

DIRECT ACTION



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ONE PENNY.

THE HOBO

Laura Payne Emerson.

The sun hung low o'er the moon
 faint,
 Tasting each rugged crest,
 And tugging in golden glory,
 The bending skies of the West;
 When, dark like a speck on the land
 scape,
 With his blankets across his back,
 Came a worn and weary hobo
 Down the dusty railroad track.

By the curve of the road at night-
 fall,
 Where the stars above gimmered
 faintly,
 Through a curtain of leaves and
 grasses,
 He laid him down to sleep;
 And he thought as the song of the
 night bird
 Scooted his tired and troubled
 mind;
 There was room in the world, and
 plenty
 For all except me and my kind.

He slept, and lived in dreamland,
 Where love spread her splendid
 wings,
 And bore him from old surroundings
 To a better scheme of things.
 He awoke in a cosy cottage,
 With flowers blooming round the
 door,
 Where all was wealth and gladness—
 There were no tramps, no poor.

A sweetheart lay beside him
 Made him of all men blest,
 While the wee early bird of then
 chattering
 Nestled close on his manly breast;
 And there were great things to be
 done,
 The best that was in him he gave
 To a world with no soldiers, no
 slackies,
 No prison, no master or slave.

O woe! to a world whose workers
 Are cast like chaff to the wind—
 Whom the lords cannot use with
 profit,
 Must go seeking, but cannot find
 O, cursed be the system forever!
 That robs human life of a home,
 And sends young and old to the
 highway
 In quest of a living to roam.

O brother, out there by the road-
 side,
 O sater, outcast, in despair,
 I am not fooled by false standards—
 I know very well why you're there
 Twist the mill stones of life if they
 have ground you
 Bewild the juggernaut, fainting,
 you lie;
 Your blood treads the earth to crim-
 son,
 They are leaving you there to die.

But why will you die, ye tellers?
 You have the power, and the
 might
 To wrest from the ravens who hold
 them,
 Your bread, your freedom, your
 rights,
 O woe! to your infinite numbers,
 Unite on the sea and the land:
 Let tyrants and the police for mercy
 take
 The rats of the world in your
 hand.

THE AFTERMATH.

- - WAR - -

and the Workers

(With apologies to Walker C. Smith.)



"Good Times"

One of the many arguments at times put forward by Hard Labor Party supporters is that since their election to Parliament, they have improved working class conditions so much that there is no further need for the working class voters who put them there to worry. They will see that they are catered for well.

This sounds very nice, but on a closer examination of the conditions which they claim to have improved, you will find that these statements from beginning to end are very much exaggerated.

These same individuals are never tired of referring to the "good old times" in N.S.W., when men were harder worked and wages were lower.

Now let us have a look—how things stand with us to-day in these "good times."

Under the rule of a Labour Government there are many men employed at railway construction work in the Commissioners Permanent Way Department, and these men receive Justice Heydon's living wage, the magnificent eight shillings a day. The hours of labour, counting travelling time to and from Sydney, generally averages twelve hours, or in other words, during winter, from sunrise to sunset. They are under the watchful eyes of one of those neurotics, a gang-

er, and pity help the unfortunate worker who fails to follow the break-neck speed set by the boss's clock-pittles. Then he gets chucked off the job. Why? Because of the damnable stupidity of his fellow men, and their dread of unemployment, backed up by their disorganised state on the industrial field.

Surely then, working men are no better off in these "good times" when they are compelled to work themselves to a standstill, under the lash of a labor government than they were in days of old under conservative rule. I cannot imagine anything more brutal, treacherous and devilish than the Hard Labor Party's treatment of the workers of Australia in times of stress.

Take a few samples of their goods and examine them carefully. What do you see? Working men fired for striking, and for speaking to their fellows on industrial matters; scabs protected and encouraged, and strikers' wages garnished.

By the deeds of men we shall know them."

"Good times" will never come the workers' way until they are prepared to organise themselves on sounder lines than they are to-day. Why should we workers of Australia waste so much time sending rotten proposals to Parliament (a Parliament run by capitalists) to try and legalise better conditions for us when we have the might upon the industrial field.

Study the method by which the Industrial Workers of the World propose to organise the workers in their respective departments, then

study our tactics and after that, I am sure that you will come to the conclusion like thousands of your class have to-day, that Parliaments do not exist for your benefit but for your employers.

