THE YOUNG SOCIALISTS' MAGAZINE

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SONG OF THE LOWER CLASSES.

By Ernest Jones

We plow and we sow, we're so very, very low.
That we delve in the dirty clay;
Till we bless the plain with the golden grain.
And the vale with the fragrant hay.
Our place we know, we're so very, very low.
'Tis down at the landlord's feet;
We're not too low the grain to grow.
But too low the bread to eat.

Down, down, we go, we're so very, very low.
To the hell of the deep-sunk mines;
But we gather the proudest gems that glow.
When the crown of the despot shines;
And whene'er he lacks, upon our backs
Fresh loads he deigns to lay;
We're far too low to vote the tax,
But not too low to pay.

We're low, we're low—we're very, very low,—
And yet from our fingers glide
The silken flow and the robes that glow
Round the limbs of the sons of pride;
And what we get and what we give,
We know and we know our share.
We're not too low the cloth to weave,
But too low the cloth to wear.

We're low, we're low, we're very, very low
And yet when the trumpets ring,
The thrust of a poor man's arm will go
Through the heart of the proudest king.
We're low, we're low—mere rabble, we know—
We're only the rank and file;
We're not too low to kill the foe,
But too low to share the spoil.

SOCIALISM AND LIBERTY.

By Victor L. Berger

One of the most common objections to Socialism is that it would take away the freedom of the people. Now I will say right here that this would be a very serious objection, and Communism at least is open to that objection. There may be also certain kinds of Socialism that would take away the people's freedom, but Social-Democracy will never do it.

But as to freedom and liberty, who has liberty and who is free under the present economic system?

Some time ago, an employer who was on the witness stand gave the following definition of liberty:

"Why, liberty is the right of an American to do as he d—— pleases." And he added, "This is the ideal of American manhood."

* * *

In one way, the man was right. Our present conditions have made it possible for a small class of Americans to do as they d—— please, and that is looked upon by the press, the pulpit, and the schools as the ideal of American manhood.

Of course, it can never be real freedom. It may be the liberty of the libertine—of the slave, who has just got free—but it never is the freedom of the free man. The ex-slaves of the old Romans were called libertines, and when set at liberty they were noted for their licentiousness. They did "as they d—— pleased."

* * *

If the capitalist right to oppress others is liberty, then our present capitalist liberty is right. can be used or abused, and our economic conditions set a premium upon the abuse of liberty by any ex-slave of the system who has become free.

But freedom as such can never be abused. Freedom is inborn with us, and the only trouble is, we cannot enjoy it, because a certain small class, the capitalist class—the libertines of the present economic system—is absolutely at liberty. And these men use their liberty to oppress us.

Freedom is closely connected with economic conditions. A man is not free who is dependent upon another for a job—for a chance to make a livelihood. Under the present economic system with its unbridled competition, only the successful are free. Only the successful can throw off the shackles Liberty of that kind, of course, of industrial slavery—and with this liberty they often become libertines, in every sense of the word. For further details, please read the columns of any metropolitan daily.

But we cannot live moral lives, unless we are free. Hence, freedom is the ideal of the Social-Democrats, and we will combat and defy anything and anybody, even within the Socialist movement and within the labor movement, that will curtail our freedom.

* * *

But who has freedom under the PRESENT economic system?

Take all the different classes of our people, and in all of them you will find the same lack of freedom—all except a handful of plutocrats who have succeeded in gaining the monopoly of "liberty." All the others, business men, farmers, and wage earners, are not free.

Let us take the business men first. Now we all know that competitive business is by its very nature corrupt. Every sincere business man will tell you that it is impossible to conduct his affairs as an upright man and be successful, for the simple reason that it is always the unscrupulous rogue who sets the standard. It is the rascal who commences with adulterating goods, with using false advertising—but the honest man must follow suit. The same holds good for the manufacturer. It is the rascal who begins cutting the wages of the employes, endangering the lives of the workmen by neglecting to put up appliances for their protection, and employing the labor of women and children — but the honest man must strike the same pace.

Another suggestive fact. About 90 per cent. of all business men at least once in their lives go into bankruptcy. Still another; the mammoth store—the department store—is continually wiping out small merchants, and the large manufacturing establishments and the trusts are doing the same thing for the small shops. So it is pretty clear that the business men, the merchants, the manufacturers, are not free.

It is hardly necessary to add that the professional class, lawyers, doctors, teachers, preachers, are not free. They are of course mainly dependent upon the other classes, and especially upon the class WITH MONEY, for a liv-

(Continued on Page 14.)

LINCOLN, LABOR, SLAVERY

LINCOLN, LABOR AND SLAVERY, by Herman Schlueter. $1.00. Soc. Literature Co., 15 Spruce St., N. Y. C.

The history of our school days, the work of famous historians, the tales and traditions handed down from generation to generation have always told of great kings, great leaders, great generals and statesmen. It was a history of persons, great men and women, who, by their individual acts, turned the world in its course, changed the lives of whole races, whole nations.

But with the spread of Socialist thought comes a realization of the fact that history is not made by individuals. They are but the puppets, the representatives of great social and economic forces. History is not a story of individual hatreds, individual ambitions. True history is the story of the struggle between economic forces, a story of victory of the new over the old, a story of slow progress and development from barbarism to civilization.

Histories written from this point of view are rare. We greet therefore, with especial gratification, the newest work of Comrade Herman Schlueter, Editor-in-chief of the New York Volkszeitung, the German Socialist daily paper of New York, "Lincoln, Labor and Slavery." It gives to the reader a new chapter in American history, a phase of the struggle against slavery which has never before been discussed. The very thought of a working class movement during and before the Civil War will be new to most of us. The author clearly shows the attitude of labor to the question at stake before and during the Civil War and supports his statements by a wealth of letters, quotations and public reports.

After a short sketch of general political and social conditions in America, in the early half of the 19th Century, in which the author shows how economic interests were gradually driving the North and South into the inevitable conflict, the book carries us into the world of organized labor. Space does not permit our entering here upon the fundamental causes of the war. The question of slavery, from which developed the conflict over new territories, and the growth of new parties, the rise of capitalist industry in the North, and the consequent demand against the vehement opposition of the South, for a protective tariff, all of these were potent factors in the coming struggle.

While events in America were slowly coming to a crisis, the beginnings of a new working class movement were being made in Europe.

In 1865, the first International Workingmen's Association, led by Karl Marx and Friederich Engels, was already organized. England, as early as the beginning of the 19th Century had its trade union organizations. About 1840, the Chartist movement of the English working class, a fierce struggle for a charter granting extended political rights to the working class of Great Britain, had aroused the English people into a turmoil revolt. In the United States the first labor organizations made their beginnings at about the same time. Political working class parties arose and after a short struggle disappeared from the arena. Conditions were not yet ripe for a political movement of the working class, but the lesson of wage slavery, unclearly, it is true, had been carried from Europe to America.

The working class has ever been in the advance guard of civilization. For it is the class that suffers under class rule, that must fight for better conditions. The workers supported the Abolitionists in their battle against slavery, but persistently called attention to the wage slavery of the white laborer, insisted that while liberation of chattel slavery was a necessary step, it was but a step in his final liberation as a member of the enslaved working class. The Abolitionists, with the exception of a few advanced spirits, opposed this attitude vehemently, and ceased their opposition only when they saw that they were in danger of losing the support of the working class movement.

