



THE YOUNG COMRADE



OFFICIAL ORGAN * JUNIOR SECTION * YOUNG LEAGUE OF AMERICA

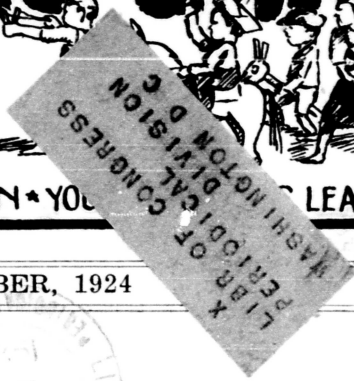
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Who Are Our Candidates?

EVERY four years there is elected in this country a citizen for president and one for vice-president. The president is the most important officer in this country, and, therefore, the workers are and should be very much interested in who is elected.

This year there are four important sets of candidates running for presidential offices. They are running on the tickets, as it is called, of their parties. There is Calvin Coolidge and Charles Gates Dawes on the Republican ticket; John Davis and Charles Bryan on the Democratic ticket; Robert LaFollette and Burton Wheeler on the "independent" ticket, and our own candidates, William Z. Foster and Benjamin Gitlow, on the ticket of the Communist Workers Party.



WM. Z. FOSTER



BENJAMIN GITLOW

Coolidge is not the man that the workers should support, first because he is a member of the Republican party, running on its ticket, and that party is controlled by the big capitalists of America who are always ready to fight against the workers. The same is also true of Dawes, who is also the leader of an organization called the Minute Men of the Constitution, which wants to have a capitalist Fascist dictatorship in this country and do the same to the workers here as they did in Italy.

John Davis is a lawyer who worked for the biggest capitalist in America, John Pierpont Morgan, the banker in Wall Street. He was also the man who was the lawyer in the cases when the miners of West Virginia were before a capitalist court for the crime of trying to organize into a union and get better conditions and wages for their wives and children, and he was in the court for the capitalists. His partner, Bryan, who is running for vice-president also on the Democratic ticket, is not a friend of the workers and has never been in the working class movement.

Then there is Robert LaFollette. A lot of false leaders of the workers are supporting him but he is not for the workers. He says he is for everybody, but we know that a man cannot line up with the workers when he is also for the bosses. There is a battle always going on between the workers and their bosses and everyone must take sides with one or the other. LaFollette tries to make believe that he is taking the side of both, but he is really for the small capitalist class. He wants to bring us all the way back to 1776 when everyone had his own little shop and worked for himself. The big "trusts" as they are called are a tremendous improvement on the small, single shops. The only thing wrong

with the big companies is that the capitalists own them and rob the workers of what they make. But that is what LaFollette stands for. The same thing is true of Wheeler, his candidate for vice-president.

The only candidates that the workers can stand for are Foster for president and Gitlow for vice-president. They are the only candidates that come from the working class and have always been in the fight for the workers against their bosses and enemies. They have a program. It is the Communist program. It stands for all the workers taking over the things that they produce and the machinery that helps them produce it, as well as the railways that carry the products from place to place and the stores that help to distribute it to the workers. The Communist program is against war, and robbery of the workers, and unemployment—which means that workers who want to work, cannot because there is no job—and the labor of little children.

It is the duty of every working class child to support William Z. Foster and Ben Gitlow. The junior section of the Young Workers

League, and the league itself, are already doing their best to put the ticket across. They are distributing the papers and books and leaflets of the Workers Party. They are helping to get signatures from citizens to put the ticket before the workers. They are attending the open air and indoor meetings and helping in every way possible. They are even speaking at these meetings and showing everyone that even the little children are in favor of the Communist candidates.

Let every child of the worker help in the campaign to get the Communist idea before the workers of America. It is a job for the young. Let the program and the ticket of the Communists be heard on every street, in every school room, or in the place where you work.

Come on, young Communists, get your chalk and chalk up the streets and the school blackboards with the revolutionary words:

**Support William Z. Foster for President
and Benjamin Gitlow for Vice-President!
Hurrah for the Communist Ticket!**

Why Miners Should Strike

By MARTHA STONE, Age 13

TED BARRY was a young man who lived with his parents in the district. Each morning, Ted and his father would go to work in the mines and in the evening they would return home too tired to do anything but eat their scanty supper and go to bed.

