

THE MAGAZINE YOUNG SOCIALISTS

Vol. VI

August, 1913

No. 7

THE LABORER'S REWARD

By Edwin Arnold Brenholts

Delving in the coal mines, toiling in the shops—

Knowing well what waits him if he sberks or stops;

Standing at the throttle, working on the farm—

Never free a moment from grim want's alarm;

Digging in the ditches, hewing down the trees—

Striving to be faithful, striving still to please:

What is labor's portion,
What is his reward,
When hard work's distortion
Lays him by the board?

Many are the moments man must toil and slave

From the breath of birth time till he finds a grave.

Multitudes find labor an enslaving thing,
Crushing aspirations Manhood's sure to bring.

Thinking of the morrow, man is sure to ask

(Idlers in life's sunshine e'er before him bask).

What is labor's guerdon,
What its payment here?
After all the burden
Is there but the bier?

Everlasting pleasure in the land beyond
Settles no arrearage in the present bond.

Millionaires get heaven—so the preachers say—

Earthly pleasure also in the present day;
Birthright rich for one man, poverty for most—

Damnable the system that enslaves this host!

What rewards has labor
For a life of toil?
To be rich man's neighbor
On the heav'nly soil?

Trudging on earth's highway, he is left behind;

Asking but for justice, he is apt to find
Dollars doing duty as they did of yore,
Shutting ev'ry passage, barring ev'ry door—
Competition strangling human thoughts in all.

Turning from man's justice, he to heav'n shall call:

"This reward I'm claiming.
Here and now, Oh, Lord,
System now us shaming
MUST go by the board."



THE HOUSE THE CARPENTER BUILT

This is the tree of the forest.

This is the axe whose steady blows
Cut down the tree of the forest.

This is the woodman, who, everyone
knows,
Wielded the axe whose steady blows
Cut down the tree of the forest.

This is the log—to the river's side
Rolled by the woodman, who, every-
one knows,
Wielded the axe whose steady blows
Cut down the tree of the forest.

This is the river whose flowing tide
Carried the log that was rolled to its
side,—
Rolled by the woodman, who, every-
one knows,
Wielded the axe whose steady blows
Cut down the tree of the forest.

This is the wheel that went whirring
'round,
Turned to the river whose flowing tide
Carried the log that was rolled to its
side,—
Rolled by the woodman, who, every-
one knows,

Wielded the axe whose steady blows
Cut down the tree of the forest.

These are the saws which, with buzzing
sound,

Were moved by the wheel that went
whirring 'round,

Turned by the river whose flowing tide
Carried the log that was rolled to its
side,—

Rolled by the woodman, who, every-
one knows,

Wielded the axe whose heavy blows
Cut down the tree of the forest.

These are the boards, so straight and
long,

Cut by the saws which, with buzzing
sound,

Were moved by the wheel that went
whirring 'round,

Turned by the river whose flowing tide
Carried the log that was rolled to its
side,—

Rolled by the woodman, who, every-
one knows,

Wielded the axe whose steady blows
Cut down the tree of the forest.

This is the carpenter, skillful and strong,
Who planed all the boards so straight
and long.

Cut by the saws which, with buzzing
sound,

Were moved by the wheel that went
whirring 'round,

Turned by the river whose flowing tide
Carried the log that was rolled to its
side,—

Rolled by the woodman, who, every-
one knows,

Wielded the axe whose steady blows
Cut down the tree of the forest.

This is the house with its windows and
doors,

With timbers and rafters and roofs and
floors,

Which was built by the carpenter, skill-
ful and strong,

Who planed all the boards so straight
and long,

Cut by the saws which, with buzzing
sound,

Were moved by the wheel that went
whirring 'round,

Turned by the river whose flowing tide
Carried the log that was rolled to its
side,—

Rolled by the woodman, who, every-
one knows,

Wielded the axe whose steady blows
Cut down the tree of the forest.

CHARITY

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

Came two young children to their
mother's shelf
(One was quite little the other
big),

And each in freedom calmly
helped himself.
(One was a pig.)

The food was free and plenty for
them both,
But one was rather dull and
very small;
So the big, smarter brother, noth-
ing loath,
He took it all.

At which the little fellow raised
a yell
Which tired the other's more
aesthetic ears;

He gave him here a crust, and
there a shell
To stop his tears.

He gave with pride, in manner
calm and bland,
Finding the other's hunger a
delight;

He gave with piety—his full left
hand
Hid from his right.

He gave and gave—O, blessed
Charity!

How sweet and beautiful a
thing it is!
How fine to see that big boy giv-
ing free
What is not his!

LIBERTY

Not a grave of the murder'd for
freedom, but grows seed for
freedom, in its turn to bear
seed,

Which the winds carry afar and
re-sow, and the rains and the
snows nourish.

Not a disembodied spirit can the
weapons of tyrants let loose,
But it stalks invisibly over the
earth, whispering, counseling,
cautioning.

Liberty, let others despair of you
—I never despair of you.

Walt. Whitman.

Socialism is no longer academ-
ic, but is pulsating in the life of
the world. It is not in books, but
a living thing.

SOCIALISM AND INDIVIDUALISM

From "Socialism In Theory and Practice, by Morris Hillquit

Socialism and Individualism are the two main contending principles underlying all modern social theories and movements. Both ideas are, comparatively speaking, new in the history of human thought, and the social philosophy based on individualism is the older of the two. Some writers discern the origin of the idea of individualism in the movement of the reformation and its first practical application in the demand for liberty of the conscience i. e., the religious self-determination of the individual.

The theory is no doubt historically true, but it utterly fails to account for the causes of the phenomenon. The religious movement of the reformation was one of the manifestations of the struggle for individualism, but not its cause. The Reformation and the nascent idea of individualism involved in it were but the symptoms and results of a deeper and more natural process—the birth of the modern social and industrial system.

The modern philosophy of individualism came into life as a reaction against the excessive centralization of the feudal state and church and as a protest against the unchecked powers of the crown, nobility and clergy over the population, and especially over the growing class of industrials. "Individual Liberty" was the battle cry with which the young bourgeoisie (the industrial and trading class) entered the arena of political struggle. That battle cry meant freedom of competition—Industrial Liberty, the right to use the powers of the

state for the advancement of manufacture and commerce—Political Liberty; the freedom from interference by the church with the political and industrial management of the people—Religious Liberty; and above all it meant the freedom and sacredness of private property.

The battles fought by the pre-Revolutionary bourgeoisie in the name of Individual Liberty have given to civilization a few great acquisitions. They have, to a large extent, emancipated man in the purely individual sphere of his life, and rendering into his own keeping his beliefs, views, and tastes, his individual mind and soul. The freedom of press speech and conscience and person are such acquisitions, and they are of everlasting benefit to mankind.

But the historical watchword had an altogether different fate in the field of politics and industry.

In the revolutionary period of the career of our ruling classes, "Individual Liberty" in those fields stood principally for freedom from arbitrary political, industrial and social restraint, but with the fall of feudalism and the removal of feudal restraints, the phrase lost its original significance. The manufacturing and trading classes, as the struggling and subjected bourgeois of the 17th and 18th centuries, appealed to the sacred right of individual freedom as a means to deliver them from the oppression of the ruling classes of their time; but the possessing classes of the 19th

and 20th centuries, themselves in power and confronting a new dependent class, the class of wage workers, invoke the old god of their fathers only to strengthen their own rule. The "Individual Liberty" of the modern capitalist has come very largely to stand for the right to deal with his employees as he pleases, the unrestricted right to exploit men, women and children of the working class, and to be free from the interference of the state in his process of exploitation. . . . In the hands of the capitalist individual liberty has degenerated into individual license, its philosophy is that of shortsighted egoism. . . .