The author discusses at length the position taken by the white workers of the North and of the South and by the German workers. In each case he shows how economic interests determined the course they took, though, as in the case of the Southern workers, these were not clearly understood and led them to fight against their own true interests. One of the most interesting chapters in the book tells of the splendid fight put up by the English working class, which so emphatically protested against Negro slavery, so uncompromisingly supported the North that the middle class of this country did not dare to support the South, though its interests lay with the South in its attempt at secession. "The attitude of the English working class during the gloomiest period of the North

American Republic constitutes one of the brightest pages in the history of the labor movement. It is a subject which has not received the attention it deserves at the hands of bourgeois historians, but has even been deliberately ignored by them."

Of great value too, are the chapters which deal with Abraham Lincoln and the working class. The author says "Lincoln did not possess this knowledge of economic evolution; he had no idea of the historic part the working class is called to play; he had no idea even of the special significance of the labor movement, and his sympathies were not with the workingmen, in so far as they voiced the demands of a separate class. Lincoln has been extolled as a friend of the workingmen, as almost a Socialist, the Socialist press of the United States even joining in the chorus of praise. This praise has been possible only because sentiments have been ascribed to him which he never uttered, and because certain expressions used by him have been distorted or falsified into their direct opposite."

In closing we quote a passage from the preface of this work. "The present work is not impartial, does not pretend to be impartial. There is indeed no impartial history. The historian reflects history as he sees it, and he sees it from the standpoint of the class which he represents, whose opinions and ideas he shares, whose struggles are his struggles. The writer of this work takes the position of the most advanced section of the labor movement."

This bit of history will appeal to us where others leave us disinterested. It will succeed where others fail. For it is a piece of the history of our class, it breathes real life, real struggle. It emphasizes not battles, not generals, not statesmen and armies, but tells a story of social classes, tells the story of that greater struggle, that struggle of all countries, of all ages.

It is significant that the intimate history of our country, the history of its people, must be written by a man who is not a born American, who is not a college bred student, but a Socialist, who by study and self-education, by his long and meritorious work in the labor movement has arrived at a viewpoint which towers above school learning with its limitations and prejudices of our times.

We earnestly hope that not only our readers will study this important contribution to one of the most interesting phases of American history, but that Circles and Clubs will use it as a basis for a series of lessons, which would cover not only the Civil War but the beginnings of the national and international movement of the proletariat.

All Nature is but Art unknown to thee,
Perchance, direction that thou canst not see;
All discord harmony not understood,
All partial evil universal good.
—Alexander Pope.

Telling the Truth.

Mother—"There were two apples in the cupboard, Tommy, and now there is only one. How's that?"

Tommy (who sees no way of escape)—"Well, ma, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other!"

THE SCAB.

By Reginald Wright Kauffman.

I claim the Right to Work—
For whatever the Boss will pay;
If the wage is low, why, out you go
And in I come to stay!
I've not your skill,
But I've got the will
To do as my masters say.

I claim the Right to Work—
Till my very soul is raw;
I claim that right for day and night
So long as a cent I draw;
For when you quit
I earn my bit;
So I'm for a twelve hour law.

I claim the Right to Work—
In a shop where few may thrive;
In dust and smell, or a fire-trap's hell
From five o'clock to five;
Though every breath
Is thick with death,
What matter if I'M alive?

I force the wages down?
Or the many to slave and shirk?
Although I quicken, the hundreds sicken
Amid the muck and murk?
Well, what care I
If the workers die?
I claim the Right to Work!

Among the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere
Who, without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast,
And tames with his unflinching hand
The brutes that wear our form and face,
The were-wolves of the human race.

IS NATURE RED?

By Lucy Rider Meyer

When I was a youngster, I was once fishing for bass in an inland mud-bottomed lake—I would not be a whit behind my brothers in such outdoor enterprises though I was a girl—and I drew up a big mud-turtle. I tried disgustedly to shake him off, but he would not budge. Then I laid down my pole, and, seizing the brown and yellow creature rather squeamishly in one of my hands, I tried with the other to get the hook free. I pushed and pulled and twisted for two or three minutes, the feet and tail of the turtle beating the air meanwhile and giving me the impression that he was suffering agonies. I kept thinking how I should feel if the hook were in my mouth. I sickened finally at the job, and, none of my brothers being near to laugh at me, I hastily cut the line, though to do so meant the loss of one of my best fish hooks, and threw the fellow back into the lake. He dropped like a stone, and I shuddered as I imagined him paddling off into some secluded corner under a stone to suffer from his ugly injury. Or rather to die, for of course he could never eat again. I was very unhappy.

Out of sight out of mind, however, and two minutes later I threw out another baited hook. Hardly had it touched the water when there was a heavy jerk on the line, a dull showing of yellow and brown, and then I pulled up again the very same turtle! There could be no mistake—the gaping mouth still showed the other hook firmly embedded, with the line still dangling from it.

The second hook was easily dislodged, and I threw the creature again into the water. But this time my disgust was lost in my astonishment. Not to speak of the dense stupidity of the beast—taking again the same bait in the same place only two minutes after biting on a hook—what kind of flesh and blood could he be made of not to mind the hurt?

When I studied zoölogy a few years later, and learned the difference between warm and cold blooded animals, the mystery was in part explained. Then, years later still, I was in the Yellowstone National Park—that Elysium for wild animals, for no one dare molest them or make them afraid within the bounds of the great, carefully guarded inclosure—and had the rare good fortune to watch at leisure the bears that roam through the park. One evening, as I was watching, two brown bears were seized at the same moment with a desire for a certain piece of meat, a big morsel that lay invitingly on the top of a hotel "dump" that they were exploring. The result was a slight difference between the two. Not a genuine fight to the finish, but just a bear quarrel, punctuated with ursine grunts and growls and enlivened by a few quick business slaps at each other. It was over in a minute—another bear walking off with the meat, of course—but during the scrap one of the bears brought his paw down along the shoulder of the other, claws out, tearing open a rent in the skin fully eight inches long. It showed red and bleeding through the brown fur. The bears had been noisy during the fight, and I expected now to hear pitiful whining from the wounded creature. But not at all. They glared at each other as two young roosters will do at the end of a juvenile bout, then dropped their heads and began rooting around in the dump—the wounded one the same as the other, in utter unconcern of his pain, if he had any. Like a flash I remembered my experience with the turtle. The bear differed in being warm-blooded, yet even he did not seem to suffer.

That night, in the quiet of my tent, with my nose buried in the blankets—for, though it was August, the weather at night was like winter—I thought long over the old, perplexing question of my girlhood: Do wild animals suffer? I reflected that all wild animals, practically, come to a violent death. Some fight about it, some flee; but the end is the same. Fighting, fleeing, in imminent danger of being eaten or actually being eaten, do they suffer as we should under the same circumstances? Is nature "red in tooth and claw," with what redness means to man? How could a good God—ah, that was the rub!—how could a good God thus order his great world? I thought of the Amazon plains, and the African wilds, and of Fiske's world of fiercely struggling little live things just beneath the sod,

where animals big and little, good and bad indifferently, were being killed and eaten by myriads all the time. I must understand.