One day Ted returned home bearing the sad news that his father, among several other men, was killed in the mine on account of its poor condition. He, luckily, escaped unhurt.

One month after his father's death, Ted called the workers of the town together and exclaimed:

"Comrades, it is time for us to organize! We, the workers of the town, work hard in the mine. If not for us people would freeze to death. But do we use the coal? No, the capitalists live in luxury while we starve to death. Many miners have been killed in the mine because the bosses would not repair it. And now—"

There was a long silence and a feeling of resentment arose among the workers towards the bosses who had ruined so many lives.

"And now," continued Ted, "we must organize and fight for our rights."

His speech appealed to the workers and they decided to send Ted to the president of the company and demand of him to better the condition of the mine. But it was in vain. The president would not meet their demands. Ted returned to the workers with the president's answer. The workers then decided to strike until the bosses would meet their demands.

It lasted one long, bitter year. The workers were encouraged not to lose heart because of the torturous methods the capitalists used to break up the strike. After many men were killed, the workers finally did win, because they stuck together like workers should. It was a glorious victory.

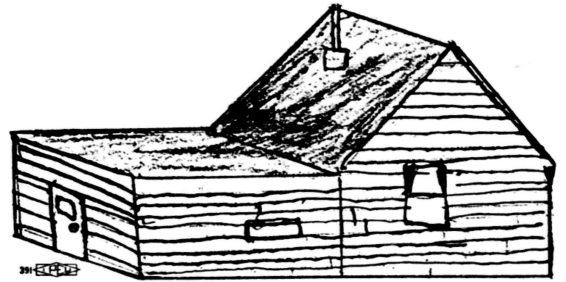
What School Days Mean to Some

By ROSE COHEN (Chicago)

VACATION time is over and school has begun again. But the month of September does not bring thoughts of school to every child. Far from it. Millions of children are disappointed every fall, and instead of being able to go to school and get what little education the capitalist schools can offer, they are forced to go to work. I say forced, because no child of eleven or twelve years of age goes willingly to work in a factory, which, though it be hot and stuffy in summer is quite the reverse during the chilly days of winter. But then, they cannot do anything else. Everybody wants to live. To live one must eat; and to eat costs money. So in order to get this money the children must go to work when the father or mother is ill, or, as happens most of the time, when they are out of a job. Thus the family lives on the money that is earned by the toil and sweat of their children.

It isn't fair! By all the rights of childhood, these children should be out playing with their sleds during the winter instead of having to go to the factories where they work hard day and night. And for their toil they receive a few paltry dollars which help to keep their families from complete starvation.

Look at the difference between them and the children of the rich. While the poor



This is the home in which the poor man lives because he is robbed by the capitalists.

little tots work in mills, factories or on the street selling newspapers, the bosses reap the profits which go to pay for various tutors for their own sons and daughters who can study their lessons in large beautiful rooms, with soft chairs and other luxuries. Do they ever stop to think how they get those things? Why, no. I suppose they take it for granted. When they grow up they in turn exploit the children of the workers just as their fathers did before them.

This will go on for many years until a day shall come when the workers of the world become one mass organization, and, understanding their power, overthrow this hateful capitalistic system of society and abolish child labor forever.



This is the home in which the rich man lives on the profit of the workers.

THE YOUNG COMRADE

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A working class magazine for working class children



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Young Workers League
of America.

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Johnny Red Invites the Chicago Juniors

By BILLY SAYLES

(Suggested by Comrade Sunny)

"ARE you ready?"

Johnny Red asked.

"Always ready!" the crew shouted and they marched in like little red soldiers. Johnny Red and Nails and Speed Martin and Rosie Red and the whole group—together with the Chicago Juniors. There was Rosie Cohen, Eva Stoler, Molly Rubin, Tillie Luyre and the whole city central committee that had just been elected.



They marched in singing "The Young Guards" while Johnny Red's father stood smiling proudly in the doorway.

The whole group had just returned from the first junior convention ever held in this country.

"Well," Johnny's father asked, "how was the convention?"

"Oh, boy, it was the berries!" Johnny answered.

"You tell 'em!" Rosie added. And then all the juniors began talking at one time about the dandy time they had.

"Whoa-whoa-hold on now!" Johnny's father interrupted, "One at a time. You kids are too fast for me. You need a chairman. Rosie Red, what did you do?"

"I wasn't a delegate, Pop—let Rosie Cohen tell you."

