

THE YOUNG SOCIALISTS' MAGAZINE

Vol. VI

November, 1913

No. 11

The Song of the Unemployed

By T. C. W.

SEARCH—search—search—
At the dawning cold and grey;
Search—search—search—
Till the twilight closes the day!
Morn, and noonday, and night—
Night, and noonday, and morn,
Till the heart is sick and the brain
bentimbed,
And the spirit all forlorn.

Search—search—search—
How this idleness we dread!
Search—search—search—
For by labor we earn our bread!
Morn, and noonday, and night—
Night, and noonday, and morn,
From our willing hearts and our
willing hands
Have our industries been torn.

Search—search—search—
Though we only search in vain!
Search—search—search—
As the merchants search for
gain!
Morn, and noonday, and night—
Night, and noonday, and morn,
Till our thoughts are fierce and our
words are dumb,
And our souls attuned to scorn.

Search—search—search—
With a hopeless, calm despair;
Search—search—search—
For our right in the toil to share!
Morn, and noonday, and night—
Night, and noonday, and morn,
Mother and children are starving
unfed,
And dead is the newly-born.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUTH

By Charles Edward Russell.

It is no longer possible for a poor man to accumulate a fortune in America. Instead of every man having an opportunity to get rich it is impossible except by gambling or rarely by speculation. No new great fortunes are being formed today and we may safely say that none has been started in the last ten years. The conditions in which a boy could start with nothing and become a multimillionaire have vanished in this country and will not return. How shall the poor boy now start upon the road to fortune? Which way shall he take? Shall he enter a store and plan to become, like A. T. Stewart or Marshall Field, a great merchant? The great stores are now department stores owned by companies affiliated with the Central Interests. Shall he develop an industry as John D. Rockefeller developed oil? To do that requires money and the money supply is owned by the Central Interests, which reserve all profitable industries for themselves. Shall he develop a railroad enterprise as Mr. Hill developed the present Great Northern? No man can now build a mile of new railroad nor acquire a mile of old except by the consent of the Central Interests that control all. Shall he hit upon a great invention as Mr. Westinghouse invented the airbrake? Here again his invention is useless without capital, and all the capital is controlled by the Central Interests, who will take the invention for

themselves if it be for their benefit or suppress it if it threaten their profits. Shall he go into manufacturing and seek to be an independent proprietor content with a modest fortune? In practically all lines the independent manufacturer has been absorbed by or is vanishing before a trust. Shall he try to operate in real estate? In nine cases in ten the future of his real estate investment depends not upon his judgment and foresight, but upon the movements and decisions of the Central Interests. Shall he go into banking and try to become a great financier? In all the country there is no great bank uncontrolled by the Central Interests.

He has, therefore, if he be ambitious and eager for success the prospect of but one career. He can be a hired man for the Interests. He can enter the law and get large fees for showing the Interests how they can evade the statutes. Or he can manage something for the Interests and earn a considerable salary. The great railroad systems, banks, mills, factories, foundries, mines, insurance companies, lighting enterprises, street railroads, water powers, steamship lines, department stores, groceries, packing houses, farms, and other properties owned by the Central Interests must be managed. Men must be had to manage them. But they will be men hired for a salary. They will not own the property they manage and will have no chance to own it."

THE WORKING CLASS MUST STRIKE A BLOW.

J. Stitt Wilson, M. A.

You remember Victor Hugo's story of the devil-fish; how the monster put forth one tentacle after another and coiled it around his victim; how the hero recalled that there was but one vulnerable spot in his brute enemy; how at the strategic moment he struck a blow at that spot, and the terrible demon of the deep shuddered, released his grasp and fell dead.

Capitalism is a monster seizing the body politic. One tentacle is put forth to grasp the major part of the earnings of the working class; another has seized the working woman; another reaches forth to the child; another has fastened upon government and made that the instrument of the powerful classes; still another has turned the pen of the journalist into a weapon by which the injustice of Capitalism is praised and defended; and still another has seized the pulpit, silenced those who profess to speak for God and man, or turned their phrases into open apology and defence for the Crimes of Capitalism!

But there is one vulnerable spot in Capitalism. If the working class of the world can see that spot and strike they shall be free.

The fundamental wrong, the basic injustice of the Capitalist System, is that the resources of land and machinery, to which all the people must have access, in order to live and labor, are owned by the few and are conducted by the few for their private profit.

This is the social tragedy, the monstrous wrong of our time.

TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO

The winter of 1886 was one of bitter want and destitution. Wages were sinking and unemployment was increasing from day to day. And with it grew the dissatisfaction, grew a spirit of revolt among the suffering masses. The Socialist and labor movements considered the time ripe for a concerted movement, for some great mass demonstration, which would cement the bonds of dissatisfaction and rebellion which loosely bound them together. The beginnings of an 8-hour movement were made. They were joined in their efforts by the leaders of the American anarchist movement and, as was inevitable under the circumstances, the ignorant masses, in their new enthusiasm, were swept off their feet by the radical speeches and fiery arguments of these men.

In Chicago particularly the strong anarchist element in the labor movement took up the issue. They counselled their adherents to arm themselves and even published minute instructions for the preparation and use of dynamite. Parsons, Spies, Fielden and Schwab and other anarchist orators became the most popular speakers.

The first trouble occurred at a meeting of the employees of the McCormick Reaper Works, who had been locked out. Spies was addressing the crowd when the factory gates opened and a number of scabs were seen leaving. An excited crowd of about 150 men rushed upon them. A street battle ensued, stones being thrown on both sides. Police appeared upon the scene;

were attacked with stones. They, in turn, opened fire upon the crowd, shooting men, women and children, killing 6 and wounding many more.

Spies hurried back to his office and wrote in the fury of the moment a circular called "Revenge." For the next evening a mass meeting was called at the Haymarket for the purpose of branding our fellow workers.

About 2,000 working men responded to the call, and Spies, Parsons and Fielden spoke. The meeting was over at 10 o'clock. Two-thirds of the audience had already dispersed. Fielden addressed the remaining crowd, a very few hundred in number. He had spoken about 10 minutes when 176 policemen marched up to the crowd in double quick step. The captain commanded the meeting to disperse. Fielden retorted that the meeting was a peaceable one. At this juncture a bomb was thrown, alighting among the policemen, killing one and wounding many more.

Instantly an indiscriminate firing was opened on both sides, which lasted about two minutes without interruption. When it was all over it appeared that seven policemen had been killed and about 60 wounded, while on the side of the working men four were killed and about fifty wounded.

Who threw the bomb? The question has never been satisfactorily answered. The opinion has been expressed that it was some friend or relative of a victim of the police brutalities of the preceding day. Some believe that it was the dastardly

act of an "agent provocateur" who thus successfully broke up the growing 8-hour agitation. Be this as it may, the crime was laid at the door of the anarchists, and popular agitation against them knew no bounds. All labor meetings were broken up, and the Chicago "Arbeiter-Zeitung" was placed under the censorship of the chief of police. The speakers at the Haymarket meeting and the entire editorial staff and compositors of the "Arbeiter-Zeitung" placed under arrest.