I reasoned out a part of the problem that long night. May not we human beings have injected our personality, so to speak, into the lower animals, attributing our own high reasoning powers, and especially our own keen sensibilities, to actions which in them are only instinctive? We think of the happy little insect in his summer dance on the surface of the pool shrewdly zigzagging about to avoid a possible frog or fish in the water below, who yearns for flies for dinner but whose method of hunting them is on straight lines. The fly is afraid of death, we say, and calculates carefully for its avoidance. But can a fly possibly know anything about death? No animal has sufficient powers of generalization to understand in the faintest degree what death is, much less to grasp the idea that he himself must die. A horse or a dog will see his team-mate or his playmate drop at his side without the slightest concern. And while there is much effort and struggle in that which undoubtedly results in the prolonging of life—mainly by that accumulated wisdom of uncounted generations of animals properly called instinct—yet it cannot be put forth consciously to prolong life. For there can be no apprehension of the value or desirability of life on the part of animals, and no conscious avoidance of death.

Why do they struggle, then? Why does the fish flop so agonizingly? If it were genuine agony, such as a human being endures when dying—but even that is much less than it looks to be, the wise men tell us—who could ever go a-fishing again? But it is not. The explanation is not difficult. Some primitive fish, happening to flop a little, saved his life from the talons of a bird or beast of prey by his flopping, and transmitted a tendency to flop—dull at first, but gradually acquiring intensity—to countless generations after him. But the brother of our primitive fish, neglecting to flop, was promptly caught and eaten. There was no transmitting of his non-flopping disposition to his descendants, for he had none. And gradually all the non-floppers were destroyed by fish-hungry animals or perished in drying-up pools. Only the flopping fish survived, and they are our fish of to-day. If a man were a fish, still retaining a man's brains, he would doubtless flop too, should occasion arise, but it would be because of his reason. But the fish with the fish's brains flops from instinct, which is not reason at all, but the dim accumulated remembrance of millions of experiences inducing prompt and wise action. However much agility an animal may 'show, however much of what in man would be shrewdness, however much alertness and desperation he may seem to manifest in his conflicts, it cannot be from fear of death, since he has not the faintest conception of the significance of the word, whether as applied to himself or others.

My mind vaguely worked over this question for months and years, till one day I fell on the ice and was aroused to the reality and decided quality of human suffering, at any rate. As the long days of convalescence came, my nurse, an exceedingly bright and observing young woman, told me of an experience she once had with a big Swede during her hospital training. It shed much light on my problem. I give the account in her words as nearly as I can remember.

"It was in my last year of training," she said, "and I was in charge of the men's surgical ward. One night there was brought in a big fellow with one leg terribly injured—he had fallen under the wheels of a freight car. The interns said it was a perfectly clear case—the leg must come off. No need of calling the surgeon on duty—the surgeons come only in the daytime, you know, except in emergencies. The leg was pretty well ground off, anyway, and the operation would be simple. But the man got wind of what they were about to do, and objected so strongly to the loss of his leg that he finally won. They decided they would wait till Dr. Morsch came in the morning. But when he came, his verdict was the same—there was no hope whatever for the leg, and hope for the man's life only by amputation. But the big fellow pleaded desperately; demanded to be taken back to his home—he had no home but a boarding-house, and we knew he would have no chance at all there—begged and cried and protested and swore he'd much rather die than lose his leg. I never heard anything so pitiful. It was mental agony. Finally, the doctors impatiently bundled him back to the ward—they had had him already on the operating-table—telling him he had only a day or so unless he listened to reason. I'll never forget how he looked as they brought him back—the happiest man alive! And, to the astonishment of everybody, the complications the doctors had prognosticated didn't occur, and the leg began to mend. It was really the growing of a new leg—of at least some six inches of one. I never saw anything so interesting as the pushing out of the spicules of bone from each broken end, like the formation of ice crystals on freezing water. The fellow was a marvel in the way he endured the pain. I never once heard him groan, and after he got so he could sit up and watch the dressing of the fracture he was as interested as any of us. It was a star case, reported in all the medical journals. He talked very little English, and his one refrain was: 'It iss mos' vell—see? I haf told you jus' so!'

"The greatest difficulty we had with our Big Ben was to keep him quiet. He would move his leg whenever the fancy struck him, even though the least movement drove those spicules of bone into the flesh, and sometimes fairly through the skin. I asked him one day if it didn't hurt him, and he grunted assent, but the hurt was not bad enough to keep him from doing it again and again. Oh, yes, it was in splints, of course, but in some way he'd twist it loose. We finally had to bind the whole leg fast to the iron bedstead, and then the man got well. He left the hospital the happiest man that ever walked on two legs."

I thought of my own broken bone, and could not imagine what discomfort of confined position could make a human being twist a broken leg out of the splints. And never groan! I—I had raised the roof, and hadn't been ashamed of it, either.

Then I remembered the turtle and the bear. And here was a human being who seemed to suffer little. Could there be a difference in nerve quality even among human beings? The big Swede's nerves were certainly different from mine. And if a man, because of a not highly organized nervous system, a warm-blooded human being, suffers comparatively little, how much less still a cold-blooded creature?

My nurse and I talked at length about the matter, and she gave me another incident—this one, however, about a chicken, not a man. She was visiting a friend, a farmer's daughter, one summer, and a chicken that had been badly wounded on a barbed wire fence was brought into the house. Half in fun, Miss Frank volunteered to act as surgeon in the case, and sewed up the cut in the most approved aseptic style. ("My patient made a good recovery, too," she boasted.) "When the stitches were going in, the little thing squawked till I was very uncomfortable," she said. "You know I'm accustomed to ether. But it couldn't have hurt her very much, for before the last thread was tied that little hen was gormandizing on some shelled corn that my pitying friend brought her. How we laughed! She wasn't very hungry either—Mr. Hall's chickens were always well fed."

But the thought still haunted me that from fear, at least, animals must suffer acutely. They certainly act as if they did. The rabbit, for instance, that does not make even a pretense of fighting, but trusts altogether to its legs, and its abbreviated tail, which does not afford a place for the seizing teeth of its pursuer in the event of a close run—the rabbit certainly acts as if it had a knowledge that all rabbits are eaten in the end, and that its turn may come any minute. An instinctive knowledge, if one prefers to call it that, but a very real and terrifying one. And the poor little field-mouse—perhaps the most timid thing in the world. The hawk watches for him by day and the owl by night. The fox esteems him a dainty morsel. The blood-thirsty weasel can smell him over long trails, and even the bear does not disdain to claw over a stone hoping to find a choice bit of mouse meat for desert. No wonder the timid creature trembles and flutters and acts as if he were dying with fright every time he ventures from his nest under a mossy stone. It seems like a real fear—a fear that "hath torment"—Fear as we understand the word. And if it is, how is it possible for the tiny creature to have any good times at all—the "good times" that we intuitively feel are the rightful heritage of all God's creatures?

But here again we are surely reading into the actions of animals the impossible—to them—motives that lie behind similar actions in a being with high reasoning powers.

(To be continued.)

In one of the big department stores of Chicago, the horses work every other day. Women work every day. The horses must be given time for rest; they must be kept in a good physical condition. Women are not given time for rest; they need not be kept in good physical condition. Why? It costs nothing to replace them.

A man who thinks for himself is always a fool in the eyes of those who let others do their thinking.

