

The Young Socialists' Magazine

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The Modern David

Drawn for the Y. S. M., by F. BARNES

The Future of the Magazine

By Wm. F. Kruse

The Young Socialists' Magazine has passed through some stormy times in the past few years. Almost constantly it has been run at a deficit, always met through the untiring efforts of some of our New York comrades. They felt that the Young Socialists' movement of this country had to have an organ in which to express itself, so they kept it going against greatest odds. More clearly than any of the other comrades they could foresee the arrival of a time when the Y. P. S. L. would be a well-knit organization in this country and against this time they worked and planned—they did everything they could to keep the Magazine afloat until the Y. P. S. L. was strong enough to take it over.

Owing to war conditions which make their own task harder than ever before it becomes impossible for those who have borne the burden so many years to shoulder it any longer. While the Y. P. S. L. is hardly quite strong enough to withstand any considerable deficit on a publication, it is strong enough to give it sufficient support to make the paper self-sustaining. We have over 7,000 members in our organization, while a subscription list of 3,500 would easily pay all our bills. It is certainly not to the credit of the league that the total circulation at this time fluctuates between two and three thousand.

It is not that the Young Socialists do not want the Magazine. They are not entirely satisfied with it, it would be impossible to satisfy every opinion and idea, but they have been constantly striving to improve it, and the management has been very amenable to suggestions. Each of these suggestions thus far has only meant an increase of the expenses. The time has come when the league must take it over. The present management had almost decided to suspend publication of the October issue, but when the Young Socialists of New York and vicinity heard of this they immediately came to the rescue. In one small meeting where less than forty people were present more than sixteen dollars were raised by personal contributions. This

ought to show that the Yipsels want the Magazine to live and grow.

The question is: "Shall the National Organization of the Y. P. S. L. take over the Young Socialists' Magazine and run it as an official league-owned publication?" Every answer thus far has been enthusiastically in favor. The only real obstacle to the plan is the added burden that such a course of action would throw upon the national office. In time it would be met, but what would the result be now?

I believe that with the Magazine run by this office the support given by the leagues would be greatly increased. But we must convince the National Executive Committee of the Party of this fact before they will agree to meet even a temporary deficit. Quick action is needed. Every friend of the Magazine ought to sit down and write a letter to the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party urging that the Y. S. M. be taken over and pledging support to it. There ought to be hundreds of letters come in, some from individuals, others from leagues bearing their official seal. In addition advance orders for the Magazine to be filled if the paper is taken over by the national office and otherwise to be subject to the senders' orders should be sent in.

Every league should order a bundle of at least as many as it has good standing members. The price is 5c. per copy, subscription price 50c. per year. All money and orders should be addressed to the National Young Socialists' Magazine Fund, William F. Kruse, Treasurer, 803 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. If the paper is taken over the orders will be filled, if not the money will be returned. There is no time to be lost, sit down immediately to send your letter and follow it up with a big order, if possible for three or four months in advance, and have that order accompanied by cash.

This is the only way to save the Magazine. Are you going to help?

PORTRAIT OF A SUPREME COURT JUDGE

How well this figure represents the Law—

This pose of neuter Justice, sterile Cant;

This Roman Emperor with the iron aw,

Wrapped in the black silk of a maiden aunt.

—Louis Untermeyer.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power,

Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall,

Who sows a field, or trains a flower,

Or plants a tree, is more than all.

—J. G. Whittier.

WANTED—AN EMBARGO ON DEMOCRACY

"In travelling about your country—of course my view is so far only a superficial one—but it does not seem to me that you have a surplus of democracy here—certainly not enough to warrant exporting any of it.—Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington.

Germany's Socialist Women Speak

The following manifesto has been issued by German Socialist women:—

"Sisters and Mourners:—We thank you for all the labors of the past twelve months to spread the propaganda of enlightenment throughout Bavaria, Saxony, Württemberg, Baden and Westphalia. On the eve of a new year we ask you to consider for what purpose the voices of Rosa Luxemburg and Clara Zetkin were raised in the hope of mitigating your sufferings. It is to save your homes from grief and your sons and brothers from the cruel sacrifice and continued scourge of this needless war. For what purpose have Dr. Liebknecht and Comrades Haase and Ledebour dragged the masks from the selfish villains in Berlin, who, manipulating Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria by corrupt methods, have steeped the Fatherland in blood? It is because the love of truth and honor of a small minority in the Reichstag and their hatred of hypocrisy knows no limit and cannot be bought by gold or material gain.

"For what purpose are the wage-earners and their children reduced to want in raiment and suffering privation in food? It is because the Kaiser and his Ministers from the first day of the war have purposely deceived the nation with falsehoods and continue to withhold the documents (already published in the press of neutral states) which stamp the Potsdam conspirators with indelible infamy.

"Believing that the Allied Powers have no enmity against the German peoples nor desire to violate the territory of our States, we appeal to you, in the name of the brave men who have flung

themselves to death at the bidding of miscreants, to redouble your efforts in the coming year to bring about the cessation of this devastating and unnecessary struggle. . . . We are persuaded that when the German armies have evacuated Belgium, Russian, and French territory, it will be possible to terminate the ruin and suffering of the present conflict."

KRUPPISM

Crowned on the twilight battlefield, there bends

A crooked iron dwarf, and delves for gold,

Chuckling: "One hundred thousand gatlings sold."

And the moon rises, and a moaning rends

The mangled living, and the dead distends,

And a child covers on the chartless wold,

Where searching in his safety vault of mold,

The cobbled Kaiser cuts his dividends.

We, who still wage his battles, are his thralls,

And dying to him homage; yea, and give

Daily our souls to be enticed

Into his power. So long as on war's walls

We build engines of death that he may live,

So long shall we serve Krupp instead of Christ.

—Percy Mackaye.

THE HUMAN EYE

That the human eye and the photographic lens are very much alike in design and operation is a well-known fact. If you look through a photographic lens you will see nothing clearly. To perceive the image, says the October issue of Popular Science Monthly, a piece of ground glass or a plate of film is necessary. A plate is a piece of plain glass which acts as a support for an emulsion. This emulsion decomposes when struck by light, and the decomposition is made visible by a process called development. With an ordinary photographic plate only one such impression, or image, can be obtained. With the motion picture film, however, a fresh piece of film is continually exposed to the lens.

Just such an arrangement exists in the human eye. An emulsion called visual purple acts as a film of great latitude, renewing itself as soon as it is struck by the light and discolored. It adapts itself to various intensities of light, protecting the retina from too brilliant a glare at all times.

This from "Ally Sloper": Seven conscientious objectors were ordered to the guard room, where the contents of their pockets were removed. One of them asked if he might not have his Bible back. The officer in command, after some hesitation, consented, with the proviso that he should only have it for an hour a day. "Remember this, my man," he added, "too much Bible is as bad for a man as too much whiskey."

He knows nothing, and he thinks he knows everything. That points clearly to a political career.—G. B. S.

The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte

A Digest of the Book by Karl Marx

"The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte," by Karl Marx, translated by Daniel De Leon and published by the Charles H. Kerr Co., Chicago, at 25 cents, is a very interesting history of the beginning of the movement of the French proletariat.

"The teachings contained in this work," says the translator in the preface, "are hung on an episode in recent French history. On the 18th Brumaire (Nov. 9) the post-revolutionary development in France enabled the first Napoleon to take a step toward the imperial throne. Fifty and odd years later his nephew took a similar step with a similar result."

"Hegel says somewhere that all great historic facts and personalities recur twice," says Karl Marx in the opening of the brilliant monograph. "He forgot to add once as a tragedy and again as a farce."

A striking difference is noticeable in the way the two revolutions occurred. In 1848 to 1851 only the ghost of the old revolution wandered about. Instead of society improving, the change set back progress a generation by bringing back military despotism and smothered the working class aspirations.

Finally appeared the adventurer Louis Bonaparte, a nephew of Napoleon whose power shattered and struck the last blows at the decayed feudal system of Europe and helped in establishing the bourgeois social system of France.

There were three periods in the second revolution, the February

period, the period of establishing the republic, and the period of the constitutional republic.

The government of the first period was temporary, following the overthrow by the rebellious middle class and working class of the regime of Louis Philippe, the Bourbon king who was on the throne. The constitution they formed provided for a legislative assembly and a president of an assembly with equal power, the president to be chosen by vote of all Frenchmen over 21 years of age. The ignorant, out of sympathy for men of the first revolution, chose Louis Bonaparte, the adventurer, as head of the republican assembly.