The men singled out by the indictment were the backbone of the local anarchistic movement, but were among the most prominent and influential leaders in the 8-hour agitation, and generally popular in the labor movement in Chicago.

The trial of the anarchists has been called a farce by many impartial observers, and it is hard to read the records of the case without coming to the conclusion that it was the greatest travesty on justice ever perpetrated in an American court. Not only did the judge rule all contested points in favor of the prosecution, not only was the jury composed of middle class men who declared that they were prejudiced against anarchists, but the judge constantly injected into the trial such remarks as could not but further prejudice the jury against the defendants. The Haymarket affair was only a pretext, what the defendants were really being tried for was not the murder of a policeman, but their anarchist views. On the 20th of August, the jury brought in the verdict finding August Spies,

Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab, Albert Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg guilty of murder, and fixed the penalty of death. Oscar Neebe was condemned to fifteen years in the penitentiary. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court, and the judgment was confirmed. An appeal was taken to the Governor, and the sentences of Schwab and Fielden were commuted to life imprisonment. Lingg committed suicide in his cell by exploding a cartridge in his mouth. Spies, Parsons, Fischer and Engel were hanged on the 11th day of November, 1887. Six years later John P. Altgeld, then recently elected Governor of Illinois, granted an absolute pardon to Samuel Fielden, Oscar Neebe and Michael Schwab, accompanying it with a scathing arraignment of the unfair and partial methods of the judge.

The Chicago incident was practically the closing chapter in the history of anarchism as an active element in the labor movement of this country. While the anarchists disclaimed responsibility for the particular act of throwing the fatal bomb, it could not be denied that the act was in accord with the methods of violence countenanced by them. The Haymarket tragedy and its direful consequences were a concrete illustration of anarchism reduced to practice and had a sobering effect on its adherents and sympathizers.

The labor movement of the United States has outgrown the confusion of its early days. Today it knows that the only way toward the final overthrow of present society is the constant, unceasing education of the masses, their organization into

the industrial and political movements of their country, into movements which have for their highest purpose the establishment of a new commonwealth.

But we honor the Chicago martyrs, because they fought at a time when it took courage to fight—because they gave their lives to a movement which, unclear as it was, prepared the way for the Socialist agitation which was to follow.

PAPER FROM CORNSTALKS

Coincident with the predictions of the crop experts that the corn crop this year will pass the 3,000,000,000 bushel mark, comes the announcement that Uncle Sam's experts have finally perfected a method of manufacturing paper from cornstalks so that the process is commercially practicable. Some of the correspondence of the department of agriculture is being written upon cornstalk paper, which is good enough for books, magazines, and letter purposes. One mill, maintained by the government investigators at Portland, Me., is manufacturing cornstalk paper by the hundred-pound lots.

One-third of the pulp from the stalks can be utilized for making high grade papers; the remaining two-thirds makes a sort of parchment that will not take the ink. By combining the two in equal portions a fair quality of paper is made. This leaves about one-third of the pulp that is wasted. The utilization of this waste and the perfection of machinery that

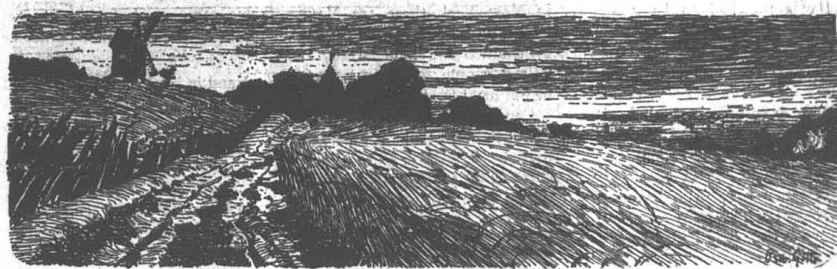
will make possible the manufacture of cheaper grades to compete with wood pulp paper are the problems upon which the experts are now at work.

It has been demonstrated that a small commercial cornstalk paper mill can get sufficient stalks within a radius of eight or ten miles to keep it busy through the entire year. A way to keep the stalks sweet through the year has been discovered. They are shredded and then dried. The first process, however, is to extract the juice. This is one of the richest of stock foods, and even if the farmer doesn't get any money for his stalks, it will more than pay him to haul them to the mill and receive the juice in return. However, if the farmer can realize only half a cent a pound on his stalks his grain is likely to become a by-product.

The use of cornstalks for making paper of all grades will aid greatly in preserving our forests. Every year we use \$35,000,000 worth of raw materials in the manufacture of wood pulp papers. Cornstalks are now used for packing coffer dams, in the manufacture of smokeless powder, for making varnish, for packing material, and for various prepared fodders and stock foods. The uses of the grain are too numerous to mention.

There really isn't any use trying to escape the phrase "King Corn."

"Now, Willie," said the superintendent's little boy, addressing the blacksmith's little boy, who had come over for a frolic, "we'll play 'Sabbath School.' You give me a nickel every Sunday for six months, and then at Christmas I'll give you a 10-cent bag of candy."



THE PANAMA CANAL

When Columbus crossed the Atlantic he tried in vain to find a western passage from Europe to India. Only after a generation of fruitless toil did the explorers who took up the task become convinced that the American continent was continuous and formed an enormous barrier to the passage of vessels. Even as early as 1550 the Portuguese navigator published a book to prove that a canal could be cut at a number of places through Central America.

Extensive explorations showed that two routes were to be considered, the one over Nicaragua, the other through Panama. In the former route the distance is greater, for more than one-third of the distance is covered by Lake Nicaragua and the San Juan River which connects it with the Atlantic. The remaining distance, however, leads through the continental divide which rises about 160 feet above sea-level.

In a number of treaties made by the United States with Great Britain, with Nicaragua and with New Granada the former guaranteed that the projected canal should be neutral. The completion of the Suez Canal in 1869 drew at-

attention more forcibly to the American isthmus. In 1879 an International Congress, composed of delegates from various nations, but a great majority from France, met in Paris under the auspices of Ferdinand de Lesseps to consider the question. The congress decided on a sea-level canal at Panama. Immediately the Panama Canal Company was organized and enormous amounts of money subscribed to begin work at the Canal. But the difficulties were too great. Workers died like flies, from malaria and typhoid fever. Experience showed that a sea-level canal was practically impossible, and the plans were changed and preparations for a lock canal begun. But the management of the company was characterized by such unbounded extravagance and graft, that its final bankruptcy forced them to leave the work in its first stages. A second company, organized in 1894, was hardly more successful.

Meanwhile the American Congress was looking with little favor upon these attempts by Europe to control the Panama canal. The sudden growth of California, the increased trade with the western coast made it a question of vital importance to the United States. It

had become essential to our national growth.

It is a wonderful task our nation has accomplished—the realization of the dreams of many centuries, many generations. As an engineering achievement it commands the respect and admiration of the whole world. But it became possible only when the nation with its powers and its resources took it into its hands. That it was possible even then we owe to the fact that practically dictatorial power was placed into the hands of one man, Colonel Goethals, that the work was done directly by the nation which employed its own laborers, from the highest superintendent of the lowest digger, that it made and carried out its own plans. What private capital had tried in vain to do, a nation has gloriously accomplished.

