

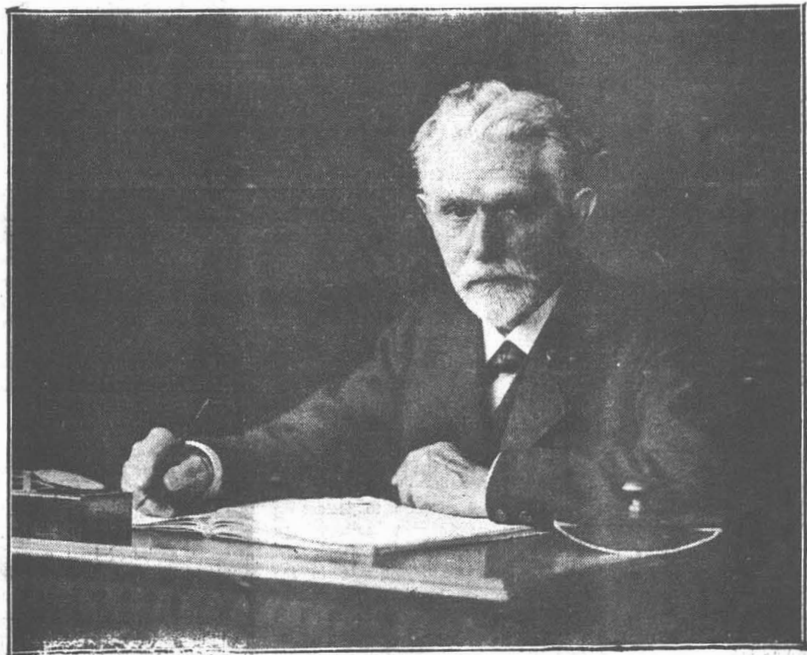
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THE MAGAZINE YOUNG SOCIALISTS'

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AUGUST BEBEL

REFERENCE BOOKS

Old Dr. Johnson, who is as well known to modern generations as any man of his time, because of the biography written by Boswell, said a great many wise things that were none the less wise because they were said in big words. A good joke at his expense was made by Oliver Goldsmith when he said that if Dr. Johnson were to make little fishes talk, he would make them talk like whales. One of the most frequently quoted sayings by this wise doctor is that in which he said there were two kinds of knowledge, "knowing a thing, and knowing where to find it."

School is a place for teaching children how to know things, rather than for providing them with knowledge; and after children leave school they are tempted to think they have thrown away a great deal of time because they have forgotten much over which they have spent many hours. For instance, after once leaving school, a boy may never in his life be called upon to draw a map, and he may, therefore, think that map-drawing is a useless study.

To which branch of knowledge, as it is divided by Dr. Johnson, does map-drawing belong? You would naturally think, at first, that when you drew a map of North America the object was to learn the shape of the continent and the boundaries of the natural and political divisions. But a little thought will show you how unlikely it would be that a man would ever need to refer only to his memory for such information. Unless he happened to be wrecked upon a desert island or becalmed upon a yacht, it would take him only a few moments to refer to an atlas

and in an atlas he would find a map a hundred times better drawn than any he could construct without its aid. If, therefore, map-drawing was meant only to provide the student with a mental atlas, it would be a great waste of time. The real object of such a study is to teach the pupil what map-drawing really is—what the lines mean, how the facts are put down, and, in general, the language used for expressing geographical facts on paper. Having drawn a map, the other maps become intelligible.

There are certain things, however, which one ought not to have to look up. Two simple instances are the multiplication-table and the spelling of common words. The time spent upon these in school is given to acquiring knowledge; for if one had to refer to the table or to the dictionary to solve the easy questions that come up in keeping accounts or in writing a letter, each of these little questions would cause a serious delay. These instances will illustrate clearly the difference between knowledge which should be carried in the head, and knowledge which may safely be sought elsewhere. It is to be feared that teachers often fail in giving the proper amount of time and attention to instructing their pupils in regard to knowledge which is not to be memorized. Mr. William Hawley Smith, in the "New York School Journal," makes the plea that "schools should teach children not books themselves, but the right use of them." He says, addressing his grown-up reader: "You, in your library, desire information in chemistry or history, and you reach out your hand, and, upon due search you

find what you want and utilize it according to your needs; and doing this, you have used books to advantage. But your son who is in school, though he has this same book, will be set to memorize it from first to last. . . ." Yet, "if when he gets into the field of actual work he needs knowledge—which this book contains, he can go to it and utilize it as you do now."

All readers, speakers, editors, and other public teachers need to consult books of facts continually. Without these books they would be nearly helpless, except, possibly, on one or two fields; for instance, one man might know the history of a single country, another might be fully informed in one part of a science, and so on. Yet, even in these special instances the knowledge of one man could not for a moment compare in fullness or accuracy with that contained in a volume costing, perhaps, a dollar. Therefore, why the desk of a journalist, the library of a minister or a doctor, the table of a professional writer, will contain a selected set of books of facts. These books, of course, will vary with the man's work. A naturalist making a special study of birds will have the best authorities upon his own subject; the politician will have tables of votes, copies of laws, maps of political divisions, and so on. Whatever men have to do, if it be any but the merest hand labor, they need the printed report of what has been done by other men before them, or the helps that have been made by workers in the same field to save time and trouble.

(Continued on Page 7.)

AUGUST BEBEL

A comrade has gone from us, a friend, a brother who understood us and loved us. August Bebel, a son of the working class, the incarnation of all that it means, a living example of its sufferings, its struggles, a prophecy of its future greatness—he has left us, and his comrades in the farthest corners of the earth are bowed down with grief.

Of Bebel's young days we will say but little here. An extract of his "Reminiscences," reprinted elsewhere in this magazine, gives a pathetic picture of his boyhood days.

"I became a turner for a very simple reason. I assumed that a friend of ours, who was turner by trade, would take me as an apprentice. And so it happened," says Bebel in his "Reminiscences." He confesses later that he never became a very good turner. His head was busied with other things. The great world outside, the struggles between man and man, class and class, they claimed his whole interest. As a very young man in Leipzig he joined an organization known as the "Arbeiter Bildungs-Verein," a club of young workers who, under the direction of Liberal leaders, strove to educate themselves, to gain an understanding of social, scientific and economic conditions. He vehemently opposed at first the attempts of later well-known Socialists, Liebknecht and Vahlteich among them, to change the character of the organization, to make of it an organization for agitation and political propaganda among the laboring masses. Bebel, as a member of the executive committee, was practically forced to

study the Marxian philosophy, to try to understand the ideas of the class struggle. And, what has happened to so many who set out to oppose our movement, he found himself before long, at first an unwilling, but finally an enthusiastic supporter of the ideas he had tried to stamp out.

From that time his rise to prominence in the working class movement was rapid. In 1867 he was elected with Liebknecht to the Reichstag where, with the exception of the two years from 1881-1883 he represented the Socialist Party until the day of his death.

His wonderful organizing talent and oratorical powers quickly made him one of the leaders of the Socialist movement and their chief spokesman in Parliament. He was always radical, aggressive, sometimes even brutal in his condemnation of all that stood for capitalism and its system. In 1870 he and Liebknecht were the only members who did not vote the extraordinary subsidy required for the war with France. He was the only Socialist elected to the Reichstag in 1871, but he used his position to protest against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, and to express his full sympathy with the Paris Commune.

"Do not forget that the European proletariat and everyone who bears in his breast a spark of love for freedom and independence is looking toward Paris. And when the uprising in Paris has been suppressed, remember that it was but a skirmish, that the real European struggle stands before you. Remember that ere many decades have passed the battle-cry of the Parisian

proletariat: 'War to the palaces, peace to the hovels, death to starvation and idleness,' will be the cry of the whole European proletariat."

Laughter from the Reichstag greeted this prophecy. But the Reichstag laughs no longer. It trembles with fear, it steps cautiously lest it awake once more the spirit of revolution, the spirit of the Paris Commune.

