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THE COMRADES SONG

By GEORGE HERWEGH

(Written for the "General German Workingmen's Union" in April, 1864.)

*Work and pray, so you are told,
Briefly pray, for time means gold,
Foverty gains o'er your bed—
Briefly pray, for time means bread.*

*And you dig and plough and mow,
And you saw and drill and sew,
And you hammer and you spin—
What do you, O workers, win?*

*At the loom you toil and weave,
For they ore the rocks you cleave,
And the horn of plenty still
To its very brim you fill.*

*Where, though, is prepared your meal?
Where may you a warm hearth feel?
Where's for you a festive garb?
Where for you a sword so sharp?*

*Everything by you is wrought,
But of all for you there's naught!
And of all things but alone,
Is the chain you forge, your own.*

*Chain that round your body clings,
That has bent your spirit's wings,
That intralls your children too—
That is the reward for you.*

*Gems you raise from darkest mine,
Are but made for rogues to shine;
Cloth you weave, but curse and fear
Bears for you in soldiers' gear.*

*Houses that your hands erect,
Have no roof you to protect,
Those, whom you with all provide,
Tread on you in haughty pride.*

*Human bees, did nature true
Give no honey unto you?
See the drones about you soar!
Have you lost the sting you bore?*

*Waken, laborers, to your right!
Learn at last to know your might!
All the wheels will cease to go
If your strong arm wants it so.*

*Pale will your oppressors turn
When your burden you will slurn,
When aside the plough you lay,
When, it is enough, you say.*

*Break the double yoke in twain!
Break the dread of slavery's pain!
Break the pain of slavery's dread!
Bread means freedom, freedom bread!*

Translated by — Hebe.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

By Karl Kautsky



The contrast between reform and revolution does not consist in the application of force in one case and not in the other. Every juridical and political measure is a force measure, which is carried through by the force of the State. Neither do any particular forms of the application of force, as, for example, street fights, or executions, constitute the essentials of revolution in contrast to reform. These arise from particular circumstances, are not necessarily connected with revolutions, and may easily accompany reform movements. The constitution of the delegates of the Third Estate at the National Assembly of France, on June 17, 1789, was an eminently revolutionary act with no apparent use of force. This same France had, on the contrary, in 1774 and 1775, great insurrections in order to stop the rise in the price of bread.

The reference to street fights and executions, as characteristic of revolution, is, however, a clue to the source from which we can obtain important teachings as to the essentials of revolution. The great transformation in France in 1789 has become the classical type of revolution. It is the one which is ordinarily in mind when revolution is spoken of. From it we can best study the essentials

of revolution and the contrast between it and reform. This revolution was preceded by a series of efforts at reform, among which the best known are those of Turgot. These attempts, in many cases, aimed at the same things which the revolution carried out. What distinguished the reforms of Turgot from the corresponding measures of the revolution? Between the two lay the conquest of political power by a new class, and in this lies the essential difference between revolution and reform. Measures which seek to adjust the juridical and political superstructure of society to changed economic conditions are reforms if they proceed from the class which is the political and economic ruler of society. They are reforms whether they are given freely or secured by the pressure of the subject class, or conquered through the power of circumstances. On the contrary, those measures are the results of revolution if they proceed from the class which has been economically and politically oppressed and who have now captured political power and who must in their own interest more or less rapidly transform the political and juridical superstructure and create new forms of social co-operation.

The conquest of the governmental power by an hitherto oppressed class, in other words, a political revolution, is accordingly the essential characteristic of social revolution in this narrow sense, in contrast with social reform. Those who repudiate political revolution as the principal means of social transformation or wish to confine this to such measures as have been granted by the ruling class are social reformers, no matter how much their social ideas may antagonize existing social forms. On the contrary, any one is a revolutionist who seeks to conquer the political power for an hitherto oppressed class, and he does not lose this character if he prepares and hastens this conquest by social reforms wrested from the ruling classes. It is not the striving after social reforms, but the explicit confining of one's self to them, which distinguishes the social reformer from the social revolutionist. On the other hand, a political revolution can only become a social revolution when it proceeds from an hitherto socially oppressed class. Such a class is compelled to complete its political emancipation by its social emancipation, because its previous social position is in irreconcilable antagonism to its political dominion. A split in the ranks of the ruling classes, no matter even if it should take on the violent form of civil war, is not a social revolution.

A COLLEGE FOR WORKINGMEN

By Bertha Mailly

"Why, there's the Rand School. That's the school everyone is talking about."

"Yes, I come here in the winter, but I wouldn't like my boss to know it."

A Socialist agitator from the West, sitting at the open window of the reading-room of the old-fashioned, comfortable-looking private house which is the home of the Rand School of Social Science of New York City, heard these words pass between two young girls passing the house. This agitator was one of the many who pass through New York on their way to campaign work in other sections, and had dropped into the Rand School to find out what it really is like, for there is much interest in the Rand School in all parts of the country.

So he came to the office and repeated these words, saying, "You must be dangerous in here."

"We try to be," we answered.

Then, taking a few moments from the business of sending out circulars for next year's work, we showed him why the bosses do not like their employees to come to the Rand School either as students or visitors, as readers or as strikers. We told him of the many times the Rand School has served as one of the centers of activity in big strikes, affording meeting places, distributing strike editions of *The Call*, selling tickets for big strike affairs, and doing all it could to aid the workers in their struggles.

Then we told him the real reason why the Rand School is to be feared—because it teaches revolutionary Socialism. Seven years ago, when a wise, large-minded woman, Mrs. Carrie D. Rand, wanted to devote some money she had to the best use for Socialism,



she decided to found a school where many things should be taught, but always from the "standpoint of Socialism."

So with this touchstone always applied, "from the standpoint of Socialism," the Rand School, through six months of the year, from October to April, offers to the working class of New York and the neighboring cities and towns evening courses in subjects of vital interest to the workers.

United States History is taught as it grew out of and was influenced by the changes in industry in Europe and America and the consequent struggles of the workers. The History and Theory of Economics, Socialism in Theory and Practice, Science, Civics, the History of the Labor Movement and the Problems of the Labor Movement, modern governmental problems, all of these subjects and more are discussed from the working class basis. Public Speaking is taught, not as an ornament or a means to a remunerative profession, but as an instrument to reach the workers with the story of Socialism. English is taught, but only in order that the workers may have an added power of expression. Stenography and typewriting are in the course for the same reason.

A large branch school in the heart of the East Side in the new building of the *Jewish Daily Forward* has three hundred and fifty students and shows the growing demand of the workers of New York for education.

The school secures as its teachers and lecturers the best in their respective subjects and the names of Algoner Lee, Morris Hillquit, W. J. Ghent, John Spargo, James H. Maurer, George R. Kirkpatrick, I. M. Rubirow, Joshua Wanhope are as well known in Socialist ranks as are the names of the late Lester

F. Ward, Franklin H. Giddings, Charles A. Beard, Benj. C. Gruenberg, Henry Newman, Arthur Young and Charles Zueblin in science, literature and art. These are only a few of the long list which the Rand School has secured during its seven years' life.

