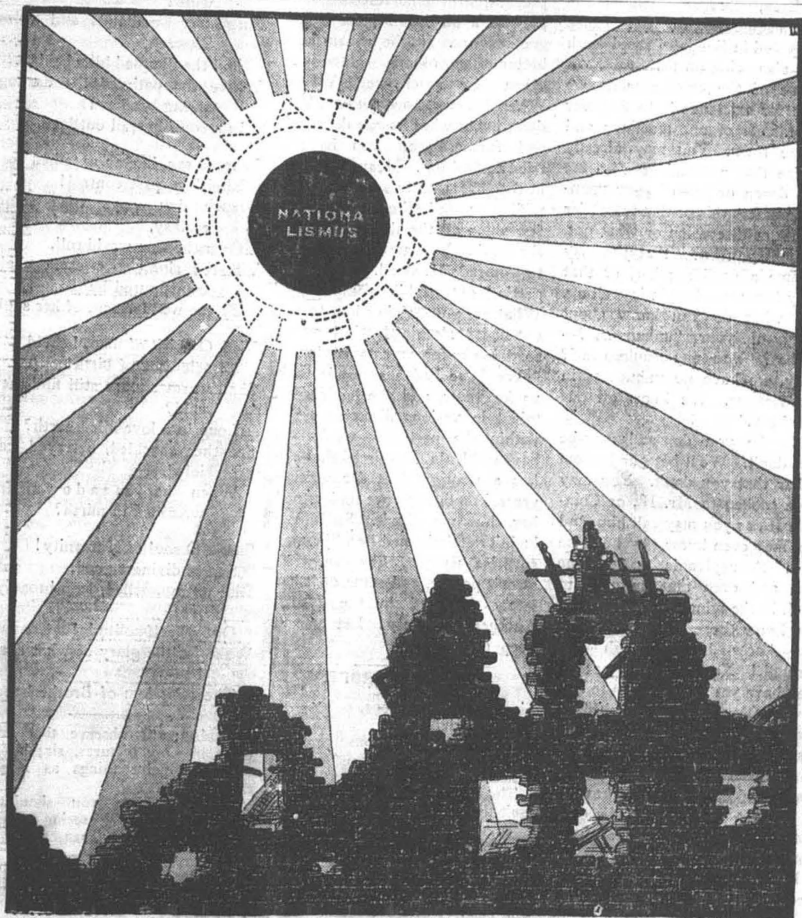


The Young Socialists' Magazine.

Vol. IX

MAY, 1915

No. 5



And the Light of the Sun Went Out and Darkness Covered the Land

THE DISCOVERY OF TALENT

By Kendrick Shedd.

Listen, League members!— Here's something for you. Those interested in Sunday School work may also prick up their ears.

One of the chief reasons we have for existence is to discover the talents of our members and utilize them. You may already realize that a certain few—some two dozen or so—of your members possess this or that talent for debate or discussion or what not. Perhaps you know that Jim may become a good speaker, or that Sally has a good style in writing. But what do you know about many of your "unknowns"?— "What? You say 'unknowns'? Why, we have no unknowns in our League. We know all our members!"

May-be you do, and may-be you don't. We'll bet our bottom dollar that you don't. You may have spoken to Mr. H., or Comrade H., as you may call him, and you may even know that he came from Pennsylvania some time ago, and even that he used to work in the mines there. Because you know those things, therefore you know him through and through! Not so, friend, not so. You have yet many things to discover. You aren't yet within a thousand miles of what he has in his soul. He's still to you a book with seven seals. You haven't discovered him at all. You haven't given him a chance to discover himself. Come now, what have you done in his case?

Has he debated? Has he recited? Has he written anything for you? Can he sing? Is he original? Can he work on a committee? Is he an expert along some line? Have you tried him in

preparation for a festival or a play or a picnic? Maybe he's a good runner. Maybe he can skate better than others. Have you given him a chance? When? Where? Come, now, confess. You don't know what he can do at all, and furthermore, you haven't tried to find out. Meantime he is in the shares, so to speak. Meanwhile you are letting the same old few shine all the time and do all the work. You aren't being just to Comrade H. at all. What's he getting out of his membership? What are you helping him to get out of it? Nothing! We thought so. Thanks for your confession.

We have had a comrade with us for years, and she has shown talent in various directions; but within the past few weeks we have suddenly discovered that she has a strong talent for writing verse. We thought we understood her, but we didn't. See? We hadn't yet fathomed her. She may surprise us yet. She can write strong poetry, and some of it has lately appeared in the "Call." Another discovery! Let us all keep on.

SONG OF EUROPE.

Sing a song of Europe,
Highly civilized,
Four-and-twenty nations
Wholly hypnotized.
When the battles open
The bullets start to sing,
Isn't that a silly way
To act for any King?
The Kings are in the background
Issuing commands,
The Queens are in the parlor
Per etiquette's demands.
The bankers in the counting-house
Are busy multiplying.
The common people at the front
Are doing all the dying!
—Life.

SPRING SONG

By Rose E. Sharland

Surge, O sap, in a tide of green,
To the song of the lovelorn
wind!
Surge o'er woodlands and vales
between,
And the dimpled hills behind.
Where the path of the darling
spring has been
In a cowslip trail outlined.

Leap, O sap, like an untamed sea,
Limitless, past control!
Drench dun ways with thine
ecstasy,
Over the wan world roll,
Till the slumb'rous earth shall
transfigured be
By the wonderment of her soul.

Rise, O spirit of man, behold
Miracle-time of birth!
Shall warm Nature still find thee
cold?
Lone in a love-filled earth?
See thee shackled, betrayed, ca-
joled,
When her meadows are
wreathed in mirth?

Surge, O soul of Humanity!
Sap of divinest good,
Rise untrammelled, leap broadly-
free
Out of self-solitude!
Wake for the glory of what shall
be—
The Kingdom of Brotherhood!

Dauber: "I observe that you don't like my pictures, sir; but I can only paint things as I see them."

Critic: "Then you shouldn't paint while you're seeing things like that."—Boston Transcript.

The teacher was examining the class in physiology. "Mary, can you tell us," she asked, "what is the function of the stomach?"
"The function of the stomach," the little girl answered, "is to hold up the petticoat."

"WAR? NEVER AGAIN!" WOULD SOCIALISM DO IT?

An Interview with MORRIS HILLQUIT by William Hard

"Your question is this: 'If England were Socialist, if Germany were Socialist, if all of the big nations of the world were organized on the Socialist model, what then? Wouldn't each of them still want to sell its goods in Brazil and in Zanzibar and in Mongolia? And wouldn't this lead to quarrels, just as it does now, and to wars? In other words, is there any reason to think that Socialism, any more than Capitalism, would put an end to international trade rivalry and bloodshed?' That's your question."

"I will answer it first by showing that it is Capitalism that makes international trade rivalry so keen and so aggressive to-day, and then I will answer it by showing that Socialism would largely destroy that rivalry or make it over into something entirely different."

"The trouble now is that we don't produce goods primarily for the purpose of satisfying the daily needs of our fellow-citizens. Many of those citizens, for instance, are in need of food. In our large cities there are numbers of children who come to school without breakfast. And there are bread-lines of adults in our streets. Yet we are exporting foodstuffs. Why is this?"

"It is because we are producing goods for the primary purpose of making profits for individuals, for capitalists. The workers do not get, in money, the full value of what they produce. If they did, there would be no profits for the capitalists. The workers get in money, in wages, only a part of

the value of what they produce. Therefore they can not buy all they need. They can not buy back all the goods they have produced. There is thus an artificial surplus. Even when the non-workers have consumed as much as they can, there is still a surplus. And there you are. What is to be done with that surplus? It must be exported.

"The capitalist countries can not exchange their surplus product with each other. That would relieve none of them. They must unload their surplus on the industrially less developed countries, all of them on the same countries."

"Accordingly, even when many Englishmen and many Germans may be without proper clothing, the manufacturers of England and of Germany are driven into fierce rivalries in their efforts to sell cloth to Turks and Persians. They must dispose of their surplus."

"That's the first reason for an aggressive and finally bloody export-trade policy. The second reason is even more important."

"In every highly developed country there comes to be a surplus of capital in the hands of the owners of industries. For a time they can reinvest this surplus in their own country. But soon all the principal industries of that country are fully capitalized. And the surplus of capital still continues to grow. What shall be done with it? Again, export it."

