and his hands loosely clasped. His chin was slightly raised. . . . as Grangeon's had been. Over his right eye and half of his right cheek was a black patch. His nose was quite flat, the right nostril a mere flap of skin. Part of his mouth—the left side—was still normal, a mouth. But just under his nose a thick, livid scar divided his upper lip, ran down the lower lip and jaw, and disappeared beneath his chin. To the right of this scar there was nothing; nothing human, that is. There was skin and flesh, bone, too, perhaps. A slit to the right of the scar corresponded to what was the mouth on the left. But the thing had no lips.

Jean Dupré was twenty-four years old. He had once been a man, perhaps even a handsome man.

The nurse spoke, very cheerfully. "Dupré, bon jour! How do you feel now? Is your cold any better today? Ça va bien?"

"Non. Ça ne va pas bien."

He had not raised his head, nor had his expression changed. But the

terrible lips mouth had moved; and from somewhere, hell, I think, had come a voice.

It was the nurse who first broke the silence as we went on down the corridor. "He wears that black patch, you know . . . because there is nothing underneath. Just a red hole."

"He has seen himself?"

"No. He hopes to get back the sight of his left eye—he can tell night from day. But he never will."

We were both silent for a little while. Then she spoke again. "Do you know," she began hesitatingly, "I can't help thinking . . . these three men . . . perhaps it would have been better—"

She did not, finish. There are things that it is useless for nurses to think about—or surgeons, either. They are not the judges. This wonderful civilization, of ours, so intricate, so specialized, has set them a single task: that of healing broken men, of keeping living souls in dead bodies. There are other specialists to take charge of the killing.

To die for one's country! . . . If one were only sure of dying.

IMPROBABLE EPITAPHS

Here lies the body of

Henry R. Watkins,

late private, Co. K, Kentish Rifles, who fell at Ypres, March 20, 1915. He died to establish the supremacy of British over German tin pie plates in the markets of Tierra del Fuego. Hence, this monument, erected in grateful memory by

The Sheffield Manufacturers' Association

Here rests the remains of

Hans Schmidt,

cook, 118th Regiment, Bavarian Landsturm, who died of exhaustion at Pozieres, France, July 25, 1916. He sacrificed himself on the altar of the Fatherland in order that its goods might no longer suffer unjust discrimination at the customs house in Shanghai, China.

Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Here is the resting place of

Mikhail Kikailovitch,

89th Siberian Cavalry, who gave up his life in battle at the crossing of the Stokhod River, July 22, 1916, in order that the Russkoye Import and Export Company of Moscow might have a warm port on the Atlantic Ocean.

Report of the Young Socialists' Magazine Conference Held on Sunday Afternoon, January 21, 1917, at The Rand School, New York City

Comrade Lundé of New Jersey acted as chairman. The Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens and New Jersey Leagues were represented by delegates. The Board of Management was represented by Comrade Henry Krause and Comrade Joseph Juulich.

The circulation work was the main topic of discussion. The Circulation Manager reported that the Leagues all over the country, with the exception of Manhattan, are taking greater interest in the magazine than ever before. Its circulation has increased from 1,800 in June to 2,500 in December, 1916. These figures show an improvement, but much more has to be accomplished in order to meet the exceptionally high prices in paper and other materials incidental to the make-up of the magazine. It is absolutely necessary that all the leagues give better financial support and particularly secure new subscribers, so that within the next six months the edition can be increased from 2,500 to at least 5,000.

Comrade Juulich reported that the special October issue involved an extra expense of \$59.00, which has not yet been covered. The Bronx League, so far the only one, contributed \$5.65 towards this deficit, and it is expected that the other leagues will act accordingly.

Upon motion, it was decided to call another conference for Sunday, March 4, 1917, 2 P.M. sharp, at the Rand School, 140 East 19th Street, New York City. The Circulation Manager was instructed to invite delegates from all the leagues of Greater New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Connecticut to be present, with a view to discussing ways and means of improving the magazine and increasing its circulation, as it is imperative that the leagues give this question their earnest attention.

A MODERN KNIGHT

By Perrin Holmes Loyrey

Could you have loved the dainty girls,
The save-me-str and fainty girls,
Knights crossed the world to vie for?