"Well," little Rosie Cohen spoke up, "we are going to work in the election campaign for Foster and Gitlow."

"But you can't vote," Johnny's father said.

"Aw, shucks, Pop," Johnny Red said, "we can get signatures for petitions."

"And distribute literature!" Eva Stoler added.

"And make speeches on the soap box!" Tillie Luyre said.

"What?" Johnny's father questioned, "make speeches?"

"I'll tell the world!" Nails interrupted.

And one by one the whole group told him of the campaign to get a summer home and the membership drive and the letter they are going to write to the Daily Worker and how every group would choose a publicity director for this job.

"That's fine," Johnny Red's father said.

"And oh, daddy," Rosie Red added, "the Russian kids—the Pioneers—sent us a swell banner and a dandy letter!"

"And we're going to write to them," added Rose Plotkin of the Chicago juniors, who was also there.

"Well, that's fine!" Johnny's father said. "Your convention, I see, was a mighty busy one."

"Aw, shucks, Pop, that wasn't all," Rosie Red said! "We chose a city central committee, too—and they're all here."

"Sure," said Albert Glatsky, "we're all officers now. I'm the educational director."

And everybody laughed when Philip Bolden, the new sports director, told how one junior who was just a new member, thought a delegate-at-large was a large delegate.

Johnny's father smiled and he was pleased with these proud little Bolsheviks.

"Well," he said, "Johnny Red's group invited you all to supper and it's waiting for you. March into the next room."

So the juniors marched around the room singing "The Young Guards," and Johnny's father paraded in the lead. As they stood around the table ready to sit down, Johnny Red said: "Hey, Pop, want to hear our slogan?"

"You bet! Let me hear it!"

And Johnny said: "Are you ready?"

And all the juniors shouted in answer, "Always Ready!"

And as they began eating Rosie Red said: "You tell 'em!"

Why Can't We Enjoy Life?

By NATE KIDLIKER

HOW many times have any of you ever seen the beautiful things that are to be found away from the cities?

I only had one chance so far. Why not more? Well, you ought to be able to tell! I guess you know, but I am going to tell you just the same.

I had no money to pay my fares, though I am working every day ten hours for my boss in the cap making shop.

What do I do with my wages?

Ah, comrades, here is where the whole story starts. My mother and the rest of the children, three of them, are the ones that must be supported and live, including myself, on twelve dollars a week which I make. Every time I asked my mother to let me take twenty cents for carfare, she used to answer with sorrow: "My dear, the money you make hardly keeps us alive."

And when I said that twenty cents is not so much, she replied: "True, my dear, for the rich people it is nothing, but for us poor workers it is a lot." And I knew she was right because I know how many hours I have to work for those twenty cents!

But this morning I could not control my feelings and I said to my mother: "Mother, I want to see the beautiful things that my comrades tell me about. They say that there are so many trees, flowers, birds and insects to be seen out of town and I haven't seen them yet in my life."

My mother, with tears in her eyes, answered, "I'd rather not eat for a day than let you remain without having seen all these things in life that you mention. I am only sorry you won't see them often, because we are poor workers." So she gave me twenty cents and a few pieces of bread with a bit of butter on them so I could come out here.

And now, how many fine and beautiful things I see, comrades! Green fields with plenty of yellow, red, blue, white and other flowers. Big pine trees, walnut and birch trees, and a clear water pond—and the water, comrades, simply swell! Why can't we see and enjoy it every day? Why haven't we got a chance to go out to places like this every day? Why? Tell me, why must we live in dirty streets and gloomy houses and

never see plains and pine trees like these?

In the city we have narrow streets and no fresh air at all. Are all the beautiful things made for the rich people only? Is it because we are poor, because we are workers' children that we can have none of these things?

The rich do not care for us nor how we live. They think that we are fit only to work for them so they can live in nice houses and have big automobiles and travel. Why should we go on doing so? The rich don't make anything, so we should get rid of them. They tell us to be loyal to them, but what have we got to be loyal about except our poverty and rags.

We in the junior groups must work hard to get all of the poor children in our movement, where we can find out how we can help to get rid of these rich and useless people. We want the working children with us. When we have all of them we'll say to the rich, "Give us back all of the houses, clothes, shoes and other things which we have made." They will refuse to do so, and then we, together with our parents and all the older workers, will take away from them all the things which the workers have made—and then we won't need to live in poverty any longer. We'll be able to enjoy everything in life.