"So each highly developed nation becomes the bitter rival of every other highly developed nation in making investments of capital in the 'new' countries of

the world, and in the effort to acquire and maintain control of such countries. And this rivalry is reckless and implacable, because it is urged on by the private self-interest of individuals."

"In a Socialist state this whole necessity for aggressive trade and aggressive investment in the 'new' countries tends to disappear. It becomes virtually impossible. And the wars which grow out of international commercial and financial rivalry, as most wars do, become almost unthinkable. Let me show why."

"In a Socialist state the prime industries are organized under the ownership and management of the people. They produce no dividends, no profits, for individuals. A nationally operated shoe industry, for instance, like a nationally operated post-office, would 'pay' in services to the people and not in fortunes for stockholders and bondholders. What would be the result?"

"The result would be that no large accumulations of capital in private hands could possibly come into existence. Not being in existence, they could not demand an outlet in 'concessions' and 'colonies' in the 'unexploited' districts of the world. One of the two great reasons for international quarrels in those lands would have been wiped out. There would be no great surplus of private capital fighting its way to investment in South America and Africa and Asia."

"So much for the exportation of capital. It would be eliminated, and its wars with it. The 'backward' nations would develop at

their own gait, as they should, and in their own manner.

"Now for the exportation of commodities—shoes, for instance.

"I am assuming, according to your question, that the 'advanced' nations of the world are all Socialist and that only the 'backward' nations are still left with non-Socialist governments.

"In every 'advanced' nation then, we would see commodities being produced not, as now, for the immediate purpose of profits for individuals, but for the purpose, actually, of meeting the requirements of the people.

"A nationally operated shoe industry in a Socialist England would be organized to supply England with shoes. When it had made enough shoes to protect the feet of the inhabitants of England, its prime purpose, would have been accomplished. There would be no necessary surplus of any commodity.

"At present, in all 'advanced' countries, as I have shown, there is a surplus of commodities and must be. In a Socialist state there is no 'must' about it.

"Therefore, under Socialism, there is no necessary surplus of commodities demanding territories to conquer, and demanding those territories even at the cost of international conflicts.

"The export of goods from a Socialist country will be stripped both of economic necessity and of personal private profit. It will become a really voluntary peaceful occupation.

"If England wants coffee from Brazil, it will deliberately produce a surplus of its own commodities to exchange for that coffee. Its purpose will be the coffee. If it can't get the coffee, it won't produce the surplus of commodities for it. Whereas now it has the surplus anyway and must go out

to sell it. That's the difference; and it's the difference between aggressive exportation for personal private profit and peaceful exportation for the daily use and benefit of the whole people.

"There's my answer to your question. Socialism, by removing the two chief causes for wars in the field of international trade, would remove those wars themselves.

THE COST OF A MEDICAL EDUCATION

A poor medical education costs as much, if not more, as a good one. This surprising fact of interest to all young men planning to become doctors is shown in the annual report on medical education, issued by The Journal of the American Medical Association. Comparing the fees charged by medical schools the report shows that fourteen colleges charge fees of \$100 or less per year, sixty-six between \$100 and \$175, and twenty-one charge above \$175. Of the fourteen colleges charging \$100 or less, eight, or nearly two-thirds, were listed among Class A (acceptable) colleges by the Council on Medical Education, three were in Class B and three of them are found among the Class C colleges. Among the eight Class A colleges having these low fees are the schools of medicine of the state universities of Colorado, Mississippi, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Texas and Utah. On the other hand, eleven colleges listed in Class C charge fees of from \$100 to \$175 per year for each student. Diplomas from Class C colleges are reported as not recognized by thirty-one state licensing boards. It is a question, therefore, why a student should spend his time and money in a

low-grade college the diplomas of which are not recognized in many states, when in the same time and with even less money he can attend one of the best-equipped colleges, the diplomas of which are recognized in all states. Although thirty-seven colleges listed in Class A charge fees ranging from \$150 to \$275 per year for each student, the actual expense for teaching that student in these colleges amounts to from two or three, to several times these sums. In fact, accurate data secured from sixty-five medical colleges a few years ago showed that the average amount received each year from the individual student was \$122, while the average amount actually expended in the training of that student for a year was \$410! The excesses of cost over income per student in several schools were, respectively, \$2,744, \$1,863, \$897, \$747, \$730, \$673, \$518 and \$500. The excess of expense over income from fees per students was over \$200 in twenty-eight of the medical colleges which reported. It is also, clearly evident that with the same equipment and at practically no additional expense these schools could easily accommodate two, three, or in some instance, several times the number of students at present enrolled, which would greatly reduce the disproportion of expense over income from fees. A further reduction in the vast over-supply of medical schools in this country, therefore, would be in the interests of economy as well as of marked advantage to medical education.

Even Nietzsche admitted woman was a riddle to him. No man professes to understand her. Is that the reason men feel so confident to represent her in politics?—Puck.

MAY AND THE WORLD'S WORKERS

By Kendrick Shedd.

How beautiful, how appropriate that May, the month of flowers and of hope, should have been selected to be the great International month of the world's weary toilers! It is the time of life. How suggestive! It is the time of renewal, of the resurrection of nature, and together with all this, it is the time of dreams. Who has a better right to dream the great dreams than the slaying toilers? Indeed the workers have been very wise and far-seeing in the selection of their Labor Day. It is a compliment to their international intelligence.

How it lifts us above that which is petty and mean to stand upon the hill-top of imagination and look abroad over the whole range of the world's population and realize that in very truth we are brothers of every one of these wage earners—yea, let us say it, brothers of every one of these toiling slaves.

Is it proper that we should mourn when members of our family lie mute in death? Does it touch our hearts when their voices are silenced forever? Do the tears come to our eyes when we appreciate how the hopes and dreams of millions of our brothers have gone down in blood? Look! is not that our Brother John, lying so cold and stark out upon the Polish plain? Is not that our Brother Samuel, dismembered there in the woods of Flanders? Is not that our Sister Mary, weeping her eyes out over the ruins of her old home in Lorraine? Verily, we have lost many of our family in these last dreadful months.

And now has come again the

lovely month of May. We still live to hope and dream. One year ago all of these cold and silent brethren of ours were filled with the same hopes and were dreaming their sweet dreams of the better days to come. Hundreds of thousands of them had had a glimpse of the larger things. They had, in thought, entered the portals of the Temple of Socialism and had enjoyed a vision of the grand possibilities of a co-operative world. They had longed for a better life for humanity. Many of them had voted for it for years, even for decades. Then came the black cloud of nationalistic hatred, and their eyes were obscured, and in their stupor and semi-blindness they shouldered the deadly gun and went forth to slay their own blood-brothers.

Shall we hate them for this? No, they shall not have our hatred. They shall have our regret. Were they in the wrong? It is enough to say that they felt it was the best thing to do. We shall not condemn them, for we also make mistakes. All brothers do. But let us pause for a moment above the turf that covers their remains and highly resolve that these brothers of ours shall not have died in vain; but that, as far as we ourselves are concerned, we shall expend our last iota of strength to educate the living to the knowledge and the feeling of the blood relationship of all people of all climes, to the end that the system of capitalism, which is based upon war and hatred and prejudice and the ignorance of the world's workers, shall pass away forever. Then shall the bright

sun of May shine above a world of civilized men and women living in co-operation under conditions that shall make it possible for all to do right and feel right and live out the beautiful dream of the Golden Rule. Speed the day!

May is here. Hurrah for the yellow man and the black man! Hurrah for the brown man and the white man! And let not the red man be forgotten.

May is here. All hail, ye miner-brothers, ye farmers brothers, ye toiling brethren on land and sea, on mountain, in mountain, in the valley and on the prairie! All hail, ye brothers and sisters of the forest and the wild! Extend your hands. Reach them out far to ours—out from the huts and the harbors; out from the tenements and sweat-shops; out from the prisons and the mills and the factories and all the other slave-dens of capitalism. We are your brothers and you are ours; and though outward tints may differ, yet we are one in the color of our life-blood.

So to-day, let the flag of real freedom ripple its crimson beauty over the heads of us all. Let the May banner float forevermore. Let its red folds breath into our minds the appreciation of our oneness and into our hearts the beautiful spirit of world solidarity, the indissoluble solidarity of the working class.

Socialism proposes to abolish political corruption. How? By abolishing its cause.