The frequent and heated modern discussions on the merits of the "systems" of individualism and socialism are, therefore, at bottom only the theoretical and somewhat veiled expressions of the political struggles between the ruling and the dependent classes of our times.

My Work

Freedom hath yet a work for me
to do:

So spake that inward voice which
never yet

Spake falsely; when it urged the
spirit on

To hope enterprise for country
and mankind.

All true whole men succeed for
what is worth,

Success' name, unless it be the
thought.

The inward surety, to have car-
ried out

A noble purpose to a noble end.
James Russel Lowell.

THE GIPSY'S BEAR--A STORY

A new Russian author of note has recently been brought to the attention of English readers. His name is W. M. Garshin and, according to a British reviewer, "in quality of vision and vigor of interpretation he seems fully Tolstoy's equal." Unfortunately the output of his pen consists, so far as known, of only about twenty published stories and sketches, and we need not look for any additions. Garshin inherited an unstable nervous system and in a fit of melancholia ended his life more than twenty years ago at the age of thirty-three. His stories, of which the following is one, have but lately been translated into English and published in England under the title "The Signal and Other Stories."

In the steppe the town of Bielsk nestles on the river Rokhla. In September of 1857 the town was in a state of unwonted excitement. The Government's order for the killing of the bears was to be executed. The unhappy gypsies had journeyed to Bielsk from four districts with all their household effects, their horses and their bears. More than a hundred of these awkward beasts, ranging from tiny cubs to huge "old men" whose coats had become whitish-gray with age, had collected on the town common. The gypsies had been given five years' grace from the publication of the order prohibiting performing bears, and this period had expired. They were now to appear at specified places and themselves destroy their supporters.

They had completed their last round through the villages with the familiar goat and big drum—the invariable companions of the bears. For the last time, having espied them afar off coming down from the steppe, a little crowd of boys and girls had run a verst to meet them, returning triumphantly with them, a confused rab-

ble, back to the village, where the fun of the fair had already commenced.

And what fun it was! What festivities took place! The bears had displayed their histrionic talents, had danced, wrestled, showed how little boys steal the peas, imitated the mincing step of a young girl and the waddling gait of an old woman. For the last time they had received their reward in the form of a tumbler of vodka, which the bear, standing on its hind-legs, would seize with both front-paws, place against his shaggy muzzle, and, throwing his head back, empty down his throat, after which he would lick his jaws and express his satisfaction in a quiet rumble and strange deep sighs.

For the last time old men and women had come to the gypsies to be cured of their ailments by the true and tried process of lying on the ground under a bear, which would place his belly on the patient, spread himself out on all fours, and remain in this position until the gypsies considered the seance had lasted long enough. For the last time they had gone to the huts, when, if the bear voluntarily entered, he was led into the front portion of the dwelling, and all sat there and rejoiced at his graciousness as a good omen; but if, in spite of all entreaties and caresses, he refused to cross the threshold, the occupants would be sorrowful, and neighbors would shake their heads.

* * *

The day broke cloudy and wet—a genuine September day—with an occasional slight drizzle; but, notwithstanding this, numbers of both sexes and of all ages went to the common to see the interesting spec-

tacle. The town was almost deserted. All the vehicles the town boasted were engaged in taking out the curious. They left them at the encampment, and returned for fresh loads. By ten o'clock all were there.

The gypsies had lost all hope. There was not much noise in the camp. The women were hiding in the tents with the little ones, so as not to see the massacre, and only occasionally a despairing wail was wrung from one or another of them. The men were feverishly making the last preparations. They had dragged the wagons to the edge of the camping ground, and had tied the bears to them.

The ispravnik of Bielsk passed along the rows of condemned. The bears themselves were not altogether calm. The unusual surroundings, the strange preparations, the enormous crowd, the large number of bears collected together—all this had excited them, and they tugged and gnawed at their chains, uttering occasional low growls. Old Ivan stood near his enormous bear, crooked with rage. His son, an elderly gypsy whose black hair was already streaked with silvery-gray, and his grandson, with ghastly faces and burning eyes, were hastily tying up the bear.

The ispravnik came up level with the trio.

"Well, old man," said he, "tell them to commence."

A wave of excited expectation passed over the crowd of onlookers, conversation redoubled, and soon after all became quiet, and amidst a profound silence was heard a low but authoritative voice. Old Ivan was speaking.

"Allow me, sir, to speak." Then, turning to his fellow-gypsies, he continued: "Comrades, I beg of you to let me be the first to finish. I am older than any of you. Next year I shall have seen ninety years. I have led bears from my infancy, and in the whole camp there is no bear older than mine."

He lowered his gray, curly head on to his chest, shaking it sorrowfully from side to side, and wiped his eyes with his fist. Then he drew himself up, raised his head, and continued in a louder, firmer voice than before:

"Therefore I want to be the first. I thought I should not live to see such grief. I thought that my bear, my loved one, would outlive me; but apparently Fate has willed otherwise. With my own hand I must kill him, my provider and benefactor. Loose him; let him be free. He will not go away; he, like us old men, will not flee from death. Loose him, Vasia! I do not wish to kill him bound, as they kill cattle. Do not be afraid," said he, turning to the crowd, which showed signs of alarm; "he will not move."

The youth freed the huge beast and led him a short distance away from the wagon. The bear sat on his haunches, letting his front paws hang loosely, and swayed from side to side, breathing heavily and hoarsely. He was very old, his teeth were yellow, his coat had grown a reddish color and was falling out. He gazed in a friendly but melancholy manner at his old master with his one small eye. All around was an absolute silence, broken only by the noise of the ramrods against the barrels of the rifles as the wads were pressed home.

"Give me the gun," said the old man firmly.

His son gave him the rifle. He took it, and, pressing the muzzle against the old animal's breast, again to address the bear;

"I am going to kill thee in a minute, Potap. God grant that my old hand may not tremble, and that the bullet may find its way into thy very heart. I do not want to torture thee. Thou dost not deserve that, my old bear, my good, my kind old mate. I caught thee a little cub. One of thy eyes had gone, thy nose was rotting from the ring, thou wert suffering from consumption. I tended thee as a son, and pitied thee, and thou gwest up a big and powerful bear. There is not such another in all the camps that have collected here. And thou gwest up and didst not forget my kindness. Never have I had such a friend amongst men such as thou hast been. Thou hast been kind and quiet and clever, and hast learnt all. Never have I seen a beast kinder, more clever than thou. What would I have been without thee? My whole family have lived by thy labor. Thou hast brought me two sledges. It was thou who didst build me a hut for the winter. Thou hast done yet more for me. Thou didst save my son from being a soldier. Ours is a large family, but all, from the oldest to the youngest, thou hast supported up till now. And I have loved thee greatly, and have not beaten thee too much, and if I have in any way offended against thee, forgive me. At thy feet I bow."

He threw himself at the bear's feet. The beast quietly and plaintively growled. The old man lay on the ground, his whole body quivering, convulsed with sobs.

"Shoot, daddy," said his son. "Do not tear our hearts!"

Ivan arose, "The tears no longer flowed. He threw back the gray mane which had fallen over his

bow, and continued in a steady, resounding voice:

"And now I must kill thee. They have ordered me, an old man, to shoot thee with my own hands. Thou must no longer live on this earth. Why? May God in Heaven judge us!"