And we informed our out-of-town comrade that the bosses would have good need to fear the Rand School more and more, for not only is its educational work being spread all over the country by means of its correspondence work and extension classes, but from all parts of the United States young workers are coming each year to the Rand School to use its courses to fit themselves for better work in the Socialist and labor movement. In 1911-12 there were ten students coming from as far away as California and North and South Dakota. In 1912-13 there were again ten, Charleston, South Carolina, and Chicago, Illinois, being the outposts. Now, the promise of a large full-time class for the year 1913-14 is very good, some ten students being already registered and inquiries coming every day. California is again heard from with two.

It is far from easy for a worker to give up his job for six months and pay for the cost of living in New York as well. Many desire to but cannot, others are even now looking forward to that end in another year, and some have been saving money for two years to get to New York this year.

In addition to the evening classes, the full-time students take a special afternoon conference every day with Algernon Lee, the Educational Director of the school and Special Instructor of the full-time students. The afternoon conferences this year will cover intensive study of what can best be termed, "The History of Civilization." In

the course of it, intensive study of Engels' "Origin of the Family," and "Socialism, from Utopia to Science," and other Socialist classics will be given. The full-time students are given free use of their morning hours to study, read and write themes upon their work.

This year special organization work, both theoretical and field work, will be given under the guidance of one of the finest organizers in the Socialist Party. The Socialist Party, the Labor movement and the Young Socialist Leagues all need good organizers and the Rand School will this year try to train workers to meet that need.

The full-time students of the last two years are giving good account of themselves. Some are employed on Socialist publications, some are speakers, some organizers, a couple have run for office on the Socialist Party ticket (not, however, being elected) and the others are doing their share as steady workers in the ranks. All are active Socialists, doing their faithful work, better thinkers, better workers; I do not hesitate to assert, for their study in the Rand School. The Rand School accomplishes no miracles in six months. Its main purpose is to train its students in habits of thought and teach them how to study and to think out questions for themselves as these arise. It is the school's deepest desire to give to the workers some portion of that disciplined mental power which is denied them by reason of their belonging to the disinherited class and to fit them to assume the rights, powers and responsibilities of the working class.

The opinion of the students who take the courses is always suggestive and so we repeated to our comrade what one of them said on leaving the school at the close of the term.

"Comrade," said he, "if I could, I'd make every worker in a shop stop his work for six months and come to the Rand School: Then I'd have him go right back into the shop again and take up his work. Then he'd realize what he has been denied in the way of the joy of using his mind and what a curse he lives and works under."

"I think I know a few young women and men who ought to come here," said our out-of-town comrade, quietly.

NOTE:—Anyone wishing further information concerning the courses, tuition fees, or cost of living in New York may obtain it promptly by writing to The Rand School, 140 East 19th Street, New York.

A family moved from the city to a suburban locality and were told that they should get a watchdog to guard the premises at night. So they bought the largest dog that was for sale in the kennels of a neighboring dog fancier, who was a German. Shortly afterward the house was entered by burglars, who made a good haul, while the big dog slept. The man went to the dog fancier and told him about it.

"Well, vat you need now," said the dog merchant, "is a leedle dog to vake up the big dog."

It was in the primary class of a graded school in a Western city, and the day was the twenty-second of February.

"Now, who can tell me whose birthday this is?" asked the teacher.

A little girl arose timidly.

"Well, Margaret, you may tell us," said the teacher.

"Mine," was the unexpected reply.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING ABOUT SWIMMING

By Annette Kellerman

Among the countless thousands of women who have gained health and beauty through a proper observance of Nature's laws, and through indulging in outdoor life and athletics, there is probably no one so deservedly famous as Annette Kellerman. And as this gifted young woman is well fitted to clearly explain the essentials of the natatorial art, of which she is such a skillful exponent, we are fortunate indeed in being able to present to our readers the following contribution from her pen.

To be a good swimmer insures so much enjoyment, such splendid opportunity for self-development, and is so useful a safeguard against accident that one would think strong men and healthy women who have every facility at their disposal would devote their best efforts to mastering the sport and that they would really feel ashamed of admitting ignorance of even its rudiments. Yet we have but to go to any of the popular beaches in summer to realize how little people care about it. On every hand one will see grown up folk of both sexes foolishly sporting themselves inside the roped enclosures, evidently afraid to venture beyond and totally oblivious to the sorry figure they cut. Pride appears to have deserted them altogether.

It seems almost tiresome to have to point out year after year the many reasons for which everyone should know how to swim. Still, the non-swimmers continue in the great majority, and if the repetition can only make a few converts the time will not be wasted.

The first plea must of course be that of the great value of natation in protecting and saving life. I have no patience with those who are constantly claiming that it is the good swimmers who usually lose their lives by drowning, as if this were a good argument for remain-

ing ignorant. As well say that horse-back riding, rowing, bicycling and other forms of exercise should be abandoned because they increase the danger to life and limb. The idea is simply ridiculous. As a matter of fact, we are so much in, or about the water, particularly in summer, that at any time we may have to depend on swimming for our personal safety, and it is certainly necessary that we know how to take care of ourselves.



A great deal has been written and said about the easiest way to learn, but it is my advice to all beginners to place themselves in the hands of a good instructor, if possible, and to faithfully follow directions. As, however, not everyone has the facility to secure competent assistance, I will try to give a few hints that will enable one to learn alone.

Dry-ground swimming is so universally recognized as the best preparation for acquiring a good breast stroke, that schools throughout the world are adopting it as a means of physical culture for boys and girls. It consists of going through the movements on terra firma. One thus becomes familiar with them and they come naturally when one tries them in the water.

The pupil stands upright with hands held at the chest, palms down, fingers together and pointing forward. At signal 1 the arms are thrust ahead and up with slow movement until fully extended; hands should then be at the height of the eyes and side by side. At 2 the hands are turned palms out and swept back with a strong, steady motion until at right angles to the body and parallel to the ground. At 3, elbows are bent

and hands carried to original position at chest. Meanwhile the legs go through the frog kick in rotation, first one then the other. (In actually swimming, of course both legs are used simultaneously.) At signal 2 (as the arms drive) the foot is raised with toes pointing out until the heel is beside the opposite knee. At 3 the leg is straightened out from the knee so that the foot goes about eighteen inches from the other and about six from the ground. At 1 the leg is snapped down hard to starting position. It is well to practice correct breathing while going through these exercises. Air should be inhaled at signal 2 (while arms are propelling the body) and exhaled at 1 (while they are being pushed forward).

Once the movements mastered, it is time to try them in the water.

Use some artificial means of support at first, such as water-wings, cork belt, air-cushion, etc., as it will give you assurance. Choose a spot about three feet deep, where you can find bottom readily if you become nervous.

