

# The Young Worker

Official Organ of The Young Workers' League

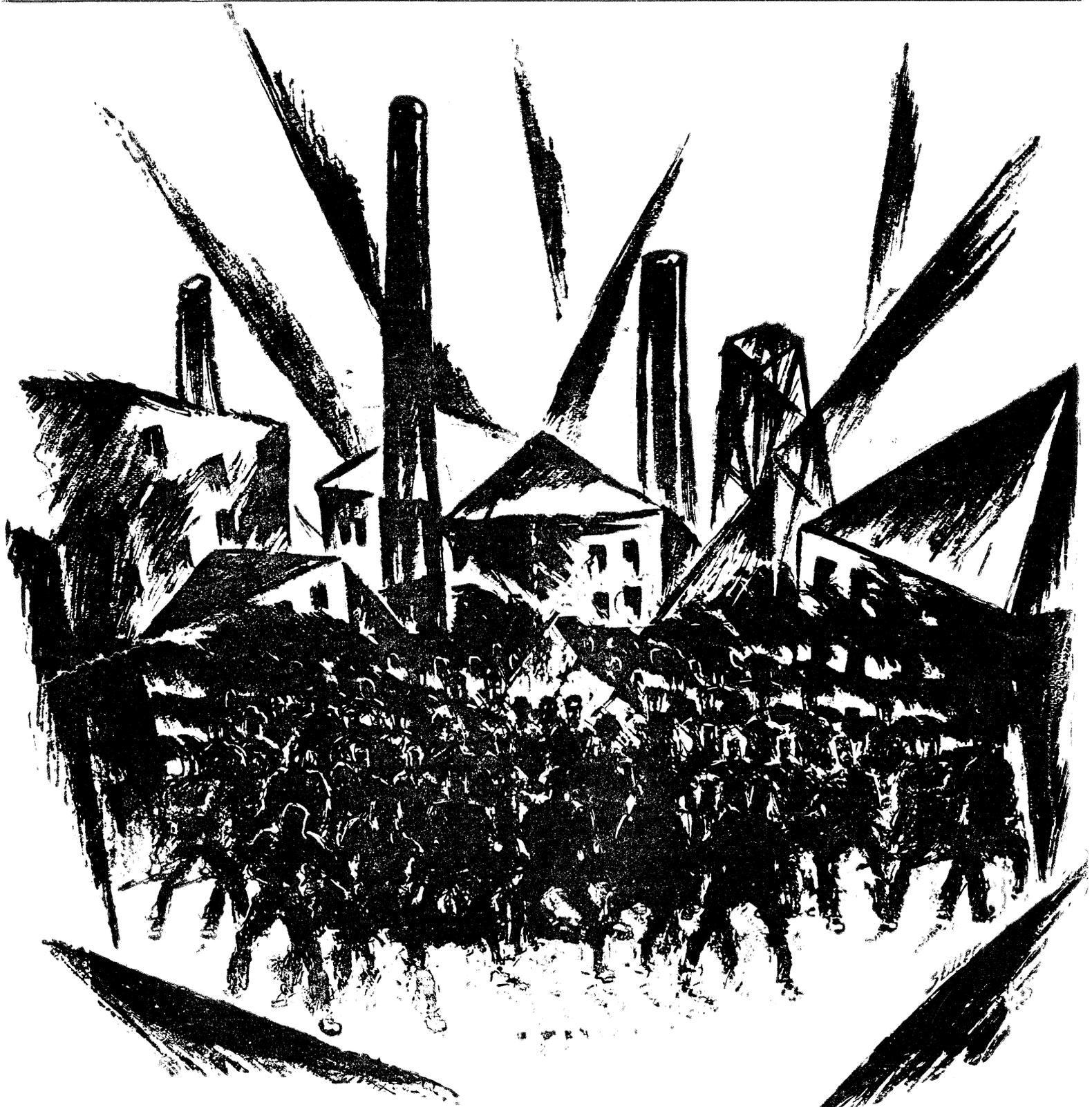


JUNE 1923

PRICE 10 CENTS

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*Just Off the Press*

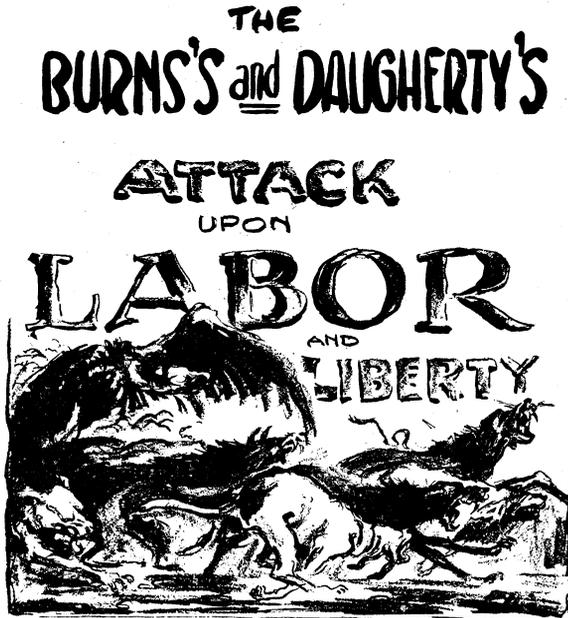
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# THE YOUNG WORKER

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Vol. II.

JUNE, 1923

No. 6

## The Second Convention

**T**HE first National Convention of the Young Workers League was the gathering place, the point of union of all the revolutionary class conscious young workers who all accepted more or less the leadership of the Young Communist International. It is the task of the Second National Convention to lay the basis for a League which can take into itself any young worker whether he happen to be a communist at the moment or not. By working in the spirit of the Young Communist International we can become the training school for Communism."

These were the words of Harry Gannes, Secretary of the Young Workers League of America, as he declared the Second Convention of the League open; and every decision of the three days' sessions was an indication of a distinct move in that direction.

Thirty-one delegates gathered at Chicago, thirty-one delegates who represented nearly 2,000 members. Many of the branches were financially unable to send delegates, but 13 states were represented in spite of that. They came from Seattle, Los Angeles, the Twin Cities of Minnesota, Chicago, Milwaukee, Gary, Cleveland, Neffs, Pittsburgh, Boston, Philadelphia, New York and cities in between; from the mine, the steel mills, the universities, the factories, the stores, the needle shops, the construction works, the machine shops and the offices.

The delegates were serious. They had a task before them and their working spirit was made evident when they were obliged to refuse with regret the invitation extended by the *Voice of Labor* to attend the meeting of James P. Cannon, who was to speak at night; it would have meant the loss of a session!

Without any delays, the convention started to work. The rules of order were adopted, and in according with good, democratic principles, provisions was made for minority reports. Comrade Abern was elected first chairman, with Bill Schneiderman, of Los Angeles, as permanent secretary of the convention.

The first question which was disposed of was that of International Affiliation. After a report by Martin Abern, one of our delegates to the recent Congress of the Y. C. L. in which he sketched its rise and growth, the convention unanimously accepted the proposal to maintain the same relations with the International as heretofore, with the hope that the time was near when we could become the official American section. As though in answer to the

decision, a cablegram was read from the Executive Committee of the International:

*"GREETINGS SECOND CONVENTION. ONLY YOUTH ORGANIZATION SHOWING RESULTS. GREAT TASKS. FIND WAYS AND MEANS WINNING MASSES. LONG LIVE THE INTERNATIONAL!"*

As well as any others, the words "ways and means winning masses" expressed the actions of the convention until the moment when the last bars of the International announced the end of the three days of constructive work.

The groundwork for the new League was laid when the plan for reorganization from the territorial to the shop nucleus branch was accepted. The last detail had been worked out,

not only for the plan in its final, ideal form, but as it would function in the transition period between the two opposite forms: the geographical and the industrial; the branch based on a group of young workers, who had nothing in common except residence in a certain section, and the branch based on a group of young workers whose vital interests—their means of sustaining life—were one and the same because they toiled in the same factory, mine or mill. It was the same plan as the one adopted at the Congress of the Young International and its inauguration had increased, in the period of two months, the membership of the German

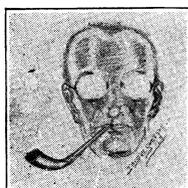
League by 10,000 young workers!

The N. E. C., in whose name the plan was presented by John Edwards, was not laboring under any illusions as to the immediate "workability" of the Shop Nuclei. It was admitted that it was an experiment, but an experiment which we were certain would succeed in practice. Within a year, however, the League should be organized on that basis, within a year of energetic and sincere work. In Neffs, Ohio, for example, the plan had been put into practice by our branch long before it had been heard of in the rest of the country; and the Neffs branch is composed exclusively of workers and it sent a miner from the earth's guts to the convention.

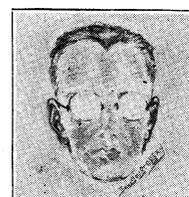
"Every young worker an agitator on the job," was the slogan. On the job was the place to organize, to spread propaganda to your bench mate, or your friend in a coal pocket, in the department store or the high school. That was how the I. W. W. built up a native American membership of tens of thousands and failed only because it was a dual organ-



HERBERT ZORN AT THE CAT.



MAX LERNER  
U. S. A.



JOHN WILLIAMSON  
Seattle

ization which fell into the hands of anarchists and anti-political syndicalists. Following them in their organizational form, we have the advantage of not being dual in form, but a supplementary organization, and of having a strongly centralized leadership in a political organization. On the job, literature can be distributed, the class position of the worker pointed out, and the class nature of the State indicated when the policeman's club hits Mr. Scissor Bill, Jr., on the head when he is picketing. At the point of production, as the wobblies liked to call it, was where applied Marxism could be taught which would be worth a month of unattended study classes with their sectarian exclusiveness, gaining in size every day—but in the same direction as an ingrown nail.

A minority report by Herbert Zam (N. Y.) attempted to reconcile both the present and the future form, to keep these anomalies side by side. As delegate after delegate pointed out, this was impossible. One excluded the other. And when the vote was taken, only two voted against the National Executive Committee plan and even those two in a statement pledged themselves "to carry out the decisions of the convention to a 'T'."

It was really the reorganization plan that killed the foreign language question. Organized on the job, the young workers speaking a different tongue would be drawn together with the others and be forced by circumstance to give up their tendencies towards seclusion into their own little branches, more concerned very often, with the problems of the country of their birth than with those of their country by residence. One of the delegates from the Workers Party, comrade Jay Lovestone rightly said that Federations had been the bane of the movement in this country; and it was a mere formality which sent a resolution to the incoming N. E. C. to decide on all matters relating to foreign language branches. The "problem" had died naturally. At the convention there was no sentiment for either a "conference" or a "federation."

It was Jonh Edwards, too, who reported on the *economic demands* of the League. In the richest country of the world, millions of youths are being exploited. Over a million and a half of young workers between the ages of 10 and 15 are deprived of the joys which are Youth's due in order that more profits may be made for the bursting strong boxes of Capital. Thousands are killed annually in the more dangerous trades.

A letter from the Monesson, Penna., branch of the League was read at the convention:

"A young worker, 16 years of age, had reached the center of the foundry of the Pittsburg Steel Co., when a crane carrying a ladle of molten steel, moving overhead suddenly broke; the boy ran but was caught in the molten current. He kept on running and when rescued he was crippled for life; he had no legs, only, yes only, stumps.

"In the Duquesne Steel Works recently a worker over come from the heat fell into a huge ladle of molten steel and the result was not a trace

was left of him. Chalk up another for Gary's twelve hour day.

"In the American Sheet and Tin Plate Co., at Monessen recently the huge housing of a rolling mill toppled over on a worker—he was fortunate he only had both legs chopped off.

'Hot grease and oil is always splashing and burns are not rare in this hell. In winter it is the finest place to catch

pneumonia in the world. The heat of the steel brings the temperature up to around 80 to 90 degrees, sometimes more; suddenly the doors are thrown open to admit an engine to enter and the temperature in a few minutes drops to 20 or 30 degrees and chills their sweat-covered bodies. You know the results.

"These are just a few of the incidents that are an everyday occurrence. To see them creates a bitterness in one to work onward to the abolition of the system that creates these conditions. To you comrades who sometimes tire of the incessant struggle we charge you do not desert us for to do so at this time is treason to your class in the highest degree."