Bismarck afterward said that this speech of Bebel's was a ray of light, showing him that Socialism was an enemy to be fought and crushed. In 1872 Bebel was accused of preparation for high treason and condemned to two years' imprisonment in a fortress. Later for insulting the German emperor he spent 9 months in an ordinary prison. Several times during the remainder of his life he spent long months behind prison bars. But the long months meant to Bebel opportunity for study and reflection. They became, as he afterward was fond of calling them, his university years. He laid there the foundation to the wonderful knowledge that clear understanding which made him one of the greatest men the Socialist movement has ever produced.

The articles, reviews and leaflets that Bebel's pen has produced are countless in number. Among his larger works his "Woman and Socialism" is perhaps most widely known. It has recently appeared in its fiftieth edition and is one of the classics of Socialist literature. The income from this work had enabled its author for many years to give up all other work and devote his whole life and energy to the movement.

Bebel was never physically a strong man. The privations of his early childhood had produced a man who suffered severely from continued strain. He lived therefore with the utmost regularity, took the most rigorous care of his health, denied himself every pleasure which might harm his bodily or mental powers. For his body and his mind belonged to the movement. Before the needs of the movement every other consideration vanished.

That he lived such a long, such a wonderfully rich life is due to Julia Bebel, his wife and comrade. She was unceasing in her care for his comfort, was his nurse in times of illness, his secretary in times of arduous labor. She prepared for him the material, she looked up references, she spent hours searching for elusive bits of information, doing the thousand and one little things which make up a successful speech, a lasting piece of literary work.

But it was not Bebel the writer, it is not Bebel the speaker whom we will remember. It is the comrade, the man who won and has kept throughout his life the respect, the affection, the love of thousands who knew him, the man whose name is endeared to the hearts of millions who have never seen his face, have never heard the sound of his voice. Robert Hunter in his "Socialists at Work" describes Bebel as he saw him in a crowded meeting just before a German convention:

"I was squeezed so tight among those immediately about me that I could not see them. I contented myself with looking across a sea of faces such as I have rarely seen massed in one place. Clear and resonant over this sea came the voice of Bebel. A few months ago I saw in New York a convention of

American citizens standing on chairs, and for twenty-five minutes waving their hats and arms quite as if they had lost their senses, in order to show their appreciation of a candidate for office. Here in Mannheim I see an old man talking to his sons. He has watched the movement grow up from its childhood. For nearly half a century he has served it with faithfulness and power. He has worked his entire life for this thing—yes, more, he has overworked; and not seldom has he been vexed, wearied and out of heart. In this service he has grown gray, and furrowed, and great. To-day he is the ablest man in the Reichstag, and one of the most powerful debaters in the world. Every man in this hall knows his worth, knows his greatness, and loves him; but instead of grovel and hysteria they give him a good round of applause of fellowship and affection."

Bebel is beloved by the working class, for he was the spirit, the very essence of all that the word implies. He knew its poverty and its degradation. He knew its struggle against superstition and conventions. His was the spirit which is

making history, the spirit which forces the working class out of a calm satisfaction with existing conditions into a struggle for a better, a broader life. His was the spirit of revolt under oppression, his the undying hatred against all that meant bondage and spiritual slavery. His was the spirit, the essence, of a new movement, of a new world. He was the ideal of the working class. His intelligence, his self-restraint, his forceful personality, his power as an organizer, and with all his simplicity, his sincerity, his absolute trustworthiness make him to us the ideal soldier of the cause, a real Socialist.

So long as mankind remembers the struggle between proletariat and capital, so long will his name be remembered. Down through the ages he will be admired as one of the most forceful speakers, respected as one of the most trustworthy, honored as one of the most faithful members the party has ever possessed. But he will be loved by us, by our children and by our children's children as the man, as the comrade, as the spirit and embodiment of human love and human understanding.

A Chapter from August Bebel's "Reminiscences"

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

If we wish to become familiar with a man, we must know the history of his childhood and youth. Man is born with certain aptitudes and characteristics, the development of which depend essentially upon the conditions surrounding him. Aptitudes and qualities of character may be promoted or retarded, or even largely suppressed, by education and by

the example of the environing people. Then it depends upon the conditions of later life, and more or less upon the energy of the man, to what extent, and in what manner a wrong education, or formerly suppressed qualities, will assert themselves. This often enough costs a hard struggle with one's self, for man's feelings and ideas are most deeply influenced by the impressions received during the years of his childhood and youth. Whatever the condi-

tions of later life may make of a man, the impressions of his younger years influence him in a good or a bad way, and frequently they determine his actions.

For my own part, I must confess that the impressions and experiences of my childhood and adolescence often took hold of me in a way that I could not escape, and I have never rid myself of them entirely.

A man is born in a certain place.

I had this good fortune on February 22, 1840. On that day I saw the light of this world in the casemate of Deutz-Cologne. My father was the petty-officer, Johann Gottlob Bebel, of Company 3, Infantry Regiment No. 25; my mother was Wilhelmine Johanne, and her maiden name was Simon.

The "Light of the world," which I saw after my birth, was the dim light of a tin-lamp burning oil, which barely illumined the grey walls of a casemate-room that served as bedroom, living room, parlor, kitchen and working room. According to my mother's statement, it was nine o'clock P. M. when I entered the world, and the moment was "historical," inasmuch as the bugler outside was sounding the retreat, the age-long signal for the men to go to bed.

Prophetically endowed natures might conclude from this fact that even then I was announcing my opposition to the prevailing order of government. For strictly speaking, it was contrary to the military order that I, the child of a Prussian petty-officer, should cry out against the walls of a royal casemate at the very moment when the order to be quiet was being sounded. And it is reported that my voice was

pretty strong, even at my birth.

But these prophets would be mistaken. It took a long while before I escaped from the bonds of the prejudices which life in the casemate, and the later impressions of my youth had woven around me.

The family of a Prussian petty-officer in those days lived in very penurious circumstances. The salary was more than scanty, and altogether the military and official world of Prussia lived poorly at that time. Most of them had to pull in their belts and starve for God, King and Country. My mother obtained permission to keep a sort of a canteen, in other words, she had license to sell sundry articles of daily use to the garrison. This was done in the only room at our disposal. I can still see mother before me, as she stood in the light of a lamp fed by rape-oil and filled the earthen bowls of the soldiers with steaming potatoes in their jackets, at the rate of 6 Prussian pennies per bowl.

For us children—my first brother came in April, 1841, and a second followed in the summer of 1842—life in the casemate was full of delights. We rambled through the rooms, petted or teased by the petty-officers and soldiers. When the rooms were vacant, while the men were out for drill, I would go to one of the rooms and get the guitar of petty-officer Wintermann, who was also my god-father, and I would carry on my musical exercises till there was not a whole string left on the instrument. In order to sidetrack me from these destructive musical exercises and escape their dire results, he whittled a guitar-like contrivance from a piece of board for me, and stretched some gut-strings across it. From then on I

would sit for hours on the doorstep facing a yard on the main street of Deutz, with this "instrument," and with my brother, maltreating these strings so much that I "charmed" the two daughters of a captain of dragoons, who lived opposite us. They often, regaled me for my musical accomplishments with cake or candy. Of course, the military exercises did not suffer from these musical practices. The incentive for the military exercises came from the entire environment: it was literally in the air. So as soon as I put on my first coat and my first trousers, which, of course, had been manufactured from an old military overcoat of father's, I took a position by the side of the soldiers, drilling on the open square in front of the casemate, or behind them, and imitated their movements. My mother often told me humorously later on, that I was a master in the art of swinging into front, right, and left. This exercise gave the men much trouble, and it is said that the commanding officer, or petty-officer, used to point me out as an example to the men.