He cocked the rifle, and with a firm, steady hand aimed at the beast's heart under the left paw. And the bear understood. A pitiful, heart-rending sound broke from the bear. He stood upon his hind-legs, and raised his fore-paws as if to hide his face with them from the terrifying gun. A wail went up from the gypsies; in the crowd many were openly crying. With a sob the old man threw aside the rifle, and fell senseless to the ground. His son rushed forward to pick him up, and the grandson seized the gun.

"It must be," he cried in a wild hysterical voice, with blazing eyes. "Enough! Shoot, comrades; let us end it!" And, running up to the beast, he placed the muzzle of the rifle against the bear's ear and fired. The bear fell to the ground a lifeless mass. Only his paws moved convulsively, and his jaw dropped as if yawning. Throughout the encampment rang out shots and the despairing cries of women and children. A light breeze carried the smoke towards the river.

A Startling Sight

Soon after the instalment of the telegraph in Fredericksburg, Virginia, a little darky, the son of my father's mammy, saw a piece of newspaper that had blown up on one of the telegraph wires and caught there. Running to my grandmother in a great state of excitement, he cried, "Miss Liza, come quick! Dem wires done buss and done let all the news out!"

MODERN EXPLOITATION

By Abraham Pollock

I.

Biology, the science that treats of life or of organized beings, teaches us that man is the king of all animals. The possession of intellectual, moral, and spiritual faculties differentiates him from the lower animals. Sociology, the science that treats of the conditions and development of human society, agrees to all the qualities ascribed to man. But it finds these faculties uncultivated, and undeveloped in the mass of the people. In the animal kingdom there exists what is known as a struggle for existence in which the fittest survive. Our civilized society has not progressed much further in this respect, for a constant class struggle is taking place and is becoming fiercer every day. The environment which surround the individual is "social" i. e., said individual is dependent for his necessities as well as luxuries on the great mass of producers. But it is entirely different with the means of production. The tools necessary for producing the things we consume are owned by individuals; or by companies which consist of comparatively small numbers of individuals. The workers to secure the means of livelihood are involuntarily compelled to apply to these individuals for what is commonly called a "job" or "position". At this point the exploitation begins. The result of this exploitation is perhaps in a measure responsible for the stagnation of the higher faculties in the mass of the working people.

II.

By exploitation we mean the appropriation of the surplus value the workers produce. The methods employed by the capitalist in exploiting or in squeezing out more surplus value in the form of profits are various—for instance, intensification of labor, competition of the unemployed, child labor. The result to the laborers is disastrous. However, before looking into the results we shall first analyze the methods. It will be well for you to remember that the manufacturers make their profit not from the raw material that is being used up nor the wear and tear of the machinery, but by exploiting the laborer. This is the only source from which the manufacturers make their profit. The most effective means of increasing the productive power of labor within the limits of the normal working day is the introduction of improved machinery and the progressive increase of the speed of its revolutions. It is to the interest of the factory owner to get the greatest work possible out of his employees, regardless whether they are overworked. It is to his interest, not only to use his employees, but to use them up; and to this end he speeds up his machinery to the utmost point in order to force his employees to do as much work as possible during the hours of employment, and has recourse to piecework and pacemakers. He does this with perfect security, because he has an unlimited amount of young labor always at his disposal to replace employees prematurely

worn out from overwork and the diseases which come from overwork.

The reduction of hours of labor never keeps pace with the increased output of products. When a new machine is introduced which puts out twice as much work as a laborer could formerly by working with his hand-tools, the hours of labor ought to be reduced to half. This would insure the worker constant employment. But the opposite is the case. A new machine that increases the output does away with a part of human labor; the hours of work remain the same, but the number of the employees is reduced, and here we have the creation of an unemployed army of men. These unemployed are constantly competing with the employed workers for jobs, the result of this is that the employer has one more weapon by which still further to exploit labor, by reducing wages to the standard which the unemployed fix in the mad search for employment. The only thing that keeps wages up at all is the fact that in order to sustain life the human body must have food, clothing and shelter. And since these must be bought in the market the worker, regardless of his fierce competition for the job cannot hire himself out for less than would enable him to obtain the absolute necessities. Moreover, the employers know full well that an underfed worker cannot be exploited to the extent that a well-fed worker can. So from this can be seen that it is no mere accident that the wages

of the employees are not still further reduced. The exploitation reaches still further. A man to sustain himself and the family must get a certain amount of money in wages to purchase at least the absolute necessities. But they, the capitalists, insist upon putting to work the whole family and then pay them collectively what they would have to pay to the individual, who is usually the so-called head of the family. This mode of exploitation is known as women and child labor.

III.

What sort of a living do you get? What are your wages? I don't mean how much a week do you get; but what life do you get as the reward of your toil? The question is how do you live? What will your wages buy? Unfortunately, we have no means by which to measure the exact degree of exploitation, save those of observation and comparison. We may compare for instance the palaces which the workers build

and the tenements in which they live; the silks which they weave and the rags they wear; the educational institutions which are made possible by the constant toil of the workers and the ignorance that prevails; the beautiful theatres they build and the monotonous lives they pass away. This list of comparisons is inexhaustible. It is up to you now first to investigate and then to decide the extent to which the mass of the working people are being exploited. Whether the human race would progress and develop itself intellectually, morally, spiritually, if exploitation was done away with, is a matter of speculation. What we do know however, is that overwork and its complements, physical weariness, vocational diseases, and premature death following from it, would disappear. The poverty and misery suffered by the mass would be eliminated, and that would insure to man at least domestic happiness, and would place him in a more wholesome and more congenial environment, which in turn would act as an incentive for cultivation and development of the esthetic and all other finer senses. In conclusion we may say that the wage system is admirably adapted to blind the laborers to the manner in which they are wronged. Their money wage appears to be equal to the value of their services, when in reality their real value is equal to the money wage plus that which the employer receives. Here is the real secret of exploitation, which necessarily will continue as long as the wage system remains. Only the supremacy of the proletariat can result in the abolition of all dependence, because the tools of production are now socially used and privately owned. The working class cannot emancipate itself except by socializing those instruments. When the people own collectively the instruments of production they will be no longer exploited.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

By Robert Burns

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him
by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that and a' that—
Our toil's obscure and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that!
What, though on homely fare we
dine,
Wear hodden gray, and a' that;
Give fools their silks and knaves
their wine,
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;

The honest man, though e'er sae
poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!
Ye see yon Birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a'
that,
Though hundreds worship at his
word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!
A king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his
might,

Guid faith he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o'
worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.
Then let us pray that come it
may,
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth o'er all the
earth
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that.
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that!

The Young Socialists' Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Organ of the American Socialist Sunday
Schools and Young People's FederationPublished Monthly at
15 Spruce Street, New York,
by theSocialistic Co-operative Publ. Ass'n.
John Nagel, Pres. O. Knoll, Sec'y.
E. Ramm, Treas.SUBSCRIPTION—5c. a copy, 50c.
a year. For N. Y. City and Canada,
60c., on account of the higher postage.
Mexico and other foreign countries,
75 cents.

BUNDLE RATES—3c. per copy.

ADVERTISING—10c. a line, \$1.00
an inch. For one year one inch \$10.00.

What Great Men Say About War

"Ez fer war—I call it murder."

—Jas. Russel Lowell.

"The hero is a species of assassin."
—Victor Hugo."An' you'll die like a fool of a
soldier."—Rudyard Kipling.

Together

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere
the earth grows older!The Cause spreads over land
and sea;Now the world shaketh, and fear
awaketh,

And joy at last for thee and me.

William Morris.

The Politician

I must, when I go out to play,
Get my Mamma's consent,
Although when I grow up I may
Become a president!It does seem very queer to me
The way the world is run.That I must ask her leave, and she
Can't even vote for one!