It was conditions like this which caused the convention to formulate economic demands which have as their ultimate aim the Transformation of Youth Labor and its Socialist Reorganization. We demand:

1. Abolition of Child Labor.
2. Equal wages for equal work for young and adult workers.
3. Minimum wages ranging from subsistence minimum upwards.
4. Establishment of six hour day and five day week for all youth labor with full pay.
5. Abolition of all overtime and night work for youth labor up to 20 years of age.
6. Fully paid four weeks annual vacation.
7. Abolition of piece work and speed-up system.
8. Prohibition of young workers up to 20 years being employed in shops and industries injurious to their life and health, (mines, chemical mills, steel industry, glass works, etc.).
9. Unemployed young workers should be paid regular union rate of wages for period of unemployment.
10. Two years apprenticeship, including the probation period.
11. Strict supervision of apprenticeship by organs of the working class (trade unions, shop councils,)
12. Shop vocational training for all young workers up to the age of 18. Setting up of apprentice departments in all places of work. These departments to be controlled by labor unions, full wages to be paid the young workers at union rate of wages.

These are demands on which every trade unionist, every young worker, whether he be communist, socialist or no "ist" at all, can unite. All that is necessary for one to have in order to unite on these demands is a desire to be a human being and not some sort of a creature whose condition is just below that of a Chinese coolie.

It was conditions like those described



340 REEDS JOHN LUOKO  
OF MASS. DISTRICT

H. HEIMONEN  
OF MONESSEN, PA.



NAT CARMEN  
OF NEW YORK



LESLIE MORRIS  
Y. C. L. OF CANADA



340 REEDS  
LEWIS MARKS  
OF BOSTON



340 REEDS  
MARTIN ABRAHAM  
IN THE CHAIR

## TO THE SECOND CONVENTION OF THE YOUNG WORKERS LEAGUE OF AMERICA

Dear Comrades:

The second Convention of your League will be confronted with many important questions which you must discuss very extensively and thoroughly, for upon the manner in which you will solve these questions will depend the further development of your League.

The Convention must put before itself the task which will serve as the basis for the development of your League into a mass organization. In this connection it is particularly important that you pay the greatest attention to the question of the reorganization of the League upon the basis of the shop nuclei. Only if your League is in daily and close contact with the masses and participates in the everyday life of the working youth and discusses all their questions, will it be possible to win the masses of the young workers.

It is a pleasure to us to know that in regard to the decisions of the Y. C. I. there exist no differences within your ranks and that you consider Y. C. I. as the only International organization of the revolutionary working youth. We are proud of the fact that your activity has been carried on in the spirit of the Y. C. I. and that you are connected with our organization thru the ties of fraternal affiliation.

We look forward to the time when the workers' movement in America will be strengthened to such an extent that you as a mass organization of the young workers will affiliate with the Y. C. I. as its American Section. You can at all times depend upon the fraternal support of the Young Communist International. We will assist you thru our experiences and upon the basis of our experiences help to develop and build up your League. We therefore greet your Convention and in fraternal spirit call your attention to various important questions necessary for your consideration in the development of your League.

We have already pointed out to you that as a means for the development of your League into a mass organization, the emphasis must be placed on your activity at the points of production. We have seen from your press that this principle is enthusiastically accepted by your League. There is one question, however, (so it seems to us) you have given too little attention, that is, to the activity on the economic field. This, alongside with the educational work—which must be carried on hand in hand with the economic struggle—is one of the most important activities of your League, for the economic struggle must become the starting point for the entire activity of the Young Workers League. We are very glad to note therefore that this work is to be considered by our convention. We believe the task of your organization—as the organization of the working youth in America—is to represent the interests of the young upon the economic field.

It is certain (generally speaking) that the situation in America is not as complex as in Central Europe. We know, however, that child labor in

America has taken on such dimensions that your League can no longer remain inactive in this field and must find ways and means to enter same. You as the organization of the working youth must give out concrete slogans against child labor and carry on the struggle in this field. You must also gather material regarding the economic conditions at the present time. It seems to us that in a country where 2,000,000 children are employed, the situation of the youth from the ages of 14 to 18 is in many respects not particularly bright. By carrying on your activity on the basis of concrete demands and needs of the working youth and keeping in steady and daily contact with them in the struggle for better conditions will you be able to gain the sympathy and interest in your League and thus become a mass organization.

For this reason your convention must center the discussion upon the economic situation of the young and their struggle for better conditions as a means of developing your League into a mass organization. "To the Masses" must be the slogan of your Convention. To convert this slogan into action thru the daily petty work in the shops and industries is the vow which every delegate when leaving your convention must take home with him and in term he must make every member of the League understand the slogan. Only if every member of your League becomes active in this work will the decision of your convention be effectively carried out. Every member an agitator should become the slogan for your League from now on.

The question of the educational work is another important subject to be considered by your convention. If your League wants to solve its tasks, every member of the organization must fully understand the aim and purpose of the League. He must further understand the entire movement of the workers. The educational work cannot be divided from the other activities of the League, but it must become a part of the activity as a whole. We are convinced that you too will acknowledge this principle and that your entire educational activity will besuch as to tie up the theoretical schooling of your members with the educational work of the masses of the working youth. Educational work has practical value only if it is closely connected with the daily and petty work in the shops and industries.

In addition to these questions your convention must take a position on such an important subject as Children's Groups, Sport and with the latter the struggle against Reaction.

We are very glad to note that you have placed the question of the Children's Groups on your agenda and are fully convinced that the decisions you will reach regarding same will result in the formation of a Children Group Movement on a national scale. It is especially here where your League is offered a great field for activity and limitless possibilities and our experiences in the Children's Mov-

ement internationally should serve as a great help to you.

The importance of the Sport question need not be emphasized by us now. You are confronted with a great task and we are convinced that the work in this field will be of great benefit to your League as well as for the entire movement of the workers. It must serve as a means to win the working youth away from the capitalistic sport organizations and thus win them for your League and the working class movement. And further, the Sport movement must be utilized as a means of drawing the working youth away from the claws of militarism, for the capitalist sport organizations serve as nothing more than military preparation of the youth for future wars of the capitalists for new markets or else for the supervision of the struggling working class. It is for these reasons that the question of Sports is of the greatest importance in the United States.

We note that you are also considering the question of the foreign-speaking young workers. This is a sign that you do not differentiate as to nationality or race and we are glad to note that also in the future you will pay the closest attention to winning this part of the young workers. We do not believe that it will be necessary to organize the foreign speaking young workers into special groups, but to the contrary the efforts of the League should be directed to drawing these comrades more and more into the English-speaking groups in order that your League may become an entity. In this respect the tendencies for language groupings, especially among the Jewish comrades, are entirely out of place. We hope that you will be able to convince the Jewish comrades as to the necessity of the unification of the movement and that your convention will reach its decisions in this direction. In special instances, the necessity of propaganda committee for work in such fields should be considered. If this it is necessary that the propaganda committees must be under the control of the National Executive Committee; this is absolutely necessary from the standpoint of centralization. We believe that you are in agreement with our conception regarding this question and that there are no differences of opinion regarding same.

We wish the convention the best of success. The working youth of the entire world, united under the banner of the Young Communist International, are with you and watch the outcome of your convention. May the decisions be such which will open the way for the Young Workers League to further develop into a mass organization of the young workers of America.

Greetings to the second Convention of the Young Workers League of America!

Long live the Young Workers League of America, the vanguard of the working youth of America!

(Signed) Executive Committee YCI:  
SCHUELLER, SHATZKIN  
Moscow, April 10, 1923

in the Monessen letter which led the convention to call on the new N. E. C. to draw up a letter to the Organization Committee of the A. F. of L. asking them to inaugurate a campaign for the organization of the young slaves of America. This is no empty gesture, no rhetorical phrase. The workers of America will hear more of this, and in the very near future.

Besides enslaving the Youth in the workshops and mills, Capitalism doses them regularly with carefully prepared double-portioned of rot in the form of "education" whose sole purpose is the raising of the knowledge of the Youth only to the point where they know enough to carry on their work in the shop. Incidentally they are taught to accept Capitalism and abjure the radicals, for all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. The Educational Program of the Young Workers League, prepared by Martin Abern was adopted without change as an enlarged supplement to the "education on the job" and a powerful weapon, not only for counteracting Capitalism's drugs but for molding a leadership in the army for the overthrow of the Capitalist System.

Like the old emperors of Rome who kept their slaves contented by amusing them with gladiatorial combats, the bourgeois play on the instincts of the Youth by offering them various sports in order to keep them from thinking of their daily drudgeries. Bourgeois sports, with its sordid intrigues and "game-fixings" must be replaced by workers' sports. As pointed out in Alfred Albright's report on Sport Organization, the League must take the initiative in forming an American section of the Red Sport International which already has a large following in such countries as Germany, Russia, France, CheckoSlovakia, the Scandinavian countries, Italy and England. A beginning in this direction has already been made by us in the League.\*)

In accordance with all Communist Youth organizations, the League placed itself firmly in the rank of anti-Imperialism. In a resolution adopted as soon as the convention opened we were pledged to fight for the release of all class war prisoners and to join in with any movement whose aim was the prevention of the rise of an American White Guardist organization, whether its name be the American Legion, the Ku Klux Klan, the Fascisti or the American Sentinels. It was therefore logical to accept the report on anti Militarism by comrade Albright. Not a pacifist struggle which calls for the disarming of the workers; not a Christian struggle which treacherously demands the turning of the other cheek, but the communist struggle against the germs of Imperialism and its child, War, the incessant fight against Capitalism itself, which is the breeder of wars just as surely as cows bear calves.

To prepare the future victim of Imperialist Wars, it is necessary to teach them the truth. Give us the child until seven years of age, said one of the Jesuits, and then you can have him for the rest of his life. With the definite birth of our Children's Section, we will not only have sown the seeds of proletarian truth but shall have a section from which our future strength can be drawn. In the formation of such a section the Workers Party will of course be of signal aid. The children of its members will be the kernel of the movement, and their friends will soon gather by the hundreds. The success of the section is well assured and it will soon have its own paper, too. It will have to be written largely by children themselves and a substantial circulation has already been guaranteed by sections of the Party. The individualistic, anarchist, Modern School methods, as well as the neither-here-nor-there Socialist Sunday Schools of the past will be supplanted by a definite, well-directed organization of working class children all over the country.

If children can write their own paper then surely young  
\*) See page 19.

workers can. Comrade Gannes reported that the Young Worker had been set up on its feet after the most difficult circumstances, but that it had been, in substance, an organ of the N. E. C. They had even to resort to the subterfuge of writing under thinly disguised names. The membership seemed to have a strange fear of writing. Though the last few issues showed an advance in the right direction, there was much to be desired. The membership, the young workers as a whole, in fact, must make the Young Worker their organ by writing in it of their daily lives and activities in their places of work and in all the fields of League activity. The circulation must be increased so as to permit the lowering of the price and the weekly publication of the paper. It must be made accessible to Mr. Scissor Bill, Jr.

Changes were made in the constitution so as to allow for the new system of organization, for the experience gained in the past year and more strictly in accordance with communist centralization. It was also decided that a League member at the age of 25 must join the Party and a Party member at the age of 20 or under join the League. This was done in response to Comrade Lovestone's appeal for closer cooperation and in answer to the feeling of greater organizational unity which the sharpening struggle demands. We also went on record in favor of moving the Party headquarters to Chicago, for as Jay Lovestone said, "Every little bit helps."

Our program was accepted as a basis for discussion during the year and for adoption at the next convention. It is a piece of work of which we may be justly proud. It starts out with a review of the situation in America, the causes of the breakdown of the Capitalist system of production and distribution, the position of the Young workers in society, with regard to Wars, the role of the State, the function of the League and the historic tasks of the revolutionary youth. It is a document simply written, but as fine a Marxian communist program as has ever been placed before the young workers of any country.

After a short speech by the delegate from the Young Communist League of Canada, Leslie Morris, a fine, blue-eyed fighting Welshman, in which he described the movement across the border and the obstacles it was overcoming, the convention sent communist greetings to the Young Communist League of Canada and of Mexico, with the hopes that close contact would be maintained in the future. Similar greetings were sent to the Leagues in Italy, Russia, and to the French and German Leagues congratulating them on their splendid fight in the Ruhr valley.

The convention drew to a close with the election of a National Executive Committee. The preponderance of Chicago comrades is explained by a resolution which was passed providing that at least six of the nine members be residents of the city in order that the committee's work be more effective. The new National Executive Committee consists of:

Martin Abern, Chicago  
Alfred Albright, Chicago  
Sydney Borgeson, Minneapolis  
John Edwards, Chicago  
Harry Gannes, Chicago  
Nat Kaplan, New York  
Max Salzman, Chicago  
John Williamson, Seattle

with the comrades

Nat Carmen, New York  
Natalie Gomez, Chicago  
Paul Klein, Chicago  
Max Lerner, New York  
Barney Mass, Kansas City  
Rebecca Sacherow, Cleveland

Wm. Schneiderman, Los Angeles  
Max Shachtman, New York

as alternates.