I got along fairly well with the school and with my teachers, but I could not get along with the organist, who did not like me. I belonged to the best pupils, and this induced our geometry teacher, a nice little man, to initiate me and two comrades into the secrets of mathematics. We learned to calculate with logarithms. Aside from arithmetic and geometry, my favorite studies were history and geography. Religion, for which I had no liking—my mother, who was an enlightened and free-thinking woman, did not bother us with this affair—I learned only because I had to do so. I was in the lead also in this

study, but this did not prevent me from sometimes giving answers, especially in the rehearsal of the catechism by the superior pastor, which did not fit into his theology, and brought me many a scolding sermon.

Although studious and always among those at the head in achievements, I was also the instigator of most of the pranks, which are inevitable and a matter of fact among boys who have a good deal of freedom of action. This gave me a bad "moral" reputation. Our organist especially credited me with such a character. He was in charge of the Department of the Exterior, that is, he had to punish the boys for all the pranks which were reported at school. How it was that he performed this function instead of the rector, I don't know. Perhaps his long service, or his big body, or a custom, predestined him for this. He understood the art of wielding the rod with inimitable grace and with great effect. It did not hurt so much when he struck us in the face right and left with his fat little hands, making the room ring. Even in such a moment I could not help admiring those hands.

My bad reputation gradually became so well established in the opinion of our organist, that he took it for granted that I was involved in every devilry that took place. If I tried to intercede in favor of some comrade, and protect him against unjust punishment, I was mercilessly considered as a participant in his alleged crime, and included in the punishment, even though I had not been concerned in the matter at all. In later years, in my party activity, my tendency to be just at any price, has been dubbed my

"justice fad." It is true that my organist frequently had good cause to pass sentence upon me. For instance, one day, obeying the dark impulse to be "famous," I engraved into the red sandstone steps in front of the cathedral my full name, place and date of birth, in lapidary letters. A large nail served me as a chisel and a stone as a hammer. Of course, the evil deed was discovered by everybody going to church on the following Sunday. My organist also noticed it. Final result: Several clouts on the ear and stay in school three times after closing. This meant that I had to spend the time between the closing of school in the forenoon until its re-opening in the afternoon in the "carcer," so that I could not go home until the second closing, and thus lost my dinner. Fortunately the organist had a soft-hearted daughter. She observed me while she was out walking with her lover, as I stood at the window of the carcer on the second afternoon, engaged in philosophical reflections about the freedom of the sparrows, that were noisily disporting themselves in a crowd all over the school-yard. Touched by my fate, she at once obtained a full pardon for me from her father, and came herself to announce my freedom and dismiss me from my prison. This was the first and only pardon which I ever received in my life. If the Eternal Feminine had more frequently had my fate to decide, I should have been better off many a time.

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Bebel's "Reminiscences" may be secured from the Socialist Literature Company, 15 Spruce Street, New York, for 75 Cents per copy.

The Main Chance

By Berton Bradley

Cut down the laborers' wage, raise up the rent if you can, Hire a cheap child if there's ever a chance, since a child works for less than a man, Make weary slaves of the children, give them no leisure to play, Doubtless they'd waste all the time that they had, and it wouldn't help business to pay. All of this agitation is verily bosh and trash, The mothers don't count and the babies don't count—there's nothing that counts but cash.

What of the girl who struggles, what of the girl who fails? None of your business, of course, we know; but somehow her fate appalls.

And the little wraith-like children, who toil in the roaring mills, None of OUR business, of course, you say—and ever the toiling kills.

But one must have an income and wonderful gems that flash, The mothers don't count and the children don't count, there's nothing that counts but cash.

What of the crowded houses, what of the fetid slum?

What of the reeking courts and sinks where the great white scourge will come?

What of the children, born there, with never a chance that's fair, Who die or grow to a half-starved life in the poisoned tenement air?

Oh, let us be calm and patient, and let us do nothing rash, The mothers don't count and the babies don't count, there's nothing that counts but cash!

REFERENCE BOOKS

(Continued from Page 2.)

It is certain that the children who are to succeed their fathers and mothers in doing the work of the world will have to use these books, which are called "books of reference," continually; and yet it is unusual to see a young boy or girl who is aware of how easy it is to keep a great storehouse of knowledge at command. Even the majority of grown people have very little idea how to go to work to answer their own questions. The daily newspapers and other periodicals give up much space to answering questions which might be solved, with only the slightest trouble, by those who ask them. In fact, nearly every editorial office must devote considerable time to finding answers to questions for people who should be ashamed not to do this work for themselves.

It is not very difficult to use reference books. A little practice will soon teach any intelligent boy or girl where to find the facts he considers so interesting when he meets them in his reading. English literature is a storehouse of riches beside which Ali Baba's cave is no more than a poorhouse; and every one may possess the "open sesame" by which to roll the rock away from its entrance. Once within, you will stand like Ali Baba, only puzzled to know which bag of gems is best worth rifling. Not only is there enough for you, but you may invite all your neighbors, and, in fact, all the world, to share the treasure with you, since it increases by use.

The key to all these riches consists in knowing where to look for information, and this is best learned by turning to those silent teachers, books of reference, which

are never impatient, never unwilling to answer questions, never too busy, but always slaves to the magic lamp of knowledge. See to it, therefore, that you make a beginning. Own and keep under your hand a dictionary, an encyclopedia, and an atlas. It is not necessary to advise as to buying any particular ones. Begin with any good ones, and you will soon find which ones suit you best. They will prove to be a school which you will delight to attend, and in which the studies are left entirely to your own taste and discretion.

The Fox and the Straps

Once upon a time there was a fox who boarded a street car and looked about in vain for a seat. At length he espied above his head several bunches of fine straps. He tried to reach them, but could not. He tried again and again, but they always eluded his grasp.

Finally he gave it up. "Oh, very well," said he, with some heat, "I don't care. They're germ-laden anyway."

Accordingly he got off, notwithstanding he wanted to catch a train and had already paid his fare.

Ellis O. Jones.

Recently a Denver school girl was instructed to write an essay on "Man." The essay began in this wise: "Man is the person that woman marries. Man sprang from monkeys; so did woman, but she sprang a good deal farther."

THANKFUL

"Finished at last!" The joyful parents of the beautiful young girl gathered around her with every seeming manifestation of extreme joy. It seemed almost too good to be true.

"And so, dear," said the mother, "you are indeed educated."

"Yes, indeed, mamma dear," replied the young girl, her eyes beaming. "See! Here is my diploma."

Papa was more cautious. His practical business career made him slow to accept.

"I feel that it must be so," he said, gayly; "still, I must be sure. My daughter, can you speak French?"

"Like a native of Washington." The parents exchanged proud looks.

"And have you studied psychology?"

"I know all about it," "And physiology, zoölogy, biology, geometry, physics, and chemistry?"

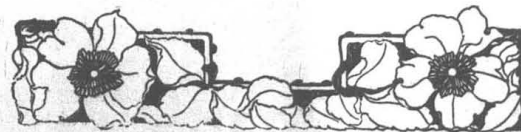
"Yes, indeed," "And civics?" asked papa, his voice trembling.

"I took it for two terms," "And music?"

"Wait. I have improvised a piece of my own."

The happy papa turned to the equally happy mamma.

"Let us not only praise Heaven," he said, "that she has acquired such an education, but that I have money enough left to support her in case all the rest of her life."



The Young Socialists' Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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

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COMPROMISE

Compromise is normal, easy and advisable if all you desire is success at the polls. But how can you compromise about a fundamental moral faith? The two things do not go together, you might as well talk about white blackness or hot snow. Socialism is either right or it is wrong. If it is right, then it is a thing far too noble and fine and far too important to mankind to be mixed up with sordid motives and ideals of parliamentary success, and if it be wrong the men in it had better drop it.

One thing or the other.

It is not the least importance that John Smith should gratify his ambition and become Premier of England, it is of the greatest importance that wage-slavery should cease.—Charles Edward Russell.

A little group of wise hearts is better than a wilderness full of fools; and only that nation gains true territory which gains itself."