Now proceed to lower yourself gently to swimming position and try to relax all muscles. Rigidity spells failure. Then perform the stroke very, very slowly. Never hurry, it is the death of progress. Begin with only a few strokes, then rest. After you find that you can move along, increase the number until you are able to discard your support. And always remember that all positive or propelling movements should be vigorous, and all negative or recovery ones slow and easy.

Many good instructors now advocate the use of the arms and hands dog-fashion, instead of using the breast stroke formerly recommended for beginners, and it has its advantages. It is man's natural stroke and easier to acquire than the artificial breast stroke. In the "dog-paddle" the arms perform the same movements that does the dog in swimming, while the legs are moved so as to thrash up and down alternately.

As the object in teaching the breast stroke is merely to prepare the novice for the more modern types by fitting him to handle himself in the water, it makes little difference if another is substituted and there is good reason to use the dog-paddle, for nine-tenths of those who have learned to swim by themselves will tell you that they started on it.

The dog-paddle is also the best stepping stone to the crawl, which all ambitious swimmers aspire to and which is unquestionably the most satisfactory all-round stroke now in existence.

Racing men have found it the fastest for all distances, and it is equally adapted for pleasure bathing. Age or sex are immaterial, anyone can master it and enjoy using it. It is the old double-over-arm with a narrow alternate up and down thrash of the legs, instead of the scissors kick formerly used.

It is generally conceded that swimming is one of the most enjoyable of sports for the promotion of health and strength. And last, but not least, mastery of the sport enables one to thoroughly enjoy the pleasures of bathing. This is not possible for those to whom swimming is a closed book.

One who can swim can dive, plunge and sport about in deep water, secure in one's ability to master the treacherous element and exhilarated by its refreshing touch. Why, I wouldn't give up that feeling that comes from the knowledge of one's strength in the water for anything on earth.

It is really very easy and simple to learn to swim. Just a little will power, a short period of application, and the thing is done. And once a swimmer, always a swimmer; one never forgets.

Fear and lack of confidence are the great stumbling blocks in the path of the beginner.

Once these are overcome it is all plain sailing. I believe that the first thing for the would-be swimmer to do is to get rid of the feeling of dread that so many, and particularly women, experience at the start. This feeling should be fought, for it is senseless. It is an excellent practice to stand in shallow water and get used to the sensation of it splashing about the mouth and eyes by ducking the head beneath the surface, and trying to look about under water. Don't be afraid of getting your hair

wet, it will soon dry; and after you have acquired confidence it is child's play to learn the supporting and propelling movements.

Just bear constantly in mind, in learning, that the body floats naturally, unassisted, and that people do not drown because they sink, but because their frenzied struggles force their mouths under water where they cannot breathe, and they asphyxiate. To become convinced of this note how a good waterman can lie motionless on the surface, either face down as in plunging, or supine as in floating.

ST. PETER AND THE CAPITALIST.

A Chicago capitalist who is, or at least thinks he is, charitable, dreamed one night that he was dead and had knocked at the pearly gates for admission.

"Who are you?" said St. Peter.

"I am a Chicago financier.

"What do you want?"

"I want to get in."

"What have you done—that entitles you to admission?"

"Well, I once saw a decrepid old woman in the street and I gave her two cents."

"Gabriel, is that on record?"

"Yes, St. Peter; it's marked down to his credit."

"What else have you done?"

"Well, when I was going to church the other night, I met a little boy half frozen to death, and I gave him one cent."

"Gabriel, is that on record?"

"Yes, St. Peter."

"What else have you done?"

"Well, I can't recollect anything else just now."

"Gabriel, what do you think we ought to do with this fellow?"

"Oh, give him back his three cents, and tell him to go elsewhere."

OH, WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN!

By William I. Sackheim

"Oh, would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of
sunny years,
And all the heart then knew of
pain

Was wept away in transient
tears!"

—Mark Lemon.

How peculiar is mankind: The boy tugs at the chains of discipline and restraint and wishes he were a man. But when he reaches man's estate he usually looks back longingly to his boyhood days.

The poet, Mark Lemon, has voiced his thoughts of most men in the lines quoted above, "Oh, would I were a boy again!" Wishing impossible things doesn't bring them to pass; nevertheless, as I think of the broad green fields, the long bright sunny days, the inviting brooks and beaches, and the lot in which I used to play baseball, I confess I cannot help wishing I were a boy again. There are other reasons which I shall explain later.

However, there is another side to this question of childhood and its freedom from care. The poet pictures the bright happy days of youth, when all the days were days of play and "all the heart knew of pain was wept away in transient tears." This joyous period of life does belong to some children—the children of the well-to-do. But the poet forgot to mention,—or perhaps he did not think of them—the children of the working class.

There are thousands upon thousands of children who do not wish that they were men and women, for they know that the increasing years will bring in-

creasing hardships, worries and responsibilities. They have but to observe their parents and their misery to see the futility of wishing for manhood or womanhood. Nor do these parents look back with any great measure of happiness to the days when they were children. These men, women and children of the working class have very little to look forward to as children, and less to look back to as men and women. Their lives seem destined to be spent in misery, squalor and unremitting toil.

The children of the workers, instead of playing baseball in empty city lots or on green country fields, are bending over huge weaving looms in stifling factories; or inhaling germ-laden air in dark sweatshops; or pricking their fingers trying to help their parents finish the home work so that the landlord will not place their household goods out on the sidewalk; or performing the many other unpleasant duties little children are suffered to do by the Capitalist system so that the masters may send their little children to private schools, to Europe and to furnish them with comfort and luxuries.

But the world is awakening. The great Socialist movement is forcing society to realize the injustice and the immense waste of human vitality under Capitalism. The Socialists are educating the masses to be ready to take over the means of production, the mines, the mills, the factories and the railroads. When the workers own and manage the industries which they have built up, they will then be able to send their children to school instead of to

factories, and to afford the youngsters all the rest, recreation, sports and luxuries that are now the inheritance of the wealthy shirkers.

The Socialist movement has various means of agitating for the Co-operative Commonwealth. It has its press, its political party, its economic activities, its literature, its street meetings, its lectures and its schools and young people's societies. The latter have not yet been sufficiently developed to the point of efficiency, but we are making progress every day. That is why I wish—although it is foolish to sigh for the impossible—that I were a boy again.

If I were a boy to-day I would get into the young Socialist movement and organize and agitate and build it up. I would try to make it so interesting and active that every boy and girl acquaintance of mine would beg to join my organization. I would try with every power at my command to hasten the coming of the Socialist society. I would help the weaker and more timid members to display the same energy and interest that I would have. With a huge, intelligent, class-conscious and active organization of young people in the United States the victory of Socialism would certainly be near at hand.

In the Socialist movement there are many men and women who are working assiduously to build up such an organization among the young folk. They are laboring under great difficulties but they are doing nobly nevertheless. But the important work must be done by the children themselves. In my connection with the Young

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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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Socialists I have always advised as much autonomy and as little interference by the elders as possible. The directors should act as guiding stars to the young, to help them out of their difficulties, and not to meddle in all the little details that the youngsters should attend to themselves.