Then:

"The International Party  
Shall be the human race,"

and the convention was at an end.

\* \* \*

It is customary to end an account of a radical convention by writing that "it marked a turning point" and that "we go onwards with new vigor"; and some comrades read and smile sceptically. They have heard these phrases before. But we can say with absolute truth that the convention DID mark a turning point. We HAVE laid the basis for a new organization whose strength shall be drawn from the masses of American young workers and whose inspiration will be drawn from the leadership of the Young Communist International. On that foundation and with that inspiration, it is the duty of the membership to go forward with vigor, with faith, with assurance of victory. The word now lies with the membership, the rank and file, with Jimmie and Jane Higgins.

Onward, ever onward, clear-eyed to the Dawn!  
The Future belongs to us!

—MAX SHACHTMAN.

## Will You Do Your Share?

Within a few days the branches of the Young Workers League will receive a circular letter containing an appeal to the members of the League to send in to the National Office the equivalent of one day's pay. A special stamp is to be issued for this purpose and no member will be considered in good standing unless his membership card contains the Special Assessment Stamp.

The money raised by this assessment is to be used for the purposes of maintaining the National Office and for the Organization Fund. The amount of money spent on arranging the convention left a large hole in the pocket of the League, and it is up to the members to keep the organization going.

The League is contemplating plans which will definitely put it on the map. Comrade Max Salzman has started on an extensive organizational tour of the Minnesota district, and Comrade John Williamson of Seattle has also started his tour, which will extend from the city of Chicago to the furthest city on the Pacific Coast.

Although some of the branches will not have received the circular letter by the time this issue of the Young Worker is received, that fact should not prevent the branches from sending in their assessments immediately.

An Honor Roll is to be started, which will contain the name of the branch and the percentage of its quota which it will have attained.

Why not have your branch as the first with a 100% record?

## The Yakutsk Slaughter

By VICTOR PANIN

A FAIRLY large company sat at evening tea in the dining room of the famous Moscow lawyer, Mosloff. The atmosphere was pleasant, the room brightly lit. The conversation touched upon the Yakutsk slaughter, the news of which had just appeared in the newspapers and horrified all Russia at this uncalled-for frightfulness.

"Boris Petrovich has just come back from Yakutsk," said the hostess, "Boris Petrovitch, you must tell us the whole story of how it all happened."

All eyes turned towards a young man who had been silent. He was of exceptional height; his powerful head sat firmly upon his broad shoulders; but his light blue Siberian eyes, naive and kindly, contrasted extraordinarily with his whole powerful person.

"As you like," replied Boris Petrovich, "but it will not be my fault if the story disturbs our pleasant atmosphere."

"As you know, gentlemen, the government sends out from Yakutsk into the northern tundras all the most dangerous, inveterate, political criminals, they are taken from there to Verschnoyarsk and Kolinsk. It is a wild, unpeopled region, which lies in the midst of endless Siberian forests and swamps. Not a human soul for hundred of versts around. They cannot obtain any food along the way, and the exiles are sometimes really condemned to starvation. As far as Aldan, the conditions are supportable. The distance between stations is about sixty versts. After Aldan, these stations lie fifty to three hundreds versts apart. And what stations! Two Yakut huts, inhabited by the native sledge drivers. The whole family and the animals occupy a single, small, smoky isba or hut.

"The exiles who are sent to Vershnoyarsk must therefore take along three weeks' provisions, those who go to Kolinsk, two and a half month's—otherwise they run the risk of dying

from hunger. Nothing can be bought along the way. The exiles are granted two weeks' stay in Yakutsk to prepare themselves for their terrible journey.

"Recently a new governor, Ostashkin, was appointed to these parts. At once he wanted to change the whole order of things. He gave orders that not two persons should be sent every fifteen days, as before, but ten to fifteen persons every five days; neither would he grant the prisoners any time to prepare for the journey or permit them to take more than a week's provision. These new decisions of an official unacquainted with local conditions condemned—perhaps this was the intention—the exiles to certain death. Naturally, they protested.

"The exiles sent a request to the vice governor to retain the old measures concerning the expedition. The request was written in the correct form and given over personally to the chief of police, Captain Suschatcheff, who promised to give it to Ostashkin and to bring them the answer the very same day. He proposed to the exiles that they meet him at Notkins, in the house of Monastyreff.

"The next morning, as the political prisoners were still waiting for the chief of police, Inspector Olessin appeared suddenly, and ordered them to follow him at once to the police station. They replied that they were expecting the chief of police with the answer of the vice governor.

"So—you don't want to come? Olessin's face shone with a sinister joy.

"Ten minutes later the house of Monastyreff was surrounded by soldiers and cossacks. The chief of police, Captain Caramsin, a number of soldiers, cossacks, and policemen broke into the room where the exiles were gathered.

"The exiles reminded the chief of police that he had ordered them to wait here for the answer.

"That's got nothing to do with it!" he answered, cynically. "You have to obey orders! What are you prisoners for!"

The exiles answered that they were not prisoners but free men, political exiles, in fact.

Suschatcheff turned to Karasmin. "No use talking to them. Do what you have been ordered."

Many of the exiles grew anxious. "We will come. Please order your soldiers to go back a little and let us dress ourselves."

But Captain Karasmin whispered something to the soldiers nearest him, and they began to encircle the prisoners and pushed them into a corner of the room. The captain pulled out his revolver from its holster. When the exiles were packed together into the corner so that they could no longer move, he shouted to the soldiers.

The soldiers fell upon the exiles with bayonets and the butt ends of their guns.

Two of the exiles, Rik and Sotov, jumped upon a couch and shouted, revolvers in hand. "Stop! Stop! What are you doing?"

The soldiers began to shoot point blank into the mass. Many fell, dead or wounded.

The room was filled with acrid smoke and the groans of the wounded. Blood collected in pools on the floor.

The half crazed exiles broke the door into the next room hoping to find refuge there, but the soldiers followed the women and children and continued to shoot. The exiles opened the next door also to escape into the yard, but the cossacks were stationed there and met them with a hail of bullets. Many more lost their lives in this yard. The soldiers and the cossacks shot upon the exiles from all sides of the house until the walls were bored through and through with bullet holes.

Schur ran out into the yard, his hands in the air, shouting: "I surrender; I have no weapon!"

"Fire!" commanded the officer. Schur fell. The savagery of the police knew no bounds. Podelski, an exile who worked in the office of the Merchant Gromoff, rushed out as soon as he heard the shots. He had no sooner entered the yard than he was fired upon, by order of an officer. He fell, but was not killed.

"Ah! This one's still breathing. Give him one over the ear!" ordered Karasmin.

With all his force, the soldier hit Podbelski on the head with the butt end of his gun and crushed his skull.

In the meanwhile, an indescribable scene was going on in the house. The wounded lay everywhere groaning, begging for water. There was none in the house, and no one dared to go into the yard, where the soldiers kept on firing at any one who showed himself. There was no possibility of calling for medical

help. Sofia Gruyevitch lay in one of the rooms, quite naked. One of the comrades held ice upon a gushing wound in her side. Under the pain she could not repress her groans.

"Adieu, comrades, . . . I am dying . . . I am suffering terribly. Give me poison . . ."

Sotoff saw the soldiers stabbing with their bayonets the dying Estrovitch, before the eyes of the vice governor. Ostashkin looked coolly on the while, and smiled cynically. The exile Hausman rushed up wildly to him and shouted: "They have fired on us!"

"I ordered them to do so," answered the vice governor cold bloodedly.

Sotoff rushed into the court yard and fired two times upon Ostashkin. The vice governor suffered only slight contusion, but he left the court yard in a hurry.

At once, all those who were still alive were arrested without exception, even the children. The police piled horror upon horror. In the transportation to the hospital they packed the wounded at the bottom of the sleighs, and the dead upon them.

On May 3rd, to show its solidarity with Ostashkin, the government of Petersburg, by a special ukase in the "Official Bulletin", replaced him in his post. The details of the butchery had been public in Petersburg since the 22nd of March. This was the strongest manifestation of cynical contempt for public opinion, and only an absolute government like the Russian could have permitted itself such an act.

"The courts, you ask?" Boris Petrovitch made a hopeless gesture with his hand in the hair. "It was the most shameless comedy. The first examining magistrate who would have dared to conduct the inquiry in a way that would have brought out the guilt of the government would have been deposed at once and brought before a court. The perjured witnesses openly asked the examining magistrates: "Against whom shall we testify next?"

The members of the military court which was sent especially from Irkutsk for that purpose, were without honor or conscience. It was the veriest parody of justice . . . They came with the order to condemn, and they condemned.

Besides the judges, the defendants, and a large body of soldiers, no one was present at the sessions. No lawyers were allowed to appear for the exiles; almost every one was condemned to life long servitude in the mines. The shortest sentence was four years.

Three of them, Sotoff, Hausmann, and Bernstein were condemned to death; and on the 7th of August executed.

Bernstein was severely wounded and could not get up from bed. They brought his bed under the scaffold, passed the noose around his neck . . . and removed the bed.

As you see, a simple, short, Russian story."



# Deciding for the Revolution

By MARTIN ABERN

**A** student jury in Berrien County, Michigan, has declared for the right of revolution, for the right of communists to work for a government by workers and farmers, a Soviet government. While comrade C. E. Ruthenberg, national secretary of the Workers (Communist) Party, was on trial in Bridgeman and a few days later convicted under the "criminal syndicalism" law of Michigan, the students of the Benton High School staged a mock trial of Wm. Z. Foster, whom a jury of farmers and one woman had recently refused to convict on a similar charge. The student attorney for the defense so aptly put the case of Foster and the working class that the student jury wasted no time about arriving at a verdict. In twenty minutes the student jury returned with a unanimous vote for acquittal.

There is much of significance to us in this clean-cut action of the Benton Harbor students. Firstly, who are these students? They, for the most part, are the sons of farmers and workers in Berrien County. They probably understand the difficulties their parents have in sending them to school. They know the hardships of life; for they are living in the environment of toiling farmers, tax-burdened and cursed to the bone. Because of the hard time the farmers have eking out an existence on their little pieces of land; these students have no doubt very often, perhaps for years had to work long, dreary hours in the fields. 67% of the child labor in America is employed in the wearisome labor of the farm. Others of this student jury are sons of industrial workers of the towns of Bridgeman or Benton Harbor. They, too, have felt the struggles of their fathers and mothers to provide them with food, shelter, clothing and to send them to school. These students, workers and farmers sons, living in an environment of struggle, feel the conflict of the classes. They undergo hunger and cold. They share the torments and sufferings and misery of their parents in times of unemployment, bad crops, etc.

It is true, as the Young Communist International theses declare: "The entire capitalist educational system has been turned into a training ground for White-guards, strike breakers and Social-Patriots, viz. for conscious and unconscious tools of the counter-revolution." Yet it is also true (theses of the Y. C. I.) that the introduction of capitalist politics into the schools ..... is a direct incitement to opposition rebellion for the most intelligent and high-spirited proletarian child." Not all these youth do, nor can they, accept the mental slush dealt out to them in the dope-peddling asylums, called schools. For their own lives in drab dismal homes, observations of their parents scraping to the marrow to live, prove to them, notwithstanding the nursery tales of success told them in the schools, that all is not well "in this best of all possible worlds." Blood will tell, we are told. We say: **NEED OF WORKING CLASS UNITY WILL TELL AND SPEAK AND ACT.**

Ideals have not been killed in the children of working men and farmers. The elders have perhaps experienced so much misery that they do not any longer believe that there can be much improvement. Unless

the old chance to understand the social laws which make for change and progress and betterment, they become passive and indifferent to all that goes on about them. Not so with youth. In the young ideals are not crushed so quickly. While suffering themselves, they have seen the bourgeois children enjoying life and rolling in plenty. They sense an injustice done them somewhere, somehow. They are honest, not hypocritical; they speak out boldly—there is nothing for them to lose, only to gain, by plain speaking and asking and demanding. They challenge wrongs as they see them; they revolt against injustices. And most important of all, willy-nilly, consciously or unconsciously, they work out a class, a **WORKING CLASS VIEW** of the problems and questions arising before them.

We must realize that the **social composition** of the pupils in the grade and high schools is favorable to those who hold the revolutionary views of the Young Workers League; for they are, in the main, the sons and daughters of working men and women—farmers or industrial workers. (The college or university student is another matter altogether). These minds are plastic and they are ready for working class messages and aspirations if we will determinedly present our views to them.

But we cannot remain callous or indifferent to the reactionary influence of the piffle-slinging schools upon the girls and boys which tend to counteract the favorable social composition.

