

The Young Socialists' Magazine

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

The Modern David

Another Message on the Magazine

By William F. Kruse

An appeal has been sent out to all leagues and individual hustlers, calling upon them to send in subscriptions and other support to the Young Socialists' Magazine, pending the time it is taken over by the National Office. As this issue goes to press no further news can be reported since the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party, on whose decision the question finally rests, has not since held a meeting. In the meantime, however, many leagues have begun circulating their subscription lists, and quite a number of new subs and pledges have been turned in.

The troubles of this magazine have been, from its inception, mainly financial. It is not subsidized by the big business interests to teach youth to be meek and submissive to the demands of our industrial masters. Our purpose is to make young rebels that will put an end to the capitalist system. So while almost any boys' or girls' or Sunday School paper can get all the advertising and endowments it desires—the Young Socialists' Magazine must depend on its own readers for all the support it gets. Its readers are young people—young radicals. They are not possessed of much money, and what little they have is claimed and called for by many agencies. Our young readers are full of the joy of life, and most of them do not quite realize what a serious business the

publication of a magazine is. This appeal for help has surprised many of them.

We are meeting with a loyal response. Everywhere subscription lists are being circulated. In many places the leagues are running special benefit socials for the magazine. In many others promises have been made for all kinds of help.

The only way to convince the National Executive Committee that the Young Socialists' Magazine must be kept alive is to act NOW. Send your subscriptions to the National Office—three thousand new subs and bundle orders will make a mighty impressive argument. If you run a benefit social, be sure to send in the money you make AT ONCE. Promises and pledges of future support are all very encouraging, and fine in their place, but what we need now is ACTION.

If all the Yipsel enthusiasm is coined into action, and all our whole-hearted promises are turned into cold cash, there is no doubt but that the magazine will begin the most successful part of its whole career. But results must be shown very quickly, else there will be no Young Socialists' Magazine left to save. The Young People's Socialist League has undertaken some pretty big things in the past—it has never failed on any undertaking. It is going to make the biggest and best success of all this time. Just watch our smoke.

The Time is Ripe, and Rotten Ripe, for Change.

The time is ripe, and rotten ripe, for change;

Then let it come; I have no dread of what

Is called for by the instinct of mankind.

Let us call tyrants tyrants, * * *

For men in earnest have no time to waste

In patching fig leaves for the naked

TRUTH

New times demand new measures and new men;

The world advances, and in time outgrows

The laws that in our father's days were best,

And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme

Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,

Made wiser by the steady growth of TRUTH.

—James Russell Lowell.

Justice should remove the bandage from her eyes long enough to distinguish between the vicious and the unfortunate.—Robt. G. Ingersoll.

When perfectly civilized one of the necessities of man's life will be that the lives of others shall be of some value to them.—Ingersoll.

Liberty is the air of the soul, the sunshine of life. Without it the world is a prison and the universe an infinite dungeon.—Ingersoll.

"And No One Shall Work for Money"

It is usually put forth as a knockdown argument that if men did not have to work for bread and butter they would not work at all.

It is assumed as a matter of course that money is the representative of the only universal motive of human energy, and that if all were assured a good living nobody would turn a hand.

I do not believe this. I believe that money is not a legitimate motive at all. To illustrate, let us imagine that state of the world, to which we will come some day, where wages exist no more.

Let us suppose we have so developed the state that every child is assured of care and due training. No ignorant, unskilled, or criminally defective beings are brought into the number of independent adults. If capable of decent life on arriving at manhood they are taken care of in proper institutions.

Let us suppose also that every person is fed, housed, and clothed by the state. No man or woman needs to labor to make a living. The entire motive of subsistence is eliminated.

Instead of this resulting in the paralysis of all energy, it would be but the beginning of progress. As Moryh Sheridan says: "When our existence is comfortably assured, the battle of life will have begun in earnest."

Men, with their present stock of ideals, would of course droop into idleness under such circumstances; but men now differ from men then almost as much as a hog differs from a man. It is frankly to be admitted that altruistic feelings and civic conscience must be greatly strengthened. Conditions now are the only practical ones for

half-barbarous creatures such as we are at present.

But let us be specific. What motives precisely will supersede personal gain?

Instead of work for money there will be craftsmanship for the joy of it. People now love to make, do, and manage things, for fun, when the things are what they enjoy doing. The problem of civilization is to change labor into craft, and thus into play.

Machinery is more and more replacing the drudgery of hands. The steam dredger does the work of a hundred hand shovels; carry that on a hundred years and imagine the vast amount of disagreeable effort that will be taken from men.

There will be the enthusiasm of art, of music, of letters and science. Even now the best work here is not at all for money and is poorly paid.

The joy of home making is not a money-paid pleasure. The wives and mothers of the future will be as busy and as happy as now.

We are all sensitive to public opinion. The scorn of our fellows is a sharp whip. As we progress it will grow sharper. Men will be ASHAMED TO BE IDLE. Human beings work as hard to avoid contempt as to get money. To have the esteem and praise of the community will move men as powerfully as to make gain.

In a wage-free democracy we shall not only have better poems and paintings and scientific discoveries and music, but street cars will be run better, groceries and milk will be of better quality and better distributed, meals will be better cooked, clothes will be better made, and all the little, necessary work of the world better done, be-

cause always a large part of the people can do these things and cannot write poetry nor compose music.

You remember Tom Sawyer's getting the boys to whitewash his fence, when he made it SEEM FUN to them?

That is plain human nature. And I believe all men will do more and better work when they shall work because it is fun to them, and when not to work will only mean the contempt of their fellows.

And, take it now, the people who never have to care for bread or clothing are about as energetic as the farmhands, with, of course, notable exceptions among the perverts of society and of "society's" hangers on.

"Our government is based on the agreement both tacit and implied, that the minority shall always have the rights of free speech, of free press, and of free agitation, in order to convert itself if possible from a minority into a majority. As soon as these rights of the minority are denied, it will inevitably resort to secret meetings, conspiracies and finally force. In times of stress, it may be extremely embarrassing for the majority to be hampered in quick, decisive action by an obstinate minority; but nevertheless the recognition of the right of the minority is our sole bond of unity.

"For this reason, I repeat that any attempt to interfere with the rights of free speech and free press is a blow at the very foundations of our government."—Franklin H. Giddings, on the Espionage Bill.

Nobility is a question of character, not of birth.—Ingersoll.

Labor must open the door of Nature's storehouse before it can be free.

Common sense is very uncommon.—Horace Greeley.

ABOUT BANANAS

By Marion Wright

Among the many excellent things which came to be generally accepted in the United States during the Nineteenth Century may be listed the yellow, mellow banana, along with tomatoes and Socialism.

At the beginning of the century a tomato was called a "love apple" and was considered poison. After some fifty years the tomato was finally accepted, but Socialism, by its present name, was unknown. Those who professed its principles were considered fit subjects for the gallows.

The banana made its bow to the public much later and under much more favorable circumstances. Unlike the tomato it gave off a seductive, pleasing odor, and unlike Socialism it did not "hurt" business. When our grandparents were little folks they did not have any bananas unless they lived in a seaport town. It was not until 1870 that one Capt. Baker nosed around the island of Jamaica, in his two-masted schooner and brought off a cargo of the fruit. Like Adam with his apple, the American public nibbled its banana and found it good and the banana business sprang into being at once. Today we import around 45,000,000 bunches a year, which sell for over \$50,000,000.

Most of the fruit comes from Central America and the West Indies, Mexico and Hawaii furnishing a small portion. About 15,000 bunches are received in San Francisco monthly from the Hawaiian islands.