Yes, my young friends, if you wish to be of real service to the movement get in the fight right now. Start to perfect your organization. Get your friends interested. Make your meetings instructive and entertaining, so that the newcomer will be attracted to them. Don't depend too much upon your directors. Do the work yourselves.

Yes, I would that I were a boy again! For with the splendid goal, the emancipation of the workers, ever before me I would work every moment of my life. I would bend every effort to the building up of the Young Socialist movement of America. How many of you feel that way about it?

Current Events and Editorial Remarks

The holiday of American holidays, the Fourth of July. Our boys shoot fireworks, our girls wear American flags and red, white and blue ribbons on their coats, our respectable citizens decorate their homes with the national colors, politicians and prominent gentlemen deliver spirited orations to enthusiastic crowds. For isn't America the "land of the free"? Isn't our glorious country the refuge of all who seek to escape from oppression? Of course—there's West Virginia, where workers were killed and wounded because they dared to fold their arms, because they dared to refuse to work. There's Paterson, too, where hundreds of men and women are being arrested by the dozen every day for using their privilege of picketing their factories. They have been forbidden to hold meetings, have been brutalized, clubbed, and terrorized.

But, surely, our American heroes of the revolution did not shed their precious blood for these "foreigners." They fought for the "American" spirit. And those few Americans who have joined these foreign anarchists in their struggles—it serves them right. Why will they do anything so un-American as to go on strike?

So let us rejoice. This is still the land of the free. Capital is still free to exploit women and children. Capital is still free to throw millions of people upon the street when they, poor slaves, have produced more than the market demanded. Workers are still free to slave, to hunger, to offer their bodies to the great machines, to be coined into profits.

Our young Socialists of New York are, as usual, adjourning for the summer. We are glad to note that all over the country the Young Socialist Leagues are reporting feverish activity. Reports of successful picnics and outings, agitation and propaganda work come from every corner of the country. Why is it? Cannot our New York comrades follow their example? Are we the kind of revolutionists who work for the cause when we can find no more pleasing pastime? Are we young workers, we wonder?

Labor is superior to capital and deserves by far the greatest consideration.—Abraham Lincoln.

Civilization as we find it is a heritage handed down from the past and all should have equality of opportunity to enjoy it.

Education of children must be allied with healthy conditions. That is a question in which all should be vitally interested. I, as a father, may give my child the very best possible education and care.

You as a father may neglect yours. Some day our children are bound to meet. If either of the two is deficient in health or brains or morals, the other is bound to suffer. Hence to protect my own child against disease, I must be concerned about the health of your child as well.—Emil Seidel, Ex-Mayor of Milwaukee.

A LOAD OF HAY

Adapted from the German of Ernst Almsloh

(For the Y. S. M.)

The real poet sees beauty everywhere. To be sure, the mind transports itself into higher realms more easily when mountains and rivers, trees and flowers lend their inspiration.

But we can live through a romance in the midst of the rattle and noise of every-day life. It all depends upon yourself. You must possess that sixth sense that makes a true poet.

But, then, it isn't really a sixth sense. It is rather a helper, an assistant, to the eyes, the ears, the hand and the nose; a fairy, a friendly spirit, who transports us, as if by magic away—far, far away from the dizzying whirl of reality into the bright land of joyful dreams.

The nose? Ah, yes, indeed. In fact, it is your most willing helper. It stores the memory of a thousand odors. And when, in the hustle of the day's work a faint suggestion of a scent is wafted to your nostrils, it immediately notifies the store-room where memory keeps its past experiences. And pictures of scenes, dreams of joyous hours arise before our mental vision.

Do you know any place which seems so devoid of beauty, so lacking in everything that makes for dreams and sentimental reflections as the business section of lower New York. Overhead rattle elevated trains, carrying to and fro crowds of tired, worn out workmen and women on their way to and from their daily labor. Before our eyes are clanging street-cars, whose motormen call irritably to drivers who exert them-

selves in vain to speed up their weary horses.

Heavy auto-trucks push their way noisily through the crowded streets, leaving the horses, remnants of a passing civilization, toiling behind them. Now and again a graceful automobile shoots through the street, cleverly dodging in and out among the heavier carriers, making them seem dingier and more dreary in comparison.

Everywhere is noise. Everywhere discord. And through it all the poor, insignificant passer-by walks. He does not hear this inferno of noise. He is accustomed to it.

* * *

In the midst of this noise I stand waiting for a street car. Beside me are six or seven others with frowning faces because the crowded cars are so slow in coming.

Not a poetic situation, surely. Impatiently I look down the street, to see whether there is a car in sight. As far as my eyes can reach the shining rails extend laughing and blinking in the sun at my discomfort.

But there, out of a side street turns a hay wagon—a real hay wagon—piled up so high that its top threatens to brush the structure, so wide, that it crowds the street car which is coming in the opposite direction. Men and women look up startled as the loose wips of hay brush against the car windows.

Now it passes before me. I breathe the sweet odor of fresh hay. Deeply. And once more. And I am far, far, away from all the din and dirt of the crowded streets.

I am a child once more, a twelve year-old boy! I am sitting on a farm wagon, which drives through the village streets, breaking their peace, for a few moments, with its noisy clatter. Now, we have reached the road that leads to the large, roomy barn. Lightly the wheels roll through the deep ruts which countless trips have worn into its surface. Here and there a clump of sod, a small stone lie in its path. With a deep grunt the wagon rolls over it, tipping to one side, to fall heavily back again into the rut, when it has passed over the obstruction.

The boy sits up beside Joe, the "hired man," listening for the twentieth time to the history of the two great, brown horses who are pulling the empty wagon.

The gelding is young. He is hard to manage. But Joe can manage him. He was out west, when he was young. He's trained horses—"Well, you oughter see the time when"—and off he launches into a spirited cow-boy story. The boy listens—fascinated. He's going to be a cow-boy when he grows up. And learn to manage big horses, just like Joe.

The mare is a good, old creature. No trouble with her. A good worker. And every short while she bears a young colt, which is taken away from her after a few weeks. The boy thinks this is cruel. When he grows up he will leave the young colts with their mothers.

They have reached the pasture. Here the boy attends the horses while the wagon is piled with fragrant hay. Joe understands his work. How high he builds it, until

Is Political Action Necessary?

From "The Masses."



it towers up on a line with the swaying tree-tops. Laughing and shouting they scramble up and lie down on the comfortable, wide bed. Slowly the wagon sways along the road down to the village streets.

Slowly the wagon sways along the street under the roaring elevated train.

To be sure, I am in the city, on my way to work, not in the comfortable old town of my boyhood. Sadly I look after the wagon. Behind the hay wagon an empty coal draw rolls down the street. The

driver tries to pass. He has much work to do, before the day is over. But the horse refuses to pass. It sniffs the glorious odor of fresh hay, and throws its head impatiently as the pulling reins remind it again and again of its duty. Quickly it buries its nose into the fragrant mass and pulls out a mouthfull. And fully satisfied it heeds his driver and turns to pass on. But its step is lighter. It throws its head joyously. Is it too thinking of the days when it romped about in green pastures? Perhaps it is a son of our old

brown mare. It's a long time ago. A grandson, rather.

