

THE MAGAZINE YOUNG SOCIALISTS'

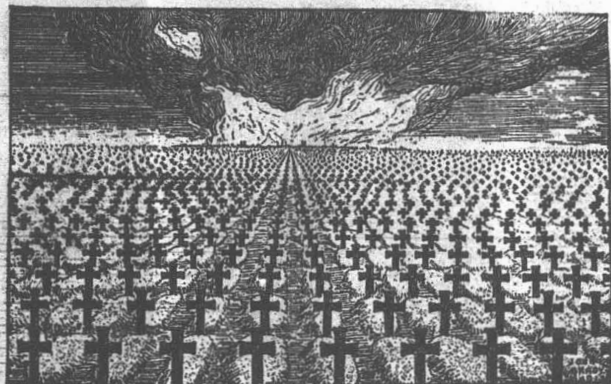
Vol. X

MARCH, 1916

No. 3

AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF THE BELLIGERENT POWERS OF EUROPE

(The following appeal was drafted and signed by Ivan Tregubof, a close friend of Tolstoy; Valentine Bulgakof, Tolstoy's ex-secretary and author of the book "During Two Years With Tolstoy," and by about one hundred followers of Tolstoy in Russia. The signatories were arrested and tried by court-martial, and are at present languishing in prison. Although the appeal was signed on October 10th, 1914, it has only just reached this country, owing to the condition of censorship prevailing in the belligerent countries.)



... THE VICTORS ...

**Bethink Yourselves, Men!
Brothers!**

A terrible thing is taking place. Hundreds of thousands, millions of men, are throwing themselves one upon the other like wild

beasts. Instigated by their leaders and in compliance with their orders, over nearly the whole of Europe they stab, slay, maim, and give the finishing stroke to their brothers, who, like themselves, are gifted with the

capacity for love, reason, and kindness.

The whole educated world—in the person of the representatives of all the intellectual currents and of all political parties, from the extreme right to the extreme

left, down to Socialists—has been struck by such extraordinary blindness that it calls this terrible human slaughter a "sacred" war of "liberation," and calls upon men to lay down their lives—for what? For some phantom ideal of "liberation," forgetting that inner freedom is the sole true freedom, and that, finally, no one prevented the governments from giving, to the oppressed nations—before the war and without the war—at least that external freedom which is now, presumably, being secured, at the price of the criminal shedding of a sea of blood.

People dream of disarmament which the war is supposed to bring. Brothers, do not believe it. For the governments of today to disarm the nations is tantamount to destroying themselves, because these governments are upheld solely by state violence, and do not enjoy the free confidence of their peoples. How can they afford to cast aside their sole prop—the soldier's bayonet?

The Germans are not our enemies, and the Russians and the French are not the enemies of the Germans. The common enemy of us all, to whatever nationality we may belong, is the brute in ourselves.

This truth has never been so clearly confirmed as now, when the men of the twentieth century, intoxicated with their false science, extremely proud of it, of their external culture and their machine civilization, have suddenly discovered the true plane of their development; this plane has turned out to be no higher than that on which our ancestors stood in the time of Attila and Genghis-Khan. It makes one extremely sad to know that 2,000 years of Christianity have passed,

scarcely leaving a trace on men. But this is intelligible, because the very heart of Christianity has been perverted, brought down from its sublimity and deprived of its great vital force which softens the soul, by the pastors of all churches, who, today, blasphemously bless men to kill.

From the depths of our hearts, we who are suffering and have been stunned by the horror of the nightmare which is taking place, we appeal to you. Remember that you are brothers! Reach out a hand to one another—there is room for all on the earth to live a peaceful, brotherly life and develop peacefully in love. Remember the holy commandment of Christ, addressed to us—to the Russians, the French, the Germans, the English, the Serbs and the Japanese, and to all:—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

GOING TO PUT THAT BOY TO WORK?

You going to put that boy to work,

That little bit of a kid,
Whose heart is out where the daisies are

In the dew and the grasses hid?

Going to put that boy to work
Whose soul is way out there,
Dreaming of meadow and stream
and bridge,

And joy of the summer air?

You going to put that boy to work

Who is old enough, you say,
To be out helping you get along
With his little pittance of pay?

You are going to put that boy to work

Who belongs to God awhile,
Out in the green of the boyhood
sheen

Where the hills and the meadows smile?

May be your business, and that I'm blind,

Or a fool to be butting in,
But putting a kid like that to work

Is an economic sin:
Stunting and putting him back so long

From the glory he should know
In the good green spell of the wood and dell

Where a kid like him should grow.

You going to put that boy to work,

Because he can help you bear
The brunt of grocer and clothes
and rent.

And he ought to be doing his share?

Your going to put that boy to work

That little kid whose eyes
And heart and soul are hankering
for

The blue of the summer skies?

You going to chain him in a mill,
Who all day longs and longs
For the playtime life on the good
green hill

And the cheer of the robin's songs?

You going to put him in prison,
eh,

That he'll never get out again.
For the dreams, the dreams, of
the open day

Can never come back to men!

Trenton, N. J., is proud of its first year's existence. Starting with ten members they now have a well-organized efficient group of forty in good standing. They have just hired a big hall as a permanent headquarters and expect to do big things.

POWERTY MAKES CRIMINALS

By Eugene V. Debs

There is just now a good deal of discussion about vice and immorality and crime, and many well-meaning people think that by moral protest and a "strict enforcement of the law," these evils can be overcome and our city made clean and wholesome. They are sadly mistaken. Vice and immorality and crime are produced under certain conditions, chiefly poverty, and as long as these conditions remain, the evil results are bound to follow. Moral protest against immorality is of itself as barren of results as it would be against smallpox or yellow fever.

Grinding poverty, enforced idleness, wretched housing, unsanitary sleeping quarters, bare rooms, unlighted, unwarmed and unattractive; shoddy clothes, poor food and the like, are just as certain to breed drunkenness, vice and crime as a swamp breeds miasma, and it is certainly vain to moralize against miasma while the poison-generating swamp remains.

Environment has almost everything to do with making a criminal of a human-being or a human-being of a criminal. The environment in which a child is born and reared as a rule determines its destiny and there is little use trying to save men's souls while their bodies are freezing and starving.

All life has a physical basis. The human-being is no exception, and the system that robs a man of what his labor produces also destroys his manhood and is responsible for his failure in life.

There are thousands of so-

called criminals to-day who were made what they are by the system in which it is a crime to pilfer a penny and an honor to rob the people of millions. These unfortunates crowd all of our prisons to their capacity. The other day the governor of Missouri pardoned a lot of them and paroled another lot because the prison would no longer hold them.

An overwhelming majority of these homeless, hapless, beaten, broken brothers of ours could be reclaimed and made men of if they were but given the chance. The proof of this is beyond doubt.

A few days ago I was shown about in Henry Ford's automobile works at Detroit, the most marvelous industrial plant in the world. I shall make no attempt to describe this vast institution, utterly bewildering in its ramifications and overwhelming in its immensity, but I simply want to show that Henry Ford has demonstrated to the world beyond cavil that he can take men out of the most hardened and hopeless criminals, so-called, by simply giving them a decent chance to live.

Henry Ford takes the convicts that are released from State prisons, sets them to work eight hours a day in light, warm, comfortable quarters, sanitary, and with every safeguard against danger, and pays them \$5.00 a day. Henry Ford proves, moreover, that it pays him financially to do it.

It is a fact which anyone can verify that Henry Ford has taken convicted thieves, pickpockets,

prostitutes, burglars, dope-fiends, murderers, both male and female, who were supposed to be hopeless degenerates, and has made men and women of them. There is nothing strange or miraculous about this. It is simply the operation of natural law and demonstrates the moulding and determining power of human environment.