Industrial Unionism is the only logical proposition before the workers to-day and the one most feared by the boss. No employer, or purchaser of labor-power likes to see his employees in an organisation which declares emphatically that the working class and the employing class have nothing in common."

C. VINCENT.

Locals, Please Note!

Reports from locals should be as short and concise as possible, and should deal only with the actual activities of the local concerned. Matters dealing with economics, the principles and aims of the I.W.W., and current events in the labor world, etc., should be dealt with in separate articles, when, if they are considered up to publication standard, they will be published. If not, they won't be, grows at the Editor notwithstanding.

Neither should the feature of such reports be a "boost" for any particular unionist, no matter how worthy. Our space can be utilised for matters of more importance to the workers.

YOUNG MAN: When you are asked to enlist to go to the front to be used as food for cannon, be sure that you look before you leap.

Remember: The South African War, with its vile and unpardonable record of Embalmed Beef, Sleep Uniforms, Bum-fitting Boots, Leaky Tents, Lousy Skins, and a Louser Officialdom; Dangerous Guns, Insufficient and Indefinite Food, Malaria and Enteric Fever.

Remember: That the J.-s., Barabos, Robbisons, Rhodesses and their ilk, got the gold and diamond mines, and that the workers got miners' pthisis, enteric fever, and bullets last July at Johannesburg.

Remember: That the officers were well fed, while the rank and file were starving on a mouldy, hard-baked biscuit a day.

Remember: That those arrogant and overbearing officers were commissioned because they hadn't energy to work; brains enough to beg; or courage enough to steal.

Remember: That the Australian Workers had no quarrel with the Boers, neither have they with the German Workers.

Remember: That the acquisition of the South African Republics never raised your wages, shortened your hours, or otherwise bettered your conditions.

Remember: The pensions that the men didn't get.

Remember: Those who were maimed, mutilated and disfigured for life.

Remember: The boys that never came back.

Think of the Widows. Think of the Orphans. Think of yourself.

LET THOSE WHO OWN AUSTRALIA DO THE FIGHTING.

Put the wealthiest in the front ranks; the middle class next; follow these with politicians, lawyers, spy pilots and judges. Answer the declaration of war with the call for a GENERAL STRIKE. Make the slogan "Rebellion sooner than War." Don't make yourself a target in order to fatten the Horderns, Rockefeller, Carnegies, Rothschilds, Krupps, Vickers Maxims, Armstrongs and other industrial parasites.

Don't be fooled by jingoism: The workers have no quarrel with Austria, Germany or Japan. The workers in those countries are as ruthlessly robbed and exploited as the workers of Australia. All European and American heads are large investors in armament firms, and the Steel Trust. Therefore they want to create a demand for steel, guns and munitions.

The International Hierarchy of Capitalism have created war in order to unload their surplus stock of shoddy goods upon the various governments; to create financial panics, in order to compel the small investors and capitalists to relinquish their investments at an enormous loss; to strengthen their own position, and to consolidate the SURPLUS OF UNEMPLOYED WORKERS WHO ARE THREATENING TO OVERTHROW THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM.

General Sherman said "WAR IS HELL."

DON'T go to Hell in order to give practical, platitudinal parasites a bigger slice of Heaven.

WE'RES OF THE WORLD, ENITE! DON'T BECOME JOINED MURDERERS! DON'T JOIN THE ARMY OR NAVY!

TOM BARBER

A BEATITUDE

Blessed are the poor in pocket, for they shall be practised upon by physicians, aided by surgeons, patronized by patriotic philanthropists, protected by politicians, rescued by red Merks, shown by lawyers, wept and we become, excluded by men, starving, with what will be left of our economic and social life, our cities and by outside "Life" steaming, &

Direct Action



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Black Coated Vultures Howl for Blood.

Members of the I.W.W. and readers of "Direct Action," will regret to learn that the organisation has met with a disaster in its propaganda.

The trouble began on Sunday, 9th inst., when the Sydney Domain was tainted and the atmosphere polluted by the presence of "reverend gentlemen" of various denominations, who gathered in the Domain to give expression to their "Christian-like" opinions on war.

The event, of course, means that there is a danger of its being impossible for peace-loving humans of the I.W.W. type to continue their propaganda in the vicinity of our volcanic Christian brethren, on account of the stench they create.

However, to be more explicit, the churches of Sydney, doubtless instigated by our patriotic government, organised what was intended to be a counter-blast to the anti-war demonstration advertised by the I.W.W.