The student jury of Benton Harbor High School, without recognizing all the impulses which caused them to say, Not Guilty! of Bill Foster, probably felt not only that Foster was entitled, too, to those so-called civil rights and liberties which the American capitalist dictatorship professes for all (rich and poor alike; but also that behind all the prosecution and persecution of Foster and the other communists was the black hand of capitalism clutching at the throat of the working class. Children of the exploited and oppressed farmers and proletarians as they are, they no doubt felt that Foster was battling their battle, more for them than for their fathers and mothers. Or, perhaps these more or less care-free students didn't understand it all as fully as we rebels understand and explain it all. But young fellows and girls, young workers and students—they have hopes, dreams and ambitions. They go roving in the stars. All of them dream of life without drudgery and unnecessary hardships, without robbery and exploitation and misery and war. Capitalism shatters good things and hopes. Foster and the fellow communists represent a striving for a dream, a dream backed by all science. Communists are scientific dreamers. These students felt this somewhat and stuck out the hand of comradeship to Foster. It is for us of the Young Workers League to understand that great sections of the students in the grade and high schools, who are at an early age thrust into the workshops, mills and onto the farms can be gotten to support consciously the program of the Young Workers League. With a Children's Section established in addition to our regular

(Continued on page 14)

# THE YOUNG WORKER

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## “Police! Police!”

WHEN the King tires of the regular clowning of his Fool, the latter individual is forced to go on overtime; and when Gompers is unsatisfied by the weekly page of the bootlickery which goes under the name of the “A. F. of L. News Weekly,” its editor Chester Wright is obliged to put in extra work.

Mr. Wright, it may be recalled, left the Socialist Party during the war because of its negative stand, joined the labor-loving “N. Y. Tribune” for the articles in which he was rewarded by Samuel Gompers by being made press agent for the A. F. of L. He is, therefore, a member of that unenviable group of insects: the renegades.

His latest antics have been to “expose” the “Reds”; and his most recent exposure consists of an “extensive survey of efforts to use the trade union press of the U. S. for propaganda purposes” which have as their insidious aim—actually, dear reader—the overthrow—nothing less—of our noble American institutions the obliteration of all our fine old traditions and the substitution for these of the rule of mere, ordinary, grimy, horny-handed workingmen. Is it not to weep? Is it not to wail? Is it not, and we say it fearlessly, to yelp?

Among the organizations mentioned as sending out this terrible propaganda is none other than the Young Workers League. With a perceptiveness of a man many years his senior, Mr. Wright hoarsely whispers that we are nothing else than the Young Communist League! That is enough to make any man’s hair stand on end. It is too much. It is really the last straw.

How much easier it is to denounce working class organizations to the police than to help the workers in their daily struggles.

It is simple. Are the employers becoming more aggressive and reactionary? Attack the progressive Labor Councils of Chicago, Omaha, Minneapolis and Seattle. Are the employers breaking down even the tiniest safeguards of the workers in the legislatures? Attack the Workers Party; ditto, a Labor Party. Are the plutes consolidating their forces? Denounce the Trade Union Educational League to the Department of Justice. Is Capital subsidizing its institutions? Denounce the Garland Fund for Public Service. Are millions of young workers wasting away their youth under the most wretched conditions of employment? Has a kept Court abrogated the Child Labor Law? Is a new war imminent which will devour its quota of the young American workers? “Expose” the Young Workers League.

How much longer will American labor continue to look on while Mr. Gompers plays the fool for American Capital and steadily cries, “Police! Police!”

## The Next Step---Where?

UNDER the auspices of the University of Chicago Liberal Club, the Northwestern University Liberal League, the Student Forum of the latter institution and local units of the National Student Forum, a “Next Step” conference is being called at Waukegan, Ill., on June 19th, 20th and 21st for the purpose of discussing “Youth and the War Makers.” The conference will no doubt be very much similar to the conferences which the League for Industrial Democracy, another of the innumerable namby-pamby university organizations to inculcate “a liberal viewpoint,” promotes every once in a while at Camp Tamiment in the East, where the delegates gather to discuss the serious problems which confront the benighted workers of this fair land; incidentally they cool their work-sweated bodies in the sweet mountain waters and after hours of strenuous discussion (and tennis) retire to their class-room or their swivel chairs: as far away from the working class as it possible to be.

In spite of this, however, we cannot ignore the fact that there is a growing sentiment in our educational institutions in favor of a serious study of the problems before us today. That this sentiment manifests itself in such futile conferences as those mentioned is not so bad a situation as it might be. Certainly it is a radical departure and a progressive advance from the average of the activities of the Rah-Rah boys and girls who go to college first of all to join a fraternity, then to hang banners, pennants and photographs of in-existent persons on their room wall; and in later years to refer to “the ol’ Alma Mater” in a soft or tear-husky voice.

The mere fact that these students gather to consider the important subject of “Youth and the War-Makers” is sufficient to interest us in the proceedings. We know very well that “discussion” never solves a problem; at best it may clarify an issue. We know, also, that the conclusions of the conference will be the usual impotent pacifist attitude, which is more of a menace to the workers than to their masters. We would have liked the subject to be “The Young Workers and the Struggle against Imperialism.”

With all the shortcomings of the conference, the Young Workers League is interested enough in it to send delegates. We will be represented at the Waukegan conclave by comrades Martin Abern and Harry Gannes who will give the assembled delegates a Communist interpretation of the whole affair, and point out to them the correctness of our program—the program of the Young Communist International.

\* \* \*

A forthcoming issue of the YOUNG WORKER will carry a complete and detailed report of the Next Step Conference.

## ‘Whom the Gods Would Destroy-’

The Young Workers League, although it is scarcely a year old, has already to its credit the incurring of the anger of the peculiar specie of half-wits who do the various dirty jobs of policing, spying and physical assaults for the ruling class.

These profound asses are so hysterical in their fear of a revolution however remote, that the members of an organization of even so small a numerical strength as the Young Workers League are eagerly pounced upon by these minions wherever the very slightest excuse is offered them.

In the Michigan Communist trials we have six comrades of the League: Gene Bechtold, “Bud” Reynolds, Charles Erickson, Rebecca Sacherow, Max Lerner and Gus Schulenberg; besides these, there are others not yet apprehended but for whom warrants have been issued. In the recent Pittsburgh raid comrade Morris Pasternak was held under a ridiculously high bail. And in the latest example of asininity, the chairman of our Kansas

## Russia's Children and America's

**Y**OUNG workers! How would you like to hear this proclamation?

The Young Workers League of America is authorized to draft all laws, local and national, pertaining to the needs of the youth in the Workers Soviet Government of America." Sounds funny, does it? Well, it needn't be. For there is one country in the world where the young workers make the laws, state the conditions under which they shall work and be educated. That country is Soviet Russia, the Children's Land. In Russia, the Young Communist League drafts the laws for the youth of the land and then the Soviet Government accepts the recommendations of the Young Communist League and makes them the law of the land.

Now, there isn't really anything odd about that. Why shouldn't the young people have a say as to how they shall live, be educated, work and so on? Seems perfectly reasonable and logical to us. For don't the young people understand quite well, in fact best, what they like and is good for them? They do if they are permitted to think out their problems without hindrance and nonsense from capitalist newspapers, churches, and similar poison institutions. If their good, healthy instincts and desires aren't interfered with, they will figure out for themselves what is good for them. Those who play together, work together, live together soon learn to know and understand what they need and what they should do for their own and everybody else's interests.

In Soviet Russia, the workers and peasants, who to-day run and are the government, have found out that if given a chance, they can run governments, make laws, build up armies, raise crops, run the industries, in short do everything that is needed and worth while for the masses of the people. The same, they reasoned out, with the young people. They know what they want, said the workers and peasants. And we want to give our youth what they need and want. And they do.

In America, over a million and a half young workers between the ages of 10 and 15 are slaving in the mills, mines, factories and fields. If you had anything to say about these matters, you wouldn't permit yourselves to be broken down and enslaved like that, when you would much rather be in school, or swimming or painting away at something—doing something more useful and healthier and better for you all round.

(Continued on page 19)

City branch, Frederick Simmons, was jailed after a raid on a defense meeting at which "Mother" Bloor spoke.

An editor of the "Railway Carmen's Journal," the official organ of the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen which is far, far indeed from being a radical trades union, writes of the Kansas City arrest as follows:

"The asses upholding the dignity of the law discovered what looked to them like Red literature, but to others more intelligent it was the usual proletariat literature which the U. S. government allows to go through the mails.

This is only one illustration but it serves to bring out the fact that when Big Business once gets entrenched in politics it will tell you just exactly where to head in at and will interpret the law to favor it while it places a yoke around your necks. A bunch of crooks are at present in power, thanks to the worker's votes and if you but mention one single word against their bandit activities you are at once classed as un-American and are due for the same treatment that the Russian czar gave his subjects, previous to the emerging of that country out of capitalist barbarism. It would appear that the only American souls left in this blighted land are those marked by men of Daugherty's type as un-American."

When a conservative labor journal writes in this fashion

## SCISSOR-BILL JR. SAYS:

The capitalists are gradually becoming more humane. They want their employees to share in their business. They even insist on it. One of my friends was offered an interest in his bosses business only yesterday. His boss told him if he didn't take an interest in it he would be fired.

\* \* \*

Scissor Bill Jr. Affected by "Puppy Love."

Definite proof has been established the Scissor Bill Jr. is afflicted with that spread disease "Puppy love." He was caught two days in succession eating wieners and sauer kraut in Thompsons.

\* \* \*

The Upper Canada Bible Society has forwarded over 800 Bibles to the Northern Ontario fire sufferers. Scissor Bill Jr. is now soliciting money to buy brown gravy for these poor unfortunates, because he believes that Bibles will be rather dry eating.

\* \* \*

There are very few workers with brain so dead  
Who never to themselves have said,  
"I'd a hell of a lot rather lie in bed  
Than go to work on Monday."

And there are plenty of plutes with soul so small  
Who say to the slave, "You've got a gall  
Not to be workin away at all  
On so lovely a day as Sunday!"

\* \* \*

Answers to Correspondents.

Dear S. Q., Your Scientific perception is remarkably acute. In human qualities, the spy takes an exact place between the skunk and the snake. You are quite right in your biological classifications.

\* \* \*

S. B. Jr., observes that the more strikes the workers make the nearer they get to the home plate.

\* \* \*

Chlipke Poop remarks that the boss is never so soft as when he is hard up for slaves.

\* \* \*

While Itze Herring adds that the worker usually finds that a Criminal Syndicalism Act is a bum show with an unhappy ending.

\* \* \*

And Kipley Squash points out that

Roses may be red  
Violets may be blue  
You may be working for a plute  
And that plute works for you—MAYBE!

Lilies may be white  
Tulips may be black  
You may be working hard as hell  
But your boss will pay you back—MAYBE!

of the Gentlemen of Justice, we may safely bank on there being something fearfully rotten in Denmark.

Anyhow, if anyone asks us for our personal opinion as to who will do the dirtiest work under Communism, we will confidentially reply that there are still plenty of Stool-pigeons, spies, detectives, and officials of the Department of Justice inhabiting these United States.

# The Last Years

By ALFRED TIALA

IT is the year 1924 in the era known as Christianity. Civilization, of which the world has boasted, is destroying itself. The end is not distant. Only a few incapable ones will be left somewhere in the wilderness and mountain fastnesses to carry on the human strain, without knowledge of the arts and sciences, and with less knowledge of the practical things of life. Man will have to start all over again on his tortuous way upward, where catastrophe always overwhelms him just before he reaches the summit. My own last effort is to leave something that will help to guide future man to a higher plane on the road of destiny than he has yet reached.

I made clay tablets for a week; and now I have been writing on them for another week—slowly and painstakingly carving in the letters so that they may be legible centuries or milleniums from now.

Why write on tablets of clay in this day and age? Why write at all? Ah, dear readers of a remote posterity! Fire and other forces of nature destroy paper in too short a time. I want my work to endure until it safely reaches the proper hands. I hope it shall have the happy destiny of reaching its mark.

I am in a dungeon that has been dug into a hillside. A narrow passage leads to the outside world, but at the mouth of the passage is a strong iron grating, and I know that outside of the grating stand two men on guard.

For about three hours daily each afternoon the sun shines through the grating into the passageway and even into my den. I have utilized that sunshine to bake my clay tablets. With cleats from the heels of my shoes I have dug into the clay bank, which forms the walls of my prison, for my raw material. I have molded the tablets with my hands, rubbing two of them together after they were dry to make the surfaces smooth. With a cleat I have carved the letters on the faces of the clay tablets.

