

# THE MAGAZINE YOUNG SOCIALISTS

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## NEMESIS



By F. G. G. F.

Soldier! Soldier! out of the trench,  
Why are your lips so still?  
The shouting is done and the field is won,  
And the foeman there lies stark in the sun.  
You have ended the life that had barely begun  
But—why are your lips so still?

Sweetheart! Sweetheart! brending at home  
Why are your cheeks so pale?  
As your dear eyes gaze in the firelight blaze  
And you picture the scene in the battle have,  
You are there with your lover and share in the  
praise.  
So—why are your cheeks so pale?

Statesman! Statesman! why do you start  
Like a guilty thing in the night?  
Your soldiers have vanquished the rebel brood,  
The rivers are red with their brigand's blood  
You are lord of the highway and prince of the  
road.  
So—what should you fear in the night?

Monarch! Monarch! bend to your god—  
But why do you tremble so?  
You have worked his will with your fire and  
steel,  
His children lie murdered by wood and mill,  
The god of the righteous shall succor you still,  
So, why do you tremble so?

Soldier and maiden, statesman and king  
What can the Spectre mean?  
Does the dark red stain on the brow of the  
slain,  
And the shadow of guilt in the statesman's  
brain,  
And the cry of the dead on the far-off plain  
Speak other than tongues of men?

Ah! boys and girls of the world to be,  
Here's a message of nobler worth.  
The voices of Diplomats, Statesman, and King  
Have sung of the glories that murder way  
bring,  
But out of the souls of the children shall  
spring  
The message of PEACE TO THE EARTH.

## WHEN WILL SOCIALISM COME?

By KENDRICK SHEDD

Children, young people, when will Socialism come? Lots of people are asking this question, so let us talk about it for a minute or two.

Some of the older comrades used to think that Socialism would be here in ten years. Some even said in five. Others were not so cock sure. What do YOU say?

Some years ago—not many—I was down in Seneca Park one afternoon with my kiddies, and I happened to say something like this: "Say, do you know that I own some of this Park?" And my little boy looked up with great interest in his face, and asked: "You do? Where?" "Why," said I, "I own some of that fish-pond down there, and also a part of every fish in it; and I also own a part of every flower over there in those beds, and also a part of each and every one of those trees." As I went on, my boy's eyes became larger and more wide open, and he kept saying, "You do?" Why, he wanted to believe it, but he just couldn't.

But it was true. His father was a tax-payer. He owned a house, and he paid taxes. Do you know what that means? Well, I won't take the time now to explain that, except to say, that all the people who live in a city pay some money every year for the parks, and the playgrounds, and the schools, and the roads or streets, and a lot of other things that belong to all the people.

Now, if YOU buy a thing and pay for it, it is yours, isn't it? It belongs to you, doesn't it? Well, if the city buys land and makes a park, or a playground, then it belongs to the city, doesn't it? And

who or what is the city? Why, it's the people who dwell in the city and pay the city taxes, isn't it? Of course. Well, if that is so, then it was true, wasn't it, that I owned a part of that park? And a part of the fish-pond in the park? And a part of each and every fish in the pond? And a part of each flower and each tree and each bush and each leaf? Surely. And, say, children and young people, do you know that a thing like that is a piece of Socialism? Well, it surely is.

Another illustration. I have just come home from skating on the city rink—or one of them; for we have several city skating rinks in our city. The skaters on this ice were enjoying themselves greatly. They did not have to pay any money for the privilege; and yet somebody had to pay, for rinks don't happen. They cost money. They have to be prepared and cared for. Work has to be done on them, and work has a value in money. Now, this rink was a public rink. The people own it. It is owned and kept and cared for with the people's money. And when the people use it or skate on it, they are using their own property, which is meant for all equally. This, too, is a piece of Socialism. See?

You go to public schools, do you not? Those, too, are another piece of Socialism. Of course, we know that these things are not pure Socialism, for we are still living under Capitalism, but the idea is like Socialism; so we may call all of them pieces of Socialism. Do you see the point?

Well, in Great Britain and elsewhere the people club together and have what are called Co-oper-

ative Stores, where they may buy their necessities really for less money than they would cost in the regular stores of capitalists, for if the store makes profit, that profit comes back to the people. So, you see, that, too, is something like Socialism, and we may call it another piece of Socialism already come.

So we might name a lot of things, including the Post Office, and the public roads or streets, and the sewers, and the water-systems of many of our town and cities, etc., etc. These things are not all they will be under pure Socialism, but they are "on the way," at least. And every day the people are taking other things into their own hands, instead of forever allowing private persons or corporations to own and control and carry on these "social" things for their own private, selfish profit. Every year we gain more and more pieces of Socialism. Some day we shall have all the pieces, and then we shall do what you do with those pie-

maps which you buy in the toy-stores. You remember what they are, don't you? Of course. You find them in pieces, and you put them together, and then you have the United States, perhaps. Well, some day we shall put the pieces of "socialistic things" together, and after a while we shall have real Socialism—the people's Socialism, the Socialism of all the people together, which we call "society."

That will be a happy day, won't it? When will it be? Ask your father and your uncle and your aunt. Maybe they can make a good guess at it. Maybe YOU can, too. Try it.

## BE AS HE WAS

By Heinrich Schulz

(From "Jungvolk," 1914. Translated for the Y. S. M. by May Reinhardt, Yonkers, N. Y.)

A man died in August, 1913, whose silver-grey hair had long shone over his wrinkled brow, whose decrepit body had for several years but painfully withstood the coming of death.

But in this aged body lived to the last, till death extinguished it, a soul so live, so courageous, so enthusiastic, so young that it should have honored the most impetuous youth.

Young men, when you look about you in search of a hero, a strong inspiring example, look upon this energetic youth with steel gray hair, who unwillingly departed from this life last August. Look upon the arduous impetuous prophet and champion August Bebel. Emulate him! Be like him.

Do you look aside perplexed? Is it too much to wish to become an August Bebel? Are men of such timbre born but every decade?

You are right. The modesty with which you hesitate to answer my call becomes you well. But it is not immodest to be determined to work and strive as if each one of you might some time become a Bebel.

Do you believe that Bebel knew, when he was still an immature gawky developing youth, even as you are now, who and what he was destined to become? He did not know that there was within him the nucleus of one of the greatest men of history. Nor that he would be the leader of a vast army in humanity's struggle for culture. Nor that the cultured of all lands would stand mournfully at his bier.

All this was unknown to the tender youth who studied wood turning in a little town, in the middle of the fifties of the last century. In his simple-minded innocence he did not even dream it.

But even then the latent ability of the future August Bebel was present. The great unceasing desire was within him to become more than a wood turner in Wetzlar and to do more than peacefully ply a trade. "Impatiently I waited for the end of my apprenticeship. I had a long to rush through the whole world." That is what he wrote in his memoranda.

"To traverse the whole world," in search of what? or why? These are superfluous questions. It is the traversing that counts. The godly discontent, the unquenchable longing for the new and great and heroic.

He is no genuine youth whose heart is not filled with this desire. The desire to get out of the monotony, away from the present, the incomplete, out of the stifling atmosphere of every day into the sunny light and liberty of the future that we, we sturdy youth will create.

He who is stirred by these impulses may become a Bebel. Not the August Bebel who was and whose exact image cannot return, because the period which created him and which he created cannot come back again. But he may be a Bebel of the future, a strong, courageous, honest, far-seeing leader in the great army of the future.

He may become a Bebel. We

may not all succeed. Very few are chosen. But that matters not. It is the desire, the actual endeavor to reach the goal that counts. Perhaps we may never pass out of the valleys of life, however the work there must be done, too, and we dare not scorn it. But he who is chosen to stand upon the heights, a builder or an assailant, a spokesman or color guard, a maker or unmaker of battles, attains these heights of life only if the great longing, "to traverse the whole world" burned in his youthful breast with passionate discontent.

Be as he was.