The assembly was a jumble of contradictions, says Marx. It included royalists, liberals representing the middle classes, agrarians representing the land interests and revolutionists of all shades. These Louis first tried to control but failed. Among the most rebellious were the Socialists, the first to be represented in any government, elected under universal suffrage which was granted before Louis had control.

The assembly and the nation were afraid of the revolutionists and so played into the hands of the imperialist intriguers who were advising Louis. Under Blanqui and Barbes the Socialists strove to transform the social system but they were not strong enough, although it was the industrial masses, who elected Socialists to the first constitutional assembly and also to the first legislative assembly, who made the revolution.

Three years after his choice as president, when the delegates refused to extend the constitution so that he could be re-elected, Louis dissolved the assembly, although he had no right to do so. He succeeded in suppressing the upholders of the constitution by force, formed two legislative bodies, the Chamber of Deputies to be elected and a Senate, the members to be appointed by the president of the republic. Louis had entrenched himself for an extended term.

In one year Louis had sufficient power to have himself proclaimed as emperor under the name of Napoleon III. by the Senate. The vote of the people confirmed this.

His regime lasted eighteen years, the increasing strength of the Socialists being marked by growing conflict between the elected Chamber of Deputies and the Senate appointed by the Emperor Louis embroiled the nation in several wars, and in September 1870, following the disastrous Franco-Prussian war, the imperial government was overturned.

In comparison with the recent Russian revolution and its phases, the chronology of the second French revolution, as given by Marx, is interesting.

The first period of three months, following the overthrow of Louis Philippe, Marx calls the "universal fraternity swindle."

The second period, in which the republic is constituted and the constitutive national assembly, for the next month, consists of the struggle of all the classes

against the proletariat and the terrible June days, in which the working men were defeated.

Then came the six months dictatorship of bourgeois republicans and the drafting of the constitution while the state of siege was hanging over Paris. The election of Bonaparte ended the dictatorship. Then followed the five months' struggle between the constitutive assembly with Bonaparte and the united party of Order, a group of conservative republicans, which resulted in the destruction of the assembly and the downfall of the republicans.

The third period embraces the three years in which Bonaparte triumphed completely and made himself emperor, defeating successively the small traders' democracy, the parliamentary middle class and causing the death of the national assembly.

"The Social Republic appears as a mere phrase," says Marx, "as a prophecy on the threshold of the February revolution; it was smothered in the blood of the Parisian proletariat during the days of 1848; but it stalks about as a spectre throughout the following acts of the drama.

"The democratic republic next makes its bow; it goes out in a fizzle on June 13, 1849, with its runaway small traders; but, on fleeing, it scatters behind it all the more bragging announcements of what it means to do.

"The parliamentary republic, together with the bourgeoisie, then appropriates the whole stage; it lives its life to the full extent of its being; but the second of December, 1851, buries it under the terror-stricken cry of the allied Royalists: 'Long live the Republic!'"

"The French bourgeoisie reared up against the reign of the working proletariat;—it brought to power the slum proletariat, with the chief of the 'Society of December 10' at its head. It kept France in breathless fear over the prospective terror of 'Red Anarchy';—Bonaparte discounted the prospect when on Dec. 4 he had the leading citizens of the Boulevard Mont Martre and Boulevard des Italiens shot down from their windows by the grog inspired army of Order.

"It made the apotheosis of the sabre;—now the sabre rules it. It destroyed the revolutionary press;—now its own press is annihilated. It placed public meetings under police surveillance;—now its own salons are subject to police inspection. It disbanded the national guards;—now its own national guard is disbanded."

As far as the Socialists were concerned, they were wiped out in the early fighting of the June days when Blanqui and Berbes tried to capture the constitutive assembly at the head of a host of armed workmen. The consequences of this Marx sums up as follows:

"The defeat of the June insurgents levelled the ground upon which the Bourgeois Republic could be founded and erected; but it, at the same time, showed that there are in Europe other issues besides that of "Republic or Monarchy."

"It revealed the fact that here the bourgeois republic meant the unbridled despotism of one class over another. It proved that with such countries the republic means only the political revolutionary form of existence, as in the case of these United States of

America, where, true enough, the classes already exist, but have not yet acquired permanent character, where the modern means of production rather compensate and finally where the youthful life of material production has so far left neither time nor opportunity to abolish the illusions of the old."

GOOD PARTNERS

David Grayson says in the October American Magazine:

"The best partners of solitude are books. I like to take a book with me in my pocket, although, be it here confessed, I find the world so full of interesting things—sights, sounds, odors—that often I never read a word in it. It is like having a valued friend with you, though you walk for miles without saying a word to him or he to you; but if you really know your friend, it is a curious thing how, subconsciously, you are aware of what he is thinking and feeling about this hillside or that distant view. And so it is with books. It is enough to have this writer in your pocket, for the very thought of him and what he would say to these old fields of pleasant trees is ever freshly delightful. And he never interrupts at inconvenient moments, nor intrudes his thoughts upon yours unless you desire it."

Whoever produces anything by weary labor, does not need a revelation from heaven to teach him that he has a right to the thing produced.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

It is the tame elephants who enjoy capturing the wild ones.—G. Bernard Shaw.

O'FLAHERTY, V. C.

By George Bernard Shaw

Not only is Bernard Shaw frequently at his best in a little play called "O'Flaherty, V. C.," published in the August number of "Hearst's Magazine," but he touches upon topics of lively interest just now. In the first place, the ardors of recruiting are rehearsed. O'Flaherty, with a freshly won Victoria Cross pinned on his coat, has returned to meet his mother, and is chatting with General Sir Pearce Madigan, described as "an elderly baronet in khaki, beaming with enthusiasm." This is a portion of the initial dialogue:

O'Flaherty (relaxing) — I'm thankful to you, Sir Pearce; but I wouldn't have any one think that the baronet of my native place would let a common soldier like me sit down in his presence without leave.

Sir Pearce—Well, you're not a common soldier, O'Flaherty; you're a very uncommon one; and I'm proud to have you for my guest here to-day.

O'Flaherty—Sure, I know, sir. You have to put up with a lot from the like of me for the sake of the recruiting. All the quality shakes hands with me and says they're proud to know me, just the way the King said when he pinned the Cross on me. And it's as true as I'm standing here, sir, the Queen said to me: "I hear you were born on the estate of General Madigan," she says, "and the General himself tells me you were always a fine young fellow." "Bedad, Mam," I says to her, "if the General knew all the rabbits I snared on him, and

all the salmon I snatched on him, and all the cows I milked on him, he'd think me the finest ornament for the county jail he ever sent there for poaching."

Sir Pearce (laughing)—You're welcome to them all, my lad. Come (he makes him sit down again on the garden seat), sit down and enjoy your holiday. (He sits down on one of the iron chairs; the one at the doorless side of the porch).

O'Flaherty—Holiday, is it? I'd give five shillings to be back in the trenches for the sake of a little rest and quiet. I never knew what hard work was till I took to recruiting. What with the standing on my legs all day, and the shaking hands, and the making speeches, and what's worse—the listening to them, and the calling for cheers for King and country, and the saluting the flag till I'm stiff with it, and the listening to them playing "God Save the King" and "Tipperary," and the trying to make my eyes look moist like a man in a picture-book, I'm that het that I hardly get a wink of sleep. I give you my word, Sir Pearce, that I never heard the tune of "Tipperary" in my life till I came back from Flanders; and already it's drove me to that pitch of tiredness of it that when a poor little innocent slip of a boy in the street the other night drew himself up and saluted and began whistling it at me I clouted his head for him, God forgive me!

Sir Pearce (soothingly)—Yes, yes; I know, I know. One does get fed up with it; I've been dog-tired myself on parade many a time. But still, you know, there's

a gratifying side to it, too. After all, he is our King; and it's our own country, isn't it?

O'Flaherty—Well, sir, to you that have an estate in it, it would feel like your country. But the devil a perch of it ever I owned. And as to the King, God help him, my mother would have taken the skin off my back if I'd ever let on to have any other king than Parnell.

Then the conversation takes on an emphatically Irish tone. The general begins:

Sir Pearce (rising, painfully shocked)—Your mother! What are you dreaming about, O'Flaherty? A most loyal woman. Always most loyal. Whenever there has been an illness in the royal family she has asked me every time we met about the health of the patient as anxiously as if it had been yourself, her only son.

O'Flaherty—Well, she's my mother; and I won't utter a word against her. But I'm not saying a word of lie when I tell you that that old woman is the biggest kanatt from here to the cross of Monasterboice. Sure she's the wildest Fenian and rebel, and always has been, that ever taught a innocent lad like myself to pray night and morning to St. Patrick to clear the English out of Ireland the same as he cleared the snakes. You'll be surprised at my telling you that now, maybe, Sir Pearce?

