

THE MAGAZINE YOUNG SOCIALISTS'

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MAN'S RIGHT TO WORK

By Edwin Markham

OUT on the roads they have gathered, a hundred thousand men.
To ask for a hold on life as sure as the wolf's hold in his den.
Their need lies close to the quick of life as the earth lies close to the stone:
It is as meat to the slender rib, as marrow to the bone.
They ask but the leave to labor, to toil in the endless night,
For a little salt to savor their bread, for houses water-tight.
They ask but the right to labor and to live by the strength of their hands—
They who have bodies like knotted oaks, and patience like sea-sands.
And the right of a man to labor and his right to labor in joy—
Not all your laws can strangle that right, nor the gates of Hell destroy.
For it came with the making of man and was kneaded into his bones.
And it will stand at the last of things on the dust of crumbled thrones.

∴ HUNGER! ∴

What a world of tragedy is contained in this word! If we knew that the owner of some horses in this city was starving them; if we knew that they were growing gaunt and hungry-looking; if we knew that they were sick for food, what a storm of protest would arise over the city because of the inhumanity of it.

Yet to-night men are walking the streets of the cities, tramping, tramping, tramping, they know not where, in the endless search for a place to sleep and a bite to eat.

There are hundreds of these men, who are not tramps, who are not vagabonds; a few short weeks ago they were clean and respectable workmen, many of them married, whose homes have been broken up by the hard times of this winter, and who have been forced to send their wives and babies either back home to the old folks on the farm, if they were so fortunate as to have them, or place them in the hands of other relatives or friends, while they take up the search for the "holy grail"—a job.

Many of them are young—splendid workmen, mechanics of all kinds, and yes, even newspaper editors, for we had a visitor the other day in the person of a former editor of a country weekly, who two short years ago was in a position as editor of a weekly newspaper, and is now on the road in search of work.

The line is so thin between those who have and those who have not, that none of us ever know when we, too, will have to hit the long trail, leaving our wives and babies behind us.

But we are doing all in our

power to awaken the working class to the fact that it is all unnecessary.

There is enough and more produced in these United States for every man, woman and child in all this broad land. There is nothing wrong with our production; it is the distribution the trouble lies.

With the working class receiving only about one-fifth of what they produce, we can easily see that there is no chance for them to buy back the product of their own toil, and this surplus keeps piling up, up, up, until the factories, warehouses and stores become filled with the good things of life that they themselves have produced, and they are laid off because they have produced too much goods.

It is not because they have produced too much; it is because they have produced more than they can buy back.

If every man received the full social value of the product of his toil there would never be any deadlock in production, because the working class would receive as much in wages as they produced, and they could then buy back the product of their toil.

The end of the private ownership of the means of life will also mean the end of hunger.

Another version: "Workers of the world, go and fight; you have nothing to lose but your brains."—Melbourne Socialist.

Yes, there is a war in progress in the United States. It is a class war—the workers to get jobs and the masters to get what the jobs produce.

Lincoln and Democracy

When the white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government—that is despotism.

Many free countries have lost their liberty, and ours may lose hers; but if she shall, be it my proudest plume, not that I was the last to desert, but that I never deserted her.

If there is anything which it is the duty of the whole people to never intrust to any hands but their own, that thing is the preservation and perpetuation of their own liberties and institutions.

I am for the people of the whole nation doing just as they please in all matters which concern the whole nation; for those of each part doing just as they choose in all matters which concern no other part; and for each individual doing just as he chooses in all matters which concern nobody else.

Extensive Farming

Lake Chelan in the State of Washington has extremely precipitous cliffs on either side. It is a beautiful country for the tourist, but rather a difficult one for the agriculturist. Not long ago, as one of the small lake steamers was making its usual run, the passengers heard a splash, and soon beheld a man struggling in the water. The steamer turned back and went to the rescue. The man was fished out of the water and laid on the deck. As he opened his eyes and looked around, he exclaimed:

"This is gettin' tiresome; that's the third time to-day I've fell off my ranch!"—Mrs. G. L. M.

STIRRING DAYS FOR LIVING MEN

By Eugene V. Debs

These are stirring days for living men. The day of crises is drawing near, and the Socialists are exerting all their power to prepare the people for it.

The old order of society can survive but little longer. Socialism is next in order. The swelling minority sounds warning of the impending change. Soon that minority will become the majority and then will come the co-operative commonwealth.

Every working man should rally to the standard of his class and hasten the full-orbed day of freedom.

Every sympathizer with labor, every friend of justice, every lover of humanity, should support the Socialist Party as the only party that is organized to abolish industrial slavery, the prolific source of the frightful evils that afflict the people.

Classes and class rule and their

attendant progress and poverty, money and misery, turmoil and strife, are inherent in the capitalist system. Why? Simply, because one set of men owns the tools with which wealth is produced, while another set uses them, and there is an irrepressible conflict over the division of the product.

The capitalist owns the tools he does not use; the worker uses the tools he does not own. The principle tools of production and distribution in the United States—mammoth machines, complex social instruments, made and used co-operatively by millions of workmen, their very lives, their wives and babes being dependent upon them—are the property of a few hundred capitalists, and are operated purely to make profits for these capitalists, regardless of the poverty and wretchedness that ensue to the masses.

THE RIGHT, NOTHING MORE NOR LESS

By Jack London

The capitalist must learn, first and for always, that Socialism is based, not upon the equality, but upon the inequality, of men. Next, he must learn that no new birth into spiritual purity is necessary before Socialism becomes possible. He must learn that Socialism deals with what is, not with what ought to be; and that the material with which it deals is the "clay of the common road," the warm human,

fallible and frail, sordid and petty, absurd and contradictory, even grotesque, and yet, withal, shot through with flashes and glimmerings of something finer and God-like, with here and there sweetness of service and unselfishness, desires for goodness, for renunciation and sacrifice, and with conscience, stern and awful, at times blazing away everything that stands against the right.

The Angel of Discontent

When the world was formed and the morning stars
Upon their paths were sent,
The loftiest-browed of the angels
was made
The Angel of Discontent.

And he dwelt with man in the caves
of the hills,
Where the crested serpents sting,
And the tiger tears and the she-
wolf howls,
And he told of better things.

And he led them forth to the
towered town,
And forth to the fields of corn,
And told of the ampler work ahead,
For which his race was born.

And he whispers to men of those
hills he sees
In the blush of the misty west;
And they look to the heights of
his lifted eye—
And they hate the name of rest.

In the light of that eye does the
slave behold
A hope that is high and brave;
And the madness of war comes
into his blood—
For he knows himself a slave.

The serfs of wrong by the light of
that eye
March with victorious songs;
For the strength of the right comes
into their hearts
When they behold their wrongs.

'Tis by the light of that lifted eye
That error's mists are rent;
A guide to the table-lands of truth
Is the Angel of Discontent.

And still he looks with his lifted
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And his glance is far away,
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POWER, WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OR RESPONSIBILITY

Before the Commission on Industrial Relations appeared one man in particular whose own evidence proved the disparity between his knowledge of economic conditions and his power to help or to obstruct the hundreds of thousands of men and women who are directly or indirectly employed in the industries which are financed by the corporations he directs, in their attempts toward self-elevation.

This man, J. P. Morgan, is a director of the United States Steel Corporation, the Atlantic Transportation Company, the Northern Pacific and the Pullman Company. Of this much he was sure, and of the fact that he attended directors' meetings in all of them; but that was as far as his information seemed to go.

Asked what he knew of labor conditions in the industries he directed, he professed utter ignorance; ignorance, even of the meaning of the term.

He appeared to be amused at the suggestion that there might be some responsibility incurred by the directors for the conditions of the workers in the industries they controlled.

Mr. Morgan didn't know how many of the men in the United States Steel Corporation worked twelve hours a day. He knew that there was "a certain number" that did.

"Is that too long or too short a working day?" he was asked.

"I don't know," he replied, and this was his refrain throughout the course of the afternoon.

"What is the proper income for an unskilled worker for a year?"

"I don't know."

"Well, what is your opinion?"

"I have no opinion."

"Do you consider \$10 a week sufficient compensation for a longshoreman?"

"I don't know," Mr. Morgan began, evidently from force of habit, but checked himself, and added after a moment's reflection, "if he couldn't get any more and would accept it, I should say that it was sufficient."

"Do you believe there should be any limit placed on the labor of children? An age limit, for instance, on the time before which they may go to work?"

"No."

"Do you think it a good rule that exists in certain industries that no unskilled worker over thirty-five and no skilled worker over forty shall be employed?"

"I don't know anything about it," Morgan answered, and added with an air of jocularity, "I should refer that question to the manager of the particular industry."