Be wise as he was. Your schooling was better than that of the fatherless soldier's child, seven decades ago. The little instruction he had could not make him wise. But he was not content with his meagre schooling. He was ever alert. He read every good book within his reach. He reflected upon life, people, book-learning, until it all resolved itself into a philosophy which disclosed to him the evolution of the human race and showed him his place in the chaos of the future, which made him the inspired prophet and champion of a new and better epoch. The wisest of his contemporaries wonderingly bowed before the wisdom of this once poor and unknown wood turner's apprentice.

Be as he was.

Be brave like him. He was a soldier's child. But not the death scorning pugnacity of the uncouth vassal was the bravery which adorned him and which you can learn from him. His was a

greater and a worthier bravery. He had the courage of his convictions, an unshakable valor to uphold his opinions, wherever he was, against any opposition and regardless of the many great sacrifices that it required. The Socialist view was not a part of his heritage or education as it is with many young workmen and women of to-day. Socialism was regarded as a serious menace and was considered worse than the plague. To acknowledge oneself a Socialist required the fearlessness with which the early Christians embraced their faith and braved even the wild animals of the persecutions.

He who served as leader and champion of the Socialist movement had to bear the scorn of "society"; the hatred of the middle class; the slander of vulgar block-heads, and the prison became a familiar abode.

Bebel valiantly and fearlessly professed himself a Socialist as soon as his conscience had approved it. He was for almost half a century first as director and then as foremost leader, the standard bearer of the struggling proletariat. Contempt, slander, prison, what mattered they to him? These were the necessary sacrifices which he bore without complaint. No slander could approach the purity and nobility of his views. No danger saw him tremble. He was a hero in the strife, faithful, tenacious, untiring, steadfast and brave.

Be like him.

Be enthusiastic as he was.

No great cause can prosper without enthusiasm. Look back upon the history of mankind. When did it stride forward unless enthusiasm lent its wings? However, it is not the noisy enthusiasm which works wonders in

history. True enthusiasm is deep down in the heart like an ever-warming fire. When sorrow and discouragement attempt to reach the soul they melt, if the flame of enthusiasm has been kept awake within it. Moreover, when joy and inspiration smell within us, it is the true, deep, sincere enthusiasm which brings this impulse and joy to its greatest height, not only for him from whom it comes, but for all upon whom it is imparted with an enlivening, inspiring, propelling force.

If Bebel had not been gifted with this strong personal magnetism he would never have been able to accomplish what he did for the working class and the world. When the clear, eager flame of enthusiasm came from the lips of this man, it took the thousands of people who sat or stood before him, by storm. Each one felt that here was one who gave the best, the deepest, and most sacred within him. Bebel's inspired words aroused thousands upon thousands from the sleep of political indifference to the conquest of even greater enemies. Be as he was, you youths of the working class! and you maidens also. No man has done more for you, for the emancipation of woman, for her equality before the law.

Youths and maidens honor this man, his whole life was one brave, sincere, keen and inspired battle for you, for the working class and for humanity.

Honor him as best you may and in the best way possible for each of you.

Emulate him! Be as he was.

Quit investigating and go to helping. Investigations are not food. Every worker knows he is robbed—stop the robbery. That will mean food.

## THE STEADY BOARDERS

By Kendrick Shedd

(Dedicated to those excellent Comrades who have made a practice of attending all the doings of the League, or the School, as the case may be.)

Here's to the steadies! Oh, long may they thrive!

They've just done their best to keep things alive.

Had they not been there, what would we have done?

We'd have lacked much in spirit, and likewise in "mun."

Here's to the steadies! Oh, long may they live!

They've done what they could some attendance to give.

If they had stayed at home, great gaps there had been;

Whence then, I wonder, would we have got "tin"?

Here's to the steadies! They may not all shine;

But they are the back-bone; yea, — they are the spine.

They've served as the ballast to keep the ship level;

If 't were not for them, we'd go to the—well, you know,

We simply couldn't do without them! So there!

A young surgeon received late one evening a note from three of his fellow-practitioners: "Please come over to the club and join us in a game of bridge."

"Emilie, dear," he said to his wife, "here I am called away again. It is an important case—there are three other doctors on the spot already."

"Even in summer it is just as well to remember that hot words do not make friends."

## IN MISSOURI

By F. J. Gould  
(From the Young Socialist of England)

Across the grass plains of Kentucky a wagon toiled, carrying a family of emigrants westward, in the fall of 1818. The horses ran away wildly all of a sudden; the father threw the three children out on to the grass and sprang out himself, though he was already crippled in one foot. A wheel broke; screams resounded; and much was the tumult ere order was restored.

The party moved on and crossed the Ohio River. Wide prairies were dotted with very few dwellings. At one part of the road the log cabins of settlers were seen in little hamlets, forty miles apart.

On to St. Louis, which was then a village of 4,000 people; and travellers with horses, sheep, pigs, and the rest, were ferried over the river Mississippi in a boat, worked by three Frenchmen, two rowing and one steering.

Soon after this crossing, the mother of the family fell while climbing into the wagon to fetch cooking vessels, and the hurt she received set up an illness that ended in death eighteen months later. The father and the three motherless children—a girl and two boys—journeyed westward, and settled. One of the boys was Alexander, who afterwards wrote the story of his life; and in this he says of his mother:

"Even to this day (and I am an old man in my eightieth year) I cannot dwell long in conversation about her without tears coming to my eyes. There are no words in the English language to express my estimate and appreciation of the dear mother who gave me birth and nourishment."

Indians were encamped in the territory of Missouri, but, as a rule, were quiet and neighborly. Indeed, Mr. Majors (that is, Alexander) says that, as long as the White folk were less in number than the Red, the Red men were much better behaved than afterwards; for, when the White men were more numerous they began to exploit the Indians, and ill-use them, and not pay money which they had promised to the Indian natives. The Red men struck back. A terrible scare occurred one day, when Polly Hopper, a girl of seventeen, rode on a grey mare from cabin to cabin, yelling "Indians!" People fled to a place of safety; men grasped rifles; and, after all, no Indians appeared.

In those times, ninety-seven adults out of every hundred worked for their own support. They would usually take with them on their westward pilgrimage, chickens, ducks, geese, pigs, cattle, and horses. The wife had her spinning-wheel, with a supply of cotton or flax, which she could spin into clothing for husband, children, and herself. Perhaps she would even begin work at her wheel before her husband had put up the log cabin for their dwelling. Pasture was plentiful for cattle; and game abounded on plain and in forest—bear, elk, deer, wild turkeys.

Though few people could read or spell well, they were well learned in common-sense, and in self-reliance, and co-operation. The soil was ploughed by their labor, and the harvests, or the fat cattle, gave token of their industry. There was little stealing or

cheating. In truth, there was not much money to be stolen; and nobody could steal pairs of honest hands and willing feet. Few were the bachelors and old maids, and the young men seldom waited beyond the age of twenty-one or so, before marrying a neighbor's daughter. The newly-wed man and wife could soon be preparing a new log cabin, new furniture, and new comradeship.

Sixty-seven years later, Alexander Majors returned to the region, and, at St. Louis, he saw six steam ferry-boats, and a great railway bridge which bore on its road some 100 to 150 trains daily. Old times had gone, and the time of companies, profits, and capitalism had come.

Now, of course, the old ways cannot return. In 1913, I crossed that railway bridge at St. Louis in a train; and had no wish for the Frenchmen's ferry-boat to carry me across the Mississippi.

True—but in the Socialist city, and country, and world, we shall again have everybody working for his or her own support. The dear mothers will still love and nourish the family; the stout fathers will build up homes; and youths and maids will make love, and marry, and construct new households in self-reliance and happy companionship. And, if the White Socialists are neighbors to some colored tribe or commonwealth, they will make it a point of honor to live at peace with them, and deal justly. For what is the use of White men without love and justice?

So it will be the old Missouri spirit, but the new Socialist method; for people will be linked in



guilds, and municipal industries, and national industries, and some industries may be international (such as parcel-post by air or water round the globe, etc.). And, as in old Missouri, so in the new Socialist commonwealth, there will be little stealing and little cheating.

All laboring for all; all living for others—for family, for country, for humanity. Farewell forever and "adieu" to rent, interest, profit, dividends.