Sir Pearce (unable to keep still, walking away from O'Flaherty)—Surprised! I'm more than surprised, O'Flaherty. I'm over-

whelmed. (Turning and facing him.) Are you—are you joking?

O'Flaherty—If you'd been brought up by my mother, sir, you'd know better than to joke about her. What I'm telling you is the truth; and I wouldn't tell it to you if I did not see my way to get out of the fix I'll be in when my mother comes here this day to see her boy in his glory, and she after thinking all the time it was against the English I was fighting!

Sir Pearce—Do you mean to say you told her such a monstrous falsehood as that you were fighting in the German army?

O'Flaherty—I never told her one word that wasn't the truth and nothing but the truth. I told her I was going to fight for the French and for the Russians; and sure, who ever heard of the French or the Russians doing anything to the English but fighting them? That was how it was, sir. And sure the poor woman kissed me and went about the house singing in her old crack voice that the French was on the say, and they'd be here without delay, and the Orange would decay, says the Shan Van Vocht.

Sir Pearce (sitting down again, exhausted by his feelings)—Well, I never could have believed this. Never. What do you suppose will happen when she finds out?

O'Flaherty—She mustn't find out. It's not that sh'd half kill me, as big as I am and as brave as I am. It's that I'm fond of her, and can't bring myself to break the heart in her. You may think it queer that a man should be fond of his mother, sir, and she having beat him from the time he could feel to the time that she was too slow to catch him; but I'm fond of her, and I'm not ashamed of it. Besides, didn't she win the Cross for me?

Sir Pearce—How?

O'Flaherty—By bringing me up to be more afraid of running away than of fighting. I was timid by nature; and when the other boys hurtled me I'd want to run away and cry. But she whaled me for disgracing the blood of the O'Flahertys, until I'd have fought the devil himself sooner than face her after finking a fight. That was how I got to know that fighting was easier than it looked, and that the others was as much afraid of me as I was of them, and that if I only held out long enough they'd lose heart and give up. That's the way I came to be so courageous. I tell you, Sir Pearce, if the German army had been brought up by my mother, the Kaiser would be dining in the banqueting hall at Buckingham Palace this day, and King George polishing his jackboots for him in the scullery.

The general takes the young Irishman to task for the colossal exaggerations employed in an effort to capitalize the badge of heroism in the recruiting campaign. O'Flaherty is inclined to laugh it off, but the other is not quite satisfied:

Sir Pearce (troubled in his conscience)—Well, it's not my affair, of course, O'Flaherty. But hadn't you better talk to Father Quinlan about it?

O'Flaherty—Talk to Father Quinlan, is it? Do you know what Father Quinlan says to me this very morning?

Sir Pearce—Oh, you've seen him already, have you? What did he say?

O'Flaherty—He says, "You know, don't you," he says, "that it's your duty, as a Christian and a good son of the Holy Church, to love your enemies?" he says. "I

know it's my duty to my King and country to kill them," I says. "That's right," he says, "quite right. But," says he, "you can kill them and do them a good turn afterwards to show your love for them," he says, "and it's your duty to have a mass said for the souls of the hundreds of Germans you say you killed," he says, "for many and many of them were Bavarians and good Catholics," he says. "It is me that must pay for masses for the souls of the Boches?" I says. "Let the King of England pay for them," I says, "for it was his quarrel and not mine."

Sir Pearce (warmly)—It is the quarrel of every honest man and true patriot, O'Flaherty. Your mother must see that as clearly as I do. After all, she is a reasonable, well-disposed woman, quite capable of understanding the right and the wrong of the war. Why can't you explain to her what the war is about?

O'Flaherty—Arrah, sir, how the devil do I know what the war is about?

Sir Pearce (rising again and standing over him)—What, O'Flaherty! This is appalling! shocking! incredible! You sit there wearing the Victoria Cross for having killed God knows how many Germans, and you tell me you don't know why you did it?

O'Flaherty—Asking your pardon, Sir Pearce, I tell you no such thing. I know quite well why I kilt them. I kilt them because I was afeared that, if I didn't, they'd kill me.

Sir Pearce (giving it up, and sitting down again)—Yes, yes, of course; but have you no knowledge of the causes of the war? of the interests at stake? of the importance—I may almost say—in fact,

I will say—the sacred rights for which we are fighting? Don't you read the papers?

O'Flaherty—I do when I can get them. There's not many newsboys crying the evening paper in the trenches. . . .

Sir Pearce—It's a simple question of patriotism. Does patriotism mean nothing to you?

O'Flaherty—It means different to me than what it would to you, sir. It means England and England's king to you. To me and the like of me it means talking about the English just the way the English papers talk about the Boches. And what good has it ever done here in Ireland? It's kept me ignorant because it filled up my mother's mind, and she thought it ought to fill up mine too. It's kept Ireland poor because, instead of trying to better ourselves, we thought we was the fine fellows of patriots when we were speaking evil of Englishmen that was as poor as ourselves and maybe as good as ourselves. The Boches I kilt was more knowledgable men than me; and what better am I now that I've kilt them? What better is anybody?

Sir Pearce (huffed, turning a cold shoulder to him)—I am sorry the terrible experience of this war—the greatest war ever fought—has taught you no better, O'Flaherty.

O'Flaherty (preserving his dignity)—I don't know about it's being a great war, sir. It's a big war; but that's not the same thing. Father Quinlan's new church is a big church; you might take the little old chapel out of the middle of it and not miss it. But my mother says there was more true religion in the old chapel. And the war has

taught me that maybe she was right.

(Sir Pearce gauts sulkily.)

O'Flaherty (respectfully but doggedly)—And there's another thing it's taught me, too, sir; that concerns you and me, if I may make bold to tell it to you.

Sir Pearce—I hope it's nothing you oughtn't to say to me, O'Flaherty.

O'Flaherty—It's this, sir: that I'm able to sit here now and talk to you without humbugging you, and that's what not one of your tenants or your tenants' childer ever did to you before in all your long life. It's a true respect I'm showing you at last, sir. Maybe you'd rather have me humbug you and tell you lies as I used, just as the boys here, God help them, would rather have me tell them how I fought the Kaiser, that all the world knows I never saw in my life, than tell them the truth. But I can't take advantage of you the way I used, not even if I seem to be wanting in respect to you and cocked up by winning the Cross.

Sir Pearce—Not at all, O'Flaherty; not at all.

O'Flaherty—Sure, what's the Cross to me, barring the little pension it carries? Do you think I don't know that there's hundreds of men as brave as me that never had the luck to get anything for their bravery but a curse from the sergeant, and the blame for the faults of them that ought to have been their betters? I've learnt more than you'd think, sir, for how would a gentleman like you know what a poor, ignorant, conceited creature I was when I went from here into the wide world as a soldier? What use is all the lying, and pretending, and humbugging, and letting on, when the day comes

to you that your comrade is killed in the trench beside you, and you don't as much as look round at him until you trip over his poor body, and then all you say is to ask why the devil the stretcher-bearer don't take it out of the way? Why should I read the papers to be humbugged and lied to by them that had the cunning to stay at home and send me to fight for them? Don't talk to me or to any soldier of the war being right. No war is right; and all the holy water that Father Quinlan ever blessed couldn't make one right. There, sir! Now you know what O'Flaherty (V. C.) thinks; and you're wiser than the others that only knows what he done.

Sir Pearce (making the best of it, and turning good-humoredly to him again)—Well, what you did was brave and manly, anyhow.

O'Flaherty—God knows whether it was or not better than you nor me, General. I hope He won't be too hard on me for it, anyhow.

NO ENEMIES

You have no enemies, you say? Alas! my friends, the boast is poor; He who has mingled in the fray Of duty that the brave endure, **MUST** have made foes! If you have none, Small is the work that you have done. You've hit no traitor on the hip, You've dashed no cup from perjured lip, You've never turned the wrong to right, You've been a coward in the fight!

—Charles Mackay.

The Young Socialists' Magazine

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

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"If I were to buy a revolver costing several pounds, in order to shoot my friend with a view to stealing sixpence out of his pocket, I should be thought neither very wise nor very virtuous. But if I can get sixty-five million accomplices to join me in this criminal absurdity, I become one of a great and glorious nation, nobly sacrificing the cost of my revolver, perhaps even my life—to secure the sixpence for the honor of my country!"—Bertrand Russell, in "Why Men Fight."