Helena Sharpsteen.

"Have a heart that never hardens, a
temper that never tires, a touch that
never hurts."—Charles Dickens.Current Events and
Editorial Remarks

Six weeks have passed since the signing of the treaty of Peace between Turkey and the Balkan States. Civilization rejoiced. Christianity had again won a glorious victory over the pagan, the heathen, the unbeliever. The Turks had been driven out of Europe. A European conflagration had been avoided. Enthusiasts were dreaming of a Balkan Republic, of a new power in the far East which was to carry the message of Christianity, was to bring the culture of a new century to the people's of the East.

Six weeks! And to-day, like hungry wolves who, having killed their prey, they tear each other to pieces for a lion's share of the remains. Bulgaria, Greece, Roumania and Serbia are fighting for the booty, land, territory, new means of exploitation, wealth and power.

Forgotten are their ideals, their dreams of a new civilization, forgotten the new Balkan Republic, forgotten christianity, religion, everything but the desire for wealth and power. Or, let us rather say that we are to-day, for the first time since the beginning of the struggles, brought face to face with the real motive, the root of the matter.

Bared of its pious mantles, the Balkan question stands before us in hideous openness, the old story of sacrifice, of brutality, of horror, of wealth and slaughter at the altar of capitalism.

Just as in industry where small competitors kill each other to the benefit of the large capitalist corporation which controls the market, so here the nations of the Balkans are killing off their sons, feeding their workers to the enemy's cannon, draining the last vestige of strength from their own working class, for the right to exploit new masses, new lands. And behind them stand, like vultures, the great nations of Europe, ready to spring upon them, ready to swallow them when they have become too weak to defend themselves. Money, territory, power, greed, these only are the motives of modern warfare.

ELECTRICITY

It has been discovered that if a steel knife and a silver fork be inserted in a large orange, an electric current will be generated. If the end of the fork and the end of the knife sticking from the orange be connected with an electric measuring instrument, quite a perceptible current will be found to pass: The same kind of a battery may be made by substituting a cucumber for the orange. In fact, any acid fruit may be used.

In order to make a voltaic pile it is only necessary to procure ten or more pieces of zinc about an inch square, the same number of pieces of copper, and a like number of pieces of paper. The paper should be thoroughly soaked in vinegar.

AT THE GATES OF PARADISE

Belle Squire, from "Life and Labor," Chicago

Broiling hot was the sun that day, but nowhere did it shine more fiercely than on the pavement where stood scores and scores of girls and women waiting patiently in the blistering rays. Fast closed were the heavy gates before them, and the high brick wall was not only too high and too smooth for them to climb, but it seemed to form the hottest side of the great brick oven in which they calmly stood.

Girls! Girls! Girls! Little girls, big girls, tiny girls; clean girls, dirty girls; neat girls, ragged girls; girls with smooth hair, girls with tousled heads; girls prettily and girls homely; girls shod and girls barefooted; some taking off such shoes and stockings as they had in order to gain a few more seconds of time in the paradise to which they were going. All kinds of girls were there, a sprinkling of women, young, old and middle-aged, all standing quietly in the glaring sun which blistered faces and feet alike. We left them standing there and passed in by another gate, and sought the shelter of the building to escape the fierceness of the heat.

The minutes passed. Suddenly, when we had reached the upper floor, a roar was heard, a roar pitched in the treble, but distinctly a roar.

"Oh, the girls are in the pool!" called our guide as the strange sound reached us. She flung a window open and the noise surged in. "It is the first women's day in the Swimming Pool! Come! Look! The girls are in the water at last!"

From the upper window where we stood looking down, the pool

below was apparently filled to overflowing with little blue, bobbing corks, while around the edges of the water ran strange, tiny creatures clad in blue, running aimlessly like ants in a trampled hill. But over and above everything, above all the noises in the street, rose the roar of girlish voices, incessant, penetrating, shrill, if a roar can be shrill, the shouts, the laughter, the screams, the shrieks, the calls of happy care-free girls in their first great and care-free joy.

In their absurd little suits of blue, trousers and waists sewed together in one piece, they laughed and shouted, they jumped up and down, they ran, they dived, they gurgled, they jumped in and out again, then back and under and still they screamed in ear-splitting noise. A great locomotive puffed by, its smoke curling over the park and casting its shadows upon the very pool itself, and was not heard. For once its noise was vanquished, swallowed up in this new noise of children shouting for very joy because of water in abundance at their very doors.

In glee they laughed and shouted because a miracle had been performed for them. In all the heat and grime and dust of the great West Side, a marvel had taken place. Where once were many broken-down and rickety houses was now a great big pool of clear cold water in which, on certain days, little girls were free to play. In some mysterious manner, too, a building had been erected just beside the pool, where they could undress, put on clean water clothes and then go

in and get wet all over. For this they had stood patiently in the broiling sun, outside the fast closed gates; for this they had waited again in the inner court where the sun beats down almost as mercilessly as on the pavement just outside.

Not until you have lived your life in a neighborhood where bathtubs are rarer than diamonds, and diamonds are very rare, and where the river runs black with foulness, where the streets are dry and hot unless it rains, and where trees do not grow because they cannot, not until you have lived your life in such a place can you fully appreciate the joy of a great clear pool of clean, cool water that is all your own for a little while on certain days.

Philosophers tell us that only by contrast can we sense anything at all. If it were not for darkness, we could not sense the light; if it were not for cold or degrees of cold and warmth, we could not sense heat. If all the world were but one color, say red, it would be as if there were no color, for colors exist by virtue of being different from each other. The grass and trees are green, the sky is blue, while the water is sometimes blue and sometimes green, or runs white or dark according to its temper and we know its temper by its hue.

So into these lives had come all at once this great contrast. After many summers of heat and dust, which somehow had been endured; in the midst of a summer that was dry and hot and parching in its heat, came all at once a great relief of which they could scarcely dream. As if by

magic a pool of water, a great, glorious pool of water appeared in their very midst, their own to use and to enjoy.

Suddenly, in the midst of their deafening, happy noise rose a new sound, the only sound which could ride over the clamor of their voices. It was a brass throat competing with throats of flesh and blood and brass won out. With the clangor of the gong, the pitch of their voices fell. Too well they knew the sound and all it meant for them.

"Oh! Oh! Ohs!" in wailing chorus took the place of happy screams, but none hastened to obey its summons. The gong clanged louder and more insistently and a few girls clambered reluctantly from the pool. Feet that were fairly winged a half hour before became heavy as lead and refused to drag themselves from the water. The ever present policeman and the lifesaver began to drag the unwilling little bodies from the water, one by one, only to have them slip back again like floundering fish into their native element. But the voice of authority must prevail and the pool was finally left alone while the girls with heavy feet sought their lockers to dress and go forth again into the world of grime and dust and heat.

Meanwhile, in the inner court, where the sun streamed down his pitiless rays, a new crowd awaited their turns, while outside the gates still another crowd was beginning to form. For all of these the brazen gong meant joy, and the dying laughter was but the prelude to their own chorus which would soon begin. But not until the last girl had emerged

from her locker could the waiting crowd in the inner court take their places in the dressing rooms, or the outer crowd hope to press into the inner court where the heat was a little less fierce.

At last the inner gate was opened and the second mob filed eagerly through for suits and towels on the way to dressing rooms. Finally emerging in misfit bathing suits they filtered into the shower bath where they made a pretense of washing feet and legs with soap and water. As the water streamed down upon them the babel of noise began again; it arose in deafening confusion and the program was repeated in its entirety, with only this difference, that the state of bliss could be declined in three tenses, the past, the present and the future.