"Isn't that the rule in the American Steel and Wire Company, a subsidiary company of the United States Steel Corporation?"

"I don't know."

The point we would call the attention of our readers to is the fact that, in spite of this admitted ignorance, this man can and does wield a powerful influence in shaping the labor policies of the corporations which he directs; or rather, we should say, he directs the policies of these corporations with absolutely no consideration of the effects of these policies on

the hundreds of thousands of workers engaged therein.

It has long been the experience of those engaged in the work of this and other organizations, "the alleviation of conditions of employment" that, where they could deal directly with the men who really direct the work, the foreman and the managers of the plants, it is not difficult to reach satisfactory settlements.

The men, who come in direct contact with the employes, understand their needs and their grievances.

In West Virginia, in Colorado, it was ever the lawyers representing the directors, the stockholders; men who knew no more than does Mr. Morgan of the needs and hopes; the viewpoint of the men, who blocked any attempts toward equitable settlements.

It is this arbitrary power, in spite of dearth of knowledge of true conditions, that makes for constant friction. The pity of it is, that even after this pitiable display of ignorance on the part of Mr. Morgan, his edict as to what should be the labor policies of the corporations whose financing he directs must be obeyed by the practical men in charge, even though these know the fallacy thereof.

Also, that he can call every force of government, from the squire's court to the supreme court; from the constable to the United States army, to enforce his decrees and be assured of their co-operation.

There is too much power without any responsibility to the people of the country.

Why Professor Kendrick Shedd was "fired" from Rochester University

By Kendrick Shedd

"Many people have been 'fired,' and a lot more are to be. Some because they were too old, others from inefficiency or weakness; others because of their bad reputation; and still others because they were using their positions for the propagation of heretical ideas.

Teachers, too, get theirs. I am one of them. I had been for four years a student at the University of Rochester (N. Y.), and had also been an instructor there 21 more summers—and as many winters. Then my salary stopped, and I looked elsewhere for the wherewith to keep my family from the poor house. Why? This article will tell you. It will also be another good example of the undoubted truth (undoubted by those whose eyes are open), that our educational institutions, like the churches and almost everything else in sight (or out of it) are under the heel of the money power.

My first red card is dated June 17, 1910. I was born a couple of months previous to that. I am therefore four and a half years old—for why put our birthday before the day when our eyes were first open? For over 16 years I had been teaching, with perfect satisfaction, in a good college. For years I had also been in great demand as a speaker at functions of the public schools, of the churches, and Sunday schools, the Christian Endeavor, the Y. M. C. A., and the Y. W. C. A.; also at all of the capitalistic banquets until attendance upon them had become a veritable "chestnut." I

used to keep a list of those multitudinous addresses. I wish now that I hadn't burned it up with my "barrel" of addresses, sermons, and other "slobber." But I did in an hour when I was heartily sick of the thing I used to be.

Yes, I was very popular in my own city just as long as I preached contentment and success and all the other stuff that then ignorant and designing capitalists so love to have speakers spread. I then had a "lead-pipe cinch" on my job at the university. If you had been so bold as to tell anybody in those days that "Prof." Shedd would in a few short years be an exile, so to speak, an outcast, an ostracized and banished figure, a persona non grata, in fact in his own city and state, you would have been hailed as a madman. Why, it were impossible.

I had a reputation as a "sunshine" man. I had a Sunshine Club, and we had long been in the papers as spreaders of sunshine and contentment and blessed charity. I had lectured on Teddy Roosevelt and proven to the satisfaction of myself and my audience (a few "damn" Socialists excepted) that he was an angel with a capital A. I had a thousand times proven that poverty and unemployment and sickness and death and all other samples of adversity were the best things that could happen to people to chasten them and bring out the beautiful rainbow of character, etc., etc., ad nauseam.

Now then, the point is this:

Just as long as I spread that sort of fool stuff; just as long as I spent my days and my nights (unconsciously) in the blessed service of the capitalist system, keeping the innocent and the ignorant in beautiful darkness as to the actual conditions of life; just so long I was a "good boy," and a grand influence in the education and inspiration of the young, and my picture was often in the newspapers (outside of the police column); I was then welcome, too, at all university functions, and was a steady boarder, so to speak, at public school and church doings all over the town, and out of it.

Then something awful happened. Somebody got me to reading something worth while. I liked it. I read some more. I kept on liking it. I began to think; I began to tell of my new ideas, as occasion came—though not in my class room. There I taught German, and other languages. I was hired for that and I kept consistently at it. Finally I was asked to make an address in the largest social center in Rochester one Saturday evening, where a thousand people had gathered. I told them about Socialism, my new religion, and incidentally spoke of the red flag and its world-wide meaning, comparing its breadth with that of any or all of the national flags.

—Gee whizzzz!! You ought to have seen the head lines the next morning and from that time on. My name was henceforth Mud. I had fallen from grace. I was now one of the "undesirable citi-

zens." I was a dangerous lunatic, a villifier of the glorious banner, an anarchist, an atheist. I had mentioned the dreaded and awful thing in a school house!! Yes, my name was Dinnis. It was Mud. It was Outcast. It was Devil. From that glorious day on I was a sort of "Wandering Jew," so to speak, in my own town and country. I had hit sacred capital, and I was to suffer for it.

Not in two weeks was I put out of the university, nor in two months; but I was being watched. The enemies of Socialism were on the job with both feet and the rest of their anatomy. Everything I said from that time on, if radical, was likely to appear exaggerated and distorted in the press. The evident object was to "put me in bad" with the university, and force the trustees to fire me.

Success came to the conspirators after a time. I made one speech too many. Auburn did me up. I spoke there one night with Frank Bohn. My innocent remarks were distorted and twisted into crimes in the next morning's papers. The college groaned. Spies were sent out to sneak about and find what awful things I had (not) said, and I was duly called before the committee of the board of trustees.

After a few days, I was told that my resignation was desired. I wrote it—with a gun behind me, so to speak. Were the thing to happen again, the college could kick me out bodily, but I would not resign. Why? Listen. For what crimes should a teacher lose his position? For being a bad egg morally; or an efficient teacher; or for using his position to spread heretical and dangerous doctrines? Yes, of course. But

the president of the college and the spokesman of the trustees admitted the following six points: 1—I had been a highly satisfactory teacher; 2—I was O. K. morally, in fact, had always been a splendid example and influence from the moral viewpoint in and out of the college; 3—I had always taught my subject (language and literature) and had never attempted in any way to propagate Socialism or any other "unsound" doctrine in my classes; 4—the trustees thoroughly believed in the untrammelled constitutional right of free speech, and accorded the same to all of the faculty; 5—they had no fault to find with my convictions; and 6—they had no objections to my being a Socialist!!

Please take another squint at these six fatal admissions made by the authorities of the University of Rochester. Then ask yourself upon what possible ground they could force me out of a position I had held satisfactorily for almost a quarter of a century. But the mouthpiece of capitalism can always find a reason, when looking for it. But it takes some considerable capacity along the rhetorical line to phrase the same. President Rush Rhees was equal to the situation, however. He wrote out the reason, and I am going to put it before you, so that you may realize the enormity of my crime. He said:

"The methods you have chosen for giving publicity to your ideas and convictions are inconsistent with the sober, thoughtful, scientific attitude to truth for which the university must stand."

There you have it. How's that for a state's-prison offense? Isn't it a dandy? That's some crime. And that's some rhetorical ability also. The fact is, I had attacked

their system (and incidentally their beloved Mayor Edgerton, the figure-head of the party that carries Rochester in its vest pocket). The president of the board was the bosom friend of the mayor, and the man who had nominated him in the convention was the legal officer of the trustees. See? But wait. The college was looking for a million-dollar endowment. From whom was the million to come? From the working class? Not on your tinnn-tyypppee!! Carnegie and Rockefeller and George (Kodak) Eastman had already given liberally to the college, and it was looking for even greater things from the same source. Hark. The president and the spokesman of the trustees told me with their own lips that moneyed and influential men had told them that they would no longer support the institution as long as "that wild Indian was on the faculty"—and I was the wild Indian. See? See? See? Money was shouting. The college wanted to grow and have increased "success." I stood in the way. So I was sacrificed! Expediency was struggling with principle, and expediency won. Simple as A B C. It is almost always so.

In less than a year after I was fired, the college had the million in the bank. (Query: How much was I worth?)

Another splendid illustration of the talking and controlling power of money, of the economic. Think it over.

"People who live in glass houses should undress in the dark."

Satan is a scarecrow set up by the clergy in the spiritual vineyard.

.. NO INTEREST IN SOCIALISM ..

We find a multitude of people who say that they have no interest in Socialism.