They were such fragile, tender things,
Such willowy and slender things,
For men to fight and die for!

Could you have loved the weepy girls,
The eight-o'clock-and-sleepy girls,
Of mediaeval story?

They were such leak-the-briny things,
Such tootsie-wootsie-tiny things
To make a country gory!

I scorn your lily-bower dames,
Your tournament and tower dames,
Knights crossed the world to vie for.

But give me independent girls,
Our latter-day resplendent girls,
One doesn't have to die for!

WHAT GREAT MEN SAID ABOUT THE WAR

By Fred Haard

Thou shalt not kill.—Moses in the Decalogue.

Take not up the sword. They that take up the sword shall perish by the sword.—Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth.

Whenever there is war, the devil makes hell larger.—German Proverb.
Cannons and firearms are cruel and murderous machines.—Martin Luther.
O War, thou son of hell.—William Shakespeare.

War is a brain-spattering, windpipe-smitting art.—Lord Bacon.

War is the devil's gambling game.—George Fox.

War is the business of hell.—Rev. John Wesley.

There never was a good war or a bad peace.—Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

War never decided any question of right or wrong.—Thomas Jefferson.

War is the trade of barbarism.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

A good man never makes a good soldier. The worst man always makes the best soldier. The soldier is nothing but a hired, legalized murderer.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

The military profession is a damnable profession.—The Duke of Wellington, Napoleon's rival and conqueror.

When a British officer came hurriedly to the Duke of Wellington during the battle of Waterloo and told him that with his field glass he had located Napoleon and his staff, and asked permission to open his artillery on that spot, Wellington refused permission to do so, and said: "It is not the business of commanders to fire on each other. I'll not allow it, sir. I'll not allow it."

Napoleon was a great gambler, whose game was empires, whose stakes were thrones, whose table, earth, whose dice were human bones.—Lord Byron.

War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight, the lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade.—Shelley.

My greatest regret is that I have been the author of three wars in which thousands of lives were lost.—Chancellor Prince Bismarck, according to Dr. Busch, Bismarck's biographer.

The soldier is a hired assassin.—Victor Hugo.



OUR OWN AFFAIRS



SETTLE Y. P. S. L. CONTROVERSY

Upon consideration of the report of the Young People's Department by the National Executive Committee the Jewish Translator presented a complaint on the manner in which stamps were sold to the Jewish-speaking Y. P. S. L. Comrade Kruse, Director of the Young People's Dept., explained that they were being sold just as all of our due stamps were handled, through the regular State and county officers of the league. In this way the Jewish-speaking organizations remained an integral part of the rest of the Young Socialist movement. Comrade Bailin held out for a different form in which a Jewish National Office would sell the stamps and remit the per capita tax to the various regular league offices, similar to the method used by the Party office. After considerable questioning the committee declared that the present method was best suited to the case and ordered it continued. Comrade Kruse's report also dealt with the general progress of the league and with the National Championship Contest now in force, the report being approved by the committee.

LEAGUE DOINGS

Toledo, Ohio is the first league to enter that great National Championship Contest. A dance on New Year's Eve for the benefit of the striking telephone girls netted a good profit. The lunch boxes brought by the ladies were raffled off, and merriment lasted far into the morning. At midnight they sang in the New Year with the "Marseillaise" and "The Red Flag."

Omaha, Neb., also enters the contest. On January 31 they held a debate on "Resolved, that we are civilized." The affirmative argued that we are civilized because of our progress in science and art, negative held that mentally no progress had been made, and that until the conscience had been raised to a higher level we cannot be called civilized. Affirmative won.

Reading, Pa., has elected new officers and is proceeding to work at a high old rate.

The Pennsylvania State Organization reports that the leagues at Erie and New Bethlehem have gone out of business, but that other leagues have been organized at Scranton and Greenville to take up the places left vacant. There is also a report of or-

ganization at Wilkes-Barre, but nothing definite has been heard yet.

The New Jersey State League has elected Comrade Abo Lundé of Paterson to fill the unexpired term of State Organizer Picard, who resigned. There are good prospects for advance in the State, and they claim to be the busiest in State affairs of any in the country.