Colonel Goethals realized from the start that one of the main drawbacks would be the scarcity of labor. The territory through which the canal was to be dug meant disease and death to the white man who lived there. Swamps and marshes meant malaria, poisoned water meant typhoid, wild underbrush meant disease bringing mosquitoes. The climate, difficult as it

may seem, had to be changed. Marshes were drained and filled, underbrush was kept short to the ground, water was purified, a sanitary squad was kept at work ceaselessly to ensure absolutely hygienic surroundings for the workers of the canal. The nation opened stores, built houses, arranged for recreation—in short did everything within human means to make life for the worker in Panama not only possible, but attractive. No private corporation would or could have done that. Decent conditions, sanitary homes mean small profits, mean honesty and a public spirit. The result was a spirit of endeavor, of co-operation, a desire to make the undertaking a success, a spirit which can never grow up in an enterprise capitalistically owned and managed.

The Panama Canal is finished. On the 16th of October President Wilson pressed an electric button in Washington, and the last obstruction was removed, the canal was flooded, the first ship passed between its banks.

The Panama Canal will remain for many generations a monument—a reminder of the power of man, a promise of the glorious possibilities for the future, when co-operation, not competition, will be the spirit that moves the world.

PUBLICITY

To create an interest in your organization keep the members in touch with what is being done. If they think the club is dead they will drift away instead of becoming valuable workers. The best way to reach the membership and talk to prospective members is through the printed page.

In Chicago, in Seattle, and here

in New York there are Young People's journals, in Los Angeles, Milwaukee and Schenectady the young people have departments in the local Socialist papers.

Carry these organs from house to house. Sell them at public and branch meetings. If people know you are alive and doing things they will come to you.

A SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOL CURRICULUM

We desire to call the attention of all Socialist Sunday School teachers and of those interested in this important work to a book, written by Comrade David S. Greenberg, and approved and adopted by the Socialist School Union of Greater New York, called Socialist Sunday School Curriculum. It is a small book of 60 pages, giving in a condensed form the work to be taken up grade for grade. The course of study outlined is arranged for six grades: Primary, Elementary (A), Elementary (B), Intermediate (A), Intermediate (B) and Advanced. The history work of the Primary classes takes up the savage and his development, the course being based on the "Katherine Dopp stories "Life of the Tree Dwellers" and "Life of the Cave Men and Lake Dwellers." This is supplemented by a brief study of the life of the American Indian. The history work in the following grades then leads the children on through the various stages in human society. The patriarchal, the agricultural, the nomadic periods, early civilization, the period of conquest and the beginning of law; the awakening of the people and finally a study of present social and political conditions are taken up, each in connection with

some country whose history furnishes a type for that particular stage of social conditions.

Hand in hand with the historical course the economic course is presented. The outline develops from simple lessons on the production and history of such elementary commodities as bread, silk, cotton, wood, etc., taking the children on through the growth of government and social organization, through feudalism and capitalism, to the present class struggle.

To these lessons are added short talks on ethics and morals, and social hygiene, while physical culture, music and poetry round out the work.

This brief statement of the contents will show that Comrade Greenberg's little book is an absolute necessity to all who are active in the Sunday School work. It presents a happy combination of the two methods, the historical and the economic which have been pursued in the past. The two, developed side by side, present to the children a true picture of the development of the human race and at the same time give them a fundamental conception of the Socialist philosophy that the political life of a people is determined by its economic conditions. We recommend its use most heartily, as a means of counteracting the tendency of teaching to our children empty phrases which mean nothing and can mean nothing to their young minds. We firmly believe that its use will mean the training of children who will become not headless enthusiasts, but thorough thinkers, well grounded Socialists, men and women whose conception of the Socialist philosophy will be so firm that no passing squall of anarchistic or revisionistic agitation will swerve them from the true movement.

What The Young Socialists of Europe Are Doing

GERMANY.

The report presented by the juvenile movement of Germany to the German Party Congress at Jena contains a detailed report of the progress of the young people's movement. The brutality and relentlessness of the crusade against this organization as it is carried on by the combined forces of German capitalism—the political parties, the police and the church—are particularly emphasized. But in spite of these difficulties the organization has prospered splendidly. In numbers it has increased from 80,086 to 89,409. In 655 locals, against 574 in the previous year, there are party committees for young Socialist organizations. In 291 locals there are headquarters for young Socialists, of which a great many boast of 6 and 7 rooms. In these headquarters the consumption of alcoholic liquor or of tobacco are absolutely prohibited. The young people, in conjunction with the secretaries of labor unions, watch carefully the conditions of employment to which the young workers of Germany are subjected.

Concerning educational work, the following figures tell a gratifying story: Lectures, 3,309; concerts and entertainments, 2,405; scientific and nature excursions, 672; wanderings, 3,630. Aside from these they report 206 lecture courses. Four new leaflets for young workers were published and 414,000 copies distributed. Adding to this 277,000 copies of older leaflets, we have a total of 691,000 leaflets distributed. 321,000 sample copies of the "Arbeiter Jugend"

were also distributed. An almanac, published for the first time last Christmas, was well received and will be repeated from year to year. The national committee has arranged a cheap issue of the new book by Lanyszus, "Das Menschen-schlaechthaus," a book which condemns militarism, for members of the clubs. In October a course was given to directors of young people's circles. It lasted one week. Thirty-two comrades from all parts of the country attended. The course, which lasted 8 hours each day, included instruction in pedagogy, civics, agitation, agitation among girls, educational work, headquarters, wanderings, juvenile factory protection, libraries, scientific excursions, and hygiene. Each lecture was followed by a short discussion. The lectures were supplemented by practical examples, i. e., the students were taken on a visit to a museum, to a university, to local juvenile headquarters, on wanderings and finally attended a concert of high artistic value arranged by the local young Socialist clubs. Upon popular demand this course was repeated in May. A third course will be given in September.

The young people may well be proud of the work they have accomplished. They are proud, proud of what they have done, proud of the Social Democratic party whose active unflinching interest has made their success possible.

AUSTRIA.

The Central Committee of the Austrian Juvenile Movement has arranged the following plan for the coming year to be carried out by

the individual clubs of the organization:

September—Lectures on "Significance of Young Socialist Movement. Division of territory into small sections for thorough agitation. Each section to be covered by two members.

October—Two Sundays to be given over to house to house agitation with leaflets, applications, invitations, etc. Lecture: "Capitalist and Socialist Young People's Organizations."

November—Lecture: "Young People's Clubs and Labor Unions."

December—Entertainment subject: "German Poets." Lecture: Education.

January—General business meetings. Lecture: Stereopticon slides (to be ordered from State Committee).

February—Agitation for organ: "Der Jugendliche Arbeiter." Lecture: Young People's Literature.

March—Commune - Memorial. Lecture: Militarism.

April—Business meeting. Arrangement of summer program. Lecture: Wandering.

May—May-Parade. Leaflet distributions: "To the Parents of Young Workers." Outing.

