

NEWS ITEMS FROM ALL PARTS

DEBS INDICTED ON TREASON CHARGE.

Candidate on Four Occasions of U.S. Socialists for President to Stand Trial.

(Canadian Press Despatch.)
Cleveland, Sept. 8.—Eugene V. Debs, four times candidate for President of the United States on the Socialist ticket, will go on trial in Federal Court here to-morrow morning charged with violation of the Espionage Act.

Debs was secretly indicted by the Federal Grand Jury on June 29 on an indictment of ten counts, and was arrested here June 30 as he was about to address a meeting of called Socialists. The charge against him is based on a speech delivered at the State convention of the Ohio Socialist Party at Canton, Ohio, June 16.

In the Canton speech Debs is alleged to have declared the purpose of the allies in the war to be the same as that of the Central powers; he urged his hearers to know that "they were fit for something better than cannon fodder;" he declared himself as guilty as Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes, who was recently found guilty of violation of the Espionage Act; he praised the Bolsheviki and the I.W.W., and counselled his hearers not to worry over the charge of "treason to their masters."

If found guilty Debs faces a sentence of twenty years' imprisonment and a \$10,000 fine on each count.

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON ON MOB LAW.

"I have been much distressed, my fellow citizens, by some of the things that have happened recently. The mob spirit is displaying itself here and there in this country. I have sympathy with what some men are saying, but I have no sympathy with the men who take their punishment into their own hands; and I want to say to every man who does join such a Mob that I do not recognize him as worthy of the free institutions of the United States."

A man who takes the law into his own hands is not the right man to cooperate in any form of development of law and institution. And some of the processes by which the struggle between capital and labor is carried on are processes that come very near to taking the law into your own hands."

WAS KING CARSON THERE?

Mr. Dillon, M.P., asserts it to be a fact that Herr von Kuhlman was in Ulster on a secret visit in June, 1914 (*Hansard*, 29/7/18). Was it in connection with the supply of Krupp rifles to "King" Carson?

We have heard nothing for a long time about the secret meeting of financiers in Switzerland. Now we find this in the *British Columbia Federationist* for 5th July:—

"The Stockholm Conference had been prevented; but little mention had been made of the international conference which met at Berne, Switzerland, where, according to a letter to Kerensky from the Russian representative at Berne, the 'certain participants were: Jacques Stern (from the Netherlands

Bank, Paris) Tuchman (from the Paris branch of the Lloyd Bank), Furstenburg (director of the German Discount Gesellschaft, also a director of the "Deutsche Bank," and a director of the Austrian "Austro Bank"). Although the English denied that they participated in the consultations, however, on the 2nd September (1917) Head-director Bell, of the Lloyd Bank arrived here from London under the pretext of establishing a branch in Switzerland." This despatch has been reprinted among others by the *New York Evening Post*."

A RECOGNIZED WRONG.

"According to Washington advices, the federal authorities responsible for war preparations in the industries are about to adopt new methods in dealing with "industrial unrest." The policy of charging all strikes against I.W.W. agitators is seen to be wrong, and there is to be a recognition of the fact that the real, underlying cause of the unrest is the failure of wages to keep pace with the rising cost of living."

Seattle Starr, Nov. 15.

Governor Ernest Lister denies the "German Gold" Tales:

"It too often seemed that there must have been some such force at work behind some of the trouble—not all, mind you. But I must confess that on investigation I have never been able to find an appreciable trace of such a force."—From an address delivered in San Francisco on November 12.

ENGLISH SCHOOL TEACHERS Demand Higher Wages.

Things are moving rapidly in the old land, sections of the working class that have hitherto been looked upon as conservative have shown a splendid lead in demanding better conditions, the latest of these is the Women Teachers National Federation, they have made a demand for equal pay with men teachers and intend to back it up by a strike in the event of their demand being turned down, a huge demonstration was held in Trafalgar Square in which 3000 teachers participated.

SOLDIERS WIVES BREAK UP CONCIL MEETING IN DUNDEE-SCOTLAND.

Five thousand soldiers wives took part in a huge demonstration in Dundee, demanding higher separation allowances. They charged over the parapet into the Holy of Holies "The Council Chamber" and completely took the enemy by surprise. The poor petition was spurned by the Bourgeois element of the council and the meeting had to be adjourned without the usual ceremony. The workers councils in the city are taking up the fight on behalf of the veterans wives, and another much larger demonstration is being organized.

A mass meeting of discharged soldiers and sailors was held on Glasgow green on Sunday August 4th. The procession was headed by a soldier on horseback carrying an emblazoned demand for "Justice".

It is somewhat ironical to demand justice after fighting to defend De-

mocracy. There were 25,000 people at the meeting, the speakers being mainly Socialists, and resolutions demanding the release of John McLean and the restoration of the labor press (which was closed some time ago by order of the authorities) were passed.