These ardent followers of the "Prince of Peace" assembled in all their regalia. Some of them wore costumes that would chide even Chidley. The Dean of Sydney brought with him what appeared to be his wife's night gown, and wore it with-out a blush. He reddened to an alarming extent, however, when he caught sight of the I.W.W. banner, meekly enquiring about "War-What For!" "War what For?" he thundered in truly Christ-like tones. "If a shell were to drop in their midst, they would know what for." If his master, Christ, did not at that moment perform a miracle and drop a German shell into the I.W.W. audience, it was certainly not because of any lack of fervency in the Dean's Christian desire.

"Oh, Christ, what crimes are committed in Thy name."

The reverend Dean's outburst, however, was natural under the circumstances. Notwithstanding the fact that these followers of the "peace-loving Jesus" got the Salvation Army band to head them through the Domain to the strains of the Marseillaise (oh! shades of the French Revolution!) in an endeavour to stampede the I.W.W. meet-

The I. W. W. and the W. E. A.

Professor Atkinson Angry.

In our issue of July 15, appeared an article in criticism of a lecture delivered by Mr. Atkinson, Director of the W.E.A. tutorial classes, at the Trades' Hall, on "Industrial Unrest." Mr. Atkinson wrote to the writer of the article objecting to the criticism and to the "garbled report" of his lecture, which appeared in the daily press, and further requesting to be heard personally before the I.W.W.

In deference to Mr. Atkinson's expressed desire we did not publish his letter, deferring further comment until an opportunity occurred of hearing his opinions first hand. Arrangements were made with the result that on Sunday evening, 9th inst., Mr. Atkinson lectured to a packed audience in the I.W.W. hall.

The lecturer began by taking objection to the method of argument pursued by the writer of the article, and said that he (the writer) would probably be the first to grumble at being misrepresented by the capitalist press.

To what extent the criticism levelled at Mr. Atkinson's economics was unfair or where the report of his lecture in the press was untrue, he did not, however, state. Instead, Mr. Atkinson conveniently dodged answering the criticism levelled at him by the usual stereotyped objection of taking sentences from their context, etc., and then plunged into an elaborate defence of the Workers' Educational Association.

As the I.W.W. members of the audience, at all events, were expecting Mr. Atkinson to have something to say upon what his solution of the "social problem" really amounted to, there was considerable disappointment at the conclusion of his remarks, and more than a suspicion that the "garbled report," and the construction put upon it by "Direct Action," were not quite as "unfair" and "dishonest" as Mr. Atkinson would have us believe.

However, his defence of the W.E.A. contained nothing new to readers of this paper. It was an unbiased organisation, unsectarian, not a propaganda body, but purely educational, democratic in its construction, even to the extent of allowing students to choose their own subjects of study and their own text books, and aimed solely at bringing University teaching within the reach of those who would otherwise be debarr'd from its benefits.

This, in essence, is Mr. Atkinson's case for the W.E.A., and, as already stated, it does not differ from what we have heard before on the subject.

The Workers' Educational Association is so unbiased, in fact, that the Director of its tutorial classes appeared before that patriotic body, the British Empire League, at its last annual meeting, and assured the assembled "democrats," including the President of the League, Sir Wm. McMillan, who is, incidentally, president of the Employers' Federation of N.S.W., "that educated workers could bring valuable ideas to bear upon Imperial problems."

The thousands assembled around the I.W.W. banner stood solid as a rock.

When these wolves in sheep's clothing—reverend Christians shrieking for blood in garments emblematic of Peace!—announced the object of their meeting, their audience became so disgusted that the I.W.W. demonstration was considerably augmented in consequence.

The result was a meeting which eclipsed in numbers and enthusiasm all previous meetings held by the I.W.W. in the Domain. Literature sellers broke all records (Mr. Maiden please note), no fewer than 400 copies of "Direct Action" alone being disposed of during the demonstration.

The enthusiastic cheers at the conclusion of what was in every respect a remarkable and successful meeting will surely resound in the ears of our "reverend" Christian brothers, when St. Peter answers their knock for the keys.

Probably Mr. Atkinson may complain that this is another "garbled report" in the daily press, and a portion of a "sentence torn from its context." But, be that as it may, intelligent workers might well be wary of an organisation, the leaders of which find themselves in such strange company, and which meets with the unanimous endorsement and approval of their foremost exploiters.