June—One meeting litch lecture on travel or a similar subject.

July—Agitation among public school graduates. Lecture: "The Young Worker."

August—Lassalle Memorial.

The educational committee recommends two meetings each month—no more. On the other hand social evenings and games, in the winter usually indoors, in the summer invariably out of doors should be arranged at least once a week—more frequently if possible.

The Young Socialists' Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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

Published Monthly at
15 Spruce Street, New York,
by the

Socialistic Co-operative Publ. Ass'n.
John Nagel, Pres. O. Knoll, Sec'y.
E. Ramm, Treas.

SUBSCRIPTION—3c. 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.

SWITZERLAND.

The Swiss Young Socialist organ, the *Freie Jugend*, will for the present devote one of its 8 pages to French articles and agitation material to assist the French Young Socialists of Switzerland who have as yet no organ of their own.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNER-SHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. of "Young Socialists' Magazine," published monthly at New York, N. Y., required by the Act of August 24, 1912. Editor, Ludwig Lore, 15 Spruce St., New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, Lily Lore, 15 Spruce St., New York, N. Y. Business Manager, Jacob Obrist, 15 Spruce St., New York, N. Y. Publisher, Socialistic Co-operative Publishing Association, 15 Spruce St., New York, N. Y. Owners: Socialistic Co-operative Publishing Association, 15 Spruce St., New York, N. Y. The owner of this publication is a corporation consisting of over 300 members, most of whom hold one share of stock and none of whom holds more than 2 shares or more than 1 per cent. of the total amount of stock. Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities. None.

Jacob Obrist,
Business Manager of the Socialistic Co-operative Publishing Association.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of Sept., 1913.

(Signed) Simon Sultan,
Notary Public.

My commission expires March 30,

INTERNATIONAL SECRETARIAT OF JUVENILE SOCIALIST ORGANIZATIONS.

In the latest report issued by the International Socialist Bureau at Brussels we find the following plan for an International Juvenile Socialist Organization:

1. The International Socialist Bureau shall organize an "International Secretariat for the Socialist Juvenile Movement."
2. This secretariat shall collect and systematize statistics and information concerning young people's organizations of all countries to be in a position to answer questions and give information, to carry on propaganda—and to prepare regular reports as to the condition of the movement in the different countries.
3. In connection with the International Congresses, Juvenile Conferences shall be held.

4. Any juvenile movement which is recognized by any organization which is represented in the International Association, shall be admitted to the Secretariat.

5. A Bulletin in three languages shall be published at regular intervals reporting the progress of the international movement.

6. The expenses incurred by this Secretariat shall be covered by the International Socialist Bureau, but all affiliated organizations shall be required to pay annually for every thousand members. These may be paid by the Socialist Party organization if it so desires.

7. Every national organization shall elect an international secretary who shall regularly inform the Secretariat of the activity of the organization.

8. The Secretary shall be elected at each Juvenile Conference and is responsible to the International Socialist Bureau.

QUOTATIONS FROM KARL MARX.

Industrial warfare, under capitalism, has this peculiarity—it is fought not by increasing, but by decreasing the army of laborers. He will win, who can produce the greatest quantity with the smallest number of men.

The development of the proletariat is dependent on the development of capitalism. With the growth of capitalist society, it can first acquire the national character which will make its revolution a national one. Under capitalism, it can produce modern means of production, which in turn become the instrument with which it will finally win its freedom. Capitalism destroys the last roots of a feudal social order, and so prepares the world for the proletarian revolution.

Modern industry looks upon all existing forms of production as temporary. It is in the final analysis revolutionary, whereas all past forms of production were naturally conservative.

In a future society the private ownership of natural resources by individuals will be regarded with the same distaste, with which we, to-day, regard ownership of one man by another.

The worker, who weaves, spins, digs, carries, or builds twelve hours—are these twelve hours to him life? On the contrary, his life begins where his labor ends, at the table, among his friends, in his bed. The twelve hours of labor are to him but the means, which enable him to live.

IS NATURE RED?

By Lucy Rider Meyer

(Concluded)

But what of the conflicts of animals? The terrible tension of battle, the agony of the struggle to the death—a real struggle to extremes even though animals may not know what death is? The answer to this question came to me also in the experience of another, a modest young giant of an itinerant Methodist minister in the West, who traveled more than a thousand miles on foot one year, and who met with many "wild beasts at Ephesus" and wilder men in Montana. I heard him tell the story last winter. I give it also in his own words as well as I can recall them:

"I remember still how cold it was at three o'clock that Saturday morning," he said, "though I am used to cold weather. The train did not stop at Swanscott, where I lived, and I had five miles to walk to catch the five o'clock morning express—the latest train that would get me to Little Wolf in time for my Sunday work. I kissed my wife good-bye, stole a glance at my sleeping babies, and trudged out into the cold—when I struck town I learned that it was forty-four degrees below zero. But my coat was heavy and I pulled my woolen cap well down over my face, for every inch of skin that was uncovered felt as if invisible fingers were pinching it. Ever feel the cold like that? It isn't bad after one gets used to it. I am a perfectly well man and I am used to it. I enjoy it.

"I had gone about half the way when I came to a place where the

railway crept unusually close to the sandy cliff or bluff along the side of which it was built. As I was walking along this stretch with steady, swinging steps, something—some angel of a primeval instinct, some sound so slight that it reached my attentive animal ears only, not my brain—made me glance hastily up, and I jerked myself back just in time to escape being hit by a large body flying in front of me. I distinctly felt the rush of air as the creature passed. I knew at once that it was a mountain lion that had jumped at me from the cliff. Missing me, it hit the earth the other side of the track, and I could hear it scramble along the ground as it tried to save itself from going down the hill.

"I was terribly frightened. I ran. I ran fast. Did you ever feel the hair rise prickling with terror all over your head? I did then. It seemed to me it would lift my cap—queer how one thinks of trivial things at such a time. If ever a man took ten feet at a jump in running, I did then. I knew the beast would be after me again, and, sure enough, in a little while I heard his steps behind me. Then I could hear him panting—no doubt he heard me panting, too. In an agony of terror, it came to me that I must face him or die, and, without reasoning, I obeyed the impulse and suddenly wheeled about. The lion stopped, too, both of them—for I saw now that there were two—as soon as they could control their momentum. We glared at each other

motionless for a minute. I saw I must fight, and I was ready. I raised my hand very slowly and buttoned my coat collar tight about my neck—they always jump for the throat, you know. Then, with still a passing thought of escape, I began taking long, slow steps backward, my eyes still fixed on my foes. But when I moved they moved too, slowly creeping toward me. For every step I took they took two. So I stopped again, choosing a place where the ground was level and the footing sure. This time the lions did not stop when I did, but, as I expected, came creeping on, the larger one ahead. I could see in the starlight their crouching forms back of the eyes that glowed like literal balls of fire in the darkness. I had no weapon, nothing but my little leather satchel. That was packed solid, however, and I lifted it slowly above my head, intending to strike with it at the first one that jumped. My plan of defense was perfectly definite. My shoes were heavy, and I had kicked football in my college days. It came into my mind in another odd flash of inconsequent memory how little I knew what I was really training for in the old football team.