I am not a historian. If I were, I would have found means here to compose an elaborate history. But what is the use? There have been histories before and men learned nothing from them. I will be content with inscribing a brief outline of facts. At any rate, I must leave some kind of record to the coming children of men. The great histories in the great libraries will be destroyed: perhaps are destroyed already. My little tablets of clay, upon which I have inscribed, I will conceal in the wall of the clay bank, where they will lie buried for centuries and milleniums until wiser men than we have been will dig them out and decipher them. They will learn what treachery and inhumanity was practiced in these last and crowning years of our vaunted civilization. And I hope it will be a lesson to them to avoid the practices which have periodically destroyed knowledge and culture from the world.

I have related as I recall the events of the last years.

In the fall of 1918 the masses of mankind were intoxicated with the joyful news that the so-called great World War was ended. The camp of victor and vanquished alike were scenes of riotous joy. Young and old in every land joined in ringing shouts of jubilation. Enemies congratulated each other. Hostile classes mingled. Young maidens gave themselves freely to young men. During one glad day the hearts of the children of men boiled over with the bubbling froth that came from the dregs of four years of unspeakable suffering and hideous death.

The world sobered to suffer an ache. Millions of hearts remained sick with the consequence of the orgy of war. These were the millions who could not forget the husbands and sons

and brothers and lovers who had gone to the battlefields and did not come back. The majority, however, merely sighed with relief, thinking: "Thank God, it is over! Henceforth we are going to have sugar and white bread again."

Less loudly than the general song of joy at the termination of the war sounded the refrain that there must be no more war. This chorus was not loud, but it was carried on insistently. Especially after some months and even a year had passed, and when the madness of war time had spent itself, the opinion became prevalent that humanity could not afford another carnival of blood. I know now that what kept the world war from breaking out afresh, almost immediately, was universal economic prostration. The various nations were like rakes, whose debaucheries had rendered them impotent.

Then conscientious objectors and opponents of the past war were admitted again into respectable circles—and almost respected. The daily press began to admit half-heartedly that the enemy people were human beings of whom the majority, at least, did not deserve the curse of God. It leaked out, though the secret was zealously guarded, that men who had cried their patriotism loudest, had used their position for private gain. This, of course, discredited warfare among the masses still further.

In the year 1919 men began to say: "No government can get me to go across the ocean if another war comes." They were not lynched, tarred-and-feathered, nor even imprisoned for voicing such an opinion. To be anti-militaristic had become the vogue. Men voiced such opinions because they believed another war would not come.

Women joined their voices to the masculine chorus that cried for no more wars. It had much to do with dampening the patriotic ardor of men when soldiers ceased to be the heroes of debutantes after uniforms became ragged and unemployment rendered the returned soldiers penniless. Girls ceased to seek heroes, and rather turned to the men, who had the price for a movie, whether such men had been across or not. Many a young woman had lost a brother or lover. Young wives grieved for husbands, whom the fables of war had changed in their minds into Gods. Mothers turned gray with sorrow for lost sons. Many women, even of those who had been so fortunate as to receive their dear ones back, remembered the anxiety and grief they had endured, and they were unwilling to go through it again. All of them sensed somehow that America's young manhood was less clean after the life in training camps, barracks and trenches. The more serious of them raised the cry: "Never again will we let our men go to war!" They joined into women's organizations for the furthering of permanent peace between the peoples of the earth.

The statesmen of the leading nations set about to reconstruct the ruined world. Amongst them was much squabbling,—in fact more squabbling than had brought on the war in the first place. The war had only aggravated the international situation that obtained because of keen commercial competition. And people rested securely in the illusion that everything would become peaceful as soon as the statesmen talked and shouted themselves out of breath.

It was the same statesmen who had served big business before the war who were its agents during the so-called period of reconstruction. Ah, my friends, does the inexhaustible wind construct anything but sand dunes over the civilizations they have buried! The breath of the statesmen was inexhaustible. They could not conceive of a world except on the model of the years preceding the fatal 1914. Manufacturing, transporting

# CAKE EATERS



NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE



«WHY LIPS: O CLEOPATRA?»



«MUSIC HATH CHARM»



BY  
WM. GROPPER

340 REUS

«O THE NUTS THAT BLOOM IN JUNE, PHYLLIS!»

A Short History of the Life and Deeds of the Flower of America's Manhood

and trading were still to be carried on for profit instead of for use. If anything, profiteering was more crass than in the ante bellum days, for the feeling had permeated the business elements that the profit system could not last long and that it behooved those who had a chance to make selfish use of it while there was yet time.

The statesmen of the world thought themselves wise. I think the passage in the Bible, which reads: "They come together in large gatherings and think themselves and yet they are fools," was a prophecy of the political leaders of this horrible epoch. Business was in a vicious circle. It could not revive on a profitable basis until the peoples of all nations ceased to be impoverished, and the people could not get out of their impoverishment until business had revived.

Many expedients were tried and abandoned in the hope that something tangible would result. Consequently the ships of state rocked and foundered. The policy of vacillating between the peoples' interests and the interests of big business became known as "wiggling and wobbling." This phrase became famous in the presidential campaign of 1920. As a slogan it defeated the war time president.

The new chief executive of the United States, whose business was golf and whose hobby was conferences, then proceeded to steady the nation by tying it to the pillars of Wall Street. There was to be no more vacillation between two diametrically opposed interests. Big business had to revive—that is, to make unheard of profits—even though the people went to the very devil. During the hard times that followed, many workingmen went to agitators for advice, which in the opinion of scholars and jurists was worse than going to the chief of the nether regions.

I realize now, although scarcely anyone realized it at the time, that the new president, or rather his advisers, saw that a continuation of capitalism would lead inevitably to new international wars regardless of what the sentiments of the people were. Those who were in a position to comprehend saw that another war, similar to that of 1914-1918, would mean the end of world capitalism. It would mean that the peoples would become so abject that for them would remain no alternative but to take the reigns of management into their own hands, much as the masses disliked to rule their own destiny, and to make short shrift of masters and their political lackeys. Russia was an example of what a people will do when driven too far. Russia—noble, suffering, visioning Russia! I wonder if she, too, is being destroyed in this turmoil that is engulfing the rest of the world! Germany and Italy and Hungary had been on the verge of following Russia's example. If they had, humanity might have been saved. It was a consummation devoutly to be avoided by those who lived in fat places. And since it was inevitable that new wars would come, it was obviously necessary to shackle Mars so that capitalism would not become totally bankrupt and that workingmen should not be armed in sufficient numbers to overthrow governments.

For that reason a conference was called in Washington in the early part of 1922. It was called the Great Peace Conference. The same was a dash of dust into the eyes of people who clamored for permanent peace. In reality, as everyone knows today who has survived the slaughter, that the statesmen who sat at that conference planned how to make wars cheaper to the owning class and how to ensure that they would not be followed by revolutions.

However, the people, for the most part, believed what the statesmen said; and this despite the fact that experts were kept busy inventing unheard of poison gas bombs and that appropriations were made and all manner of trials held to make the United States air fleet second to none in the world. Ordinary intelligence should have brought forth suspicion, at least, of some pernicious motive back of this, but the people are

honest and easily fooled. As soon as we believed the camouflage of diplomats to be a real intent to end all wars, most of us ceased in our agitation for permanent peace. Such anti-military organizations as had sprung up since the end of the war lost memberships and died. The general sentiment became that since that nation's representatives were bent upon making future wars impossible, it was unnecessary for the masses to take a hand in the matter.

There were a few men and women at the time who tried to point out that the statesmen were in reality scheming against the peace of the world, but they were an insignificant number. Respectable after-dinner speakers joked about these cranky radicals and undesirable foreigners. More stringent measures, no doubt, would have been taken against them but for the fact that they were too few to cause any real disturbance. In fact, some politicians gained credence for sincerity by liberating some of the radicals who had been incarcerated during the war craze.

(To be concluded)

## Posters

POSTERS appealing for relief. Relief for children. Children who are described as "under nourished" and depicted as half starved. Skinny, sickly, badly-clothed children. An emaciated boy, one leg gone, selling papers. A group of forlorn mites holding a banner. One looks for Russian words. But the inscription is in English. "Send Us To Arden Shore," is their plea.

This is a drive for funds for the relief of children who live in America; for a home at which for two weeks they are to be fed. They are not victims of war or of famine. They are victims of capitalist "prosperity." These posters represent children who live in Chicago, the headquarters of the packing industry, which controls the food supply of the whole country. They are displayed in the largest department store in the world, which is full of luxurious garments for people who cannot half wear out the clothes they have. They are put up by people who would doubtless tell you that the famine and all the suffering in Russia was the fault of the terrible Bolsheviks and their shocking Soviet government. How do these people explain the fact that under a quite correct American republican government, there are hungry, ill-clothed children? Yes, under the industrial system, which is so sacred that a threat against it may be punished by long imprisonment or by death at the hands of its armed guardians.

"Help the Poor," says one of the posters. Another poster tells why. It shows a little fellow about eight years old. The inscription is: "Make Me a Breadwinner." This is not a drive to insure a happy childhood for children. Certainly not. This drive is endorsed by the Chicago Association of Commerce. These masters of a system, which ruins children in the making, have the gall to ask the public to salvage and repair for their use and profit as many as they need for wage-slaves. As soon as they are fixed up and fed up, and have reached the age of 14, they "enter industry." One man has got eleven of them. He says it's a great work, and he appreciates it. And he signs his name, W. E. Clow, of James B. Clow and Sons.

Employers of Chicago, and charitable ladies, who are these employers' tools, if you are shame-proof, you might at least have sense enough to camouflage your game. We forget, you speak to your own kind. They will give the more readily, no doubt, if they know that their gifts will be returned to their class ten-fold, by the toil of working children.

Up with the posters! On with the drive! Help for the capitalists of America, whose hungry factories must be fed like the dragons of old, with the flesh of the young! Arden Shore will fatten the victims. But remember, employers of Chicago, for every slave Arden Shore makes for you, it will make a hundred rebels for you to reckon with before long.

# A Study in Child Labor

By DAVID AREINOFF

**M**ANY years ago it was said, "Jesus called a little child unto him and said, 'Whose shall offend one of these little children, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.'" For ages the great masters and philosophers of humanity have taught the sublime mission of childhood, the infinite potentialities of youth and a developed manhood. The child is the father of the man, and wide, unbounded prospects are before man; he can reach unto the skies and be the master of happiness, life and earth. Such are the functions of childhood the cultivation of all the faculties of man, mental, spiritual and physical.

Yet, one has but to make a superficial study to realize that the history of child labor is a unique record of horror and misery, a sordid and revolting tale of the enslavement of human flesh and soul at the altar of Mammon. Many books have been written on the subject, but to read the early factory reports in England or Paul Lafargue's *The Right to be Lazy*, or Dunlop and Denman's *English Apprenticeship and Child Labor*, or Frederick Engels' *Condition of the Working Class in England* is to realize the indescribably and unthinkable frightful history of juvenile labor in capitalism.

In America the history of child labor has gone the gamut of horror as in other countries. This modern Herod has been as unmerciful as his prototype 2,000 years ago. One needs the savage irony of Swift or Hugo to describe the history of child labor, the great industrial cancer, in this country. Emerson cried, "Give us worse cotton, but give us better men!" But the rising tide of industry did not follow this dictum, willy-nilly it flowed in the direction of profit and expansion. William L. Chenery, industrial editor of the *New York Globe*, tells a most interesting and instructive story of child labor in the United States in his recent book, *Industry and Human Welfare*. Industry, the methods of production and distribution of wealth has vital grips on life and determines the social structure of humanity.

Child labor did not begin with capitalism, but capitalism paved the way for an organized employment of child labor and higher profits. The children for the first time in history entered the giant automatic machines and went thru their mechanical notions. The levelling of skill and the destruction of labor inequalities provided the necessary background for the use of child workers, and capitalism reached into the home and placed the children into the factory. As Edwin W. De Leon has pointed out, "child labor grew out of the sordid desires of employers to secure labor at the lowest possible cost, regardless of the law of nature or the laws of man."