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Different Countries, Different Methods

By Sidney Zimand

The exploitation of the young workers can be fought successfully only by the young workers themselves. Only by educating and organizing them can we counteract the militaristic, patriotic ideals implanted by the public schools, the stupid, unthinking, unquestioning beliefs of the religious schools. Only by training them in Socialist clubs can we prepare for the party a virile, vigilant, enthusiastic army of young workers.

In all civilized countries, wherever hand in hand with the growth of Capitalism Socialism has developed, our comrades are beginning to understand the importance of juvenile organizations. In some countries due partly to economic, partly to historical peculiarities, these organizations have grown faster than in others, their methods of work, their modes of attack vary. The Jeune Garde Socialiste (Young Socialist Garde) of Belgium has about 3,000 members and two organs which they own and control. In Belgium the rich man may buy his freedom from military service. It is apparent then that the whole energy, the whole strength of the Belgium Young Socialist movement is an unceasing attack upon this outrageous exploitation of the poor in the interests of the wealthier classes, that their propaganda work has become anti-militaristic in character. When each year, the young workers are drafted into service as soldiers they arrange farewell demonstrations, they distribute literature broadcast over the land.

Similar agitation is carried on with splendid energy by the Tchechian comrades in Austria. In this country the day on which the new recruits are drafted, is a day of great celebration. The young men who are about to enter the army go through the streets, gayly decorated with ribbons and flowers, singing and rejoicing. The Tchechian organizations have encouraged their members and sympathisers to dress in mourning clothes on their way to and from the recruiting stations, to so express their protest against the waste of the lives, the strength and the future of thousands of young workers.

The Austrian organizations, on the other hand, lay emphasis upon the improvement of trade and technical schools by means of which young workers may thoroughly learn a good trade. Great stress is laid upon decent treatment for apprentices and every number of the Austrian juvenile organ, *Der Jugendliche Arbeiter*, records several instances of brutality and exploitation toward young apprentices. This attitude, too, is but a reflection of economic conditions, the natural result of life in a country where the small manufacturer and tradesman is still an important factor, in a land typical of 19th century industrial conditions.

In Germany the young people's organizations came into existence at a rather late date. The Socialist exception laws which from 1878 to 1890 prohibited all Socialist organization and agitation made any organization of young people impossible. Even after these laws were finally repealed, even down to the present day, political organization for young people under 18 years of age was legally prohibited. So it was natural that the whole interest and activity of the young Socialists of Germany were centred upon educational work. Germany boasts of a number of organizations for young people, young workers clubs, apprentice-societies, Christian Societies, all of them under capitalist control. Against these the Socialist organization is fighting a vigorous battle.

The police of Germany have been commendably active in hindering the work of our comrades. On the strength of the law which prohibits minors from attending political meetings they ruthlessly break up all meetings which discuss points related to any political question of the day. The organization, as a whole, does not officially exist. But invisible bonds, held together more firmly than a thousand constitutions or by-laws. In spite of all opposition they have done splendid work—they have founded clubs and headquarters where all are welcome, have libraries and newspapers, arrange sociable evenings with games and dances. Our German comrades have no visible, no tangible organization, but they possess that which makes them invincible, unquenchable enthusiastic, dogged determination, a desire to learn, the will to do.

THE TWO GLASSES.

From "Poems of Life." By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

There sat two glasses filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to his paler brother:
"Let us tell tales of the past to each other;
I can tell of a banquet, and revel, and mirth,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might;
For the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch, as though struck with blight.
From the heads of Kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled them down;
I have blasted many an honored name,
I have taken virtue and given shame,
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste;
Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky;
I have made the arm of the mighty fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail.
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me.
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before me fall,
And my might and power are over all!
Ho, ho! pale brother," said the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water-glass: "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host;
But I can tell of hearts that were sad
By my crystal drops made bright and glad;
Of thirsts I have quenched, and brows I have laved;
Of hands I have cooled, and souls I have saved.
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,
Slept in the sunshine, and dripped from the fountain,
I have burst my cloud-fetters and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the prospect and eye;
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain.
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That ground out the flour and turned at my will.
I can tell of manhood debased by you,
That I have uplifted and crowned anew;
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the wine-chained captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and its paler brother;
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.

A BIT OF SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

There is, normally, always about so much kicking-power in the world. A scientist might call it human kinetic energy. It is, like all force, excellent; but its excellence depends largely on the direction in which it is exerted. All of us must have noticed, at one time or another, quantities of good, vigorous protest which were going to waste for the want of the right thing against which to fulminate—sturdy fists which seemed never to find just the right solar plexus. It was a sad sight. Splendid folk—they could have led a carmagnole or heaped a barricade had they been born into the right nation and age, and now here they are wasting their gunpowder, sputtering and scolding at the church, or the family unit, or the milk inspection, or Anglomania, or marriage, or the decline of the drama, or anything highbrow and unimportant. All this splendid energy and nothing for it to do; wheels and shafting driven full speed and not a belt in the factory; propellers madly thrashing and the vessel in drydock.

Dry-dock. This is where society gets, once in so often. A necessary sojourn, no doubt, for scraping and painting, but we have fancy names for it which deceive people who should know better. One favorite description is: "An era of unparalleled material prosperity," meaning that officers and crew are lazing, eating double rations, and growing totally unfit for, besides disinclined to, active sea duty.

Regularly, you will find by a glance at history, human society comes to a point where it is heartily sick of rotting at the wharf. What if the old hulk be crazy? Make her sink or sail. What if officers and crew are wheezy and doped? Make them get on their sea legs once more. "Launch out into the deep." Away with all these smooth and plausible formulæ—the dead inheritance of an age that is scarcely more dead than ours. Away with the boasted perfection of the present order.—Outlook.

THE FINEST INCENTIVE

If we were asked, what was the strongest and finest incentive for the human being next to the innate desire to accomplish a great piece of work, we would say it was the desire to obtain the beautiful and pleasant things for as many people as possible. You may notice that the wretched money incentive very rarely gets a man these beautiful things. If you take a census of the men who have kept the money reward before them and have achieved their end, you will find that most of them do not even possess the faculty for enjoying beauty. How can a man enjoy the beauties of the world when he has kept his eyes glued to the money bags all his life. Whenever a standpatter brings forward his stale talk about incentive, just think over the number of men you know who have made money their incentive throughout life and then think over the men who have disregarded the money incentive, and ask yourself which have really contributed more to the happiness of their friends and the good of their country; then you will realize the futility of the most frequent argument that is brought against the Socialist scheme of life.—From "By the Editor," in the June Metropolitan.

FOR OUR YOUNGER READERS.

BIRD THOUGHTS.

I lived first in a little house,
And lived there very well,
I thought the world was small and round,
And made of pale blue shell.

I lived next in a little nest,
Nor needed any other,
I thought the world was made of straw,
And brooded by my mother.

One day I fluttered from the nest
To see what I could find,
I said: "The world is made of leaves,
I have been very blind."

At length I flew beyond the tree,
Quite fit for grown-up labors,
I don't know how the world is made,
And neither do my neighbors.

When Opportunity Knocks.

A New Jersey farmer, whose farm is near a school for boys, was greatly annoyed by the depredations of the youngsters. Finding two of the boys helping themselves to his choice apples, he ushered them from his premises, ably assisted by the toe of his boot.