Frank P. O'Hare of St. Louis, who recently visited the plant, wrote in regard to it: "I saw women—hundreds of them—doing kindergarten work at \$5.00 per day—no piece-work, no bonus system, just a free-for-all. If Henry Ford did nothing else it would get him a seat up near the throne of grace. I honestly believe those girls and women pray for him at night. Anyway, they have tears in their eyes when they tell how Henry Ford lifted them up out of their \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$8.00 per week slavery."

There is an object lesson here of the profoundest import to people who want a real interest in their fellow-beings and who have sufficient of the Christ spirit to feel their kinship with the unfortunate and to wish to see them happy.

There is no longer even the shadow of an excuse for widespread poverty and for the crimes against humanity which grow from such poverty. Bernard Shaw is right in declaring that poverty is the crime of civilization.

Compensation

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gets so smooth that nobody has anything on it.

Teacher—Willie, what does the Monroe doctrine mean?

Willie—It means to shabby on your one side.

IN A BARON'S CASTLE

By Sir Francis Vane, Bt.

We are up here among the vines, resting after an excellent lunch eaten under the Italian sky. Below can be seen the whole of a golden valley, with its busy little towns, its countless campanile, its funny life of cheery self-importance, and, alas! its grinding poverty.

Here we are in a really feudal stronghold, the walls of which are now level with the ground, yet its dungeons remain, for I have just descended into one of them. It is one of the old castles which in past time kept the fat merchants of the towns in awe, for it was held by a brigand baron who obtained his revenue by taking toll of the wealthy traders passing backwards and forwards between Lucca and the sea.

My companions are more in sympathy with ancient brigandage than with its modern equivalent—commercialism; for I feel sure they would prefer to take by the sword than over the counter—though it must not be supposed that they are accused of doing either. They each, however, belong to a class which in the past has done its share of brigandage, for one is a German Princess of a reigning house, and the other an Anglican Parson.

In the chronicles of the little city which I can just see through the vines, the free barons were always styled "i briganti," simply an ex parte statement, for had I met, as was hoped, in the dungeon, the shade of one of the original owners, it is certain that he would have justified his actions in respect to the merchants by a complete defense of them, in

saying that he had only taken what already had been stolen from the poor.

Lazily we discussed this problem after our meal, with the assistance of the peasant who now owns the castle and grows his vines and corn on the walls which his predecessors lined with armed men, and gets but a starveling livelihood out of it.

These old barons had valorously opposed the on-rush of commercialism. Robbers they were, but of a less complex kind—by the sword, of the field, in God's pure air. The old chronicles make it clear that they never injured the poor; nay, much of the wealth they took was given back into the hands of the needy.

These enthusiasts, so the Princess urged, were, however, gradually driven back step by step by the sheer weight of gold into the fastnesses of the mountains and gradually starved out. The individualists of the sword were beaten by those of the yard measure. The latter claimed that theirs was a nobler governance, yet the result was much the same, for the weak suffered and the strong gained.

The Parson maintained that it never can be right to destroy a man for gain, but he supposed that it was the will of God.

This the writer somewhat vehemently contested, and scandalized his friend by asking who knows what is the will of God? Can it be that this splendid land with its wealth in olives, in vines, in grain, in marble and minerals, and, above all, in men and in children—can it be right that it is poor in this that its people are

half starved to support idlers in other places and lands, and to enable governments to destroy unoffending Arabs in Libya for "prestige"?

On this glorious day of an Italian summer, the Princess, the Parson, and I, solemnly passed a resolution that something was wrong with it all, that while we sympathized with the old barons, we had to admit that they very frankly stole; but, on the other hand, they were supplanted by a system which had elevated theft from the simple art of the soldier to the science of the share market, the money lender, and the company promoter. That, as the Princess very cheerfully admitted, neither rent nor dividends were usually earned by their real possessors—and as to tithe, well, we did not push this for fear of giving pain to the Parson who is a rural dean.

Yet from up here at this castle of Montemagno, in the presence of the peasant lord of the castle, who makes so little that he eats meat but twice or thrice a year, we four of us looked down on a rich and beautiful world, yet one of pain, of suffering, of stupid jostling, and consequent bickerings, and we wondered why it was allowed, either by gods or by men.

Then suddenly from the depths below, where the farm is, came the shrill cry of a girl. "Beppi, Arnaldo, Pio," she intoned, "why are you skulking there, why do you not join in the game, 'Ver-gogno' (for shame)."

Then the Parson looked shyly at me, and we all smiled. For then we knew, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings we had been taught what was wrong, for we felt that we ourselves had not yet joined the deeper game of life.

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE INTERNATIONAL BUREAU OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIALIST ORGANIZATIONS

In April, 1915, a number of representatives from various Socialist Young People's Organizations met in Bern for the purpose of uniting the young workers of all nations even more firmly than before the war. A bureau of five members was elected to temporarily conduct the business affairs of the International Organization. This Bureau met recently for its first meeting in Zürich.

The five members were present, each one at the same time a delegate from his organization. The Bureau at present is made up of Comrades Olausen, Norway; Christiansen, Denmark;

Germany; Schweide, Italy, and the Secretary, Münzenberg.

The session was opened with a commemoration of the comrades who have lost their lives in this year of reaction and war. A message of heartfelt sympathy for those who have been imprisoned for their activity for the International was drawn up.

The Secretary reported that the Socialist Young People of Greece, Austria, America, Canada and Madrid, Spain and sections of Germany had been added to the original list of members. (Bulgaria, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Italy, Switzerland and parts of Germany) and Holland, Finland, Argentine, etc., will join as soon as the difficulties of communication have been overcome. As the organizations already belonging to the International have increased their numbers in spite of war and oppression, the total membership has increased from 40,000 to 70,000. Two thou-

sand copies of the Bern Conference Report were sold.

On the 3rd of October anti-war demonstrations were held in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, America, Switzerland, Germany and Portugal.

The income for the year has been 3,329.05 Francs, expenditures 2,341.65 Francs, leaving a balance of about 1,000 Francs.

Reports show that the Young Socialist Movement everywhere is making splendid progress. Especially true is this in Germany and Italy. The three Scandinavian nations and Switzerland, too, show splendid gains.

In order to render the work of the Bureau more effective, delegates from Austria and Sweden were added to its membership. The Bureau shall also try to establish more intimate connection with the American movement.

Circulars will be sent out to those nations where the young Socialist organizations have not yet joined the International, calling upon them to join us.

The Secretary was instructed to collect material concerning existing Socialist Sunday schools and children's organizations, so as to lay the foundation for a general organization of children's groups in conjunction with the women's organizations, which shall oppose the militaristic influence of the public schools.

To solve the difficulties arising where there are a number of different young people's organizations within one nation, due to tactical or principle differences, it was decided to draw up a general platform and declaration of principles. The dif-

ferences between the two Dutch organizations will probably be adjusted at a joint conference of both Executive Boards and a delegation from the International Bureau.

In the year 1916 the 3rd of September shall be the International Young People's Day. An International manifesto is to be prepared for distribution.

Relations between Young People's Organizations to the regular party membership were discussed, and the standpoint of the former was expressed in the following sentences: "Young Socialist Organizations are fighting organizations. Their first, their highest duty is class-conscious, Socialist propaganda. The activity of the young people and their thorough education is a necessary part of this struggle and can be accomplished only by separate organizations. We recommend co-operation with the older comrades by means of mutual delegates with identical rights."

A number of motions, concerning an international emblem, a two-card system, etc., etc., were passed and will materially assist and strengthen the International Solidarity of the young workers of the world.

Want Too Much

"Politics isn't what it used to be," remarked Senator Scrghum. "Doesn't the crowd listen to you?"

"Yes. They used to be satisfied to shake hands and listen to a brass band. Now they pay so much attention to my remarks that I've got to be careful what I say."