Cleanliness must be next to godliness, for it is said that when the Pool had been opened but a week or so, it had wrought a greater miracle in the community than years of missionary work had been able to do. The children began to have new thoughts, new pleasures, for they had entered into a new world. The deadly monotony of dust and grime and heat was broken by a municipal bathing pool, and the contrast that came into their lives was bound to make them think.

Thus it was that the day of promise dawned in another neighborhood of our great city by the lake, our prairie city, when the Gates of Paradise began to swing open at stated intervals of time that all who wished might enter.

ON TICKLING

By Dr. Otto Gotthilf.

Isn't that sensation of tickling a very superfluous gift of nature? No, indeed. On the contrary. It is to us of unvaluable aid and as a warning signal against approaching danger. What parts of the body are most ticklish? Those that need the greatest protection, where the great arteries run near the surface of the body, where even a slight wound might cause death through excessive loss of blood, as, for instance, the side of the neck, the under arm hollow. Also those parts of the body which contain very important organs, as, for instance, the ribs. If you tickle a child slightly in the side of the neck it will immediately drop its head upon its shoulder, thus protecting this most vulnerable part of its body. If you tickle its abdomen it will double up and will try to drive you away with its hands. Grown up persons, men especially, who can defend themselves against approaching danger partly lose this extreme susceptibility to tickling.

Have you ever tried tickling a sleeper under the nose with a feather. He will move his hand across his face unconsciously to ward off the thing that is disturbing him, even though he does not wake up. This is very important. For tickling in nose, ears, eyes and mouth are caused in the most cases by insects who may sting, or even infect the sleeper with some dangerous disease. It is therefore an absolute necessity that we notice the presence of insects immediately, even in our sleep. And so Mother Nature has given us this efficient warning signal, the sensation of tickling. Tickling in the mouth and throat produces immediate vomiting. Here too, nature has provided for an efficient weapon against dangerous intruders.

(Continued on next page.)

What The Young Socialists of Europe Are Doing

FINNLAND:

In Finland there is besides the Finnish Young Socialist Organization one of young Swedes with its own central body. It publishes a paper called "Till Storms."

ITALY:

The National Italian Young People's Organization held its 4th congress in Bologna on Sept. 20, 1911. It called upon the party to co-operate in establishing every means for correlated and harmonious work.

A motion to oppose all Socialist Party candidates who are Free Masons was voted down, the Young People's Organization declining to take sides in a controversy which has not yet been settled by the Party as such.

A resolution condemning war and nationalistic propaganda was adopted. It calls upon its members to teach the working class the meaning of international solidarity. The congress received with enthusiastic applause a greeting from the Turkish Socialists.

The congress indorsed the establishment of a fund for agitation among the soldiers—the ways and means of carrying on the agitation to be left, for the present, to the local organizations that they may be able to judge from experience as to the best plan of organization at the next national congress.

The committee on education favored the establishment of libraries and the formation of study classes. Rome was indorsed as the centre for the publication of the juvenile organ "Avanguardia." At the end of the session the delegates went in a body to place a

wreath upon the grave of Andrea Costa.

SWITZERLAND:

The 7th National Congress of the Young People's Organizations of Switzerland was held on March 24, 1913, in Winterthur. Twenty organizations were represented by 44 delegates. Four new clubs and one new girl's club were admitted. It was reported that 30,000 leaflets had been distributed during the past year. Ten libraries of 178 books had been sent to such organizations as could not themselves secure them.

From the labor unions had been received 680 Francs, and from the Socialist Party 200 Francs in donations. Eleven unions have made arrangements with the young people to receive their members into the union, subtracting the dues to be paid into the juvenile organization from the dues due their own body. The congress decided to carry on an active propaganda among girls.

SPAIN:

The last congress of the Young Socialists of Spain adopted a motion limiting membership in its organization to those not yet 30 years of age. A motion demanding that only Atheists be tolerated as members of the organization was defeated. Comrade Martinez, the Secretary of the Ferrer School was elected secretary.

ROUMANIA:

The Party and Labor Union Congress which was held July 1, 1912, adopted the following resolution.

Be it resolved that the Young People's Organization shall be

under the guidance of a central committee consisting of three representatives of the Young People's National Organization and one each of the Party and Labor Unions. Every labor union is called upon to give a monthly donation of at least 3 Francs to the young people. Local clubs shall turn over 50 per cent. of their income from dues into the national treasury. In Bukarest a course of lectures has been arranged, attendance at which is obligatory with the membership. The Central Committee has taken over the publication of the paper.

NORWAY:

The organ "Klassekampen", of the Norwegian Young Socialists, of 10 pages has a circulation of 5,000 copies.

ON TICKLING

(Continued from page 10.)

On the outer parts of the body, while insect bites are unpleasant, they are not dangerous. So they are less susceptible. Only the palms of the hand and the soles of the feet are an exception. We will readily see that they must be preserved from harm, in order that man may go about his work. Therefore these parts are particularly ticklish. So you see this ticklish feeling is of the greatest value to us. It means "danger in sight," and so becomes one of the important functions carried on by the nervous system.

Editor, Young Socialists' Magazine.

Dear Comrade:—

Like the weather, there has been a whole lot said about the Young Socialists' Movement in America, but mighty little ever done about it.

During the past ten years there have been hundreds of organizations founded, for the purpose of promoting the principles of Socialism among the youth of America. Some of these organizations, through the earnest work of a few individuals, really grew in numbers and became very popular. But with all the large membership and popularity, these organizations fell and soon disappeared. One followed the other, and the same situation confronts us to-day. That this is the case, we all agree, and because of this there must be a reason and a very significant one.

In the New York Call of April 21st appears a letter written by Frank Schulman, with an editorial comment thereon. The editor of the Call summarizes or at least comments upon the importance of the Young Socialists' movement, and Comrade Schulman, who I know has given up a great deal of his time and energy towards organization, makes an urgent appeal to the Socialist Party for aid.

That the Socialist Party can help us a great deal, with moral and, if necessary, financial support, is out of question; but we are not so much in need of organizers, nor the willingness to organize, but we are in need of the right kind of an organization, an organization with the right kind of a program, the right kind of a program, and the right method of following up, or developing into reality that program. That, and only that, is what has been lacking in all of the Young People's Socialist Organizations that were founded in the past. And that was the principal cause for failure and always will be, until new methods are involved.

That program is this: To develop from the Young People's Socialist Organizations larger institutions; to make of these organizations instead of only study classes, debating classes and lecturing classes, and constantly listen to the expounding of the class struggle week after week, from speakers who know little enough about the subject—so that it becomes monotonous, even sickening—to make of these organizations—educational associations, in the full sense of the word. (If you cannot interest old men and women in politics, in Socialism, tell me, how can you interest young people, by pounding the class

struggle into their craniums, week in and week out?) An educational institution, in the full sense of the word educational, is the development or training, mentally, morally, and physically. If a young person is trained, mentally, morally, and physically, in the right way, under the influence of a Socialist organization, it will not be necessary to make them bite the dust in order to drive Socialism skin deep. That is how the capitalist organizations are doing it. And that is why we have so many patriots and so few Socialists. Now, it is up to the Socialists to do the same thing in the Socialist way.