### Children and World News

By J. Koettgen

One of the chief tasks of Socialist schools and institutions like the "Freie deutsche Schule" is to impart to our children some understanding of Socialist philosophy and gradually and gently lead them to find their way in the movement in which their elders take an active part. For that purpose it is necessary to make them understand events that are happening in the Socialist and labor movements and in the wide world.

But here we are faced by a very thorny problem which must cause difficulties to the best pedagogical talents. For how are we to explain to children what their parents themselves often fail to grasp with the necessary clearness? Let us consider the present world war. Are we to refrain from speaking about it to the children? Are we to allow them to take with them into their later life all the wrong ideas, the perverted patriotism so assiduously spread by the yellow press and reactionary preachers and politicians? For let us not forget that

it is these agencies that have the lion's share to-day in the formation of popular opinion to which children take as readily as ducklings take to water. And let us reflect that this war is the greatest event that has taken place for a hundred years, and that the next generation at least will live under its influence.

It would, of course, be futile to attempt bothering little minds with the economic and political causes that led up to the catastrophe. To talk to them about the two imperialistic camps that are struggling for world domination would be as effective as the endeavor of theologians who try to make babes understand the meaning of transubstantiation. But there is no reason why the simple facts of the titanic struggle as seen by Socialists should not be explained to them.

It might be pointed out to them in simple words that the peoples engaged in this war did not want the war; that the workmen of Germany, England, France, and the other countries did not want to murder their fellow-men and that they did not want to be murdered by them; that the peoples of the various countries were driven into the war by their governments and that these are responsible for the bloodshed; that the best way to do away with the horrors of war would be to change the existing governments for popular governments; that all men are brethren and that all nations should form one great family in which every member has the same right to live and enjoy himself.

But the chief appeal should be made to the sentiment of the youngsters. We should attempt by every means to counteract the

bad effects of the glorification of war and licensed murder. Killing people, they should be told, is murder whether done by men in civilian or military garb. It should be pointed out to them that there is very little heroism in war, that real heroism must be sought and practiced in ordinary life. Stories about rescues from fires and water, miners readily sacrificing their lives for their comrades entombed in the burning pit, sailors braving the storm and the raging sea to take their mates from a sinking ship, such subjects are suitable material for talks before the children attending our schools. Examples might be found in the newspapers almost every week, and some of the stories in the better papers are very well written and could be read to the children. Care must of course be taken to draw the proper lesson from them, and emphasis must be laid on the fact that courage and heroism do not require the environment of war to manifest themselves.

These suggestions offer only a bare outline of a method of instruction intended to counteract the baneful influence of the prevalent war talk. They may stand in need of amplification and modification, and any suggestions teachers or others interested in the subject have to make will receive hospitality in these columns.

The workers make everything except money and history.

A patriotic lecturer says "the American people forever stand for justice." If the American people forever stand for the kind of justice they're getting now, they deserve it.

## TEN "DON'TS" FOR YIPSELS

By KENDRICK SHEDD

- 1—Don't fancy that YOU know it all. What YOU don't know would make a fat library.
- 2—Don't abuse your fellows under cover of the word Comrade. Some of the meanest people I know sting and stab and hiss and poison while glibly mouthing the name of Comrade.
- 3—Don't put Parliamentary Law above Humanity. Some of the biggest nuisances in the movement to-day are those who keenly employ Parliamentary Law for their self-glorification and the hindering of business.
- 4—Don't be a glory-hunter.

Give somebody else a chance for an office or a committee position. Don't be an office-hog.

5—Don't keep your tongue running during a meeting. Did it ever occur to you what an unmitigated nuisance you are? Give your tongue a long holiday.

6—Don't be a mere knocker. Lift a bit instead of being a dead weight. Hurl your mallet into the sewer. Look into your own life and pick a few flaws. Plenty there!

7—Don't forever refuse. Be on a committee. Take part in a program. Be somebody in the League. Don't be a mere honey-vat.

- 8—Don't be behind in your dues. Pay up. Put a smile on the Dues Collector's face. The League machinery needs oil. Oil costs.
- 9—Don't forget to read. Read as much as you can. Read things worth while. You've got to be better equipped than the other fellow, or he will leave you behind.
- 10—Don't stop singing. Song unites. Song harmonizes. Song makes for comradeship and solidarity. One ounce of good song has more potency in it for League-upbuilding than ten pounds of so-called "organization."

## AND HIS MOTHER?

With the flag on his breast, he lies at rest  
In the silent market place;  
In the busy ways you hear much praise

Of this son of a hero trace.  
His glory they seek and glibly they speak  
How he died their land to save:  
But what of the one who mourns  
a son  
As she sits at the flower-strewn grave?

She would be proud, she gladly says so,  
If it were for workers' cause he fell,  
But never to the toilers' foe  
Her darling meant his life to sell.  
You see her sit, with her gnarled hands knit

Over her sunken mother-breast.  
Does her heart proudly stir? No  
hero to her  
Was the lad whom they bear to his rest.

For him, her boy, in her youth's first joy  
Did she long in the waiting days:  
As she sang him to rest at her dear mother-breast,  
Did she dream of nation's praise?  
I can see her steal in the night,  
and feel

For the flushed, round baby face  
Of him, who would rest—with a hole in his breast  
In a far-off market place.

They have laid him to rest, with the flag on his breast,

And those who have praised are gone:  
But I hear her moan as she sits alone  
And wails for her hero son.  
A hero? O, no, be true! He was forced to do  
What they call: "our land to save."  
But his mother only feels the pain the bullet gave.  
As she lies on the flower-strewn grave.

When capitalism creates unemployment it has no responsibility whatever. When chattel slavery created unemployment it cost the system the keep of the workers. The keep of the workers should be assessed against the plutes as a right, not as charity.

## The Young Socialists' Magazine

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## A SONG OF WAR

The banker sat in his parlor,  
And chuckled aloud with glee.  
He raised his glass,  
His wine he quaffed,  
For war is declared, said he.

The soldier shouldered his rifle,  
And fared him forth to the fray.  
His pulse beat high,  
For war is declared to-day.  
He smiled and sang,

The people awoke from slumber  
To answer the clarion call.  
They flew to arms,  
No cost too great,  
For war is declared for all.

L'Envoi

A woman sat and mourned alone,  
A child cried out for bread.  
A trader watched his ruined shop  
For customers were sped.  
A workman wearily sought a job,  
But factory wheels were still,  
And men lay dead and dying  
On distant plain and hill.  
But

The Banker sat in his parlor,  
And chuckled aloud with glee.  
He raised his glass,  
His wine he quaffed,  
Thank God for the war, said he.

—J. S.

NEW PROSPERITY FOR THE YOUNG  
SOCIALISTS' MAGAZINE

The Young Socialists' Magazine has gone through many years of hard struggle. There were many difficulties in its path, for it was not only a new venture. It was that unhappy thing, an organ without a movement back of it. It was due to this fact that the magazine was forced to split up its limited space among young people and children, for it could not afford to concentrate all of its space on either one or the other of these movements.

The recent growth and broadening of the Young People's movement in America has not been without its favorable influence upon our magazine. Not only was the number of subscribers and possible subscribers increasing, not only were the reports from clubs throughout the land adding to its general interest. More important than all this was the fact that the young Socialists were learning their first lesson in co-operation.

It is this new spirit in the Young People's movement that led to the election of Comrade Shedd as associate editor by the State Convention last fall. It was this same spirit that brought forth the Young Socialists' Magazine conference that took place a few weeks ago. This conference was attended by delegates from the branches of the Y. P. S. F. of New York and vicinity. It was only to be expected that among so many people plenty of criticism of past efforts should be offered, some justified, others perhaps a little hasty and thought-

less. But a great step forward has been taken nevertheless. In the future the magazine will be published with the hearty co-operation of our young Socialist movement.

This does not signify by any means, however, that the old cry, "a magazine for the young Socialists by the young Socialists" is to be realized. The more intelligent of our young people have long realized that the mere interchange of ideas among the members of the young people's movement will hardly do a great deal toward the education and broadening of its ranks. We have, therefore, called not only upon the young people, but also upon a number of experienced comrades, whose years of work with and among the younger element in our movement makes them peculiarly fitted for the task to assist in the work of editing the magazine.