Clanging and rattling, the street car carries me off past the hay wagon, past the brown horse—to my day's work in a New York workshop.

True worth is in being, not seeming,—

In doing each day that goes by,
Some little good,—not in dreaming

Of great things to do by and by.

What The Young Socialists of Europe Are Doing

By ROBERT DANNENBERG Int. Juv. Secretary, Vienna

HOLLAND

In 1910 the Socialist Party of Holland was split into two warring divisions. In spite of the fact that the Young People's organization remained neutral in the struggle, it was drawn into it, because of the fact that it received the assistance of the new organization, the S. D. P., and consequently attacked the old organization, the Social Democratic Workingmen's Party. The young people therefore joined forces with the S. D. P.

At the 1911 convention of the S. D. W. P. at Utrecht, a resolution was adopted calling upon the local party group to organize juvenile organizations which should hold their meetings under the supervision of a party member, being, however, free to conduct their own business.

Meanwhile the ranks of the old organization of young people are being torn asunder. Two factions, about equal in strength, are struggling for supremacy, the one demanding a severance of the relationship with the S. D. P., the other insisting upon continuance of the old form. The result is the inevitable deterioration of the whole organization which to-day numbers not more than 60 members.

The organization work of the S. D. W. A. has been only moderately successful. In Amsterdam there are 22 sections, comprising 360 members. According to a census published in the party press, 70 per cent. of the membership is between 15 and 17 years of age. No member may be carried on the lists of the young people's clubs

after he has passed his 18th birthday, provided he becomes a party member, in which case he may remain in the organization until he has reached the age of 20 years. This age limit seems to many comrades too low, because it causes a lack of able members to conduct the business of the organizations.

FRANCE

On March 22nd, in conjunction with the National Congress of the French S. P., the first National Conference of the Young People's Socialist Clubs was held at Brest. There were represented 34 organizations by 19 delegates. The National Committee reported having carried on an active anti-militaristic Socialist propaganda among the recruits, having paid particular attention to the agitation, against the new demand for a three-year military service, against which the Socialist Party is waging an active struggle. The comrades in Paris will shortly publish a new paper, *The Call of Youth*, which will be supported by the young people's organizations.

A central bureau for conducting the educational work among the local clubs was strongly recommended. It was decided to work in close harmony with the Socialist Party.

The regular party organization is taking great interest in the young Socialist organizations. It has pledged itself to publish twice yearly propaganda numbers of the party organ devoted to the juvenile leagues. The general party keeps in close touch with the leagues and

provides that they arrange no meetings of a public nature without first securing party consent, in order that there be no chance of their interfering or marring the party's position politically before the people. It is also proposed that the young people's organizations unite in a national congress each year. According to the plans now being worked out on the national organization of the young Socialists shall be offered by a committee of five from the juveniles and two from the regular party organization.

SWITZERLAND

The National Conference of the Swiss Young People's Socialist Organizations show a splendid organization, the local clubs working hand in hand in order to make their own work successful. Among the motions carried, the following are of interest: To publish an annual juvenile calendar (almanac); to join forces with the working organizations for the preparation and arrangement of artistic and educational entertainments for the young workers; to call upon the national party organization to in some way arrange courses for the training and education of capable young comrades as agitators; to call upon the National Educational Committee of the party to send a representative to the meetings of the National Committee of the young people, as well as to permit the seating of one of its members at their meetings.

An Interesting Museum

A trip to the museum should be something more than just pastime for an hour or two—something more than an idly curious glance at the specimens shown there, with a second look, perhaps at the things that are a little more brilliantly colored, a little more extraordinary than the rest. The museum has been built, enormous sums of money have been spent and are being spent year after year to afford to the student, to the teacher, but above all, to the general public a means of culture and education.

Many museums, it is true, cater more to the former than to the latter class of visitors. We find collections there worked out to the smallest of details, specimens so varied, and yet so similar that to the ordinary person who sees only their similarity, their closer examination becomes exceedingly tiresome. To the casual visitor, small groups, carefully arranged to illustrate some principle, some law of nature, giving a few specimens which show clearly the purpose of the collection are of greater value than the most costly collection with its mass of detail.

The Museum of the Brooklyn Institutes of Arts and Sciences has carefully followed out this method. We fear that our Brooklyn comrades, those of us who have been visiting museums at all, have been passing by our own museum to visit that in New York. To be sure the latter is larger, contains more, is more imposing. But we are not so sure but that, after all, a visit to the Brooklyn Museum, because of its simplicity and clearness of arrangement will not be of more value to us.

The visit of our Brooklyn young Socialists to this museum, due to

a number of reasons, was not as successful as it should have been. The greater therefore is our appreciation of the kindness of Dr. Morris, the curator of the Nature and Science Department, who, in a manner so interesting that we regretted the small number of his listeners, explained, with reference to the collections, the modern scientific theories of adaptation and inheritance and their effects upon the animal and plant life of our present times. So simply, that even the children who were present understood it, he showed how, through long generations, those animals who were best adapted to their surroundings survived in the struggle for existence—how their peculiarities had impressed themselves upon their progeny, so that entirely new species, entirely new classes had gradually developed. He showed how different surroundings changed members of the same species in a comparatively short time.

This interesting talk was delivered before only a very small section of the museum. Yet, we are sure, that all of his listeners understood clearly what Dr. Morris had illustrated to them. We were then referred to other sections of the museum for further information along the same lines.

Such visits to the museum are of the greatest importance. The benefits to be derived by our young comrades cannot be over-estimated. We are too prone to think that a Socialist need know only political economy, that reading and understanding the "Capital" is the end and aim of our educational strivings, that we forget that all things in nature are inter-related, that these universal laws, with minor variations, apply themselves to all phases of life. True culture includes all things. The man and woman who would do credit to our movement

must acquire, above all things a general, well-grounded, broad-minded education. This includes science and art, literature and history—we must be familiar with the basic, the fundamental laws of each of these subjects in order to understand the others.

Therefore, comrades, let us learn. Let us open our eyes and take every opportunity for increased knowledge and higher education that is offered us. The young Socialist movement has but one aim, one task to fulfill—that is, to prepare for the party, a body of broad-minded, well educated young men and women.

"I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be 'the Union as it was.'" If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and letting others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views."—President Lincoln, 1862.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUBS

MILWAUKEE.

The following program which was drawn up for the big field meet of the Milwaukee Young Socialists may make helpful reading to the Y. P. S. L. in other cities who are seeking ways of developing the activities of their organizations. The place selected is a partially abandoned concession park, located across a street from one of the largest free city parks. This is the program as it was printed:

At 9 a. m., at the White City baseball park, a ball game between the East and South Side Young People's baseball teams.