Let me give just a little example of what such a Socialist Educational Institution could start with: A Physical Training or Athletic Department, a Dramatic or Theatrical Department, a Singing and Musical Department, a Lecturing Department for public lectures, a Study Class of Social Science, a Debating Class, a Speakers' Class, an Entertainment Department. (That might start enough propaganda to influence municipal dance halls, theatres, etc.) A Propaganda Department for Socialist Agitation, etc., and a thousand and one other things can be taken up. Such an organization (no one can contradict) would be bound to cause popularity amongst the ignorant masses of young people throughout the city, and popularity for an organization under the control of the Socialist Party, its members and the press is also bound to be successful.

I am open to conviction all the time. If you can convince me contrary to the above I am with you. I am anxious to hear from others. The Young People's Socialist movement in America is a hard nut to crack, but it is an important one.

Very fraternally yours,
Jefferson W. Obrist.



Rather Disconcerting
"Mamma," said little Ethel, with a discouraged look on her face, "I ain't going to school any more."

"Why, my dearie, what's the

CHILDREN IN THE COUNTRY

Of times we think of the poor city children, crowded in dark tenements, trying to play in narrow alleys, or romping through the dirty streets as little beings who could be oh, so happy in the beautiful green country.

I thought so too, and often I remarked how much good, fresh air and pure food would improve their white faces, and their bodies.

Let me tell you about four little girls whom I see at work every day in the country.

Their ages are 6, 8, 9 and 11 years. None of them have ever been to school, and can scarcely read their own names.

About four o'clock in the morning, before the sun climbs over the hill, my four little friends arise and dress, eat breakfast and at six go to the fields to pick berries.

They pick until noon, then rest a few minutes after dinner and work in the fields again until dark.

These children are compelled to work as the father earns only a few dollars a week. He is employed by a wealthy farmer, who exploits his workers and in turn their children.

Their faces are pale and cheerless. They work unsheltered under the glaring sun or under heavy rain. They seldom rest under a shady tree and rarely even bath in the cool brook.

There is little happiness on this earth for the workers and less in sight for their children.

Whether in the city or in the country, pleasures are for the rich only.

Let us be more determined that the earth will be ours. Ours to live in and ours to enjoy. Ours in the city and ours in the country.

Let us be determined that our lives and our children's lives will be ours, and not owned by masters. This earth was made for the workers, we made it, now, let us enjoy it.

Gertrude Kranz.

matter?" the mother gently inquired.

"Cause it ain't no use at all. I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words on me all the time."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S EDUCATIONAL ASSN' OF MANHATTAN

Monthly Review of the Secretary

The above named organization is now assuming a formidable aspect, thereby assuring the hope of those who have undertaken the organization less than three months ago. The association now answers to a roll of more than 35 members, a total of 13 members increase in the last four meetings or a grand increase of 25 since organized.

To enable our association to have a wider spread of activity, not limiting it to a certain district, we have changed our name to "Manhattan" instead of "Yorkville" as formally.

During the past months we have had several very interesting lectures and talks and will continue to assure many for the near future. The members attended the picnic of the W. E. A. in Furber's Park. The boys of the club arranged for a motor boat outing in a boat manned by a crew of members, Frank Bischoff, Frank Denino and their mechanic, Victor Ey. The club also attended the outing arranged by the Socialistische Unterstutzung's Verein in Van Cortlandt Park and also a picnic at Woodland Lake. All these affairs were noted a success and the entertainment committee will see that we have several more before the season is over.

We have arranged for a "Far East Dance" for Saturday, Aug. 2, 1913, in our headquarters, 1459 3rd Ave., and from the way the tickets are selling we can look forward to a successful evening, both socially and financially, but if there be any of you that would like a pleasant evening and such it will be from the arrangements. "Why, come!" and help the striving Socialistic organization swell its meagre treasury, as every cent will be devoted to further propaganda.

The association will make an effort to be represented in the state convention, held in Schenectady in the early part of August and will co-operate with our namesake in the Borough of Bronx to put through measures beneficial to all Young People's organizations of New York.

We wish to call the attention to all the readers to the fact that we have not decided to join the Young

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUBS

People's Socialist Federation as reported in the New York Call by that organization, but will work independent until steps are taken by either the Socialist Party or the State Convention for the Central body of all Young People's organizations.

We will to call the attention of all Young People (that is, between the ages of 14-21) to the fact that if you are a member of any other organization working under the cloak of being a Socialist club, but in reality being nothing but a social club, to sever your connections with that organization or, better still, attend one or two of our meetings and we will surely convince you of the difference.—(Young people residing in Yorkville, please notice).—

Applications for membership received at meetings every Wednesday, at 8 o'clock, at our headquarters, 1459 3rd Ave.

Chas. Hensch,
Secretary, Y. P. E. A. of Man.

U. P. S. L. CIRCLE No. 1, NEWARK, N. J.

On June 22nd we had an outing to Springfield, N. J., which was attended by about one hundred people, young and old, mostly members of Circle No. 1, and also Circle No. 2, a smaller federation. Comrade Craig of Bergen County was there with his song chart and about sixty people enjoyed themselves singing revolutionary songs. A baseball game was soon in progress which proved to be a swat-fest, the score being Circle No. 1, 13 runs; Circle No. 2, 6 runs. Many of the boys visited a swimming pool about one-half mile distant. About 6.30 P.M., the three trucks were loaded to the brim and started homeward, arriving at the Labor Lyceum at 8.30 P.M., where we captured a hall and entertained ourselves.

We now have a minstrel show under way which we shall present, with some members of Circle No. 2 at the Socialist Party, Local Essex County, N. J., picnic, August 9th, 1913.

We are also arranging a monster concert and ball to be held at the Labor Lyceum sometimes in November. This will be our first venture on such a large scale, but through the active work of some of our members, we hope to make it a complete success. We are now,

as always, the largest federation in New Jersey, and as our slogan is "500 members before 1914", we think we will always stay so.

Our Parliamentary Law Class will resume its studies about September, being discontinued on account of the mistral and open air meetings.

The fifty "Young Socialist Magazine" we receive every month are going slow now, but send them along, we will distribute them.

Yours in the Revolution,
Alex. Frackenholt,
Organizer.

SOCIAL SCIENCE STUDY SOCIETY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

One of the most interesting young people's societies in Brooklyn is the Social Science Study Society which meets twice a month on the second and fourth Sunday evenings, at eight P.M., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ross, 728 Bayette Avenue.

While the society has been in existence less than a year, it has been of decided benefit to many of the young people, giving them practice in parliamentary law and supplying them with a mass of information on Social Science.

Their program usually consists of lectures on various phases of the growth and the development of society and the reading and study of books along this line.

At present, at each meeting some member reads one of Dietzen's Letters on logic for the purpose of gradually introducing the people of the society to Dietzen's Philosophy.

On Sunday night, July 13th, the S. S. S. held their regular meeting and presented a very interesting program.

Mr. Harry W. Laidler, Organizing Secretary of "The Intercollegiate Socialist Society", gave a very interesting talk on the "Control of the Policy of the Public Press" by the big advertisers and "The Relation of the Press to the Workers and the Employers in Labor Disputes".

He showed that the reports of any special trouble between the strikers and bosses usually came from the police and as they are often the tools of the ruling class, the report is likely to be biased; thus favoring the em-

players. He said it was often impossible for the reporter to get the laborer's side of the report, in the event of an arrest, until after the report was stale, therefore, the news is very likely to be favorable to the bosses and unfavorable to the workers.

The advertisers have a big influence over the policy of the paper because of the fact that the income of the paper is mainly derived from advertising.

Mr. R. O. Falk favored the society with two selections on the piano, and Miss M. Wallach rendered a vocal solo, both of which were appreciated by the members.