—John Ruskin.

Current Events and
Editorial Remarks

With the founding of a State organization of the Young Socialist Leagues an important step forward has been taken. Not only will it mean better work and greater opportunities for the individual clubs and their members, but it will serve to call the attention of hitherto indifferent party members to the work the young people are doing.

Let us congratulate the young folks who went to the Convention. They did good work. There was a great temptation to cut loose from all responsibility to the Party, to organize independently. The fact that in spite of this the majority of the delegates voted in favor of a constitution which recognizes the Socialist Party as the mother organization, which demands that all members of the League, as soon as they are of age, shall become members of the party organization, is a gratifying proof of the fact that the efforts of the clubs, weak and inefficient as they have been, have succeeded nevertheless in preparing our young comrades for the discipline and organization of a Socialist movement by teaching them that greatest lesson, that of Solidarity.

There are many things a State organization can and must do. The last Party State Convention, more than a year ago, directed the State committee to take up the question of sending out an organizer for young people. This motion met the fate of all motions which are not backed up by con-

stant agitation on the part of those interested in the matter—it was buried forthwith in the annals of the Convention.

It is the duty of the State Federation to show the Party organization how much could be accomplished if a comrade, who knows something of organization work, a comrade who will work energetically, and who has the cause of the young people at heart, were sent out.

There are countless clubs and clublets scattered over the State which are drifting aimlessly along which must be brought into the organized movement. There are party headquarters and party organizations—dozens of them—where successful work could be done, where it needs but a word to bring the young folks together. There are plans for study to be arranged, lecture courses to be planned, methods of organization to be perfected. We can do it. With the help of the older comrades we will build up our movement, will educate our young people, will help the party whenever and wherever we can.

We will strive to be with the movement, of the movement, part of the whole, a part as necessary to it, as indispensable in its work, as the branch and local organizations.

Self-sacrifice is a characteristic of the human race. It glorifies man wherever he is free. Only a system where living means a struggle against oppression can kill it.

—A. Bebel.

FOR OUR YOUNGER READERS

Show Your Social Spirit

Frequent visits to the parks during the early spring and summer days are, to most of our working class sisters and brothers, the only possible recreation and life out doors. Children and grown-ups alike seem to shake off all restraint. Like young animals, after a long winter indoors, they run about, playing, shouting, running, until they are healthily hungry and tired.

One of the first things that Socialists have done, wherever they succeeded in getting control of a municipal government, has been to improve, to increase the city's parks. For they know that the best, the only way to waken the working class population out of its stupidity is to give it a taste of joy, a hint of the beauty the world holds out to its children. It becomes, in time, the most effective agitator for shorter hours, for better conditions.

It seems a pity, therefore, to see how some of our visitors, and particularly how some of the children, disfigure the parks. In spite of a large force of cleaners, in spite of countless rubbish cans the paths are strewn with peanut-shells, with papers and fruit skins, with litter of every variety and description.

It isn't so hard to learn to take care of things. Just a little feeling of responsibility, a little respect for the rights and comfort of others is all that is necessary. We, as Socialists, surely should stand as an example before all others. We should show to the world, not only by our words, but first of all by our actions, that to us the "brotherhood of man" is something more than a catch-phrase. We should not only

speak as "social" beings, but act and think socially.

To be a Socialist in the true sense of the word is one of the greatest ideals to which man can aspire. The true comrade is a comrade wherever he goes. He thinks of his fellow-workers not only on the platform and in the meeting-room. He is a comrade in his shop. He is a comrade at home. He thinks of those who live near him, considers how his actions may affect those who live and work about him. Even in recreation, even at play, he must feel himself as but one of many, as but one link in a great, unending chain of human beings, who make up the world. The strength of the chain depends upon its links; his weakness is the weakness of his class. The coming social order is possible only when, at its foundations stand men and women who will sacrifice and endure for others, men and women who have become truly social, the comrades of the future.

To Make Electricity

First, take a piece of zinc; on it place a piece of vinegar-soaked paper, then put on a piece of copper, then a piece of paper, then another zinc and then paper, and so on until all the pieces of zinc, copper and paper have been used. It is important that a piece of zinc should be on one end of a piece of copper on the other. After the pile is completed, again soak the whole slightly in vinegar, then clean it off on the outside.

If the forefinger of one hand be held against one end and the forefinger of the other hand be held on the other end of the pile, quite a perceptible current will be felt.

If several persons clasp hands and the persons on each end of the line touch the voltaic pile, the current will flow through the bodies of all those in position.

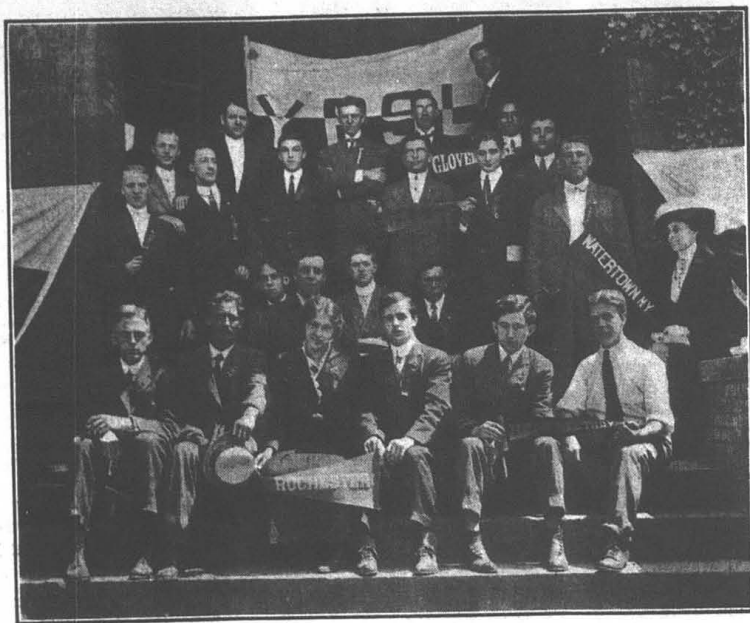
The thermopile is another electrical current producer that may be made in any household at a trifling expense. The electric current is generated in this case by heat, and anything from a candle to a live coal may be used to produce the heat. Take a lot of German silver and copper wire and cut it into six-inch lengths. Then take a German silver length and a copper length and twist the ends together. You will have a V-shaped arrangement of wire. Take another length of German silver wire and twist one end of it tightly around the copper end of the V. Continue the process until you have a long succession of what might be called Ws or double Vs arranged with alternate pieces of copper and German silver wire.

Now take two large curtain rings. Bend your string of wire lengths until it has assumed the position of a star and clamp it between the two curtain rings. One end of the string of wires should be copper and the other German silver. You will find when these are clamped between the curtain rings that the inner points of the star form a circle in the middle of the rings. The rings should be placed on uprights and a candle should be lighted, so that the flame will play between the inner points of the star.

Never in the history of the human race has a class of oppressors freed their victims from subjection.

—A. Bebel.

THE YOUNG SOCIALISTS' CONVENTION AT SCHENECTADY



First Row:—Photographer, Professor K. P. Shedd, Miss Bertha Vossler, John Hughes, Andrew McNally, Norman M. Shedd.
 Second Row:—Victor Ey, W. A. Portt, Carl Ortland, Arnold Obrist.
 Third Row:—D. Alexanderson, Charles Haines, Emanuel Deutsch, Mayer Steinman, Jacob Haiken, Mr. and Mrs. H. Rockburn.
 Fourth Row:—Robert Wark, Reporter of the "Citizen"; Mayor Lunn of Schenectady; Gustave Strebek, of the State Committee, Socialist Party; Jefferson Obrist, Julius Troy, Ernest Boynton.

MUSIC OF LABOR

The banging of the hammer,
 The whirling of the plane,
 The crashing of the busy saw,
 The creaking of the crane.

The ringing of the anvil,
 The grating of the drill,
 The clattering of the turning
 lathe,
 The whirling of the mill.