"The situation was, to say the least, interesting, and every detail is burned into my memory. Once before in my life I had been in danger from wild beasts—attacked by a bear, or rather chased by one. Then I had the help of a dog—noble fellow, his life went to save mine—but this time I was

thrown entirely on my own resources, and they could fairly be pronounced rather slender. Yet I was not afraid. That was the most interesting part of it all—my feelings. I remember them perfectly. I have often recalled them, and have used them sometimes in my sermons to illustrate a psychological point. When I was running I was afraid—horribly, miserably afraid. But as I faced the lions every particle of fear left me, and I flashed into an exalted state of mind and body that was, I think, courage in the highest degree. I did not dread the moment of conflict. I waited it with intense eagerness, just as we wait sometimes for the end of an exciting story. Every ounce of my body was alertly ready. I never in my life felt so big and so alive—so entirely confident. I suppose psychologists would say that I was no longer a man, that I had dropped back into a purely animal condition—the condition of a creature that had had thousands of experiences of conflicts through myself and my savage ancestors, and had always come off victorious. Yet with these purely animal sensations and impulses I used my human reason in planning my course. I know now, of course, that I hadn't a ghost of a chance with the beasts. A single mountain lion is altogether too much for an unarmed man—I hadn't even a penknife—and here were two ferocious creatures furnished by the long Montana winter! Yet I was perfectly confident—sure I should win in the conflict.

"The foremost lion was on his belly crawling toward me an inch at a time. The big muscles on his haunches knotted themselves for the spring. But at what seemed the very best moment there

was a tremendous whistle that seemed, in the clear air, to sound in our very ears, and a freight train came booming around a slight curve in the road, the headlight glaring full into the faces of the beasts. They turned and bounded up the sides of the cliff, screeching at every jump. They had been as silent as death before, but now! I never heard such blood-curdling yells. My fear all came back. My hair came up again, prickling all over my head, and again I turned and ran. I had another little bluff to pass, and I was horribly afraid the big cats would be waiting for me there, but they were not. And so I am here to tell the story."

The story so modestly told had for me an interest beyond that of the man's almost miraculous escape. It answered a lingering question in my problem concerning the suffering of animals. It made me understand that even conflict may be a joy among the lower animals, no anxiety about the outcome being possible with them. May it not be comparable to the satisfaction a man gets in hard physical exercise? Children will run as lambs gambol when there is no reason for the running save the pure "fun of it."

Domestic animals? They doubtless suffer more. Sometimes by diseases superinduced by their limited freedom and artificial environments, sometimes from the direct carelessness and brutality of man. Paul's "whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain," it is true, but it is "together" with man—as man has touched it. Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals have a legitimate place in our civilization.

But in the interest of common sense and sanity and mental com-

fort—yes, and in the interest of "going fishing" for relaxation or "swatting flies" for sanitary protection—let us disabuse our minds of the sentimental notion that the lower animal possesses the possibilities of acute feeling, either for pleasure or pain, which is the terrible but precious heritage of his human relative. The world of the lower animals is a joyous one. Knowing nothing of anxiety or regret or remorse, untouched by any fear for the future, and especially by any fear of death, that sinister event around which so large a proportion of human woes centers, wild animals feel to the full—that is, to their "full"—the "wild joy of living." They enjoy many things—air, water, the relaxation that comes with sunshine, the invigoration of the frost, their food, the company of their fellows in sex and rudimentary social relations, the exhilarating pursuit of their prey, flight and escape from their enemies, and even fierce conflict when it comes. Death, when it really comes to them, is usually quick and comparatively painless, not at all like the death of human beings, which is often preceded by long illness and accompanied by long-drawn-out physical and mental distress. Animals suffer very little. Nature is kind, Tenneyson and Fiske to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mann mit zugeknöpften Taschen,
Dir tut niemand was zu lieb;
Hand wurd nur von Hand ge-
warden;
Wenn du nehmen willst, so gib!

Tätig sein ist des Menschen erste
Bestimmung.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUBS

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANHATTAN.

The Association is more than pleased for the good work of its members, officers and the Socialist Party in all its Branches, and therefore the Association takes great pleasure in thanking them all for their good work.

The increase in membership was eminent, and if the membership keeps on increasing the way it has in the past few months, why, the Association will have to make preparations for larger meeting rooms.

The Entertainment Committee and the Executive Committee are making preparations for the coming winter in the line of entertainments and lectures and debates for the benefit of the public and the members, and they hope to make it a great successful winter.

Supervisor Mr. Lourens gave a lecture during the month of October on "The Man From Mars." The lecture was well attended by members and visitors. The lecture was a successful one. Mr. Lourens told the audience that he would like to see attendance and said that he would also help to secure good lectures for the winter.

I wish to state to those that do not know that we have changed our meeting nights. Instead of Wednesdays we have changed to Friday nights for the benefit of the members that go to evening school.

We hope to see all those that read this magazine some day in the near future at our meeting rooms.

Visitors are always welcome.
Branch 6, Socialist Party,
149 Third Ave.,
Bet. 82nd and 83rd Sts.
George Ortland, Secretary.

Y. P. S. L. NEWS.

The young people of Seattle have started a paper of their own, which will appear monthly. There will be a two-thousand edition of the initial number. The paper will contain propaganda articles and news of interest to young people. It is expected to prove a valuable aid in arousing the membership and bringing in new members. The paper will pay for itself from the start.

Rochester, N. Y., has an exceedingly live young folks' organization. They are always springing some innovation. On November 5th they have arranged for a meeting at which short messages will be read from former members and from friends throughout the country. Many new ideas and a new enthusiasm is expected as a result.

In May, 1912, the young Socialists of Grand Rapids, Mich., organized with fourteen members. Meetings are held every week in one of the public schools, by permission of the Board of Education, and they are building up a strong organization. A specialty is made of developing speakers, by arranging a series of debates between members. Among the many affairs which they held the past year was a minstrel show for the benefit of the striking miners of West Virginia.

Tacoma, Wash., has just reorganized the Young People's League. An organization formerly existed in this city but passed out of existence several years ago. The young folks hope to meet with better success this time.

A five-day carnival and bazaar is now in progress in Los Angeles under the auspices of the Young People's Socialist League. On October 17th a big carnival street parade was held as a prelude to the carnival. A live program of speaking, dramatics, entertainment and athletic gymnastic features was scheduled, assuring some big drawing cards for every night of the carnival.

Training of young people in government organization by arranging mock legislatures and congresses is one of the methods hit upon by the Seattle organization. These sessions have proven interesting as well as instructive.

The Workers' School of Municipal Government, which was founded by John C. Kennedy in Chicago several years ago, will begin its third session as a part of the Young People's Socialist League. There will be classes in Socialism, history, public speaking and social problems, both municipal and legislative.

A young people's league was organized in Omaha, Neb., during the warm summer months. Up to the present it has given several successful affairs and the prospects for the future are bright.