Our reply is this: If you have no interest in the question of socializing industry to the end that the highest good of all the people may be conserved, will you tell us what remedy you have to offer?

We are not sticklers for any particular industrial dogma, so long as the results in the way of decent life and ennobling conditions may obtain.

We see no other way out of the chaos of our present order than to go forward toward social democracy.

Unless you have some other remedy it is your duty to yourself, to your family and to your nation

to investigate the claims of Socialism.

Whatever Socialism might do is an open question but what the present system of capitalism is actually doing is known.

The results of capitalism reveals itself in the following statement from Scott Nearing in his book, "Wages in the United States." Nearing is a professor in the University of Pennsylvania:

"Half of the adult males of the United States are earning less than \$600 annually; that nine-tenths are receiving less than \$800 a year; while less than ten per cent. receive more than that figure. A corresponding computation of the wages of women shows that a fifth earn no less than \$200 annually; that three-fifths are receiving less than \$325; that nine-tenths are earning

less than \$500 a year; while only one-twentieth are paid more than \$600 a year."

Prof. Nearing has given us some facts that compel every individual who cares for himself, his family and his nation, to set himself the task of arriving at some conclusion as to what should be done in the interest of common justice.

If you are not interested in Socialism, at least you should point out to us Socialists some remedy equally as promising as social democracy.

We want industry collectively owned and democratically managed in the interest of the whole people.

If you have a better suggestion to offer let us have it, otherwise will you not give the question of Socialism some serious thought?

ISN'T IT A PUZZLE?

Simon Newcomb, the American astronomer, who turned his mind to economics and wrote a book on that subject, imagined a visitor from Mars conversing with a man on earth to some such effect as this:

"Why is everybody so terribly depressed?"

"Because there is a great depression in trade and industry."

"And why is that?"

"There has been a great overproduction of things, people have been thrown out of employment, and everybody is poor."

"Overproduction of what?"

"Of everything, nearly—of food, which is so cheap that agriculture is ruined; of manufactures, which are so low in price that there is no longer any profit in production."

"Then, the reason everybody is poor is that they have produced more goods than they can consume? Your country is overflowing with goods, and yet you think yourselves poor?"

"And the man of earth was puzzled how to answer."

WHY DUMDUM BULLETS

By Oscar Ameringer.

A working man, a little dum.

Made for his boss a little gum.

A cartridge and a billet,

With point filed off to dull it.

Another worker just as dum

Made for another boss a gum,

A cartridge and a bullet,

With point filed off to dull it.

One day the two dum workers met.

Aimed at each other's wooden head

And each one sent a bullet.

With point filed off to dull it.

Two bullets fled and said dumdum,

Two bullets hit two heads, dumdum,

Two dummies tumbled o'er stone dead

An' ne'er knew what the bullets said.

Division of Labor

We wouldn't like to say that Rex Lyon is positively lazy, but he always makes one of his kids stand around the board and move his "men" when he is playing checkers.

The Mora! of the Story

The kindergarten teacher recited to her pupils the story of the wolf and the lamb. As she completed it she said:

"Now, children, you see that the lamb would not have been eaten by the wolf if he had been good and sensible."

One little boy raised his hand. "Well, John," asked the teacher, "what is it?"

"If the lamb had been good and sensible," said the little boy, gravely, "we should have had him to eat, wouldn't we?"—New York Times.

The difference between the reformer and the Socialist is that the reformer wants to abolish graft and the Socialist wants to abolish the necessity for graft.

The Young Socialists' Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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

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THE END OF THE WAR

(Tenyson's "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After.")

When the schemes and all the systems, kingdoms and republics fall, Something kindlier, higher, holier—all for each and each for all!

All the full-brain, half-brain races, led by Justice, Love and Truth; All the millions one at length, with all the visions of my youth?

All diseases quenched by Science, no man halt, or deaf, or blind; Stronger ever born of weaker, lustier body, larger mind?

Earth at last, a warless world, a single race, a single tongue, I have seen her far away, for is not Earth as yet so young?

Every tiger madness muzzled, every passion kill'd, Every grim ravine a garden; every blazing desert till'd.

Robed in universal harvest up to either pole she smiles, Universal ocean softly washing all her warless Isles.

Warless? When her tens are thousands, and her thousands are millions, then— All her harvest all too narrow—who can fancy warless men?

Warless? War will die out late then. Will it ever? late or soon? Can it till this outward earth be dead as yon dead world the moon?

ALL LEAGUE MEMBERS — ATTENTION!

By John Hughes

The Y. P. S. L. has been organized on a national basis for some time now, but somehow there has not been the progress that we expected would follow such a venture. I do not believe that the reason for this is that the time is not yet ripe for a National Organization, neither do I believe that there is not enough enthusiasm abroad for the Y. P. S. L.

It is my firm belief that the only reason for it is that the Y. P. S. L. does not possess a medium through which it can express itself; mainly, a press.

While it is true that the "American Socialist" does devote a column to the Y. P. S. L., yet one must admit that it is very inadequate to meet the demands of the movement. Then again we have the "Young Socialists' Magazine" of New York City the only paper in the East that tries to express the needs of the "can" movement.

But no one claims that this Magazine is what it ought to be, nor what it can be if given the right attention. The publishers of the Magazine themselves are perfectly aware of its short-comings, and have had in their mind for some time some definite plans regarding its development. Let me state right now that it is a source of revenue to no one, the actual fact being that it is being carried on at an actual deficit every month.

It is time that something should be done in the matter, and for that purpose I ask that all the Y. P. S. L.'s of the country pay special attention to the notice which is found on another page of this issue, regarding the conference at the Rand School Sunday morning, March 14th, at 10 sharp.

If the Leagues have any suggestions to make, they should instruct their delegates to that effect. The Leagues that will find it impossible to be represented in the conference can send any suggestions which they have to make to Comrade W. F. Kruse, c/o Rand School, New York, who is acting as temporary secretary until the conference convenes.

All hands on deck; let's all pull and pull together, then we shall land the proposition.

BOOST—BOOST—BOOST

Capitalism apparently believes that it is better one rich man should have too much than that ninety and nine poor men should have enough.

THE PAY ENVELOPE AND THE VOTE

The United States Supreme Court is now considering the constitutionality of a law of great importance to women—the minimum wage law. The Legislature of Oregon has declared it a misdemeanor to pay women wages which are "inadequate to supply the necessary cost of living and to maintain them in health," and the Supreme Court is testing the principle.

Nine States now have minimum wage laws—Oregon, California, Washington, Colorado, Utah, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Massachusetts and Nebraska. It is not a coincidence that the majority of these are States where women vote; it is because the power of the vote brings most easily adequate legislation for women. As a matter of fact, minimum wage laws are needed more in the Eastern and Southern factory States than in the West. Women need the vote in every State to look after their own interest; and when a national body like the Supreme Court can overrule the law of a State, how can anyone say that equal suffrage is not a national question?

Our new Co-Editor



Professor Kendrick Shedd.

AS TO SONGS AND SINGING

By Wm. F. Kruse

This late Sunday afternoon finds me reading, as is the custom of most city dwelling Americans, the voluminous papers that the day brings to us. As there is a limit to patience, even in paper reading, I find my attention wandering more and more from the subject matter on hand.

In the next room the kiddies are playing—they have just had some sort of a party and are all feeling quite content. Curious to find out what the game might be, I listen, and am rather surprised to find them playing "Sunday School." Lottie, the eldest and biggest of the crowd, is the "teacher," and being rather short of lesson material she soon leads them into singing. The kiddies take to it like a duck to water, and they can surely sing. When their voices pipe, "The Sosh'list Flag is Deepest Red," it does your heart good to listen; and when they wind up: "We'll keep the red flag flying here," there is a snap and determination in their voices that augurs well for the stability of our movement in the future.

There is something inspiring in these children's songs; as I sit and ponder, my memory carries me back to the crowded May Day celebration hall of last year. I see the whole stage packed with the little ones, all dolled out in red sashes and ties and ribbons—red, red everywhere. And as a big scarlet banner is unfurled their little voices ring out: "Crimson, crimson" in a way that surely tells you that the color of the Revolution means something very real to them. And when you leave the hall after it is all over, you will find for you too it has taken on a new, more vital meaning.

The next picture that comes to my mind is a scene at the Rand School: On winter evenings, when class work leaves them free, a group of students and teachers love to congregate around the big open fire-place, brightly lit by the blazing logs. Here are comrades from every land. We have many different mother-tongues, but with music, the one truly international language, we are all on one plane. Here are revived the soft crooning airs and stirring anthems of revolution from every land and clime. And so our group draws its bonds of friendship closer, all artificial barriers of alien tongue and custom are swept away

in new realization of our human kinship.