Look at fashionable society as you know it. . . . A horrible procession of wretched girls, each in the claws of a cynical, cunning, avaricious, disillusioned, ignorantly experienced, foul-minded old woman whom she calls mother, whose duty it is to corrupt her mind and sell her to the highest bidder.—G. Bernard Shaw.

Don't ask f'r rights. Take them. An' don't let anny wan giv thim to ye. A right that is handed to ye f'r nawthin' has somethin' the matter with it. It's more than likely it's on'y a wrong turned inside out.—Mr. Dooley.

Our State Conventions and Their Mistakes

By May R. Schocken

The New York State Convention of the Federation of Young People which was held the first three days of September was of such magnitude that it well deserves a word of comment and should prove of interest to the Yipsels of every state. The banquet given in honor of the delegates was attended by 195 guests. A program of classic music was rendered by artists for whom a special grand piano was hired for the evening. In fact, neither pains nor money was spared by the committee to offer their guests the best that could be had. At the lawn party held the following evening at a public park about three hundred people were assembled to make merry. In fact the entertainment furnished was so well planned and carried out on such a large scale that to those who have been at the four previous New York state conventions, the conscious effort made to outdo all records seemed like "Keeping up with the Jones."

Now let us turn to the working program of the convention. What do we find? Alas! the same arguments, the same hair-splitting, the same wrangling, the same mistakes. Yes, the same mistakes. Five years ago when the country was at peace and the organization was in embryo, a committee on constitution was given first place and the exact relation of the Federation of Young People and the Party was carefully discussed and defined. It was so well done at that first convention that the very same discussion at Rochester a year later, at Syracuse last year and in the Bronx this year led to the same conclusions. Always the same little words are singled out, dis-

cussed for hours and then re-adopted without change. Always the exact relation of the party and the Yipsel movement is exactly ascertained as if the party were our chief opponent and the only obstacle in our way on the direct road to the state of the co-operative commonwealth. And as at the five state conventions held in New York state the report of the committee of organization and education was given after supper on the second day, when the loss of sleep of two nights' merry making, the fatigue of two days' debating on the phraseology of the constitution, and the horror of missing the train and losing his job, weighs so heavily on the mind of each delegate that it is almost impossible for him to concentrate on anything, we turn to our real work of organization. Then such questions as, "How to use the state treasury to the greatest advantage of the members"; "How to build up and conserve our official organ"; "Whether to tour an organizer," and innumerable questions concerning the systematic education of old members and the thorough conversion of new ones, are passed upon in a few minutes. Discussion is smothered, because every one is tired and in a hurry. Important suggestions of the committee are tabled so that they are finished. Every possible action is put into the hands of the state board or a committee. Our earnest suggestion to all committees arranging working programs for a convention is to forget to put a committee on constitution on it, after the first draft of that precious document has been once approved. If any one paragraph must be changed to

meet changed conditions, as for instance the one "Members of a military organization," etc., the committee should be ordered to report on that alone and strictly forbidden to rehash the entire document.

Hence in New York state after a very expensive convention the leagues and circles are again left to their own resources for devising ways and means of education and organization for their members. However, we sincerely hope that the members of New York state as well as elsewhere will find ways of spreading the Socialist theory and will apply themselves earnestly to assist the party in the tremendous campaign it is waging. Do something! Help with the clerical work, sell literature, distribute leaflets, help with the collections, carry the platform or dust the headquarters. It makes no difference what it is. Everything must be done by some one. Plans for systematizing and organizing this work could with profit be discussed at conventions if we could forget to wrangle over words, if the exact wording of a constitution were not considered more important than the real work of organization.

Old Jeremy Bentham, more than a hundred years ago, explained the purposes of judges in making "decisions." Said he: "One may conceive two—either that of doing in a roundabout way what they might do in the direct way, or that of doing in a roundabout way what they had no right to do in any way at all."

I do as the capitalists do; pinch wot I can lay me 'ands on.—"The Man," in "Major Barbara," by G. B. S.

How Profit Originates

By Elsa Seidel

In our present system of industry, the private owner of the means of production is the one who receives the profits derived from the sweat and toil of the workers.

Profit is a loose terminology in business which is identical to Surplus Value in Political Economy.

Every business transaction is a pure exchange transaction, which means, receiving the same amount of value in one form of goods, for another form of goods of the same value that has been disposed of. More value cannot be obtained from any article than the amount of value it possesses. If \$5 worth of leather is contained in a commodity (pair of shoes), one cannot derive more value out of the use of the same than \$5 worth. But labor power, which is also a commodity, is the only commodity which produces more value than is necessary for its maintenance.

Therefore labor, producing more than is required for its support, is the source of all profit. We thus see that profit arises not from the incident of exchange, but from the productive power of labor.

The value of a commodity is determined by the amount of labor power embodied in it. The greater the quantity of labor power needed to produce any commodity, the greater the value of same, and vice versa. Just because the volume of capital expended in the acquisition or purchase of labor power has the tendencies to fluctuate and the capacity to reproduce itself and a surplus in the process of production; just because capital invested in wages and salaries is the *only* capital that produces more for the

investor than the amount invested, that is the reason why Labor Power is classified as Variable Capital. Under Constant Capital we classify buildings, tools, machinery and raw material, or such values which do not give more value than is actually contained in them or expended in their production.

Summing up the aforementioned facts regarding the origin of profit or surplus value, we must conclude that there is only one element in society which is capable of producing more than it consumes, whose use value can give in excess of its exchange value, namely, the commodity which is daily offered for sale by the workers—Labor Power.

From the above we can furthermore deduce that if the worker would not be a commodity and would not have to surrender everything he produces over and above a naked living to the capitalist, i. e., if the profits, now solely claimed by the capitalists, were distributed amongst the actual producers of the same, that then the worker would receive the full product of his labor and exploitation would be at an end.

Of course, the abolition of the existing commodity status of labor power can only result from the abolition of Private Ownership, and the introduction of Collective Ownership in the tools of production: the establishment of Industrial Democracy.

The boa constrictor doesn't mind the opinions of a stag when once she has got her coils round it.—G. Bernard Shaw.

WHAT A SOLDIER THINKS ABOUT WAR

An Interview with Miles Malleon

Miles Malleon, author and playwright, saw the slaughter at the front. His book of plays was suppressed, and when he later wrote "Black Ell," that, too, came under the ban of the British authorities. Malleon is a militant anti-militarist and is doing heroic work in the cause of peace.

"I'm not going back. I am going to stop at home and say it's all mad. . . . I'm going to keep on going—I'm somebody's got to get sane again. It's all filthy—foul language—foul thinking—and stinking lots of bodies all about. Young men knocking the life out of men of their own age and old men feeling noble about it. . . . the whole world gone mad."

Miles Malleon, late private in a territorial regiment, was telling how he hopes to fight for peace. A man of letters, he employed his first leisure when invalid out of the army to write his hard-earned knowledge into two plays—a book which the British government promptly suppressed.

"It's all muddled—the beginning—out of our trench into theirs—the men coming at you—their faces quite close—the shooting at them—the hellish noise and shouting—our men with bayonets; somebody's scream as cold steel went right into him. The man made right at me—just a grey thing at first; I hadn't a shot left and hit him with a knife in my hand—hit at his face—against his teeth—and my hand came out with a lot of blood and things. We clutched and fell—I right on top of him—and the knife in my hand went right in his stomach—right in, I looked at his face—he was just my age—put my hand over the part that was

smashed, and saw how good-looking he was. Then I raised myself and took the knife out and he began to scream. Oh, it was awful! I tried to kill him—it was the only way to put an end to it! I put my fingers round his throat and pressed and pressed (he could not struggle much), and watched the life die out of his eyes. Just before it died out altogether he put up his hand, not to take my fingers away, but to undo a button to find a locket. His fingers clutched round it and suddenly, quite beautifully and low, he spoke a girl's name. Then the pain all went out of his eyes and he looked loving and longing and hopeful. If only I knew his name, or where he lived, I might go over after the war and tell his people it wasn't my fault. It isn't a soldier's job to get killed; it's his job to kill—and kill.

"They prate of 'fair fight!' If civilians only knew what war means—all fighting is foul! Recruiters orate about 'repulsing criminals,' 'protecting homes and women,' and the like, shout that 'if you are attacked you've got to defend yourself.' D'you know, when I heard all that last? In their trenches. I was lying out all night, quite close to the German trenches, and I heard them laughing and talking just as our chaps do, joking about things they're going through, knowing that they must climb out next morning and not stand a dog's chance of being alive at night. Great God, they're fine, all of them! Do you think they would be to each other, month after month, if they did not both think they were right—and the other wrong? It's all a bloody middle.