What is its cause? The private ownership of the industries. In other words, capitalism is the cause of political corruption.

HOW TO SUCCEED

By Simeon Strunsky

Some months ago there was a fire at West Orange, N. J., and a million-dollar factory, which Thomas A. Edison was constructing, burned to the ground. I say million-dollar factory on the authority of the newspapers. Probably it was only a two-hundred-thousand-dollar factory, but it is a law of nature that the value of any piece of property, a plant, a mine, a railroad bridge, or a cathedral, is multiplied at least by five as soon as it is destroyed. The West Orange fire was not a misfortune; it was a calamity. For that fire in West Orange was responsible for an outgush of more twaddle, drivel, and guff than I recall in many a year. It appears that Mr. Edison was himself among the first upon the scene of the accident, that he took active charge of the work of rescue and salvage, and that when he was at last persuaded to return home and to bed, he said to his assistants, "We shall begin to rebuild to-morrow." To this fine phrase the public imagination has rallied in, say, ten thousand columns of print. With what the newspapers, the weeklies, the monthlies, the trade journals, and the authors of theatre programs have said about the indomitable energy of the man, his good cheer, his resourcefulness, I have no quarrel. And yet I consider the fire in West Orange the greatest calamity in the history of human thought since the publication of "The Rosary," by Florence Barclay.

For not content with emphasizing Mr. Edison's high energy and resourcefulness, all the agencies

of print devoted to the inculcation of success in the young have gushed, blabbered, and hymned of Mr. Edison's optimism, of his courage, of his manly stand against the buffets of fate; always implying that any bank clerk or assistant bookkeeper who displays the same moral qualities will, barring accident, be as well off some day as Mr. Edison is now. Just why Mr. Edison should be cast down by the destruction of a million-dollar plant when he has untold millions to build other plants with; just why he should have been shaken by the postponement of a single business project when he has behind him a record of achievement such as it is given to one man in a million to equal; just how it would have seemed if Mr. Edison had sat down and wept, or had decided to go to Palm Beach for a month before announcing his future plans, or had remarked that he wasn't very much interested in that particular undertaking anyhow—our ladders of moralistic pap do not stop to inquire. To them apparently there is no difference between this enormously successful man refusing to be put down by a fire in his new factory and, say, Sir Isaac Newton's mild reproach to the spaniel that threw over a lamp and burned twenty years' worth of manuscripts. So passionately do we search for texts on optimism, so inexhaustible is the desire for this peculiar brand of uplift guff, that Mr. Edison's fire simply could not be passed by. Consult the current magazines on the subject, with pictures

Or consider Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Schwab. I have the story from the most unimpeachable authority; namely, the author of the most popularly-circulated magazine treatises of our day on the "Foundations of Success." Once upon a time, then, Mr. Schwab was working for Mr. Carnegie and was in charge of the construction of a new steel plant; a million-dollar plant, of course. The work was practically completed when Mr. Schwab had a new idea in mill construction by which great economies would be effected. So he went to Mr. Carnegie, and Mr. Carnegie said, "Tear it down and build it the way you like." A story with a punch of a moral, and followed closely by another story of how Mr. Harriman used to have old envelopes to scribble his memoranda upon and so save stationery, and how the president of a big national bank is in the habit of walking about after office hours and switching off the light to cut down electric bills; occasionally he picks up pins.

Here in three hundred words you have the secret of success laid bare for the bank clerk and the assistant bookkeeper. From Mr. Carnegie he will learn that the motto is toujours de l'audace and never to let a million dollars stand in the way of bigger ultimate profits. From Mr. Harriman and various successful bank presidents he will learn to conserve old envelopes, to pick pins from the floor, and to turn down unnecessary electric lights. When to spend a million dollars and when to pick up pins is left to

the young man's judgment; the author of "Foundations of Success" can't be expected to do everything.

* * *

Nor could you expect the author of the "Foundations of Success" to give away the game by hinting that perhaps there is a certain quality about millionaires which gives a dramatic touch, without giving special significance to anything they do; that, in fact, a millionaire picking up pins from the floor makes a much better story than a multi-millionaire scrapping a perfectly new million-dollar steel plant. It is plain that Mr. Gladstone could afford to crawl about on the floor and play horse with his grandchildren, while I simply couldn't afford to be found in a similar attitude, putting aside the matter of grandchildren. Here and there I imagine an impatient reader of the "Foundations of Success" must have arisen to ask what would happen to the bank clerk who was detected by his president in the act of picking up pins or making memoranda on old envelopes. The probabilities are that he would be immediately slated for a perpetual position as bank clerk on his present salary.

* * *

Now all this would be rather a small matter to get excited over—not that I am at all worked up over it—if it were not for the essential dishonesty, the futility, the bluff that enters into this vast literature of success, the one subject on which more is written in the course of a year in these United States than upon all other romantic subjects combined. It is worse than dishonest because it does not even deceive. It is just drivel, swallowed with a vast eagerness by multitudes who know it to be drivel and cry for

more. I can never read, without wondering, the familiar little business essays by the author of the "Foundations of Success," in which is shown how the Moosehead Electric Railways saved \$300,000 in one year by installing fifty batteries of rapid-firing diagrams, and several miles of filing cabinets that read just as easily up or down, forwards or backwards—wondering what this can mean to the proprietor of the little corner drugstore who reads and reads and comes back the next week for more. It would be an insult to his human intelligence to say that he takes the thing seriously. He does not. From his own experience he knows that it is not system which enables him to keep his head above water, but dreadfully hard work—and luck. If he speculates on broader aspects of economics he knows that it is not system which built up the Moosehead Electric Railways, but hard work, audacity, our absurdly unlimited natural resources—and luck. Some day I shall write a book of 450 pages enumerating one hundred specific reasons why the United States Steel Corporation should have gone to smash.

But your little drugstore owner reads the stuff. The truth is he reads it as fiction; it is our modern form of servant-girl fiction, marred, from the moral point of view, by the pretence at being something else. The "Foundations of Success" has its counterpart in the uplift pages of five thousand newspapers and magazines, crammed with shoddy guidance and inspiration. The men who write it do not believe, the men who print it do not believe, and the people who read it do not believe. Since nobody believes, the thing ought logically to do no harm, but sometimes I fear for

the moral fibre of a nation that can go on lapping up spiritual Peruna and Malt Elixirs in the inspirational columns. In the end it must immunize the system against the natural hygiene of reality and common sense.

Easy to Criticize

It is easy to sit in the sunshine
And talk to the man in the
share;
It is easy to float in a well-
trimmed boat,
And point out the places to
wade.
But once we pass into the
shadows,
We murmur and fret and
frown,
And our length from the bank,
we shout for a plank,
Or throw up our hands and go
down.

It is easy to sit in a carriage
And counsel the man on foot;
But get down and walk and you'll
change your talk,
As you feel the peg in your boot.

It is easy to tell the toiler
How best he can carry his
pack;
But not one can rate a burden's
weight
Until it has been on his back.

The upcurled mouth of pleasure
Can preach of sorrow's worth;
But give it a sip, and a wryer lip
Was never made on earth.
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The old gentleman's wife was getting into a carriage, and he neglected to assist her. "You are not so gallant, John, as when I was a gal," she exclaimed in gentle rebuke. "No," was his ready response, "and you are not so buoyant as when I was a boy!"
—Tit-Bits.

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JACOB OBRIST,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this
31st day of March, 1915.

Sig.: SIMON SULTAN,

Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1917.)

MAY DAY, GAY DAY, AND A GLAD
YOUNG EARTH IN BLOOM

May Day, from the earliest
times, has been a day of happi-
ness and rejoicing. Many years
ago, in the towns and villages the
young folks would creep stealthily
from house to house hanging
baskets of fresh wild spring flow-
ers upon the door-knobs of their
friends' houses. It was a day of
youth, a day of happiness and
rejoicing.

Could we Socialists have found
a more fitting day? Is our ideal
not the incarnation of the spirit
of happiness and rejoicing, of
love and brotherhood?

The Socialist movement of the
world has set aside this day as
the day of the year when every
class-conscious worker of the
world shall stand up valiently
and shall proclaim to the world
his solidarity. It is the day upon
which the working class of the
world shall demonstrate to the
capitalists of the nations that
there is a movement that stands
above nationalities, above distinc-
tions of race and color, a move-
ment truly international. On
this day we shall demand for the
workers of the world better con-
ditions, shorter hours of labor,
more time and opportunity to en-
joy life and its happiness.