The following day he found the same boys loitering in the vicinity of his orchard fence.

"What you young scamps hangin' round here for?" he shouted. "I told you yesterday what you'd git if I caught you on my land ag'in."

"Yes, sir, we remember," explained the spokesman. "We didn't come for apples this time. We came to ask you to join our football eleven."

SOCIABLE ANIMALS

Many animals as well as men are used to gather together in groups for hunting, for protection, for feeding in common, even for playing and dancing. It seems to be an instinct with them they can do things better combined in herds or flocks than singly.

In fact, there are more sociable animals than those that prefer to live apart. What animals can you think of that are sociable?

Yes, surely, the ants, the bees, the birds, the buffaloes, the elephants, foxes and many others.

Have you ever seen, in any of the animal gardens where you live, the little colonies of prarie dogs? If you live in the West, out on the great wide prairies, perhaps you have seen them wild.

"The villages of the prairie dogs in America are one of the loveliest sights. As far as the eye can embrace the prairie, it sees heaps of earth, and on each of them a prairie dog stands, engaged in a lively conversation with its neighbors by means of short barkings.

"As soon as the approach of man is signalled, all plunge in a moment into their dwellings. All have disappeared as by enchantment. But if the danger is over, the little creatures soon reappear.

"Whole families come out of their galleries and indulge in play. The young ones scratch one another, they worry one another, and display their gracefulness while standing upright, and in the meantime the old ones keep watch.

"They go visiting one another, and the beaten footpaths which connect all their heaps testify to the frequency of the visitations."

I suppose you have all seen the flocks of wild geese flying southward in the fall of the year. Watch when next you see such a flock and notice the regular formation, the evenness of the lines, the rhythm of the flight. Isn't it beautiful?

Revised Proverbs.

Poets are born, not paid.

Flour by any other name would cost as much.

One swallow may not make a summer, but one grasshopper makes many springs.

He'd Keep Away.

It was ash day. Pat and Mike were obliged to halt their heavily loaded cart to make way for a funeral. Gazing at the procession, Pat suddenly remarked:

"Mike, I wish I knew where I was going to die. I'd give a thousand dollars to know the place where I'm going to die."

"Well, Pat, what good would it do if you knew?"

"Lots," said Pat, "sure I'd nivver go near that place."

A Tale of Grindelwald.

By Herman F. Stern

In the beautiful little village of Grindelwald which snuggles up close to the rocky sides of the mighty Wetterhorn lived two young men whose names were Wilhelm Aufdermauer and Johann Andermatt. They had been friends since boyhood, had attended the same school and now, as young men, they had chosen the profession of mountain guide. They were so attached to each other that when it was possible for them, they always endeavored to be engaged by the same party of mountain climbers, because they loved to work together as they had played together. Only recently an estrangement had come between them and unfortunately it was a serious one. They both dreamt of the same pair of blue eyes, of the same sweet maiden, as she stood in her father's doorway. To both Wilhelm and Johann, Gretel Fassbind was the most charming girl

in the village. They both loved her tenderly, but neither had admitted the fact of his love to the other, but each instinctively felt that his dearest friend was his rival for Gretel's favor.

It was the early part of the summer, the leaves and grass were a tender green, the snow had disappeared from the lower reaches of the mountains and the tourists from all over the world were beginning to pour into Switzerland. It was a bright day in June when two Englishmen who were attracted by the beauties of Grindelwald engaged two rooms in the village inn and then began to look around for two competent guides. These two Englishmen were artists and so they looked for two guides whom they could hire for several weeks as they wanted to do some sketching and needed the guides to carry their material and also to show them the most beautiful places. They parlied with several guides, but could get none to suit them. At last, when they had given up almost all hope of engaging some guides, one person suggested that the services of Wilhelm and Johann might be procured. The two Englishmen immediately hurried to the house where the two staunch friends lived. Their services were procured and plans for a tour made. It was decided that the first tour should be as far as the Bergli Club-hut, where the artists wanted to stay for several days, because they intended to sketch some of the mountains as one sees them from the hut.

The party started during the morning of the following day. The first few hours they walked along the path which took them to the almost perpendicular Grindelwald wall. Here a halt was made to give the artists an opportunity to admire the view. Far below the cliff the mighty Grindelwald glacier with its towers, crevices and ice-bridges looked like a fairy city in the morning sunshine. To the north the dark and grim Schreckhorn reared its summit to the azure heaven. To the right and across the mighty glacier the glittering Wetterhorn stood like a huge sentinel with its snowy summit enwrapped in clouds. Far below the beautiful valley was spread out like a map, broken only here and there by a small field. On the other side of the valley the Schynige Platte stood out in dark relief against the blue sky. A great quiet reigned which was broken only by the incessant roar of the swiftly flowing Lyntchine, which finds its source in the glacier. After admiring this view for several minutes the party was roped together and started across the glacier and up the mountain until they reached the hut. The artists were so enraptured with the beauty of these mountains that they decided to spend about ten days there and sketch the mountains in all their beauty. The two guides were consequently sent down to the valley to get more food supplies. They immediately tied the rope around each other and started back to the valley.

They climbed steadily down the mountain until they reached the head of the great glacier. They sat down on the ice for a few moments to take a short rest and to smoke their pipes before crossing the glacier. They were roped together in such a manner that Wilhelm went first and Johann followed. As they were traversing over a huge ice crevice the terrible thought struck Johann that if Wilhelm fell into the crevice there would be nobody standing between him and Gretel and he could easily marry her. This dreadful thought occupied his mind but for a second, and the next minute he hated himself for being able to think a thought like the one which had just been coursing through his brain. He was dreaming about Gretel and hardly noticed that Wilhelm was talking to him and that he was walking with bowed head and drooping shoulders. Wilhelm jokingly asked him if he were tired and Johann mumbled something in return. After a short while they reached the place where they had been sitting admiring the view but a few hours before. Here the rope was taken off and carefully laid on the ground, together with their ice picks. They walked very rapidly to the village, bought the provisions and were soon back at the spot where they had left their ice picks and rope. They fastened the rope about themselves again, and in the late afternoon sunshine, which made the glacier sparkle like a huge pile of diamonds and gathered great masses of vapor about the summits of the mountain, the two friends proceeded across the glacier. The terrible thought still went coursing through Johann's brain and, try as he would, he could not fight it down. They had crossed the glacier and were traversing along the top of a dangerous cliff, the gathering twilight making objects very indistinct, when Wilhelm, who was again leading, heard an awful cry behind him. Instinctively he braced himself and threw both arms around a projecting piece of rock. The next instant there was an awful jerk on the rope and then silence. Wilhelm knew in a flash what had happened. His friend had missed his foothold in the gathering darkness and was now swaying about 75 feet below him on the end of a rope. Wilhelm tightened his hold around the rock and prepared to make a desperate fight to save his friend's life. He knew that he could save himself from the possibility of being dragged over the edge by simply cutting the rope, but he would rather give his own life than to attempt a cowardly act of this sort. Johann was about 40 pounds heavier than Wilhelm and the strain which was put on Wilhelm's arms was something terrific. Every moment he felt as if his arms were going to be pulled out of their sockets, but still they held. It seemed to him that he had been holding up his unconscious friend for hours, but in reality it was not more than one or two minutes. As he was holding on to the rock a great contentedness came over him. He dreamt that he was in the beautiful green valley, walking through the streets of the little village with the girl whom he so loved. He heard the bell on the little church ringing the hour of sunset, and heard the laughter and shout of the children as they were at their games. He walked with Gretel to a bench under a huge oak tree on the outskirts of the village and there sat down with her. She moved close to him and laid her head on his shoulder. He put his arms around her and then he knew no more.