At 10:30 a. m., a ball game between the North and West Side Young People's baseball teams.

At 12:00 m., a recess will be taken, and headed by a band of music, all will march across the street to Washington Park. Luncheon will be indulged in until 1 o'clock. Thereupon the following program will be rendered:

- No. 1—A 50-yard dash for girls.
- No. 2—A 100-yard dash for boys.
- No. 3—A bag race for girls.
- No. 4—Running broad jump for boys.
- No. 5—Baseball, throwing contest for girls.
- No. 6—A 220-yard dash for boys.
- No. 7—Tug-of-war between the girl members of the East and South Side leagues against the North and West Side leagues.
- No. 8—Baseball throwing contest for boys.
- No. 9—Tug-of-war between the boy members of the East and South Side leagues against the North and West Side leagues.
- No. 10—Relay races for boys.
- No. 11—Baseball game between The Milwaukee Leaders and the Iroquois Indians of Racine, Wis.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The Young People's Soc. League of this city arranged for a hike to Muir Woods in Marin county on Sunday, May 18. It was arranged so they could meet at the Ferry in time to take the 8:45 boat for Sausalito and return in time to attend the Ben F. Wilson meeting in the evening. Muir Woods is one of the most beautiful government parks in the world and all Socialists and friends could well afford to spend the day under the redwoods.

LOS ANGELES

The league has now installed the public library branch and has issued a list of the books it has on hand... A hard times dance has been arranged for May 29... The Outing club and the Camera club are working hand in hand. The Outing club is planning to have the boys furnish the lunches at the next outing, so the girls will have nothing to do but look winsome and turn out in full numbers.

BUFFALO.

Young People's Socialist League members have organized a drum corps and have just been having their first rehearsals. Their "music" will come in very handy for the party, especially where a little noise in the street is needed to call attention to the meetings and undertakings. The boys have entered into the spirit of the work and expect to make a fine appearance.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIALIST LEAGUE OF SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

At the meeting of the Y. P. S. L. the standing committees for the ensuing six months were elected—The House Committee, Entertainment Committee, Educational Committee and Press Committee.

The various committees met at the headquarters the following night and outlined their work for their term of office. Even the most conservative thoughts concede to the second six months of the Y. P. S. L. greater influence, broader work and more enjoyment and real pleasure for the members.

The Piano Committee broached the subject of arranging for an excursion to Sylvan Beach on Lake Oneida on or about July 13th, 1913 (Sunday) and it was thought best to lay the matter on the table during the coming week, discuss it among our friends and then decide whether or not it is advisable to undertake this.

The matter of acquiring a camp for meetings and outings during the summer months was brought up and discussed. The members of the League felt that this ought to be done and it was moved and seconded that a committee be elected to look into this matter and report at the next meeting.

The Y. P. S. L. are considering very seriously the matter of producing Comrade Ben Legere's play "The Reformer." Comrade Legere has offered to take the leading part and it is hoped that we will be in position to produce this play and thereby raise some money to help the defense of the Little Falls strikers. The various critics who have read and criticized Legere's play have rated it very highly. "The Reformer" is now being played in various parts of the United States, especially in Massachusetts, and is making good.

At a meeting of Local Schenectady held during the first part of November, 1912, a request was made that the Local appoint a committee to look into the possibilities of establishing a Y. P. S. L. in this city.

The committee, consisting of Mrs. Kruesi, William Shurtliff, Dr. Kirschberg, Harvey Simmons and N. M. Thomas, after a series of meetings, recommended to the Local that a League be established with the sanction of the Local but having no direct connection with it except a moral interest in the welfare of the new organization. This recommendation was accepted and the committee given power to proceed with the organization.

A preliminary meeting at which a number of young people interested in its formation were present, was held, and on Dec 19th at Electrical Workers' Hall the League became a reality. Permanent officers were elected, constitution adopted and committees elected.

Members were enrolled at these meetings which have steadily grown until the League now has a membership close to 300.

The scope and purpose of the League has been an endeavor to establish a social and educational relationship among progressively minded young people of Schenectady, irrespective of their religious or political beliefs and welcoming among its members all nationalities and races.

Commendation.

The effort of the League to establish its own headquarters; the fitting it up at its own expense has been a very worthy accomplishment of the League. The earnest support it has accorded The Citizen and the growing spirit of comradeship among the members are attracting the attention of the older Socialists of the city. The

parliamentary law class and the dancing classes have been distinct successes! No words can be said in too high praise of the spirit of our own and the Rochester young people to ward each other, and it is safe to say, nothing the League has done has developed more true friendship than the exchange of visits of the two Leagues. Schenectady and Rochester both deserve credit for their efforts to establish a State federation and thereby bring in closer touch the young Socialists and their friends throughout the State.

In conclusion let us look forward to what may be done by our League.

To look into the future of the Schenectady Y. P. S. L. without a permanent home of our own would be as hopeless a proposition as trying to imagine the future without thinking of the Collective Commonwealth.

Every effort of the League should be bent to this one object, the establishment of a home, which shall be our pride and source and center from which shall radiate every activity necessary to the uplifting of our young citizens. Let that be our material goal.

Among the many things which should be done at once are the following:

The election of a committee to investigate the possibility of securing a camp for the League for the summer.

The election of a building committee to devise ways and means of securing our own building.

The starting of our soap-boxing class.

The immediate effort to obtain a first class baseball team.

Essential to the success of these things and to any others we may undertake in the future is the development of a spirit of real comradeship. No word in the English language has a deeper or truer meaning and significance.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Young People's Socialist League gave an all day basket picnic on Sunday, June 8, at the O'Fallon Park grounds. Baseball and other games were on the program. The club met second and fourth Friday, 966 Chouteau. J. R. Douger is the Secretary.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Young People's Socialist League held a picnic on Sunday, June 29th, at Gerlon's farm. Races, games and music made it a most enjoyable day. Henry Gyekis, James Blyth, and Walter Millis addressed the picnickers.

GRAND RAPIDS.

The Y. P. S. L. gave a successful minstrel show on April 30. The organi-

zation meets every Monday evening at Turner Hall, Turner Ave. and 11th St. ROCKFORD, ILL.

The Y. P. S. L. numbers about 350 members. Arrangements are being made for a trip to Chicago on special cars.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Bertha Maily, Secretary of the Rand School of Social Science, addressed the Y. P. S. L. on May 16th on the educational work of the Rand School.

TACOMA, WASH.

The Y. P. S. L. celebrated its first anniversary on May 17th by a splendid entertainment and dance.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIALIST CLUB, QUEENS COUNTY

The last regular business meeting of the club was called to order on the evening of June 3th, with Comrade Wm. Eimer in the chair. One new member was proposed. A bill of \$4.00 for printing of due cards was ordered paid.