"There was a man in the German trenches—a Socialist—talking against the war. They all got furious with him. They talked just as our chaps do—how they were afraid of Russia and France and England all against them; how now that war had come they must protect their wives and children, their homes and country. They told each other stories to prove what brutes we English were—stories of what the Russians had done—filthy things—and the French troops. I don't know if the stories are true, but they were just the same stories we tell about the Germans. Who makes everybody believe that it is somebody else's fault?

"There were two men in our company from a dirty little street out back there. What have I ever done for them before the war? What has this whole street of big houses done about the beastly little streets just at our back doors—miles and miles of them—except to pretend they aren't there? It's the same in all other countries. But when somebody wants war we put expensive weapons into the hands of men we forced to live in ugliness and tell them to go and kill one another. They do. That's the horrible part. They do it. We put them in uniforms, and yell 'Form fours' at them until they will do anything! All the young men in the world and the working people who did not have anything to do with starting the war are tearing one another to pieces in screaming agony. It ought to be stopped. . . aren't there enough sane people in the world to find a way of stopping it?

EDITED BY



YIPSELDOM



LOUIS LEVICK

REPORT OF THE NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION

The fifth annual convention of the New York State Federation of Young People's Socialist Leagues, held in the Bronx September 1st, 2nd and 3rd, was by far the most important state session of the Empire State Yipsels. Plans of organization and education were adopted which, if carried out, will greatly increase the efficiency and strength of the New York league.

Nineteen delegates representing thirteen Y. P. S. Leagues and about as many fraternal delegates attended the sessions of the convention. The following are the delegates that were seated: Albany, Edward Smith; Buffalo, Edward Kaiser and Walter Murphy; Bronx, Isidore Dicker, Ella Rapport and Leonard Juster; Brooklyn, Samuel Stark, Max Lieberman and Louis Weil; Jamestown, Axel V. Berggren; Manhattan, Simon Herman, Robert Spector and Jack Dubinsky; Queens, William Paul; Rochester, Mrs. Rose Suskind and Darwin B. Sherman; Syracuse, Jack Walters; Utica, Spencer Williams; Watertown, David Berkwitz.

The following fraternal delegates were seated: New York State Socialist Party, Samuel Orr; Local Bronx Socialist Party, Max Schmerler; Pennsylvania Federation, S. I. Friedman; New Jersey Federation, Benjamin C. Green and Louis Cohen; The New York Call, Jack Shornick; The Volkszeitung, Selmar Schocken; Rand School, Bertha H. Mailly; Young Socialists' Magazine, Joseph Juulich, May Reinhardt Schocken and Louis Levick.

The following committees were elected: Organization and Education: Leonard Juster, Louis Weil, Jack Dubinsky, Samuel Stark, Simon Herman, Edward Smith, Isidore Dicker; Resolutions Committee: Robert Spector, Max Lieberman, Mrs. Rose Suskind, Darwin B. Sherman, William Paul. Constitution Committee: Edward Kaiser, Jack Walters, Axel W. Berggren, David Berkwitz and Walter Murphy.

The convention was opened with a banquet, held at Ebling's Palm Garden, on Saturday evening, September 1. About 200 Yipsels and Socialists attended.

The first business session was held

Sunday morning, September 2nd. The session was opened at 11 o'clock by State Secretary Edward Kaiser, who said in part:

"The opening of the fifth annual convention of the New York State Federation of the Y. P. S. L. finds us at a most critical time due to the world war. Although the hour be critical, it is most opportune for our work but we should proceed with calmness and careful deliberation in all that we do."

Ella Rapport, of the Bronx, was elected chairman for the day's session with Robert Spector, of Manhattan, as vice-chairman. Louise Neustadt, not a delegate, a member of Circle 1, Bronx, was chosen permanent secretary of the convention.

The convention, in common with the Socialist party of America, reaffirmed its allegiance to the principles of Internationalism and declared its unalterable opposition to all wars based upon national aggrandizement by the unanimous adoption of a resolution opposing war and conscription.

Three resolutions were adopted at the afternoon session, one praising and pledging support to those who have been sent to jail for their convictions; another reaffirming their belief in and pledging their moral and financial support to woman suffrage, and the last indorsing the Socialist Party's stand as promulgated by the St. Louis convention and denouncing the draft.

The longest and most heated discussion was aroused by the war and conscription resolution, which was adopted. It reads in part as follows:

"In common with the Socialist Party of America, we reaffirm our allegiance to the principles of internationalism and working class solidarity the world over, and declare our unalterable opposition to all wars based upon national aggrandizement, commercial rivalry or imperialistic designs.

"The entrance of this country in this war to make the world safe for democracy has been marked by gradual and sinister encroachments upon and curtailment of the basic and fundamental rights of freemen, supposed to be held inviolate by the federal constitution.

"The suppression of peaceful meetings, the arrests and convictions of

speakers, the curtailment and destruction of our radical press, has made us come to the realization that our vaunted democracy is but a mockery, mouthed for the purpose of covering a multitude of crimes committed in its name.

"Realizing the injustices wrought by the conscription act, by the suppression of freedom of speech, of press and assemblage, determined that conscription of bodies shall not mean conscription of minds, we, the young Socialists, pledge ourselves to the following course of action:

"1. The full indorsement of Socialist Party's stand, as promulgated by the St. Louis convention of 1917.

"2. A continued propaganda aiming at the restoration of a press free from censorship and speech free from suppression.

3. Organization and support of groups working for the repeal of the conscription act.

"4. Unyielding opposition to the Boy Scout movement, the Red Cross organizations and military training and teaching in schools and work places.

"5. The active support of all movements tending toward a democratic and enduring peace."

Telegrams were sent to the conventions of the Massachusetts and Indiana Yipsels, who met in convention at the same time. Messages of congratulation and fraternity were received from leagues and the party in many parts of the country.

One of the important resolutions adopted at the last day's session will result in spreading broadcast throughout the state the resolution adopted at the first session, opposing the war and conscription. Other resolutions indorsed the Y. P. S. L. Column in the Sunday Call, and the convention voted to take the column under its direction, in cooperation with the New Jersey federation.

The Young Socialists' Magazine was also indorsed and a committee was elected to confer with a similar committee of the New Jersey League to investigate the advisability of assuming control of the magazine.

The text of the resolutions adopted at the convention and the plans of organization and agitation adopted will be dealt with in subsequent issues of this magazine.

KEYSTONE STATE REPORTS GREAT ACTIVITY

As the reports from the different circles come in, results clearly show that great activity is on throughout the entire state of Pennsylvania. Comrade Otto Gornert, of Philadelphia, was elected as State Entertainment Department Director to fill the vacancy made by Comrade Levinson. Comrade Edward Schum, of Pittsburgh, was elected State Organizer to fill the vacancy made by Comrade Ploeger, who recently resigned. Comrade Harry M. Gerish, of Philadelphia, was elected as Philadelphia Local Secretary to succeed Comrade L. Perkess.

The Philadelphia circles are very active along the lines of propaganda and are seen working in harmony with the Socialist Party of that city. Wilkes-Barre circle is holding a lawn social, the receipts of which will go towards the Yipsel fund for the New Rand School Building.

North Side Pittsburgh circle is carrying on a membership campaign which looks to be very successful. Pittsburgh English and Jewish circles are increasing their membership right along and are keeping in very close touch with the State Office.

Most of the McKeesport Yipsels are busy working in harmony with the Socialist party in trying to bring about a Dayton-like victory. Three Yipsels are candidates for school directors on the Socialist ticket.

Seranton circle reports very active work. In Reading all Yipsels are working in harmony with the Socialist party in securing 1000 new subscribers for the New York Call. Greenville circle reports interesting educational meetings. A new circle has been organized in Shanandaha.

QUEENS CIRCLE HELPING PARTY IN CAMPAIGN

Circle 1, Queens, is cooperating in every way possible with Local Queens, Socialist party, to make the municipal campaign a success. Two league members were elected to represent the Yipsels as delegates to the Socialist party campaign committee. One street meeting is held every week under the direction of the league. There is always a good attendance. The Yipsels distribute literature, sell books and always make a collection which is turned over to the Socialist party.

The circle bought a Rand School bond. Money is also being collected on subscription lists. One league member is the proud possessor of two Rand School bonds.

At the last business meeting the members of the league passed a resolution to aid the league draftsmen morally and financially wherever possible.