When the first May Day of
the International Socialist Move-
ment was proclaimed it was re-
ceived with such unbounded en-
thusiasm, it was hailed with such
rejoicing that the monarchs of
Europe trembled. In Germany
armed guards were placed in
every city and town, for the mas-
ters feared that the day of reckon-
ing had come. Thousands of
mills and factories stood still, all

hands had laid down their tools,
to show to the world the power
of labor.

Later this first spontaneous en-
thusiasm disappeared. The first
outburst of rejoicing in its own
power died down. A period of
calm set in. But it was not a crim-
inal of stagnation. Years of slow
work at the education and organ-
ization of the masses took the
place of this first outburst. For
the workers well know that the
future must be won, can only be
won by a working class that un-
derstands its own significance, by
a working class that will act
thoughtfully, that will not make
serious mistakes.

To some of us it may seem hard
this year to celebrate the first of
May. We cannot forget that
over, across the ocean, our com-
rades are lined up against each
other, are taking each other's
lives. It is hard, it is bitter!

But let us not despond. For
after all, it but proves that what
we have just said is true. Not
enthusiasm alone can assure the
future of our movement. Only
long, long years of education can
eradicate the spirit of nationalism
that is so a part of the mental
make-up of the average man that
it must break out in times of
great patriotic fervor.

Let this first of May be in truth
the day of the young people. In
them lies the power to make im-
possible what has happened in
Europe. If they combat day after
day the spirit of patriotism, the
spirit of militarism that is our
greatest enemy, if they dedicate

(Continued on Page 10.)

OUR PRESS—WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

By William F. Kruse

This is going to be a plain, un-
varnished treatment of a very im-
portant subject. There is no sug-
ar-coating on any of its make-up, but
its earnest consideration may have an
important bearing on the develop-
ment of the young movement. It be-
hooves every member of the Y. P. S. L.
to read it carefully, to think it
over, and then to get busy on con-
structive work as herein outlined.

The Young Socialist movement has
developed to a point where an ade-
quate press becomes an absolute ne-
cessity. In New York and in the
nearby cities a number of Leagues
have sprung up; this condition is
duplicated in many other sections of
the country. Each of them is strug-
gling along in its own little way,
fighting the same problems and mak-
ing the same mistakes. It is high
time that they learn to profit by one
another's experiences, that they
banded together for united action.

The function of a paper can best
be stated, it seems to me, on three
principle grounds. It exists, first, as
a means for communication between
various bodies; second, as a method
of spreading Socialist education;
third, as a vehicle for the self-expres-
sion of the young movement.

As has been indicated, there is
grave need for an opportunity to ex-
change ideas. In every League there
is something that is done exception-
ally well; one may understand how
to run popular, unique entertain-
ments, another, perhaps, has evolved
a very good plan for keeping mem-
bers in good standing; a third may
be very successful in conducting a
study class, and so on; these are
things that all should know about.
On the other hand, any League is
liable, at some time or another in its
existence, to make some serious mis-
take or blunder—unpleasant to ad-
mit though it may be—such experi-
ences and the lessons to be drawn
therefrom should become common
property so that all others may es-
cape a similar pitfall. As a means of
communication and for the exchange
of ideas, the existence of a Y. P. S. L.
organ is indispensable.

The main purpose of the Y. P. S. L.
is to disseminate Socialist education.
This has become a trite expression—
ever so much easier to say than to
carry out—that many Leagues fail
utterly in this respect. A perodical

like this magazine can greatly aid in
the solution of the vexing problem.
Then, too, the young movement is al-
ready developing its own leaders and
educators from among its own ranks;
from first hand experience these
have come to understand the needs
and desires of the young people; what
is needed now to make this work ef-
fective is a vehicle of expression.

To succeed in this mission, a young
Socialist magazine must reflect the
spirit of the Y. P. S. L. membership.
The old folks must realize, whether
they like to or not, that the young
Socialists have wishes and desires and
tastes of their own. They will not
accept a thing just because it has
been ready-made for them by their
well-meaning elders. Although en-
titled to all the respect and veneration
that we can possibly give them,
our older comrades must come to see
that an effective movement of the
young must be conducted by the
young; they must come to realize that
an adequate young-folk's organ must
express young ideas and ideals; it
must embody within itself the spirit
of youth.

In this respect all of the existing
publications have fallen far short of
the mark. The tiny space devoted to
the Young People's Department in
the Party organ, "The American So-
cialist," is miserably inadequate, and
almost totally useless. There have
also been many complaints, mostly
justifiable ones, against the "Young
Socialist" on that score.

The objections against this mag-
azine can be summed up under two
main headings; first, that it does not
reach enough people and is therefore
inadequate; second, as has been said
before, it is not "young" enough, it
does not properly express the view-
point of the young movement and is
therefore, in the opinion of the com-
plainants, unworthy of support. At
the conference recently held in the
Rand School, and which was attend-
ed by delegates and visitors from four-
teen young people's organizations, a
plan was adopted that will take care
of both of these difficulties. The
management of the paper has con-
sented to try the plan out, so its suc-
cess or failure will rest solely upon
the young Socialists themselves.

To take care of the first difficulty,
a committee of contributing editors
has been elected. Their names and

addresses can be found in another
part of this issue. Each of them is a
regular member of some young peo-
ple's league. Various departments
have been created, all of them dealing
with subjects of special interest to
young Socialists, and each having
one of the committee of editors in
charge. Among the newly-created
departments are: The Little Folks'
Corner, Debating, Sports, Informa-
tion, Comic Notes, and Drama sec-
tions. Hereafter, practically every-
thing in the magazine will be con-
tributed by the young Socialists them-
selves—if the paper does not then
embody the spirit of youth, it never
will.

So far as the second objection goes,
that is a matter for which the young
Socialists themselves have always
been solely responsible. If they do
not circulate the magazine, who will
do it for them? It has been said,
unjustly, too, in the past, that be-
cause of its faults, the paper was not
worth circulating; all this is changed
now and, since we can make the mag-
azine anything we will, we must ac-
cept the responsibility of circulating
it. This organ is not meant for the
use of a single city or even of a state
—its influence should extend over the
whole nation—we must not rest until
it has attained this scope.

The success in circulating the
paper rests squarely upon our shoul-
ders. If each does his share the task
will not be a burdensome one. Every
individual member should subscribe
and urge all his friends to do like-
wise. Each Circle should order a
bundle every month, selling or giving
them away to members and to out-
siders. In the minutes of the Press
Conference you will find the sugges-
tion that each Circle elect a Press
Agent and a circulation man. Of the
two, it seems to me that the latter is
of greatest importance—put your live-
liest comrade on this job and see to it
that he fills it properly. Only by the
most enthusiastic co-operation can we
make this magazine what it ought
to be.

The Press Agent should collect
from all the members of his Circle
any matter that might be of use to
the paper—stories, jokes, special ar-
ticles, etc. He should assort this ma-
terial and mail it to the heads of the
respective departments—and this,
too, without losing any time about it.

Material for a coming issue should be sent to the Contributing Editors during the first week of the month preceding the date of the issue. Only by a rigid observance of this rule can you be sure to have your stuff included in the paper.

I hope to have brought these few little lessons home to the readers of this article. In the first place, the future value of this magazine depends solely upon our work. If we want a good paper it is up to us to make it so. Secondly, to achieve the best success, a good-sized circulation is absolutely necessary—again, it is up to us to get it. There are splendid possibilities before us; in the course of time we can change its present form into a fine illustrated magazine that we will all be proud of, printed on good paper, with a colored cover, appearing weekly instead of monthly, with various editions for different localities—there is nothing we cannot do if we make up our minds to do it. The one big thing that will bring about all these wonderful possibilities is WORK—and there is plenty of it to be done. If every member, boy or girl, man or woman—does his and her share, if all will put their shoulders to the wheel in true comradely fashion, we cannot help but make a success of the undertaking. But remember, YOUR help is needed. You can have your press; now, what are you going to do about it?

MAY DAY, GAY DAY

(Continued from Page 8.)

their whole strength to the fostering of the international ideal, if they can instill into the youth of our generation love and brotherhood for all mankind, then we can safely say—"Never again will worker fight against worker, never again will brother hate his brother." The future holds but one great, undying conflict, the struggle between capital and labor.