The history of the culture of the banana in Hawaii extends

backward to the early days when only hand implements were used for farming. About 1855 the Cavendish, or Chinese variety was introduced into the islands and proving much superior to the wild variety, was adopted for culture. At the close of the Civil war in the States a small export trade had been worked up by Hawaii. As the Central American and West Indian planters did not begin the culture of the fruit in earnest until some twenty years later the Hawaiian planter had an excellent opportunity to capture the banana trade, but he did not do so for the reason that at about this time the introduction of machinery made the production of sugar on his lands much more profitable than bananas. It is the same in our other island possessions to a great extent. The greater profits arising from the culture of sugar causes the banana business to be neglected and little scientific study has been devoted to its culture.

At the present time there is practically no selection of plants with a view of multiplying plants whose heredity is good. Plants are selected indifferently from those which have produced large bunches and those which have produced small.

The preparation of the land by thorough, deep tillage and plowing before the plants are set is important. And it must be remembered that the process of producing a good bunch of bananas is a continuous one and cannot be arrested even for a few days without damage to the coming bunch. If a banana plant is

split down through the middle with a sharp knife when it is about eighteen months old, it will be found that the bunch is already formed within the stem. That is, if it happens to be a plant that will bear. Some banana plants do not bear fruit. Proper tillage and care determine at a very early age the size and number of the flowers which are first to blossom on the "bunch" before the fruit forms, and like flowers, like fruit. After the flower forms no power under the sun can increase the number of bananas on the forth-coming bunch. The planter can see the size of his crops many months in advance, figuring out the losses from disease, insect pests, etc.

Banana plants grow from 15 to 20 feet high and the leaves are sometimes a dozen feet long by two feet wide. The stem pops out of the stalk, sometimes three on one tree and turns down so that when the fruit forms the bananas are pointing up instead of down.

After the bananas mature the stalk gradually dies down and then a new shoot comes up from the roots. The fruit is picked green for export and stowed away in the holds of ships or dark warehouses where it ripens. It is impossible for one in this country to know the taste of a real ripe banana right off the tree, unless he or she has been in a banana country. And like the coconut, the banana tastes much better when allowed to ripen in its natural way. The finest, yellow banana on the market in our inland cities was pulled green. At that it is ex-

cellent eating and figure for yourself how it must taste right off the tree.

And it is not alone as a fruit that the banana is used by the people in its native land. When the fruit is pulled green and properly dried an excellent flour is made which is used for about every purpose to which wheat flour is adapted. This is not an article of commerce, but is used extensively by the natives.

There are red bananas and bananas five times as large as any seen in the markets, to be seen in the home ports of the fruit. But these varieties are so perishable that they cannot be shipped. In fact there are about as many varieties of bananas as there are of potatoes.

Some agitation is being carried on now in the Hawaiian islands to have the government take hold of the banana industry. Some lands unsuitable for sugar cane would produce the fruit and with a trade built up with Pacific Coast cities Hawaii would have a great market at her very door. At present the growers of the islands are unorganized and they are at the mercy of the commission merchants of the coast cities to whom they ship their product.

The banana is a rich article of food as well as a toothsome fruit and its use and culture should be encouraged.

They are not religious; they are only pew renters.—G. B. S.

"The nation that has the schools, has the future."—Bismarck.

Peace or War? Why shouldn't the people decide?

He loves his country best who strives to make it best.—Ingersoll.

THE MARSEILLAISE

(A new version for English singers written to fit the French tune)

Ye toilers of the nations,
Stand forth in every land.
No longer foes or strangers,
But comrades, hand in hand—
But comrades, hand in hand.
Joined in this noble purpose,
From want and hunger to free
The children of humanity,
That goodness and happiness may
flourish.
Raise Freedom's banner high,
The Day is drawing nigh.
March on! march on!
Comrades of all climes.
March on to liberty.

Too long with sordid tyrants
Ye patient ones have borne,
Who have your faithful service
Requited with poverty and
scorn—
Requited with poverty and
scorn.
Endure it now no longer
Join in a world-wide band,
Resolved that out of every land

Both serfdom and misery shall
vanish.
Raise Freedom's banner high,
Her day is drawing nigh.
March on! march on!
Hearts brave and strong.
March on to liberty.

Ye valiant Sons of Morning.
Spring forth to win the way;
And Daughters of the Dawning
With song shall greet that day—
Shall greet that glorious day
When nation shall join with nation
To shatter Oppression's might,
Bring in the reign of truth and
right,
And justice and fellowship to
cherish.
Raise Freedom's banner high;
That Day is drawing nigh.
March on! march on!
Comrades of all climes.
March on to liberty.

H. Tompkins.

Freedom of Criticism

(From Report of U. S. Industrial Commission)

It is axiomatic that a government which can be maintained only by the suppression of criticism should not be maintained. Furthermore it is the lesson of history that attempts to suppress ideas results only in their more rapid propagation.

Not only should every barrier to the freedom of speech be removed, * * * but every reasonable opportunity should be afforded for the expression of ideas and the public criticism of social institutions.

A Londoner who was staying in Scotland recently had need of legal assistance. He went up to a sensible looking man in the street and began: "Pardon me, sir; but are you a resident of this town?"

"Weel," was the cautious reply, "I've leaved here a matter o' fifty year."

"Ah! then perhaps you can help me," went on the visitor. "I'm looking for a criminal lawyer. Have you one in this town?"

The Scotsman dropped his voice to a confidential whisper as he answered:

"We hiv, but we hinna been able to prove it against him yet. He's over sharp."

WHAT DO THE SOCIALISTS WANT?

By Prof. George R. Kirkpatrick

It is far easier to understand what the Socialists do want after one understands what they do not want. The contrast between the capitalist system and the new order proposed by the Socialists—this contrast helps immensely in securing a clear understanding of what the Socialists want and also why they want what they want. But before I tell you what the capitalist system is, in its chief outlines, let me state in simple propositions some of the leading results of the capitalist system:

First.—Capitalism splits society into two industrial classes, namely, the class that, as producers, uses the industrial foundations of society and receives wages, and the class that owns the industrial foundations of society and takes profits—takes as profits the total annual industrial product except just sufficient (called wages) to keep the workers in tolerable working (producing) conditions. (Rent and interest are different names for profits.)

Second.—The industrial interests of the two classes are in fundamental conflict; and this conflict cannot be closed, or "adjusted," or "composed," or "harmonized" in any way whatever as long as capitalism lasts, because one class, the working class, sells labor power for wages, and the other class, the capitalist class, buys this labor power and pays wages for it. Now, the interests of the buyer of a thing and the interests of the seller of that thing are never the same and cannot be harmonized. Apply this principle to the purchaser and to the seller of a pound of sugar or a ton of coal. Apply this principle to

ten hours of labor power—carefully.

Third.—The capitalist class understands this capitalist system and, perfectly aware of its advantages for themselves, they make use of every social institution and of every political party (except one) to protect the capitalist system, to protect the capitalist class, while they fleece, boss and flim-flam the working-class.

Fourth.—The working class do not understand—are not permitted to understand—this capitalist system, and, being ignorant of the power and cunning of the system, the workers accept their fate under the capitalist system without complaint against the system—just as many chattel slaves attributed their condition under slavery, not to the chattel slave system, but to the individual master they happened to have under the system.

Now let me tell you what are the foundation and the method and the purpose of capitalism.

First.—The foundation of capitalism is the private ownership of the industrial foundations of society—of such things as mills, mines, quarries, forests, railroads, and so forth—the things the workers, as producers, have to use or starve. This is the real secret of the employers' power over the worker.

Second.—The method of capitalism is the private control and despotic management of the industrial foundations of society.

Third.—The purpose of capitalism is profits—profits for the capitalist class—profits for the special benefit of the class that owns the industrial foundations of society.

Capitalism is an industrial system for the special benefit of a ruling class as much as chattel slavery was an industrial system for the special benefit of a part of society.

Now, the one political party in all the world that is against this capitalist system of industry is the Socialist party; and every crowned parasite, every dollar-marked employer—all of them mark the Socialist party as the one political party of and for the working class.