Comrades, let us do the work now. Let us get all the poor children for our great cause to make the world safe for us and all the people.

Come on! We must win!

Fooling the Workers

By MARTHA EITINGTON, Age 12

A MEETING of the United Workers' Sunday School was held the other day. The question was whether the Sunday schools should be turned over to the Young Workers League. It was a strange meeting. The socialists made long speeches but not a word did they say about the workers and the workers' children. They voted against us joining the junior groups.

But I'm sure that the children themselves will realize that the Communists are right. They themselves will come over to us in the junior groups and realize that the socialists are always fooling the workers.

The Difference Between Rich and Poor

By SAIMA HOLMA, Age 13

THE rich people are much different from the poor people.

The rich people have nice houses made from different varieties of stone. They have all the nice food they can eat, servants to do their work, and they can sit around all day doing nothing. Their children can go to school in a beautiful car.

While on the other hand the poor people are much different. The houses of the poor people are not even fit for an animal to live in. They have nothing to eat for days. Work, work, work is always what they hear. Long hours of work are always ahead of them.

And why are not all people alike? Why are there rich people and poor people? The answer is: the poor people do not realize that they are kept slaves. They think, "When I die I'll have a good time." Well, we don't care what we're going to have when we die we want to have a good time now. If all the poor people in the world would realize this all the people would be equal.

America, the Land of the Free?

By MARTHA BORNSTEIN, Age 13

THURSDAY afternoon in our geography class the teacher gave several pupils a topic of current events which was to take place the next day. When it came to assign my topic, she told me that I could speak on any topic I chose.

So the next day I was ready. When she called on me to recite I rose from my seat, walked to the front of the room, and began, "Good news today is that Italy has recognized Soviet Russia . . ."

The teacher rose quickly, grabbed hold of my ears and led me out of the room. When we reached the hall she told me never to step into her room again.

I am no coward, so I asked her, "Why?"

She answered me by saying that no Bolsheviks were allowed in her class.

Is that so? What do you think about it, young children of the workers? My advice is that you join the junior groups of the Young Workers League and help to fight against the teachers like the above.

Our Joy Ride

By GEORGE LEHTO, Age 13

OUR junior class went one Sunday morning to see the difference between the highest class and the lowest class. I think the rich people treat the poor people like slaves. The people who live by the Mississippi river near the bank have old houses and poor clothes. They stay like slaves because they are not organized as a class to drive away the capitalist class.

The rich people live like lords on hills where the water does not reach their cellars. They sit and take it easy. Now's the time to organize a junior group to help drive the capitalist out of his place and have workingmen take their places; to get the capitalist out of Wall Street. I think the rich people and the poor people are the same kind of human beings. Give the poor people a chance to rise and strike the rich people under their heels.

Does My Teacher Tell Us the Truth?

By LILLIAN GITTELMAN

ONE day, when having our spelling lesson, a boy, who is in this country only two years, asked the teacher why the government is so strict with immigration.

After hesitating a moment, she replied, "America is the most wonderful country in the world. If the government would let people like the Bolsheviks, America would be ruined. The Bolsheviks never want to work; they only take half of the things that other people possess."

All the children began to laugh, but I did not laugh because I knew that she didn't tell us the truth about the Bolsheviks.

The Bolsheviks would make this a better country and not ruin us. In Russia there are no little children working for the profit of the bosses as there are in this country. And if the Bolsheviks, who are the Communists, would control this country, there would not be any child labor for profit either. They would also give the entire country and all its wealth to the workers who produce it and give everyone what is necessary to live happily.

Do You Want to Continue to Read THE YOUNG COMRADE

THE YOUNG COMRADE has been published for just one year and it has been enthusiastically received by all of its readers. It has been the center around which the junior groups of the Young Workers' League grew up and increased in number. It has been the means by which we have educated and are educating the workers' children to the ideas of Communism.

WE HAVE TRIED to keep the paper as cheap as possible, as well made up as we could, as interesting and instructive as we were able. We have kept at it for one year and now we find that unless something is done swiftly, we shall no longer be able to print the same magazine at five cents a copy. We have been printing THE YOUNG COMRADE at a loss of money each month, due to various reasons: the photographs and pictures; the high grade of paper; the slowness of our readers in paying up for bundle orders.