Peace! Solidarity! Let these be our guiding stars. Peace that is not an armed truce. Solidarity that is more than a mere flimsy sham. Peace and love between the workers of all nations! Solidarity of the workers of the world!

DEBATING DEPARTMENT

Edited by NATHAN BICKS,
518 E. Houston St., N. Y. C.

Up to date only Manhattan has responded to our appeal printed in the April issue.

The New York League is well on its way preparing an intellectual battle with the American Boy Scouts. As to subject, time and place, which will be announced in this column, negotiations are now going on. They are assured of victory in their attack by completely relying on the explosive power of their mental dynamite which they are storing in their knowledge "pots." After bombarding the enemies' trenches, which are fortified by historical lies and supported by false ideals, the Manhattan League will direct their battery against their hostile friends in the suburbs—the Bronx Y. P. S. L.

The Manhattan Y. P. S. L. has had a debating tournament during the winter. The League was divided into an up- and down-town division. Circle No. 6, represented by "Prof." Weissman and "Babe" Spector, vanquished their up-town foes, while Circle No. 8, represented by "Boss" Haiken and "Doe" Toukonagy, made short work of their opponents in lower Manhattan. In a week or two the winning teams will meet to determine the champion circle of the League. A victory for lower Manhattan is expected, though both are confident of success.

A WORTHY SUGGESTION

April 12, 1915.

Editor of Debating Column:
Dear Sir:

Your proposition that the Y. P. S. L. hold inter-league debates has struck a sympathetic chord in me. I think it should be encouraged and pushed and shaped by every member with all the energy he can spare; and more, into complete working order. Even though this idea deserves praise, and its accomplishment more praise, you'll find the hot summer months a great obstacle in attaining the aim you strive for. I need not elaborate on the inactivity resultant of the hot summer weather, for you are all, more or less, acquainted from personal experience. Who'll be so brave, and stout-hearted enough to sit in a hot stuffy room and be bored of listening for (to say the least) two straight long hours? Can they resist the call of the wild? Can they resist

the siren songs of the woods, the laughing brook, the sighing trees, coupled with romance? Should I answer for the meek and silent ones? Why write literature on so ancient an experience?

I would suggest, instead of holding inter-league debating contests, that for the summer season the readers of the "Socialist Magazine" begin a controversial debate in the form of correspondence. The topic should be of a modern social import, which the editor of this column should decide. And with all due respect to the editor and his opinions, I deem it proper and in accordance with editorial ethics that he give thoughtful consideration to my humble suggestion.

Samuel Hoffman,
215 Sumner Ave., Brooklyn.

Note—Your suggestion will be brought to the attention of the Y. P. S. L. conference on May 16.

Mail all news of debating contests to

Nathan Bicks,
518 E. Houston St.

Y. P. S. L., Pittsburgh.

The Young Peoples' Socialist League of Pittsburgh has gained its first victory since its existence of one year. Represented by Henry Gykes and Israel Mazer, we defeated the McKeesport League decisively in a debate on the question, "Resolved, that state Socialism would be harmful to the realization of Socialism." This event taking place on Pittsburgh Y. P. S. L.'s territory, the Y. P. S. L. engagement on their territory, which is expected to occur in the near future. Let it be here understood that we are open for debate with any organization, Socialist Party branches included.

ELIZABETH

The long-felt need of a young people's organization in Elizabeth is manifested by the fact that since our coming into existence last October, we have acquired a membership of over 80 enthusiastic boys and girls; practically all of whom are in good standing.

Our meetings every Tuesday are well attended, and so far have proved to be very interesting.

The members and their friends will long remember March 12th, when everybody had a good time at the Masquerade Ball arranged by this circle. This affair was exceptionally well attended and proved to be a grand success, both financially and socially.

Arrangements for another entertainment in the near future are under way.

E. A. Semner,
Corresponding Secretary.

OUR STUDY CLASS

Edited by ALGERNON LEE, Educational Director of the Rand School of Social Science

"How do you reconcile the statements made in the lessons with the account of Creation given in the Bible?"

We do not try to reconcile them. Five hundred years ago it was generally supposed that the earth was flat, like a table, and that the sun moved in a circle above and below it, causing day and night. When the first scientific astronomers discovered that the earth is a sphere, moving in a great circle around the sun in the course of the year and whirling on its own axis daily, they were denounced and persecuted as heretics and blasphemers. In the course of time, however, the theologians had to give way and admit that the scientists were right. A century or so ago the study of geology showed that the earth is much older than the six thousand years that is allowed for by biblical chronology. Again the scientists were fiercely attacked for contradicting the teachings of Holy Scripture; fortunately, by that time the church had lost much of its power. In the more advanced countries it could no longer cause men to be put to death for their opinions, and had to content itself with threatening them with eternal torture in the next world. This time also, the theologians were in time forced to admit their error, and only uneducated people now doubt the lessons of geology. Fifty years ago nearly all preachers of all denominations warned their flocks against the wicked doctrines of Darwin and Huxley. Nowadays most of them either avoid the question or accept the scientific theories concerning the evolution of species. If you can spare the time, it will be worth your while to read either Andrew D. White's "Warfare of Science With Theology" or John Draper's "Conflict Between Religion and Science" or, at least, J. B. Bury's little "History of Freedom of Thought."

"I have heard it objected that Socialism will put an end to the progress of the human race by putting a stop to the struggle for existence. How are we to meet this argument?"

The anti-Socialist argument to which you refer has probably been best stated by Benjamin Kidd in his book entitled "Social Evolution"—a brilliant and suggestive, though rather superficial work, which is worth reading, but should be read critically—as,

indeed, should all books that are read at all. Kidd practically gives away his own case by admitting that the progress of the human race from savagery to civilization is only in very small measure due to natural selection—that it is a social evolution, rather than an organic evolution of the human species. The organic difference between savages and civilized men of the same race is very slight indeed. The enormous difference between savage and civilized society is a matter of accumulated knowledge, habits, customs, ideals, and institutions, which are not physically inherited, and whose development therefore does not depend on a struggle for existence among individuals. We need not deny that to some extent natural selection does go on among men, and even among civilized men, and that it has its effect, though comparatively slight, in gradually modifying the human species. Whether its effects are such as we desire, depends on the exact nature of the conditions under which it takes place.

To-day a very large proportion of the persons born each year die before they reach maturity and produce offspring. If we were sure that those who die young are always or usually the ones with the weakest bodies and the poorest brains, we might say that, cruel as it seems, this weeding out is a good thing for the race. But we have no ground to say that this is the case. To a very great extent, the survival of any particular person through infancy and youth depends, not on his or her physical constitution, but on the economic circumstances of the family. Many a puny weakling grows up and has children, because his parents were able to take good care of him; many a congenitally strong and promising child dies from the effects of poverty—underfeeding, unsanitary housing, and neglect. Establish conditions of economic equality, and we should have a much smaller proportion of early deaths, and those who failed to survive would be just the physically weak or abnormal. Consider also what Darwin called "sexual selection." Some of those who reach maturity fail to find mates, and therefore leave no offspring; the effect on the race is the same as if they had died in infancy. To-day poverty determines many men and women from mar-

rying—or from having children, if they do to marry—quite regardless whether they are strong or weak, stupid or intelligent, noble or base by nature. Indeed, if there is any difference, it is likely that the inferior individuals are more likely to propagate, just because they feel less responsibility about bringing children into the world. Establish economic equality, and we may safely count that men and women would select their mates for desirable personal qualities, and that it would be only the weak, the abnormal, the stupid, the brutal, who would fail to leave copies of themselves to the next generation. We should not make too much of this argument, because, as has been said, organic evolution, through the selective process counts far less among men than among the lower animals; but so far as the argument has any weight at all, it is in favor of Socialism, not against it.

"Were the old gilds the same as our trade unions; if not, what was the difference?"