The St. Louis, Mo., young folk are running a series of lectures in connection with the party organization, which have proven a big success from an educational, social and financial point of view. They have introduced the Milwaukee idea of holding lectures till nine o'clock and then have dancing. Admission is free till nine o'clock. After that hour twenty-five cents is charged. Thus the young folk who come for the dancing, save a quarter by coming early and are also filled with Socialist ideas.

A Parallel.

Said the farmer to the turkey:
"How do you want to be killed?
Shall I chop off your head, or
wring your neck? Take your
choice."

"Here, hold on!" protested the
gobbler. "I don't want to be killed
at all."

"You're evading the issue," replied
the farmer. "Ungrateful and
rebellious bird, is this my return
for feeding and fattening you?"

Says the capitalist to the toiler:
"How do you want to be robbed?
By the Republican party or the
Democratic party? Take your
choice."

"But I don't want to be robbed
at all," protests the wage slave.

"You're a dangerous and un-
desirable citizen," replies the capital-
ist robber. "Is this your thanks for
the unprecedented prosperity I've
been giving you?"—Appeal to Reason.

Do It Now.

Thou knowest not to-morrow's
sun;

To-morrow's light is not thine
own;

And what to-day is left undone,

May ever be a thing unknown.

Whatever it is thou hast to do;

Beneath whatever load to bow;

Be to thy sphere of duty true:

Be up and doing. Do it now.

—T. C. Upham.

Any Help?

A little boy who had often
heard his father talk about the
Civil War finally asked: "Father,
did any one help you put down the
Rebellion?"—*Collier's*.

SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

The Young Socialist Magazine is determined to begin a career of usefulness to the Socialist Sunday Schools. It is anxious to become a tool in the hands of the Socialist teachers. That they're in need of just such a tool, every teacher will concede.

There are an endless number and variety of schools. All of them, from the parochial schools to the public schools, are engaged in making better citizenship and all the while the country is being tossed between the Republican boss and the Democratic boss at the behest of the men higher up, and all the while crime is increasing, and all the while war murder is being encouraged, boy scouts are flourishing and patriotism, moral as hydrophobia, is rampant, while race prejudice serpent-like is visible in the grass.

The Socialist schools have a wonderful work to accomplish. They are, however, still in their infancy. Some people there are who would criticize them because they have a babyhood. They need improvement, most certainly. In efficiency they may be, in certain directions, inferior to other schools; but in purpose they have no equal. With a great purpose, however poor the equipment, they are bound to surpass in attainment those with better equipment and smaller aim.

What the Socialist School needs to better its equipment is the exchange of ideas—exactly what any new school must have to grow. Some individual schools may be doing beautifully. Why shouldn't other and weaker of the schools benefit by their experience?

Let this be the mission of the Young Socialist Magazine. Allow it to be our round table. Let us exchange our ideas here. Let us know what you have discovered in the teaching of ethics and morals or sex hygiene, or history. Perhaps you have been forced into a corner? Some other teacher somewhere else may have had a similar experience and made her way out at an advantage. Let us ask for information and get it here.

We will, beginning with the next number, conduct a department for this purpose. One-half of it will consist of queries as to anything pertaining to the school and the other half will consist of answers to those queries and hints in general.

Now, comrades, show your comradeship. Teachers are human beings, but in their capacity as teachers they must be so humanely human as to be almost superhuman. What a noble job is the teachers!

SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOL PUPILS.

The Young Socialist Magazine is planning to become the most interesting as well as the most helpful periodical for young people that will be found in the United States. This sounds like a great big boast, doesn't it? Well, it isn't a boast at all. Let us see why.

Nothing can be best for you; we mean you who are reading this, that you do not partake in. That is, unless you help in the making of anything it can never be as interesting to you. You try this and see if it isn't so. Try to make some dough and knead it and roll it into a small loaf of bread and bake it and see if it doesn't taste much better than the baker's bread. Get a small bottle of cream, shake it up in your milk shaker until it turns into butter and see if that butter doesn't taste much better than the butter you buy.

You know in the dark ages, when men were very ignorant and cruel they used to think most of the men that were lazy and gouty with having had too much to eat. Some silly creature would feather himself up like an Indian, call himself noble, carry a bloody sword about with him and eat so much till the sight of food would make him sick. We don't believe in noblemen any more and we are going to get rid of the foolish monkeys that still insist on wearing tails and feathers that don't belong to them. In our times, from now on we will respect the man or woman who does things only.

All of which is supposed to lead us to where we want to start with a sermon. Now don't be a lazy, foolish monkey and content yourself with paying for this magazine with the pennies your mother has given you and with sitting down in your morris chair, your feet on the table, your mother just dusted, and read what other people wrote and printed. Get to work and help in bringing out this magazine. Write stories, ask questions, write letters, and you just rest assured that when the next number comes out you won't take the time to put your old shoes on the dusted table. You'll be turning the pages hurriedly on your way home from the

place where you got it—look out for cars now and wagons, and even other people, you'll surely run into something. In fact, we are thinking seriously of pasting the edges with a motive in big letters: "DANGER! DON'T OPEN TILL YOU REACH HOME!" You will be so anxious to read your own story, your letter, your question, your picture, or the number of YOUR Magazines your school sold; because the more your school will make use of it, the better will your magazine become. Now, all jokes aside. Is it to be your magazine? Just watch and see! If it doesn't suit you, call your best friend into a private room and ask him to apply his legs to a much better kicking, you surely will need it. We advise you to call in your OWN CONSCIENCE.

The worst thing in all this world is laziness. The kind of laziness that says, Let my father, my minister, or my political party boss, or our editor do the thinking for us. Now, young people, we grown-ups have been sick with this disease for thousands of years—look what a poor job we have made of this world. You feel it every day in the year, and when you grow up you will know it, too.

Are you going to allow yourself to grow up the same way. Are you going to let your teacher, or your history book, or your story book, or your magazines to think for you? If you are, don't you join the owners of this magazine! You have a bad disease, and it's liable to be contagious.

How can you work? Write stories! Write letters showing that you are alive! Ask questions and show that you think! Spread this magazine and make it a little richer (nobody is making or going to make any money out of it), so that it can come out looking better, and with much more good and better stuff in it.

Why shouldn't you get a subscriber a month each? Would you rather have the Boy Scout Magazine get your friends to subscribe to it? Would you rather have Boy Scouts in the world than Socialist Boy and Girl Workers? Would you rather have your friend become a Boy Scout Soldier to shoot your father down when he strikes or to shoot you down when you grow up and strike? Would you rather have your friend promise to obey a Scout leader and his boss without thinking, than to have him for himself and help you make the world better? Well, now, we know you would not if you are intelligent enough to understand what's going on.

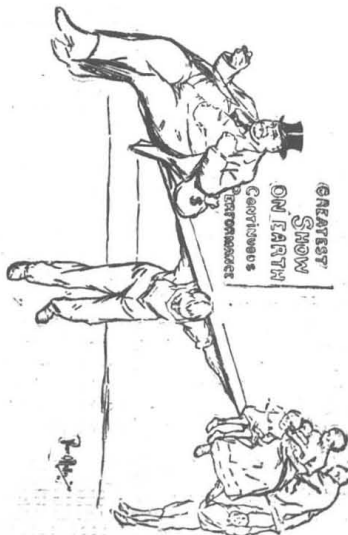
Now, come boys, and girls, let's see what a rush

of letters, stories and poems we will get by the next mail. Let's see for the fun of it (there will be lots of fun in it) what a beautiful looking magazine you will have within another six months. It is yours, absolutely yours. Show that you know how to take care of it.