The clipping of the tailor's
 shears,
 The driving of the awl,
 The sounds of honest industry
 I love—I love them all!

The clinking of the magic type,
 The earnest talk of men,
 The toiling of a giant press,
 The scratching of the pen.

The bustling of the market man
 As he hies to the town,
 The haloo from the tree-top
 As the ripened fruit comes down.

The kind voice of the dairyman,
 The shepherd's gentle call—
 These sounds of honest industry
 I love—I love them all!

THE STATE CONVENTION of the YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIALIST LEAGUES OF NEW YORK

By KENDRICK P. SHEDD

A very significant convention has just closed in the city of Schenectady. To be sure, there were four conventions there this week, and the city was brilliantly lighted and gaily decorated in honor of the same.

The convention particularly referred to is that of the Socialist Young People. The name of the new body is a long one—"The Federation of the Young People's Socialist Leagues of the State of New York."

Rochester thought some time ago of federating the various leagues of the state, but it remained for the comrades in Buffalo to bring the convention actually into existence. Charles E. Haines of that city deserves great credit for his enthusiastic and untiring work. He made many new friends in the convention.

The convention lasted from Sunday the 10th through Tuesday the 12th, and there was something doing all the time. The Schenectady young people had laid out an excellent program of entertainment, but they were hindered from carrying it all out by the great press of business brought before the convention.

Constitutions are not things that can be put together in an hour—certainly not Socialist constitutions! The Committee on Constitution certainly had troubles of its own, so to speak. Its members—and there were eight of them—didn't partake of very much of the entertainment proffered. They went to the restaurant at the proper times, a few times to the Post Office, and now and then they slept, but most of the time they were "sawing wood" at the old stand.

On Sunday evening Comrade Mayor Lunn delivered the address of welcome to the twenty delegates and their friends and comrades. It was a good talk, such as Comrade Lunn so well knows how to give. He and his remarks were enthusiastically received.

Comrade Gustave Strebek—the man with a paucity of stature but a great abundance of voice—represented the State Committee of the Socialist Party. He was there to help the young people in their deliberations, as well as to see that nothing was done at the convention which should not be in harmony with the platform and principles and tactics of the Socialist movement and the Socialist

Party. A few of the Young People didn't like to be supervised by the Party, and showed their feeling in various ways, but the majority took kindly to it as the proper and necessary thing. Comrade Strebek spoke for the Party after the speech of Mayor Lunn. Of course his speech was also good. It always is for "Gus," as many call him, can deliver the goods with the very best of them.

There were eight associations of Socialist young people represented at the Convention, to wit: the Young People's Educational Association of the Bronx, the Young People's Educational Association of Manhattan, the Young People's Socialist Federation of New York, and Young People's Socialist Leagues from Watertown, Schenectady, Gloversville, Buffalo and Rochester. Each association was entitled to three delegates. Gloversville came late to the convention, so failed to get into the following little song to the air of "The Dutch Company," which made a hit at the convention:

They've come from Buffalo and New
 York beside the sea;
 From Rochester and Watertown and old
 Schenectady.
 They're brothers of the Comrades in the
 whole United States,
 And they all love their sister, and her
 name is Della Gates.

Some people saw the fun in the last two words, and enjoyed it. Others have not yet seen the point; but give them three or four weeks more and they will begin to get a glimmering of it, and will enjoy the feeling of it when it finally does dawn. Jokes are tragic things to some people!

Comrade Bertha Vossler, of Rochester, was made the permanent secretary of the convention. She made friends on every hand. On Monday it leaked out that that day was the twentieth birthday of the young lady, and so a vote of hearty congratulation was extended to her, followed a little later by a presentation speech by Delegate Haines and a neat "Vanity Case"—think of Bertha Vossler needing a vanity case! But she was greatly pleased at the token of appreciation on the part of her comrades in the convention. Some day she will

have another birthday, and let us hope she may fare as well.

Several committees were elected and did their work well, but the committee that had the most work to do was that on the new constitution. It was composed of one delegate from each of the bodies represented in the convention. Experience shows that constitutions are not things that can be blown off your finger tips after the manner of magicians. No, surely not among Socialists, for they are people who look into the quality of what is being handed to them, and let the committee beware if it presents an inferior article.

Comrade Strebek attended the meetings of this committee, not as a boss, but rather as a willing helper. He has had a great deal of experience in constitution building, and we found him of real help in the deliberations of our committee.

When the report of the Committee on Constitution was presented, it was known, from the things discussed in the committee room, that there would be considerable discussion upon some points, particularly the matters of party control, and the age-limit. True enough. There was talk a-plenty. Sometimes there were fiery talks. Sometimes there were several delegates trying to talk at the same time, so rapidly did the great thoughts surge up for utterance.

A few didn't look with any favor at all upon the Socialist Party existing or attempting to exercise any control over the Federation or its constituent leagues. Others—and they constituted the majority—were of the opposite opinion. They felt that as long as the leagues were taking the name Socialist as a part of their title, it was but right and logical that the Socialist Party should guard that name with the greatest care. Those who stood for party control won out, at all events, for the preamble which was adopted said: "The Young People's Socialist Leagues of the State of New York, in Convention assembled, pledge their allegiance to the principles and aims of International Socialism and the Socialist Party of the United States and of the State of New York." Further on in the document are these words: "This Federation is a part of the organization of the Socialist Party of the State of

New York; and nothing in this constitution shall, in any way, conflict with the platform, constitution and resolutions of said party." So it is plain enough that the Young People's movement of this State of New York, at least, is safely under the supervision of the parent body.

The matter that aroused the most discussion was the question of the age limits of League members. The truth is that there has always been quite a difference among the various leagues in reference to the age of the members. At Rochester, for example, we have had an under age limit of sixteen years, but no upper age limit at all. This has been the case with all of the up-state leagues, I think. Those in the city of New York have had a younger membership. There was therefore bound to be a long discussion on this point, and it was accentuated because Comrade Strelbel, representing the State Committee, had some very strongly set views on this matter.

Well, it turned out that there were two reports on the section having to do with age limits, and both the majority and the minority report will be submitted, along with the rest of the constitution adopted, to a referendum vote of the League members of the state. The two reports differ as I shall explain. In the majority report young people may become and remain members of a League between the ages of fourteen and twenty-two. At the latter age they become passive members without a vote, and ineligible to hold office, and remain so up to the age of twenty-five, at which time they drop out of the League.

In the minority report, young people may become and remain active members between the ages of fifteen and thirty inclusive, and at thirty they automatically become passive members, paying dues as before, if they desire to retain their membership, but having no vote, and being ineligible to hold office.

Now, as between these two reports, which are to be settled by referendum, we young people of the up-state are strongly of the opinion that the majority report, if adopted, will turn the Federation into a Young People's Socialist Kindergarten Association, and it would most certainly squeeze the very life out of the Rochester League, as well as several of the others. We fondly hope that the comrades of the state will think twice—and several times more—before sticking the knife into the vitals of the Young People's movement of the State of New York.

The executive power of the Federation is vested in a State Board of Control of five persons, which shall also supervise the work of the General Secretary,

who is ex-officio a member of the Board. It was decided by the convention to locate the Headquarters at the present at Rochester, and to select the members of the Board of Control from among the contiguous Leagues. This may look undemocratic, but it is in the interests of economy and convenience. The Socialist Party of the State does the same thing in the matter of its Executive Committee.

The present Board of Control will consist of the following young comrades: McNally, of Schenectady; Bertha Vossler, of Rochester; and Comrades Wark, Haines and Alexanderson, of Buffalo. Comrade John Hughes, of Rochester, was elected General Secretary of the Federation. At present he is the efficient Assistant Organizer of Local Rochester, Socialist Party. It seems to be the unanimous opinion that he will make a very successful General Secretary.