But this serious note does not always prevail here. I well recall a jolly happy-go-lucky group of young people around the piano on a Sunday evening; and the Marseillaise, while receiving its due share of attention, does not monopolize the singing program. Popular songs of the day, together with their Socialist adaptation, so well prepared by Comrade Shedd and others, are often used, and the lilting, crooning, waltz tunes and snappy, jolly college airs do much to make the students forsake all thoughts of homesickness and join the happy fraternity. Verily, a good song is the greatest socializer.

The mental journey is not yet complete, however, and the next scene that presents itself to view is the great May Day Parade in New York City. Many thousands of workers are marching here, and to get enough musicians to adequately cater to their needs is financially, if not actually, impossible. But this little handicap does not damp the spirit of our crowd. If there is no one to furnish march music for us, we make our own. A few brave souls lift their voices to the strains of the Marseillaise and the International and soon thousands of marchers join in the stirring anthem. And as we march along, singing, no heed is given the sultry day, the rough pavements, or the long distance—the spirit of song rises like wine to our heads, it gladdens our souls and fires our hearts with new enthusiasm for the cause.

Picture, if you can, a Socialist Party Convention during its noon recess. Dinner is over, the delegates and visitors congregate in small groups to talk "shop" and while away a half-hour or more until the body convenes again. Time hangs somewhat heavily on our hands, so a song is proposed and immediately everybody joins in. Veteran, grown grey in the movement, and young recruit, still in the first flush of enthusiasm, stand shoulder to shoulder; lawyer and laborer comrade, "red" and "yellow," all join in together. Forgotten are all questions of tactics, laid aside are all personalities—their voices are lifted in the same song and, for the time, even their hearts beat in unanimity.

When business is again resumed, a new, broader spirit of tolerance and fairness is found to prevail. To bring about harmony in our organization, fifteen minutes of song are worth more than six hours of debate.

Come out into the country with me, where the birds still sing, where the flowers are not afraid to bloom and the men to think. There is a certain atmosphere of freedom about this little Borough of Haledon; to be sure, this is only to be expected where the workers have elected their own Socialist mayor and councilmen. In the heart of the Borough there is a beautiful open grove flanked on all sides by mountains. Here the Young People's Socialist League of New Jersey held its annual picnic. From all parts of the state the Young Socialists had travelled here, a veritable pilgrimage to their Mecca; they came on foot, by trolley, train and auto-truck. Suddenly, when merrymaking seemed at its height, a few words are passed from man to man: "We're going to sing." The effect is electric,—the instruments of the two Socialist Drum Corps (Hudson County and Paterson) are piled up in their "headquarters" under the trees, games, feeding, and sport of all kinds is stopped and everybody hastens toward one end of the grove where a be-whiskered comrade has fastened a collection of song-posters to the side of a tree. It is Comrade Craig with his song chart, and a popular figure he surely is. The youngsters soon lift their voices to make the welkin ring, and the resounding echoes from the surrounding hills seem to indicate that Nature herself has caught the spirit of revolt. Later, games are held and races run, each result is marked with a song of victory on the one side and one of congratulation on the other. Alas, the best of good days must come to a close all too soon! As the sun hides his head behind the western hills, the various groups set out on their long way homeward. But before they go, a farewell song is sung, and the ties of friendship this day established are cemented still more firmly by this parting ceremony.

Again our scene changes, I find myself with the Comrade Club on one of their boat parties. Favored greatly by fair wind and tide, early that morning we had sailed up the stately Hudson

until a good camping site on the Palisades was reached. We had made the trip in a dozen little "cat-boats," each carrying four occupants, together with their food, cooking utensils, etc. A glorious exhibition of seamanship was given in the race to reach the destination before the others, the sails were spread and, in trying to get the fullest advantage of the wind, the little boats heeled over until they were in danger of swamping. Now comes the pleasure of cooking our own food over the dozen camp-fires that are kindled along the shore, and soon the big feed is spread out, the clean white sand serving us alike for chair and table. Following this are various games and rambles up the hillside, and then an impromptu carnival of water-sports.

But nightfall notifies us that it is time to break camp. Wind and tide are no longer in our favor, so we heartily welcome the arrival of the big auxiliary sloop "Comrade," (the god-mother, as it were of our club), that has come to help us on the homeward journey. As she rides at anchor in mid-stream, her slender clean-cut lines stand out beautifully against the star-lit sky. A bugle-call, signalling that the time to start homeward is here, sounds across the water. The smouldering camp-fires are put out, the skiffs are gotten ship-shape, and the trip to the sloop is soon made. The small boats, lashed together and with their sails furled, are towed behind our craft—the propeller churns the water and we are off for home. The young folks proceed to make themselves comfortable—very comfortable indeed. They sing—and their song is wafted across the quiet waters by fairy breezes. Its soft and sweet tone, as it seems carried on the beams of the moonlight, gives one a wierd suggestion of Venice and canals and gondola affairs. Listen for a moment to the words: Comrades, so dear to me; hearts warm and tender." This they sing, and mean it, too, though perhaps some do mean it just a wee bit more intensely than do others. During the entire trip, the sweet, restful harmony prevails, the exciting pleasures of the day are recounted every now and then, but in the main, rest is now the order of the day. A fitting climax, indeed, is provided for the day's exertions, by these comradeship songs.

These are but dreams, memory pictures. Now let us, for a moment, look at the matter seriously. Is it not true that most of our little parties and affairs, to say nothing of the meetings, suffer for lack of sociability, understanding, and harmony? I have found this to be the case in the majority of gatherings of every description that I have ever visited. We are short on the

spirit of sociability, we cannot deny it, and it behooves each of us to seek the remedy. If we can get our group to thinking and acting harmoniously upon a common social plane, the difficulty would take care of itself. People cannot sing the same words to the same tunes in the same way at the same time, without getting to think and feel along the same lines. Comrades, we must learn to take advantage of this means of securing harmonious relations within our organization.

We should remember that as "social" is the biggest part of the word "Socialism," so the social spirit is the determining factor in holding a group of workers together. Get wise to a collection of songs—Socialist songs preferable—any kind if need be. Learn to sing them, no matter how badly at first, but get busy. The capitalists do well to fear a movement that can sing while it works, for this denotes internal harmony and an indomitable spirit of confidence in our final triumph.

Ode to Freedom

By James Russell Lowell

Who cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet.

Her presence freshens the air;
Sunshine steals light from her face;
The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace;
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace.

Sweetener of hut and of hall;
Bringer of life out of naught;
Freedom, O, fairest of all
The daughters of Time and Thought!
—Centennial Anniversary of
Battle of Concord, April 19, 1875.

"DIMPLES"

By "SENTO"

Comrades, have you a pair of bright, deep dimples in your League? I should feel very sorry, indeed, if the answer should be made in the negative.

For I, as a member of a well-known and successful League, can assure you that a pair of dimples such as our organization possesses is very essential to the maintenance of good spirits in any club.

Listen to what I am about to relate and you will clearly see the reason for the above statement.

It happened during one of our early meetings which were held in a dimly-lit, gloomy cellar. We numbered thirty-

teen, including two girls who were sitting, sad-faced and uninterested, way down in the back row. The business of dragging on the discussion was tiresome and discouraging. The comrades felt that laughter was needed, but no one was sufficiently good-humored to provide us with it. We felt that another such meeting would cause the destruction of our League which it took so much labor and sacrifice to construct.

A knock at the door. In comes a child in knee-pants, and with a frown upon his white countenance. "My father wants me to join this League," announced he in a loud, plaintive voice.

Then laughter came upon us. Every one laughed aloud. The two sad-faced girls giggled and raised their heads. The child's frown disappeared and two dimples, caused by a broad grin, appeared on his cheeks just nearby the corners of his mouth. Laughter became louder and "Oh, Dimples!" was heard all over the room. The two female members were whispering to each other while their eyes shone with delight.

The meeting was a success. All went home with the pleasant recollection of a bright face which was tender, child-like and owner of big, far-looking eyes. And those charming dimples haunted the minds of many of us for the next six days.

At our next gathering we enjoyed the presence of four girls. "Dimples" was quite at home with us and spoke to us about "the subject he likes best," architecture. So he was, and is now, a student of architecture in a vocational school—and a bright student at that.

There is something mesmeric, something alluring about the appearance of "Dimples". He no longer wears knee-pants. The frown which was stamped upon his face when he reluctantly entered that cellar the first time, disappeared long ago and is entirely forgotten by him as well as by the rest of the members.