The dawn was just breaking over the mountains when the guide of another party looked over the cliff and saw two forms lying on the ice and snow at its foot. One form moved slightly, but the other lay very, very still. He told his companions what he had seen and they all looked over the brink of the cliff. The guide was let down on a rope to see if anything could be done for the two men. The guide kneeled over Wilhelm, examined him a moment and found that he was dead. He examined Johann and found that he had no injuries but was suffering terribly from the cold. The guide laid Wilhelm in a rock crevice and covered him with stones. Johann was tied to the rope and was pulled to the summit of the cliff. Then the rope was let down once more and the guide who had discovered the bodies was pulled up. Johann was taken to the hut where after several hours of work he was brought back to consciousness.

After a few days of rest he was able to reach the village with the aid of a guide who had been taking care of him. He packed his meagre belongings in a box and sent it away by the mail coach. He reasoned with himself that it was no fault of his or not through his thought that Wilhelm was now lying in his grave among the ice and snow, but another voice told him that he must leave the village and not marry Gretel, because he could never be happy with the girl who had loved his friend. The following day Johann left the village and was heard of no more.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUBS

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

To members of Children's Socialist Schools, either in the United States or elsewhere.

Dear Comrades:

The members of the Children's Socialist Lyceum of Los Angeles desire to get into communication with Socialist schools elsewhere, believing that a system of correspondence, including an interchange of ideas, record of plans tried and work accomplished, would be mutually inspiring and helpful, and that it would aid in building up a feeling of comradeship in the movement, at present wanting. Addresses and suggestions solicited.

We extend greetings to all young Socialist comrades everywhere.

Kindly address all communications to

Mrs. T. M. Hicks,
924 Crocker St.,
Supt. of C. S. L.

N. B.—We suggest that all letters and discussions concerning Socialist Sunday School work, as well as reguar short reports, be sent for publication to the Young Socialist Magazine so that all readers may profit by them.

The Editors.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANHATTAN

Success has marked the work of this vanguard of Socialism in upper Manhattan. We have fought for recognition and at last have started to make a favorable impression in the ranks of the Socialist Party to the necessity of organizing young people for the education of Socialism, before the Y. M. C. A., Boy Scouts, church and kindred associations have, through their different channels, turned them against the Workingmen's Movement. With the return of our able delegates, Victor Ey and Carl Ortland, from the Schenectady Convention, we have been enabled to put ourselves in the lime light, owing to closer co-operation with the Y. P. S. F. and Y. P. E. A. of the Bronx, making our Organization one of the three approved by the State Committee, Socialist Party, and, as these three organizations are the only ones in Manhattan and Bronx of the F. Y. P. L. of the State of New York, the field is open without competition for a general agitation in the district covered by our Organization.

As Supervisor Lourens expressed himself, he has never seen a more progressive organization than ours, and rightly so, for during the last two months our membership has doubled, and the slogan of the Association is "A Hundred or more by Christmas."

And looking toward the social side, we find it as well attended to as the agitational work. Our Far East and Invitation Dances were voted a success, both socially and, above all, financially. Invitations from Y. P. E. A. of Bronx were accepted. The Organizer, as the head of the Agitation Committee, reports good prospects of gaining membership and also financial aid from some of the branches visited. Delegates were elected to the Socialist Women's Convention, October 12, in the New York Labor Temple. The Delegates were Miss Louise Dworshack and Mr. Carl M. Ortland.

I have started my report with success. This signifies a successful two month's working agitation, but nothing compared with what we want to do. "The more members we get, the more we want" is our motto, and it stands.

If it is self-democracy and sociability, combined with education, that you are seeking, visit us and we will convince you as to the advisability of joining our ranks.

Carl H. Ortland, Organizer.

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

On Saturday, September 20th, the Y. P. E. A. of the Bronx held its second annual entertainment and dance, which proved to be a success both financially and morally. No doubt that this result of work done in preparation for the entertainment gave the membership warm feelings of enthusiasm, and taught them that if an important thing is to be done they must first find out whether they want it and then go ahead working without fear of any obstacles or failures.

The educational part of our activities was begun on Wednesday, September the 24th, by holding a debate between one of our members, Herbert Geil, and a member of the Single Tax Club of Manhattan, Frank Berman. The topic chosen was quite a difficult one: "Resolved that under Single Tax the worker will get the full product of his labor."

Besides the general membership there were present many a man, older in age, in the audience. It did me great pleasure to see, for the first time of our existence, old men with real mustache on their upper lips, listening with deep attention to the definitions of "price and value," "commodities," "surplus value," by one of our members.

Discussion followed the debate and all were satisfied with the "showing" that the young Socialists made.

We are now getting ready for a lot of lively educational work during the coming winter months. We will hold debates, discuss the problems of the day, listen attentively to lectures and educational instructions, arrange excursions to different industrial plants, and we will also attempt to write essays on Socialist topics.

There is one thing to be remembered, comrades—be willing to work for this noble cause and you will surely get to your aim!

A full program of the work to be done will be printed in the next number.

Milton Lehrman,
Organizer.

THE YOUNG SOCIALISTS OF EAST NEW YORK.

The Young Socialists of East New York held a very successful meeting on Sunday, September 14th, at 10 A. M., at 847 Sutter Ave., the headquarters of Branch 4, of the 22nd A. D. of the Socialist Party. Comrade Fruchter opened the meeting with an address, in which he said in part:

"This is a solemn occasion to me and ought to be a festive one to you, for it marks the first mile stone on the road of organizing the young people of this county. And though the occasion is not accompanied by outward festivities and pomp, we could make it more impressive and dignified by directing ourselves to aims set out when this club was organized, namely, for theoretical and practical study, so that the knowledge thus acquired may make us strong not only to make our own way in life, but also assist others to do so successfully. And only in a co-operative way will we be able to accomplish anything, only through organization. And your organization, though small in number and young in existence, has its sociological importance. For, as the great German professor Jacoby remarked, the founding of the smallest organization is of greater importance than the winning of the battle of Sedan. For in time, the Y. S. of E. N. Y. will become known as the pioneer of the young people's organizations. We should therefore exert our efforts to deserve this name.

While commemorating our anniversary (for you must remember, we organized last September) in this modest way, we will not be amiss to review our attainments during the past year.

When a student completes a term or finishes a course in any institution of learning he has as a warrant of his achievements a promotion certificate or diploma.

In our case we have neither.

Yet we know that we have gained more than the average boy or girl, who spend their time in idle play. Abstractly speaking, we have added batteries to our intellectual powerhouse—which, when called into action will not fail to respond.

Let us now see wherein we have not been successful and the causes thereof. I must say that the club suffered a great deal, due to the unloyalty of some of its members and also to some unavoidable negligence on the part of your director, who is only a worker, and thirdly because certain conditions which arose in the mother organization have reacted on the junior organization in a manner which was quite disagreeable.