In the article to which Mr. Atkinson took objection it was implied that the W.E.A. was an organisation expressly brought into being by far-sighted "educationists" who have no sympathy with working-class economic aspirations, for no other purpose than to MIS-educate the workers on industrial and social problems, and Mr. Atkinson's defence has in no wise induced us to alter that opinion.

The sophistry that students have the privilege of selecting their own authors and text books for study should deceive nobody. If would-be students were so advanced that they were capable of knowing beforehand which books on economics contained the most truth, obvious to them would be no necessity of attending the W.E.A. for education on the subject. If they are not capable of choosing, then it is equally obvious that they are at the mercy of their teachers, whose economics may even be limited to, or by, "problems of Imperialism."

Capitalist education for the workers, whether in the elementary school, the University, or even when disguised under a working-class name, cannot if it would, and would not if it could, be of a nature which, in its ultimate consequences, would endanger the social order upon which capitalism thrives.

The idea of the capitalist class, who finance and control the University, as indeed every other institution of capitalism, allowing their interests to be endangered by the propagation of economic truth at the instance of that institution, is so absurd that it is only the extreme gullibility of the workers that justifies the audacious humbug of W.E.A. protagonists.

These were the gist of the arguments and questions which Mr. Atkinson had to meet at the conclusion of his address, from various parts of the hall.

Needless to say, Mr. Atkinson did NOT meet them. Instead, in true University professor style, he evaded the question at issue and angrily seized upon some remarks made in the course of the discussion as being personally discourt'ous and offensive to him: They were remarks as to the nature of Mr. Atkinson's social environment since his advent to Australia, and were most certainly pertinent and appropriate when it is remembered that Mr. Atkinson was endeavouring to justify the existence of the W.E.A., of which he is one of the guiding spirits, to an audience of working men and working women, who have every reason to be suspicious of all those who move in the environment referred to, and of all movements which emanate therefrom.

T. GLYNN.

THANKS!

A Timely Present.

Local No. 2, Sydney, Australian Administration, extends its hearty thanks to Local 58, Victoria, B.C., for the magnificent library which Local 58 donated to them. It will supply a long felt want to the membership, and in a few days it will be ready for use, catalogued, and placed in a new bookcase, which has been made for the Local by Fellow-worker Waller.

D. RAMSAY, Librarian.

The conquest of capitalism is the programme of the I.W.W. By MIGHT, the only arbiter, will we conquer.

Wellington Notes.

(By Frank Hanlon).

The labour situation was bad enough before the declaration of war, but the recent European developments are having such effect on industry in New Zealand, that it is impossible to forecast anything, and difficult to decide on any line of activity even. Already several large bunches of men have been discharged and down the country.

The secretary of the Employers' Association, doubtless anticipating a state of affairs that would put the workers at the mercy of the masters, brought out a suggestion that the Arbitration laws be suspended during the war. The suggestion has been turned down. For the time being at any rate, and the *plutocrat press* says it was made "on the spur of the moment." This means, in horse-sense English, that the rapacious bourgeoisie are not yet able to judge whether there will be a big shortage or a big over-supply of labour as a result of the war, and they don't yet know whether the suspension of the Act would be to their advantage or not. But if the blocks don't see now how much their masters respect Arbitration they never will.

The enthusiastic demonstrations of patriotism reported by the press, and doubtless still more exaggerated abroad, consisted chiefly, in Wellington, of a small crowd of youths, mostly in knickers and led by college larrikins, parading the streets at night and making a din with kerosene tins. In Labour circles there is a wholesome absence of jingoism, most men over twenty freely expressing the very sane opinion that "war is no good to us."

The self-styled "heads of labour"—the Trades' Hall gentry—met to oppose the suspension of the Arbitration Act, and, in handing the report of their "requests" to the press, one Carey, a local meal-ticket artist, presumably speaking for all intention to disgrace the "best traditions of the Empire" (?) during the crisis.

The work of the militant "Reds" is being carried out in New Zealand less openly, but none the less effectively than before the Big Strike. Certainly, the reactionists are in the saddle, for the time being, but while the politicians are prattling the message is being delivered quietly on the job.

The Wellington I.W.W. meets every Tuesday and Friday. We have the assurance of a strong membership when things resume the normal. When the European slaughter is over and the shambles cleaned up the plugs will think a bit harder and there will be something doing in this "dominion."

Short Arm Jolts.

Charity is scent poured on the sewers of capitalism.

There never was a slave but a soldier made him one.

Sectional agreements are the outcome of craft Unionism. Stand for the One Big Union.