The next convention which will occur in the month of August of next year, will be held in the Big Town on the Hudson. They are a good bunch of young comrades from down that way, and if the spirit and intelligence of the New York delegates to the Schenectady convention is any criterion, the young comrades of the big city will know how to hold a most successful second meeting of the Federation.

Editor, Young Socialists' Magazine.

Dear Comrade:—

The first convention of Young People's Socialist Leagues of the State of New York, held at Schenectady, the 10th, 11th and 12th of August, was certainly a success. It marked the beginning of the organization of the Young People by the Socialist Party in the Empire State. Let us hope that the strength and enthusiasm shown at this convention will also bring about the creation of a "Young People's Department" in the Socialist Party of this State, which would be a great asset in furthering the work of that same Department already created at the National Office. The organization of the various Young People's Socialist Leagues into one Federation, the adoption of a constitution and the election of State officers is the result of the work carried on by the first convention.

However, harmony in all matters cannot be expected at any convention, because if we all agreed on everything before we met—why, a convention? Rather

surprising, but the Schenectady delegates could not seem to agree with the majority at the convention on one particular point. Whether it is due to the fact that there is a Socialist administration in Schenectady and all the Young Socialists of that burgh have already become geniuses in citing Karl Marx, or whether the Young Socialists are under the impression that the Socialist victory in their home town was a victory to be credited to their League and its members, at any rate, when that part of the constitution was read, which makes the Young People's Socialist Leagues a part of the organization of the Socialist Party and therefore under the control of the constitution, platform and resolutions of the Socialist Party—the delegates from Schenectady were all on their feet at the same time and almost calling the chairman names! Oh no! They did not want to be part of and under the control and supervision of the Socialist Party. It reminded me of a class of school children who are under the impression that they know more than the teacher.

The sooner that our young comrades in Schenectady and elsewhere realize that it is our place to learn and not to teach, the quicker our organizations will grow and the stronger they will become. If they would only realize the importance attached to being a part of the Socialist Party and the Socialist movement, The thought alone of having a Young People's Department created in the Socialist Party and thus becoming a significant part of the greatest educational institution the world has ever known, the Socialist Party, should be sufficient cause for every member of a Y. P. S. L. to keep on agitating until a real Socialist educational institution is created by the Socialist Party for the purpose of giving the American youth a Socialist education. The capitalist institutions are doing their best to capture the minds of the newer generations—and we can now be certain with an organization of young people that will soon be national—the Socialist movement can also do its share in training Socialists from their cradles.

Let us hope that the next convention in New York City in 1914, will find the Y. P. S. L. of New York State a much greater organization and a distinctive institution under the control and supervision of the "Young People's Department" of the Socialist Party of the State of New York.

I certainly left the convention a happy Socialist.

Very fraternally yours,

JEFF. W. ORRIST,

Delegate from Bronx County,
New York City.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUBS

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIALIST LEAGUE OF NEW JERSEY.

The provisional organization held its second meeting on Sunday, August 3d, at 10:30 A. M. at the Newark Labor Lyceum. Delegates were present from Circle Paterson and Circles 1 and 2 of Newark. West Hoboken was not represented. A. G. Craig of Cresskill was elected chairman, and Harry Binn of Newark, secretary pro tem. As the state constitution adopted at the previous meeting had not been sent out to the circles, it was reviewed and some changes were made, of which the most important were the change of the name from Y. S. L. to Y. P. S. L. to correspond to the name most generally used, and the extension of the associate membership to all ages above and below the full membership age of 15 to 21.

The secretary was instructed to send a copy of the constitution to all the circles in the state, to be voted upon and the result reported to the next state meeting on the first Sunday of September, at the same place and hour. Any circles wishing to join the league are invited to send two delegates and their organizer to the next meeting. A copy of the constitution will be sent on request to H. Binn, 201 Jelliff Ave., Newark. It was agreed that as soon as a constitution is adopted the provisional organization is to be reorganized as the state committee.

After the adoption of the constitution there was a general discussion of methods of promoting the success of the league. After the meeting Comrade Craig led the assembly in singing.

Harry Binn, Sec'y pro tem.

THE Y. P. E. A. OF THE BRONX.

Unlike most of the organizations whose membership is composed of young people, the Young People's Educational Association of the Bronx has been active throughout the hot summer months. It is true—not very much of educational work was done. It is because the comrades are not as studious in summer as they are during the winter. The heat affects them. They want a vacation.

And, indeed, we had one splendid vacation. There has not been a Sunday, but the members got together and went away from the noisy city out to the seashore or open field. Our tally-ho ride on June the 29th was a grand success. Never before had the members enjoyed themselves as well. A song was com-

posed by Comrade Rapport for that occasion, and we didn't get tired singing it. Do you blame us? Just read:

"Oh, we know, know, know
Just what we stand for,
And we know, know, know
What this is meant for,
Yes, our Y. P. E. A. yell
Does truth and knowledge spell,
We'll forward march and forward march
and yell, and yell, and yell,
And we will go, go, go,
Until we conquer, and
Until the world we win!
For we stand for light and truth,
And we want a happy youth,
And we will win, win, win!"

A library has been at last established by the aid of many comrades who donated the books, and is now under the directorship of our able "librarian", Comrade Bruner. Books are taken out of the library, and discussions concerning these books are heard at every meeting.

Our members are, also, helping the campaign of Local Bronx. They are to be seen at every open-air meeting. They help the sale of literature, they carry the platforms for the speakers, and some of us are even able to act as chairmen.

One of the best things we did, however, was to send three delegates to Schenectady to represent us at the Young Socialist Leagues' State Convention, and we are glad that we are among the first ones to affiliate with the State League.

Our members are looking forward impatiently to September 20th, and there is a reason. On that day the hall of the Bronx Labor Lyceum is going to be decorated—yes—our Annual Entertainment and Ball is going to take place. It will be the opening night of the Lyceum. This is one reason why that hall ceem. This is one reason why that hall will be a success. And another reason is that sketch played by the drama, and another reason is that the entertainment is composed of the best literary and musical pieces we could get. And another is that the young folks will surely enjoy themselves to the utmost. And another is—well, let me stop. Come along and you will see for yourself why our hall will be a huge success. Remember: September the 20th.

The Executive Committee is very busy arranging work for the coming season. Our association has good prospects of

growing and no doubt it will. Our members are enthusiastic, willing to work. The social side is splendid. Do you wonder why we are so optimistic?

Milton Schuman, Organizer.

MILWAUKEE

In Milwaukee there are four branches of the Young People's Socialist League, the north, south, west and east side branches. The problem was to make them an effective and coherent part of the Milwaukee Socialist Party. This had been solved in part by the appointment of a Young People's Welfare Commission, to supervise the activities of the young, but its work was found to be inadequate.

Then the party organization found itself confronting the demand made by the young people that they be given representation in the central committee of the party organization. This brought the matter squarely to an issue.

After studying the problem for some time it has been decided to amend the constitution of the party organization so as to include the activities of those under 21 years of age as it has heretofore provided for those above 21 years of age.

The amendment provides for the retention of the welfare commission, which is to be elected by the central committee and to hold office for two years. It will be assisted in its work by one delegate from each of the leagues of the young people, this league to be an auxiliary organization of the party.

It is also planned to draw up a uniform constitution for the young people's leagues, making it obligatory among other things to join the regular party organization upon reaching 21 years of age.

In this way it is hoped to bring the young people's Socialist movement under the direct supervision of the regular party organization and to eliminate many of the bad features that already assert themselves in many of the cities of the country where loose organizations exist and the young people are permitted to shift for themselves more or less.

It is found that where the young people get along without party supervision there is a tendency to exaggerate social activities at the expense of party work. It is admitted that the young people must be permitted time in which to play, to hold their dances and entertainments, organize athletic and gymnastic clubs, give their outings in winter and summer, and otherwise bring the young people

ple together; but it is also felt that the education of the youth in Socialism must not be neglected, that there must be schools, especially night schools, the young must aid the grown-ups in the distribution of literature and the arrangement and carrying on of meetings, especially during campaign times, that they must be active in support of the party press in the gathering of subscriptions and other ways, that they must in fact be the force that must be trained in all the activities of the party so that they will be able to take it up immediately, it is laid down by those who have grown too old for the struggle.