NEW HAVEN YIPSELS HOLD INTERESTING MEETINGS

Friday evening, September 14, the New Haven league held an entertaining meeting—a "convention" of the different political parties. The prohibitionists, the fusionists and the Socialists had campaign speakers there who delivered talks on their respective platforms. Each party had three speakers.

The fusionists were represented by Frank Urbansky (Silik Polayes) who characterized Socialism as being conducive to breaking up the home, destroying incentive, putting all on an equal basis, etc.

However, he was unable to refute the statements of the Socialist champion, Morris Hillquit (Harry Watstein), who convinced the audience of his views. This was brought out when, at the close of the meeting, a vote was taken and by an overwhelming majority the "Reds" won.

This month the Yipsels will stage a play in one of the largest halls in the city, to be preceded by two one-act sketches, "The Second-Storey Man," by Upton Sinclair, and "The Dream Play."

August 24th was Prophecy Night and although a radical innovation it proved to be a decided success. Interest was at such a high pitch during the reading of the witty and clever prophecies that the hours slipped by unnoticed and at the conclusion of a night's fun, it was acknowledged openly and tacitly to be a success.

Upon the New Haven Yipsels has fallen the task of distributing the American Socialists, now that it has been excluded from the mails, and with zeal and eagerness each one does "His bit" for the cause.

DETROIT LEAGUE GAINING MANY NEW MEMBERS

The Detroit Y. P. S. L. is now beginning a strenuous campaign in the line of propaganda and organization work. The newly elected organization committee is doing fine work. The members of the committee visit party branches and there seek members for the league. As a result of the work of this committee new members are coming into the league at every meeting. The summer en-

joyments are over and the Yipsels are now settling down to real educational work.

Plans are being developed by several Yipsels for the organization of a league orchestra. Several of the comrades are talented musicians.

The state office of the Socialist party is sending out speakers to do propaganda and organization work. They meet with great success and new locals are being organized. Although there are only two leagues in Michigan the Yipsels hope to be able to organize several more.

The high school Yipsels are back at school once more and are carrying on Socialist work more strongly now than ever before. They are trying to enrol many high school boys and girls in the league.

The study classes will begin early in October. It is planned to have three classes. First, a class for beginners in Socialism; second, a class for those who have had a little Socialist study, and third, an advanced class for party members and others who are further advanced in Socialism. H. S. E.

NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST NOTES

Standing September 1st.

1. Rochester, N. Y.	132½
2. Omaha, Nebr.	130¾
3. Terre Haute, Ind.	116¼
4. Northwest, Chicago	111½
5. Trenton, N. J.	106½
7. Newark No. 2, N. J.	102¾
8. Buffalo, N. Y., No. 1	99½
9. Jamestown, N. Y.	92½
10. Hartford, Conn.	92¼
11. Syracuse, N. Y.	87¾
12. Watertown, N. Y.	80¾
13. New Haven, Conn.	74¾
14. Fellowship, Chicago	67¾
15. New Britain, Conn.	65
16. Reading Pa.	63½
17. Toledo, O.	63¾
18. Paterson, N. J.	62
19. St. Louis, Mo.	55¼
20. Ansonia, Conn.	52½

Organizers' Division, August Question.

First Prize, 10 points, won by C. Karlik, Jr., Syracuse, N. Y.

Second Prize, 7 points each, won by Joseph Gold, Fellowship, Chicago; Aug. Marshalky, Rochester, N. Y.

Third Prize, 4 points each, won by S. H. Polayes, New Haven, Conn.; Axel Franon, Jamestown, N. Y.

Educational Managers' Division, August Question.

First Prize, 10 points, won by Samuel Blauner, Northwest, Chicago.

Second Prize, 7 points each, won by Darwin B. Sherman, Rochester, N. Y.; Fred Briehl, Queens Co., No. 1, N. Y.

Third Prize, 4 points each, won by Louis Sherman, Fellowship, Chicago; Samuel Kramer, Bronx, N. Y.; D. Alexanderson, Buffalo, N. Y.

Entertainment Managers' Division, August Question.

First Prize, 10 points, won by Simon Warshofsky, Rochester, N. Y.

Second Prize, 7 points each, won by Tom Matthews, Omaha, Nebr.; Florence Johannnges, Queens Co., No. 1, N. Y.

Third Prize, 4 points each, won by Florence Erickson, Jamestown, N. Y.; Rose L. Berry, Fellowship, Chicago; Simon Moser, Trenton, N. J.

VOTE ON NATIONAL SECRETARY OF THE Y. P. S. L.

	Kruse Weiss	
New York State	121	5
New Jersey State	96	38
Indiana State	28	7
Massachusetts State	46	37
Pennsylvania State	78	22
Chicago, Ill.	266	74
Lithuanian No. 1 29	2	
Douglas Park	35	2
Fellowship	36	0
Jewish	35	2
Comrade Circle	14	
Progress Circle	27	2
West Side	36	6
Lakeview	13	1
Englewood	13	20
North Side	1	25
Friendship Circle 40	0	
Baltimore, Md.	21	0
Lorain, Ohio	14	2
St. Paul, Minn.	1	10
Omaha, Nebr.	34	0
Muskegon, Mich.	0	24
Cincinnati, O.	14	2
Jacobsen, Minn.	9	1
Fort Bragg, Calif.	12	0
St. Louis, Mo.	34	0
Providence, R. I.	18	2
Cleveland, O., Jewish ..	30	10

Final result

Sept. 11, 1917.

Excerpt of Telegram sent N. Y. S. Convention

Socialism is the only remedy for the present day evils and Socialism is coming when the youth of the state will lend a hand in the great campaign for a better, saner and safer world. Ours is the future and you are the future generation.

SONG OF THE WAGE-SLAVE

The land it is the landlord's,
The trader's is the sea,
The ore the user's coffer fills—
But what remains for me?
The engine whirrs for masters' craft;
The steel shines to defend,
With labor's arms, with labor raised,
For labor's foe to spend.
The camp, the pulpit, and the law
For rich men's sons are free;
Theirs, theirs the learning, art, and arms—

But what remains for me?
The coming nope; the future day,
When wrong to right shall bow;
And hearts that have the courage,
man,
To make that future NOW.

I pay for all their learning,
I toil for all their ease;
They render back in coin for coin,
Want, ignorance, disease;
Toil, toil!—and then a cheerless home,
Where hungry passions cross;
Eternal gain to them that give
To me eternal less!
The hour of leisured happiness
The rich alone may see;
The playful child, the smiling wife—
But what remains for me?
The coming hope, etc.

They render back, those rich men,
A pauper's niggard fee,
Mayhap a prison—then a grave,
And think they're quits with me;
But not a fond wife's heart that
break,
A poor man's child that dies,
We score not on our hollow cheeks
And in our sunken eyes;
We read it there, wherever we meet,
And as the sum we see,
Each asks, "The rich have got the
earth
And what remains for me?"
The coming hope, etc.

We bear the wrong in silence,
We store it in our brain;
They think us dull, they think us
dead,

But we shall rise again:
A heaving through the mass;
A trampling through their palaces
Until they break like glass;
We'll cease to weep by cherished
graves,
From lonely homes we'll flee;
And still, as rolls our million march,
Its watchword brave shall be—
The coming hope; the future day,
When wrong to right shall bow;
And hearts that have the courage,
man,
To make that future NOW.

Ernest Jones.

GESANG DER LOHNSKLAVERN

Den Boden nahm der Grundherr,
Die See der Kaufmann sich,
Die Erze nimmt der Herr des Berge,
Was aber bleibt für mich?
Manch' Schwungrad wirbelt für Pro-
fit,

Mit blankem Stahl beschützt.
Der Arbeit Faust, was Arbeit schafft,
Doch immer mehr besitzt.
Mit Amt und Würden brüstet bald
Der Sohn des Reichen sich,
Ihm dienen Wissenschaft und Kunst,
Was aber bleibt für mich?
Des Menschenrechtes Zukunftstag,
Wenn sich der Knecht befreit,
Und durch der Tatkraft Keulen-
schlag

Dies Morgen wird zum Heut!