The Revolution is on right now. Get in and help us construct the New Society.

Gustave Herve said: "There is only one war worthy of intelligent men. Social war—social revolution."

The scarlet banners of freedom wave bravely. To work, to work for the One Big Union.

There was never a slave remained a slave longer than a soldier kept him one.

Shorten the hours of labour, y' workers, and wages will automatically rise.

The Preamble of the I.W.W.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people, and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organise as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centring of the management of industries into fewer, and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organisation formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto: "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work, we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword: "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with Capitalism. The army of production must be organised, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organising industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

How to Join.

Any wage worker wishing to join the Industrial Workers of the World can obtain information by applying to the nearest local I.W.W. secretary. If there is no branch of the I.W.W. in your district you may become a member by making application through the post to any secretary listed in the paper.

Do you agree to abide by the constitution? Will you diligently study its principles and make yourself acquainted with its purposes?

Name
Occupation
Industry
Street Address
City
State

The above applicant, having subscribed to the principles of the preamble, and having answered in the affirmative to the questions, expresses his desire to become a member of the Industrial Workers of the World, and is therefore recommended for membership.

To Local Union No. _____
Initiation
By _____
Cut this out and Post to Sec. Trs., with Initiation Fee.

WAR! What For?

By "PESSIM."

International war is at hand. Death is stalking through the continent of Europe. Annihilation, destruction, and chaos are about to become dominant in the very centre of the world's activity. Our ethical codes of peace and goodwill are being broken, and are giving way to the bloody aggressive tenets of war.

We are unhumanised. We see red. We are ready to devour each other; to tear each other to pieces; to sing, cry, applaud, dissent, and approbate in an ecstasy of patriotism. We have become as animals. We have lost our civilisation. The reek of powder and blood is in our nostrils; in our eyes the sight of combat and victory.

But a few short weeks ago we were men, taking a pride in men's work. We stood by and helped a brother in distress, ever ready to staunch the wounds of our comrades. We shuddered at the sight of human blood; and wept tears of sympathy at the news of the largest shipping calamities ever experienced. If we were not good, at least we were human.

But now. See how changed is our attitude, how sudden our revolution of feeling. We are as men possessed. Gone is our tenderness; abandoned, our pity; shipwrecked, our humanity. We cut and slash, and hack, both in thought and action. With gory, blood-flecked, diabolical faces and minds, we turn this way and that, uprooting, hacking, slaying, murdering!

And what for? Ave, murdering! For it is as surely murder to kill one's fellow-man on the field of war, as it is in the midst of the crowded city. It is as surely murder to kill one's neighbour in the din of battle, as it is in the heat of anger, or passion, or drink.

If murder means the slaying of man by man, then we now perpetrate it. For whether we take our guidance from an evil instinct within us, or from a momentarily overbearing, passion-sodden impulse, or from the command of a superior officer;—it is all one. We have committed murder. We have slain man. We have down-trodden our morality; we have violated that seventh commandment which we so unctuously inculcate into the minds of our children.

Ah! But see how ready we are to do these things. With what gusto we offer ourselves as volunteers, as participants in this legalised wholesale murdering. What matter if we do lose our lives; what matter if we cause countless others to lose life, limb, and being; what matter if complete desolation and eternal chaos follow in our wake, and the very balance of normality is disturbed?

Are we not fighting for a good cause, a great ideal; something magnificent, grand, and elevating? Is it not for the supremacy of Britain that we fight?

Let us ask ourselves, calmly and sincerely: What ARE we really fighting for?

The mask has fallen with a vengeance. The thin veneer of civilisation, at no time too thick, is now gaping wide and peeling away, to reveal us in all our bestial nakedness. We are no longer the staid, respectable, conventional nation; the suave business man; the narrow-minded, small-souled shop assistant; the humdrum, prosaic artisan. Ordinary affairs of life hold little interest for us now. We are infected with the fever of jingoism. We are mad with war, and we live in a perpetual ferment of excitement.

The thousands of years of avagery, which environed our ancestors, is suddenly and convulsively asserting itself. When all is said and done we are but brutes, actuated by brutal instincts. Educated brutes, it is true; but like the tamed and semi-domestic lion, after years of captivity we require, but one small drop of blood, and our years of training are lost. Merely one whiff of human gore, and we become rearing, yelping, snarling, savage beasts once again. Our cities are full of excited men, discussing, debating, dogmatising

on the situation in all its details. Newspapers are being distributed, hot from the press, with false news and assumptions of loyalty; which act as a spur to our already overwrought emotions.

