

ITEMS OF NEWS FROM ALL PARTS

STRATFORD ELECTS SOCIALIST ALDERMAN.

Stratford, Jan. 11, 1918.

Dear Comrade:

I have a little progress that I am delighted to report. I hope you will find a small space in Canadian Forward that you may give a little publicity to our local's success in electing Comrade Newman to our City Council, polling 761 votes. He stood as a straight Socialist, which was given much front page prominence in the local press, but the very opposite to their expectations took place.

We also nominated Comrade Skidmore for school trustee, but another worker was unfortunately brought out against him through some misunderstanding, consequently our comrade suffered defeat. We shall still be here I hope to again contest our right to have some direct dealings with the education of our youth.

Should be glad to know if there is any chance of comrade Bainbridge being freed from durance vile. I wrote to the Unionist M.P. asking him to bring this case up when the House meets, but I have not much faith in this individual doing much for a Socialist after the intellectual mauling he got at our debate here during the election campaign. However, we can only try.

Closing, I am yours in the cause of Revolutionary Socialism.

W. Cole, Secretary.

Vanguard, Jan. 10, 1918.

Dear Comrade Mance:

Comrade Stirling arrived on the 5th and we had two very successful meetings to start him out with. The weather has turned fearfully cold again which will hinder him to some extent.

Stirling is a good speaker, and I know he will make a success if the weather permits the people to get out to hear him. I had a fine visit with him and enjoyed it very much.

Give Comrade Bainbridge the kindest regards of the comrades out here. We hope you will be successful in securing his release, as we need him in the work.

Since writing this letter I have had a charge of sedition brought against me and must go to Regina for trial on the 15th, to-morrow. I wired you the day I was arrested on Jan. 12th. I know this charge is false and do not believe the authorities will be able to prove it, although they have affidavits that I have done and uttered seditious things. Our organization here is weak but we will put up a fight anyhow, and hope the D.E.C. will lend what assistance they can.

Yours in the fight,

F. G. Wetzel.

P.S.—I was informed to-night that the case against me for sedition will be dropped with orders to discontinue my activity along Socialist lines.

BAINBRIDGE DEFENCE FUND.

Previously acknowledged . . .	\$583.90
John Robb	1.00
E. A. Rydberg	2.00
John Black	1.00
Andrew Larson	1.00
Jas. Beck	1.00
John Larson	1.00
Thos. McNarde	1.00
Torsington	1.00
Martin Larson	1.00
Russian Progressive Library	3.00
T. Robbey	1.00
J. Marks	1.00
Jas. Simpson	5.00
Total	\$608.90

Make all cheques payable to H. Perkins, 363 Spadina Ave.

THE FUTILITY OF WAR.

Mr. Philip Gibbs, whose splendid dispatches record the doings of our men during the recent attacks, has sent home the following account of a talk he had with a German Medical Officer. We wish it were possible to make those who are responsible for the continuation of the war realize what folly it all is, and what folly it appears to the men actually engaged in it. As far as we can gather, men are killing one another, not because they hate one another, but because their rulers are unable to agree. Surely the peoples of the world will soon wake up and put an end to the killing which every-thing, and for the payment of the body agrees will only leave Europe impoverished and ruined:

It was here that I had a talk with the German medical officer whom I had seen walking down between two guards close to Fricourt. After describing his own experiences during the bombardment this morning he laughed in a sad way.

"This war!" he said. "We go killing each other to no purpose. Europe is being bled to death, and will be impoverished for long years. It is a war against religion, and against civilization, and I see no end to it. Germany is strong and England is strong and France is strong. It is impossible for one side to crush the other, so when is the end to come?"

Because of his services to our own men he was given special privileges and an English soldier had brought down all his personal belongings.

New York, Jan. 13, 1917.

Editor Forward:

By the time you receive this I will be on my way west. There are fewer people on Broadway this morning than you would find on Hastings street at the same time; and yet, day and night, the low, rakish cars peculiar to this thoroughfare go grinding by every few seconds. The fact is that the mercury records a temperature below zero this morning, and even with the prevailing shortage of coal it is more comfortable inside than on the streets.

I started on my habitual walk an hour ago but after going as far as Fifth Avenue I decide that in such an atmosphere discretion was the better part of valor, and beat a hasty retreat to the old Marlborough House from where I am now writing.

Old King Coal is causing considerable trouble here. Several hundred thousand school children of Greater New York are forced to shiver at home instead of attend school, and the worst of all, it is reported that many industries must close down if these conditions continue; while it is said that one thousand apartment houses are without fuel. So much for the blessings of corporation control of coal mines and other public necessities. Even State Capitalism might be an improvement on what we now have and certainly could be no worse.