Mir danken sie ihr Wissen,
Den Glanz, der sie umstrahlt
Mit Armut, Siechtum, Niedrigkeit
Wird mir zurückgezahlt;
Plag' dich! und dann ein freudlos
Heim

Darin das Elend wohnt;
Ew'ger Gewinn für sie wird mir
Mit ewiger Pein gelohnt!
Die Stunden, da das Leben lacht,
Der Reiche nahm sie sich,
Sich Weib erbliht, sein Kind gedeiht,
Was aber bleibt für mich?
Des Menschenrechtes Zukunftstag

sie danken's mir, die Reichen,
Mit krauem Hungerlohn,
Mit Zuchtbus gar — ein frühes Grab,
Das endet dann die Frohn,
Ob unsers Weibes Herz auch bricht,
Ob unser Kind auch stirbt —

Was hilf's — Kein Jammer schreit
so laut,
Dass er ihr Mitleid wirbt!
Doch breunt im Aug' wie Feuerglut
Das Wort: "O, Bruder, sprich:
Die ganze Welt feil jenen zu —
Was aber bleibt für mich?"
Des Menschenrechtes Zukunftstag
usw.

Wir tragen es geduldig,
Doch wir vergessen's nicht,
Man glaubt, has Elend macht uns
kair —

Doch dann kommt das Geruch!
Dann dröhnt Trompetenruf durch's
Land,

Das Volk, in heil'ger Schlacht,
Zerstört die Zwingburg der Gewalt,
Stürzt der Tyrannen Macht!
Kein Trauern mehr um das, was fällt;
Vorwärts, in's Kampfgewühl!
Wenn das Millionheer marschier't,
Naht ganz von selbst das Ziel:
Des Menschenrechtes Zukunftstag,
Wenn sich der Knecht befreit,
Und durch der Tatkraft Keulen-
schlag

Dies Morgen wird zum Heut!

Paul Schüler.

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—
Assistant Organizer—Ben. Hirschon,
 100 Union St., Trenton.
Secretary—Louis Cohen, 10 Twelfth Avenue, Paterson.
Financial Secretary—Treasurer—Jeanette Heller, 279 Belmont Avenue, Newark.

Educational Director—Solomon Efrain, 524 Henry St., South Amboy.

Dear Comrade Yipsels:—

The fall season is fast approaching and we must plan for lectures, conduct study classes and hold sociables and entertainments.

These things among others are a vital part of your organization life and a source of unmeasurable good to yourselves and those who are interested in attending your fall and winter affairs. We will grow stronger as we do things in the proper way, and the proper way to do things is to have every member do his or her share of the work.

At present this office, in cooperation with State Educational Director Solomon Efrain, is making preparations for the state-wide inter-circle debating contest and lecture course. This work requires a great deal of attention. To make it the success it ought to be, the cooperation of every circle must be had. You will soon receive word on this work from Comrade Efrain. Kindly give him your immediate attention on all matters. In all your transactions relative to Educational Work, address Mr. Solomon Efrain, 524 Henry St., S. Amboy, N. J.

The next meeting of the State Committee will be held Sunday, October 7th, at 3 P. M., at the headquarters of the Elizabeth Y. P. S. L., 635 Elizabeth Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

Yours comradely,

Louis Cohen, State Sec'y.

The State Efficiency Contest during the first month of its operation has shown good results. The State Office gets the monthly reports from most of the leagues and is thus en-

abled to keep accurate records and to compile the status of the State movement accordingly. Nothing succeeds like cooperation from the Circles.

The interest displayed by the circles in their efforts to capture the pennant can be seen from the record of the July 1917 returns as follows:

Circle Passaic, 1 point; Circle 1, Newark, 1; Circle 3, Newark, 1; Elizabeth, 1; Karl Havlicek (West Hoboken), 1; Linden, 1; Kearney, 1; Trenton, 1; Guttenberg, 7; Jersey City, 2; Paterson, 13; Circle 2, Newark, 15; Perth Amboy, 31; Plainfield, 31, and Circle 1, Camden, 31.

S. E. C. MINUTES

The State Executive Committee met September 9th at the Newark Labor Lyceum, Bertha N. Bader, of Newark, in the chair.

The minutes of the previous meeting were approved as read.

Bills amounting to \$2.25 were ordered paid.

Communication: From Rudolph Koller advising that the typewriter used by the state organizer be repaired at cost of \$15, ordered accrued; from Jeannette Heller, advising on disbandment of Circles 4 and 5 of Newark; motion, that we declare the charters of these two leagues to be null and void, carried; from Louis Levick, editor of the Y. P. S. L. column in the N. Y. Call, announcing move of the New York Y. P. S. L. convention held recently, to devise ways and means to take over the Young Socialists' Magazine and that a committee of two each be elected from the New York and New Jersey Leagues to decide in what way the Magazine can be taken over; motion, that we reassert our stand for a national owned and controlled official organ, in accordance with the press resolution as passed at our 1917 convention and that two delegates be elected to attend the conference, carried. Committeemen elected: Samuel Fellowitz and Louis Cohen.

The State Secretary reported: that during the month of August, 12 out of 15 leagues sent in their monthly report cards for July, no nominations were received for the office of state organizer, membership account for July stands: on roll 796, good standing 593, in arrears 203, result of the vote for National Secretary, with 7 leagues voting gives Wm. F. Kruse,

96; and Albert B. Weiss, 38. Ordered received.

Motions: That election of a State Organizer be referred to State Committee; that the matter of starting a card index system be deferred indefinitely; that the advisability of joining the People's Council in a body be referred to State Committee; that the following amendment to the state constitution be referred to the State Committee for endorsement, to submit it as a referendum to the membership of the State organization, carried.

"That the State Executive Committee shall give particular attention to the work of organization throughout the state. The General Organizer shall appoint a Deputy Organizer for each county where a league has been established and officially recognized. The Deputy Organizer whenever possible shall be a member of the State Executive Committee and appointed to the county of his residence. They shall do everything within their power to facilitate the business of the State League in matters within their jurisdiction and shall always be under the instruction of the General Organizer and the State Executive Committee."

Motion: That we recommend to the State Committee that Frank Heutle be dropped from the State Executive Committee for failure to attend two successive meetings without submitting an excuse, carried.

Louis Cohen, State Secretary.

West Hoboken Yipsels will hold Hawaiian Costume Ball

The Karel Havlicek Circle of West Hoboken has made all arrangements for the monster Hawaiian Costume Ball to be held Saturday evening, October 27th, Nepivoda's Hall, 420 Spring Street. Tickets will be 25c.

A Hawaiian Orchestra has been secured to provide dance music and the hall will be given a Hawaiian appearance.

Every member is working hard to make this affair one long to be remembered. Prizes and souvenirs will be distributed. All Yipsels and friends are asked to attend and enjoy themselves. A circular letter has been sent to all leagues and Socialist auxiliary bodies, so quite a large attendance is expected. Ten per cent of the proceeds will go to the County Treasury and the rest will be used

for other educational purposes and to buy literature.

The circle also decided to buy and distribute 1000 copies of the leaflet, "The Price We Pay."

The only Bohemian Socialist paper in this vicinity, the "Obrana," after being twice suppressed was finally denied second class postage rates.

The circle members will distribute the "Obrana" to the subscribers in Hudson County every week.

An essay contest will be held on the History of the Karel Havlicek Circle. All will be read at a literary meeting to be held October 10th, and the winners will be decided by the audience.

The members also collected \$7.00 for the People's House. It was decided to have a gymnastic meeting every Wednesday, beginning September 12th. Frank Patak was elected gymnastic director. Hereafter the circle will also have one social a month. The Fifth Anniversary Celebration will be held sometime in December. On Sunday, September 9th, a banquet was held in honor of Comrade V. Vanura, the Circle's former Dramatic director.

A renewed effort will be made to secure subscriptions to the Y. S. M.

Alexander Texel was elected Recording Secretary in place of W. Eichoff, who has resigned from the league.

All circles are reminded to keep October 27th open and to go to the West Hoboken Yipsel's Hawaiian Costume Ball.

KEEP THIS FROM HENRY FORD

The members of a local in a suburban section were discussing preparations for election. One Italian comrade of long standing membership said that for years now, he had tired himself out visiting the polling places which were widely separated and he thought that this year the party ought to hire an automobile for the day. Several of the comrades agreed with him, but suggested that it would be unnecessary to hire a car as Comrade X had one and would probably be willing to loan it. The mover of the scheme objected, however, saying that it ought to be a large car, for four or five people. On being told by the others that the car in question was a Ford and seated five, he said, "Oh, it's a regular Ford!" This brought out a laugh from the gathering and so by way of explanation he added, "Y' know, dere's a half a Ford what's got only seats for two."

Report on People's Council

By William F. Kruse

By vote of the National Committee of the Y. P. S. L. three delegates were chosen to represent the Y. P. S. L. at the meeting of the People's Council scheduled to be held at Minneapolis on September 1st. To economize on our expenses the local secretaries of Minneapolis and St. Paul, and the National Secretary, who had to make the trip anyway to attend a National Executive Committee meeting, were chosen as delegates. Arrangements were made for a Y. P. S. L. organization meeting of the Twin City leagues for Aug. 31st, and I left Chicago the night before, after speaking at two meetings that same evening, to get to Minneapolis on time.