And what, now, does this Socialist party propose as a substitute for the capitalist system?

First.—The new foundation: The social ownership, that is, the public ownership, of the socially usable, industrial wealth—that is, the public ownership of the chief material means of production.

To illustrate: We propose the private ownership of whatever is necessary for the proper degree of privacy of life—such as the home, the piano, the automobile for personal use, etc., but we propose the public ownership of the forest and quarry and mine materials, and of the factories and machinery used in making such things.

Second.—The new method: The social control, the democratic management, of the socially usable means of production.

The new method will be the maximum practicable degree of democratic management of industry—which is the only true line of escape from the present despotic control of the industrial life of the workers.

Third.—The new purpose: The production of goods will be primarily for social service—for all

the people—instead of profits for part of the people.

Fourth.—The new deal: The self-employment of all who are willing to work—by means of the joint ownership and joint control of the things the workers must use collectively in production, each to receive the product of his labor undiminished by rent, interest and profits.

This is the heart of the Socialist platform. This is the core of the Socialist program of reconstruction. This part—the four propositions above—will never be “stolen” or “appropriated” by Bryans, La Follettes, Roosevelts, Progressives, Populists, Independents, Citizens' parties, or “Radicals.” Nothing less than this would free the working class, and nothing less than the freedom of the working class will satisfy the Socialists. The American Revolution of the eighteenth century freed the American colonies from the political control of the British Empire. And the quiet, peaceful revolution proposed by the Socialists is to set the working class free from the industrial control of the capitalist class. No other political party for a moment proposes the freedom of the working class.

This mutualism in industry will not interfere with private affairs, such as religion and the family life, any more than the mutual ownership of the public library now interferes with such private affairs.

This mutualism in industry will not be a “dividing-up scheme” any more than the mutualism of the public park is a “dividing-up scheme.”

This mutualism in industry will not be anarchy or communism or atheism or free love any more than the mutualism of the postoffice

service is anarchy or communism or atheism or free love.

This mutualism in industry will leave an enormous amount of wealth in private hands as strictly private property.

Caution: Public ownership alone is not Socialism. To illustrate: The railways in Russia are publicly owned, but the capitalist class is in possession and control of the powers of government, and, naturally, the railways of Prussia are managed for the special benefit of the class in possession of the powers of government. The teaching of public ownership should always be accompanied by the teaching that so long as there are two classes, the publicly owned property can be managed and naturally, inevitably, will be managed for the special benefit of the class that has possession of the powers of government.

Hence the necessity of the Socialist party. A party with which to secure possession and control of the powers of government for and by the working class, the class whose interests would be served by the overthrow of capitalist despotism and by the new deal, by the reorganization, the reconstruction, of industrial society—to secure peace, plenty and justice for the working class, for all who are willing to work.

We have industrial despotism.

We want industrial democracy.

Remember: if political despotism is all wrong, then industrial despotism cannot be all right.

Think it all over—what we have and what we ought to have.

George Washington, Alexander Hamilton and their famous revolutionary friends did not like what they had, so they organized an army to get what they wanted with sword, rifle and cannon.

The Socialists, however, propose

to get what they want by employing the peaceful and legal revolutionary methods and means of an educated, organized class effort in industry and politics.

The Socialist party is the means with which to educate the working class as to what capitalism is.

With which to educate the working class as to what the Socialists propose as a substitute for capitalism.

With which to organize the working class for the inauguration of the program and policies of Socialism.

More About Self-Control

Under a tree in India lies a filthy, aged, wrinkled man whom the passersby regard with much respect. He holds up one arm; he holds it steady; and the day goes by, and still it is raised; day after day it is held up. He has kept it in that position for years; the arm is stiff and useless; it is like an arm of wood or stone. The man is a fakir (fa-keer), and the people give him money because they think him a noble character. Do you think so? No, indeed. The fakir can control his body in a remarkable way; but the control is of no use to him or to anybody else in the world.

Think of the Swiss guides who lead travellers up and down the snowy Alps. They can command their limbs so skilfully that the foot never slips on the ice or on the narrow ledge. In 1894 an old guide named Anderegg retired from work; he had met with no accident, though he had climbed the lofty mountains for forty years. This self-control was useful to himself; and it was useful to the tourists whom he guided; they could trust him amid the steep rocks and on the rough ice of the glaciers.

A LETTER

To the Imperial Military Board:

I am in receipt of your order of Sept. 6, commanding me to report for military service on Sept. 17. This is not the first order of this kind I have received. Nor have I more reason, to-day, to comply with it, than on previous occasions. On the contrary. The reasons that lead me to refuse to render military service for Germany have increased with the months that have passed.

But even if my determination, not to comply with your order, is unalterable, my ideas concerning my attitude toward this order have undergone a change.

In the past years I ignored similar orders because I looked upon war as something in which I had no interest and, therefore, was none of my business. To-day I look upon this idea as one of brutal egotism. The terrible suffering these three years of war have brought to all people and particularly to the working class of all nations, the loss of millions of young human beings, the senseless destruction of glorious works of art, the devastation of ancient forests and fruitful fields, and above all, the terrible political effects of blackest and most heartless reaction, the bloody persecution and oppression of freedom that alone can become the basis of a lasting peace; the increasing exploitation of my class-comrades in every nation, the growing employment of women and children, throwing my class back for a decade in its struggle for better conditions—all of these things have brought to me the conviction that it is not sufficient to ignore this war, that it is

rather the duty of every honest and humane Socialist to fight with his whole strength and energy against this war, for peace. In the past year I have striven to act in accordance with this realization. I am using the opportunity that your latest order offers, to declare this openly before the world.

The reasons that have led me to refuse to do military service in Germany are the outgrowth of my political conceptions. I will refrain here from defining the Socialist idea of fatherland. If you are even slightly familiar with Socialist literature, it must be familiar to you.

I desire to emphasize particularly that neither ethical nor pacifist arguments have led me to refuse military service. I do not by any means roundly refuse participation in all wars. On the contrary. I can conceive of wars in which I most emphatically would do my part: wars against old, decayed forms of government that hamper the progress of civilization, revolutionary uprisings, which aim to bring about economic equalization through a Socialist social state.

If I, therefore, refuse to render service of any kind in the present war, it is because nowhere, not even in Germany, it is being fought for greater freedom, for democracy, for higher culture; because it serves simply and only the defense and the increase of capitalist interests. In 1914 this opinion was ridiculed as an empty phrase of irresponsible Socialists. To-day it is openly admitted by all serious statesmen and economists. The working-class is as little interested in the defense and increase of capitalist power, as the sheep is inter-

ested in the welfare of the wolf. The greater and the more glorious Germany's victory in this war will be the heavier will be the weight of oppression that will crush the German working-class. This is a fact that can be easily proven. 1813 brought to the German people not freedom, but the terrors of a black reaction before whose onslaughts men like Jahn, Arndt and others fell. 1870 brought the Socialist exception laws to the German working class. 1914 has placed the whole nation under military law, and each new military victory has meant new reactionary measures. The recent conquest of Riga has resulted in the complete suppression of even the most modest democratic and parliamentary rights. Perhaps they may again be revived if things at the front come to a standstill. But it is certain that the last breath of freedom will be stamped out, if Petersburg falls into the hands of the German army.

You can find countless similar examples. I desired only to prove to you with the few facts I have mentioned, how diametrically opposed the interests of the working class, of democracy, of progress are to those of Imperialists, Generals, of war. And since I have always stood, with all my heart, on the side of the former, you will understand that I will not fight against myself by accepting your invitation.

Furthermore, it is not unimportant that, in my opinion, the German government bears the heavy responsibility for the outbreak of the war in 1914. I know that the economic and industrial causes

(Continued on page 9)

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION, REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF "THE YOUNG SOCIALISTS' MAGAZINE," PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER, 1917, STATE OF NEW YORK, COUNTY OF NEW YORK.