Comrade Jane Tate, Financial Secretary of Local Pittsburgh, Pa. Socialist Party, writes as follows in acknowledging the receipt of \$125.00 as a donation on the Blum Defense Fund:

"The Y. P. S. L. did nobly for their Yipsel Comrade. As Secretary-Treasurer of the committee that is raising funds for the case I want to thank the Yipsels for the contribution. It will help materially in the defense. We are still awaiting the decision of the Superior Court as to whether or not those convicted will get a new trial."

The Hartford, Conn., Yipsels have reorganized a league at New Britain and say that they are sure it is organized for keeps this time. They are going right ahead with their plans for a State Organization Convention for February 10, 1917, even though they do need another league to put it across.

ACTIVITIES OF ROCHESTER YIPSELS

At a meeting held January 17, 1917, the Rochester League had an election of officers and committees. Comrade Isadore Glickman was elected organizer and August Marshakly assistant organizer.

The Rochester Yipsels regret very much that our former organizer, Bertha Vossler, declined another nomination. Comrade Vossler has been one of our best workers. We feel that the success of our league has been greatly due to her efficient management. Comrade Vossler still hopes to keep up her activities in the league, which is very encouraging to us.

On Wednesday evening, January 24th, we had a home talent evening, at which a number of the Yipsels exhibited their talent. The program consisted of two vocal solos, a violin solo, a recitation, and a reading on Socialism.

The Educational Committee of the league is busily engaged in arranging educational meetings for the coming months. We have been very suc-

cessful in booking several prominent speakers of the city to address the league.

We have a very active Entertainment committee and they are making elaborate preparations for a box social, which will be held Sunday evening, February 11th. They are also arranging for a pedro party to be held sometime in the near future.

The Rochester League is at present conducting a crusade for membership. We are asking for recruits to enlist in the Y. P. S. L. Army.

Our slogan is: "We must capture the young."
Isadore Glickman, Organizer.

Y. P. S. L. OF WATERTOWN, N. Y.

It is some time since you heard from Watertown. We are still alive and carrying on the good work.

In passing I would like to mention we adopted a yell. We held a competition amongst ourselves to see who could write up the best yell. I entered the same, and I am proud to say they adopted my effort. Here it is:

Evolution, Revolution,
Capitalists must go;
Education, Co-operation,
That wealth more equal do.
Then give our yell,
Y—P—S—L—

To show we are in the fight,
Watertown—Watertown—Watertown
For progress and the right.

On the twenty-fifth of last month we held a Y. P. S. L. rally at Glen Park in the Town Hall. We had a good program, consisting of songs and recitals by the Yipsels. We had a short business meeting to show how our business was carried on, and finished the evening by a short address by myself, dealing with the aims of the Yipsel movement and the basic principles of Socialism. We had a dandy time, everyone enjoying themselves—even the rain could not dampen our spirits.

We have planned to hold a Hall-o'-en Party for November 8th. We will hold the same at Glen Park again, as we can reach and entertain a bigger crowd. We are going in for a general good time—games, songs, recitals, all kinds of eats, and probably indulge in a little dancing while we are masqued. The aim of our effort is to gather together the Yipsel sentiment and organize the same.

We have a large program for the

coming month, and look for big results. The Watertown Yipsels did all possible to boost the campaign—distributing literature, etc., etc.

We are growing in numbers. The spirit of our league is pregnant with new life. We are looking forward to making history in the coming winter session.

Keeping the red banner flying, knowing no dismay, I am

Yours in the Cause,

Harry J. Amatt.

Pennsylvania Young People's Socialist League

Scranton Circle is in the limelight. A lecture on "Economic Evolution" by Dr. Lee B. Woodcock, a novel sketch by Comrade John Paul entitled "At the Recruiting Station," and a lecture on "Evolution," followed by a dance, are some of the activities that have been interesting and entertaining the comrades.

Reading Circle has elected the following live wires for the coming term: President, Oswald; Vice-President, Rachard; Organizer, Leonard Moser; Recording Secretary, Walter Sirrid; Financial Secretary, Alfred Kionard. The Ordering Committee are: Lulu Weber, Burt Stine and Spohn. The Sunday night meetings are very successful. A meeting was held on December 24th, at which time an appropriate lecture, "The Evolution of the Christmas Tree," was given by Comrade Wickie. The big event in this circle's history will be the annual banquet which will be held on January 6th.