The retiring Entertainment Committee reported that it had secured 100 tickets for the excursion of Branch 109, W. S. & D. B. F., which tickets had been placed on sale. The Constitution Committee reported with a complete draft of the constitution and by-laws which were accepted with corrections and referred to the Socialist Educational Club and the Central Committee of Local Queens S. P. for approval.

Comrade Schneider reported that he had been informed that the Young Socialist Magazine would cost three cents per copy, postpaid. Owing to the stress of business, the matter was laid over to the next meeting.

The election of permanent officers and standing committees took place and resulted as follows:

According Secretary, W. Schneppe; Financial Secretary, Anna Schrimpf; Corresponding Secretary, M. Foernsler; Treasurer, Marie Schrimpf. Executive Committee—E. Schneider, O. Foernsler, W. Eimer, Kath. Eimer, W. Schneppe. Entertainment Committee—O. Foernsler, Marie Eimer, Kath. Eimer, M. Foernsler, Marie Stehle, Carrie Burkde, W. Schneppe. Auditing Committee—Maie Stehle, M. Foernsler, Marie Eimer.

A suggestion that the large hall of the Queens Labor Lyceum be engaged for the third Saturday in November for a ball or other affair, was referred to the new Entertainment Committee.

A committee of two was elected to go to the Central Committee of Queens Co. S. P., to ask for a seat, voice and vote in that body and to act as delegates from this club, should these be granted.

After announcing the date of the next meeting as July 3rd, the meeting was adjourned.

W. Schneppe, Rec. Sec.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF YORKVILLE

The Young People's Educational Association of Yorkville has prospered into a very solid and well-organized

club. All the members of our organization are doing their best to build up a strong organization of young people, of which the people of Yorkville and those interested in our organization can well be proud. We now have a membership of thirty. Our meetings are conducted so that the members will not only find it educational, but will also be a pleasure to be present at our meetings. During May and June we had the following topics:

May 21—A reading — subject: "The Lord and the Laborer."

May 21—A reading — subject: "A Good Laugh."—Young Socialist Magazine.

May 29—A talk by Comrade Julich. Subject—"Purpose of Lectures."

June 4—A lecture by Comrade Julich. Subject—"Mining and Its Dangers."

The members were greatly interested in all these readings, talks and lectures, and have arranged for quite a few subjects for the coming meetings.

The members attended the outing to Van Courtland Park, arranged by the Socialist "Unterstützung Verein," the picnic arranged by the Dramatic Section W. E. A., in honor of the seventh birthday of the well known German poet George Biederknapp, and last, but not least, we attended the picnic of the Socialist Party, where many of our members were on committee duty.

The members of the club have elected an Athletic Committee, to which all our boys and girls will give us a helping hand. At our last meeting the club members decided to send a delegate to the State Convention which will probably be held in Schenectady on July 4th, 5th and 6th, 1913. All young people who wish to join our organization which will at the same time be assisting the Socialist Party can report every Wednesday evening at 8 P. M. at our headquarters, at Branch 6, Socialist Party, 1459 3rd Ave., bet. 82nd and 83rd St., or can receive full information by applying to the secretary, Charles W. Hensch, 504 E. 84th St., City.

„Auf meiner Reisen habe ich keinen Tropfen Alkohol — in keiner Form — mitgenommen. Ich weiss im Gegensatz zu dem, was man oft hört, dass der Alkohol, statt die physischen und seelischen Kräfte zu erhöhen, sie vermindert.“

-- Sven Hedin, Asienforscher.

Für das Können gibt es nur einen Beweis: das Tun.

Der Krieg.

Von Guy de Maupassant

Wenn ich nur an das Wort „Krieg“ denke, erfasst mich Bestürzung, als spräche man mir von Zauberei und Ketzerverbrennung, von Dingen, die weit hinter uns liegen, die längst vergangen sind, von etwas Abscheulichem, Furchterlichem, Unnatürlichem.

Wenn man von Menschenfressern spricht, lächeln wir stolz und preisen unsere Ueberlegenheit über die Wilden. Wer sind die Wilden, die wahren Wilden? Die, welche sich schlagen, um die Besiegten zu verzehren, oder die, welche einander bekämpfen, um zu töten, nur um zu töten?

Jene kleinen Liniensoldaten, die da unten marschieren, sind dem Tode geweiht wie die Schafherden, die der Schlächter auf der Strasse dahintreibt. Sie werden in einer Ebene fallen, das Haupt von einem Säbelhieb gespalten oder die Brust von einer Kugel durchbohrt. Und das sind junge Männer, die arbeiten, schaffen, nützlich sein könnten. Ihre Väter sind alt und arm; ihre Mütter, von denen sie zwanzig Jahre geliebt, angeteigt wurden, wie nur Mütter anbieten können, werden in sechs Monaten, vielleicht in einem Jahre erfahren, dass der Sohn, das Kind, das grosse, mit soviel Mühe, mit soviel Opfern und soviel Liebe erzogene Kind, in ein Loch geworfen wurde wie ein verreckter Hund, nachdem ihn eine Kartätsche zerrissen hatte, nachdem er von einer Kavallerie-Attacke zerstampft, zertreten, zu Brei zermalmt worden war. Warum hat man ihren Jungen getötet, ihren schönen Jungen, ihre einzige Hoffnung, ihren Stolz, ihr Leben? Sie weiss es nicht. Ja, warum? ...

Ein geschickter Künstler in seinem Fache, ein Meister des Gemetzels, Herr v. Moltke, antwortete eines Tags den Abgesandten der Friedensfreunde mit folgenden sonderbaren Worten: „Der Krieg ist heilig, ist eine göttliche Einrichtung; er ist eines der beglückten Gesetze der Welt; er erhält in den Menschen alle grossen, edlen Gefühle: die Ehrenhaftigkeit, die Uneigennützigkeit, die Tugend, den Mut, mit einem Wort, er hindert sie, in die abscheulichste Selbst- und Genusssucht zu verfallen.“

Also — sich in Herden von vierhunderttausend Menschen zusammenzutun, Tag und Nacht ohne Rast marschieren, an nichts denken, nichts studieren, nichts lernen, nichts lesen, niemandem nützlich sein, im Schmutz verfaulen, im Kot schlafen, wie die Kinder stumpfsinnig dahinleben, Städte plündern, Dörfer in Asche legen und die Völker zugrunde richten — das nennt man „in den Menschen alle grossen, edlen Gefühle erhalten“ und „nicht in die abscheulichste Selbst- und Genusssucht verfallen!“ Dann einem anderen Haufen von Menschenfleisch begegnen, auf ihn losstrützen, Seen von Blut vergiessen, weite Strecken des zerstampften, blutgeröteten Bodens mit zermalmtem Fleisch düngen, Haufen von Leichnamen aufürmen, einen Arm oder ein Bein verlieren und mit zerschmettertem Hirn in einem Winkel des Feldes elend zugrunde gehen, während die alten Eltern, das Weib und die Kinder Hungers sterben — das nennt man „in den Menschen alle grossen, edlen Gefühle erhalten“ und „nicht in die abscheulichste Selbst- und Genusssucht verfallen!“

Die Kriegshelden sind die Geiseln der Welt. Da ringen wir mit der Natur, da kämpfen wir mit der

Unwissenheit, gegen Hindernisse aller Art, um unser elendes Leben weniger hart zu gestalten. Menschen, Wohltäter, Gelehrte verwenden ihr Leben zur Arbeit, suchen nach Mitteln, ihren Brüdern zu helfen, sie zu unterstützen, ihr Los zu erleichtern. Eifrig bedacht auf das Wohl der Allgemeinheit fügen sie Entdeckung zu Entdeckung, bereichern sie den menschlichen Geist, erweitern sie die Grenzen der Wissenschaft, liefern sie Tag für Tag dem Verständnis eine Summe neuen Wissens, schenken sie Tag für Tag ihrem Vaterland Gesundheit, Wohlstand, Stärke.