Before me, a Notary Public for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Jacob Obrist, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the "Young Socialists' Magazine," and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date above set, and the circulation, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 1103 of the Code of Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Socialistic Co-operative Publishing Association, 15 Spruce St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Ludwig Lore, 15 Spruce St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Lily Lore, 15 Spruce St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Jacob Obrist, 13 Spruce St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Socialistic Co-operative Publishing Association, 15 Spruce St., New York, N. Y., a corporation consisting of over 300 members, none of whom owns or holds one per cent. or more of the total amount of stock, President, John Nagel, 157 Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Secretary, Otto Knoll, 72 Lexington Ave., New York City, N. Y.; Treasurer, Ernst Ramm, 214 E. 53th St., New York City, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trust is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing sufficient circumstances and conditions under which the stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest in the stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Jacob Obrist,
Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of October, 1917.
Simon Sultan.

Chas. Edw. Russell and the Socialists

By Eugene V. Debs

Charles Edward Russell made a speech at Madison, Wis., some days since, in which he is reported as saying that the Socialists who are opposed to the war are "dirty traitors, and that they should be driven out of the country." We assume that Mr. Russell is correctly quoted as it is not probable that he would be misrepresented by his friends, the capitalist newspapers, and for the further reason that the language above quoted is so near like that used by him on other occasions.

Now, when Charles Edward Russell came out in favor of war, we did not denounce him as a traitor. A few Socialists were bitter in their criticisms of his action, but they did not even question his motive. We are not going to denounce him as a traitor now. We are simply going to leave him to time and to his own conscience.

When Mr. Russell denounces his former Socialist comrades, 95 per cent. of whom did not agree with him, as "dirty traitors," and when he suggests that they should be "driven from the country," he is scarcely less severe than he was a few short months ago in denouncing the crowd with which he is now trailing. It is only necessary to look over the files of the Coming Nation when Mr. Russell had charge of its editorial columns, and some of his magazine and newspaper articles, to see that he denounced as crooks, grafters and thieves these very men.

No one attacked Elihu Root more fiercely as a Wall Street tool and a public enemy than Charles Edward Russell, but now Mr. Russell receives him with open which furnished the motives for

arms, and jointly and severally these twin darlings denounce as traitors those who are for peace, and want them driven out of the country.

Charles Edward Russell has the satisfaction of knowing that he is now welcomed by those he once so fiercely assailed as pirates and plunderers as Elihu Root himself. His every word in slandering his former comrades is heralded in the plutocratic press, and he is editorially eulogized by the "kept press" he was once so fond of castigating.

Poor Russell! He will pay dearly enough before he gets through.

To-Morrow

In the land of To-morrow, near the entrance gate, two newly-emancipated human souls met face to face. They had just arrived from a region called the Earth. For a moment they stared at each other wonderingly, as though both had a vague remembrance of having met somewhere before.

One was a strong and beautiful spirit, with shining garments and a visage that was radiant with light, peace, and contentment. The other was shabby and puny, her face wrinkled, pinched, and grey with gloom, and she covered and trembled.

"What ails you, my sister?" inquired the strong spirit. "Why do you shiver so?"

"I am afraid!" answered the second. "It is all so strange here. I have no home, no friends. I am alone and frightened!"

"That is strange indeed!" commented the strong spirit. "I never felt more at home anywhere. Everything here is friendly to my eyes. The whole place looks as if I had always known it—had ever lived in it. Even the trees and the flowers and the birds of this won-

derful spiritland are quite familiar to me."

"Let me hold your hand!" pleaded the frightened one. "You seem so strong and peaceful and contented, and you tread so freely, that I shall perhaps not be so frightened if I am with you."

Then the strong sister-spirit took the weaker one by the hand, and spoke comforting words to her.

"You see," explained the weaker one, "this change is so sudden and so great. For on Earth I was a real lady, and lived in a fine house. I had people to do my work for me and the wait on me, and servants to run and ride at my bidding, and to attend to all my wants. I had many jewels and gorgeous dresses, and everything that the heart of a lady could desire. I thought only of myself, and of the many beautiful things that gratified my whims. But I had to leave them all in great haste, to come alone to this strange place. It is all so terrible! Was it so with you?"

"Nay," said the other, "I came willingly. On earth I was not a rich lady like you—only an ordinary woman. But I cheerfully accepted my lot, did the best I could, and was thankful for what I had. I was always busy, never thinking about myself, but of others, and how I could best serve them and contribute my share to the general happiness, and especially that of those who were not so well placed as I was. I liked the old Earth very well, and enjoyed my humble little lot there in the love of relatives and friends. Yet I responded to the summons to leave, with alacrity, when at last it came to me."

The frightened spirit clung more closely to the other and peered into her face.

"Tell me, strong spirit," she cried, "did we ever meet on Earth?"

Your countenance is not only friendly; it is familiar. It is as if I had seen it often. Yet none of the great ladies I knew on Earth had such strength and grace and sweetness as you have. Who were you, on Earth, beautiful angel?"

"I was your washerwoman," answered the angel, benignantly.

A LETTER

(Continued from page 7)

This war, overspread not only Germany, but every capitalist nation But that these conflicts should find political expression, that they should have been driven to this climax of blooded and slaughter, for this Germany is not entirely without blame. You may perhaps tell me that the numerical supremacy of Germany's enemies places every German under the obligation of defending his country. But I answer that this but proves conclusively the complete inefficiency of German diplomacy and of the German government. It was their duty to prevent German intervention before the war, to avoid an increase in the number of its foes during the war. But the German policies, and the methods of conducting this war, have made the world our enemy. The invasion of Belgium, with its ridiculous motive, "Not kennt kein Gebot," not only furnished England with an excuse for intervention, but robbed Germany of the last vestige of sympathy of the leaders of the smaller countries as well.

When Germany declared its ruthless U-boat warfare, it did so, again, out of purely material considerations, without for a moment considering its moral effect upon the countries that were still neutral at that time. That is, in fact, the kernel of German political bankruptcy:

Germany relied implicitly on brute strength and forgot that, in spite of cannon and U-boats, humanity is living in the twentieth century, that moral and mental forces play their important part. It is in accord with the political philosophy of a government like this—to ask its subjects to pay in blood the price for the inefficiency of its rulers. You will understand, dear sirs, that I have not the slightest inclination to do so. This same inefficiency has characterized the actions of your rulers at home. Absolutism is victorious. The people must sacrifice their sons, but the power to declare war and make peace lies with the crown alone. Nor can the parliamentary manoeuvres that are performed peculiarly whenever military operations have come to a deadlock, conceal these conditions. Increased autocracy and oppression of those elements which are honestly anti-imperialistic and for peace, have usurped democracy. We have not forgotten the awful penalties visited upon those who participated in demonstrations to which only the crying needs of the masses had driven them. Does it not give the lie to all your protestations of democracy and peace that a Liebknecht, a Luxemburg have been confined behind prison bars since the beginning of the war, while your loud-mouthed war-barters are enjoying the greatest measure of freedom, and may speak and write as they like?

If I believed that I could carry on revolutionary propaganda within the army, be assured that I would respond to your command at once, that I would try my utmost to spread my ideas among the ranks. But to-day that is out of the question. And

so there remains for me but one possibility for effective anti-militaristic propaganda, the open and absolute refusal to do military service.

I am confirmed in my decision by my activity during the last years as International Secretary of the Federation of Young People's Socialist Organizations. In this capacity I have issued a number of manifestos and resolutions to the young workers of all nations, which have led the young Socialists in America as well as in other countries to refuse to participate in the present war. My political friends in Russia are fighting even to-day against every offensive, against every war-measure. To my mind it is impossible for a man who is honest in his political convictions, to be for peace to-day and for war to-morrow, to extend the olive branch to-day,—only to throw the hand-grenade to-morrow because circumstances have become more favorable. Such a policy is possible only in a nation that safely escorts revolutionaries home to the country of the enemy and throws their political friends into jail at home. Such a policy is possible only in a government that can speak of peace without annexations when things go wrong, only to rant of "freeing" Riga when the situation turns in its favor.