There is a material difference. In the Middle Ages the industrial worker (as distinguished from the agricultural worker) was usually not a life-long wage-worker. Every apprentice expected to become a journeyman, and every journeyman expected to become a master workman, with a shop of his own. There was no great class of permanent wage-worker, and no distinct class of rich employers. The relation between journeyman and masters was rather like the relation between freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors in a high school or college. As a rule, both the masters and the journeymen of a trade belonged to the same gild. The purpose of the gild was to promote the general interest of the trade, not to protect journeymen against masters or masters against journeymen. The gild rules dealt with wages, hours, materials, workmanship, selling prices of products, relief of gild brothers in sickness or misfortune, care of deceased brothers' orphans, and so forth. Each gild also tried to prevent undue competition in its trade, and tried to prevent anyone from practicing that trade without having first served his apprenticeship and been regularly admitted. The gilds were recognized by law and vested with legal authority to regu-

late trade conditions, subject to general laws made by the city or by the national government, and in many cases the city council was composed at least partly of delegates elected by the various guilds. Of course there were some cases where large workshops grew up in particular industries, and here the guild tended to split into two bodies, roughly corresponding to the trade unions and employers' associations, as we now know them. On the whole, however, the guilds died out or were suppressed in England and some parts of the Continent, and lost much of their importance elsewhere, before the rise of the modern factory system, so that our trade unions are practically a new growth of the last century or so.

To All Students:—You cannot be too strongly urged to use the dictionary. It is fairly sure that most of you will find in the lessons many words whose meaning is not quite clear to you. To pass these over is to lose the whole sense of the passages where they occur. Make this a rule, not only in studying these lessons, but in all your reading, to look up every word that you are not sure you understand.

Parents and children are invited to inspect the methods of the **Ferrer Modern Sunday School-Yorkville**, a school conducted on strictly Socialist principles. Look what we offer you:

Object Lessons (Anschauungsunterricht) rendered by four Socialist teachers. All objects concerning the life and struggle of the working class.

Singing of English and German songs with Socialist tendency.

Esperanto. Violin School. Stenography.

Kindergarten (Sundays only).

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

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

Registration, Sundays, between 9 A. M. and 1 P. M.—Saturdays, from 2 to 4 P. M., at Sack's Union Hall, 1591 Second Ave., between 82nd & 83rd Sts. (Advt.)

HOW OFT THE TRUTH IN JEST BE TOLD

Edited by JACK WEISS, 1748 Washington Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

Well, boys—and girls—you didn't "come across" this time. So far I haven't received much of the expected funny stuff for this column. But, I am not altogether discouraged, for I received a somewhat serious letter from a comrade congratulating the new "board." Well, that's a good beginning for humorous contributions, although Johnny Hughes' who is author of this letter may be slow to realize it. "He's Welsh, you know."

Anyhow, we're at it again to the astonishment of Comrade Lore who thought we could only fill one issue.

Socialists to Begin Campaign on May First.—Headline. We did not know that they had let up any.

"I did not want the war."—Kaiser William.

We are proud to print an original joke by the eminent personality, the great War Lord.

The new editorial board of The Call still persists in running a Keep Well column.

Quite self-conscious The Call is. They deem a Keep Well column of importance in a way of furnishing quick aid for those who have become ill perusing the balance of the reading matter.

Of course this only applies chiefly to the articles on Peace.

And while we've touched on the question of peace, isn't it significant that the comrades are already **scraping** about the best methods of obtaining peace?

OUR SOCIETY NEWS

Billy Piker is visiting his mother until times pick up.

It is rumored that a large delegation will go from New York to our State convention at Rochester, on July 4th. One of the strong reasons given is that New Yorkers will celebrate a "noiseless" sane Fourth.

STAKE HOSS JAKE'S FILOSOFY

Yer kin bet dollars ten doughnuts that the hammer in the hand of the carpenter will hit the nail on the head a great deal more frequently than it would after the knocker got hold of it.

JOLLY JINGLES

(The action of Samuel Gompers in requesting Congress to pay the bill in the case of the Danbury Hatters prompted this jingle. We remember that Sam worked for the election of the present Democratic Congress.)
Old Sammy Gompers
Went to the donk—ass
To get redress it said,
For the A. F. of L.,
But he got it like h—ll,
Donk gave him a lemon instead.

THE WISE GUYS

Tom, Dick, and Harry,
Wise are the lot,
Sawdust they carry
For brains in their nut.
They read the Journal,
And Mut and Jeff, too,
And follow the Colonel
Of the African zoo.
Socialism—guess not,
They stand for the boss,
Content with their lot
Like the old dead hoss.

INTERNATIONAL MAY DAY

It's first of May,
Let's all be gay!
Forget in all our sorrow,
The boss makes way
For you to-day,
But—back to work to-morrow.

Boy Catches 22-lb. Fish.—"Call" headline.

Has "The Call" been deluded in believing this fish story?

Brutus—How many doughnuts did you eat to-day?
Caesar—Et tu, Brutel!

A True Bourbon

In the unregenerate past, when our fair land lay in drunken stupor under the heel of the Demon Rum, a teacher of chemistry in one of the Southern colleges was quizzing his class on the subject of the preceding lecture, which was "Water," and happened to call upon a student from Kentucky, one Johnson.

"Johnson," he said, "name the principal properties of water."
"Well, sir," said Johnson, briskly and confidently, "it's poisonous."

ALL ABOUT SPORT

Edited by EUGENE J. BROCK, 38 Hill St., Newark, N. J.

Springtime is here! How do we know? That's easy, all signs point that way.

Hundreds of thousands of fans are hurrying ball-groundward, they are working hard to get their lungs in shape for the season's rooting, they did get sort of rusty over the long winter idleness; but then, it doesn't take much practice to enable a real dyed-in-the-wool fan to holler "Kill the Umpire." His nibs comes out and dusts off the plate with his cap and then gets busy. "P-l-a-y B-a-l-l!" That sounds good. "Batter-r-r Up!" And another season is off.

But that isn't the only sign we have. All along the Hudson, the Raritan, the Hacky as well as the old Bay and the Kill-van-Kill, there is feverish activity just now, scraping and scratching, painting and swearing while getting their old tubs overboard. Go down there any Sunday now, and almost every minute you can hear the craft sliding down the ways and into the water with a great big splash. Summertime is on the way, and you can bet that the "Captains and Mates" of the sloops and canoes and motor boats that make the rivers so lively are not slow in finding that out.

On the tennis court, too, there is a great deal of raking and rolling now in progress. Our overcoats have gone visiting mine uncle long ago, and all good sports are digging out their sneaks and ducks, their middies and bloomers for the regular rattling good time in the great out-of-doors. Get busy and come in on it. Plenty of room for all—all aboard!

A Word of Advice to Team Captains

After you have picked your men the next thing is to get them in shape. Many a team makes a poor showing because of the poor condition of its players. It stands to reason that, after a winter's rest, the muscles are weak and flabby and quick to tire.

To overcome this and to avoid lameness and stiffness in arms, back or legs it is best that the team devote a few nights or Sunday mornings, an hour or two, on the road, followed by a shower-bath and a rub-down. In nearly all the parks there are running tracks and shower baths, so no financial-outlay is necessary if

team captains will follow this course with their teams. They will be repaid by a snappy, aggressive baseball line.

Sam Weiss,
Captain Newark Team.

New York's on the Job, Too

Much enthusiasm has been created about the baseball team in Circle No. 1 of Manhattan, 201 East Broadway. The team has been out already for several days practicing diligently for the coming season.

The manager of the team, Simon Herman, has expressed his confidence that after May 1st the team will be in shape to play any team in the League.

Has your circle a baseball team? If not, why not? Get busy, comrades, and organize your baseball teams.

Yours truly,

Benjamin Dichter, Captain.
Simon Herman, Manager.

This goes to prove that our Department has "connected" and has made good. But remember, it's only a start. Baseball teams are being started all through this vicinity—Elizabeth, Newark, Paterson, the Bronx—are all busy whipping their teams into shape. The next step is to form a league of teams and to arrange games between the various circles. Get busy, there's lots of work to do.

Of course, it is still pretty early in the season, but don't forget, we want NEWS here, that's the stuff we feed on. When you play a good game, send us the score; if you make any big arrangements in our field, let us know about it and don't lose any time.

Send all contributions to

Eugene J. Brock,

38 Hill St., Newark, N. J.

And send them quick.

The Elizabeth Circle's newly-formed baseball team, under the management of Rudolph Stanzel, is already on the job and has had several practice games. A scrub team has been organized and a series of interesting games are going to be played. The team is awaiting challenges from teams of neighboring circles.

Rudolph Stanzel, Manager.