Write stories! Letters! Ask questions! Draw pictures! And spread the magazine! Watch the next number and see what it's going to look like.

If every boy and girl of the thousands all over the country who go to the Sunday schools would do at least one of the things you would soon have a magazine that even a red danger sign could not keep you from reading. If you think this isn't so, just try it and SEE.

(Address all communications to the S. P. Dep't Young Socialist Magazine, 15 Spruce St., New York City, New York.) Typewrite them, if possible; if not, write clearly on one side of the paper. Do not roll your Ms.



A MATTER OF VERY GREAT IMPORTANCE.

There is not a Socialist teacher or mother alive that has not stumbled, fallen and bled over the problem of good stories for children. All our Socialist efforts or efforts as moral human teachers and parents must remain half realized at best because there are viciously immoral stories afloat for children. Bloody fairy tales, or full of perverted romanticism, reeking with slimy king worship or emulating a dead morality of a hapily dead age. You know all about that, no doubt. Now, something must be done, and the sooner the better. This magazine desires to encourage the growth of a new child literature and will do everything in its power to consummate that endeavor.

Here's a plan. Teachers! Write the nicest stories you can compose. There is no doubt something in the memory of every teacher or mother that happened in her own childhood that would make a beautiful healthy story. Write it and send it in. We will publish it and at the end of the year we will try to select the best of them and put them into book form. Let us feed our children on healthy stories. Stories that will put the struggling working race above the idle hypocritical dummy kings and noblemen or other individuals; for the race is always and at all times superior, incomparably so, to any individual.

Never before has such a chance been offered. This is a field with which no other field can compare, in extent or importance.

Let us hear from you. Mothers and teachers, write us what you have experienced in this direction. Do you agree with us in the importance we claim for this work?

Don't forget that stories form the back ground of the child's whole

mental vision. We all know how the child craves for them.

Now, don't procrastinate! Are you really teachers of the new age, or mothers of the better race? Then let us hear from you!

(Address all communications to the S. T. Dept. Young Socialist Magazine, 15 Spruce St., New York City, New York.) Typewrite them if possible; if not, write clearly and on one side of the paper. Do not roll your Ms.

DON'T LET IDEALS GO.

Don't let your ideals go. "Not failure, but low aim is crime." And though me may never reach the highest summit of all, that is no excuse for staying idle in the valleys. There are hills that we can climb, good inclinations that we can keep, faults that we can overcome and difficulties that may be vanquished, if we will only go on trying.

"I get on well enough." "I'm no worse than other people." "Other people are not a bit better than I am." Haven't you sometimes used and heard other people use just such phrases?

Weed all these ugly phrases out of your conversation in future. The more pleased you are with yourself, the less pleased you will grow with your neighbors. The more you believe that you are sure to be in the right, the more certain you will feel that they are wrong.

There is no happiness in self-content—and, alas! there is no merit in it.

Not His Doing.

Howell—"Edison says that we sleep too much."

Powell—"Well, it isn't his fault; he has invented enough things to keep us awake."—*Life*.

"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,

And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;

Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,

Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.

While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,

While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,

Still at the prophets' feet the nations sit."

—James Russel Lowell.

Collectors Pass On.

During the recent epidemic of spinal meningitis in Dallas, Representative Burleson of Texas is quoted by the New York *World* as saying, "Secretary Paul Casey, of the Health Department, and a sanitary inspector went to the shack of a negro to raise the quarantine. They started to remove the big health department sign, when an old negro mammy came to the door.

"No, sho!s, boss, you all ain't gwine ter take dat sign down?" she asked.

"Certainly," answered Casey. "You are all well again and we are going to remove the quarantine. Don't you want the sign taken away?"

"No, sah, boss, 'cause dar ain't been nary collectah 'round heah sense dat sign was put up."

Poetry for To-Day.

To market, to market.

To buy a fat pig;

Home again, home again,

Price is too big.

—*Judge*.

Present society, as a protector of private property is, in reality, but the defender of those who have, against those who have not.

SCHWALBENRAT.

Die junge Schwalbe fliegt von Haus zu Haus,

Sie scheint der eigenen Klugheit nicht zu trauen.

"Ihr Schwestern kommt, sucht einen Ort mir aus,

Wo ich mein erstes Nest kann sicher bauen."

Und emsig zwitschernd fliegen sie herbei:

Begrüssend freudig diesen schönen Gast,

Von allen Häusern bleiben dir nur zwei,

Die Hütte hier und drüben der Palast."

Doch eine alte Schwalbe warnt und spricht:

"Bau nicht an jenen stolzen Giebel hin,

Dort liebt man uns're braunen Nester nicht

Und hat für Schwalbenlieder keinen Sinn.

"Die Hütte wähle dir, hier giebt's ein Fest,

Wenn man am niederen Sims dich bauen sieht;

Ein schöner Glaube sichert dir das Nest,

Und fröhlich lauschen alle deinem Lied."

Arbeiten, ohne dabei zu denken, ist so unnütz, wie Speisen zu sich nehmen und sie nicht verdauen können.

Die Abwesenden sind immer ausgenommen: so sollte es heissen.

Noch ist es Tag; da rühre sich der Mann!

Die Nacht tritt ein, wo niemand wirken kann.

Des echten Mahnes wahre Feier ist die Tat.

Wie ich als Junge August Bebel lieben lernte.

Nun weilt er nicht mehr unter uns, der Mann, für den ich als Junge schon eine heisse Liebe in verschwiegener Brust fühlte: August Bebel. Sein Name war einer der ersten, der aus dem lärmenden Brausen des Tagesstretes hineinklang in die stille Welt meiner Kindheit.

Wie war ich als Junge stolz darauf, dass ich gerade in dem Wahlkreise wohnte, in dem August Bebel seit Jahren zum Deutschen Reichstag gesandt wurde! Wie lauschte ich gern und freudig, wenn mein Vater mir erzählte, wie er als junger Mann zum ersten Male wählen konnte und wie er für Bebel seine Stimme abgegeben hatte! Damals war die Wahl von August Bebel keineswegs zweifellos gewesen. Es war, als er zum ersten Male bei uns in Hamburg aufgestellt wurde. Das Zünglein an der Wage schwankte zwischen ihm und seinem Gegner; schon hatte dieser bei der Zählung am Abend einen Vorsprung. Da kam aus dem einzigen noch ausstehenden Bezirk, drunten in Hammerbrook, wo die Proletariermassen hausen, fröhliche Kunde; der Bezirk brachte eine so grosse Stimmenzahl für Bebel auf, dass dieser gesiegt hatte. Noch heute nennen wir jene Strasse, die damals den Ausschlag für Bebel gab, "Bebels Allee".