It cannot be my duty, that I am sure, gentlemen, even you will understand, to support or defend a government, a government that tramples upon the most elementary rights of my class. On the contrary. I can have but one duty, to fight against such a government with every measure that lies in the interest of the international working proletariat. And this, as it

What of the Night

Even yet they *will* not know it is war!

Cripple Creek—Calumet—Trinidad—speak in vain.

Yet though battles and blood should not, fain

Were we to think they might read portents as plain

As to the elder-world the terrible Blazing Star!

As when the heavens hang on the breathless verge of storm,

And even nerves of beasts are tense with the strain,

So ere wars and tumults—throne-shattering Change—

Ever the human emotions give the alarm,

Breaking forth into forms grotesque and strange.

Then the warrior paints his skin and dances the dance of death;

Then the faith-frenzies rage, and the great brute throat of lust

Looses the roar and blast of his furnace-breath.

And though for better things the heart of mankind we trust,

We know not what comes on as the swift hours roll,

The expropriation of the peasant from the soil was the basis of the capitalist system.—Marx.

The land shall not be sold for ever.—Leviticus.

has been in the past, shall be my life-work.

Zurich, Sept. 15, 1917.

Wilhelm Munzenberg,

Secretary of the International Federation of Young People's Socialist Organizations.

Or whether it be but a step to the barricades in the street

And sound of the grinding of swords and lilt of the car-magnole. . . .

If it comes with less or more of strife and blood,

It will come—and beautiful on the hills its feet;

It will come—the Day—with its light like a golden flood,

The Day to seers and singers of old made known,

When Man, ah Man, at last shall come into his own.

Though the light of its splendorous rising I may not hail,

And little it be I know of fate's decrees,

And little it be of trust in gods I know,

Yet I know—the Morning cometh! It cannot fail.

The great unresting tides that through Time's eternity flow,

The stars in their courses that ever

And the ultimate Will of Man, will have it so.

Elisabeth Waddell.

"Do you think the English tongue will ever become a dead language?" "Of course it will. It's being murdered every day."

Courage without conscience is a wild beast. Patriotism without principle is the prejudice of birth, the animal attachment for place.—Ingersoll.

The landlord produces nothing; he renders no service and is entitled to nothing, yet he is allowed to shut the door of Nature's storehouse.

FORELADIES

By Adriana Spadoni

I had never worked in a factory before and I was afraid that the forelady would instantly recognize my superiority. I dimly remember believing that this superiority might count against my getting a job. Therefore I hid it under assumed humility as I made my way between the whirring machines to the being at the far end designated as Her.

God made Heaven and earth in seven days. On the eighth He made foreladies. They are a special creation.

"Do you need any help?"

I had modulated my tone to the proper shade between indifference and respect. I expected her to understand. I don't know what—just to understand. Instead she looked at me. She looked at me for centuries and all the time she was looking I was sliding, down, down to a bottomless abyss. When she caught the last faint echo of my plop at the bottom of that incalculable abyss, she moved her eyelids.

"Green?"

I shrank between two dust motes in that dust-laden air.

She shrugged. "Wait here." She annihilated me to an unencumbered spot in the ether and disappeared.

I waited. Giant wheels tore round. Belts whirred through mysterious holes in the floor and ceiling. The floors trembled and the walls shook. The huge loft stretched on and on across the earth. Small boys ran about with great crates of white stuff on little trucks. And the air was filled with fine gray dust. It was all alive, quivering. All except the hundreds of girls, bent forward at their machines, their eyes fastened to the

flashing points of the needles. There they sat all bent forward at the same angle, each feeding the Thing before her. They alone were motionless. Like the dead kings of Egypt, rigid on their stone thrones, they sat before the living machines.

I wanted to turn and run. Real fear of those human machines, those motionless women, seized me. Rivers of white cascaded from those glittering needles. I felt unable to move, to make my way across that vibrating floor, among those moving belts. I felt that I should stand there forever, be finally engulfed in that silent river of white. The small boy with the big crate on the little truck shrieked for me to get out of the way. Like a volcanic eruption long ends of white trailed from the white mountain. The small boy was quite lost.

Then suddenly she reappeared. She came from behind a partition and walked straight down the aisle towards me between two rows of her stone women. A few feet away she stopped and beckoned me with her eyelids. At the far end of the loft we stopped before an empty machine. With her eyelids she indicated a place on the wall for my hat. When I returned she was sitting before the Monster.

The gnome dragging the white mountain came and upset the mountain beside her. She lifted one end of many miles of cuffs and fitted it under the foot. Then with her heels she pressed on the treadle and the Monster began to gobble its food. In a moment it had swallowed yards. She pressed with her toes and it stopped. She rose and indicated with her eyelid that I was to try. I sat down. I fitted the

cuff under the needle. I pressed with my heel. The whole factory rose and came at me. With a demonomical snort the Monster tore through the white goods.

Stop. Press with your toes."

I have wished since that I had looked up and caught the look I felt in the middle of my back. But I lacked the courage. I extricated the mangled cuffs and waited. Again she sat at the machine and showed me with an insulting patience. I wonder whether she had been born a forelady, whether she had never mishandled the Monster. When I had stitched several miles to her satisfaction she left me.

I arranged the first link in the endless chain of cuffs. I pressed with my heels. The creature began to masticate quietly. I forgot everything, everything except to keep feeding it evenly, steadily, hour after hour. Twice the girl immediately across the table glanced up at me. She must have been very expert or she would not have dared to move her eyes from the needle. I did not lift mine, but I felt hers.

Iron bands closed about my head. A sharp knife buried itself just below my shoulder blades. My wooden wrists guided the supply of cuffs. My eyes came to the very edge of their sockets. Once I shut off the power and pressed them back again. The only living, conscious, thinking things were my fingers. For a long time before I became conscious of nothing at all. I watched them. They were separate, quite apart from myself. They guided the cuffs so skillfully, just to the edge of the moving needle. I know now how engineers can sleep at the throttle. How mothers wake at the slightest mo-

tion of their babies. The only thing that penetrated the frozen numbness of my aching body was the tightening of a thread, the least change in the motions of the Monster. Then I was all alert soothing it by personal attention until the numbness in me conquered again and I went on feeding it mechanically.

At twelve o'clock the machines stopped with a final roar. The floor, the walls, contracted in one convulsive spasm and were still. In a moment the loft was deserted. Only at the distant end, the forelady, aloof and superior, moved toward the special peg reserved for her hat and coat. There they hung on the empty expanse of a side wall, as if the entire factory had been designed for this particular nail.

"Well, how did it go?"

"I don't know," I said stupidly; "I'm too tired to think."

"Ain't used to power." For the first time she became human, in the tremendous scorn for my powerlessness past. "You'll git used to it." With that articulate eyelid she consigned me to an eternity of pressing treads, guiding small white oblongs under a flashing needle.

Long before the end of the week I believed that she was right. Forever and ever, through all the aeons to come, I should sit there stitching cuffs. The only difference would be in the color of the cuffs. Now I was making bright yellow cuffs with purple lines.

She had been right. My back no longer ached. The knife had gone from under my shoulder blades. The muscles at the back of my neck had petrified to permanent insensibility. She was right. I had gotten used to it. So used that I no longer even FELT the pity for their silent rigidity was gone.

I also shared this rigidity. The humanity of the whirring machines seemed ridiculous now. I no longer breathed the dusty air with difficulty. I was unconscious of the heat, the noise, the vibrating floors. My material world consisted of a steel thing before which I sat nine hours a day. My social world consisted of myself, first and foremost, myself to be considered before all others and faint duplicates of myself, the other girls. And far above us, on a superior plane, the Forelady, a Being to be deceived, wheedled, placated at any cost.