SATAN'S CHOICE

By Mary Reinhardt

Majestically the thick clouds of sulphur and brimstone fumes rose from the great polished brass caldrons on either side of the broad staircase that led to the antichamber. The iron steps were dazzling in their white heat. Long tongues of flame of every hue and the roar of the fires filled the air, like the full tones of a great organ. But above this rose a greater noise—the tread of hundreds of hurrying feet. It was the imps' returning from their quest. Every year on Satan's birthday the lost souls who had served an apprenticeship of one century are entered in a contest for the office of sheriff of the underworld. Then they go forth for four and twenty hours, and he who brings the choicest gift to His Majesty is decorated with the badge of honor.

Now they were hurrying back. Some came merrily, confident of their success; others bent wearily under their heavy burdens, also hoping to win Satanic favor. As they crowded to the portals in their eagerness to be first, they pushed and jostled one another and shrieks were heard, "What's your hurry?" "Stop your pushing!" "Get off my tail! This is not the New York subway."

"Silence, all!" shouted the ancient portal guard, and the imps covered with habitual fear and waited to be called. Through twice three hundred yellow flames they marched up to the festal throne of His Majesty. The royal drum and fife corps played a modern medley of the booming of cannon and the shriek of factory whistles. It was a hellish

noise, and Satan praised the musicians for their efforts.

"Now bring forth your gifts!" he cried. "Let each be called according to his number." All the imps had numbers like the criminals and gang workers of the earth. Satan had found this ingenious method of degradation so much to his favor that he adopted it in his latest efficiency scheme.

"Number 2585!" called the master of ceremonies.

"What have you brought me?" shouted Satan.

One of the largest imps stepped forth leading a large brindled buldog.

"Here, master, is a fitting prize for you. This bull of ancient lineage was mad and bit the hand that cared for him and several innocent children."

"Away with it, dogs will be dogs. There's nothing new in that. Call on the next one."

"Number 2069!" called the master of ceremonies.

He came breathless and perspiring, tugging a great machine. "Here is a prize for you, my master. This is the machine gun which was aimed at helpless men, women and children. Toilers of the mines who had asked for a little more pay."

"Say no more!" cried Satan. "Take the thing away. 'Tis but a machine; hadst brought the hand that made it, the soulless wretch who profited by its use, that would have pleased me more. Be gone! What has the next for me?"

"I have it!" cried a voice. "Let me be next. I've got the man who sells his soul for gold. For

gold he grinds out little children's lives in his great factories; demoralizes the legislatures, adulterates the food of others. Surely this will please your lordship."

"Nay, not so, he's quite an ancient show," said Satan. "Since men have worshipped money, made money power, they have tempted each other to just such acts. The clever ones defraud the others; the manufacturer who underpays his men; the swindler, the highwayman are all the same. I've seen them time and time again. Dogs will be dogs as I have said before, men will be men. They all will die for gold. It bores me; bring me something new. What have you in your bag there?"

"I have a man," piped a trembling voice, "just a plain ordinary man."

"What is his name? Why have you brought him here? Mind how you word your reasons, imp, in this contest for the highest office of my state, and I am not to be trifled with! Unless you prove him guilty of the greatest crime and show that he has lost both heart and soul, your rest in hell will be the forfeit."

"Ay, master, be it so. You yourself shall judge," said the imp trembling still more. "I have brought you Henry Dubb. These are the crimes I've found him guilty of: He cringes before those of his own image who daily rob him. He believes everything he is told. He votes for the legislators who betray him. He supports a government under which filth and dirt and misery continue year after year. He bows his head to charity. When he has nothing to eat, when his wife and children suffer, he thinks it must be so. He votes his wife and daugh-

ters into the same class with the senseless and criminals. He is so conceited that he thinks that what he does is right. The sufferings of his brother never affect him, while he is comfortable. He is the cause of all evils, and it worries him not."

"Well said, you imp, but mind, you have not shown wherein his crime is new," said Satan.

"I'll prove that, too," cried the imp, eager to save his soul. "In days gone by, man was oppressed by man. He could not help himself. He could not read. He had no means of communication. He had no say. But now all that is changed. Men have books, telephones, newspapers, railroads. Each can be informed. He knows who is oppressed, and who is the oppressor. And every year he may register his opinion at the polls. Oh, master, is not he who does this carelessly, this act upon which the destiny of his kind, his flesh and blood, depends for their wellbeing, is not he the greatest of all criminals?"

"You are a wise imp, indeed," responded Satan. "Bring me that fellow Dubb that I may chastise him and satisfy my lust. You have not only saved your seat, but you shall be the sheriff of the underworld. Away with all the rest! Start the music for the festal dance!" And from all the factories the whistles began to shriek, the cannons renewed their roar, accompanied by the weeping and crying of millions of widows and orphans. Satan was at his best.

Nothing to Fear

"They say George has brain fever."

"Fat chance. Can an angle-worm have water on the knee?"

WALTER CRANE

By Robert Heele
(The Socialist Review) England.

The passing of Walter Crane has left a sad gap in the ranks of those who built up the modern Socialist movement in this country. When he joined us, our numbers were so few as almost to justify our opponents' jibe that the Socialist Party of Great Britain could be packed into a four-wheeled cab. Socialism was not unknown, it was discredited, and advanced thinkers of all classes were interested in other directions. It is true that there was a nucleus of political thought round which we were to gather. The Socialism of Robert Owen had given a basis to Chartism which persisted to the times of the International and thus joined hands with Marxism, but as far as the average thoughtful working man was concerned his political interests were limited in the North of England to Trade Unionism and in the South to Republicanism and Secularism. Among the middle classes the Christian Socialist movement of Maurice and Kingsley had exhausted itself and was almost forgotten, and the word Socialist was a term of abuse connoting every threat to the sanctity of person or property.

This is not the time to describe the history of our movement, but it must be said that in London and the South of England it was in the beginning an agitation carried on by members of the middle classes among the working classes, with great and almost startling success. A leading Liberal once described to the writer his astonishment at the result. At one election he came prepared to base his candidate on "The condition of the people question,"

but his audiences would listen to nothing but Republicanism and Royal Grants. At the next election, when he introduced these topics, he was told to confine himself to matters that really affected the worker. The agitation that brought about this change was almost entirely carried on by men whose presence in the movement was due, directly or indirectly, to the fact that William Morris and Walter Crane were avowed Socialists. To the outside world these names gave a guarantee that the movement they advocated so passionately was one of serious importance; in the Socialist Party they constituted a spiritual element which attracted many who were uncharmed by the promises of economists and politicians. Morris and Crane brought the teaching of Ruskin to the worker in their own lives and works as well as in their words; they put an edge on the demand for political and economic freedom.

Walter Crane was born in 1845 of a family of artists, and in 1859 was articulated to W. J. Linton as a wood engraver. Besides being the best wood engraver of his day, Linton was a Socialist, of 1848 and an ardent lover of liberty, whose character is reflected in his wife's "True History of Joshua Davidson." Ruskin was then in his prime—these were the days of "Unto This Last"—and in 1862, when Crane was out of his time, the firm of Morris & Co., which was to revolutionize the interior of the English home, had just begun its operations. Crane was fortunate enough to enter on

(Continued on page 9)

The Young Socialists' Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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

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A NEW MARKET FOR TESTIMONIALS

Johndee Makes Another Grab

Rockefeller is at last in the patent medicine business. It is estimated that \$100,000,000 a year is spent for patent medicines in this country. That was more money than Jawn D. could stand to see getting away from him with equanimity, so the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, one of the hyphenated bits into which the old Standard Oil serpent was chopped up, is now putting on the market through one of the greatest advertising campaigns of recent years, so it is alleged. Nujol, Jawn Dee's new remedy for constipation and that full feeling.