His presence among us makes everyone feel the beauty and value of a good, hearty smile. So he smiles incessantly and is a mighty gloom-chaser. His white, round face of a cherub and eyes that are lively and lovely never cease performing the function of distributing good cheer and encouragement to his surroundings.

Being so singularly beautiful and so rarely attractive of attention and respect he was soon endowed with opportunities for useful work and he made good. At present he is the manager of our athletic department and is successfully arranging hikes every Sunday afternoon.

There are a great many other things, comrades, which I could say in praise of

dear "Dimples," were it not for the fact that space is limited. May I, in closing, venture to ask you whether you do not agree with my statement that a pair of dimples such as our organization possesses is essential to the good spirit and success of a league?

HOMELESS!

Veiled but swathed in light she came,
In her hand the lamp aflame,
Through the vast cimierian gloom
Thundering at the gates of doom;
"Father Fate who gave me birth,
I have left the planet Earth.
Peace is homeless; progress, dead;
Armageddon reigns instead!"
She unveiled, I stooped to see,
It was the face of Liberty.

William Hastings.

A FEW WAR THOUGHTS

By Thomas Cornell,

Member of the Young People's Socialist League of St. Louis

Millions upon millions of innocent children have been taught the so-called glory of war and patriotism. Into the ears of unsuspecting, credulous childhood, the world 'round, the praises of the war-demon have been sung. Nothing so noble, so exalted, as the life of a soldier or sailor fighting for his country! None so worthy of honor or fame as the victor of the battlefield or of the blood-stained decks of a fighting fleet!

What causes war? What is the reason for the waging of those tremendous conflicts in Europe to-day? It is time for the workers of the world to give serious consideration to such questions as these. It is time for them to think for themselves. No longer should their opinions of war, or of any other subject, be taken from a pharisaic pulpit or a prostitute press!

"Come, let us reason together," saith the Lord. Let us do so, my working-class brother. You and I. War is declared. The boys of army and navy are going to the battle. Perhaps their last. They are saying good-bye to their loved ones. Perhaps for all time. And the cry goes up from an awakening working class: "Why must this be?" And from the ruling class of every country comes the same answer, "For God and Fatherland!"

Let us see. Homes are broken asunder, mothers and sisters and sweethearts are left behind in agony and suspense, while millions of men, physically the fittest of the world, go forth to fight the battles of a ruling

class. They go forth and kill, without the semblance of a reason, men of their own class, men whose interests as workers are identical with their own. It is not difficult for a Socialist to understand the motives which lie back of the declaration of wars by the master class. Greed! Lust for gold! Ambition, selfish and sordid! The damnably selfish desires of a criminal, despotic few are directly responsible for most of the wars which have cursed this world. But why the working class, from which, of course, all the fighting forces of the world are recruited, should allow itself to be made cannon food for the enrichment and glorification of a master class, is not so easily explained.

For God and Fatherland! Ah, now we begin to understand! National and religious hatreds and prejudices have been implanted in the working-class mind by early teachings. National patriotism has whispered into the ear of the unthinking man that it is right and proper for him to go forth to slay and to be slain, providing the opposing forces march or sail under a different flag.

What is the cure for war? I will tell you. Simply this: The realization of the international solidarity of the working class! Socialism! The workers of all nations, fighting under the banner of International Socialism, have, unquestionably, done more for the cause of world peace than any other body of men and women.

War is legalized murder! War is hell! It must go. It should not be allowed to curse this world any longer. The workers are beginning to awaken. The dawn of a better day is beginning to light the world. Empires are crumbling. Kingdoms are tottering. Industrial despots are fast being made to realize what it means to fight a militant working class. The whole world is moving forward in the direction of true democracy—industrial democracy. An awakened proletariat will destroy, by the power of its organization, the causes of war, which are also the causes of poverty, misery and suffering the world over—profit, rent and interest.

The economic structure of society is the real basis on which the judicial and political structure is raised, and to which definite social forms of thought correspond; in short, the mode of production determines the character of the social, political and intellectual life generally.—Karl Marx, Capital.

TO ALL LIVE YOUNG SOCIALISTS—GREETING!

Dear Comrades:

In the development of the young movement, we have come to a point where the establishment of an effective press is an absolute necessity. The Young Socialists' Magazine tries hard to meet this need, but up to this time it has not been entirely successful. An opinion seems to prevail in many quarters that the paper is not all it should be, and is therefore unworthy of support. Before condemning it entirely we should strive to understand its difficulties and try to aid in work of betterment.

With this purpose in view, I have been instructed by the Young People's Socialist League of New Jersey to arrange a conference on the matter. All young Socialists who are interested in the maintenance of a real, adequate organ for our movement are urged to attend. It will be held at the Rand School of Social Science, 140 East 19th St., New York City, on Sunday, March 14, at 10 A. M. Both the Magazine and the School will be officially represented in the conference.

Every League in this vicinity, New York or New Jersey, is invited to send one delegate. The delegate must be furnished with proper credentials, as the voting privilege will be restricted to those so accredited. The discussion will be open to all and is sure to be of interest.

I know that we can make a splendid Young People's paper out of the Young Socialists' Magazine. The only way it can be done is to instill the ideas and interests of youth into its management—I am sure that we can do this by co-operating with those now in charge of the publication. Suggestions of any kind are welcome—leave your hammers at home—come out with your constructive ideas on practical improvements. If we all put our shoulders to the wheel we cannot help but succeed.

The Y. P. S. L. of N. J. is determined that the magazine shall be given a chance for success and that its sphere of influence shall become ever wider. It is to be hoped that the Leagues in other parts may heed this call and give it their hearty endorsement and co-operation.

Wm. F. Kruse,
State Sec'y Y. P. S. L. of N. J.
Authorized by State Committee Meeting and State Board of Control of New York State Federation of N. Y. State, February 21, 1915.

Y. P. S. L. OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

Meeting of the Board of Control

The Board of Control of the Y. P. S. L. of the State of New York held its fourth regular meeting on January 24, 1915.

Miss Bornstein was elected Chair-lady.

All members present under roll call. The Committee of Organization for Queens reported very good progress, and a very active circle is now doing active propaganda work. Motion made to turn efforts to try Kings and try to organize that territory.

A motion was made to tally the membership of the League for representation at the Convention and for this purpose a motion was made to make representation according to stamps purchased for the last three months preceding the Convention.

It was also decided to request some of the Leagues to settle their accounts or the Board may at its discretion withdraw the sending of stamps desired.

The motion in reference to running or partaking in an affair on May 1st referred to Dist. Committee of New York.

The following charges were placed before the Board:

Comrade Against the Manhattan League.

Comrade Bickes collected \$8.20 for the affair of the Convention. New York demanded the money so as to finance an affair they are holding.

Comrade Bickes refused to turn the money over to the League but brought to the proper Committee. Comrade Bickes was deprived of the vote and a referendum put in motion for recall of Organizer.

Comrades Weiss, Bornstein and Subkow as Grievance Committee to investigate this affair.

Charges placed against Manhattan League for the dissolving of Circle 4 of New York League. Charges filed for investigation with the same grievance committee.

Comrade Lore made a motion for a Central Lecture Course for District of New York. Motion accepted. Arranging committee for arranging course consists of Comrades Weiss, Orlandi, Rheinhardt.

Motion made to request the State Committee to arrange a state tour for the lecturers for the League. Motion made to communicate with Kings and try to call a meeting. Motion to adjourn.

Meeting of Feb. 28, 1915.

The fifth regular meeting of the Board of Control of the Y. P. S. L. of

the State of New York was held at the residence of State Secretary on Sunday, February 28, 1915.

Comrade Weiss elected chairman.

All members present under roll call. Communication received from Rochester in reference in account, placed on file.

Communication received from the New Jersey Y. P. S. L. in reference to the calling of a conference to take over the work of building up the Young Socialists' Magazine. On motion it was decided to request the delegates to report back to their respective Leagues to send a representative to this conference and ask upstate Leagues to send suggestions and ideas. This meeting is called for March 14, 1915, at the Rand School at 10 A. M. Letters for suggestion etc. be sent to the State Secretary. Communications received from National Office of Socialist Party, and on motion it was decided to request full information in reference to National Y. P. S. L. and to make application for membership. In reference to the touring of Comrade Barnard it was decided to request Leagues to make dates during April. Communication received from Jamestown where a new Y. P. S. L. has been founded. Motion made to grant Jamestown Y. P. S. L. a charter and to send all necessary supplies at once. Communications received from Circle 4, New York, transferred to Grievance Committee.

Comrade Reinhardt was chosen as the representative to the Young Socialists' Magazine Conference.