Da kommt der Krieg und in sechs Monaten haben die Generale die Frucht von zwanzig Jahren der Arbeit, der Geduld, des Strebens zunichte gemacht. Das nennt man „nicht in die abscheulichste Selbst- und Genusssucht verfallen!“

Wir haben ihn gesehen, den Krieg. Wir haben es gesehen, wie die Menschen wieder zu reissenden Tieren wurden, wie sie in wahn-sinnigem Taumel töten, aus Wollust, aus Entsetzen, aus Prahlerei. Da gilt kein Recht mehr, das Gesetz ist tot, jeder Begriff von Gerechtigkeit verschwindet. Wir haben gesehen, wie man Unschuldige niederschoss, die man auf der Strasse aufgefangen hatte, und die verdächtig waren, weil sie vor Furcht zitterten. Wir sahen, wie man Hunde, an die Türen ihrer Herren gekettet, niederschoss, bloss um neue Revolver zu erproben, wir haben gesehen, wie man zum Vergnügen, ohne jeglichen Grund, mit Kartätschen auf grasende Kühe feuerte, nur um zu feuern, nur um sich einen Spass zu machen.

Das nennt man „in den Menschen alle grossen, edlen Gefühle erhalten“ und „nicht in die abscheulichste Selbst- und Genusssucht verfallen!“

DER BESCHIEDENE WUNSCH

Ein Märchen für kleine Rechenkünstler.

Von MAX WINTER - Wien.

In der grauen Vorzeit der Menschengeschichte, da die Erde noch einzeln, nicht allen gehörte, da es also noch neben einer Handvoll reicher Menschen, viele hunderte Millionen Arme gab, die nichts hatten, als ihre durch wenig kräftige Nahrung notdürftig erhaltene Muskelkraft, die sie auf dem Markte wie eine Ware verkaufen mußten, um das nackte Leben fristen zu können, in dieser Zeit schlimmer Knechtschaft der Menschen haute in einer der Riesenstädte, die man damals baute, der Sohn eines Bauern. Die zweit- und drittgeborenen Bauernsöhne lebten zu jener Zeit fast alle in den Städten, so wenig sie eigentlich für diese geschaffen schienen. Aber das war nun einmal so. So ein kleiner Bauernhof konnte zur Not eine Familie ernähren, und so fiel, wenn der alte Bauer das Zeitliche segnete oder wenn seine Knochen morsch geworden waren und er in einem Altersstübchen — im Ausgedingebiss man es — seinen Lebensabend freudlos in die Nacht des Todes sinken sah, der Hof mit Kuh und Magd, mit Pferd und Knecht dem Erstgeborenen zu eigen. Die zweiten und dritten Söhne aber und erst recht die anderen Nachgeborenen mußten frühzeitig ausser Haus, wollten sie nicht Knechte ihres Bruders sein oder Knechte des Nachbarn. Sie alle wanderten nach den Süden, wo ein weiser Häuptling hochgeschätzter Steine nur von schlanken Riesensöhnen übertrug war, durch die bei Nacht und bei Tage dicke Rauchschwaden quamen, die sich wie ein einziges riesiges Laternenloch über die Millionen Menschenlein spannten,

die in dem grauen Steinhaufen hin und her krochen, hämmerten und feilten, den Hobel führten und die Maurerkelle oder die sich mit dem Fuhrwerk plagten, das damals noch häufig von Pferden, nicht selten auch von Hunden und sogar von Menschen gezogen wurde. Ja, es war eine traurige Zeit. So weit erniedrigten die Besitzenden die andern, die nichts ihr eigen nennen konnten, dass sie sie sogar vor Wagen spannten. Außerlich schien ein ordnender Sinn über dem Ganzen zu walten. In dem Steinhaufen waren Einschnitte gegraben, Strassen und Gassen, und hier vollzog sich das äussere Leben. Im Innern der Häuser aber, da wohnte das Elend, enge muffelige Stuben, überfüllt, in jeder Stube mehrere Menschen, oft sechs, acht und noch mehr in einer, und sie alle lebten, arbeiteten, assen und kochten und schliefen in dieser Stube. So auch ging's dem Kaspar Köhler, dem zweitgeborenen Sohn des Mathias Köhler, der weit weg von der Riesenstadt hart an einem Walde sein Häuschen und sein Feld hatte. In dem Walde mag der Urahn Köhler gewesen sein, woher der Familie der Name blieb. Kaspar Köhler aber sass in seiner engen Stube und sah nichts vom Walde, nichts von dem Häuschen an seinem Rand, nichts von dem Felde. Dumpf und stumpf lebte er dahin. Früh um 6 Uhr musste er zur Arbeit und abends um 6 Uhr kehrte er heim, müde und mürrisch und hoffnungslos, denn kein Segen lag auf seiner Arbeit. Kaum gegessen brachte er am Leihstage heim — die Menschen heikamen damals noch Geföhl für die ge-

leistete Arbeit —, um die Woche über den Hunger der Seinen zu stillen; Es war weniger eine Hungerstillung als eine Magenfüllung. Die Arbeiter — so hiesien diese menschlichen Sklaven damals — hatten so für sich ein Verslein

Kartoffel in der Früh,
Des Mittags in der Brüh',
Des Abends im Kleid,
Kartoffel in alle Ewigkeit.

(Fortsetzung folgt.)

Tragische Geschichte

Von Adalbert v. Chamisso

's war einer, dem's zu Herzen ging,
Dass ihm der Zopf so hinten hing,
Er wollt' es anders haben.

So denkt er denn: „Wie fang ich's
an?

Ich dreh mich um, so ist's getan“ —
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Da hat er flink sich umgedreht,
Und wie er stund, es annoch steht —
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Da dreht er schnell sich anders
rum,
s wird aber noch nicht besser drum,
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Er dreht sich links, er dreht sich
rechts,
Er tut nichts Guts, er tut nichts
Schlechts —
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Er dreht sich wie ein Kreisel fort,
Es hilft zu nichts, in einem Wort —
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Und seht, er dreht sich immer noch
Und denkt: „Es hilft am Ende
doch“ —
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.