Strange to say, too, the new nostrum starts out with the endorsement of Dr. Wiley, of the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Health. Wonder how they managed that? It has been understood that Doc Wiley was "agin" all patent medical dope, nostrums, etc., whatsoever.

This is not an advertisement.—Bruce Calvert.

ALL KINDS OF PREPAREDNESS

The question of militarism continues to plague the Boy Scouts of America. For years they defended themselves from the charge of being military in spirit. Recently, the tables have turned, and now they are being charged from within their own ranks with being anti-military. This was vigorously denied. James E. West, the chief executive, declared that their program for "the development of character and personal efficiency of adolescent boys is as strong a factor as any agency which the country now has for preparedness."

Now Ernest Thompson Seton, a pioneer of the movement, has resigned as chief scout on the ground that wood-craft has been subordinated to formal things—"you cannot study nature marching by fours. The interest in trees and flowers has given place to military drill and thus has robbed it of its ideals. They have lost touch with the boy and the big outdoor conservation movement."

Mr. West has issued a statement declaring that Mr. Seton was not an American citizen. "and in a movement for making manly Americans there should be no doubt as to the citizenship and patriotism of its leaders."

On the heels of all this Mr. West gave out a letter from Theodore Roosevelt, endorsing the Scouts' campaign for a fund of \$200,000. "I would have hesitated to do this," says Colonel Roosevelt, "if events had not made clear 'at the Boy Scouts must be 'prepared,' and are being prepared as to fit them, not only to be good citizens in time of peace, but ready for supplementary military training, which shall make

them able to render efficient service to the nation in time of war."

Before the Legislature in Albany there are, at the present time, not less than four separate bills, each of which, in some way or other, provides for obligatory introduction of military training into the public schools of our State. The State Board of Regents carefully considered these bills and came to the conclusion that it was not advisable to introduce military drill into the schools at the present time, but recommends the appointment of an investigation commission which shall report in a year as to its findings. Assemblyman Roemheld of Buffalo immediately moved to this effect, but the Republican majority in both houses has indicated plainly that it did not consider for a moment the possibility of putting off, for another year, such an important matter. So that we may, in the very near future, face a system of military training in our public schools.

Senator McCumber has introduced a bill authorizing and directing the Secretary of War to prepare such abandoned or unoccupied military posts as are in his judgment best fitted for the use military training camps for the giving of instruction to high-school students in the same general manner as is now provided for the training of cadets at West Point during the summer months. Secretary Lane, in a recent letter indorsing Senator McCumber's bill, also adds his voice in praise of the plan for military training of high-school pupils, which has been in active operation

in the State of Wyoming for five years.

In the State of Washington high-school girls are receiving a thorough course in military preparedness, in first aid as well as in marksmanship and camp regulations.

Need we say more? If ever a question concerned the young people of our nation, if ever there was a need of intense agitation and educational work on their part, it is now. Not only will the boys of our country be prepared to fight, but, what is far more dangerous, they will have been inoculated with the jingoistic spirit that makes us want to "lick the whole world." We are sowing the seed for a new world war.

While a whole nation is ready to spend millions to support a great standing army, while the press agitates day by day for greater armaments, for a stronger army and a better navy. While everywhere voices are calling for military training in the schools, cost what it may, the New York Board of Education has been forced to cut down the night schools of the city because the funds given by the greatest city in the country for educational purposes have been curtailed by a million dollars. A great protest demonstration, arranged by the Night School Alumni Association, has voiced the protest of the young people of the proletariat. Forced by the poverty of their parents to go to work as soon as they have gone through elementary schools, these boys and girls have given up their much-needed hours for rest and recreation in order that they may better equip themselves to take up the struggle for existence. Now, this last opportunity, too, is to be taken away.

The movement for a better education has always been the mission of the working-class. It is but a phase of the great class struggle, the great, unending conflict between those who have all the opportunities that life has to offer, and those who must pay for every step forward with bitter self-sacrifice and unbending will-power.

WALTER CRANE

(Continued from page 7)

his best work early in life owing to a meeting with Edmund Evans in 1863, which led to his wonderful series of children's picture books, the first published about 1865. It is not too much to say that these books mark a period in popular taste, and that on some of them Walter Crane's claim to remembrance as an artist is most surely founded. They made his name known over Europe and America, and raised the world's estimation of British art. His picture books were in color, but his black-and-white illustrations are almost as well-known—his Grimm has been the delight of generations of children—and he devoted much attention to the design of the decorative page, writing and illustrating poems of his own, after the example of Blake. As a painter, Crane's earliest work—and to my mind his best and most interesting—is strongly influenced by Ford Madox Brown, whose paintings were shown in the International Exhibition of 1862, and again in a one-man show in 1865. His visit to Italy in 1871-3 gave a new and less happy direction to his art. His water-colors were always simple and delightful.

The decorative quality in Crane's picture books, and the freedom of design in the details

of his drawings, soon attracted the attention of architects and others interested in house decoration. Very early in his career he had designed some vases for Messrs. Wedgwood, but it was not till 1873 that he began to invent and execute friezes and panels in gesso or relief, the first of his essays in domestic decoration. He had met William Morris in 1870 at the house of the late Earl of Carlisle, then Mr. George Howard. Mr. Howard was keenly interested in English art and artists, and had got Philip Webb to build him a house to be decorated by William Morris, i. Palace Green, Kensington. Crane's work, however much in sympathy with that of Morris, was entirely unconnected with him in a business way, with one or two exceptions. His wallpapers, for example, were designed from the first in 1875 for Messrs. Jeffrey & Co. Crane himself was welcomed as a younger man in sympathy with their aims and methods by the three friends—Morris, Webb, and Burne-Jones—though he never quite shared the almost sacred intimacy which long daily association had brought about among them. It was by Mr. Howard that Crane was brought into close touch with Burne-Jones, and they worked together on a set of panels, showing the story of Cupid and Psyche, in his house. Crane often used to tell the story of Burne-Jones—so super-refined in his work—pretending to ape the tricks of the "British workman," and broadly hinting at cigars and liquid refreshment when his "employer"—Mr. Howard—came into the room where they were painting. A design by Crane—the Goose Girl—was used by Morris for his first figure tapestry, woven in 1880.

Morris's formal conversion to Socialism in 1882—he joined the Democratic Federation in January, 1883—was the next great influence on Crane's life. It happened at a time when he had become discontented with the conditions under which art existed, with the relations of art and life. During '83 and '84 Crane was again in Italy, but when he returned the perusal of "Art and Socialism" and a correspondence with Morris on the difficulties he felt soon converted him into an ardent adherent, and from then to the day of his death he never faltered or turned back. Socialism had brought him from the verge of pessimism, as regards human progress, to a real hope for the future of art founded on a reconstitution of society.

The next ten years or so were perhaps the most fruitful in effort of Crane's life. Our number was so small that no one among us capable of taking any part in public life was allowed to remain idle, and a man of Crane's activity and powers came to the front. He was not naturally a good speaker, but his Socialist lectures, illustrated as they usually were by blackboard sketches, were always interesting from their personal note, the quaint and humorous turn of his mind. One lecture of his—I forget the official title—on the Bag Baron and the Crag Baron, was particularly delightful, and the picture of him standing at the Blackboard and drawing with both hands at once will always survive in the memory of those present. His cartoons, freely contributed to "Justice," "Commonweal," "Labor Leader," "Clarion," etc., were merely a part of the services of his pencil to the cause. He was always ready to contribute a de-

sign or an illustration to any publication which seemed to require it. In one of these cartoons, "The Triumph of Labor" (1891), Crane reached the highest level of his powers in design and execution.