Comrade Weiss reports in reference to the organizing of Kings County that we communicate with the Local so as to call a joint meeting, as the form of organization is very poor and not in conjunction with our other Leagues.

Comrade State Secretary reports the Arrangement of a lecture for Greater New York and vicinity has been arranged in conjunction with the state office of the Socialist Party. The state office of these lectures to be held Sunday, March 14, 1915, at 2 P. M. sharp in the New York Labor Temple, 243-47 East 84th Street.

In reference to a committee for the May Day celebration it was decided to elect a committee to work in conjunction with the present committee. The Comrades Reinhardt, Orland and Weiss were elected.

The committee for the investigation of Local New York's dissolution of Circle 4 of the Y. P. S. L. of Manhattan was requested to report on this matter at the next meeting.

State Secretary given permission to send letter throughout the Leagues which he read to Board.

On motion it was decided to hold our meetings in a branch or office of the Socialist Party in the future so as to give no League member a chance for argument that we might be doing underhand work.

Motion made to request Rochester for date of Convention. Grievances of Bickes dropped because his action was sustained in the referendum.

Motion for adjournment.
Carl H. C. Orland,
State Secretary.

STATE COMMITTEE OF THE Y. P. S. L. OF N. J.

Regular meeting of the State Committee of the Y. P. S. L. of N. J., held at 256 Central Ave., Jersey City, on Sunday, February 21.

Meeting called to order at 2:30 P. M., by Secretary Kruse.

Alex. J. Frackenhof elected Chairman.

Minutes of previous meeting accepted as read.
New delegates seated: Circle Elizabeth—Erna A. Semner, in place of Minnie Housley; Comrade Club—M. D. Newman, Alice Lavery, Chas. Ederle, Morris Wolf. There being a contested representation from Paterson, it was decided on motion to seat neither faction, but to allow both voice but no vote in the proceedings.

Motion that the investigation of this contest be left in the hands of the State Executive Committee. Both sides to present their case (in writing) to the Secretary within three weeks. Carried.

Bills: Flora C. Frackenhof, postage, etc., 75c.; Wm. F. Kruse, expenses, \$1.45; E. J. Brock, expenses, carfare, etc., \$1.06.

Communications referred to Secretary report.

Roll call showed the following circles represented: Comrade Club—Lavery, Newman, Wolf, Ederle; Newark—Fl. Frackenhof; Elizabeth—Semner, Koller; Bergen Co.—Huestis; Passaic—Cohen, Dicks; Paterson—7 delegates (no vote).

The Auditing Committee, appointed by the Comrade Club, reported that the books had been audited, the discrepancy found and adjusted, and that the books were now in perfect order. Report accepted.

Roll call of officers showed that the Organizer was absent. State Secretary Kruse, Financial Secretary A. J. Frackenhof and Treasurer Blechschmidt were present.

The Organizer reported some of his activities in writing. In Newark there were two additional circles in the process of organization. The same was true of Camden and Trenton. Report accepted, with special matters laid over to New Business.

The financial officers reported: Cash on hand, \$29.16, stamps, 3,250. Accepted.

The Secretary reported his activities in detail. He had received forty-two communications and had sent out fifty-one—their contents being specified to the satisfaction of the Committee. He requested that action be taken on various important matters as outlined in his circular letter of February 17th. Report accepted, recommendations laid over to New Business.

Reports from Circles were read off: Comrade Club, December and January; Newark, December and January; Elizabeth, November, December and January, Bulletin No. 1; Passaic, December and January; Morris County, Bulletin No. 1; Paterson, December and January. Reports accepted and placed on file.

All letters referring to the Organizer's proposed trip was read and discussed.

Motion that the Secretary get into correspondence with the Young People and with the Local in Camden in view of organizing a circle there. The Secretary instructed to return the expense money to the financial officers. Carried.

Brock's three written motions, receiving no seconds, were ordered placed on file without further action.

Motion that the State Committee hold no regular meeting until after the Convention, all details in the meantime to be left in the hands of the State Executive Committee. Carried.

All correspondence relative to the National Y. P. S. L. was read and fully discussed.

The consensus of opinion was that the New Jersey League should join the National Organization as soon as possible, but that our constitutional provision on the price of due stamps (Art. III, Sec. 4), prevents the State Committee from taking action to that effect without completely cutting off its own revenue. It was suggested that a referendum be issued to double the prevailing price of due stamps, however, in view of the nearby convention (May 9); this was not considered as saving much time.

Motion that the matter of affiliating with the National Y. P. S. L. be left to the action of the State Convention. Carried.

JERSEY NOTES

The affairs of the State Organization are in splendid shape, all circles showing good progress and fine spirits. Reports are coming from various parts of the State showing a need for organization—two new circles are to be expected shortly in Newark, one each in Camden, Guttenberg and Trenton. The relations with the Party are most cordial, the two organizations aiding each other in every way possible.

Great interest is manifested in the next big State affair, the Convention. It will be held this year in Jersey City, on Sunday, May 9th. All New Jersey Circles are to elect one delegate for every fifteen members—computed from the average number of due stamps bought during the preceding year. All other Leagues in this vicinity are cordially invited to send fraternal delegates; interest and entertainment is assured to all.

Comrade Club, Hudson County

The Club is doing nicely. Owing to a change in the regulation of their headquarters, they have found it necessary to abandon their gymnasium class. Additional educational work and entertainment has been devised to take its place for the time being. They are at present working on two big affairs—one the State Convention, which is to be held under their auspices on May 9th. The other is the big Banner-Dedication ceremony that takes place on April 24th. It is to be held in Arion Hall, Cambridge Ave. and Hutton St., Jersey City; program begins promptly at 8 o'clock. It is to be hoped that other Leagues, as well as the Party and the unions patronize the affair. Organization's banners are greatly desired to decorate the hall. Don't forget the date—Saturday, April 24th, Arion Hall, Jersey City.

Notice was given that all amendments to the constitution, to be brought up for action by the State Convention, must be in the hands of the Secretary by March 9. (Art. XI.) A vote of preference was taken on the button design submitted by the National Office. The result—first choice—No. 5: 8 votes, No. 1: 5, No. 3: 5. Second choice—No. 5: 5 votes, No. 1: 4, No. 3: 3 votes. Accordingly our choice then stands first choice, design No. 5; second choice No. 1; third choice No. 1.

Newark, No. 1

They are embarking on work of a permanent nature. A pennies contest has been started and when enough money has been raised they will enter the Labor Lyceum Building & Loan Ass'n with the view, ultimately, of erecting their own headquarters. They are in active co-operation with the Party's work, in the big Sunday lecture course that is held in the largest theatre of the city. The Y. P. S. L. controls 150 seats.

Paterson

They have started their spring house-arming very early. A campaign is under way to round up all

They workers ask nothing, expect nothing, and get nothing. Carried.

delinquent members, try to get them to pay up, or else clear them out. A live organization cannot tolerate dead wood to hinder its growth. They have formulated a new constitution and have new officers. The Sunday night lecture course by Fred Krafft has come to a successful conclusion. A Rand School Correspondence Course has been taken up.

ROCHESTER Y. P. S. L.

Although our League has had no notice lately in the Y. P. M., yet we are still alive and at our usual work.

Our manager is going away for a time, and so the League has placed the destinies of its members in the trusted and tried hands of Comrade Bertha Vossler, well known to the State Young People and to the comrades in general. She will be called "Assistant" Manager for the present. It is the general opinion that the League will be safe in Bertha's hands.

We have lately debated with the University of Rochester. That institution has two teams, both of which are debating this season on the topic: "Resolved that a Socialistic control of the means of production and exchange would result in a more equitable distribution of wealth." The negative team came to our hall for a debate some weeks ago, and the public was greatly interested. To be sure, our team failed to take advantage of all the opportunities afforded them by their opponents, but it was an interesting occasion, just the same. The college boys absolutely demolished Socialism. Poor Davy Goldstein won't have a job any longer, for there is nothing left of Socialism for him to work on to earn his twenty dollars per. May be he will have to go to some honest job now. Let us hope so.

Intro-League Debates—that's what we call debates between teams belonging to the League. We have had some very good debates during the past year. Doubtless our most important work is done in this realm. Soon we are to settle once for all the vexed Prohibition question. Why don't people come to us to settle all their hard problems? We're ready for them.

Have you other Leagues graduates? I mean young comrades who have been with you and worked with you and got your spirit and your methods, etc., and have gone away somewhere to carry them to other parts of the world. Well, we have a good many such "graduates," and a number of them are down in New York City. You are getting the benefit of their work and their spirit and their good sense to-day. You didn't realize

where they went to school, did you? Well, it was up here in the Flower City. It was in our Yipsel School.