Eric Circle and New Bethlehem Circle have been compelled to give up their hard struggle. We regret very much this condition of affairs, but we are by no means dismayed. The comrades will rally again at a later date and will go forward. Just as long as the spirit of youth is coursing through the veins, some expression of revolt must be and will be shown. A working-class organization may be suppressed for a time, but not permanently. This report may dismay some, but then we have but to remember that two circles have been organized in their place, Greenville and Wilkes-Barre.

North Side Y. P. S. L. are busy as usual. A dance was held at Sexton's Hall on December 16th for the benefit of the Westinghouse strikers, and another dance is being planned for January 16th for the same reason. The Rand Class meets every Tuesday night, and some lively discussions are always in order. The Pittsburgh English Circle received the decision in a debate over the Northsiders on

December 24th. The subject was "Resolved That Strikes Are Beneficial to the Working Class."

Pittsburgh Circle is conducting educational meetings every Sunday night.

Pittsburgh Jewish Circle held a raffle for the benefit of the Jewish Federation of New York and raised \$50.00. Last month they had a "button day" for the benefit of their library that will be established in the new Labor Lyceum, and also a collection among the comrades which netted \$175.00. This circle is one of the hardest working circles in the State, and they are doing their share towards the Labor Lyceum.

A dance engrossed the attention of the McKeesport Circle last month, and they are now looking eagerly forward to January 10th, when the Socialist Party will act as host at a banquet.

KARL HAVLICEK CLUB OF WEST HOBOKEN

A special meeting of the Karl Havlicek Club Y. P. S. L. of West Hoboken was held on Saturday, January 4, 1917, at Nepivoda's Hall, to prepare details for the lecture and dance to be held January 27, and also the fourth annual mask and civic ball, February 17, 1917. Comrade L. Zarparka presided. The Farewell Leap Year Dance held December 31st was a social success, the Guttenburg Yipsels sending the largest representation. A supper was served at midnight. Dancing was enjoyed until early the next day.

All details for the great lecture and dance to be held January 27 are decided. Comrade Frederick Krafft of Ridgefield will speak on "Militarism." Admission, 25 cents, including wardrobe. The mask and civic ball was postponed to Saturday evening, February 17, 1917, on account of inability to get a hall. It will be held at Nepivoda's Hall, 420 Spring St., West Hoboken. An active and enthusiastic arrangement committee was elected to arrange all the details, and the Hudson County Yipsels are assured that this ball will be one long to be remembered. All new features of entertainment will be introduced, including electric lighting effects, decorations, surprises, etc. Admission will be 25 cents. All Socialists and Yipsels should attend, and an enjoyable time is promised to all.

On Wednesday evening, February 21, 1917, the club will hold a lecture and social at Nepivoda's Hall. Comrade Harry D. Smith, of Brooklyn, will speak on "Organization." Admission is free and everyone interested should attend.

An organization committee, composed of Comrades Schejbal, Zarparka and Texel, was elected to visit members not in good standing, and also prospective members, to try to get them interested in the Y. P. S. L. movement. They are also to carry on all organization work in the circle. It is expected to get quite a few more members within the next few months. The circle will attend the Hudson County Convention of the Y. P. S. L. January 14, 1917, at Nepivoda's Hall, in a body.

The circle urges all Yipsels and friends to attend the two plays which will be produced on February 24, 1917, at Sokol Hall, Guttenburg, by the Hudson County Dramatic Circle.

Fraternally submitted,

Raymond Texel, Jr.,

Sec. Karl Havlicek Circle.

AN EMBARRASSED ALDERMAN

A western man wanted to put a slightly projecting bay window upon the second story of his house. He sought the services of a builder, who explained that matters could be speedily arranged by a letter to an alderman.

Armed with such a letter he repaired to the alderman's chamber and met the alderman, who he found knew him. He explained his wish and was promptly promised the desired permit. Thinking the alderman, he thought it but courtesy to hand him the letter which he had until then forgotten. The alderman jumped up in great excitement, frantically pushed him from the chamber, and whispered in his ear as he went: "For the love of Heaven, don't hand me that here—send it to me after you have received the permit!"—E. T.