The first cotton factory in America was established in Rhode Island in 1790 by Samuel Slater. By 1830, the beginning of the railway era, the system of industrial capitalism was firmly entrenched. Vast hordes of women and children left the home and entered the industrial world. In Slater's mill the operators were exclusively children from seven to twelve years of age. The Committee on Manufactures in 1816 estimated that 24,000

boys under 17 and 66,000 women and girls were included in the total calculation of 100,000 operatives in cotton mills. No questions of health, fatigue, accident, morality, unemployment and education were asked; the mill owners were interested in profits and further production only. Their philosophy of life was wealth and they used children to acquire it. In *Niles' Weekly Register* on October 5, 1816 the greedy mill promoter estimated that there were 317,000 unemployed children whose time could be spent in the textile mills grinding out cloth and profits. The capitalists of those days taught the Puritan principle that work was the mother of virtue, and they knew that it was a source of profit. In a petition sent to the Congress in 1815 (only property-holders voted then) it was said, that "more than eight-tenths of the persons employed in the manufactories

in the U. S. are women and children by whom the latter are trained to industrious habits earlier than they would otherwise be." Work (profit), not life, became the gospel of industrialism. The poverty and unemployment among the masses, "the Tartar hordes of our large cities," as a governmental official referred to them in 1898 supplied the home stimuli to juvenile labor.

It was in Rhode Island, the place where the largest number of children toiled, that the first sign of revolt appeared. In 1818 the governor of that state pointed out, that children could not work and learn at the same time; that Rhode Island was a

state where great ignorance and poor citizenry existed. In 1824 a resolution was introduced into the state legislature providing for the establishment of schools for the 2,500 children between the ages of 7 and 14 employed in Rhode Island factories, the employers to bear the expenses. The resolution failed. However, the children worked twelve and thirteen hours a day, and went untutored and unlettered through life. In 1842 Massachusetts passed the first school law, an epoch in the history of child labor, though the state did not provide adequate opportunities to do real studying. Moreover, there were frequent violations of the law and still children worked in the mills. In 1848 the children in Pittsburg, Pa., went out on strike, for a 10 hours day; during the strike riots, a number of girls were arrested, one of them, a child of 13 years, went to jail; thirteen were found guilty and fined. The strikers won the ten hour day, but lost 16 per cent of their wages. The states for a long time refused to deal with the evils of child labor, and allowed the nation's childhood to be destroyed.

After the civil war, a determined effort was made to reduce child labor. The pleas were made in the name of education and of patriotism, and sometimes of humanity. Horace Mann, of the Massachusetts Board of Education, led a brave fight against juvenile labor in those early days. The business man fought all along the road and tried to stop legislation; how well they succeeded is seen by the present day conditions of child labor.

Childhood was sacrificed that profit might flow into the coffers of the industrial magnates.

The question of child labor has not been solved. The war, the unconstitutionality of the child labor law of 1919 and the cen-



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sus of 1920 have shown the extent to which child labor exists in this country and what its effect are. When 1,060,858 children (8.5% of all the children) from 10 to 15 years old are gainfully employed according to the 19120 census, when large number of children below 10 years of age are employed also, when the census itself, because of shifting the census date from April 15 to Jan. 1, 1920, shows only an apparent decrease, no one can say the child labor is a dead issue. It is a vital question, and concerns the entire proletariat.

The Southern states lead in the total amount of child labor, but a large proportion of their children pick cotton, as in Mississippi where one out of every four children in the state are in the cotton fields.

Twenty-one percent of all the negro-children in the United States are working in mills, factories and plantations. This is significant in view of the fact that the negro is the worst paid worker in the country. Poverty, fear of want, has always sent the children to the places of toil.

Of the 2,133 working children in New Bedford, Mass., from 10 to 15 years of age, 1,296 were employed in the cotton mills in 1920. In Fall River, Mass., out of a total of 2,660 children employed in all activities, 1,775 were at work in the cotton mills. The textile magnates were declaring enormous rates of profit at this time. Yet, *Fibre and Fabric*, the textile journal in Boston, declared, "If the child labor reformers would definitely state what they propose to do with the children of laboring people, we could look upon this question from a different viewpoint. But prohibiting them from work is about as far as they go, and it seems immaterial if the boys become loafers and the girls prostitutes." This in face of the fact that in Mass. in 1920 there were 1,691 reported industrial accidents to children under 16, of which 10 were fatal and 62 resulted in permanent partial disability and that a great number of child tubercular cases were traced directly to cotton mill work. This when in 1916-17 there were in Mass. 1,416 industrial accidents to children under 16 years of age, of which 7 were fatal and in the following year it increased to 1,730 with 5 fatalities. From 2 to 3 times as many accidents occur to boys and girls under 16 working about dangerous machines as to adults.

There is also an intimate connection between child labor and illiteracy. According to the 1920 census there are 4,931,905 (6%) illiterates in the U. S., of which 3,084,733 (82%) are

native born. Included in the 13 states having the largest percentage of child labor are 11 of the 13 states having the largest percentage of illiteracy. Moreover, the proportion of foreign born population in the U. S. is 14.7%, the average foreign born population in the 16 most illiterate states is only 2.9%, with the Southern states having the smallest foreign born population. As Scott Nearing said, "Cotton and ignorance go together." Also only 7% of all the children in the U. S. who enter the public schools graduate from our high schools, while 17.8% of the children of school age are not enrolled in any school, according to the U. S. Bureau of Education. The children are too busy working. In New York City 49,291 children secured work permits in 1920.

The war showed America the actual facts about child labor and military service. The Boer War shocked England, as much as the World War statistics shocked America. Twenty-nine percent of the men in the first draft were rejected by the local board as physically unfit. In Pennsylvania, the percentage was 55, John A. Ladd, a noted publicist, says that this high rate was due to Pennsylvania's not having had a adequate child-labor law for some 25 years, reports the National Child Labor Committee. One Southern town (with a great number of child mill hands) had 60% of its men physically unfit for military service in the first draft. Furthermore, ten per cent of the first 2,000,000 men drafted during the war could not read their orders or understand them when delivered, or read the letter sent them from home, according to Owen R. Lovejoy.

In 1921 in an investigation made by the Maryland Bureau of Statistics and Information in Baltimore of 100 boys who averaged 15 years of age and who have been employed in factories for an average of 2 years each, it was found that their average height was nearly  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch lower than the standard for 15 years of 5 ft. 1 in., their weight was nearly 92.53/100 lbs as against a normal weight average of 106 $\frac{3}{4}$  lbs and 58% were of public age. In the near future America will have a replica of the famous English "bantam regiments."

This is the history of child labor in America; it is a record of greed and inhumanity. The proletariat is no longer docile; it is beginning to feel its power and its strength. Here and there solitary fires are springing up and when they meet a great conflagration will result and momentous deeds will be done. The shackles and trammels of capitalism will be burst asunder and man will stand forth free.

## THE NEW AGE

We are the young men fresh for the fight.  
 We have torn the chains.  
 Old men, your ancient spell over us is broken.  
 You have brought ruin,  
 You have made blood to run,  
 You have despoiled our bounteous earth,  
 And you have turned it to an abode for brigands.  
 Your crimes we have written down  
 In your victims' blood.  
 On the horizon see our hosts advancing  
 With eagles burnished in the sunlight  
 And flags, the color of blood.  
 We will make a reckoning  
 Because of all the broken lives,  
 And the cries of the millions poor,  
 The countless graves of them who had untimely death,  
 And we will sweep in the new age—  
 We who are the young men fresh for the fight.

SIMON FELSHIN.

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League bodies, we must and will endeavor to break down as much as possible the capitalist class spirit in the schools. But more and better, the class struggle will break down these bourgeois fetters and the Young Workers League will organize the awakened youth.

### BIRTHDAYS IN JUNE OF POLITICAL PRISONERS.

Birthdays in June of political prisoners confined in American prisons are announced by the Workers' National Prison Comfort Club, 2923 Chestnut St., Milwaukee, Wis., as follows:

*At Leawenworth, Kansas, Box No. 7*—June 4, Bert Lorton, Reg. No. 13132; June 9, Robert Connellan, No. 13563; June 15, J. Tori, No. 13583; June 16, Don Sheridan, No. 13140; June 22, Archer Sinclair, No. 13141; June 29, Christ Luber, No. 13574.

*At San Quentin Penitentiary, San Quentin, Calif.*—June 25, George Ryan, No. 35567.

*At Repress, Calif., Folsom Prison*—June 16, Herman O. Suhr, No. 9266.

*At Massachusetts State Prison, Charleston, Mass.*—June 11, Bartholomew Vanzetti.

*At Blueridge State Farm, Hobby, Texas*—June 29, Pedro Paroles.

# Revolt!

*(He speaks.)*

Mercy—to you—mine enemy! Oh no!  
Too well I've learned your lesson. You've ingrained  
My every cell with it. Too well I'm trained  
In fighting battles. I know gush of blood  
And ooze of brains, yes—and the tangled flood  
Or writhing entrails. These I've often felt  
About my legs, too oft to melt  
At your beseeching now.

*(He accuses.)*

You prattled blithely of the Nazarene.  
You quoted me His sayings on the Mount—  
Your slave's religion—but I shall not count  
Your silly mouthings; all their sole intent  
Meant, as your sweet kind charities were meant,  
To bind mine eyes still more, to make me all your slave,  
Forgetting I was man, until I dared not crave  
So much as light from sun nor even breath of air.  
You languished at your ease by fires I kindled  
Of fuel that I sweated, chilled, to dig  
From damp black caverns, and your paunch and jowl are big  
Because I ploughed the earth and battled with the sea  
To gather you their riches. Then to mine and me  
You flung your fragments, laughing in my face  
That I was rough and bowed and stooped  
And could not fill your place.

*(He sings.)*

Yours were the priests and the temples;  
Yours were the courts and the law;  
Yours were the press and the pulpits;  
Your system had never a flaw.  
You thought I was yours forever.  
You were sure that I would not wake.  
And serene in the thought of that never  
You goaded and urged to the break!

*(He laughs.)*

I will have none of your sharing.  
None of your kindness for me!  
You've had the pulp, I the paring  
Too many years ever to be  
Fooled by your whining. You gave me  
A sword, and you sent me abroad.  
You told me that "they would enslave me.  
I must fight for my freedom and God.

*(He accuses.)*

I fought and I killed as you bade me,  
Because I was heavy and curst  
With the ignorance you had forced on me—  
That last of your crimes and the worst—  
Worse than the youth you refused me,  
Making me work in your mill,  
Only a child—but you used me—  
And finally sent me to kill.  
Yes. I have killed. I don't mind it.  
God is your God and not mine.  
Writ in His own book I find it,  
He judges men, not the swine  
Into those bodies go demons  
Whom from men's souls he sets free.  
(If you think we were men in those trenches  
You'd only to go there and see.)

Slave I have been at your order.  
Beast I became at command.  
Body and soul you have owned me,

My brain and my bowels and hand.  
Seed of my loins, you have owned them.  
Children still red from the womb,  
Bones soft as jelly, you've set them  
Running your clamorous loom.  
We in the hovel have herded,  
You in the palace have dwelt.  
Now you implore us for mercy—  
The mercy that you never felt.  
Justice I fell, a survival,  
Holding its life through the slime.  
We are the men who've created,  
We and our kind, through all time.  
We and our kind shall possess now  
All of the things we have wrought.  
You shall have all you've created  
By labor of hand or of thought.  
What! You will starve! You must shiver?  
You, who were lords of the earth!  
Then by what power have you kept us  
Out of the rights of our birth?  
Justice you shall have in plenty.  
All that you make you shall own.  
Bread you may have, if you earn it,  
Else you may feed upon stone.

*(He laughs.)*

You will call on your vassals to slay us?  
Since you all alone are so weak!  
Poor fool! You are blinder than we were.  
Wake, fool! 'TIS YOUR VASSALS WHO SPEAK!  
By NORA HELLGREN.



"Will you go to Florida, Bill, or to California?"

# The German Youth Convenes

By OLIVER CARLSON

**W**HAT would you say, my dear comrade, if the Young Workers League held the opening session of its national convention in the Auditorium Theatre in Chicago? What would you think if that mammoth hall was crammed from pit to gallery with thousands upon thousands of revolutionists, most of them young. Imagine the stage draped in red, with hundreds of banners, bearing the emblem of the Young Workers League and the Young Communist International hung from every rafter. Picture to yourself that mass cheering, singing, applauding, as representatives of the youth organizations of other countries appeared and brought messages of good cheer and communist achievements from their respective organizations.

If you can visualize this properly, then you will have a conception of what the opening session of the Seventh annual convention of the Young Communist League of Germany was like. The Easter holidays, universally celebrated as the anniversary of the crucifixion of a mythical "savior," were utilized by Germany's revolutionary youth to prepare for the crucifixion of Capitalism; to save the working class and themselves as a part of that class from further exploitation, further degradation, further misery.

Chemnitz, an industrial city with a population of approximately 350,000, was the place where the convention took place. The Communists have a strong foothold there, having their own daily paper with a circulation of 25,000 copies. The party membership in the city number approximately 18,000; and the Y. C. L. has about 2500 members. The opening celebration took place Friday evening, March 30th.