We are hearing now considerably regarding the conservation of labor, but what strikes me forcibly is the vast amount of man power wasting its time and efforts. Every hotel contains dozens of colored gentlemen and dark-eyed foreigners—the conquering races of America—and all with their hands out for tips. Yet to eliminate this class and the thousands who do nothing essential would involve the disruption of our precious social system. True, many might be forced to fight for freedom and democracy, and probably will be, but war, after all, is only incidental and no solution to the labor problem. Besides, warriors consume or destroy even more wealth than drones and lackeys do. One only

has to visit these great cities to realize the immensity of modern industry and especially the anarchy in production and even more anarchy in distribution which prevails under the competitive system. While hundreds of thousands of people in these cities are always hungry and miserable, we see here a vast labyrinth of stores and warehouses, whole blocks and streets filled with costly luxuries, wonderful tapestries, silks and jewels, works of art, comforts and luxuries—the products of labor of all lands; the toys of the parasitic class, uniforms and accoutrements that stand for death and destruction. And then we think how great is the power of Modern Labor and how rapidly slums and sweat-shops, hunger and rags, poverty and wretchedness would vanish from the world if only Labor and social forces were applied under Industrial Democracy and if production for use were to replace production for profit for that class which is master because of its ownership! This is the great dream of the Russian Bolshevik, and dreams which nations dream come true! But to the world's rulers the seizing of land and appropriation of banks and industries for the people is a hideous night-mare, for the habit might become international! Revolutions do not regard national boundaries, and if private property should surrender to the instincts of the common people to rule, what would become of the world's rulers?—a terrible question, is it not?

Saving Food For Our Fighters.

In the homes, hotels and clubs of the well-to-do people there are no symptoms of sacrifice or economy for our fight for freedom. I just finished a late breakfast and all around me men and women were enjoying the fat and juicy things of this great land. With a gentle tip for the curly-haired boy who poured and sugared my coffee, my breakfast cost nearly a dollar, and although it was sufficient for me, yet half the same sum would have commanded as much in Vancouver. If you think that eats and skilled labor are high-priced in B.C., just take a trip down here and you will know what the high cost of living really is, yet the average workers get little more than they did before the war!

The Philadelphia Bulletin of a few days ago gave the official figures showing that the cost of living has increased 88½ per cent. during the last three years. The problem, as I see it, is: How do the common people live at all? In these cities the wages of the average working girls is said to be Seven Dollars per week, and yet our chief priests and our hypocrites in general are constantly casting stones at these victims of the economic system which they support, and the representatives of capitalistic Christianity are forever wondering why the working classes don't go to church. It is safe to say that while I am writing here, tens of thousands of men, women and children are in this city shivering with cold and suffering from want of food and clothing. And this is the richest city of the world!

I sometimes eat at Child's Cafe, a sort of white lunch plus white-clad girls to serve you. In Child's, food conservation and patriotism are worked to the limit. "Eat less and win the War" is Child's slogan, everywhere displayed with Old Glory on top. It is a fact that in any of Child's institutions food conservation is a stern reality and the thousands who eat there must be underfed. I don't know if the mentality of the shop girls and the class which patronize Child's is capable of understanding the great economic question which involves them so vitally, but if so they should soon be forced to consider this problem. Twenty cents will go as far in the average cafe in Vancouver as

twice that amount would in New York at present.

Yesterday I ordered some bread and butter, and two tiny slices were brought in. I inquired if this was a sample. "No, this is the order," replied the waitress apologetically, "you know, our Allies must be fed, and Mr. Child is a great patriot." "He seems to be making us do the paying," I suggested. I then inquired if any butter went with the bread. "There is your butter," said she, pointing to a miniature platter near the bread. "Oh, I see it now, but Mr. Child should provide his guests with magnifying glasses," I said, "things would appear a little larger." She thanked me for the suggestion and agreed to transmit it to Mr. Child, as he was so anxious to serve food for our fighters for freedom. So then hurried to serve another guest with a banquet of pancakes and corn syrup, while I adjusted my high-power glasses in order to manipulate the precious butter everything is in proportion with Child's. In New York the sugar comes in the shape of a cube. In Philadelphia it is dispensed in a tiny envelope in a quantity of an average seidlitz powder. When I reached that critical stage where I was called upon to dump the sugar into my coffee without losing it, I remembered how the atrocious Germans are ever letting our deaths and destruction, and for the time I envied the Christian Scientist who fears no evil, who theoretically sees no difference between prussic acid, rough-on-rats, typhoid Germans or sugar—and I wished the war was over.

The Third International.

The plutocratic press makes one dizzy trying to follow its contortions. It is now half supporting Trotzky, but only because it cannot help it. Never before were these Eastern cities so seething with revolt against poverty, plutocracy and hypocrisy, and this revolt is assuming intellectual proportions which means trouble for property rights if it continues. Yesterday's "Call," the Socialist daily, had a whole page devoted to meeting and various activities of the Socialist Party in Greater New York and the circulation of the "Call" is increasing in leaps and bounds, while the Jewish "Forward" goes over one hundred thousand copies a day. The Socialists of New York elected five aldermen at the late contest, and Morris Hilquit polled nearly 150,000 votes and snowed under the Republican candidate, who was doubtless helped to defeat through the efforts of "Teddy the Terrible." And yet Hilquit ran on an anti-war and revolutionary platform.

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PARTY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Dominion executive committee meets on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of the month at 363 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, secretary, I. Bainbridge.

The Ontario provincial executive committee meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursdays of the month at 363 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, secretary, I. Bainbridge.

Local No. 71, Toronto—Meets at 165 Van Horne street, every Sunday, at 2.30 p.m. A hearty invitation is extended to all friends and sympathizers. J. CUNNINGHAM, 12 Boustead Ave., Secretary.

Saskatchewan Provincial Executive Committee—Meets on the 1st and 3rd Sunday of each month. All comrades desiring to join party or organize Locals are requested to write, F. G. Wetzel, Box 151, Vanguard, Sask.

Locals and Executive Bodies may have their Ads. in the Directory for the sum of \$3.00 per year.