The unrest among artists, of which something has been said, came to a head in the early 'Eighties, and divided into two main currents of discontent—dissatisfaction with the Academy as the representative of English art, and dissatisfaction with conditions which tended to make sound art impossible. The latter began to center round The Art Workers' Guild, founded in 1884, a body of art-workers with which Morris and Crane soon associated themselves. An attempt in 1886 to unite all sections of artists in an open exhibition failed, but it had the very important result of bringing about the formation of The Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, of which Crane was the first president, and to which he rendered invaluable service.

The machine industry of the nineteenth century had brought about a state of things in which the artistic element was necessarily eliminated from manufactured goods, even when a conscientious effort to obtain beauty in them was made. This had a double cause: the divorce of the designer from the craftsman and his material, so that he lost the inspiration which the accidents of the material affords, and evaded its restraints; and the divorce of the producer from the user, which freed him from another set of restraints no less important and useful. Morris's lifework in art was the restoration of these fundamental conditions, the subjection, even the elimination, of the machine element in decorative arts and crafts; and The Arts and

Crafts Exhibition Society took up his work on a wider scale when he had created a public for it, and carried it on with conspicuous success. Their exhibitions put designers and executants in the same position as other artists, and gave an opportunity of personal distinction for artistic work in design and craftsmanship. They have vindicated English art at home and abroad, and the success of the Retrospective Exhibition at Ghent two years ago, repeated at Paris last year, was a striking proof of the soundness of the principles by which it was animated.

Crane's direction of the arts and crafts movement, his constant insistence on the vulgarizing influence of the machine industry in any decorative work however well-intentioned, was perhaps the greatest public service of his life. As a writer and a poet his influence was confined to a limited circle, and his various tenures of office as the head of art schools in Manchester, Reading, and London had little lasting effect. The real value of his life-work lay in this—that being a man who could, and did, produce beautiful things, he was able to claim the attention of the world at large when he expounded the conditions under which great art could exist, that sound art is only possible in sound conditions of life for artist and public alike.

Endless

"Paw, what's the longest period of time?"

"From one pay-day to the next."



OUR OWN AFFAIRS



INTERNATIONAL GREETINGS

Switzerland, Feb. 7, 1916.

Dear "Yipsel" Comrades:

Heartiest fraternal greetings from the first session of the International Young Socialist Congress. Our conference is marked with enthusiasm and practical work, and marks a great step forward in international Y. P. S. L. affairs.

Wilh. Münzenberg,
International Secretary,
T. M. Schweide,
Eugene Olausen,
Ernst Christian.

Referendums have been sent out on the proposed amendment to the National Y. P. S. L. Constitution so as to provide for "Exempt Due Stamps." In order to have time they were sent direct to the Circle leagues and not to the State Secretaries. But all leagues in organized states should be sure to send in their tabulated returns to their State Secretaries, and not to the National Office. The State Secretaries will tabulate the vote of their entire state (by Circle leagues) and send it to the National Office not later than April 24th. This applies only to New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Indiana. All other leagues should send a tabulation of their vote to the National Office direct, and not later than April 24th. State Secretaries will do well to notify their leagues to this effect.

The route on the lecture course is just about made up, and the very few open dates left in certain localities are being offered to leagues and locals as their last chance to get in on the biggest undertaking ever attempted by the Y. P. S. L. If your league gets one of the offers, make sure that you accept. You don't know what you'll be cutting yourself out of if you don't.

Ballots on the National Y. P. S. L. Referendum "A—1916" are to be sent out within a few days. Owing to some delay in getting out the ballots the time limit is extended for ten days beyond that printed on the ballots.

Detroit, Mich., is holding a fine program of educational and social affairs. They are supporting the local in running the Goebel-Maley Course.

The regularly organized leagues of Chicago are to federate themselves

into a strong city movement, and big things may be looked for from them. Their first annual city convention is to take place on Sunday, March 12th. The Central West Side League is to act as host, and our most prominent speakers have been invited.

GENERAL NOTES

The Boy Business

Comrade Schaefer of Dillon, Mont., approves so highly of the plan to organize the boys of the land that he stands ready to pledge ten dollars a year or more to help the work just as soon as a committee of our educators get ready to take the matter in hand. There is no time to waste on this question, all suggestions and opinions on the matter should be sent to the Young People's Department, National Office.

Uncle Sam as Teacher

Few people realize that not only in the public schools but even in home courses of reading our government is preparing the way for better education among the workers. The Department of Education has issued special reading lists, and after examining the participants, grants certificates of proficiency. Literature is also issued on social games, preparation of food, care of children, and many other topics of general interest. Write to the Congressman of your district about it.

GOOD FICTION WANTED

Many Socialist parents are worrying themselves sick because their young hopefuls express a preference for reading of "Diamond Dick" rather than the third volume of Marx. There is nothing to be gained by scolding or nagging—the thing to do if fiction is demanded by the youngsters—is to substitute radical, worth-while fiction for the trash usually dished out as best sellers these days.

If you know of any good radical or Socialist fiction, make a list of it and send it to this department. If you have read through the books yourself and are familiar with the plot, make a short synopsis of it as follows:

The Jungle (Upton Sinclair), expose of Fackington conditions and powerful story of poor worker's life.

The Chasm (George Cram Cook), class of ideals between Russian aristocrat and American rebel, in their battle for heart of a girl.

Ragged-Trousered Philanthropist (Robt. Tressall), story of life of a skilled mechanic, a painter, and his rubbing against the system. A soul-story of the "Jimmie Higgins" of our movement.

So a great many more should be listed. Furthermore, they should be graded for young folks and old in accordance to their effects on people of different ages and stages of development.

The story is one of the best forms of education. There is not a speaker on the road to-day but who recognizes any, makes use of this fact continuously. Our fiction is far more interesting and absorbing than the mushy trash usually indulged in by the young. What we need now is an adequate list of our available material.

All teachers, students and readers are urged to make up such lists and send them in without delay.

START A CAMP

One of the most interesting and valuable activities of the foreign Young People's Socialist Leagues is the maintaining of little cottages and shelter houses for the use of their members on long hikes and journeys. These little cottages are generally built by the members, and are located high in the mountains or by the banks of a beautiful river. Their use is free to all members of the organization.

There are steps being taken by the Yipsels of this country to embark on the same sort of enterprises, and it seems to me that it would be one of the best things that could be undertaken.

The Norfolk, Va., Y. P. S. L. maintained a cottage on the James River all last summer, and it was a splendid success. One of the northern New Jersey Leagues had a base at Shady-side-on-the-Hudson, from whence many interesting land and water trips have been started.

Plans are being made to extend this service this year, and every league ought at least to look around for a chance to do something of this kind. In Chicago the Yipsels are thinking of establishing a permanent camp at Fox Lake, about fifty miles

from the city, while the Junior Y. P. S. L. will probably be taken care of in a tent city on the Desplains River.

It may not always be practical to take up a work of this kind, but where it is you will find it of great help in keeping your members together. You do not need to build a palace, a few little shacks or tents will do, or else the home of a Socialist may be put at your disposal. The object of the whole business is to promote comradeship, and the spirit of the affair should not be lost sight of in arranging the details. Plans should be made as early as possible, right now is the best time, else all available sites will be taken up. In no two leagues will the conditions be found the same—this letter is only a suggestion that you get busy and investigate the matter.

State conventions scheduled for the coming year: Indiana, at Lafayette, Sept. 2-4; New Jersey, at Elizabeth, May 14th; Pennsylvania, at Reading, April, 29-30; New York, at Buffalo, July 1-4.

Fred Krafft, lecturer, playwright, and author of national reputation is to lecture on "The Modern Drama and Modern Problems," illustrating his lecture with selection from our leading radical dramatists. This is held under the auspices of the Elizabeth, N. J., Yipsels.