Education and organization! These are the two factors upon which the future of our movement rests. Let us take up the task hand in hand. We need each other, each must supplement the other's work. So we will work with a new will, co-operate more heartily, understand more fully, and accomplish more successfully for the great spirit of Socialism, for the future of the human race.

Professor (in history): "How was Alexander II. of Russia killed?"

Freshman: "By a bomb."

Professor: "How do you account for that?"

Freshman: "It exploded!"

(For Our Little People)

## A LITTLE BIT OF STRING

(A Story from the French.)

It was only a little bit of string that brought on all the trouble that is related in the following story.

There was in a little village in Normandy in France an old farmer who had long given up working on his own farm. But he still took a keen interest in everything that concerned farming. Now, that old farmer had the name of being not only very miserly but also very quarrelsome. He would pick up and sell every little trifle he found in the road, and scarcely a day passed without his quarreling with some neighbor.

One day that farmer, as was his wont, went to the nearest market-town. He had no business there, but he just wanted to watch people selling and buying eggs, fowls, cattle, and green-stuff, and he wanted to have talk with them. On his way there he saw lying in the road a bit of string. He stopped to pick it up. But being an old man plagued with rheumatism it took him a long time to bend and straighten himself again. Just as he was painfully trying to straighten himself again and was putting the string in his pocket, he noticed that his neighbor, the saddler, was curiously watching him from his doorstep. The old farmer felt ashamed. Only a day or two before he had quarreled with the saddler. What will that man think and say about me, he thought to himself, if he sees me picking up a dirty little piece of string? So he pretended he had

lost something, bent down again, and searched for a long while in the road for something he had not lost. At last, when the saddler had grown tired of watching him, the old farmer went on his way.

Arrived in the town he watched the buying and selling in the market-place, and had a chat with people he knew. When the market was over he joined all the other farmers in the eating-house, and had food and drink with them. The party had scarcely seated themselves when a noise was heard in the street. The town-crier of the place was outside beating his drum and calling upon all the people to listen to what he had to say. He announced that a certain Mr. Jones had lost a purse with \$600 in it on the main road leading to the town. If anyone had found that purse he was called upon to take it forthwith to the mayor where he would be rewarded. That piece of news created a great sensation among the farmers. Nobody had found the purse, but everybody wished that he were the lucky finder.

The town-crier went away. Ten minutes later he returned, asked for the old farmer, and told him that the mayor wanted to speak to him. At that nobody was more surprised than the farmer. He could not guess what it was that the mayor wanted to see him about, but nevertheless he followed the town-crier to the town-hall.

There he was led in the presence of the mayor, who, to the

farmer's utter surprise, informed him that he was accused of having found the purse with the \$600 in it. At first the farmer was speechless, but after he had recovered himself he protested loudly that he had not found the purse. Then the mayor told him that he had been seen picking up the purse, and that a man was there to testify to it. The man was called, and he turned out to be the saddler with whom the old miserly farmer had quarreled shortly before and who had seen the old man pick up something in the road. The saddler roundly accused the farmer of having found the purse. He said that he had seen the farmer pick it up in the road, and that he had watched him looking around for money that might have dropped out of the purse.

When the saddler had finished the farmer flew into a rage, called the witness all manner of names, and protested loudly that he was not the finder of the purse. He said it was true that he had stooped down to pick up something in the road but what he had picked up was not a purse, but a little bit of string. To prove what he said he drew from his pocket the string which he had carefully rolled up. Then everybody in the mayor's room burst out laughing, because nobody would believe him. The old man was beside himself with rage, and demanded that he should be searched. That was done, and no purse was found on him.

The mayor was puzzled. He

did not know what to do. At last he decided to report the case to the judge, and dismissed the farmer. The latter went out into the crowd where the story of the little bit of string had meanwhile been told from mouth to mouth and created much amusement. Everybody now began to twit the old man with the story of the little bit of string. The farmer protested his innocence to everybody who wanted to listen, but being known as such a miser he could not make anyone believe that it was not really he who had found the purse.

A day or two passed. Then the purse with the \$600 in it was delivered up by a baker of a neighboring place. The baker's man, an ignorant young fellow who could neither read nor write, had found the purse on one of his rounds, put it in the cart, and finally delivered it to his master who then heard of the loss through an advertisement in the newspaper and sent the purse and money to the mayor.

When that story got known there was nobody more happy than the old farmer who had been so unjustly accused. He forthwith went to all his neighbors and exclaimed: "You see it was not I who found the purse!" He also tried to show why it could not have been he who had found the purse. But, strange to say, people seemed to be more amused than ever. And the butcher even went up to the old miser and told him: "We have heard that yarn before. Somebody finds the purse and when he is found out another one comes and delivers it up. You can't tell me that kind of story."

When the old farmer saw that people would even then not believe in his innocence he took it so much to heart that he became

sick. He caught a fever of which he died, and the last words he is said to have uttered were: "Believe me, mayor, it was only this little bit of string."

Now, this story shows how dangerous it is to have a bad reputation. Had that old farmer not been known to have been a miser and a quarrelsome old man people would never have believed him to have been the dishonest finder of that purse. But it also shows how dangerous it is to judge from mere appearances, as the saddler did. Never jump hastily to conclusions.

#### AN INTERNATIONAL MEET OF THE Y. S. L.

Will the Young Socialists succeed where their fathers have so far failed? The Young Socialists of Switzerland are inviting representatives of the Young Socialist movement of all countries to attend a conference at Berne on April 4, 5, and 6. It is hoped that delegates will be present from Italy, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Germany, France, Austria, and Switzerland. All information can be obtained from W. Müngenber, Werdstrasse 40, Zurich.

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 Sackl's Union Hall, 1591 Second Ave., between 82nd & 83rd Sts. (Advt.)

### DEBATING DEPARTMENT

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

#### An Appeal to the Leagues

All education is a preparation for self-expression. The most common and yet most difficult medium of self-assertion is speech, the vehicle of our thoughts and feelings, the purpose of which is to convey and convince others of the truth or falsity of a disputed matter.

Like other talents and abilities, opportunities must be present to encourage the development of the speech faculty by which alone do our vague ideas bloom and become realities. Unfortunately the Y. S. P. L.'s have not supplied the opportunities. We have sadly neglected an inter-league activity which would provide for them. We have fallen into lethargy and thus have not given our members the widest range of thought activity. The Leagues must arouse themselves to the realization that education and the spread of Socialist thought are the purposes of the movement. The future is ours. We must become active and develop the faculty which communicates to others our ideals and aspirations. Arouse yourselves! Debate among yourselves! Intellectual gymnastics to strengthen our minds are just as necessary to the well-being of our mental life as physical exercise is to our bodies.

Who doubts the educational value of debating? It is the one activity which is exclusively inductive to clear thinking and general mental discipline. The debaters learn to express their clear thoughts lucidly in unequivocal language. Debating is an education.

The purpose of this department is to create an inter-league spirit—a spirit that will stimulate the growth of the Young Socialist Movement. This is our aim. And debating contests are instruments used in stirring up the interest and inducing enthusiasm among the Leagues.

We therefore urge the Leagues to submit to this department propositions they would like to debate, the side they would like to support and the "friendly" opponent they prefer to meet.

Do it now! Don't delay! Set the pace for the other Leagues.

# OUR STUDY CLASS

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

The Young People's Socialist League is to be heartily congratulated upon its decision to assume an important share in the task of making the Young Socialists' Magazine a true expression of the vigorous and promising propaganda of the League in the United States. This step is bound to result in making the movement more unified in its aims and methods.

The Rand School is proud to be granted the privilege of sharing in this work and to conduct a column which shall promote the educational side of the Young People's Socialist League. The aim, as we see it now, will be to stimulate the desire in the circles to study subjects, in which they, as future members and workers in the Socialist Party, must be versed, and to impart such information in reply to questions, as may be conveyed in the brief space which can be spared for this purpose.