Suddenly I was saved. I lost my job. The rush season was over and with ten others I went. The Forelady had never liked me and so I went. For days I was furious. Like a fiend deprived of his dope I wanted my Monster back. I had grown used to it. It required no thought and my brain had atrophied. I had become USED to it. If I could have gotten a job in another shop I would have taken it gladly.

But I couldn't. There was no work anywhere. All the white garments in the world had been saved. Against my will I was saved.

Looking back now I wonder what would have happened if I had not been fired. Would I have gone on forever sitting patiently before that steel Thing? Perhaps by some miracle I would have been a Forelady.

Would I, too, then have walked among my stone women and seen no tragedy in their patient eagerness? Found nothing to pity in their willing speed?

Perhaps.

The man who will not investigate both sides of a question is dishonest.—Abraham Lincoln.

SOME OF THE MOST COMMON LIES TOLD ABOUT SOCIALISM

It is often said that Socialism would destroy property, abolish private ownership or divide up the wealth of the world. As a matter of fact, Socialists have no more idea of abolishing property than they have of abolishing life. They have no more idea of dividing up the world's wealth and sharing it then they have of cutting up their own bodies. Our idea is that private monopoly in the great resources of life means wealth for the few, and toil, hardship and misery for the many. We propose, therefore, that the public utilities shall be owned by all, in order that all may be secure in the possession of the private property which their labor earns.

Against the simple, straightforward proposals of Socialism there has been let loose a flood of misrepresentation. It is said to be anarchism, atheism, free love, "divide up," and a lot of other stupid and impossible things. No intelligent well-informed person holds these views; and anyone who would take the pains to turn to an ordinary dictionary or encyclopedia would soon learn differently.

CONUNDRUMS

How long has a garden been neglected that is full of weeds?—Too long.

What game is played by a ship in a storm?—Pitch and Toss.

CHARADE

Beneath the summer's sun I lift my head on high,
Budding forth in blossoms of every varied dye;
Beside the peasant's cot in all my pride I bloom,
And, in wavin clusters, surround his humble tomb.
The first part of my name is a tree in winter seen,
Decking hall and hovel with its leaves so fresh and green.
My second part denotes a valued foreign ine—
What my whole is, reader, can you not divine?

Holly-hock.

The glory of life is to love, to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served.

—Hugh Black.

OUR OWN AFFAIRS

NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST

Winners on September Questions

Organizers' Division: "Getting Yipsels into the Party."

First Prize, 10 points, won by Rose Suskind, Rochester, N. Y.

Second Prize, 7 points each, won by Eugene Konecky, Omaha, Nebr.; Paul Shogren, Newark, N. J., No. 2.

Third Prize, 4 points each, won by Carl Bautz, Buffalo, N. Y., No. 1; Axel Franson, Jamestown, N. Y.

Honorable mention: J. Gold, Fellowship, Chicago; L. P. Schuhardt, Terre Haute, Ind.

Educational Managers' Division: "Eradicating Prejudice."

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

Second Prize, 7 points each, won by Louis Sherman, Fellowship, Chicago; I. Brownstein, Central West, Chicago.

Third Prize, 4 points each, won by Darwin B. Sherman, Rochester, N. Y.

Entertainment Managers' Division: "Campaign Benefits."

First Prize, 10 points, won by Rose Berry, Fellowship, Chicago.

Second Prize, 7 points, won by Simon Warschofsky, Rochester, N. Y.

Third Prize, 4 points, won by Marion Kissel, Watertown, N. Y.

NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST

Standing October 1st, 1917

1. Rochester, N. Y.	153½
2. Omaha, Nebr.	137¾
3. Northwest, Chicago	122
4. Terre Haute, Ind.	119
5. Newark, N. J., No. 2 ..	110¼
6. Buffalo, N. Y.	109½
7. Brooklyn, N. Y., No. 1 ..	107¾
8. Trenton, N. J.	106½
9. Jamestown, N. Y.	97½
10. Hartford, Conn.	97¼
11. Syracuse, N. Y.	88¾
12. Fellowship, Chicago	85¾
13. Watertown, N. Y.	84¾
14. New Haven, Conn.	79¾
15. New Britain, Conn.	75
16. Central West, Chicago..	70
17. Reading, Pa.	63¾
18. Toledo, Ohio	63¾
19. Paterson, N. J.	62
20. St. Louis, Mo.	55¾

FIRST RESULTS ON QUESTIONNAIRE

"The question has often been asked 'Do the Y. P. S. L. really want a Magazine badly enough to be willing to work for it?'"

Judging from the support they have given in the past the answer might almost seem in the negative. There might seem to be little hope for more support were the magazine in the hands of the national office. To ascertain the feeling of the league on this subject a questionnaire was sent to every league in the country. Thus far, within two weeks after it was mailed, 12 leagues have already responded.

The first question was this: "Do you think that the Y. P. S. L. ought to take over the Young Socialist Magazine if suitable financial arrangements can be made and the consent of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party is obtained?" Eleven leagues answered in the affirmative, one was opposed on the ground that we had more important things to do. The others were enthusiastically in favor.

The second asked how many regular subs would be handed in within a month after the National Office took the magazine over. Eleven leagues pledged 305 subs within 30 days.

The next question was on how many additional subs could be counted on within 6 months more, eleven leagues pledged 360.

The next question dealt with monthly bundle orders to be sent in by the circles at 5c. per copy—215 were pledged.

The remaining questions dealt with other means of assistance, literary and artistic contributions, and suggestions for the improvement of the paper. Practically all of the leagues pledged themselves to help finance the magazine in every possible way, by circulating lists, running benefit socials, and other means that might be suggested. Many stated that they had good talent in their league, and practically all demanded that more of the material be written by the Yipsels themselves. One request was for a short account of the Socialist Party doing on the National field, to be written up briefly and interestingly for the information of our members. Another suggested a shortened resume of the National

Champs answers, still others requested special departments for the educational, entertainment, and organization departments of the league. All wanted Yipsel news given more fully. One requested serial stories, others protested against them.

Only eleven leagues out of 200 are included in this response, and most of them are not among the biggest of the big fellows. Among those making reply are Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, Baltimore, Providence, R. I., Brockton, Mass., two circles from Chicago—Northwest and Lithuanian No. 1, Richmond, Terre Haute, and Evansville, Ind. A conference of the officers of the New York Leagues also expressed themselves as heartily in favor of the plan, and pledged at least as much assistance as they now render. The New Jersey State Committee did the same. When you figure that these two states now carry almost the whole burden of keeping the paper going you will know what that means. It all depends on the league whether the effort will meet with success or not. If you want this paper to grow and prosper, be sure that your league responds IMMEDIATELY to this appeal.

NEW YORK

STATE BOARD OF CONTROL Y. P. S. L. OF N. Y.

Held at Headquarters of Rochester Y. P. S. L., 580 St. Paul St. Rochester, N. Y., on Sunday, October 21st, 1917.

Meeting called to order at 1 P. M. by Comrade Kaiser, who acted as Chairman.

Following members present: Darwin Sherman, Rochester, State Organizer; Edward Kaiser, Buffalo, State Treasurer; Bertha Vossler, Rochester, State Secretary; George Stieler, Syracuse; David Berkwitz, Watertown; Axel Berggren, Jamestown.

Jack Walters, Syracuse, Absent. Minutes of recent Convention were carefully read, and various matters therein were taken up.

The State of New York was divided into three divisions or districts, in accordance with action taken at Convention, these divisions to be known as the Western, Central and Eastern Districts.

Western District will comprise the following counties:

Niagara, Orleans, Monroe, Wayne, Seneca, Ontario, Livingston, Genesee, Wyoming, Erie, Chautauqua, Cattaraugus.

gus, Allegany, Steuben, Yates, Schuyler, Chemung.