When I arrived in Chemnitz, six o'clock Friday afternoon, after a most tedious journey from Berlin, I was in anything but high spirits. Due to the coal shortage many trains have been withdrawn from service, so I had been compelled to ride in a local instead of an express train. From eleven o'clock in the morning till six in the afternoon is not such a long ride for one who is used to travelling a good deal. But when you are compelled to stand up during the entire trip, jammed up against the sharp edge of a door, and with a large suitcase scraping against your shins, then it is a very long and a very tedious trip. In order to assure myself of a seat I had purchased a second class ticket—but little good did that do me! Every compartment had been filled to capacity more than half an hour before the train left the station; and I, poor soul, who came at the last minute was fortunate to be able to clamber on at all. The compartment was made to contain six people—but there were twelve of us in there. The air was soon thick with smoke and the guttural sound emanating from the throats of eleven Germans. I suffered in silence. I became hungry and thirsty, but resolved to endure my inner pangs until my arrival at Chemnitz. Finally we arrived there.

Just outside of the gates stood a young lad with a tremendously cardboard sign upon which appeared the following inscription: YOUNG COMMUNIST LEAGUE ASSEMBLE HERE. Within a few moments there were gathered together about thirty of us. Most of the members were young,—from seventeen to twenty

years of age, and all of them wore the corduroy suits and the knapsacks characteristic of Young Communist Leaguers. Then began the march to the place of the celebration. Oh what a long march over the hard cobble stones! But the others didn't seem to mind it in the least. Soon they began singing the International. I tried to do my best too, but my husky throat did not permit me to warble very long. Song followed song; cheer followed cheer. I forgot my tired feet in the midst of this little band of rebels. For a whole hour we tramped thru the streets. A few of the delegates had brought guitars and mandolins along with them, which they played as the rest sang. They were full of pep, every one of them.

At length we stopped before a tremendous building. We entered. All I could see was a mass of people, with huge blotches of red here and there. Way up front was a huge stage upon which sat a number of people. A tremendous red banner, with the Soviet Star and the Sickle and Hammer was hung across the back of the stage. The chairman was just introducing a speaker. A comrade from France, one of the vanguard in the struggle for proletarian emancipation, had managed to get into Germany and was now bringing a message to Germany's Communist youth from that of France. The applause was thunderous. The bonds of comradeship between the Proletarians of the two countries were being cemented ever closer together. The their capitalists were warring. Suddenly five thousand voices broke forth in the strains of OUR battle song: The International. What enthusiasm! What fire! What a glorious sight! I was no longer tired.

Just then I noticed a bar at the back of the room where beer and "weenies" were being sold. I was almost surprised to discover myself in front of the bar ordering a chunk of bread a "weenie" and a glass of beer. How delicious it tasted! But I didn't get a chance to eat very much before I was sighted by comrade Gyptner. He proceeded to drag me thru the crowd and up to the stage, despite my many protestations. I was still licking the mustard off my fingers when I heard myself being introduced as the next speaker. When the Young Workers League of America was mentioned, the cheering and applause became overwhelming. Our German comrades realize full well the great tasks and responsibilities that confront our organization; and they appreciate the work we have so far accomplished. I conveyed our heartiest greetings to them; told them of the work and struggles of our organization; and assured them that we hoped to be directly aligned with the Y. C. I. in a very short time.

When the celebration proper came to a close the whole mass formed into rows outside of the hall and marched, with banners flowing in the evening breeze, thru all of the principal streets, singing, shouting, yelling. Autos, carriages and even street cars were forced to stop, while row after row of young communists swept past. The procession was more than three blocks long and stretched from side-walk to side-walk. Upon arriving in front of the leading bourgeois newspaper we stopped long enough to booh it good

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# How Mr. Kayle Killed His Conscience

By CHLIPKE POOP

**T**HE portly old man rushed forth from his stately home and with an impatient gesture refused the services of his chauffeur, who stood at the door of the Rolls-Royce with correct stiffness.

The old man was none other than the famous Mr. Kayle, the owner of one-half of America and creditor of the other. The whole world knew him by sight, because the newspapers never missed a chance to photograph him whether he was in his office or in his bath, in the act of slicing the wages of his workers or making a tiny deposit in his personal bank; but it is hard to believe that these distant acquaintances would have recognized him in the state in which he issued forth from his mansion on that very night. His face was lined with unusual creases; his moustache drooped pathetically over his quivering mouth; his eyes seemed troubled and he presented so haggard an appearance as almost to cause Herbert Hoover to start a Fund for the Relief of Worried Millionaires.

What had happened?

A most terrible thing! One day, having wearied somewhat of reading stock coupons exclusively, he chanced, queerly enough, to pick up a stray copy of the well-known liberal weekly *The Mediator*. He read it once. He read it twice. Impossible as it may sound, Mr. Kayle read *The Mediator*, on that momentous afternoon, five consecutive times! Then, with a sob, he sank back into his armchair. *The Mediator* dropped from his nerveless hands, but he did not notice it. He was—and we say this at the risk of stretching the imagination or credulousness of our readers to the breaking point—actually thinking. For eleven minutes he continued to think, and then he ceased; the strain was too great. He rose and looked into the pier glass; his white hair had turned four shades whiter. Then he was sure of what he had already suspected. *The Mediator* had evolved a conscience for him. He groaned hopelessly.

One of the phrases that had rankled in his mind was that the workers in his mills were "Practically slaves." So, one day, having received word that one of his largest mills was slowing down appreciably for lack of orders, he sent in word that 1000 of the men employed there should be discharged.

"Ah" he thought with satisfaction, "one thousand men have I set free and with one move. At last I am on the road to becoming a Liberal and Enlightened Employer!"

But altho he derived some satisfaction from this generous and noble act, his conscience still persisted in its claims. He tried almost everything, but the crimes of years still seemed to be in want of assuagement. He increased his own hours of labor by reading Einstein, the Bhagavad Gita, the third volume of "Capital," "The Relation of the Oedipus Complex to the Jeryvian Concept of the Misunderstandable," and James Joyce's latest short story; he wore out both of his hands from cutting dividend coupons; his feet became flat from walking to and from his hidden wine cabinet; but nothing seemed to help, and the infernal conscience maintained its sway.

Once more he sat down, and with a truly superhuman effort he began to think again. The attempt left him a nervous and physical wreck, but he had achieved the triumph of mind over matter! The solution was at hand.

He recalled that *The Mediator* had printed a eulogy of Tolstoi and Ghandi, his latter day follower. This article he connected with the phrase he had learned in—in—Oh, yes, it must have been in his geometry class at Harvard. The phrase ran something like this: "If Homer won't go to the mountain, the mountain must make a Homer." That was it. He would go to the people. The disgrace to his dignity was enormous, the

wound to his just pride was deep, but in the interests of a Noble Duty and for the Cause of Liberalism, he was prepared to make the sacrifice.

On that night of which we told at the very beginning, Mr. Kayle went forth from his home and walked bravely in the direction of that part of the city inhabited by the poor. After walking steadily for more than an hour—the longest walk he had ever taken—he arrived in the center of the poorest section. The strain on his delicate nostrils was terrific, but as he looked at the package under his arm he gathered new courage and fortitude.

A little child near him looked with awe at the well-dressed figure. When he had finally overcome a desire to faint at the odors of the streets, he turned and noticed the child. His face lit up with the devout eagerness of an apostle. He bent over the child and patted her head with a glove-protected hand.

"My dear little child," he began, "you are no doubt afflicted with poverty. At home your poor mother is at this very moment, doubtlessly, wondering where tomorrow's food will come from, or where she will get the money to pay the month's rent. Ah, we must all bear our burdens: the poor must bear the burdens of Poverty, and the rich must bear the burden of Wealth, and all the accompanying worries as to how to maintain and distribute part of it, as I am doing now. Ah, my child, it is so hard to have Money and a Conscience!"

He mopped his brow and went on solemnly. "I have come on a mission of God. Your miseries are about to be somewhat alleviated. In this box, which you will take to your poor mother, you will find something which shall never grow less, nor yet increase. If ever you travel, be it to the remotest part of the earth, it will be of aid to you, for, if you show it to any Christian, he will recognize it as a symbol, and guide you on your way. From a thing exactly like this but somewhat larger, has been drawn all the gold, all the jewels and treasures which we mortals possess. All the foods and liquors have been obtained from it. All our homes have their real foundation on it. Without it we could not exist, for it is one of the works of God. I give it to you, my child, for the one who possesses it has at his command the resources of practically the whole world. Keep it well, my dear one, and wash it regularly; in my day it has served me more than once. Yes, more than once has it shown me the right road through this world of ours. Take it, my child."

And with tears in his eyes he handed the package to the awe-filled youngster. His heart was filled with joy at his noble deed and he felt that his conscience had just died a sweet and peaceful death. As the wondering child stared at the gift, he walked away with soft, undisturbing step.

The little girl turned to thank Mr. Kayle and uttered a cry of surprise to see that he was no longer there.

"Oh, it was a fairy prince!" she cried, "and this box must contain a magic something that will at last bring a little milk to baby Ellen, and pay the doctor's bills, and the grocer's and—Oh! everybody: just like Alladin's lamp!"

Hugging it to her thin body she ran home and burst into the room where her wan-faced mother leaned over her sick baby's crib. Incoherently, and with many ejaculations and exclamations, she blurted out the incredible tale of the Fairy Prince, who was just then burying his Conscience beneath an avalanche of canvas-back duck, roast turkey, champagne (1832), pate-de-foie-gras, truffles and toothpicks.

The little girl's mother listened to the story, questioned her

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## Smoke

By I. D.

Smoke makes a sombre gray bas-relief design against the china-blue ground of the sky. Up it goes, thinning and shredding into a pale gray shadow-lace scarf flung across the blue sky. Great lamb-wool puffs of smoke make a baby-blanket design with the blue of the sky.

Poets sing of Smoke. It is the breath of the giant, Machinery—smoke-breath mixed with fire, pouring out of the chimney-nostrils of the many headed giant, Machinery. Life-breath of Progress and Power, symbol of Progress and Power.

Come with me, Poets, let us view the smoke-pictures. I, too, see pictures in Smoke. Strange pictures.

Smoke rolling up from a factory, dirty-white smoke. I see an unborn-baby soul floating up to the clouds. Its expectant mother works to the last moment to give it some slight comfort on its entrance into the world. The statisticians add one more figure to the numbers of the still-born infants.

Stunted souls of young, body-starved children make distorted, haunting pictures. Flesh and blood of young men and women tainted and maimed by the giant, Machinery, drift up in grotesque, ill-drawn figures. Skin and bone of men and women, old at forty, make thin, fantastic, immaterial scrolls of smoke.

Human energy is poured forth thru the chimney-nostrils of the many-headed giant. Bodies and souls go up in puffs of smoke. Dreams and ambitions are consumed by the giant, Machinery to furnish vile breath for his great, foul body.

But some day the men and women and children will conquer Machinery. They will harness it to their will. It will furnish them vigor for their bodies. It will give them beauty for their souls. It will bring them leisure for their minds. Their dreams, now sterile, pale blossoms, will bloom to a full, rich fruition.

Smoke makes a sombre gray bas-relief design against the china-blue ground of the sky. Up it goes, thinning and shredding into a pale gray shadow-lace scarf flung across the blue sky. Great white lamb-wool puffs of smoke make a baby-blanket design with the blue of the sky.

Smoke . . . Poets sing of Smoke . . .

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(Continued from page 16)

and plenty. Finally the procession broke up into smaller sections, scattering to all quarters of the city.

Saturday morning at nine o'clock the convention proper began. On Sunday and Monday mornings it opened at eight o'clock. The first subject to be considered after preliminary matters had been taken care of was a report on the Present Political Situation. Comrade Brandler, chairman of the C. P. of Germany, was the speaker. His analysis of the situation was then followed a discussion. Young comrades from the north, the south and central parts of the country argued pro and con on his report. Never have I witnessed such an interesting and spirited debate. The three hundred delegates were fundamentally interested in the work of the Party; and they, themselves, were doing much to help in this. The following sentence from comrade Brandler's speech, sums up the tasks before the German Party. He said: "With us, at the present time, the problem is not the theoretical question of Proletarian Dictatorship versus Capitalist Democracy, but rather one of the immediate construction of those weapons which will enable the revolutionary workers to take control of the State power, and to carry on production under the dictatorship of the working class."

The whole of the first day was devoted to a discussion of the Political Situation. The resolution supporting the Party in its new tactics of the United Front was adopted by an almost unanimous vote.