These young people have, many of them, worked in our Sunday School. And let me tell you a secret, reader. It's a real one and a true one. Those who work for others grow themselves. Those who selfishly do not work for others fail to grow or to advance. They shrink. Think this over. If you want to become a well-grounded Socialist, and a class-conscious worker, then help others to an understanding of the world from the Socialist viewpoint. Then you will get a new spirit. Then you will become larger. You may not understand why, but it is Nature's way. It is a scientific law. Try it. Work in the Socialist Sunday School. Sacrifice your selfish self somewhat. It pays big dividends.

The Rochester League has a splendid library of readable books, which are the property of the League. These they have allowed the Socialist Educational Federation of Rochester to incorporate in the Federation Library, which is now in operation, and is being administered almost entirely by members of the League under the very efficient leadership of Comrade Louis Rosenblatt, one of the League's charter members and most intelligent workers.

Our League is now three and a half years of age. Why, it seems to me a lot older, when I reflect upon all the things that have happened since it was founded; yet figures cannot lie, and you can figure it out for yourself. We were founded on the 17th of September, 1911.

We have lately been writing up what we call a "Scrap-book History of the League." It consists of League history and dates and events and programs and newspaper notices, etc., etc. It has now three well-sized volumes, and will become, as the years go by, an invaluable record. We advise other Leagues to do the same. Start now. Don't put it off. Every month of delay makes it more difficult to secure the right material.

Kendrick Shedd, Manager.

THE PATERSON Y. P. S. L. REPORTS PROGRESS

After many unsuccessful attempts to establish a permanent Y. P. S. L. in the "Silk City of America," due mainly to internal strife and other minor causes, the present Young People's Socialist League, numbering approximately sixty members, was formed February 1st, 1914. A handful of loving comrades, imbued with the spirit of human brotherhood, rec-

ognized the vital importance of the Young Socialist Movement with its well-defined purpose. Our first step was to organize than as a measure of co-operation; we immediately affiliated ourselves with the State Federation of the Y. P. S. L. Petty obstacles, such as personal prejudices, unworthy quarrels, etc., were disregarded entirely, being considered insignificant when compared to the hindrance of a just cause with an ultimate goal. The elimination of all dissensions and the displayance of intense interest in all activities on the part of the members made possible a stimulation of effective co-operation and united action.

All the business of the League is transacted mainly by the Executive Board, composed of fifteen members and its sub-committees. This tends to eliminate the red tape process at business meetings of the League. Thus more time can be devoted to discussions of current events, debates for mental development and the study of Socialism. Of course, sociability is also included. Singing, dancing, music, recitations, etc., are terms that are by no means foreign to Circle Paterson.

Recently the League under took a penny contest among the members, also a campaign to secure financial contributions from the local Socialist Party branches and other radical labor bodies. Both undertakings proved successful, about \$35 being realized. As a result, a lecture course was arranged and the Rand School Course established. The course in Socialism consists of twelve lessons, prepared by Comrade Anna Maley of New York. We have two capable class leaders who are members of the local Socialist Party. The lectures held at our headquarters by Comrade Fred Krafft are of great educational value. The audience that attend is composed mostly of strangers. Besides this little information, it will benefit the readers to know that all persons joining the League receive gratis the American Socialist for a period of forty weeks. Bundles orders of the Young Socialist Magazine are purchased regularly.

A few contributions have been made toward aiding the striking miners of Colorado, the Carl Person Defense Fund, the New York Call, the Paterson Silk Strike and the State Committee of the New Jersey Y. P. S. L.

In short, reviewing the work of the history of Circle Paterson it may truly be said that it has emerged from a state of misunderstanding and dissension to that of unity of purpose and endeavor.



Warum das Brot jetzt teurer wird

Morgenrot.

Morgenrot! Du heilig Feuer,
Das uns stets den Tag gebracht,
Brich, ein stolzer Lichterneuer,
Durch die grosse Völkernacht!
Des Gedankenmeeres Fluten
Hehr entsteig', ein Himmelsbrand!
Wirf den Schimmer deiner Glut
Weithin in das finstre Land!

Morgenrot! Wie lange, lange
Haben wir zu dir geschaut!
Und in Nächten, noch so bange,
Deinem stillen Werk vertraut!
Stumm sind schon die Nachtigalen,
Und die Morgenwinde wehn—
Willst du aus den dunklen Hallen,
Heller Geist, nicht aufstehen?
—Ludwig Pfau.

Ferienleben in England.

(Schluss.)

Man freut sich miteinander, treibt sein Spiel mit den Wellen und lässt sich hinterher von der Sonne bräunen. Kein Schutzmännchen wie in Preussisch-Deutschland, kein Oberlehrer und keine alte Tante wacht hier über die Sittlichkeit. Und doch kann es nirgends sittenstrenger, nirgends auch gedankenreiner zugehen als in dieser ungezwungenen Gemeinschaft.

Um 1 Uhr wird zum Mittagessen gerufen. Es besteht aus zwei Gängen, und alles ist sehr reichlich und mit mannigfacher Feikost versehen. Natürlich fehlt niemals einer der berühmten englischen Puddings, die nicht wie bei uns aus einem Stärkekafrikat mit Farbzusatz, sondern aus naturreinen Zutaten bereitet werden. Am Nachmittag gibt es Thee. Der Reigen der Essgenüsse wird dann am Abend mit einem einfacheren Gericht geschlossen. Jeder kann essen so viel er will, aber noch niemals habe ich gesehen, dass jemand im Uebermass gegessen hätte. Niemand auch habe ich in den Wochen, die ich im Camp verleben konnte, einen Streit bemerkt. Was man von einer sozialistischen Gesellschaft erwarten möchte, dass jeder einzelne seine Wünsche den Interessen der Gesamtheit unterordne, das fand ich im Camp schon verwirklicht. Es ist hier ganz selbstverständlich, dass niemand sich von anderen bedienen lässt, sondern soviel er kann, selbst Zuorkommenheit zeigt. Aus diesem Grunde ist auch die Zahl der Angestellten auf das geringste Mass

festgesetzt. Für das Essen wird von bezahlten Leuten gesorgt und auch für die grobste Arbeit. Aber alles andere machen die Campers selbst: sie halten ihr Zelt in Ordnung, sie tragen die Speisen aus, sie spülen das Geschirr. Jeden Tag wird ein Ausschuss gewählt, der sich im besonderen darum kümmert, und da es niemand gezwungen tut, so wird auch die sonst ungewohnte Arbeit mit Scherz und Lachen erledigt. Gesungen wird selbstverständlich auch. Die Mahlzeiten werden mit einem sozialistischen Lied, einem Freiheitsgesang, eröffnet. Freilich klingen uns manche dieser englischen Lieder recht eigenartig, so das Lied von der roten Flagge, das nach der Melodie „O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum“ gesungen wird. Es muss besonders erwähnt werden, dass es im Camp keinerlei alkoholische Getränke giebt. Das Camp ist keine Abstinenzanrichtung, aber es scheint in England allgemein üblich zu sein, dass man solche Unternehmungen nicht mit Wirtshausgewohnheiten verbindet. Vielleicht ist gerade auf das Fehlen von Alkohol die dauernde

cher, neben einer schwarzen Hafenanlage. Die grosse Maschine unseres Schiffes ist endlich zur Ruhe gegangen. Dafür rasseln aber die Ketten der Kräne, Menschen laufen hin und her, und Waren werden auf das Land hin-
Wir sind in Grimsby.

Die englischen Hafenstädte scheinen, miteinander grosse Aehnlichkeit zu haben. In langen Strassenzeilen stehen die niedrigen Häuser nebeneinandergereiht. Wenige der Bauten zeichnen sich durch architektonische Schönheit von anderen aus; Nutzmenschen und keine Genussmenschen scheinen in ihnen zu wohnen. Man sieht viele Arbeitslose an den Kai-mauern und auf Plätzen herumstehen; man möchte annehmen, dass das ärmste Proletariat hier noch stärker vertreten ist als in unserer Heimat. Doch das sind nur flüchtige Eindrücke. Ich habe Eile; es drängt mich nach meinem Ziele, dem "Socialist Holiday Camp" (Sozialistisches Ferienlager), das bei dem Dorfe Caister, in der Nähe von Great Yarmouth, dem grössten Fischereihafen an der Ostküste Englands, liegt.