BUT WE WANT to keep the paper at five cents. And in order to do this, two things must be done by our readers immediately. Therefore, for the next two months we are entering a campaign to raise a

"KEEP IT UP FUND"

for our little paper. On the blank below we want you to write your name and the amount of money you will send in to us for any length of time you can. Get these blanks filled out by your friends, your parents, your neighbors, your school mates—by any worker or his child. Send them in immediately.

THE SECOND THING that must be done is that every one of our readers must get a subscription to the paper from a friend. If we get twice as many subs as we have readers we shall be able to continue to publish THE YOUNG COMRADE at the same price that it sells for at present, and without cutting out any of its features. Our slogan for subscriptions, therefore, becomes

"A READER—A SUB"

and more if you can get them, and we know you can.

We know you will need more blanks. Send to THE YOUNG COMRADE and we shall be glad to send them to you.

Let us hear your answer. Do you want the

Same Quality

Same Size

Same Price

If you do, fill out the blanks immediately. Let us know how you feel. There are only two months in which you can reply to our questions.

"KEEP IT UP FUND"

THE YOUNG COMRADE
1113 W. Washington Blvd.
Chicago, Ill.

I promise to send you \$.....
each month for the period of.....
months. I want to see our paper
kept at the same quality, same size
and same price and made better
and better.

Name

Address

City

State

"A READER—A SUB"

THE YOUNG COMRADE
1113 W. Washington Blvd.
Chicago, Ill.

I am a reader of THE YOUNG COMRADE
and I have obtained 50 cents which I am
enclosing for a subscription for one year for

Name

Address

City State

I am, with wishes that THE YOUNG COMRADE becomes the children's paper with the biggest circulation,

Name

Address

City State

DO YOUR BIT FOR YOUR OWN PAPER!

Comrade Sunny's Column

OH, Juniors!

I went to the Chicago juniors' convention and it was **great**. You see, Chicago has more than ten junior groups and a lot of members, so they decided to have a real city organization like the Young Workers League has, with a constitution and a city central committee and all.

They called the convention on August 30 and so many junior and older comrades came that the hall was crowded. The delegates all sat up in front and the visitors in back, and when they sang the International to begin the convention off right you just should have heard them. They sang so loud and with such pep, I am sure the Big Bosses on Wall Street must have heard them and got scared of our live-wire juniors.

Comrade Kaplan brought the Chicago juniors a red Pioneer tie from the Russian Pioneers, or Communist children's groups. GeGe! we sure did cheer when he made his talk about it being a symbol or sign of the comradeship that all Communists all over the world have for each other.

Isn't it a grand and glorious feeling to know that you have friends and comrades in Germany, Russia, Spain—everywhere where there are workers that have learned to get together to fight the Bosses.

ALWAYS READY!

COMRADE SUNNY.

Cheating

By WOLTA KARSNER, 9 years old.

DID you ever hear of a big fat guy, one that has everything—not anything like us poor starving children?

Well, this fibbing mortal cares nothing for us. Toil what we may, he will never raise our pay.

I said to my mother one evening: "Mother, how good my boss was today, when a man came in pitying me, gave me a dollar. My boss smiled greedily and said, 'Come, let me keep your dollar for you. Some day you will become a great man.' I said to him, 'Not unless I have brains enough not to give you my dollar.'"

"You did right, sonny," said my mother.

Read The Young Comrade



International Youth Day

By ROSE SCHLOSSBERG, Age 10

ALL the junior groups of Boston, Malden, Roxbury and Revere came to the celebration of International Youth Day in the International Hall, the beautiful hall which belongs to the workers of Roxbury. Comrade Salzman gave us a talk. He spoke of the workers and of how they were treated by the capitalists and also about the war. At the end he said, "Now, comrades, let us put up our right hand and show that we shall always be true to the workers and be ready to help them."

When he called on us to begin singing the Red Flag, all the members of the Malden group began waving red banners and sang:

The people's flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead.
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their heart's blood dued its every fold.

The juniors think that the Communists would make better presidents any time than Coolidge, who is a capitalist who sticks by the capitalists and not by the workers.

Latest News

As we go to press, we are told of the organization of a new group in Chicago, named after the fighter for the workers' revolution in Russia and in the United States, John Reed, who now lies buried in Moscow, but whose spirit lives with the juniors and the other Communists in America.