For the present then, we shall use Course 1 of the Rand School Correspondence Department, entitled "Element of Socialism" and composed by Anna A. Maley, as the basis for questions, because it gives us a definite starting point and because several Circles are now taking it.

We shall call the column "Our Study Class," until an inspiration for a better name comes to us or from one of the readers of the department. We hope that many suggestions for its conduct may come in and first among them might very well be a design for a heading from some one of the members of the League who has ideas and can draw.

Many things may be accomplished by this column. We trust that it will serve not only as a medium for the Rand School to answer questions which arise in the course of the study by Circles of "Elements of Socialism," but that it may develop into an open forum in which the readers may themselves answer the questions put. We shall try to give some opportunity for this in each issue, but readers must bear in mind that no careless or hasty work will be given consideration.

It may be that at times we shall answer questions here arising from members of older study groups, if we think that such answers will be helpful to the readers of the Magazine.

By these means and others that will

arise naturally, information can be given, a desire for study can be awakened, Circles and Leagues can be brought into touch with one another on an intellectual basis and the older and younger members of the Socialist movement can come closer to one another.

We begin this month with a few questions already on hand and invite all members of Young Socialist League Classes to send in the questions which puzzle them. Philadelphia, Cleveland, Toledo, New Haven, Hartford, let us hear from you and from other Circles which have study classes.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Will you give the definition of the word "exploit"?—T. W. K., Buffalo.

Exploit in the sense that the word is used in economics has come to us from the French. It means to utilize or employ in selfish schemes; to bring out for one's own advantage without regard to right or rights. Ordinarily it means also to put in use or to make completely available. Employers exploit workers by putting them into use or into action, for the selfish ends of the employers and for their profit, regardless of the interest, and rights of the workers. The profit realized by the employer, that is, the amount which he appropriates out of what the worker creates, represents the measure of the worker's exploitation by the employer.

"What is included in the elements of production that is not included in means of production?"—E. G. C., Elmira, N. Y.

E. G. C., Elmira.—By referring to the text (I. V. p. 3) you will see that the term "elements of production" is there used to include land and materials, tools and machines, and human labor-power; while the term "means of production" is applied only to the two former, and does not include labor-power. Labor-power is the active producer of value; the land and materials and the various implements are the means through which labor-power produces value.

"The tree standing in the forest is not raw material until it is felled."—W. S. W., New London, Conn.

W. S. W., New London.—Of course all classifications are more or less

arbitrary. The important thing is that we mutually understand the sense in which any word or term is used. In the present case (Course I, Lesson V) it seems better to confine the use of the term "raw material" to objects upon which labor has already been expended, so that they have come under the general head of commodities, but which are not yet ready for consumption. This would exclude the standing tree in the forest, the coal or ore in the earth, the fish in the sea, etc., which are natural objects as yet untouched by labor. The log is a product from the point of view of the lumbering camp, and at the same time it is raw material for the saw mill; in the next stage, the boards into which the log is cut are products of the saw mill and raw material for the carpenter shop; the house into which these boards are at last incorporated is a finished product, ready for the final user or consumer.

"Is the farmer a wage-worker?"—A. J., Chicago.

A. J., Chicago.—It is true that the owner or renter of a small farm is a productive worker, and that he is exploited to a greater or less extent. He may in many cases be no better off than a wage-worker. Still, he is not a wage-worker. The farmer is a seller of goods and, as a rule, to some extent a buyer of labor-power; the wage-worker is a seller of labor-power. They have many interests in common, but not all. In some matters their interests definitely conflict. For instance, a rise in the prices of wheat, potatoes, and beef is welcomed by the farmers, but not by the wage-workers; legal limitation of the work-day is favored by wage-workers, but not by farmers. It may prove practicable to harmonize the interests of these two classes, but there is no use of shutting our eyes to facts and pretending that they are identical.

As this copy is just ready to send to the printer, there comes the following question, taken from Lesson 2, Course I, "Elements of Socialism," from F. B. S., Meriden, Conn.: "Will you explain more clearly the question, 'Would evolution be possible without adaptation?'"

Who will submit a brief answer to this question?



## HOW OFT THE TRUTH IN JEST BE TOLD

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

The evening's mail brings me the shocking news that I have been "elected" the comic editor of the reorganized editing board. I am not quite certain that I can be considered the "elect" joker. There is a feeling that perhaps the New York League could fill this column better—as the original joke.

It is only of recent date that Socialists are turning their attention to humor. The "old-timers" are as yet antagonistic to any reading-matter other than cut and dried economics. But we young people do like a little fun for diversion. And the capitalist system with its contradictions is altogether too much a fun-provoking source, notwithstanding its tragedies.

At any rate the editing of a humorous column may be a stimulant for reading the more serious matter.

It is our desire to keep the best Socialist funny column in the country. We have the young people interested in this—that is why we believe in the success of it.

Humor presents itself. There is no need to manufacture it. Look about you, at your job, the Socialist meeting, while listening to a speaker, or reading a report of one.

To make an energetic start, we will start a contest among the members of the Leagues throughout the country. We have the promise of the "philosopher" Stake Hoss Jake, who will philosophize on "fings down," as he would say.

We are printing in this issue his first contribution. Now the thing to do is to draw a picture suitable for a cut to accompany the saying. Imagine Stake Hoss, the sage proletarian philosopher, and give him a pen and ink sketch to top his column.

For the picture which will be selected as best we will give a free "sub" to this magazine for one year.

Draw pictures in ink, and try not to have them creased in the envelope.

Material intended for publication must reach the editor not later than the second Wednesday of each month.

Address all communications to

Jack Weiss, 1748 Washington Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

P. S.—I have ordered an extra large mail box to make sure of storing the heavy mail I expect.

An enterprising anti-Socialist was at the height of his denunciation of Socialism when he spied Jim Higgins, the live-wire Socialist approaching his gathering. Here was an opportunity that could not be missed, so he flung out his challenge in the fashion:

"Now, gentlemen, there goes Jim Higgins, the famous Socialist orator. Has he any questions to ask?"

Jim stopped, gave a sly look at the sky, and said, "Well, as long as you ask me, I reckon I will—er, 'What time is it?'"

### Jolly Jingles

Laurens, old top,  
An idea brings up,  
"Let's convene in Chicago, all hail!"  
A splendid idea  
It we could but see  
How to get the so much-needed  
How to get the so much-needed kale!

Old K. P. Shedd  
Just loves the red,  
That good old proletarian shade;  
When in his manner  
He waves our banner  
The plutes have cause to be afraid.

### Headline

"Girl tells legislators how to live  
on \$6 per week!"  
Good information wasted; no  
chance of their trying it.

### Stake Hoss Jake, the Proletarian Philosopher

D'y'er ever observe that them clergymen allers gits yer to look up skywards? I tell you, Bud, there's two reasons fer it. Fust, when yer lookin' up yer can't see what's goin' on about yer; an' second, it gives the "smart set" a chance ter trim yer pockets. See?

### Escaped

One of the old-line machine-men of the A. F. of L. was telling his audience of how "our honorable President rose from the ranks."

Is that so? "Ranks" is good!  
We just recall that Sam Gompers was a cigar-maker once.

Some men say they have too much respect for women to want to see them in politics. Why not have more respect for politics?—Puck.

## MASK AND SONG

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

"Shoot to Kill" is the sketch by Fred Krafft, which the Newark, N. J., Y. P. S. L. will present at the Newark Labor Lyceum on S. 14th Street, near Springfield Ave. Admission twenty-five cents.

Henrik Ibsen's "Ghost" will be presented by the Modern Drama League at the Berkeley Theatre, 44th St., near 5th Ave., New York City, on Saturday evening, April 17. Tickets are 35, 50, and 75 cents. The proceeds are for the benefit of the Rand School Scholarship Fund.

"The Second-Story Man," a one-act sketch by Upton Sinclair, will be played by a company of competent players at the great Banner Dedication and Ball of the Comrade Club, Y. P. S. L. of Hudson County, N. J. It is to be given on April 24, at 8 P. M., at Arion Hall, Cambridge Ave. and Hutton St., Jersey City. Admission will be twenty-five cents.