E. R.

MILWAUKEE

Plans for greater co-operation between the Socialist young people's organizations and the Social-Democratic party will be presented to the next meeting of the county organization as the result of a discussion of this problem by the county executive committee.

It is recognized that the young people are a growing factor in the Socialist movement in Milwaukee county and that the party should take some definite action to see that the work of the young is directed along the proper channels.

The question of using them to greater advantage in carrying on the propaganda of the party will also be discussed.

The county executive committee in taking up the division of profits from the state picnic to be held July 20, decided that 45 per cent. was to go to the Social-Democratic Publishing Company, publishers of all the party-owned Socialist papers, 45 per cent. to the Milwaukee County organization and 10 per cent. to the state organization. It was provided that out of the 45 per cent. to go to the Socialist press, five per cent. each be given to the Polish and German Socialist weeklies.

The Y. P. S. L. of Milwaukee consists of our branches located one on the North, one on the South, one on the East and one on the West Side of the city. Also under way of organization at present are a Polish and Jewish branch. The different branches of the organization are known as Clubs, each Club having its officers and delegates to the Central organization known as the Young People's Welfare Commission. This Welfare Commission is appointed by the Party

and thereby the workings of the Young People are in accordance with the Party movement.

Each Club is organized under a Charter issued by the Social Democratic Party.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

On Thursday, June 26, 1913, twilight had scarcely faded when the little knot of eager ones began expanding. In spite of the rain a large number of members, ladies and gentlemen, showed up to cast their votes at their semi-annual election, which was held at the last meeting in June. By 9:30 o'clock the crush was exciting. The officers elected are: Organizer, Nathan Bucholtz; Athletic Department, Joe Dagne; Auditing Department, Alex Lucler; Dramatic Department, Bertha Martin; Educational Department, S. Hahn; Entertainment Department, Mrs. C. J. Earle; Headquarters Department, Harry Richmond; Library Department, Mildred Traves; Music Department, L. Powers; Publicity Department, Will L. Pollard; Chairman, Hyman Levin; Vice-Chairman, Ted Poreh; Recording Secretary, Gertrude Levin; Financial Secretary, Charles Earle; Treasurer, Sam Harris.

Comrade M. Lustig, organizer of the Y. P. S. L. of San Francisco, has been in town during the week just passed to study the conditions existing in our league, and to investigate the possibility of organizing a State league. Comrade Lustig says that they have a membership of about one hundred and fifty young people in San Francisco, and that the league is growing. As yet the young people have not secured permanent headquarters, but expect to lease a hall soon. Prospects seem good for a live league in the northern city, and we of the Los Angeles Y. P. S. L. wish our San Francisco comrades all the success in the world.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

A special meeting of the Y. P. S. L. was held on Tuesday, July 1, to elect delegates to the state convention and after the usual preliminaries, Comrades Alexander, Haines and Work were elected. . . . Again we want to urge upon the Comrades the necessity of joining the Y. P. S. L. If you feel that you are too old to associate

with the young folks, join anyway and help them by paying dues. It is the young people of to-day who will usher in the co-operative commonwealth, and unless you prepare them for it, they will be unable to cope with the problems which will arise. Join the league, work for the league, and thus help in this glorious work of education for emancipation.

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION

The Young Socialists of New York State are calling a convention for the purpose of forming a State Federation. The Buffalo League is having charge of the calling of it, while the Schenectady Club, in whose city it will be held, is having charge of the receiving and accommodating of the delegates.

The convention will last three days, beginning with Sunday, August 10th, and ending Tuesday, August 12th. The Socialist Party will be represented by a member of the State Committee, while each of the clubs will have three delegates a piece. Six cities have already signified their intention of being represented, among which the Young People's Socialist Federation of New York is the largest single organization.

The convention will elect State officers, adopt a State constitution, and will transact other business suitable for the character of the convention.

The convention is expected to be a tremendous success, as over one thousand Young Socialists will be represented by their delegates. A few cities, and large counties like Kings and Queens have as yet not been heard from, but it is expected that they will also be represented. Any New York clubs desiring information regarding the convention should write to Frank Shulman, 126 Ludlow Street, New York City, who is the special Publicity Agent for New York City.

Fraternally yours,
Frank Shulman,
Publicity Agent for N. Y.

DIE NIMMER RASTENDE SONNE

Von Auguste Lilienthal

Es ist Hochsommer. Eine sonnige Landschaft breitet sich vor schneebedeckter Alpenkette aus. Im Wiesengrunde leuchten die Blumen im Sonnenschein und bieten ihre süsse Gabe dem sie umschwärmenden Volke der Bienen, Falter und summenden Käfer dar. Auch dort über die weiten Kornfelder giesst die Sonne ihre Strahlenfülle, um die Reife der goldenen Aehren zu vollenden.

Auf den plätschernden Wellen des Baches, der am Wiesensrand zwischen Steinenelig hinabrauscht, der sonnendunstigen Ebene entgegen, spielen die Sonnenstrahlen, die das Wasser dort oben in den Firnfeldern aus langem todesähnlichen Schlaf befreiten, damit es drunten seine lebenserhaltende Arbeit in unendlicher Verzweigung wieder aufnehmen kann. Ueber dem waldumrahnten Weiher weiter unten liegen blaue Schleier. Die Sonne, die das Wasser hinab führte aus den Höhen des ewigen Schnees, zieht es hier wieder empor, bis zu den Wolken, die die durstende Ebene mit ihren Regenschauern erquickten. Ueberall, überall die Sonne!

Sinkt sie am Abend hinab und vollendet für diesen Tag ihre segenspendende Arbeit, so entzückt sie uns noch mit der unendlichen Schönheit ihrer Untergangsgluten, indem sie sich anderen Erdstrichen zuwendet. Niemand rastet ihre Tätigkeit seit Jahrmillionen.

In den Tiefen der Erde hat man von einem Pol zum andern versteinerte Pflanzen gefunden, die nur eine tropische Sonnenglut aufwachsen lassen konnte. Ueber-

all ringsum die Erde herum muss einmal die Sonne ihre ganze Strahlenfülle auf die Erde in vollem Ueberfluss herabgeschüttet haben, so dass wir heute noch diesen Ueberfluss, unsere Steinkohlen, wieder aus den Tiefen der Erde hervorgraben, um uns an Urzeit-Sonnenwärme zu erquickern, wenn das wundertätige Gestirn auf seiner jährlichen Reise uns seine Gaben für eine Weile etwas karger bemessen muss. Oder wir lassen ihre gewaltige Kraft für uns in den Maschinen arbeiten, dass wir mehr und mehr entlastet von menschenunwürdiger körperlicher Arbeit unsern Geist erweitern und uns freuen können an den tausendfältigen Schönheiten, die die Sonne überall hervorzaubert. Ueberall, allüberall die Sonne!

DER BESCHIEDENE WUNSCH

(Fortsetzung.)

„Acht Augen,“ murmelte er vor sich hin. „Das gibt vier Setzlinge.“

„Ich sehe, Du weisst als Bauer Bescheid. Und wieviel Land brauchst Du für einen Setzling?“

„Wir haben die Kartoffeln immer in Reihen gebaut. Je 60 Centimeter von einander entfernt.“

„Und in welchen Abständen?“

„Alle halbe Meter einen Setzling.“

„Und wieviel habt Ihr geerntet?“

„An jeder Wurzel hingen 6—10 Kartoffeln, manchmal auch mehr. So acht kann man wohl sagen im allgemeinen.“

„Nun sind wir auf dem rechten Wege, und nun wollen wir rechnen!“

Damit setzte sich die Fee zum Tische und freute sich, wie flink der Aelteste rechnen konnte. Er hatte es sehr bald heraus, dass der Vater im ersten Jahr 1,2 Quadratmeter Boden für seine vier Setzlinge brauchte, wenn er jedem 50 Centimeter Abstand geben und die zwei Reihen 60 Centimeter voneinander entfernt in der Erde aufwerfen wollte. Ein Setzling braucht 0,3 Quadratmeter Land.