Man kann auch an anderen Orten Grossbritanniens ähnlichen Einrichtungen begegnen. Auf den Flüssen schwimmen kleine Hausboote, die Tag und Nacht bewohnt sind, und in denen oft ganze Familien ihre Ferienzeit verbringen. Oder es tun sich einige Freunde zusammen, die an einer abgelegenen Stelle, besonders gern an der Meeresküste, Zelte errichten und in ihnen tag- und wochenlang ein freies und frohes Leben führen. So ist auch das Caister Camp entstanden. Zuerst waren nur einige Freunde zusammen; im Laufe weniger Jahre fanden sich aber so viele Liebhaber solcher Erholung, dass zu

ihrer Unterbringung alle Jahre eine ganze Zeltstadt aufgebaut werden muss. Deutsche trifft man vorläufig nur wenig dort; zu meist sind es Sozialisten aus England und den englischen Kolonien, neben bessergestellten Arbeitern auch Kaufleute, Beamte und Akademiker. Freilich, wer den berühmten „modernen Komfort“ sucht, der soll nicht ins Camp reisen. Dafür aber findet er dort herzliche Freundschaft und verstehende Liebe; er lebt mitten in der Natur und ist wirklich Mensch unter Menschen.

Zehn Minuten von dem Dorfe Caister und eine halbe Stunde von Great Yarmouth entfernt hat sich unser Camp angesiedelt. Dessen Leiter, Fletcher Dodd, bewohnt ein einfaches Landhaus; die Sommergäste sind in Zelten untergebracht. Die Mahlzeiten werden im Klubraum, einer grossen Halle, eingenommen, wo man sich auch tagsüber bei schlechtem Wetter aufhält. Für die leiblichen Bedürfnisse sorgt ein Küchengebäude, die geistigen kann man in einer Schreib- und Lesehalle befriedigen. Man schläft auf einfachen Bettstellen. Durch die Öffnungen im Zelt dringt die milde Nachtluft, der Wind bewegt die Leinwand, und zuweilen sorgt das Plätschern des Regens für Abwechslung in den nächtlichen Geräuschen. Aber man gewöhnt sich schnell daran, und wer daheim in der dumpfen Stube die Erquickung tiefen Schlafes nicht kannte, hier wir der sie bald kennen und schätzen lernen.

Um 7 Uhr ertönt ein Trompetensignal: Mister Dodd ruft zum Aufstehen! Aber einige Frühaufrichter haben schon längst ihr Lager verlassen und sind zum Strand gegangen, der zehn Minuten entfernt liegt; in der frischen Morgenluft wird im ewig unruhli-

gen Meere das erste Bad genommen. Um 8 Uhr ruft die Drommete zum zweiten Male, diesmal zu der angenehmen Beschäftigung des Frühstückens. Man darf sich das englische Frühstück nicht so vorstellen wie etwa in Deutschland den Bliemchenkaffee mit der Schrippe. O nein, das mutet den Esswerkzeugen schon eine lebhäftere Tätigkeit zu. Zuerst gab es Haferbrei in Milch mit braunem Zucker; darauf Kaffee oder Thee, dazu Butterbrote, Schinken, gebratene Fische, Marmelade und frische Früchte.

Man wird es begreifen, dass man damit auf mehrere Stunden den Magen befriedigt hat. Nach dem Frühstück bringt erst jeder sein Zelt in Ordnung, dann geht alles zum Strand hinab. Die Meeresküste an diesem Teile von England, in der Grafschaft Norfolk, zeigt keine wildromantische Felsenzerklüftung. Bis zu zehn Meter Höhe steigen sandige Klippen auf, in die die Sturmfluten tiefe Furchen schneiden. An vielen Stellen ist das Ufer durch starke Bauten gegen das Wüten des Meeres geschützt. Die Bewohner des Camps suchen keine Bequemlichkeiten, wie sie in den modernen Seebädern zu finden sind. In einer einfachen Holzhütte ziehen sich die Ladies zum Baden aus, in einiger Entfernung im Schutze einer Klippe die Gentlemen. Im Wasser giebt es natürlich keine Trennung der Geschlechter.

(Schluss folgt.)

Hinter den Mauern, hinter den Schlötern
Liegt euer Vaterland.
Ihr sollt euch schlagen dafür und töten,
Und habt es niemals gekannt.
Ludwig Thoma.

Harmonie unter den Gästen zu rückzuführen!

In besonders angenehmer Erinnerung sind mir die Abende im Camp geblieben. Bei schönem Wetter lagert man sich im Meeressande. Die See ist in dieser Gegend ausserordentlich belebt. Kriegsschiffe ziehen am Horizont vorüber, Küstendampfer stossen schwere Rauchwolken aus, Schifferboote kreuzen vor dem Winde. Und das Meer ist in ewiger Unruhe. Auf und ab steigen seine Wasser; mit nimmermüdem Angriff wirft es seine Wellen gegen den Strand. In dieser Stimmung pflegten dann unsere englischen Freunde ihre Volkslieder zu singen, denn man darf nicht etwa glauben, dass solche nur in Deutschland zu Hause sind. Dann ging man nach dem Camp zurück, wo man in der heiteren Gesellschaft noch einige Zeit bei Gesang und Tanz, bei Spiel und Scherz, zuweilen auch in ernster Unterhaltung verbrachte. Bis die Glocke 11 Uhr schlug; dann musste alles in die Zelte. Kurze Zeit hörte man noch ein verlorenes Flüstern, dann senkte sich der Friede der Nacht auf diese Versammlung froher Menschen herab.

Wenn auch das Leben im Socialist Camp verhältnismässig billig ist — 21 Mark die Woche bei voller Verpflegung; Ausgaben für Getränke hat man fast gar nicht und für Trinkgelder überhaupt nicht —, so können sich doch immerhin leider verhältnismässig wenig Arbeiter den Besuch des Camps erlauben. Jedoch kennt man noch ähnliche Ferienerholungen. So ist Blackpool, das im industriereichen Lancashire liegt, ein Seebad der Arbeiter geworden. Im vorigen Jahre sollen mehr als vier Millionen Besucher dort gewesen sein,

die meisten Arbeiter, aus Manchester und den anderen Textilstädten des Bezirks. Die Fabriken werden in der Regel auf eine Woche geschlossen, und die Arbeiter und Arbeiterinnen können, freilich für ihr eigenes Geld, Ferien machen. Wohl die meisten ziehen nach Blackpool, und was in Deutschland fast unmöglich erscheint, dass Arbeiter sich auf eine Woche im Seebade aufhalten, das ist hier zu einer gewohnten Einrichtung geworden.

Es mag in England manches schlechter sein als bei uns, wie ja jedes Land seine Licht- und seine Schattenseiten hat. Aber es scheint mir, als wenn England mit seinem Ferienleben uns Deutschen weit voraus ist. Es gibt doch dort schon eine Menge Arbeiter, die wissen, was Ferien heisst, und solche Einrichtungen wie das Socialist Holiday Camp in Caister lehren sie, wie sie ihre Ferienzeit nutzbringend für Körper und Geist verbringen können. Zweimal war ich bereits dort, und jedesmal war es mir beim Abschied, als ob ich aus einem Land voller Sonne in eine Nebelheimat zurückkehren müsste. Und doch weiss ich, dass es auch bei uns Millionen von Menschen gibt, die nicht nur arbeiten und immer nur arbeiten wollen, sondern die auch gern einmal ein Stückchen Lebensgenuss in ihr einformiges Dasein bringen möchten.

Wen auch die Alten dieses Ziel nicht mehr erreichten, an der arbeitenden Jugend muss es liegen, für seine Verwirklichung unablässig zu wirken!

Eugen Prager.

Reformers are constantly forgetting that the hour hand can not fail to make progress if only the minute hand keeps moving.

Die im freihetlichen Sinne geleiteten

Vereinigten Freien Deutschen Schulen

von New York und Umgegend

erteilen Unterricht im Anschauungsunterricht in Verbindung mit Vorträgen sowie Gesang, und bei genügender Beteiligung auch Turnen, Zeichnen und Handarbeitsunterricht für Mädchen. Die Adressen der einzelnen Schulen sind in Manhattan: Rand School, 140 Ost 19. Str., Samstag vorm.; Labor Temple, 247 Ost 84. Str., Samstag und Sonntag vorm.; No. 2329 2. Ave., Samstag nachm.; No. 884 Columbus Ave., Sonntag vorm.

Bronx: 964 Washington Ave., Samstag und Sonntag vorm.

Brooklyn: Labor Lyceum, 949 Willoughby Ave., Samstag vor- und nachmittags.

Long Island City: Hettinger's Halle, Broadway und 7. Ave., Samstag vormittags.

Elizabeth N. J.: 605 Elizabeth Ave., Sonntag vormittags.

Greenville: Labor Lyceum, 129 Linden Str., Samstag nachmittags.

Union Hill: Frömmchens Halle, New York Ave. und Union Str., Sonntag vormittags.

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

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