This is what some of the Leagues in the East are doing.

It is to your plays and entertainments that you must turn to attract the new members. The most progressive Leagues are the ones which best entertain their members and friends.

You must show worthy and serious members that despite their active and serious aim the Y. P. S. L.'s are not an organization of "high-brows," but a live, human gathering of young folks striving for happiness not only in the future but also at the present time.

To help the Leagues do this is the object of this department. It aims to print news of the entertainments and plays of the Leagues; and by means of continual correspondence with the Leagues help to make their social meetings events to be looked forward to and back upon.

To do this the department must have the co-operation of every League. It hopes to have a circulating number of plays for use by the Leagues. It hopes to be able to suggest and help entertainment committees carry out happy social affairs.

Will the Leagues help it?  
If so, please send news of all social affairs to the department—and keep in touch with it.

Drop a letter to

Herbert Moral,  
80 Elliott Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

## ALL ABOUT SPORT

Edited by EUGENE J. BROCK,

38 Hill St., Newark, N. J.

Does your League give proper attention to all phases of the American youth's activity? If your answer to this question is "Yes," then I'll ask you, "How's your base-ball team making out?" "And your tennis club?" "Who is going to win the coming athletic meet, will your League be a strong contender?" "Have you a rowing club, or a hiking section?" You don't go in for these things! Why not?

If there is one thing that can be depended upon to attract and hold the interest of Young America, that thing is SPORT. Who are the heroes of modern childhood's fancy? Baseball players, athletes! It is but a reflection of our modern industrial conditions that we should idealize victory, and the victors, leaders in our sports. Some comrades object to this as a most dangerous tendency—well, there is only one thing that we can do about it—In place of the individualistic, hero-worshipper, whose only sport is to see others play—let us build up a strong, virile youth that can hold its own part in all co-operative, health-giving sports.

Sports are necessary to the development of every individual and of every organization. What kind of sports? Any kind that strengthens the body, exercises the mind, and forces the individual to lose himself in the progress of his team. That's the secret—team work.

Baseball is a splendid sport—and for three main reasons; first, it is played out in the open, out in the warm, cheerful sunshine; second, every muscle of the body is called into play—it gives all-round healthful exercise; third, the game must be studied, the team must work together, strategy and co-operation are far greater factors for success for the individual excellence. In this sport men learn to reason in terms of co-operative effort.

What is true of baseball is true also of most other sports—tennis, rowing, walking, foot-ball, bicycling, swimming, etc. In an even greater measure can this be said of track and field events. These are looked upon with great favor by a vast number of people, especially among the younger generation. They give a large number of people a chance to participate, to enjoy the exercise and also the gratification of possible success.

Athletic training is of utmost importance and great interest alike to individual, organization, and society at large. It benefits the individual with a strong, healthy body; it gives the organization a vital interest with which to hold its members together, as well as a practical training-ground for co-operative effort; in society-at-large it serves to counteract the vicious tendency to produce a lazy, indolent, neurotic, "molly-coddle" people, and to develop instead a race of strong, courageous, self-reliant men and women, free from all ailments alike in body and in mind.

Such a result would be of greatest benefit to the Socialist movement as a whole, and to the young people's organization in particular. With our members developed as they might well be, the efficiency of our movement would be increased a thousand-fold. Let each do their duty to develop the best that is in him; let us get together to take advantage of this means to strengthen our movement.

### EDITOR'S NOTE

If you have any articles on athletics or notices of games in which your Circle has or will participate, send them along for publication. We must give the question of athletics prominence in order that the Circles may come to realize what an important part sports can and will play in the development of a powerful organization such as ours is destined to be in the future.

All notices must be in the hands of the Willing Editor on or before the 15th day of every month; 250 words is the maximum length of any article.

The Newark Circle's athletic squad will start their Spring training in another week or two. Comrade A. Weiss is the manager of the ball team and, according to his opinion, we shall have a first-class baseball nine. Comrade Hugh Sweeney, Coach, expects to develop a number of promising runners for the season. And the girls of the Circle are not a whit behind the boys. They are working to create a tennis team which will be a hummer, as a number of the girls are good players; and Comrade Bertha Bader is laying plans now for a series of contests.

Yours fraternally,

Rae Meltzer,  
Cor. Sec'y Newark Circle No. 1.

April the 17th is the eventful day in Newark. That is the night when the 6th Semi-Annual Vaudeville and Dance of Circle No. 1 takes place at the Labor Lyceum. Those who have attended our previous affairs know what to expect, and those who never had will be surprised. The entertainment consists of five sketches and acts, singing and dancing. The Athletic Committee is in charge of the affair. The proceeds will be devoted to buy baseball uniforms, tennis rackets, and in general to equip the athletic teams of the Circle. Circles who wish to attend in a body will receive a reduction. A number of the Circles have signified their willingness to attend and the affair promises to be a glorious success.

Yours for comradeship,

The Committee.

Per Francis Wiener & Jeanette Heller.

Die im freihethlichen Sinne ge-  
leitet

Vereinigten Freien Deutschen  
Schulen

von New York und Umgegend

erteilen Unterricht im Anschauungs-  
unterricht in Verbindung mit Vorträgen  
sowie Gesang, und bei genügender Be-  
teiligung 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 81. Str., Samstag und Sonnt-  
ag vorm.; No. 2329 2. Ave., Sams-  
tag nachm.; No. 884 Columbus Ave.,  
Sonntag vorm.

Bronx: Cor. 158th Street and Forest  
Ave. Wm. Stillwagens's Hall, Sams-  
tag und Sonntag vorm.

Brooklyn: Labor Lyceum, 949 Will-  
oughby Ave., Samstag vor- und nach-  
mittags.

Long Island City: Hettinger's Halle,  
Broadway and T. Ave., Samstag vor-  
mittags.

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

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

Union Hill: Frömmichens 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. (Adv.)

### REPORT OF THE Y. P. S. L. PRESS CONFERENCE

Held at the Rand School, 140 E. 19th St., N. Y. C., Sunday, Mar. 14th

The meeting was called to order by Wm. F. Kruse, State Secretary Y. P. S. L. of N. J. He explained that the State Committee of his organization, realizing the need of a strong Young Socialist Press and the inadequacy of the present organ, had instructed him to call this conference. He was glad to see such a liberal response to his call. Besides about sixty visitors, there were fourteen delegates representing leagues from Rochester, Yonkers, Manhattan, Bronx of New York, and Newark, Hudson Co., Paterson, Elizabeth, of New Jersey. The New Jersey Y. P. S. L. State Committee and the New York State Board of Control were also represented by delegates. Officers were elected as follows: Chairman, William F. Kruse of New Jersey, and Secretary, J. G. Karpf, of Rochester, N. Y.

Bertha H. Maily, Executive Secretary of the Rand School, welcomed the delegates and visitors and expressed the confidence that good results will follow this conference. It was a new departure, she said, for young people to get together on their own account to better their own organization; it shows the new spirit of youth that will bring renewed life and activity into the ranks of the Party.

Comrade Kruse then opened the discussion by stating what he considered to be the defects of the present magazine. He presented a detailed plan for its improvement and urged the delegates to give it their careful consideration. He proposed that the Magazine should remain in the hands of its present editorial board, but the Young Socialists should take a hand in its preparation. To this end, he advocated the establishment of various departments which were as follows: Little Folks, Sports, Girls, Debating, Question Box, News and Notes, Comic Section, and other features. Each of these to be edited by a member of the Y. P. S. L. If the appearance and get-up of the Young Socialist Magazine is improved, if it is made really worth while, there will be little trouble encountered in getting subscriptions.

Nathan Bieks, delegate from Manhattan, then took the floor. He pointed out the short comings of the paper and criticised its whole management. The young people will have to take this thing into their own

hands, he said. There is at present nothing in the magazine to warrant its existence, and no blame can be attached to any league that refuses to support it.