Parents and children are invited to inspect the methods of the Ferrer Modern Sunday School-Yorkville, a school conducted on strictly Socialist principles. Look what we offer you: Object Lessons (Anschauungsunterricht) rendered by four Socialist teachers. All objects concerning the life and struggle of the working-class. Singing of English and German songs with Socialist tendency. Esperanto. Violin School. Stenography.

Kindergarten (Sundays only).

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

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

Registration, Sundays, between 9 A.M. and 1 P.M. Saturdays, from 2 to 4 P.M., at Sackel's Union Hall, 1591 Second Ave., between 82nd and 53rd Sts. (Advt.)

Kriegserlebnisse in Deutschland

Der Drang, die deutsche Partei- und Jugendbewegung während des Krieges kennen zu lernen, trieb mich trotz des Krieges von zu Hause fort. Es war im Dezember 1915, als ich in Leopoldshöhe bei Basel die Eisenbahn bestieg und Berlin zu fuhr. Bei der strengen Grenzkontrolle fanden die Beamten trotz grösster Gewissenhaftigkeit nichts "Verdächtiges" unter meinen Sachen. Ich lachte und dachte, was ihr sucht, ist in meinem Kopf, und das könnt ihr beim besten Willen nicht herausbringen. In einer süddeutschen Stadt verliess ich das Dampfross und besuchte die dortigen Jugendgenossen und überbrachte ihnen die Grüsse, die mir von Schweizer Freunden mitgegeben wurden. In dieser Stadt fand ich die ganz gleichen Verhältnisse, wie ich sie später in Berlin fand.

In Berlin hatte mein Freund H. schon Fühlung mit den Jugendlichen genommen und ich musste nicht lange selbst solche suchen. Man wird nun erstaunt fragen, wie das möglich sei, dass man da lange zu suchen brauche, wenn doch überall Jugendheime seien. Das stimmt nun allerdings, dass man sich nicht allzu lange bemühen muss, um die "Arbeiterjugend" zu finden. Jugendheime befinden sich in allen Stadtteilen der Weltstadt, aber die Tätigkeit in der "Arbeiterjugend" kann einen politisch denkenden und auch darnach handelnden Jugendlichen, wie wir es nach unserer Erziehung in der schweizerischen Jugendorganisation gewohnt sind, nicht befriedigen. Die Mitglieder der "Zentralstelle für die arbeitende Jugend" mit Sitz in Berlin stehen durchaus auf dem Standpunkt derer, die glauben, am besten dem Sozialis-

mus zu nützen, indem sie die Regierungspolitik unterstützen und den Arbeitern den Burgfrieden und das "Lurchhalten" predigen. Die Tätigkeit in der Jugend ist auch danach, wenn sie auch nicht gerade so chauvinistisch ist, wie in einzelnen Jugendgruppen der Gewerkschaften. Die Thematik der Vorträge sind hauptsächlich aus dem Gebiete der Naturwissenschaft, Kunst, Technik usw. gegriffen, und wird in dieser Beziehung Hervorragendes geleistet. Die Berliner Jugendgenossen haben bei der Auflösung der selbständigen Organisationen vor einigen Jahren auch den letzten Rest von Selbständigkeit sich nehmen lassen, ganz im Gegensatz zu ihren Kollegen in andern Orten.

Die Leitung der Jugendheime liegt fast durchwegs in den Händen der Erwachsenen und wird von diesen und leider auch von einem grossen Teil, der jugendlichen Funktionäre die Arbeit in der Jugendbewegung als Jugend-"pflege" betrachtet, ganz ähnlich wie in bürgerlichen Fürsorge- und anderen Vereinen. Die jahrelange Erziehungsarbeit der Arbeiterjugend hat aber doch die Wirkung gehabt, dass sich ein tüchtiger Stamm von Jugendlichen gebildet hat, die, unzufrieden mit der "Jugendpflege", fordern, dass die Arbeiterjugend andere Bahnen einschlägt. Diese Jugendgenossen, die nach einem einheitlichen Aktionsprogramm in ganz Berlin arbeiten, sind auch dazu übergegangen und haben für eigene Organisationen geschaffen. Die ganze Bewegung ist noch im Entstehen.