Freilich, in jener Zeit, da ich den Namen Bebels kennen lernte, war er nicht Abgeordneter unseres Wahlkreises. Er war im Jahr 1893 auch in Strassburg gewählt worden und hatte darum die

Wahl bei uns nicht angenommen. Deutlich erinnere ich mich aber an die Wahl des Jahres 1898, wo August Bebel wieder von seinen Hamburger Genossen als Kandidat aufgestellt worden war. Wochenlang vorher wurde schon in meinem Vaterhaus und von den Leuten, die in das Geschäft meines Vaters kamen, fast von nichts anderem gesprochen, als von der bevorstehenden Wahl, und Bebels Name schlug immer und immer wieder an mein Ohr. Man rühmte seine glänzende Rednergabe und mehr noch seine Treue, die er im Kampfe für die Arbeiter und für alle Unterdrückten und Ausgebeuteten bewährt habe. Man erzählte von den schweren Gefängnisstrafen, die er in diesen Kämpfen erlitten, die aber seinen Mut nicht gebeugt hätten; von den Verfolgungen, die er in reichen Masse zu erdulden gehabt; von den Schmähungen, mit denen seine Feinde ihn bedachten. Gar manches Erzählers Auge blitzte dann vor Zorn und Empörung, dass man den verehrten Vorkämpfer der Arbeiterschaft so zu behandeln wage.

So war es kein Wunder, dass in mir, der ich damals ein zwölfjähriger Junge war, eine heilige Liebe, eine heisse Begeisterung aufflammte für jenen Mann. Sein freundliches Gesicht mit den feurigen Augen und dem wallenden Haar, das damals aber noch nicht silberweiss war, prägte sich mir fest ein. Als es dann hiess: Bebel kommt! ach, da war ich gern mitgegangen um ihn zu sehen, seinen Worten zu lauschen, die ich

allerdings, damals kaum würde verstanden haben. Zwar war ich ein eifriger Zeitungsleser und jeder Wahlerfolg der Sozialdemokratie machte mich glücklich. Doch konnte ich kaum sagen, was diese Leute wollten, nur dass sie und ihr Führer August Bebel etwas Gutes und Gerechtes wollten, das stand bei mir fest. Also gesehen und gehört habe ich damals Bebel nicht. Wohl aber sah ich die Massen durch unsere Strasse ziehen und vor dem Saale, in dem er sprechen sollte, sich staute, voll Erwartung und Spannung; und wieder sah ich sie, als sie zurückkehrten mit leuchtenden Augen, von heiliger Hingabe an ihre Sache beseelt, bereit zum Kampfe und Siege. Und dann kam endlich der Wahltag. Ueberall an den Mauerwänden flammte in wuchtigen Lettern der Name "August Bebel" auf; eindringlich erinnerte er die Proletarier an ihre Pflicht. Auf meinem Schulwege hatte ich Zeit, mir alles anzusehen. Dann musste ich für fünf lange Stunden die Schulbank drücken. Obgleich ich ein Musterschüler war und stets gern zur Schule ging, an diesem Tage ödete sie mich an; gar zu träge flossen die Stunden dahin. Draussen, so musste ich immer denken, gehen jetzt alle zur Wahl für August Bebel. Wie jubelte ich im stillen, als es endlich eins schlug! Schnell die Sachen gepackt und hinaus! Aber heute stürmte ich nicht nach Haus wie sonst. Ganz langsam ging ich, um ja alles zu sehen. Auf allen Strassen zogen Arbeiter mit grossen Plakaten dahin und überall leuchtete es herab: Wählt August Bebel! Wir Jungen freuten uns immer, wenn wir wieder ein solches Schild entdeckten. War es doch auch für mich und fast alle meine Klassenkameraden

selbstverständlich, dass wir, wenn wir erst gross wären, Mann für Mann August Bebel wählen würden. Vor dem Wahllokal, das nicht weit von unserem Hause lag, standen plaudernd Gruppen von Männern, Stimmzettelverteiler, Plakatträger und andere. Einzelne Wähler gingen zwischen ihnen hindurch; von allen Seiten streckten sich ihnen Hände mit Stimmzetteln entgegen, bis sie im Flur des Wahllokals verschwanden.

Nach dem Mittagessen, das ich hinunterschlang, ging's sofort wieder auf die Strasse. Im Wahllokal stand ein Fenster halb offen; so konnte ich gut beobachten, wie die Wähler kamen und den Stimmzettel in die Urne legten. Für August Bebel? Ach, ich wünschte sehnlichst, auf jedem der weissen Zettel stände dieser Name. Langsam vergingen die Stunden. Ich schlenderte in den Strassen umher, fand noch ein anderes Wahllokal, kehrte dann aber wieder an meinen alten Platz zurück. Unterdessen war die sechste Stunde gekommen und damit das Ende der Wahl. Die Zettelverteiler und Plakatträger entfernten sich; drinnen, im Wahlzimmer, wurde die Urne geschüttelt; hunderte von weissen, zusammen gefalteten Stimmzetteln flatterten auf den Tisch, und dann begann die Zählung. Der Name auf den Zetteln wurde verlesen; fortwährend tönte der Name Bebel durch den Raum. Ich war glücklich. Dass aber auch andere Namen genannt wurden, betrübte mich. Gab es denn wirklich so viele Menschen, die es nicht einsahen, dass Bebel der beste Mann für den Reichstag sei?

Und dann — es begann schon zu dämmern — kamen die Leute, die sich drinnen angesammelt

hatten, wieder heraus. Fast alle waren Arbeiter. Ihre Augen leuchteten, und glückstrahlend lasen sie einander die Zahlen vor. Ich lauschte. Bebel hatte in diesem Bezirk weit mehr Stimmen erhalten als alle seine Gegner zusammen. Das war fein! Rasch lief ich nach Hause. Der Vater war nicht da. Der Mutter teilte ich jubelnd mit, was ich gehört hatte. Sie lächelte ein wenig über den Jungen, dessen Gesicht so glühend rot vor Aufregung war. Dann war's bald Zeit, zu Bett zu gehen. Aber ich lag in den Kissen und konnte nicht einschlafen. Wenn nun Bebel doch nicht gewählt war? Nein, eine solche Schande durfte man ihm nicht antun. Und all die wochenlange Arbeit der Leute, die dann vergeblich gewesen wäre! Nein, nein, das konnte nicht sein, das durfte nicht sein!

Endlich kam der Vater. Kaum hatte er das Zimmer betreten, da fragte ich ihn schon mit zitternder Stimme: "Ist Bebel gewählt?" "Aber gewiss, mein Junge," war die Antwort, "wir werden doch unseren Bebel nicht im Stich lassen!" Da erst schlief ich ruhig ein . . .

(Schluss folgt.)

Es liesse sich alles trefflich schlichter,

Könnte man die Sachen zweimal verrichten.

Sage mir, mit wem du umgehst, so sage ich dir, wer du bist; weiss ich, womit du dich beschäftigst, so weiss ich, was aus dir werden kann.

Das Volk, das die besten Schulen hat, ist das erste Volk der Welt, wenn nicht heute, so doch morgen.

Jules Simon.