This District includes Jamestown, Buffalo and Rochester Leagues.

Central District will comprise the following counties:

Cayuga, Tompkins, Tioga, Jefferson, Oswego, Onondaga, Cortland, Broome, St. Lawrence, Lewis, Oneida, Madison, Chenango, Herkimer, Otsego, Franklin, Hamilton, Clinton, Essex and Warren.

This District includes Syracuse, Watertown and Utica Leagues.

Eastern Division will comprise the following counties:

Fulton, Montgomery, Schoharie, Delaware, Saratoga, Schenectady, Albany, Greene, Ulster, Sullivan, Washington, Rockland, Columbia, Dutchess, Orange, Rensselaer, Putnam, Westchester, Nassau, Suffolk, Bronx, Richmond, Kings and Queens.

This District includes Scotia, Troy, Albany, Manhattan, Bronx, Brooklyn and Queens Leagues.

Upon regular motion, the Board proceeded to Nominations for Deputy Organizers for the various districts, as follows:

Western District: A. Berggren, Jamestown; A. Marshalky, Buffalo; C. Tompkin, Rochester; H. Suskind, Rochester; Carl Bautz, Buffalo.

Central District: G. Stieler, Syracuse; J. Roth, Syracuse; W. S. Williams, Utica; J. Serreno, Watertown; D. Berkwitz, Watertown.

Eastern District: Edw. F. Smith, Albany; E. Deutsch, Bronx; S. Stark, Brooklyn; L. Juster, Bronx; R. Specker, Manhattan.

Election of Deputy Organizers will be conducted by State Organizer shortly, and Deputy Organizers will be elected by Referendum vote of the Leagues in the three Districts.

Matter of Touring Field Organizer through State was taken up. Upon motion it was decided that we endeavor to secure the services of Comrade Stephen Mahoney of Buffalo for this work. Comrade Kaiser was instructed to interview Comrade Mahoney in this regard, reporting back to State Organizer.

Matter of League Directors' Club was tabled for a later meeting.

Upon motion it was decided that State Organizers correspond with various S. P. Locals in State in cities where Leagues are in existence, urging the S. P. Locals to co-operate with the Leagues in organization of Socialist Sunday Schools and Junior Y. P. S. L.

Matter of Young Socialist Magazine was taken up. Upon motion it was decided that we endorse the action of National Office Y. P. S. L., in endeavoring to take over the Y. S. Magazine as a National Yipsel Organ. State Organizer was instructed to urge all State

Leagues to co-operate with Comrade Kruse in this work.

Upon Motion decided that the Officers of the N. Y. State Federation be listed in the Y. S. Magazine Directory, as follows:

Y. P. S. L.

NEW YORK STATE FEDERATION

State Secretary, Bertha Vossler, 66 Hooker St., Rochester, N. Y.

State Organizer, Darwin Sherman, 580 St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

State Treasurer, Edward Kaiser, 583 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Socialist Party Headquarters.

All Leagues in the State are further urged to make application to be listed in the Y. S. M. Directory. We understand the charge is \$2.00 per year.

Upon motion it was decided that the Resolution on War, as adopted at the Convention, be printed up in leaflet form. 10,000 leaflets to be printed. These to be sold to Leagues at reasonable cost.

Upon motion State Secretary was instructed to write the New York Office of the People's Council of America, applying for membership in the name of the State Federation of Y. P. S. L. We understand the membership charge for organization is \$5.00.

Rand School Scholarship Matter was taken up, and State Secretary was instructed to correspond with Comrade Bertha Maily in this regard. Upon receipt of proper information, State Organizer is to circularize Leagues in State and do further work to get Contest, etc., under way.

Matter of Debating taken up. Suggested that Leagues proceed during the next month or two, to organize and hold Debates within their own Leagues, with the idea of preparing themselves for the Intro-League Debates which the State Office plans to run during the winter. State Organizer will take this matter up with various leagues.

State Organizer was instructed to secure from the University of State of New York at Albany, information regarding the use of Lantern Slides, furnished by the State.

State Secretary instructed to write Comrade Kruse instructing him to notify the International Secretary at Berne, Switzerland, as to activities of Y. P. S. L. of U. S. in celebration of Young Socialists' Day, September 2, 1917. Also sending him copy of Resolution on War and Conscription.

State Treasurer reported as follows on State Treasury:

Cash Balance on hand Sept. 1, 1917	\$178.86
Receipts since Sept. 1, 1917	
For Convention Assessment Stamps	\$30.00
For Due Stamps	16.00

For Supplies sold	2.50
		38.50
		\$217.36
Disbursements since Sept. 1, 1917.		
For Dues Stamps purchased	\$30.00
For General Postage	4.50
For Telegrams to Conventions and express charges	2.90
Expenses of Board members to meeting at Rochester, Sept. 21, 1917	17.61
		\$45.01

Cash Balance on hand October 21st, 1917	\$172.35
Above report duly audited and accepted.		

Upon motion it was decided that the purchase of two Bonds for Brownsville Labor Lyceum be postponed for present. State Secretary was instructed to have her signature certified before Notary Public, this to be forwarded to Buffalo Bank, in order that she may properly countersign all checks issued by State Treasurer, per order of Convention.

State Treasurer was instructed to bond himself to the extent of \$500.00, as soon as possible.

Upon motion Comrade Kaiser was instructed to have 1000 each letter heads and envelopes printed for the use of State Officers. (The old supply being about exhausted.)

State Secretary to attend to printing of War Resolution leaflets.

Constitutional changes were taken up per Minutes of Convention, and State Secretary was instructed to have Referendums printed and set in various Leagues. League Secretaries shall see that these referendums are returned to State Secretary Bertha Vossler not later than December 15, 1917.

Matter of outstanding monies was taken up, and State Treasurer instructed to endeavor to collect balance due on Bautz account. The Orland account should also be kept in mind.

Meeting adjourned at 9 P. M. To meet again latter part of December 1917, on call at State Organizer.

Fraternally submitted,
Bertha Vossler, State Secretary.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

One of the most important events of the month was the forming of a Glee Club. A comrade, who is a music teacher, volunteered to teach us music and already good progress has been made. About 20 members have already joined the club. Our first appearance was at the Kate Richards O'Hara meeting held in Elks Auditorium, on October 2nd, before a large audience.

During the month we had two lectures together in the caves, but when they saw the fire below the caves they left them and ran away in terror as they had always done before, the men and women carrying the little children who could not run. But there was one man who did not run as far as the others.

Plans are now under way for a Halloween's Party and Dance, which promises to be a success.

THE MAN WHO FIRST USED FIRE

By James Paulden, Bolton School

The old man who first carried the water had long been dead, and even the youngest child at that time had lived its life and also died. But the people still lived in the caves, and they still carried water in the coconut shells, for they had never forgotten the advantages of that discovery. They had not increased in number, for though many children were born, many of them died before they grew up, and of those who did grow up to be men and women, many were killed by the wild beasts, or died of illness.

They knew of fire as some great and terrible thing that sometimes began mysteriously in the forest and burned thousands of trees and they believed it to be an evil spirit. When it came they always ran away in great fear just like all the wild creatures of the forest, and they were always glad when it vanished as mysteriously as it came. They knew that it burned all the trees where it had been, and that it only left lumps of black burnt wood that they could crush between their fingers, in the place of the hard white wood of the trees and all the green leaves and plants which grew there. They also knew that the green leaves soon grew again, and that fresh trees sprouted, so that after many rainy seasons the forest grew again as it was before. More frequently, and usually in the rainy season, fire flashed from the sky and made fearful noises much louder than the roar of hundreds of lions, and sometimes this fire would come down and burn a tree.