Näheres mitteilen kann man heute nicht ohne die Jugendfreunde in Gefahr zu bringen. Bekannte revolutionäre Partei-

führer sympathisieren mit diesen Jugendlichen, und es ist allgemein nur zu begrüssen, wenn sich die jungen Proletarier von dem Gedanken und der Praxis der "Jugendpflege" und der unpolitischen Erziehung der Arbeiterjugend freimachen.

Dass diese Jugendlichen, wie auch diejenigen, welche die Politik der Parteinstanzen nicht unterstützen, von der Polizei hart bedrängt werden, ist selbstverständlich. Oft passierte es, dass, wenn wir eine Zusammenkunft in einem Lokal verabredet hatten, dasselbe polizeilich überwacht war, wenn wir zur angestetzten Zeit anrückten, und zwar immer so, dass, wer sich nicht umhln, hineinging und dann wie in einer Mausefalle gefangen sass. Wenn ein Genosse nur etwas "verdächtig" ist, wird gleich seine Korrespondenz kontrolliert, von Geheimpolizisten überwacht u. s. w., kurz, ihm jede Tätigkeit fast unmöglich gemacht. Wenn der Regierung die Tätigkeit eines Genossen allzu sehr lästig fällt, so wird er ganz einfach in Schutzhaft genommen oder es wird ihm jede Tätigkeit, wie: schreiben, reden in Versammlungen, korrespondieren u. s. w. untersagt; er darf arbeiten und essen, wenn er noch zu essen hat. Uebrigens ist, weiss ja jeder von den Lesern. Wenn man den höchsten Lohn bezieht, muss man alles für Nahrung weggeben, und dann bekommt man nichts Kräftiges, so dass man, besonders bei schwerer körperlicher Arbeit, die ausgegebenen Kräfte nicht durch entsprechende Nahrungseinnahme wieder erneuern kann. Die Folgen sind auch überall zu spüren. Es greift einem ans Herz, wenn man die bleichen, hungrigen Kinder morgens in die Schule gehen sieht, wo sie dann, welche Ironie,

wahrscheinlich Kaiserstreue, Gott-
ergebenheit und deutsche Helden-
geschichte zu Ichnen haben.

Die Angst vor der Abrechnung,
die dann endlich das Volk doch
einmal vornehmen könnte, zwingt
die Regierung, jede ihr schädliche
Tätigkeit sofort zunichte zu ma-
chen. Besonders verhasst ist ihr
die oppositionelle Jugend. Mit
allen möglichen Schikanen geht
man gegen sie vor. Verhaftungen,
Hausdurchsuchungen, Einkerkern-
gen sind an der Tagesordnung.
Und so war es auch kein Wun-
der, dass man uns zwei Schweizer
auch packte. Seit dem Augen-
blick, wo wir an den Zusammen-
künften der oppositionellen Jug-
end teilnahmen, wurden wir
fortwährend bespitzelt. Da mein
Freund den Vertrieb der "Jug-
end-Internationale" in Händen
hatte und ich durch Vorträge,
Ansprachen u. s. w. mich betä-
tigte, waren wir natürlich sehr
"lästig". Von einem Tag auf den
andern waren wir gefasst, verhaf-
tet zu werden. Mitte März wur-
den nach einer Versammlung, an
der ein bekannter revolutionärer
Parteiführer gesprochen hatte,
sechs Jugendgenossinnen inhaf-
tiert und fand die Polizei einen
Briefwechsel, der für uns "be-
lastend" war. Das war an einem
Sonnabend. Am darauffolgenden
Mittwoch kamen zwei Kriminal-
beamte, holten mich aus dem
Geschäft und machten Haus-
durchsuchung zu Hause. Ausser
einigen Zimmerwalder Mani-
festen, andern verbotenen Flug-
blättern und Broschüren fanden
sie nichts wichtiges bei mir, denn
sie suchten nicht am richtigen Ort.
Nach der Durchsuchung erklärten
mir die Herren, ich müsse
jetzt zur Vernehmung mitkom-
men. Als ich bemerkte, diese
Vernehmung werde wahrschein-
lich Wochen lang gehen, und ob