General Notes

Circle 7, Philadelphia, reports 100 members, weekly meetings at their own headquarters, a library, study class, chorus and dramatic section.

Circle Paterson, N. J., is not at all bluffed by this showing. They have about the same number of members, a library of over 200 volumes, weekly meetings in the Party headquarters, and a lecture course on which some of the most prominent Socialist speakers in the East are taking part.

For Jewish Y. P. S. L.

The Jewish Y. P. S. L. of Pittsburgh appeals to all similar leagues to join it in considering the best means for attracting the Jewish-speaking young people into the ranks of the Y. P. S. L. All Jewish Leagues should join hands in this purpose, the idea being not to form a separate organization, but to work to attract the Jewish-speaking young people into the present Y. P. S. L. of the U. S. A. All those interested in the project should communicate with G. Finkelstein, 1902 Webster Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEW YORK STATE FEDERATION OF Y. P. S. L. AFFAIRS

The Y. P. S. L. is growing. Everything is coming along in fine shape. The whole State, with the exception of one or two leagues, is reporting progress. This bids fair to be a banner year for the Y. P. S. L. of this State. What are you doing to further advance our movement? Are you doing your share? If you are not, then get busy. There is always work in the Y. P. S. L. for those who want to do it.

Did your league get in on the first month of the membership contest? If not, why not? Be sure to get in for March. It is the month for securing new members. The league securing the largest percentage gets a pennant. Who is going to get it?

The B. of C. has arranged for something novel and original; something that hasn't been tried before, as far as we know. It is a report blank to be sent out every month to each league, which shows the standing of every individual league and the whole State. The first bunch is already out. Be sure to see it. It is probably on your bulletin board. You will notice that it is not complete. That is because all the leagues did not send in their report cards. We must have these cards to compile our figures. Without them we cannot do a thing. We are willing to do our share. Are you going to do yours? Let us have a little co-operation.

Here is some more good news. Although you have been members of the State Federation for some time you haven't as yet received your charter. We have had these handsomely engraved and they are by this time in the possession of every league. The date of entrance may not be just right, but it is as near as we could get to it. Be sure to have yours framed.

The Board of Control has the next convention in mind. So far Buffalo and Syracuse have applied to be considered as the Convention City. If you wish your town to be considered or have any comments on this let us have it before March 15th.

The Board of Control has sent out the following letter to all the locals in the State excepting those where leagues are already in existence: Local....., Socialist Party.

Dear Comrades: Is there a Young People's Socialist League in your town? If not, why not? Such leagues are in active existence everywhere—in this country and in Europe.

The National Office of the Socialist Party has recognized the value of the existing leagues and the necessity for

organizing them throughout the country by establishing a Young People's Department at the National Headquarters, with a director at its head.

We hope that you realize the necessity of interesting the young people into our movement for the good of the movement and themselves. Do you realize the immense practical help that an organization of young people can render your local during campaigns, meetings, entertainments, in distributing literature and the like?

There are at present leagues in twelve cities in this State. Some are composed of circles or branches, which are united in a State Federation, with headquarters at Rochester.

We can point with pride to the fact that every local in the State that has shown any active growth, such as Jamestown, Buffalo, Rochester, and New York, has had an active Y. P. S. L. with it.

We are at present conducting a campaign with the idea of forming a league in every town in the State, if possible, and would appreciate your help.

Our organization is too well known to need any more explanations. Our aim is to interest young people in Socialism, with the idea of having them eventually join the Socialist Party.

We will appreciate a speedy reply as to what you can do. This office is always ready to render any assistance or information, and would be more than glad to co-operate with you in the establishing of a lively Y. P. S. L. in your town.

Fraternally,

New York State Federation of
Young People's Socialist
Leagues.

So far we have received responses from Utica and Niagara Falls. The locals there are interested and we are working on them. Of course, we expect results.

Have you arranged for a date for the Kruse lecture tour? If you haven't, you should. Comrade Kruse is a good speaker and should prove an attraction for young people. Here is your chance to do some effective propaganda. Syracuse and Rochester have already secured dates.

Support our publications. Pay your dues. Remember the report cards. Co-operate with us, comrades. We will have an organization second to none.

State Board of Control,

Isidor Tishler,

State Secretary.

AROUND GREATER NEW YORK

Roused to action and a new and deeper sense of responsibility to the cause of the brotherhood of man by Comrade Kollontay's inspiring address, the members of the leagues of Greater New York made February a record month for educational and social work. The trend of the meeting was to rouse concerted action against preparedness and militarism.

Of these, the meeting addressed by Robert Minor and arranged by the Bronx League was perhaps the most effective and far-reaching. The crowded audience in the Bronx Opera House listened intently to the artist's experiences on the European battlefields and could not help but feel that such scenes should be avoided at all costs.

Many questions were put to the speaker and the effective answers he gave brought home to his hearers again and again that war and all its horrors was simply a necessary evil of Capitalism, resorted to by the capitalists to keep the workingmen in their traces. Minor was also asked what we would or should do when the Japanese come. He answered that if they came to work here, it would be our duty to help them, but if they came to be our bosses we would fight them as we fight all bosses everywhere. We had therefore best wait till they come. A delightful violin solo, rendered by Is. Katz, was heartily appreciated by everyone present.

Now the Bronx League is busily arranging for a debate on preparedness between one of the foremost militarists and James H. Maurer. The latter, a member of the Pennsylvania State Legislature, President of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor, and prospective presidential candidate of the Socialist Party, has given much of his time to the fight of the working-class against all kinds of industrial and military murder. His opponent, Hy. A. Wise Wood, represents that type of politician—known in all countries as the militarists—who would lead the people into a war for capitalistic expansion under the cloak of "preparedness." This event will take place Sunday afternoon, March 26, in McKinley Square Casino, 169 St. and Boston Rd.

Among the social events the celebration of the Keir Hardie Club, Circle No. 14, of Manhattan, was by common consent the largest. It was in every way successful. It is also rumored that the comrades of Circle No. 9, Kings, Bay Ridge, started a bank account and doubled their membership in consequence of the Pack-

age Party they had. In Ridgewood the Queens League had a Valentine Dance, and in Brownville the Socialist Assemblyman, Comrade A. I. Shiplacoff, addressed a large meeting.

All leagues have plans for new and greater things under way. One of the most important among these is the annual ball and reception of the Manhattan League April 1st, at Beethoven Hall, 210 East 5th Street. Keep the date open and warn your friends. All members selling more than twenty-five tickets will receive a book. Further information about prizes can be obtained from Sophie Gribbin. The arrangements committee meets every night at 220 East 14th Street.

Considering that February is the shortest month in the year, the Greater New York Y. P. S. L. has certainly made a record of activity.

Y. P. S. L. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The Syracuse Yipsels are very busy and interested in the State contest. They are after the first prize that is offered by State of Board of Control.

Our league is busy now, both in social and educational matters. They hold dances every Saturday night. The admission is free. We take up a collection. There is always enough to pay for the music and a little for the treasury. At these meetings we always have a speaker, who gives a half-hour speech.

The local gave us two good delegates for the coming year. They will be a great help to the league.

George Stier,

Organizer.

Two new leagues organized in Chicago, Ill., making a total of seven in the city. Agitation for a city convention is making headway, and a strong organization is soon to take its place in the front ranks of the Y. P. S. L.

Indianapolis is showing a splendid reawakening. Nine new members one week, five more the next, and still more coming. They meet in the new Party headquarters, and are at present organizing a baseball team that is to be called the Yipsel Reds."

"NATURFREUNDE" CLUB
Tourist Club for the Working People
Meeting every third Tuesday
of the month, Labor Temple
Announcements of Excursions in the
Volkszeitung every FRIDAY N. Y. Call

I Remember

In a year since departed,
On a wondrous day in spring,
I remember how I started
For the orchard's grapevine swing.
Toward the spot I toddled gladly,
Never dreaming to be blocked,
But the journey ended sadly,
For the orchard gate was locked.