Meanwhile big things were happening. Special trains bearing hundreds of delegates from all over the country were on the way. But the Governor of Minnesota, overriding Mayor Van Lear's welcome and practically suspending the state constitution, forbade the meeting. Thousands of soldiers swarmed on the streets of Minneapolis, and everything ready to spring the trap. The Governor of North Dakota invited the council to come to his state, an invitation gratefully received and only the great distance to be traveled preventing its acceptance. Mayor Hoan of Milwaukee next invited the Council meeting to his city, and it seemed that the Governor of Wisconsin would interpose no objection. An effort was thereupon made to hold the meeting in Hudson, Wisconsin, right across the state line from Minnesota, and within commuting distance of the Twin Cities. But Hudson has the reputation of being the roughest, toughest town in three states. It has a prize fighting ring in which all battles too rough and bloody for any other city are pulled off in perfect safety. When the committee made a trip to inspect convention facilities they were met by a riotous mob of "patriotic" rough-necks and were forced to return. An all day session was held by some of the early arrivals at Minneapolis, and the decision was made to get together with the Eastern delegates then approaching Chicago, so as to finally determine the convention city. The trip to Chicago was made that night without further event.

At Chicago a Convention was held which was attended by over 500 ac-

credited delegates. It came to order as originally scheduled, save that the location had been slightly shifted. Plans for temporary organization were made, a nominating committee elected to choose a temporary executive committee of eleven (which later was increased to seventeen) some short speeches delivered, and the organization well started. Seymour Stedman of Chicago was chairman, while James H. Maurer and Job Harriman were made vice-chairmen. Scarcely had the meeting gone well under way that about a hundred police officers, in uniform and plain clothes, entered the hall and upon instructions from the governor ordered the meeting to disperse. The order was complied with.

Within the next twenty-four hours the political situation here made it possible to hold another session. The Mayor ordered the police department to protect the meeting as long as the laws of the land were not being violated, and demanded to know by what right the Governor commanded the city's police force. The Governor's reply was the despatch of four companies of militia under the command of Adjutant-General Dickson, straight from Springfield by special train, a trip of five hours. Meanwhile the convention was meeting, a constitution was adopted, a statement on the "Terms of Peace" was concurred in, other committees provided for, and the organization was perfected to such a degree that no further interruptions would destroy the work done. Each state delegation met separately and elected two of its number to meet with the executive board should such action become necessary. Every train brought in new delegates, until we had almost 1,500. In the place of the two local secretaries designated by our National Committee, Samuel H. Holland, a young attorney and member of the Northwest Y. P. S. L., and Mrs. A. W. Kruse, City Secretary of the Chicago Leagues, served as Yipsel delegates. I was one of the two delegates chosen to represent the state.

The convention adjourned with its most pressing work done, and immediately the hall was turned over to a Jewish wedding party that had been awaiting possession for the past two hours. Our delegates dispersed

and went about their work, and forty-five minutes later the four companies of infantry, with the intrepid Adjutant-General at the head, raided—the wedding! The people were very much excited and not a little aggrieved, but the only casualty was the loss of General Dickson's gold hat cord which one of the bridesmaids stole as a souvenir.

In the meantime committee meetings were being held and a paper was published, and all of the work was finished almost as well as it could have been in open meeting. In fact the suppression helped unite radicals of every sort whose path of action for the time being lay along exactly the same road. Until liberty of expression and action is restored in this country very little can be done toward the complete emancipation of the working class. The detective-sergeant himself is said to have remarked that "These people came here a scrapping, back-biting mob, they left a united organized body."

So much for the externals. As to the inside doings of the Council, we need only say that no provision has been adopted that in any way conflicts, to my mind, with the principle of international Socialism, or of the Y. P. S. L. Its statement of war aims are the people's aims, stated in terms that best suit the exigencies of the occasion. The People's Council has not endorsed the Socialist Party, or any other party, or the Y. P. S. L., or any other specific organization. The People's Council has, however, succeeded in establishing a war-time union ground for all radical forces, and a program that all can wholeheartedly endorse.

If there be any doubt of the success of this gathering, representing over two million people, we need but contrast it against the performance of the so-called "American Alliance for Labor and Democracy" which held its convention (originally intended to counteract ours) in Minneapolis, after we had been driven away by the forces of "law and order." Where we encountered every conceivable governmental opposition, they had their way paved, but where we had the solid backing of masses of the people, they had but a collection of erstwhile leaders whose former good work and reputation served only to emphasize the masses' repudiation of their betrayal. The gathering at Minneapolis was an awful frost, they had 270 delegates—cheerless and discouraged. At the great Auditorium seating 1,200 people,

their first mass meeting, with Samuel Gompers, John Spargo and Winfield Gaylord speaking, only 600 people showed up. At the next meeting, with two other erstwhile Socialists speaking—Charles Edward Russell and J. Stitt Wilson, only 800 people were present, while at the last meeting, with Gompers and Clarence Darrow as the attractions, the place was hardly half filled. It lasted only three days, but that was plenty, a frost absolutely, showing the utter futility and uselessness of any number of big names if they are not backed up by organized masses. It proved how far ahead are the masses in comparison with those who were their self-appointed leaders.

The People's Council meeting was a great success. The very ruthlessness of the government in suppressing it proved one of the greatest sources of cohesion and fighting spirit. It will not bring about the millennium, it will not in my opinion develop into an all-conquering political party, but what it will do is to unite at least for a time all radical and progressive elements whose position on the war and on the preservation of political democracy coincides. In so doing it will accomplish a valuable aid to a clearer understanding of present conditions on the part of the American people.

Supplementary Report on the People's Council to the Y. P. S. L.

By William F. Kruse

A report has already been given on the main sessions and no doubt all our members are familiar with the conditions that surround and what led up to the meeting. Suffice to say that although we practically finished our main work so far as the delegates were concerned, there were nevertheless some further details to be straightened out, and this work was done by chosen delegates and by members of various committees elected by the convention.

This further meeting was held "somewhere in the United States" and lasted three days. I attended, not as delegate of the league, but as representing the Resolutions Committee of the Council and as State representative elected by the entire Illinois delegation for that purpose.

The sessions were highly interesting, but aside from the better satisfaction of the delegates and the election of part of the Executive and General Committees there was very little practical result. We were suc-

cessful however in securing Scott Nearing as Organizing Chairman and in making our plans for future work.

In the main this work is to consist of bringing pressure to bear on Congress and the various State Legislatures whenever a crisis arises. This can be done through a well organized legislative department at Washington functioning through the organization headquarters at New York and in the other large cities and their various divisional headquarters. There are many members of Congress who really do not know just how the plain folks back home feel about public questions, and a few letters and personal visits from some of them may have a very helpful effect.

A persistent effort was made by single-taxers and others of rather individualistic bent, to put over a new constitution embodying proposed principles of democratic management which while very fine sounding in theory seemed a very dangerous experiment for our stormy petrel among organizations, the People's Council, to embark upon. The Convention decided to refer it to the newly elected executive committee for consideration, and to have it acted upon at the next Constituent Assembly. By that time the need for emergency measures will probably have passed and a consideration on the merits of the plan can be given. The constitution as adopted in Chicago will therefore remain in effect for the time being and we will be in a position to get down to work immediately without any endless wrangle over interior problems.

Taken all in all, the meeting of the People's Council has succeeded in getting together, at least for the time being, all liberal and radical elements of the country. It gives us a common meeting ground upon which we all, radical and conservative, can stand. Some of us want to go a great deal further in one direction, some in another, but all are agreed that for the period of the war and its accompanying butchery of our lives and liberties we can and must unite on this minimum program. The People's Council has already made itself cordially hated by the master class—this if nothing else, ought to endear it to us.

It is not true that trade follows the flag. It is true that the flag follows investments. — H. N. Brailsford.

LEAGUE DIRECTORY

Send all communications concerning this Directory to: Alexander Jaunwikna, 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. Meeting every Friday evening.

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

Circle No. 3, Jewish Circle, 1723 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.

Y. P. S. L. SYRACUSE

Meets at Socialist Party Headquarters, No. 124 E. Genesee St., every Tuesday evening. Organizer is Charles Karlick, Jr.

CONNECTICUT

Y. P. S. L., ANSONIA

Meets regularly at Headquarters. Organizer is Jack Hodos, No. 393 Main St., Ansonia, Conn.