ich nicht mich umziehen könne,
wurde mir das verweigert und
musste ich in meinen schmutzi-
gen Arbeitskleidern mit zum
Polizeipräsidium gehen. Mit mei-
nen beiden liebevollen Schutz-
engeln unterhielt ich mich ganz
gut, nachdem sie gesehen hatten,
dass "ich rein gar nichts wusste."
Beim Polizeipräsidium wurde mir
erklärt, ich müsse diese Nacht
hier bleiben. Nach einer körper-
lichen Durchsuchung, bei der
einem alles, ausser der notwendi-
gen Kleidungsstücke, abgenom-
men wurde, wurde ich in eine
Zelle gesperrt und konnte nun
über meine Lage Betrachtungen
anstellen. Am darauffolgenden
Morgen war Verhör, bei dem
allerdings für die politische Poli-
zei wenig Positives heraus-
schaute. Alles mögliche wurde
meinem Freunde und mir zur
Last gelegt, wie: Wir seien
Spione im Auftrage der Feinde
Deutschlands mit der Aufgabe,
durch unsere Hetzereien die braven
deutschen Sozialdemokraten
und Arbeiter aufzuhetzen und die
Revolution in Deutschland her-
beizuführen. Als ich über dieser
bombastischen und "schreck-
lichen" Erklärung, die uns nur
Angst machen sollte, in Gelächter
ausbrach, bekam der gute Mann
fast einen Tobsuchtsanfall, gleich
wie bei der Erklärung meines
Freundes, der auf die Frage, ob
er Waffen trage, sagte, anständi-
ge Leute trügen keine Waffen.
Nach einem ca. Iständigen Wort-
gefecht wurde ich wieder abge-
führt und in Einzelzelle gesperrt.

In Einzelhaft brachte ich nun
vierzehn Tage zu, deren Eintö-
nigkeit fast zum Verrücktwerden
war. Meine Bücher zu lesen
wurde mir nicht gestattet, schrei-
ben durfte ich nur wenig; trotz-
dem gelang es mir, ein Tagebuch
zu führen. Durch Klopfen gelang

es mir, mich mit den anderen Ge-
fangenen zu verständigen und
hatten wir interessante Gespräche
miteinander. Die Nahrung war
so schlecht und so wenig, dass
wir, als wir nach der ersten
Woche in den Hof zum halb-
stündigen Spaziergang geführt
wurden, Schwindelanfälle bekam-
en. Nach vierzehn Tagen kamen
wir in den Militärgewahrsam,
wo wir uns grösserer "Frei-
heit" erfreuen konnten, und nach
weiteren vierzehn Tagen Haft,
die wir dazu verwendeten, Bebel's
"Frau und Sozialismus" und die
"Lessinglegende" von Mehring
zu studieren, wurden wir an die
Schweizergrenze abgeschoben,
ohne dass man uns verurteilt
hätte. Man gestattete uns nicht
einmal, unsere Wäsche und Klei-
der zu wechseln. In Begleitung
eines Gendarmerieoffiziers und
eines Beamten der Kommandan-
tur machten wir die Reise von
Berlin nach Singen im "Extra-
coupe" und befanden uns am 15.
April wieder auf Schweizerboden.
Mit ausgehungerten und von der
Gefängnishaft bleichen Gesich-
tern stürzten wir uns auf den
nächsten Bäckerladen und still-
ten unsern "Wolfshunger. Ein
nicht endenwollendes Halloh emp-
fang uns im Jugendheim in Bas-
sel, als wir dort am gleichen
Abend unvermutet eintrafen.

Während unseres nicht allzu
langen Aufenthalts in Deutsch-
land konnten wir feststellen, dass
die Arbeiterjugend mit grosser
Begeisterung ihrer Aufgabe ge-
recht zu werden sucht und kön-
nen wir die grösste Freude
haben, in unsern Freunden in
Deutschland, speziell in den
Jugendgenossinnen, so mutige
Kämpfer für den Frieden, für den
Sozialismus zu besitzen. Ihnen
rufen wir zu: An die Arbeit
trotz alledem und alledem! E. A.