Ludwig Lore, editor of the Young Socialist Magazine, then answered several questions that had piled up. He had come here to listen, and not to talk. He was glad that the Young Socialists had at last awakened to their own interests and responsibilities on this matter. As to the question of ownership, he informed the conference that the ownership consists at present of nothing but a deficit, and that this is owned entirely by the Co-operative Publishing Ass'n. They would be quite willing at any time to turn it over to the Young People's Leagues, if they so desired. The Y. P. S. L.'s are welcome to control the magazine, purposely published in their interests, just as soon as they have demonstrated their ability to properly conduct same. The reason why there are two German pages in the periodical was explained, the information of its origin as the organ of a German Sunday School group. At present these pages boost the circulation of a considerable extent. The pages are of great value to German school teachers in their work, and besides drawing the support and co-operation of many German organizations.

Jack Karpf, Rochester, urged the inclusion of a Drama Column in the new plan. He suggested increasing the circulation to a point where we could afford to employ an editor and also to conduct the business side. It is entirely too much to expect all this work to be done voluntarily and at the same time in such a manner as to be beyond criticism.

Robert Spector, Manhattan, spoke in regard to the Young People not being permitted to have their articles published. He thought that it was best to have young people in charge. He did not approve of the idea of employing anyone at present.

M. Lehrman, Bronx, expressed the idea that the magazine ought to bring the message of the Socialist Philosophy to the young. He thought it was better to have the editorship in the hands of men of experience than to elect committees who have little or no knowledge of newspaper work.

Louis Caplan, of Elizabeth, asked for a compulsory subscription to be levied on all members of the Leagues, for the purpose of raising finances and increasing circulation. He also found fault with the management, as it is at present.

Herbert Moral, Yonkers, took exception to some parts of Kruse's plan. He urged more educational articles and less gossip. He said that the Rand School should be given space in which to answer the questions that continually come up before the Leagues and other Socialist Educational Circles.

Harry Berger, Paterson, tried to impress the delegation to push the Magazine, particularly by urging all new members to subscribe. If this were done the deficit would soon be wiped out.

Eugene Brock, New Jersey, warmly commended Kruse's plan which, as he pointed out, was the only practical thing that had been put before the body. It was very easy to criticize, he said, but this was a time for constructive work. He urged the delegates to leave their hammers at home, and to bring out actual practical suggestions for improvement.

All visitors were then given a chance to express themselves, and the problem was discussed from every angle. After a chance to talk had been given everyone who desired it, the committee went into business session.

#### Business Session

Chairman, Kruse; Secretary, Karpf. Motion that the Leagues be asked to elect one member of their respective bodies to constitute a general circulation committee. Their duty being to boost the circulation of the Magazine within their League. Carried.

Motion that the conference lend its approval to Kruse's plan and that it suggest to the management of the Magazine that they adopt the same. Carried.

Motion that each League elect a press agent. Carried. Motion that the body elect directors for the various departments suggested by Comrade Kruse. Carried.

The following were elected: Little Folks, Comrade Koettgen; Debating Department, Nathan Bieks; Question Box, Rand School of Social Science; Sporting, Eugene J. Brock; Comic Section, Jack Weiss; Drama Section, H. Moral. All other sections were left to the editors.

Motion that the provision for a Girls' Section be tabled. Carried.

Motion that the next meeting be held on Sunday, May 16, same time and place. Carried.

Motion that the present officers, consisting of Karpf and Kruse, act as the official representatives of this body until the next meeting.

Adjourned 2:30 P.M.

### KINDERLIED

#### von den grünen Sommervögeln.

Es kamen grüne Vögelin  
Geflogen her vom Himmel  
Und setzten sich im Sonnenschein  
In frühlichem Gewimmel  
All an des Baumes Aeste,  
Und sassen da so feste,  
Als ob sie angewachsen sein.

Sie schaukelten in Lüften lau  
Auf ihren schwanken Zweigen;  
Sie assen Licht und tranken Tau  
Und wollten auch nicht schweigen;  
Sie sangen leise, leise  
Auf ihre stille Weise  
Von Sonnenschein und Himmelsblau.

Wenn Wetternacht auf Wolken sass,  
So schwirrten sie erschrocken;  
Sie wurden von dem Regen nass  
Und wurden wieder trocken;  
Die Tropfen rannen nieder  
Vom grünen Gefeder,  
Und desto grüner wurde das.

Da kam am Tag der scharfe Strahl,  
Ihr grünes Kleid zu sengen;  
Und nächtlich kam der Frost einmal,  
Mit Reif es zu besprengen;  
Die armen Vögelin froren,  
Ihr Frohsinn war verloren.  
Ihr grünes Kleid ward bunt und fahl.

Da trat ein starker Mann zum Baum  
Und hub ihn an zu schütteln,  
Vom oben bis zum untern Raum  
Mit Schauer durchzurütteln;  
Die bunten Vögelin girtten  
Und auseinander schwirrten;  
Wohin sie flogen, weiss man kaum.

Friedrich Rückert.

### DIE DROHNENSCHLACHT,

Von Maurice Maeterlinck.

Bleibt nach dem Hochzeitsausflug  
der Königin der Himmel noch klar  
und die Luft warm, sind die Blumen

noch ergiebig an Nektar und Pollen, so dulden die Arbeitsbienen noch eine Zeitlang die lästige und verderbliche Anwesenheit der Drohnen. Diese tafeln und schmausen und führen das müssige Leben von verschwenderischen und rücksichtslosen Ehrenliebhabern. Um nach Herzenslust zu schlafen, wählen sie sich die wärmste Ecke des Stockes zur Ruhestätte, erheben sich lässig, um aus den offenen Honiggellen, die am schönsten duften, nach Belieben zu saugen, und beschmutzen die Waben, auf denen sie sitzen, mit ihrem Urat. Die langmütigen Arbeitsbienen gedenken der Zukunft und machen den Schaden stillschweigend wieder gut. Von Mittag bis um drei Uhr, wenn die Landschaft in bläulichem Sommerluft liegt und unter dem sieghaften Auge der Juli- oder Augustsonne in seliger Müdigkeit hebt, fliegen sie aus. Sie tragen einen Helm aus riesigen schwarzen Perlen, ein zottiges Fell und einen vierfachen, starren, durchsichtigen Mantel. Dabei machen sie einen fürchterlichen Lärm, drängen die Schildwachen beiseite, stören die Führinnen und rennen die Arbeitsbienen um, die mit ihrer Tracht beladen heimkehren. So vertrauen sie sich nacheinander stolz und unwiderstehlich dem weiten Luftraum an, um sich alsbald friedlich auf die nächsten Blumen niederzulassen und ihr Mittagsschlafchen zu halten, bis die abendliche Kühle sie wieder aufweckt. Dann kehren sie in demselben gebieterischen Fluge in den Stock zurück, laufen dort wieder an die Honigbehälter, stecken den Kopf bis zum Halse hinein, saugen sich wie Schläuche voll, um ihren erschöpften Kräften aufzuhelfen, und schreiten dann wieder schweren Schrittes zum Lager, wo der gute Schlaf ohne Sorgen und Träume sie bis zum nächsten Mahle umfängt.