Newark Circle 1 Feels Proud

The Y. P. S. L. Circle No. 1 has reason to feel proud of the achievements of its members. In the last annual bowling tournament that took place in the Labor Lyceum the League's bowling team, consisting of Comrades Ralph Miele, Big Jack Saum and Harry Duckworth, captured first prize from seven other teams, consisting of experienced bowlers. The team is ready to play at any time. Challenges should be sent to Ralph Miele, Capt. of the Y. P. S. L. Bowling Team, Labor Lyceum, 14th St. and Springfield Ave., Newark, N. J.

PATERSON CIRCLE

The Athletic Committee of the Paterson Circle is getting busy and have started things a-going.

The first thing they did was to organize a baseball team. There are only a few of last year's players on it. They have good playing material and hope to make a good showing this season. Comrade Stattenstein is captain and Comrade Stattenstein is manager.

The next thing they did was to elect a track team captain for the boys and one for the girls. Comrade Isidor Harrison will take charge of the boys and Comrade Fredareka Bavalaar will take charge of the girls. They have under consideration a hike and field day, to take place some time in May, in the beautiful little town of Haledon, where the Socialists have their own mayor, the place where the last state picnic was held.

They also have under consideration a tennis team and a swimming squad.

The First Y. P. S. L. in Maine

It will, perhaps, be of interest to you to know that we have formed a Y. P. S. L. way up in Maine. Saturday evening, March 27th, an organization was formed in Bar Harbor of nine members.

The State Secretary of the party informs me that this is the only organization existing in the state.

The work of organization comes from inspiration which I received from attending one of the meetings of the Comrade Club of Jersey City Heights when a member of the full-time class at the Rand School.

I also feel indebted to Comrade Wm. F. Kruse whom I met in New York City a few days ago.

If possible, would you kindly mention in your next issue that the Y. P. S. L. has been started in Maine? Thanking you and wishing all success to the Young Socialists' Magazine, I am, yours in the revolution,

Howe D. Higgins.

MASK AND SONG

Edited by HERBERT MORAL,
80 Elliott Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

By the time this number is in the hands of the League members Spring will be here in earnest and picnic time will have begun. There is no joy like that of stepping off the hard asphalt of the city street onto the cool, springy turf of the countryside. Spring and fall are the best seasons for holding picnics. How many of the Leagues are arranging their first spring picnic?

A picnic is not a mere jaunt into the woods but an informal social affair, and like all such must be carefully and tactfully planned. It is true that the more informal an affair is the harder is its arrangement. To help the Leagues give the best picnic they have ever given this department issues its first "Service Bulletin." It is: "How to Hold a Happy Picnic." It will be sent free to any League applying for it. The Manhattan and other city Leagues need a bulletin of this kind and now is their chance to get it.

An upstate member wishes to know the names of some musical "pieces" that are suitable for entertainment. The following have met with applause in many Leagues:

Instrumental: "Poet and Peasant" Overture, "Lustspiel" Overture, Fantasie from "Il Trovatore," "Kerry Dance"—Molloy.

Vocal: "Love Song" from "Lohengrin."

Space forbids adding more of the hundreds to the list. The above list is taken from the Service Bulletin No. 2 called "How to Give a Happy Musical Evening." This may be had by applying to the director of this department.

A satirical play, "Open Under New Management," is published in the current number of the "Western Comrade," 924 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal. The play is very amusing and with a little ingenuity some of the characters may be dropped and the sketch given with a small cast.

All entertainment committees are requested to send their local names and addresses to the director of this department that they may receive the full benefit of the many Service Bulletins which it purposes to circulate.

THE ROCHESTER Y. P. S. L.

The Rochester League suffered a great loss last month in that Comrade Shedd left the Flower City to assume duties at Milwaukee for a time. We surely miss him very much, indeed. Miss his valuable work, his smile, his song, his splendid spirit; in fact, we miss our "Sheddie."

However, we are trying hard not to let his absence effect our efforts for the progress and success of our League. We are going to continue the good work which Comrade Shedd started in the Sunday School of Rochester, as well as in the League, that we may prove to him the value of his splendid work, in the fact that it will be carried on further by his earnest comrade students.

Now as to our League "doings." Last month we had two splendid educational lectures; one by Dr. Goler, a city health officer, who spoke on "Fakes in Foods, Drugs, and Medicines," and Dr. Bernis, a leading doctor of the city who gave a most interesting talk on "Social Diseases." Discussion followed after each of these lectures and many questions were asked and thoroughly answered.

Our "Socialist Quiz" proved to be another very good program. One of our older comrades who is much interested in the League, gave us this idea and helped us write up a list of fifty Socialist questions. Two leaders were chosen and each picked a side of equal number. Then the questions were asked by our older comrade, each side being given a chance, and that leader or side whose representative gave the best, most clearly stated, and correct answer, received a mark of credit. These credit marks were finally tallied up to ascertain which side had won. The idea being to arouse a spirit of competition between sides, at the same time giving due honor to those individuals who had scored marks for their side.

Below we give a few of the questions on our list that you may have a better understanding. If your League has not yet had such a Quiz, why not try it? You will find it interesting and most educational. Some questions:—"What is Socialism?" "What is meant by the Class Struggle?" "Explain Economic Determinism." "How do Socialism and Anarchism differ?" "Why does one commodity cost twice as much as another?" "What is the difference between use-value and exchange-value?" "How many Socialists are there in the world?" "Name three demands in the National Socialist Platform." "How

old is the Socialist Party?" "What is Capitalism?" "What country first developed capitalism?" "What do Socialists claim is the cause of war?"

Last week we had a Grand League Rally and general good time, the program consisting of musical selections by our new orchestra, recitations, a good speaker, and dancing. We have a rally every season and find it most successful in renewing enthusiasm and spirit, re-uniting as it were, and bringing back those members who have in a sense taken a back seat.

At present we are making arrangements for a debate with the Schenectady Y. P. S. L., to be held May 29th. This will be the third of a series which we have had with that League. A very handsome trophy was set up by Schenectady to be presented to that League winning three successive debates. Rochester has won the first two, and if we make the third in May, the trophy is ours. In the next issue of the Y. S. M. we shall make a full report on results.

Our committees are already working in preparation for the State Federation Convention, and we shall extend every effort toward making same most successful in every way, and a record breaker. We are all looking forward with pleasure to those July Convention days.

Bertha Vossler,
Assistant Manager.

Queens Is Progressing

Queens League is steadily progressing. New members are being proposed at each meeting. At present we have a membership of thirty-nine.

The Educational Committee has just finished lecturing on the first principles of Socialism, and is now preparing for the second series. In the meantime the members of the League are reading and studying, reasons for and against Woman Suffrage. A debate will be held on this subject, girls or boys, on April 25th. Outside of educational work the League has not done very much, with the exception that the Dramatic Club is rehearsing a play which they will stage shortly.

All young people interested in our welfare are asked to attend our meetings on Sunday afternoons, 3 o'clock, at 1647 Hancock Street. First Sunday of each month business meeting. Other Sundays lectures, discussion and entertainment. Dancing follows all meetings.

Pferd und Esel.

Als Vortrag für zwei Knaben bearbeitet von Josef Jülich.

Pferd:

Wer hat uns wohl geschaffen?
Weisst Du's nicht?

Esel:

O ja, dem Menschen danken wir das Leben.

Pferd:

Warum? Ich seh's nicht ein. Musst mir Erklärung geben.

Esel:

Das will ich gern; gib acht, die Sach' ist so:
Dem Menschen dienen wir; von seiner Hand

Wirst vor den Wagen Du gespannt;
Er lässt, ohne viel zu fragen,
Die Tiere sich zu seinem Nutzen plagen;

Hetzt Dich und Deinesgleichen von Berlin,
Ob auch der Atem Dir entflieht,
nach Wien;

Und wenn mit seinesgleichen er entzeit,
Wenn sich entspann der blut'ge Völkerstreit,

Dann treibt er in den Kampf Euch edle Rosse,
Ein Ziel der mordenden Geschosse.
So schaltet er und waltet mit uns allen

Nach seinem Sinn und Wohlgefallen.

Und sind wir alt und schwach und lahm, o weh uns Armen,
Er treibt uns von sich ohn' Erbarmen.

Nun, wer das alles darf, der, leuchtet Dir's nicht ein?
Muss doch entschieden unser Schöpfer sein.

Pferd:

O grauer Sklave, glaube mir,
Es ist der Mensch nicht mehr als wir.

Nur wusst' er unser Väter Sinn zu schmeicheln
Mit bied'ern Wort und sanftem Streicheln.