However, these are things of the past and ought to serve as a warning not to commit the same errors in the future.

Let us, as I stated before, dedicate ourselves honestly and sincerely to the lofty purpose of gaining knowledge, for you must keep in mind that ignorance is the mother of all evils —and the only safe and sound antitoxin against ignorance is knowledge."

He then presented his plans for the ensuing three months, which are as follows:

For theoretical education — Morgan's "Ancient Society."

For practical education—Visits to industrial institutions with essays written on same.

Provisions are also made for social gatherings.

The officers for the ensuing term are: Organizer, Isidor Markowitz; Financial Secretary, Isidor Fagan; Treasurer, Samuel Shefloff; Recording Secretary, David Abramofsky. Executive Committee: Isidor Markowitz, Isidor Fagan, Samuel Shefloff, David Abramofsky, Max Markowitz, Morris Salzman and Abraham Weber.

Socialism and Libery.

Continued from Page 2

ing. Only in rare cases can they follow their own inclinations, and express their opinions without fear or favor. Surely, none of the men here mentioned can in any true sense be said to be free.

* * *

Now let us consider the farmers. In times of old, they were looked upon as the "free and independent class" par excellence. The present high prices for the staple goods of the farmers have for a moment relieved that class. They experience a temporary prosperity. But let us recollect the crisis of the nineties and the mournful story of the presidential election of 1896, when the poor farmers, burdened with debts and misery, like a drowning man clutching at the last straw, as a class voted for "free silver." It was lucky for the farmers more than for anybody else that they did not succeed at that time.

But this present prosperity is only temporary. The farmers will deteriorate again. They are bound to deteriorate as long as the present economic system lasts. The farmers are the serfs of the trusts, the railroads and the speculators. They are not free.

* * *

And how about the wage workers? Are they free? We hardly need to answer. Think of the insecurity and dependence which day by day makes the workman subject to his employer's favors, and to every whim of his, first in order to obtain his daily subsistence, and second, in order to retain it. And must not a wage worker give up his identity? He must identify himself with his master's private interest, no matter whether the master is inferior to him or not—nay, he must help him and obey him even when the master is a rogue who adulterates goods, or in other ways carries on a warfare against society.

In other words, the wage system possesses this miserable feature which makes it so similar to ancient slavery, that the workman is used entirely for his master's private ends. This was the definition of slavery.

And how about those who have NO work and cannot find any? Are they not in a still worse predicament? Are they free? Are they not the slaves of misery, hunger and every other ill? Surely no workman, whether employed or not, can be called free.

So to make a long story short, it is not so much the fact that there are rich and poor in the world under the present system, but the fact that the poor have to depend upon the rich for a living, that makes us all servants and slaves. It is the terrible economic power of the capitalist class that keeps us from becoming free. Only Socialism can help us. And we shall become free only in the degree that we introduce Socialism and Social-Democratic measures into our system.

GAMES

French Blind Man's Buff in School-Room.—One player is blindfolded and stands in front of the class. The others are seated at their desks. All of the players are numbered. The one who is blindfolded calls two of the numbers: and the players whose numbers have been called stand up immediately, and answer, "Here!" Two more numbers are called and the players so designated do the same as the first two did. The one who is blindfolded then calls out, "Go!" At once the players who are standing change places according to the order in which they are called, the first two changing with each other, and the second two with each other. As they change, they pass down the aisles, and cross in front of the class, so that the one who is blindfolded may have a chance to catch one of them. If he succeeds, the one who has been caught changes places with him.

"Ich meld' mich ab!"

Mit diesen Worten verliess Meiers Hans das Zimmer.

Meiers Hans gehörte schon jahrelang als Mitglied unserm Vereine an und war, wie man zu sagen pflegt, ein ganz patenter Bengel. Bei festlichen Anlässen trug er Couplets vor, rezitierte Gedichte und hatte beim letztjährigen Stiftungsfest die Hauptrolle im Festspiel inne. Auf Touren und Ausflügen wirkte sein ungezwungener Humor und Witz immer erheiternd auf die Teilnehmer. Auch konnte er gut Mundharmonika spielen. Kurzum, er war einer unserer Schlager. Nur einen Fehler hatte er. Er war ein unausstehlicher Trotzkopf. Fasste der Verein einen Beschluss, der nicht ganz in seinem Sinne war, dann spielte er geradezu meisterhaft die gekränkte Leberwurst und sein einziges Wort, das man dann von ihm noch hörte, war: „Ich meld' mich ab!"

So auch heute!

In der Versammlung hatte man über den Osterausflug diskutiert. Ein Teil schlug den Säntis, einige Redner wiederum den Mythen als Ziel der Osterwanderung vor. Zu den ersteren gehörte auch unser Hans. Den Mythenanhängern gelang es, ihre Partner von der Billigkeit und Schönheit einer Mythentour zu überzeugen und einstimmig beschloss man, diese auszuführen.

Nur unser Hans stimmte nicht dafür.

Nein, nun gerade nicht. Musste er doch nicht immer das tun, was andere wollten. Wenn sich die andern einseifen liessen, ist es ihre Sache. Er ginge auf den Säntis und wenn er mutterseelenallein wandern müsse. Und überhaupt sei das gar nicht recht, nein, geradezu eine Gemeinheit, die Meinung eines langjährigen Mitgliedes so zu unterdrücken. „In einem solchen Verein bleib' ich nicht länger, ich meld' mich ab!" Sonst war bei diesen Worten stets ein Sturm von Bitten und Beschwörungen, ihn zum Dableiben zu bewegen, losgebrochen. Heute schwiegen die Freunde und nur der Präsident ersuchte die Mitglieder, von der Erklärung Meiers Kenntnis zu nehmen. Nein, das war unerhört. So was war noch nie, nie vorgekommen. Meiers Hans war wie aus dem Himmel gefallen. Man wollte ihn, den langjährigen und tätigsten Genossen ziehen lassen, ja, man „ekelte" ihn geradezu hinaus. Na, die sollen mir wieder kommen, wenn sie ihn brauchten. Jetzt erst recht wolle er sich abmelden. Flugs ergreift er seinen Hut und stürzt hinaus, nicht ohne nochmals in der Türe stehend sein „Also, dass ihr es wisst, ich meld' mich ab!" zurückzurufen.

Auf der Treppe blieb er stehen!

Jetzt würden sie kommen. Ihn bitten, er soll doch keine Dummheiten machen, doch zurückzukommen, man könne ja die Sache nochmals prüfen, u. s. w.

Aber niemand kam. Er wartete noch ein wenig, aber nicht das geringste wie sonst üblich geschah. Da eilte er weiter. O, er hätte weinen mögen vor Zorn und Wut. So hatte man ihn, ihn, den Helden des Vereins, hinausgestossen. Ausgeschlossen! Nein, das konnte nicht möglich sein, war ja unbegreiflich. Morgen würden sie schreiben, dass sie sich vielleicht schämten, selbst zu kommen, ihn um Verzeihung bitten, aber dann, dann . . . . .