The Report of the National Executive Committee showed that the League had made steady if not rapid progress. Its membership at the present time is 30,000. They have been carrying on a policy of reducing the average age of their membership, so that now not more than 5% are above twenty years of age. The others have gone into Party work. Their official organ, Die Junge Garde, is published semi-monthly, and is gaining new readers right along. The League has done much to assist in Anti-militarist propaganda and fighting the Orgesch and Fascist organizations. At the present time the French and German Leagues are conducting joint propaganda amongst the workers and troops in the Ruhr and other occupied areas, despite persecution.

The reorganization of the League upon the basis of nuclei had been started before the convention, so many practical experience had been gained and, where ever necessary, readjustments could be made to meet local conditions.

The convention adopted a number of practical points,—all of them intended to bring the League closer to the mass of the exploited youth, to make of it the real spokesman of these masses, and their leader in the struggles that face the workers. In the opinion of the German comrades, their 30,000 members from but the kernel, the center around which they must rally and organize hundreds and hundreds of thousands more. The German workers, slowly starving to death, are rapidly losing all illusions of Democracy which the Social-Democrats are supposed to have brought them. They feel the iron fist of their own exploiters as well as those of France, Belgium, and England. Fine phrases do not satisfy a hungry, war-weary, enslaved people forever. Neither Fascist organizations nor "socialist" militia can prevent those masses from revolting. In the days to come, when the working masses shall meet their foes in the final combat for working class emancipation or destruction, the young workers will play no small part. The Young Communist League of Germany, after eight years of struggle, now stands ready to lead the youth in this conflict. Its young communists, on the threshold of a proletarian revolution, have discarded all romantic illusions, have closed their ranks, adopted a realistic program which will win for them the confidence and support of the masses,—and lead to the realization of Communism.

One of the most inspiring points during the course of the entire convention occurred when comrade Zetlin, representing the Y. C. L. of Russia, presented to the Y. C. L. of Germany on behalf of his organization a mammoth red banner, beautiful embroidered with the emblem of the Y. C. L., and bearing the inscriptions: "From the Communist Youth of Russia to their German comrades," "Workers of the World, Unite." Judging by events it will take but a short time before the victorious workers in Germany will be able to unite with those of Russia. From what I have seen of our comrades in Germany, I feel sure that in reconstructing a new, a better type of social organization, the youth will play an important part, for the future belongs to them.

## Workers' Sport

One of the questions which aroused a great deal of interest during the course of the convention of the Young Workers League was Sport Organizations in the League.

The report was delivered by Comrade Alfred Albright and it showed clearly how bourgeois sport were used not only to draw the young workers away from the class war and deaden their senses to their economic interests, but to arouse in them a national patriotism by means of international "Olympic Meets."

In almost every large department store, factory, or other large industrial enterprise, the employers have seen the advantage to them in aiding their slaves to organize teams of various sports. This aid is only given because the bosses know that young workers naturally crave for sport, and, utilizing this craving in order to keep the worker contented, they boost these teams as a sop for the otherwise miserable conditions of employment.

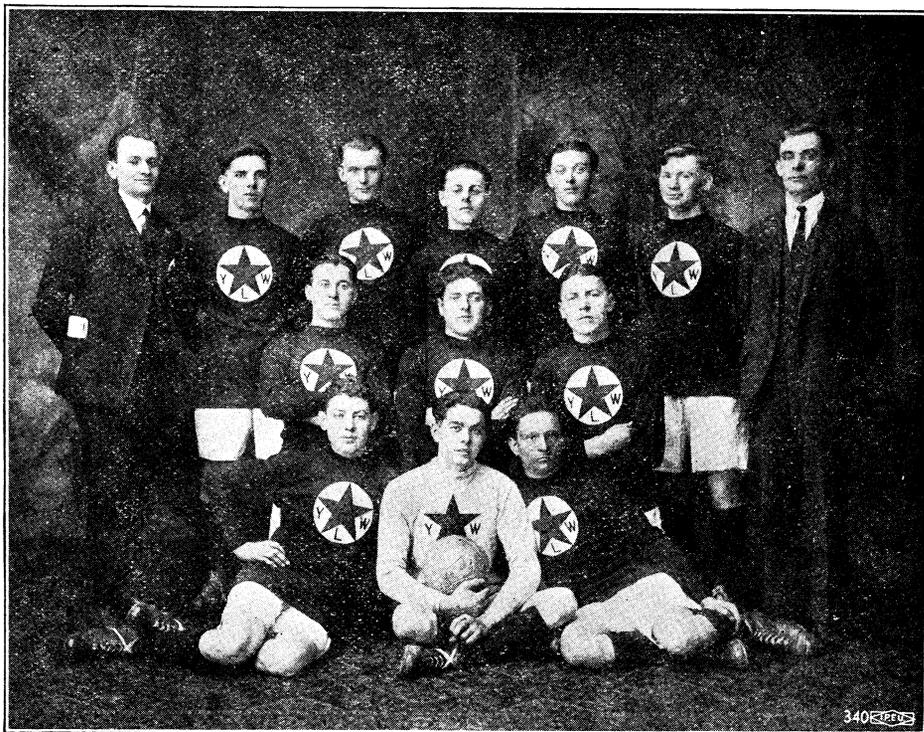
In order to counteract, in some measure, these "company sports" and the financially controlled professional sport organizations, the Young Workers League will endeavor to maintain and spread its own sport organizations. These organizations will not be only for enjoyment after working hours, but for the physical benefits of the workers who are becoming ever more involved in brutal conflicts with the bourgeoisie, and as a means of inculcating a class solidarity which is done by a mass movement of this sort.

To accomplish this, the Young Workers League has already formed a Sports Department under the head of a Sports Director, whose duty it shall be to coordinate the activities of the local Leagues.

The Karl Liebknicht branch Y.W. L. Chicago's Soccer team is pictured above. From left to right beginning with the top row are:

John Martin, Publicity Agent; Julius Worazek, Right Outside; Chas. Sauser, Right Inside; Fred Weisman, Center; Frank Milming, Left Inside; Rudolph Sauser, Organizer; Mathias Kiefer, Right Half-Back; Joe Wagner, Center Half; Frank Amstadt, Left Half-back; Joe Zimmerman, Full-back; Joe Zerbis, Goal Keeper; Eugene Mikulas, Full-back.

Send in all material, pictures, etc., to the Young worker, for publication.



Carl Liebknicht Branch Y. W. L. Chicago-Soccer Football Team

## RUSSIA'S CHILDREN AND AMERICA'S

(Continued from page 9.)

Well, in Russia the workers and peasants aren't interested in working their children to death in field and industry, in exploiting children. They want to educate and build them up. For example, when the Soviet Government granted a few concessions to capitalists for a while, it was feared that the rights which the young workers had gotten would be taken away by these few robbers still left in Russia. The young workers between the ages of 16 and 18 have a six hour day (how would a six hour day suit you fellows and girls in America?) and are not permitted to do night work or to work in any dangerous industry. Those between the ages of 14 and 16 have a 4 hour day—that is those few who, unfortunately, the peasants and workers say must still be employed till they have done away altogether with the use of young labor in this fashion. The young workers in Russia thought perhaps that the capitalist concessionaires would take away their six and four hour day and try to work them longer. So the Young Communist League of Russia asked the government not to permit this. The Red International of Labor Unions supported the Young Communist League. And the Soviet Government said, "We won't permit the abolition of the six and four hour day. You shall continue to have the six and the four hour day and you shall continue to receive the same pay as the older workers who work eight hours." So you see, young workers and comrades, the difference between a government of workers and farmers like in Russia, and a government of child-exploiters and Wall Street plutocrats and bandits, like in America. One is for you, Soviet Russia; the other, Wall Street, is against you. But when you, together with the older workers and farmers establish a Workers' Government in America, then here, too, you and your particularly close organization, the Young Workers League will help make the educational, industrial and other laws for yourselves.



New York Y. W. L. Soccer Player

## Is There No Slavery?

By P. G. HERD.

**M**ANY, many times do we hear the innocent and well intended remark: "Conditions of old have changed, today we are living under a system in which men can decide whence to navigate their ships of fortune; slavery has been done away, child labor was eliminated in England years upon years ago; without a doubt today we are free."

All thinking persons know the fallacy of this statement, realize in what way the workers, generally, and the young workers in particular, thousands far under the supposedly compulsory attendance age of school, are forced to work, compelled to toil out their young lives, in the hell-holes of capitalist industry. To many thinking workers this belief is grounded wholly upon the fact that they have received what they know, or believe, is authentic information, much in the same way as an "intellectual" realizes the vastness of the class struggle and the terrible exploitation of the workingclass. Only, however, when one has viewed, partaken of and in these struggles of the masses, can we really understand the significance, the actual importance of the elimination of this suffering, this almost indescribable misery of those who produce the whole of the world's wealth, improve upon value, make all things beautiful and—put the stone-hearted monsters in the inconceivable luxury which they now enjoy.

Working on the night shift of one of Chicago's largest printing plants for as many, as twelve hours continually, save for half an hour around midnight in which to hurriedly devour the meagre lunch which is brought to work, I have found boys as young as 14 years of age keeping the incesasing pace of the huge

machines and at intervals lifting weights which will, in time, have the effect of working irreparable harm upon the bodies of these boys, aside from the machine set pace which is responsible for so many of our nervous wrecks, blind slaves, and complete exhausted creatures, broken in mind and body, the omnipresent witness to the nature of the existing industrial system.

Yes, these are the conditions prevailing in such a large city, during the period of rare, and constantly becoming rarer capitalist prosperity! Talk to these young workers of their condition, enquire of them the reason of their actions and you invariably receive an answer similar to this: "Yes, I understand that my health is being ruined, that my education is being wholly neglected, but there is no money at home, I have no decent clothes, and well I can make 'lot's of money' doing this work, so why shouldn't I do it?"

Many you will find who really have good brain power, are almost, if not quite, class-conscious, and who have the potentialities of the genius, who under these conditions are being reduced to mere cogs in the gigantic machinery of modern production, which is sapping the life-blood of these young workers, and, in fact of the international proletariat, slaving under the iron-heel of imperial capitalism.

Such, we know, are the conditions prevailing in all capitalist countries, but working in and amongst these conditions serves to give one a better understanding of them and proves most gloriously the conceptions held previously on these points.

Who is there, knowing these things from actual experience who cannot see the necessity of a militant youth movement, and refuses to back to the limit such an organization aiming at the liberation of these young slaves from their miserable helotry? Surely there are few, or none.

## League Fights Fascisti

Dear Comrade:—

You will probably have heard of the new Facisti movement here. Mother Bloor, John Mihelic and myself narrowly escaped arrest. Five others were arrested, among them being the chairman of the Y. W. L., Frederick Simmons. I secured bonds for the boys and we are preparing to stage a fight for free speech, assemblage, etc.

While raiding the meeting they confiscated all literature, amongst it was the Young Worker. It was pictured in the Star and Post here and made a great sensation. While being in court with our attorney to make appeal, I overheard the remarks made by some of the politicians, courtmen, etc., about the Young Workers.

Previous to this, I was successful in interesting the executive committee of the intercollegiate group here (Junior College) in the Y. W. L. I may yet be able to secure the most militant members from it.

It is getting dangerous for the radicals to walk alone in the streets without being arrested. Geo. Mayler has sent paper clippings to the "Voice of Labor" and you can read them to gain an idea of the situation here as it exists.

We are going to fight for our demands. The league here is receiving untold propaganda through this raid.

Yours as ever,

—BARNEY MASS.

## The Beggar

ALL huddled in a heap, he sits upon the cold, hard pavement of a busy street. A pitiful being, all left in him of life is but a glint, fast dying as the setting sun, still emanating from his eyes as he searched the face of all who passed for a response to his entreaty. For answer, a stray coin was flung now and then into his outstretched hand; each coin a poisoned shaft to kill the manhood, the fire, the pride, the very best of life within him, to reduce him to a mere pulp, a creature cringing at the feet of every passerby and bowing gratefully to those who aid in his destruction, and ease their own conscience by the magnanimity of their deed. A coin into the beggar's cap, the fine lady, the kind hearted gentleman march on pompously, beaming at their own generosity. While he, the beggar, goes on begging, begging, begging in a world that is his own, by every right, by every law of life it is his own.

This—this is a product of civilization; a result of our capitalist system of society.

—Lillian Saffern.

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daughter closely, and with mingled hope, anxiety and fear approached the mysterious package. Their hands trembled as they removed the outer covering and they almost choked with their bated breaths. Their breasts heaved in eager anticipation as the last paper cover fell away.

It stood revealed before their eyes. The object in the package fulfilled all of Mr. Kayle's promises. It was a movable desk globe of the world.