Aber die Geduld der Bienen reicht nicht so weit wie die der Menschen. Eines Morgens läuft die längst erwartete Losung durch den Stock, und die friedlichen Arbeitsbienen werden zu Richtern und Henkern. Man weiss nicht, wer die Losung

gibt, sie scheint aus der kalten, verstandsmässigen Entrüstung der Arbeitsbienen plötzlich hervorzubrechen und erfüllt, sobald sie ausgesprochen ist, wie es der Geist des einmütigen Gemeinwesens will, alsbald aller Herzen. Ein Teil des Volkes steht vom Beutemachen ab, um sich ganz dem Werke der Gerechtigkeit zu widmen. Die schamlosen Müssiggänger, die klumpenweise auf den honigspendenden Wänden sitzen, werden in ihrer Sorglosigkeit überrascht und durch ein Heer von zornigen Jungfrauen plötzlich aus dem Schlaf gerissen. Sie wachen glücklich auf, und doch unsicher, sie trauen ihren Augen nicht recht, und ihr Ersauern dringt allmählich durch ihre allgemeine Gleichgültigkeit hindurch. Sie bilden sich ein, sie seien das Opfer eines Irrtums, blicken starr um sich, und da der leitende Gedanke ihres Lebens in ihren dicken Hirnschädeln zuerst lebendig wird, so wenden sie sich nach den Honigbehältern, um sich zu stärken. Aber es ist jetzt nicht mehr die Zeit des Maitonigs. Statt des freien Zuganges zu den schönen, vollen Behältern, die ihrer gefälligen Zuckerränder unter ihrem Munde öffneten, finden sie ringsum ein grünes Gestrüpp von gesträubten Giftstacheln. Aber noch ehe die verblühten Schmarotzer sich dieser unerhörten Verletzung ihres gegneten Schicksals bewusst werden, ehe sie den Umschwung der Glücksgesetze des Bienenstaates begriffen haben, stürmen schon drei bis vier Gerichtsfrauen auf sie los, versuchen ihnen die Flügel zu kappen, den Hinterleib vom Brustkasten abzutrennen, die fiebernden Fühler zu amputieren, die Füsse auszurenken und einen Spalt zwischen den Ringen ihres Panzers zu finden, um ihr vergiftetes Schwert hineinzuatauchen. Die ungeschlachteten, wehrlosen Tiere denken nicht an Verteidigung, sondern suchen zu entfliehen oder bieten ihr dickes Fell den auf sie niederregnenden Schlägen dar. Auf dem Rücken liegend, wehren sie mit ihren starken Fussenden die erbitterten Feindinnen ab, die nicht von ihnen



ablassen, oder sie laufen im Kreise herum und reissen den ganzen Haufen zu einem tollen Wirbel mit fort, der indessen bald erlahmt. Nicht lange, so sind sie schon so mitleidswürdig, dass das Mitleid, welches in unserem Herzen nie weit von der Gerechtigkeit wohnt, sofort die Oberhand erlangt und um Gnade bitten würde. Aber umsonst, die harten Arbeiterinnen kennen nur das tiefe, harte Naturgesetz. Die Flügel werden den Aermsten zerrissen, die Fusswurzeln abgetrennt, die Fühlhörner abgebissen, und ihre prachtvollen schwarzen Augen, in denen der Blumenflor sich spiegelte, brechen im Schmerz und in der Trübsal der Todesangst. Die einen erliegen ihren Wunden und werden von zwei oder drei ihrer Henkerinnen sofort nach den abliegenden Kirchhöfen geschleppt. Andere, die weniger schwer verletzt sind, retten sich in einen Winkel, wo sie eng zusammengedrängt sitzen und von einer unerbittlichen Wache blockiert werden, bis sie elendiglich sterben. Vielen gelingt es auch, den Ausgang zu gewinnen und in den Luftraum zu entweichen, wohin ihre Feindinnen sie verfolgen. Aber am Abend, wenn Hunger und Kälte sie quälen, kehren sie scharenweise nach dem Stocke zurück und flehen um Obdach. Doch auch hier finden sie eine erbarmungslose Wache. Am nächsten Morgen beim ersten Ausflug räumen die Bienen die Leichenhügel der unnützen Riesen von der Schwelle fort, und mit ihnen verschwindet die Erinnerung an das Schmarotzergeschlecht aus dem Bienenstock bis zum nächsten Frühling.

Oft findet die Drohnenschlacht in einer grossen Zahl von Kolonien desselben Bienenstandes gleichzeitig statt. Die reichsten und geordnetsten geben das Zeichen zum Morden. Einige Tage später folgen die weniger begünstigten kleineren Republiken. Nur die ärmsten und kläglichsten Völker, deren Königin sehr alt und fast unfruchtbar ist, lassen ihre Drohnen bis zum Einbruch des Winters am Leben. Dann kommt das unausbleibliche Elend, und der ganze

Schwarm, Mutter, Schmarotzer und Arbeitsbienen, ballt sich zu einem darbdenden, dicht verschlungenen Knäuel zusammen und geht im Dunkel des Stockes still zugrunde, bevor der erste Schnee gefallen ist.

Nach dem Strafgericht der Müssiggänger nehmen die starken und wohlhabenden Völker die Arbeit wieder auf, doch mit vermindertem Eifer, denn die Blumen werden immer seltener. Trotzdem füllen die nahrungspendenden Wände sich zur Vervollständigung der unentbehrlichen Vorräte noch mit Herbstheilig, und die letzten Behälter werden mit dem weissen unverderblichen Wachssiegel verschlossen. Der Wachsbau hört auf, die Geburten nehmen ab, die Todesfälle zu, die Tage werden kürzer und die Nächte länger. Regen und ungünstige Winde, Frühnebel und die Fallen der allzufrüh sinkenden Dämmerung bringen Hunderten der emsigen Arbeiterinnen den Tod vor den Toren, und das ganze kleine Volk, das so sonnensüchtig ist wie die Zikaden Attikas, sieht der drohenden Winterkälte entgegen.

Der Mensch hat sich seinen Anteil an der Ernte schon vorweggenommen. Jeder der guten Bienenstöcke hat ihm 80 bis 100 Pfund Honig geliefert — und die reichsten geben bisweilen 200 — den Ertrag riesiger Lichtmeere und endloser Blumenfelder, die sie Tag für Tag und Blüte für Blüte befliegen haben. Jetzt wirft er noch einen letzten Blick auf die der Winterstarre entgegengehenden Völker. Den reichsten nimmt er ihre überflüssigen Schätze und verteilt sie an die stets durch unverdienten Missgeschick verarmten Bewohner dieser emsigen Welt. Er deckt ihre Wohnungen zu, schliesst die Eingänge halb, nimmt die unnützen Rahmen heraus und überlässt die Bienen ihrem langen Winterschlaf. Sie ziehen sich dann nach der Mitte des Bienenstockes zusammen und hängen sich an die Waben, aus denen während der Frosttage der Ertrag des Sommers geschöpft werden soll. In der Mitte sitzt die Königin, umgeben von ihrer Leib-

wache. Die erste Reihe der Arbeitsbienen hängt an den gedeckelten Zellen, über ihnen eine zweite Reihe, auf dieser eine dritte usw. bis zur letzten, die den anderen zur Decke dient. Fühlen die Bienen dieser Deckschicht sich von der Kälte überwältigt, so verschwinden sie in der Masse und werden durch andere ersetzt. Die hängende Traube ist wie eine dunkle Kugel, die durch die Honigwände geteilt wird und sich unmerklich auf und ab, vorwärts und zurück bewegt, je nachdem die Zellen, an denen sie hängt, nachgeben. Denn das Leben der Bienen steht im Winter nicht ganz still, wie man allgemein glaubt, sondern es pulsiert nur langsamer. Durch Zittern mit ihren Flügeln, den kleinen überlebenden Schwestern der Sommerglut, und indem sie je nach den Schwankungen der Aussentemperatur bald stärker, bald schwächer „brausen“, unterhalten sie in ihrem Winterlager eine gleichmässige Temperatur von der Wärme eines Frühlingstages. Dieser verborgene Frühling aber quillt aus dem Honig, der nichts anderes ist, als ein vormals verwandelter Wärmestrahle, der nun zu seiner ersten Form zurückkehrt und wie ein edles Blut durch ihren Wintersitz strömt. Die Bienen, die auf den offenen Zellen sitzen, reichen ihn ihren Nachbarinnen und diese geben ihn wieder weiter. Er geht derart von Hand zu Hand, von Mund zu Mund, und erreicht schliesslich die letzten Glieder des Schwarmes, in dessen tausend kleinen Herzen nur ein Gedanke und ein Schicksal lebt. Er ersetzt ihnen Sonnenschein und Blumen, bis sein älterer Bruder, die Sonne, an einem schönen Frühlingstage wieder durch die halbgeöffnete Pforte blickt, um mit ihren lauen Blicken, unter denen die Veilchen und Anemonen erblühen, die Bienen vom Winterschlaf zu erwecken und ihnen zu bedeuten, dass der Himmel wieder sein blaues Kleid angetan hat und dass der ununterbrochene Kreislauf des rastlosen Lebens und des frühzeitigen, aber tätigen und glückseligen Sterbens wieder begonnen hat.