Der erste Tag kam und er ging, mehrere folgten ihm und immer kam der Brief noch nicht. Die Freunde, die er traf, eilten kalt grüssend an ihm vorüber. Durch Zufall hatte er erfahren, dass schon ein anderer seine Rolle zum nächsten Stiftungsfest übernommen hatte. Also, nun war es wirklich aus. Bis jetzt hatte er noch eine Hoffnung gehabt auf eine Einigung, aber nun war alles aus. Sonntag war es. Ein herrlicher, goldener Frühlingssonntagsmorgen. Unser Hans stand vergrämt am Fenster und schaute missvergnügt in den lachenden Sonnenschein. Sonst hatte er sich immer so auf den Sonntag gefreut, aber jetzt, seitdem er die Freunde so verlor, ist es immer recht einsam und traurig. Vielleicht, wenn er es richtig bedenkt, hatte auch er ein klein wenig, natürlich nur ein klein wenig Schuld daran, denn wenn doch 23 auf den Mythen wollten und nur einer auf den Säntis, so war es ja immer noch gerechter, der eine schloss sich diesen 23 an, als die 23 dem einen. Ja, so betrachtet, war er ja allein der Schuldige. In diesem Moment erklangen lustige Wanderlieder von unten herauf und eine Schar munterer Burschen zogen munter plaudernd vorüber. Seine Freunde! Jetzt ziehen sie hinaus in die schattigen Wälder, spielen und scherzen auf blumigen Wiesen und tauchen den jugendlichen Körper in die frischen Fluten des Sees. Dieweil er hier sitzt und sich grämt und wie eine alte Frau jammert und fast heult. Ja, was war das, unserm Hans, dem lustigen, urfidelen Hans, rollen grosse, schwere Tränen über die Wangen. Er weinte, weinte über seine Fehler. Um es kurz zu machen: In der nächsten Versammlung meldete sich Meiers Hans wieder an und schaffte hernach nochmals so viel und so froh für seinen Verein wie früher. Aber „abgemeldet" hat er sich seitdem nicht mehr. W. A.

Der Stier.

Schluss

Heimtückisch warfen sie Stöcke zwischen die Beine der Tiere, so dass der eine Bulle in die Knie brach. Da stürzten die Wütenden sich auf ihn und warfen ihn um, so dass er, alle Viere von sich streckend, wehrlos im Sand kollerte.

Ein Wehgeheul entfuhr dem gemarterten Tiere. Der andere Stier vernahm das Todesbrüllen, er sah die Hiebe, die auf die Flanken seines Kameraden niedersausten, und ein jäher Entschluss schoss durch den Geist des Breitstirnigen. Fliehen! In rasender Eile vor diesen tollwütigen Henkern und diesem schmählichen Tod! Und wie der Hauptfechter ihm in den Weg trat mit der rotseidenen Decke, entging er mit einem kühnen Satze dem Schwert und stürzte durch die Bresche, mitten ins Menschengewühl, nach links und rechts ausschlagend und sich den Weg bahnend mit seinen Hörnern.

Ein wirres Durcheinander, Hilfeschreien, Jammern — eine Panik entstand. Alles drängte den Ausgängen zu. Nun, da hatten sie Aufregung und Blut um das liebe Geld! — Der Stier wartete ihnen auf, der Stier tat seine Schuldigkeit. Alles wich vor ihm, wie weggeweht vom Wirbelwind, alles, was ihm wehrte, wurde zertreten. Er wollte zur Weide! Das tolle Spiel war ihm zu bunt. Er floh die verhasste rote Fahne, die ihn zur Wildheit trieb — dort leuchtete der blaue südliche Himmel; er floh das Schmerzensgebrüll des niedergemetzelten Kameraden. Am Weideland rauschte das Meer. Was fragte er nach Menschen! Er hatte ein Recht, sein Leben als Stier zu fristen. Sie konnten ihn ja an den Pflug spannen, er war jung und stark; sie konnten ihn unter das Joch zwingen, er war demütig und treu und stampfte gern durch die braune Scholle, mit dampfenden Nüstern durch die dampfende junge Erde. Und würde er eines Tages unbrauchbar, so bot er die breite Stirn dem Gnadenstoss, und herrlich getroffen zwischen den Augen ging er den Weg der toten Herden.

Plötzlich brach er ins Freie. Frische Luft zog durch seine geblähten Nüstern. Vor ihm her flohen Menschen, hinter ihm her vernahm er das Stampfen und Jagen der Verfolger. Sie fahndeten nach ihm. Schüsse krachten, Kugeln flogen.

Er schüttelte sich, getroffen, und stürzte vorwärts mit verzweifelter Schnelligkeit — zur Weide! Und sollte er verenden! Noch einmal am Born der Freiheit trinken! Durch die Gassen, wo sein Trampeln auf dem Pflaster dumpf verhallte. In der Ferne winkte grünes Land!

Er floh wie besessen, durchbrach die Zäune, sprang über Hecken, setzte über Gräben. Der wohlige Duft blühender Gräser wehte ihm entgegen, und er spannte seine Muskeln und eilte den sonnensatten Feldern zu. An einer Wegbiegung stutzte er: da lag ein schlafendes Hirtenkind im Rasen, ausgestreckt inmitten einer Schar grasender Kühe. Der Stier hielt inne, ein dunkles Verständnis irrlichterte durch seine erweiterten Pupillen: das Kind weidete seine Herde!

Schon bog er um die schlafende Gruppe, und gemächlich im trunkenen Geniessen stampfte er durch das hohe Gras, wälzte sich in den säuselnden Aehren, badete sich im kühlen Gras rein vom Staub der Gassen, von den Schmähungen der Menschen, vom Zirkussand.

Er liess sich auf die Knie nieder, entkräftet durch den rasenden Lauf, und die Erde färbte sich rot, wo er sich niederliess. Am Wiesensaum wurden Menschen sichtbar: eine aufgeregte Horde.

Der Stier wich ihnen nicht aus. Er war daheim auf der Weide.

Er stand nur schwerfällig auf und bot dem Feind die Stirn.

Da wurde er niedergeschossen.

Mit einem gurgelnden Aechzen sank er in den blühenden Klee . . .

Der Stier war tot, im Menschen triumphierte die Bestie.

DER FUNKEN.

Der Funken irrte suchend umher, ob sich nicht irgendwo ein Plätzchen finden würde, wo er sich niederlassen könnte. Aber jedesmal, wenn er sich setzen wollte, fuhr der Wind dazwischen: „Fort mit dir, du Herumtreiber, du Nichtsnutz! Wir kennen deine Tücken. Ich werde dir das Lebenslicht ausblasen, damit du kein Unheil anrichten kannst!"

Aber der Wind hatte den Funken unterschätzt. Je mehr er blies, desto heller glühte der Funken auf; und als der Wind einen Augenblick ruhte, fiel der Funken zischend auf ein benachbartes Strohdach.

Entsetzt heulte der Wind auf und versuchte, den Funken von der gefährlichen Stelle wegzublasen; aber schon zuckte unglückverheissend eine flackernde Glut.

Und als der Wind voller Verzweiflung durch einen besonders heftigen Stoss die Glut löschen wollte, da fuhr bereits die helle Flamme jauchzend zum Dache heraus. Das Stroh aber war der Vernichtung geweiht.

So müssen unsere schlimmsten Feinde unsere Kräfte zur höchsten Entfaltung bringen, müssen selbst uns die Flügel schaffen, mit deren Hilfe wir uns befreien.