„Und die Ernte von 4 Setzlingen?“

„4×8=32,“ warf der Kleinsten einer dazwischen.

„Sehr brav!“ lobte ihn die Fee. „Am Ende des Jahres also hat der Vater 32 Kartoffeln. Und wieviel Land braucht er im nächsten Jahr?“

„Für jeden Setzling 0,3 Quadratmeter Land.“

„Und wieviel Setzlinge hat er?“

Jetzt meldete sich wieder Kaspar Köhler zum Wort: „Wenn jede Kartoffel 8 Augen hat, dann gibt es 32 mal 4 oder 128 Setzlinge.“

„Und wieviel Land?“

„128×0,3=38,4 Quadratmeter,“ sagte prompt der Rechner.

„Oder ein Feld, das 9 Meter lang und mehr als 4 Meter breit ist und Früchte gewinnt Du schon einige Metzen: 1024 Kartoffeln.“

Und weiter ging die Rechnung, weiter und immer länger brauchte Franz, um sie, so einfach sie war, zuwege zu bringen.

Im dritten Jahre war schon ein Feld von 35 Meter Länge und Breite nötig, grösser als das des alten Vaters; im vierten Jahre aus von fast 200 Metern im Quadrat, ein Riesenfeld bereits, das über eine Million Kartoffeln

gab, und im fünften Jahr brauchte Kaspar ein Feld, um das herumzukommen gute dreiviertel Stunden nötig waren. Es hatte 1,248,291.2 Quadratmeter, mehr schon also als einen Quadratkilometer.

Da er dies sah, wurde unserem Kaspar Köhler bänglich zumute und er hätte bereits gewünscht, dass die gute Fee nicht weiter rechnete. Wie recht hatte sie doch gehabt, dass er ein guter Bauer, aber ein schlechter Rechner sei.

Im sechsten Jahre brauchte er schon 40 Quadratkilometer Land, um alle Kartoffeln bauen zu können, oder eine Fläche, auf die man zwei Drittel der damaligen Stadt Berlin stellen konnte. Seine Ernte im sechsten Jahre aber hätte 1073 Millionen Kartoffeln betragen; im siebenten Jahre hätte er schon ein Feld gebraucht, das 1278 Millionen Quadratmeter gross gewesen wäre, eine Fläche, die zu durchqueren ein rüstiger Fussgänger seine guten 4 Stunden brauchte, mehr als dreimal so gross wie der hamburgische Staat.

Dem guten Kaspar standen schon die Schweissperlen auf der Stirne. Er war wirklich ein furchtbar unbescheidener Mensch. „Aber ich muss es ja nicht für mich allein haben, dieses riesige Feld,“ tröstete er sich. „Das soll allen gehören die mir helfen, es zu bebauen.“ Bei diesem Gedanken jubelte er und auch der guten Fee gefiel dieser Gedanke gar sehr. Sie hatte ihn längst erraten.

„34,359,737,968 Kartoffeln am Ende des siebenten Jahres,“ schrie eben Franz. Auch er schwitzte schon unter der Last dieser Rechnung.

„Von 34 Tausend Millionen Kartoffeln können schon ein paar Menschen ein paar Jahre lang leben,“ sagte lächelnd die Fee.

„Genug, genug,“ sagte Kaspar, „wenn es auch allen gehört es ist genug.“

„Noch nicht, Deine Rechnung muss erfüllt werden, dann magst Du die Entscheidung treffen.“

Und im achten Jahre war ein Feld nötig, grösser als Brandenburg, grösser als Schlesien, und die Ernte betrug mehr als eine Million Millionen Kartoffeln, oder eine Billion; im neunten wäre das Feld so gross gewesen, dass es vom Balkan bis zur Nordsee, von der Adria bis zur Ostsee gereicht hätte, von Siebenbürgen bis über den Rhein, es hätte Oesterreich-Ungarn samt Bosnien und das ganze Deutsche Reich von damals bedeckt, samt Flüssen und Seen, samt Firnen und Bergen, samt Dorf und Stadt, und sein Ertrag wäre 35 Billionen Kartoffeln gewesen, aus denen im zehnten Jahre 140,737,486,713,728 Setzlinge geworden wären, oder 140 Billionen, die zu bauen der gute Kaspar Köhler schon ein Feld von 42,221,246,014,118 Quadratmeter oder von 42,221,246 Quadratkilometer gebraucht hätte. Asien, der grösste Kontinent der bewohnten Erde, hatte damals 44,262,539 Quadratkilometer.

Kaspar war glücklich, dass die Rechnung zu Ende war. So gross hatte er sie sich wahrlich nicht vorgestellt. Ein Feld so riesig wie ganz Asien — so viele Kartoffeln brauchen nicht alle Menschen der Erde, mit einem Zehntel könnten sie satt werden und keiner braucht mehr zu hungern.

„Nun,“ nahm nach gemessener Weile die Fee den Faden des Gesprächs wieder auf. „nun entscheide Dich, für wieviele Jahre wünschst Du genug Feld, um eine Kartoffel samt Kind und Kindeskindern zu bauen?“

„Für mich allein gar nichts — gute Fee, aber für mich und meine Brüder, für meine Kinder und meiner Brüder Kinder gib so reich Du geben kannst. Nähme ich so ein Riesefeld, so müssten Hunderte Millionen von Menschen miznetwe-

gen verhungern — gib uns allen, die wir arbeiten und hungern, die Frucht und das Land und wir wollen fleissig und glücklich sein.“

„Es sei,“ sprach die Fee, „aber kein Sieg ohne Kampf. Dir und Deinen Brüdern gebe ich eine Prüfungszeit: Schliesset Euch alle zusammen, die ihr werktätig seid, die ihr in fremdem Solde arbeitet, und dieses Feld und alle Schätze der Erde sollen Euch zu eigen sein. Gehe hin zu Deinen Brüdern und predige ihnen Vereinigung. Diese wird Euch so gross und mächtig machen, dass Ihr meiner nicht mehr bedürft, und herrlich und gross wird Euch die Lebensspenderin leuchten, die Sonne.“

In diesem Moment erwachte Kaspar Köhler aus seinem Traum. Die Sonne schien ihm hell in sein Antlitz, und da er sich nun den Schlaf aus den Augen rieb, standen die weiten Fernen seines Traumbilds vor ihm, und je mehr ihm das Bild entschwand, desto lebendiger stand das Wort vor ihm: „Gehe hin zu Deinen Brüdern und predige ihnen die Vereinigung.“

Und er ging hin und erzählte vielen von seinem sonderbaren Traumgesichte.

SPRUECHE.

Man verkauft uns meistens Gesetze für Gerechtigkeit, und oft sind sie gerade das Gegenteil.

Keine Gesetze sind unabänderlich als die Gesetze der ewigen Natur; und diese sind wenige und sie sind deutlich.

Leider scheint jetzt für Deutschland die einzige Hoffnung in der Zerstörung zu sein. Unsere Leiden kommen nicht von aussen, sondern von innen.

Man darf die meisten Dinge nur sagen wie sie sind, um eine treffliche Satire zu machen.

Weist nur die Menschen in den Himmel, wenn ihr sie um alles Irdische königlich betrügen wollt!

Seume.