Mit süßem Hafer, wenn das Futter sich entbehren,
Bis sie als Freund und Helfer ihn verehren;

Dann kamen Zaum und Peitsche an die Reih',
Und als es mit der Freiheit erst vorbei,

Verloren sie die letzten ihrer Rechte,
Entarteten und wurden Knechte.

Dies sind wir noch, und ob wir mit den Waffen,
Die die Natur uns gab, uns könnten Recht verschaffen;

Da wir im Grunde stärker sind als er;
Wir wagen's nicht, wir können es nicht mehr.

Und unterfing es einer sich,
Des Menschen Rache träf' ihn fürchterlich.

Nur, wenn wir alle uns gemeinsam wehren,
Kann uns die Kraft, die alte, wiederkehren.

Esel:

O Du Verblendeter, wag' es nicht.
Gerechte Strafe, fürchtest Du sie nicht?

Und dass der Mensch Dir Obdach gibt und Essen,
Du Undankbarer, hast Du's ganz vergessen?

Pferd:

Geh', Du bist nährisch, bist nicht klug;
Das Futter in der Tat ist karg genug.

Und nimmer könnt er uns noch sich ernähren.
Wenn unsre Knochen und unser Fleisch nicht wären.

Ich kann Dich Sklavenseele nicht verstehen,
Wie kannst Du nur in ihm das höchste sehen.

Der sich des Daseins freut durch uns allein?
In ihm den Schöpfer unsrer Pein?

Esel:

Hör' auf, Du Lüsterer; denn Du bist ja, wie ich sehe, der reinste Socialist.

Pferd:

Und Du, ich sag's in aller Seelenruh',
Ein richtiger Esel, der bist Du.

Die Feldmäuse und die Hamster.

Eine Fabel

Feldmäuse und Hamster sind beides Nagetiere, die ursprünglich von denselben Eltern abstammen. So lehrt die Wissenschaft von der Entstehung der Arten. Ursprünglich mag es nur Feldmäuse gegeben haben; die sich recht und schlecht von den Früchten des Feldes nährten.

Waren sie satt, und es lag doch noch Nahrung da, so riefen sie andere Mäuse herbei, dass diese sich auch sättigen sollten. Dieses Tun, das uns vielleicht recht edel dünkt, war aber nur Liederlichkeit. So sagte nämlich eine Klasse von Mäusen, die sich seit langer Zeit immer mehr abzusondern begannen. Diese besondere Klasse verheimlichte nicht nur die oft recht anscheinlichen Reste den noch Hungernden; nein, sie stapelten sogar diese Reste von Tag zu Tag mehr in ihren Wohnungen auf und liefen überdies den ganzen Tag umher, um immer mehr zu suchen. An das Sammeln gewöhnten sie sich so sehr, dass sich ordentlich Backentaschen an ihrem Kopfe bildeten, in denen sie die Körnerfrüchte in ihr Lager schleppten. Da sie nun immer, auch in sonst schlechten Tagen, reichlich Nahrung hatten, so wurden sie gross und stark, unterschieden sich sehr von ihren bescheidenen Mäusegeschwistern, und da sie auch stolz wurden, so nahmen sie einen besonderen Namen an und nannten sich Hamster. Ihre Nahrungsvorräte aber, die doch auf dem Felde für alle gewachsen waren, nannten sie Eigentum und sie sagten den hungernden Mäusen, dass dieses heilig sei. Vergriff sich aber doch einmal ein Mäuslein an dem Eigentum, aus Not oder weil es in seiner Einfalt glaubte, dass Gott die Früchte für alle geschaffen habe, so würde es schwer bestrafen.

Es entstand aber im Laufe der Jahre ein Mäusegeschlecht, das murrte gegen die immer frecher werdenden Hamster. Und so sehr die starken Hamster auch die Haupttrotzer unter den Mäusen bedrückten, straften und gar verfolgten, die Zahl der Unzufriedenen wurde immer grösser. Da

sagten sich die Klugen unter den Hamstern, dass die Hamsterherrlichkeit bald ein Ende haben müsste, wenn die Mäuse einmal einig seien. Die Mäuse waren nämlich viel zahlreicher, es gab deren wohl hundertmal mehr, als es Hamster gab. Und so wurden denn alle Mittel versucht, die Mäuse zu befriedigen ohne sie satt zu machen — aber keines half.

Da sollte eines Tages ganz unvermutet den Hamstern die Rettung kommen. Am Rande ihres Feldes war ein Wassergraben und jenseits desselben lag ein Feld, das auch manche Frucht trug, aber auch von Hamstern und Mäusen bevölkert war. Diese fremden Hamster nun sprangen oft über den Graben und holten sich manche Frucht, aber auch unsere Hamster taten das gleiche. Ganz früher hatte man das Raub genannt, dann hatte man Gesetze und Anschauungen so eingerichtet, dass es erlaubt war. Dennoch sahen die Hamster der zwei Felder nur mit Neid aufeinander, während die Mäuse sich auf beiden Seiten ihr Leid klagten. Da gewährten die Hamster mit Schrecken, dass durch dies gemeinsame Leid eine Freundschaft entstehen musste, die als erster die Hamsterherrlichkeit bedroht haben würde. Nun sahen sie ein, jetzt heisst es handeln.

In beiden Landen riefen sie also die Mäuse zu je einer grossen Versammlung. Hier stieg ein alter Hamster, er galt als sehr schlau, auf einen Stein und sprach: Seht, Ihr Mäuse, wenn Ihr Hunger leidet, so liegt die Schuld an den Hamstern jenseits des Baches. Wenn wir auch drüben Nahrung holen dürften, wären wir reich und Ihr alle könntet euch sättigen; so aber holen sie noch Nahrung bei uns für ihr Feld. Er hatte in der Art noch

eine lange Rede beabsichtigt, weil er gut wusste, dass ja die Hamster auf beiden Seiten und nicht das Volk jenseits des Baches an der Not der Mäuse schuld waren. Er wollte daher gar manches von seiten der Hamster für die Zukunft versprechen. (Ueber das Halten hatte er schon seine eigenen Gedanken. Aber es unterbrach ihn ein so lauter und zustimmender Beifall der Mäuse, dass er schnell seine Rede beendete. Er rief also nur noch auf zum Kampf gegen die Räuber und Verbrecher jenseits des Baches und bekräftigte dies mit den Worten: „Ich kenne keinen Unterschied mehr zwischen Mäusen und Hamstern, ich kenne nur noch Nagetiere.“ Die Mäuse aber vergassen allen Groll gegen die Hamster.

Die Mäuse aber waren wie umgewandelt. Die Freunde jenseits des Baches wurden bittere Feinde, die ohne jede Kultur waren. Diejenigen aber, die bisher am heftigsten auf die Hamster gescholten hatten, fielen denselben jetzt täglich zehnmal aus Liebe um den Hals. Aber auch die Hamster vergassen etwas von ihrem Eigennutz. Sie öffneten ein wenig ihre Speicher und gaben den Mäusen heraus, wenn diese in den Kampf zogen. Das war auch so in der Ordnung, denn wenn die Mäuse ihr Blut und Leben gaben, dann durfte es den Hamstern nicht auf einen Mund voll Korn ankommen. Da waren aber einige Mäuse, die konnten sich nicht begeistern. So sehr sie sich auch bemühten, immer noch sahen sie den grossen Unterschied zwischen sich und den Hamstern. Diese misstratenen Mäuse aber verachtete jede ehrliche Maus als Verräter — am Mäusegeschlecht.

Als der Krieg siegreich beendet war, hatte das eine der Nage-

tiervölker viel gewonnen. War auch manche Maus, sogar mancher Hamster tot geblieben, um so reicher waren die ererbten Vorräte. Doch als es an das Einholen derselben ging, — Schreck! — da hatten die Mäuse keine Backentaschen zum Schleppen der Frucht. Das war ein so deutliches Zeichen des Himmels, dass man die Nagetiere wieder einteilen musste in Hamster und Mäuse.

Die im freihetlichen Sinne geleiteten

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Die Vereinigung hat auch ein hübsch ausgestattetes Liederbuch im Verlag. Nähere Auskunft erteilt der Sekretär Reinhard Meyer, 301 East 83. Street, New York. (Advt.)

Passaic

The Rand School Correspondence Course that was taken up early in the winter is still keeping them busy. It has proven a very efficient means for holding the Circle together, and they recommend it to any Circle that has trouble along this line.