There was a tree that grew by itself between the caves and the river with no other trees anywhere near, and on one day when the fire flashed suddenly from the sky, even though there was no rain, this tree caught the fire and began to burn. The folk in the caves were startled by the sky fire and the noise, and they first hid-

ded together in the caves, but when they saw the fire below the caves they left them and ran away in terror as they had always done before, the men and women carrying the little children who could not run. But there was one man who did not run as far as the others.

He was a young man and strangely different from the other folk. Often he would sit for hours on the river bank staring into the water, and he would tell the folk strange tales of fishes that ate smaller fishes, and of others that ate the green leaves at the bottom, and of some that jumped out of the water to catch the flies that flew over it. Once he caught a small fish and brought it to the caves in a coconut shell, but it soon jumped out and died. After that he tasted it, and the folk learned that fish were good, but it was seldom that they could catch any. He liked to watch the animals and the birds, and even at night he would stand before the caves fearless of both the darkness and the wild beasts, because he liked to look at the little lights in the sky, and the big light which both changed its shape and came and went. He was called Ab after his father, who was named after his father, and his name was the same as his father, who happened to be the man who discovered how to carry water.

Ab stopped when he reached the fringe of the forest, and looked back at the fire, and he saw at once that it was not spreading to the other trees and following him as it had done before. This caused him to stand still, and then he noticed that he could not feel the hot breath of the fire spirit as had always happened before. Thus his fears grew less, and at last his great curiosity urged him onward to the fire that flared up to the sky. He stopped when he could feel the fire's hot breath, but when he discovered that still it did not hurt him he advanced still nearer. He noticed that the fire ate the wood, and that burning branches fell all around the tree trunk. At last he picked up an old branch and held it to one of the burning branches, which had fallen farthest from the tree. He did this timidly, and to his surprise the fire began to eat the branch he held. Soon it went out, but he lit it again, this time placing it on the ground and placing other branches over it. He discovered that the fire grew when he put more branches on it, and thus it happened that his fire was burning when the tree fire had gone.

The folk watched in great terror from the forest, but their terror grew less when they saw that nothing happened to him. At last they responded to his invitations by advancing slowly and timidly to it. Later they stood round it after being taught by him to avoid the smoke, and later still the boldest of them ventured to place branches on it. Before the day was over they happened to gather a big pile of branches from the forest, and so the fire was kept burning. As the day was closing, Ab pondered deeply, for he knew the fire would go unless fed with branches, and he did not want to lose it. But he was brave, and bringing out his clubs and spears, he decided to watch his fire in spite of the darkness, the wild beasts, and the fact that all the folk left him to huddle in the caves as they had always done.

That night the fire gave a light that enabled him to see all around, and he soon noticed that though he could see the beasts in the distance and could hear their howls none of them ventured near. At last he remembered that they were afraid of the fire, even as he had been. And then he rejoiced, for he knew that he and all the folk were safe, and that he could in safety watch the twinkling lights above.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round,
To thoughtless youth its pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields:
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans,
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

—Scott.

In this old world, the funniest thing
Ever seen outside of a circus ring
Is the man who strikes for a little more pay
And votes for oppression the very next day.—Exchange.

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.

"A Fool There Was"

(By Thomas Worth—Apologies to Kipling)

A fool there was, and he had no job,
Even as you and I.
And he lacked the nerve to steal and
rob,

Even as you and I.
And so each day (as he thinner grew)
He tightened his belt (a hole or two)
Till the darned thing cut him 'most
in two,

Even as you and I.

He hunted for work day after day,
Even as you and I.
Sometimes he'd curse, and sometimes
pray,

Even as you and I.
His shoes wore out, and with bleeding
feet,

He searched for a chance to work and
eat.

But wherever he turned, he met de-
feat,
Even as you and I.

His last dime went for a can of beer,
Even as you and I.

And his soul was filled with black
despair,

Even as you and I.

For he knew at last that his quest
was vain,

And the knowledge gave him a
nagging pain,

But—He voted the same old way
again,

Even as you and I, (?)

The fool was a "patriot"—so he
thought,

Even as you and I,
Whose dad in the Civil War had
fought,

Even as you and I.

They fed him up with "The grand old
flag,"

And he marched and whooped—for a
bit of rag,

And afterwards—held the empty bag,
Even as you and I.

He loved his wife and he loved his
"home,"

Even as you and I.
But he had a solid ivory "dome,"

Even as you and I. (?)
And he never knew that his vote
would fall

Like a blow on the heads of his
loved ones all,

Or enter his family life at all,
Even as you and I.

Oh, the blunders we make and the
blows we take,

And the mess we make of life!
Oh, the joys we kill and the graves
we fill,

And the soulless, senseless strife!
We whirl along in a devil's dance,
And throw our lives to the gods of
chance,

Because we haven't the common
sense,

To vote for the kids and wife.

But it isn't his votes that makes us
sore,

(Though it gets our goats—and keeps
us poor,

And we don't admire the brand.)
For the truth must be told—and
there's the rub,

It's the fact that the fool was a
"Henry Dubb,"

And never could understand!

As long as workers hear the clink
Of base ignoble chains,
As long as one detested link
Of capitalist rule remains;
As long as of our frightful debt
One smallest fraction's due,
So long, my friends, there's some-
thing yet
For Working Men to do.—Ex.

It is unendurable that great incre-
ments which have been formed by
the industry of others should be ab-
sorbed by people who have contrib-
uted nothing to that increase.—John
Morley.

REALISTIC REPORTING

This is how the Chicago "Herald's"
man reported the bayonet practice of
the student officers at Fort Sheridan:

"Four dummies were constructed
under the direction of Major Cave-
naugh to-day and hung up north of
the main barracks.

"The reserve officer candidates ex-
perimented with these dummies, the
object being to find out which is
most like an enemy soldier, a bag
filled with sod, with excelsior, with
wood shavings or with wooden
blocks.

"When this question is settled 250
of these dummies will be ordered and
set up for practice.

"It brings the war nearer home to
see the student officers plunging their
bayonets into these dummies. Route
marching through Lake Forest and
double-timing to mess at Fort Sher-
idan doesn't do much to quicken the
pulse or make you visualize the job
that lies before the nation. But when
you see those four swaying dummies,
which at a distance look very much
like live men, being jabbed through
and through by flashing bayonets,
you can't help but have some sober
thoughts as to what lies before these
men and the soldiers of the new na-
tional army in some not very distant
day in the future.

"The Michigan-Wisconsin contin-
gent detailed men to-day to experi-
ment with the dummies. They stuck
them through the heart and ripped
open their lungs and tore out their
stomachs. The green grass was gory
with excelsior and sawdust and
wooden shavings.

"It was the consensus of opinion
that excelsior bounces around more
than an exhausted trench soldier
would do, but the bag filled with
wooden blocks, while it acts more
solidly, resists the cold steel much
more than a flesh and blood body
would do.

"A man who had seen service
abroad tried the dummies and
thought the sod bag felt almost as
squashy and trembly as a real human
body did, but its failure to send out
a geyser of red blood when a bayonet
was plunged into it made it fail in
giving any touch of realism to the
practice."

It is easy to be independent when
all behind you agree with you, but
the difficulty comes when 999 of your
friends thing you wrong.—Wendell
Phillips.

LEAGUE DIRECTORY

Send all communications concern-
ing this Directory to: Alexander
Jaunwikana, 1301 57th St., Brook-
lyn, N. Y.

NATIONAL OFFICE

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

OHIO

Y. P. S. L., CLEVELAND

East Side Circle meets every Satur-
day 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. Meet-
ing every Friday even. 1.

Circle No. 2, Lettish Hall, 371 Willis
Ave. Meeting every Friday even-
ing.

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

Circle No. 4, Lincoln Hall, 1258 Bos-
ton 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 La-
bor Lyceum.

Y. P. S. L. SYRACUSE

Meets at Socialist Party Headquar-
ters, 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.