London Bobbies Get Increase.

The strike of policemen in London, England which involved the whole of the constabulary force approximating 22,000 has been decided in favor of the men, all their demands being granted.

The capitalist buys the labor power of the worker at the market price, and in doing so gives as little as possible for it and gets all that he can out of it.

The worker sells his labor power to the capitalist at the market price, and in doing so gets all that he can for it and does as little as possible. Hence the inevitable and continual class struggle.

RED RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 6)

some of them even spoke with them, heard them laugh, joke, before the unseen whining shell fell out of the sky and tore them to bloody pieces. They realize well that perhaps next time it will be their turn.

To the quiet deepness of the pastor's voice and muffled sobbing everywhere, the coffins are lowered down, and thud, thud, drops the heavy wet earth, with a sound like cannon far away. The chairman of the Iskols-treel is making a revolutionary speech over the graves. The band plays, and a quavering hymn goes up. Nine times the rifles of the firing squad crash on the still air.

Overhead is the venomous buzz of an aeroplane. From the woods comes a faint roar of applause. Here death there life. And as we slowly disperse comes a committee to get the band, excited and eager. In the park they are still speaking, and the temporary chairman asks, "Is there anyone here who wants to say anything against the bolsheviks?" Silence. There appears to be no one. "The band will be here in a minute" — a great shout — "and then we'll make a demonstration through the town."

ONE PEOPLE—FOR A MOMENT.

And now the band is coming down through the trees, still playing the death march. On the flat place near the pool it forms, strikes up suddenly the Marseillaise. All the dun-colored thousands are singing now, a thunderous great chorus that shakes the trees. The banners are coming together in front. The chairman waves his white flag. We start—at first slowly, feet rustling over the fallen leaves, then gathering volume, pouring swifter and swifter up through the trees, a wild flood roaring up, unstoppable. The band tries to play — there are snatches and rags of music, confused singinging.

Everybody is exalted; faces are a light — arm and arm we go — It is like what the first days of the Revolution must have been. It is the Revolution born again, as it is without ceasing, born again, braver, wiser after much suffering. Through all the streets and alleys of the town we rush impetuous, and the town is one people again for the moment, as Rus-

sia will again be one people — for a moment.

But only for a moment. It is Monday, and the Little Soviet is in closed session. When the doors are closed, lights are thrown into the faces of the crowds and outsiders expelled, protesting. One by one the delegates add to the gloomy picture of disaster. The scouts are in open revolt because their bread allowance has been cut; in another regiment the officers insist on carrying the full amount of their baggage, and had to leave the field telephones behind; in another part of the front the men refuse to build winter quarters, saying it is easier to seize the peasants' houses; the Soviet of the Fifth Division has passed a resolution favoring peace at any cost; here the soldiers have become apathetic, and even indifferent to politics; there they say, "Why should we defend the country? The country has forgotten us."

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As we sat on the platform waiting to figure on Wlsiaetao taoinunnnunu for the Petrograd train, it occurred to Williams that we might as well give away our superfluous cigarettes. Accordingly he sat down on a trunk and held out a big box, making generous sounds. There must have been several hundred soldiers around. A few came hesitantly and helped themselves, but the rest held aloof, and soon Williams sat alone in the midst of an overwidening circle. The soldiers were gathered in groups talking in low tones.

Suddenly he saw coming toward him a committee of three privates, carrying rifles with fixed bayonets, and looking dangerous. "Who are you?" the leader asked. "Why are you giving away cigarettes? Are you a German spy, trying to bribe the Russian revolutionary army?"

All over the platform the crowd followed, slowly packing itself around Williams and the committee, muttering angrily — ready to tear him to pieces.

We were packed into the train too tight to move. In compartments meant for six people twelve were jammed, and there was such a crowd in the aisles that no one could pass. On the roof of the car a hundred soldiers stamped their feet and sang skill songs in the freezing night air. Inside all the windows were shut, everybody smoked, there was universal conversation.

MEANWHILE LIFE GOES ON AS USUAL.

At Valk some gay Red Cross nurses and young officers climbed in at the windows, with candy, bottles of vodka, cheese, sausages, and all the materials for a feast. By some miracle they wedged themselves among us and began to make merry. They grew amorous, kissing and fondling each other. In our compartment two couples fell to embracing, half lying upon the seats. Somebody pulled the black shade over the lights; another shut the door. It was a debauch, with the rest of us looking on.

In the upper berth lay a young captain, coughing incessantly and terribly. Every little while he lifted his wasted face and spat blood into a handkerchief. And over and over he cried "The Russians are animals." Above the roaring of the train, coughing, bacchic cries, quarrels, all through the night one could hear the feet of ragged soldiers pounding on the roof, rhythmically, and their nasal singing.