The immediate aim of the Milwaukee Socialists in organizing the young people is to make them a big factor in the city campaign of next spring which is already in the planning. It is felt that there is a task for every willing hand in the struggle that is now being outlined and as a result of which it is hoped to win back the city from the anti-Socialist hosts.

"We want the young people to feel that they are a part of our party organization," declared Edmund T. Melms, county organizer, president of the common council in the Socialist administration. "As a distinct part of the organization they will take up the work of the party with better spirits. They must help lighten the burdens that are now being carried by the older members of the Socialist movement."

J. L. Engdahl.

DOINGS AT ROCHESTER WITH THE Y. P. S. L.

By Kendrick P. Shedd.

We have not been heard from for a few weeks, but we're still doing business at the old stand. We are looking back and looking ahead, both, but mostly ahead, as young folks should.

COMRADE NEY'S DEATH.

First we must record something sad. Comrade Gustav W. Ney, who was the efficient manager of the Progressive Working People's Lyceum, and one of the German comrades who "started something" here in the Flower City, is dead. He was killed last Friday by being thrown from an automobile, as it swung around a corner here in town. His funeral services were held yesterday morning, July 29th, at Headquarters.

Is there any such thing as a pleasant funeral? Well, I have attended a few, and yesterday's was one of them. The sad, depressing element seemed to be lacking, for the most part, from the brief

and simple exercises. We were glad that another man had lived and done what he could, and had been taken away while working in the harness.

Comrade Ney's body was cremated at Mount Hope. Many of us paraded from the Headquarters part way to the cemetery, and then took cars to the spot where his body was to be consigned to the furnace. It was the first cremation that most of us had attended, yet we are practically all for it, as the only proper method of disposing of the dead.

Comrade Ney was a real friend of our League and showed us a multitude of favors. He was in sympathy with the young, being still a young man himself, in spite of his many gray hairs. His age at death was 42. We shall greatly miss his genial presence.

HELEN KELLER COMING.

Comrade Helen Keller is coming to us after a little. She and Mrs. Macy are to deliver a lecture under the auspices of our League in Convention Hall on the evening of November 20. It is to be an educational lecture, entitled "The Heart and the Hand, or the Right Use of the Senses." We expect to fill the house, and thus to earn some much needed funds for the use of the League.

Helen Keller has, I believe, never given a public lecture in our city, strange as it may seem. And yet it is not so strange, considering the short space of time during which she has actually been on the lecture platform.

Her coming to us will be a good thing for us. It is a large undertaking in view of the amount of money it costs to have her and Mrs. Macy appear here, but it is a great thing for a body of young people to dare to do some "large things". When they have successfully accomplished one, they then know that they can do another. It puts confidence into their souls, and of all the great and necessary qualities that one might name as being good for young and old to possess that of self-confidence is doubtless one of the greatest and most essential.

SUMMER DOINGS.

During the hot days of summer we do not go out of business, so to speak, but we do vary our program from the ordinary routine. We get out into the open. In place of meeting, as usual, in the home building on St. Paul Street, we meet elsewhere. Last week, for example, we actually held our meeting on the edge of Highland Park. We were not in the park, but alongside of it. There were some sixty or so of us, and it was an inspiring sight to see so many young people sitting on the concrete wall and the ground by it, and actually transacting important business there in the open air.

We talked of various things: of the Moonlight Excursion which had been so successfully carried out on the 18th, of the week or two, which some of the members had just enjoyed at Nine Mile Point on the Lake, of the coming convention at Schenectady, and of other

things. We decided on a trip to Watkins Glen on the coming Sunday, and a bathing party at Sea Breeze during the following week; also a visit to the big lawn fete to be held this week by Branch 4, Socialist Party.

THE Y. P. S. L. CONVENTION.

Of course we are deeply interested in the coming convention to be held at Schenectady on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of August. The Young People of the State are at last to be federated. It should have been done before, no doubt, but nobody got at it. When our Debating Team were at Schenectady months ago, there was a good deal of talk of a State Federation of the Leagues, and the young people of the two cities actually sat down together at that time and started a sort of Federation, which was followed by some correspondence. But after all, nothing very definite was done, and it remained for Buffalo to push the thing ahead.

The State Committee had a meeting recently—and among the things considered was the coming Y. P. S. L. Convention. They decided that inasmuch as the Young People who were to be federated were to be leagueed under the name of Socialism, it was but proper that the State Committee should exercise some supervision over the convention. And they were undoubtedly in the right. It was a wise move. The idea of the State Committee is not to interfere to any great extent in the deliberations and plans of the Young People, but to see to it that any constitution that may be adopted shall be in harmony with the principles and aims of the Socialist Party.

Of course this should be! Why not? Why, the State Committee would do a lot of sleepy children if they didn't keep their eye on our doings at Schenectady. We are willing, I take it, to submit our proposed constitution to the State Committee for approval. If we are not willing, then we should drop the word "Socialist" from our title, and substitute some other word, say "Anarchist" for instance!

But there will be little or no trouble, I am sure. The Young People can see the logic of the situation. They are heartily for the best interests of the working class. We are in existence for the purpose of attracting the young into Socialism, and eventually into the Socialist Party. Whatever we can do to further that fundamental idea and purpose we shall doubtless cheerfully do. Leave it to us!

OTHER THINGS AHEAD.

Our Fife and Drum Corps (do not pronounce it corpse, if you please) is at work practicing. Its members are most enthusiastic. They expect in time to be able to make such sweet music that all the people in the land, both old and young, will fall in behind them, as they play and march to the polls in November to vote for Karl Marx and the Co-operative Commonwealth. Here's hoping.

DER ARBEITSMANN

Wir haben ein Bett, wir haben ein Kind,

Mein Weib!

Wir haben auch Arbeit, und gar zu zweit,

Und haben die Sonne und Regen und Wind,

Und uns fehlt nur eine Kleinigkeit,

Um so frei zu sein, wie die Vögel zur Zeit.

Wenn wir Sonntags durch die Felder geh'n,

Mein Kind,

Und über den Aehren weit und breit

Das blaue Schwalbenvolk blitzen seh'n,

O, dann fehlt uns nicht das bisschen Kleid,

Um so schön zu sein, wie die Vögel sind:

Nur Zeit.

Nur Zeit! wir wittern Gewitterwind,

Wir Volk.

Nur eine kleine Ewigkeit:

Uns fehlt ja nichts, mein Weib, mein Kind,

Als all das, was durch uns geleidet,

Um so kühn zu sein, wie die Vögel sind.

Nur Zeit!

—Richard Dehmel.

Sprüche von Goethe.

Die Welt ist so leer, wenn man nur Berge, Flüsse und Städte darin denkt; aber hier und da jemand zu wissen, der mit uns übereinstimmt, mit dem wir auch stillschweigend fortleben, das macht uns dieses Erdenrund erst zu einem bewohnten Garten.

DER STIER

Gemach, als ginge es zur Weide, traten die beiden Stiere in die Arena. Es waren zwei friedfertige, ahnungslose Gesellen, schwarz, mit weissgezeichneter Stirne. Ein Jubelruf der Menge empfing sie. Da hoben sie langsam die Köpfe. Galt das ihnen? Um sie herum wimmelte es von dunklen beweglichen Punkten. Die dichtbesetzten Stufen des Amphitheatrs ragten bis zum treibblauen Himmel hinan. Das also waren Menschen! Die Stiere kamten nur ihre Hüter, droben auf den Bergen; es waren zwei wohlgesittete Stiere, die nicht eher halbwillden Rasse entstammten.