Give the morning's promised pleasure!

Give the fragrance of the flowers!
Just as countless things we treasure,
Just as this mocking world of ours,
Every mortal in his faring.

Finds a barrier soon or late,
Like a puzzled baby staring,
At a barred and bolted gate.

—Bertha Pousman.

ARE SOCIALISTS PESSIMISTS?

Socialism is one of the most important functions of the Y. P. S. L. Without it the organization would be a failure. Socialism is the source of recreation; it brings a new life, a spirit of comradeship, hopes and inspirations.

Many people are of the opinion that all the Socialists do is talk continually about Socialism; that Socialists are asleep and are in general pessimistically inclined. Is this assumption true? No! Decidedly no. On the contrary, invite your non-Socialist friends, who are of the same opinion, to our lectures, debates, discussions and societies, and they will observe that the members of the Y. P. S. L. possess enthusiasm and vigor. They will find a spirit of optimism that seldom prevails elsewhere among young boys and girls.

These Yipsels, members of the Y. P. S. L., are encouraged by the fact that there is a movement that intends to put aside all obstacles to abolish wage-slavery, creates within them a fighting spirit.

With the naked facts of prevailing economics and social conditions confronting them, they hopefully strive for a cause that may, in some time to come, afford them and their descendants a happier life than they have now.

The sociables held in Circle 5 are for the purpose of promoting a fraternal feeling, the foundation of unity and strength. The members of the circle should go into them with vim, and disprove the assertion that Socialists are sleepy-heads, kickers, etc.

Israel Diamond.

Sources of Power

From the earliest times man has had heavier work to do than the strength of his body could bear or his patience endure. As the need for transportation arose, he tamed the horse and ox and spread a sail that the wind would drive his ship and save him the rowing. Later he built waterwheels and windmills to grind the grain for bread, his most essential article of food. Then, long after, near the end of the eighteenth century, there came a great demand for a driving power for new and far more extensive uses. The first spinning and weaving machines had been invented and others were following in rapid succession. It was then that James Watt perfected the steam engine, which not only filled the demand, but gave a new impulse to the further development of labor-saving devices.

From that time to the present the application of power to our needs has been going on so persistently that it has entirely changed our daily life. In view of the fact that this process is still continuing and that we are becoming more and more dependent upon the use of power, it may be interesting to take a look into the sources and means at our disposal. Nature has supplied us with but three forms with which we are as yet acquainted. They are coal, petroleum and other fuels, water power and wind power. As for the means of utilizing this energy, we have the steam engine, steam turbine and internal combustion engine to convert the energy stored in the natural fuels into work, waterwheels and water turbines to operate on water power, while windmills and sailing vessels still use the power of the wind direct.

The steam engine of James Watt has been the principle power device from the time of its invention, a century and a quarter ago to the present day, and that in practically its original form. The improvements that have been made in it to make it more efficient or to adapt it to other uses, such as the locomotive and steamboat, have been such as to leave the essential character of the machine unchanged. For example, the properties of steam with reference to temperature and pressure have been studied with a view to getting the most efficient method of operation. Also, notable progress has been made in designing boilers and furnaces so as to use the greatest possible part of the heat available in the fuel. Most everyone knows now that smoke issuing from a smokestack is a sign of inefficiency.

Complete burning of the coal and therefore means wastefulness, but in the case of large power plants, the tests applied are much finer, consisting of chemical analysis of the fuel used and the gases formed by combustion. One of the most grateful results of this work has been making possible the use of coal which formerly was not mined or was separated out as waste product on account of its poor character.

Waterpower has only begun to come into its own since the development of electricity. The power available in a stream depends upon two things: quantity of water flowing, in other words, size of the stream and height through which the water falls. Building a waterpower plant requires a high initial investment compared with a steam power plant of equal capacity. This explains in part why steam is still a live competitor of water power. It is proportionally smaller as the waterfall is higher and for this reason we find extensive waterpower development in mountainous regions such as Switzerland and our Rock Mountain States. Niagara Falls is an exceptionally fine source of energy because it is fairly high and the quantity of water flowing is immense. One of the most important problems now being worked out in this connection is to transmit electricity over great distances economically so as to make it available in places far removed from its source. The power of Niagara is now being used in places over a hundred miles away from the source and the range is constantly increasing.

The steam turbine is like a water wheel or water turbine, but as the name implies operates on steam. As the equipment for furnishing it with steam is the same as that used with the steam engine, most of what has been said above under the steam engine applies here. The turbine itself operates at extremely high speed only, and is therefore limited to two chief uses, with electric generators and propelling ships.

There remains but one other prime motor; namely, the internal combustion engine, so called because unlike the steam engine, the fuel is not burned in a furnace and the heat transmitted to steam as a working medium, but the fuel itself, in the form of a gas, is the working medium. The advantages of this type of engine are high efficiency and with the best kind of fuel, large power with small weight and small size. It is perhaps superfluous to say that this is the engine used in automobiles, small boats and aeroplanes, but on account of its great efficiency, there is a tendency to develop it for stationary power purposes.

While gasoline is the most suitable fuel, alcohol, coal gas, crude oil and other kinds may be used with slight modification of construction.

Aside from its special fitness for propelling small vehicles on land, in water and air, the internal combustion engine is destined to be of great importance in days to come for other reasons. The world's supply of coal and natural fuel oils is limited and will at some time approach exhaustion. The large demands for power will then probably be supplied by water power, but the internal combustion engine will still hold its present field, using alcohol for fuel. The reason that it is not used at present is because the only kind suitable for use in engines is classed by the government with liquors and there is such a high tax on its manufacture that the cost is prohibitive. As soon as it becomes imperative to abolish this revenue tax, alcohol will come into wide use and continue so indefinitely as it can be distilled from almost any vegetable matter and from many of the products of industry which now go to waste.

Young Socialists: You Will Be the Party of To-morrow
STUDY SOCIALISM BY MAIL
Twenty-two lessons on Social History and Economics, by Algernon Lee.

Twelve lessons on the Elements of Socialism, by Anna A. Maley.
For full particulars, address
Bertha M. Maily,
Ex. Sec. Rand School of Social Science
140 E. 19th St., N. Y. C.

Parents and children are invited to inspect the methods of the **Ferrer Modern Sunday School, Yorkville**, a school conducted on strictly Socialist principles. Look what we offer you:
Object Lessons (Anschauungsunterricht) rendered by four Socialist teachers. All objects concerning the life and struggle of the working class.

Singing of English and German songs with Socialist tendency.
Esperanto. Violin School. **Stenography.**

Kindergarten (Sundays only).
An excellent **German School.** Offers of eight different nationalities visit this department with the most brilliant results.

Fees are so minimal that every worker can afford to send his children to this school.
Registration, Sundays, between 9 A. M. and 1 P. M. Saturdays, from 2 to 4 P. M., at Sack's Union Hall, 1591 Second Ave., between 82nd and 83rd Sts. (Advt.)

Ich bin der Krieg

Von Anna Meyenberg.

Ich bin der Krieg! — Ich fliege Sie weiss den Weg zu jeder kleinsten Hütte,
durch die Lande,
Voll Gier und Hunger zehr' ich euer Gut . . .
Mit harter Faust greif' ich nach jedem Leben,
Und sauge dürstend jeden Tropfen Blut . . .
Ich bin der Krieg! — Ich keh' in Leid die Freude,
Des Glückes Becher schüt' ich jedem aus
Und geb' ihn leer zurück — dann ohne Mühe,
Mach' ich geschwind ein Tränenkrüglein draus.
Ich bin der Krieg! — Ich mach' aus Freien Knechte,
Die mir geduldig folgen in den Sumpf — —
Die auf Kommando ihre Brüder morden,
Bald zügellos gemein, bald tierisch stumpf.
Ich reiss' die Kraft, die beste, aus dem Volke,
Vom Knabenalter bis zum Greis hinan —
Aus den Fabriken, aus dem Schacht der Erde,
Hol' ich sie mir, verschone keinen Mann.
Die Schwachen und die Greise, Frau'n und Kinder,
Die überlass' ich meiner Schwester traüt —
Die gierig hängt an meines Mantels Falten,
Und auf den Krieg als ihren Helfer baut . . .