Sie beschmupperten den Sand. Es roch nicht nach Grünfutter. Das war kein Weideland. Was sollten sie hier? Ruhig zogen sie weiter im weiten Kreis. Die Fahrt wollte nicht enden.

Hinterrücks kam ein Fechter heran und stach mit seiner Lanze den einen Stier in die Schulter. Dieser schlug mit dem Schwanz um sich, als gelte es, eine Fliege zu vertreiben. Der Angriff wiederholte sich. Der Stier drehte sich jah um, um das Mückenheer in die Flucht zu schlagen. Da stand er einem Menschen gegenüber, und vertrauensvoll schritt er rasch auf ihn zu, um sich seiner Führung zu überlassen; er wurde sie wohl mit seinem Stachel zur Weide treiben.

Doch der Mann duckte sich, nahm einen raschen Anlauf und schwang sich behende über die Barriere, schutzsuchend.

Der Stier stutzte — „narrischer Kauz, als ob er sich vor mir fürchte!"

Mittlerweile hatte man im Zirkus einen gewaltigen Eisenkäfig

aufgestellt. Man suchte die Tiere dahin zu jagen. Sie traten freiwillig ein und massen die Stäbe mit den Hörnern ab. Plötzlich ging ein Zittern durch ihre Nüstern: Rotwildgeruch?

Auf samtweichen Pfoten kam ein Tier herangeschlichen. Was war das? Der erste Stier ging ihm nach, vorsichtig prüfend: wahrlich, eine Löwin!

Beiden mißfiel die Gesellschaft. Sie trauten einander nicht. Doch warteten sie gegenseitig den Angriff ab, um sich zu wehren.

Gefahr witternd, mit eingezogenem Schwanz, kauerte die Löwin im äussersten Winkel und legte, dumpf knurrend, die Schnauze auf die Vorderlatzen.

Breitbeinig, protzig stellten sich die Stiere vor ihr auf und glotzten sie an mit weiten Augen. Das Tier, das fremde, imponierte ihnen, als ahnten sie, dass es irgendwo in Nubiens Wüste Königin sei.

Die Löwin zwinkerte mit den halbverschlossenen Lidern und knurrte verächtlich. Ein Beben lief durch ihren nacktgesehorenen Leib. Stolz und Schrecken stritten in ihr, angesichts des rohen, unwürdigen Gegners.

Und sie hob ein langgedehntes Brüllen an.

Es klang wie ein mächtiger Protest gegen diese ihr aufgedrungene Gemeinschaft, wie ein majestätisches Ablehnen des Kampfes mit einem Bullen, wie ein markdurchdringendes Sehnen nach den hohen, schützenden Gräsern der Dschungeln.

Der Stier spannte den Nacken, hob das Haupt und brüllte mit. Durch die langen, gesenkten Wimpern schwebten seine träumerischen Blicke weit über die

Arena und den menschengefüllten Zirkus hinaus zur Ginsterheide, wo der Mistral sein Wesen treibt, und wo seine Brüder bis zur Wampe durch die hohen Farne waten.

Das stumpfsinnige Publikum fasste dieses gemeinsame Brüllen als eine Kriegserklärung auf.

Ein Schrei war es nach Frieden und Freiheit!

Die Menge hartete mit Spannung des kommenden Kampfes. Das sollte ein Schauspiel werden, wenn die wütende Löwin mit einem Satze dem Stier auf den Rücken sprang und ihn ins Genick biss! Wenn dann der schmerzstolle Bulle die Gegnerin wie einen Ball in die Luft schleuderte und auf seinen Hörnern kunstgerecht aufspiesste! Das konnte famos werden: ein Schauspiel für Götter!

Doch klang keine Drohung aus dem Brüllen der Tiere, nur eine dämmernde Ahnung des Spiels, das man mit ihnen treiben wollte, ein wachsendes Missbehagen, ein donnerndes Warum.

Das tatenlose Brüllen dauerte der vergnügungslüsternen Menge zu lange. Ein Pfeifen ging durch die obersten Reihen, hetzende Zurufe schallten herab: Hetzt sie, treibt sie, drauf, drauf — los! Da eilten die Fechter herbei, die Picköre mit der Lanze, und stachen die faulen Gesellen aus ihrer unheimlichen Ruhe: Andere bohrten den Stieren Wurfspiesse in den Nacken und warfen Feuerbrände in den Käfig.

Das verfiel nicht. Die geplagten Tiere schossen bitterböse Blicke nach ihren Peinigern, fielen aber nicht übereinander her in ihrem gemeinsamen Groll gegen den Feind, der ausserhalb des Käfigs auf sie loswütete.

Die wehrlose Löwin kroch mit versengter Mähne und wunden

Pfoten schwerfällig in eine andere Ecke. Die beiden Stiere rannten mit vornüber gebeugtem Haupt gegen die eiserne Umzäunung und wetzten ihre Hörner an den Stäben.

Immer enger zog man den Kreis um sie her, feurige Banderillos wurden den Stieren auf den Rücken gepflanzt. * Schüsse erklangen.

Johlen, Geschrei, Zurufe hetzten die widerspenstigen Tiere. Die Löwin hielt sich vollkommen teilnahmslos, sie hatte nur, wie abwehrend, ihre Pranken erhoben und drehte langsam und zähnefletschend ihr Haupt gegen ihre Angreifer, als wollte sie sagen: „Erbärmliche Wichte, ich lasse mich mit keinem Stier ein, ich kämpfe nur mit meinesgleichen. Was soll die Gauklerei?“

Die Stiere rannten umher und machten vor der Löwin achtungsvoll Kehrt. „Was geht uns die Löwin an? Wir wollen zur Weide. Platz da — gebt Raum!“

Die Tiere langweilten sich, und das Publikum auch. Wie die Löwin in ihrem Winkel verhartete, schleiften sie die Knechte in ihren Behälter zurück, rissen den Käfig nieder und jagte die Stiere in die Arena. Die Wut der in ihren blutgierigen Wünschen getäuschten Menge wurde zur Raserei.

„Nieder mit den feigen Memmen!“ Wilde, rohe Gesellen brachen durch die zerstörte Barriere und rasten hinter den Stieren her, mit Schirmen und Stöcken und blinkenden Messern. Andere folgten, und wie ein überschwemmter Strom brach der Pöbel in die Arena, um die Bestien zu züchtigen, die sie da um ihr gutes Vergnügen, um ihr gutes Geld prellten. Blut wollten sie, Kampf und Totschlag!

(Schluss folgt.)

BESSER DRAN!

Zwei Spinnen, welche in verschiedenen Teilen einer Kirche wohnten, trafen einmal im Schiff zusammen.

„Wie geht's dir, Freundin?“ fragte die eine.

„O danke, nicht allzugut,“ war die Antwort. „Sonntags habe ich es wahrlich schlecht. Ich wohne in der Kanzel unter dem Polster, und Sonntags kommt der Pfarrer und schlägt mit der Faust auf das Buch und fuchelt mit den Armen so herum, dass ich vor Angst nicht weiss, wo ich bleiben soll. Er trifft mich doch noch, und dann zerquetscht mich seine Kraft zu Mus!“

„Da solltest du doch lieber zu mir kommen,“ sagte die erste. „Ich habe ein schönes, ruhiges Leben. Mich stört jahraus, jahrein keiner.“

„Wirklich?“ fragte neugierig die andere Spinne. „Wo wohnst du denn?“

„In der Armenbüchse!“

Die Welt ist nicht aus Brei und Mus geschaffen, Deswegen haltet euch nicht wie Schlaraffen!

Harte Bissen gibt es zu kauen: Wir müssen erwürgen oder sie verdauen.

Two Negroes came up to the outskirts of a crowd where a Senator was making a campaign speech. After listening for about ten minutes, one turned to his companion and asked, "Who am dat man, Sambo?" "Ah don't know what his name am," Sambo replied, "but he certainly do recommen' hisself mos' highly." — Success Magazine.