Sie weiss den Weg zu jeder kleinsten Hütte,
Hohlwangig schleicht sie hin — ihr folgt der Tod.
Die Milch muss in der Mutterbrust versiegen
Und Kinder jammern um ein Stückchen Brot.
Wo sie sich zeigt, da welken Rosenwangen,
Da stirbt das Hoffen schon beim Morgenrot —
Die dürren Hände greifen nach dem Herzen,
Und stieren Auges blickt euch an — die Not. —
So flieg' ich hin! Und wo mein Atem wehet,
Verbrennt, verdorrt, verblutet rings umher,
Was lebensfähig, was in Schönheit strahlte —
Was ihr erschuft in Jahren sorgenschwer. —
Ich bin die Geißel, die die Mächte schwingen
Sobald das Volk zur Freiheit will erstehn,
Und um so fester stehn des Thrones Stützen,
Je mehr der Freiheitskämpfer untergehn.
Greif aus, mein Rappe! Gut stehn unsere Felder,
Zerstampf — zertritt — und was nicht bricht, das biegt. —
Ich schwinde drüber hin des Brandes Fackel!
Weh, wer mir naht! Hophei! Ich bin der Krieg! — —

DER FALKE UND DIE SCHLANGE.

Von Maxim Gorki

Hoch hinauf in die Berge kroch die Schlange und legte sich dort, zum Knäuel gerollt und aufs Meer blickend, in einer Felsklüft nieder.

Hoch am Himmel glänzte die Sonne, und heisse Glut atmeten rings die Berge, und unten am Gestein brachen sich die Wogen.

Und durch die Felsklüft im Dunkel floss rauschend und hüpfend von Stein zu Stein ein Bach dem Meere entgegen.

Weiss war er ganz von Schaum, und rannte hurtig dahin zum Meer, mit zornigem Geheul den Berg durchschneidend.

Da plötzlich fiel in die Klüft, in der die Schlange geringelt lag, vom Himmel ein Falke mit zerschmetterter Brust, Blut am Gefieder.

Mit kurzem Aufschrei fiel er zu Boden und schlug in machtlosem Zorn seine Brust gegen den harten Felsen . . .

Die Schlange erschrak und kroch flink davon, begriff aber rasch, dass dem Vogel nur kurze Frist war gegeben.

Und näher kroch sie heran zum verwundeten Falken und zischte ihm grade ins Antlitz: „Sag — du stirbst wohl?“

„So ist's,“ sprach der Falke, „ich sterbe. Doch hab ich glücklich gelebt und tapfer gekämpft und den Himmel geschaut, den du nimmer wirst schauen.“

„Was ist mir der Himmel? Ein öder Raum! Was soll ich drin suchen, da hier mir so wohl und warm ist?“

So sprach zum freien Vogel die Schlange und verlacht' ihn im Herzen ob seiner schwärmenden Worte.

Und sie dachte bei sich: Ge-

krochen oder geflogen — das Ende ist doch gleich! Zur Erde kehrt alle, zurück, zum Staube.

Aber der kühne Falke begann mit den Fittichen plötzlich zu schlagen und richtete ein wenig sich auf und schaut, sich um in der Felsklüft.

Ueber das graue Gestein quoll das Wasser, und dumpf war's in dem dunklen Geklüft und roch nach Fäulnis.

Und Sehnsucht packte den Falken und Schmerz, und alle seine Kraft zusammenfassend, schrie er:

„O, könnt' ich noch einmal zum Himmel empor mich schwingen und in der Freude des Kampfes den Feind an die wunde Brust drücken, dass er in meinem Blut ersticke! . . .“

Die Schlange aber dachte bei sich: „Schön muss es wohl sein dort oben am Himmel, wenn er also danach sich sehnet.“

Und sie sprach zum freien Falken: „So heb' dich empor doch zum Rande der Klüft, und stürz' dich hinab dann!“

Vielleicht, dass deine Flügel von selbst dich tragen und du ein Weüchen noch glücklich kannst sein in deinem Reiche!“

Und ein Zittern befahl den Falken, und leis aufschreiend krallt er empor am schlüpfrigen Felsen.

Und er erreichte den Rand der Klüft, und blitzenden Auges, tief Atem schöpfend, spreizte er die Flügel aus, um niederzuschweben.

Doch wie ein Stein, von Fels zu Fels springend, stürzte er jählings den Abgrund hinunter — zerschmettert, zerzaust, mit gebrochenem Fittich . . .

Die Welle des Bachs griff ihn auf, wusch das Blut ihm ab, hüllte in Schaum ihn ein und trug ihn zum Meer.

Wehklagend schlugen die Wogen des Meeres ans Gestein; doch der Falke, der tote, war nimmer zu schauen . . .

Zwei Gräber.

In ein Massengrab, das eben geschlossen werden sollte, wurde ganz zuletzt noch ein schmales Särgelein gesenkt, und Leute, die der Arbeit zusahen, fragten: „Wer war das, der so wenig Platz beansprucht in der Mutter Erde?“

„Ja,“ antwortete ein Handlanger, „das war der Zeisi, Tagelöhner seines Zeichens, haben ihn aber nirgends behalten. Ist dann herumgezogen mit der Gitarre und hat in den Höfen der Häuser gesungen um ein Stück Brot, um ein Paar Stiefel, sehr oft umsonst.“

Wie der Mann so erzählte, trat eine verhüllte Gestalt heran, warf Blumen auf den Sarg und blickte lange wehmützig zu ihm nieder.

In ehrfurchtsvoller Scheu wichen die andern zurück; ein überirdisches Wesen erschien sie ihnen, niemand wagte sie anzureden. Sie selbst aber sprach: „Hier ward ein Poet begraben.“

* * *

Eine Stunde später kam, von einer unabsehbaren Menge begleitet, ein prachtvoller Leichenzug auf dem Friedhof an. Der kostbare Sarg, ganz bedeckt mit Lorbeerkränzen, barg einen berühmten Schriftsteller. Er wurde in die Gruft gesenkt, und der berühmteste Redner der Stadt weihete dem Dahingeshiedenen einen Nachruf voll dithyrambischem Schwung.

Plötzlich hielt er inne . . . Er hatte die Herrliche erblickt, die noch immer an der Ruhestätte des Armen stand.

„Gebt Raum,“ rief er ins Gedränge. „Die hohe Göttin, deren Gunst unseren grossen Toten beglückte, nah! heran, mit uns um

ihn zu trauern. Gebt Raum der hohen Göttin!“

Die Anwesende gehorchten, und sofort öffnete sich für die nächste, die edelste Leidtragende ein Weg zur Gruft.

Sie betrat ihn nicht — sie schüttelte das Haupt; über ihr schimmerndes Antlitz flog ein Lächeln heimlicher Verachtung, und sie sprach: „Der Tote war mir fremd; ihr habt einen Tagelöhner begraben.“

M. Ebner-Eschenbach.

“Mary,” said the sick man to his wife, when the doctor had pronounced it a case of smallpox, “if any of my creditors call, tell them that I am at last in a position to give them something.”

Die im freiheitlichen Sinne geleiteten

Vereinigten Freien Deutschen Schulen
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