We read that a force of Germans has been cut up, and we smile fatuously at the prowess of our soldiers and navy.

"Brave Deeds for Brave Hearts" is a head-line which strikes us. We swell with pride when we think of the brave deeds our brave hearts at the front have accomplished. It is not within us to consider how heroically noble it must be to stop a death-dealing bullet with one's body; or how grandly brave it is to help to fire a cannon whose boom heralds the immediate destruction and agony of perhaps a score of men.

War, to us, is something ordained, something sanctified. A heritage of our nobility and pre-eminence.

For have we not got the prayers of the clergy with us? Does not the whole ecclesiastical combine, as in one voice, propitiate the Almighty for our safety and victory? What further sanction can we obtain?

Even as the old witch-doctors howled and danced, and offered up prayers at the feet of their idols: on the eve of battle, in savage days.

Can we honestly say that we are very much removed from them?

We are fighting, but for what purpose? Is it to uphold right, justice, liberty? On whose behalf are we tainting crimson the whole of Europe? Is it to defend our country, our children, our parents?

Or is it because we are mere slaves, dominated by that fiendish impulse called loyalty? Our masters have taken good care to instil this great spirit of patriotism into us, so that when the occasion arises, it may overshadow our minds, clothe our reason, and brutalise our actions.

It is for their interests that we fight. It is that they may wax fat, that we slay each other, and do all manner of irrational things. By the flag of our birth we stand firm as a rock, and with unreasoned ferocity do the bidding of a mere handful of our directors; slaying those numbers of our fellow men whom it has pleased or masters to point out as deadly enemies.

We go to war, what for? Do we really care for bloodshed? Is it beneficial to our lives? Will it enhance our labour power? Will it make any difference whether we have English or German masters? Will it make us independent of slavery? Or, on the other hand, by permitting it, are we not just adding another link to that hateful chain with which our masters bind us?

Even as a performing bear in the streets is linked to its trainer, and dances and shuffles to his commanding gestures.

But we do not wish to think of this. We see red. Cries of peace are hushed into obscurity by our deafening clamour of loyalty. Cries of peace are vilely assassinated but we mourn not. For it is not meet that he that does not wish to slay his brother, shall himself be slain?

We are in a paroxysm of excitement, in a nightmare of bloody dreams. We care for naught but this: that to-morrow we go forth to destroy our enemies, by the grace of God.

We go to war, but what for? Stay! Let us seriously consider the consequences of our mad actions, which we have overlooked, or wilfully disregarded. To what purpose are we threatening the commerce of the world. With all our bravado we cannot live without food; and for food we must grow, spin, weave, toil and work. Ships of commerce must voyage, and exchange of commodities must be effected.

But now our ships have ceased running, lest our enemies, or those of our fellows whom we are taught to regard as our enemies, should capture them. (For we must not forget that we are fighting ourselves. Whether Briton, German, or Austrian, we are all brothers, all workers, all slaves.)

Not only this, but our masters may commandeer all the food-stuffs, or prolong the war for so long that industries shall be ruined. They will withhold the bread from our sisters, wives, and children, so that we may be kept in a fit state to butcher each other.

Do we realize this fact? Do we realize that starvation, hunger and misery are rampant? Do we know that the many thousands of workers, who live a hand-to-mouth existence, who are at the best of times in precarious circumstances, dread the very minute we shoulder arms in "loyalty to our country?" Is it loyalty to hew down our comrades with lead and steel on the one hand, and so expose him to all the terrors of famine and privation, on the other?

This prospect might appal us; if we reasoned it out. But we do not. We are content to let things drift, while we are carried away on the wave of false sentiment.

By all means let us fight. We have been at peace far too long. Oppression, tyranny, and exploitation have yoked us in a circle of unremitting submissiveness. Our souls have been crushed, our bodies sucked dry, and our minds confined and cramped.

By all means let us fight. But ours is no quarrel of the Balkans; ours, no alliance of legalised murder and hired assassination.

When we fight, it must be for ourselves, and our own interests. But it will not be on behalf of our masters. Too often we have fought for them, too long have they fattened upon us.

We must assert our individuality. Above all we should remember that we are human beings, and must consider that it is not the action of reasonable men to kill promiscuously, and be mowed down by long files, simply to decide which nation shall control Europe.

Surely in our heart of hearts we quake at the thought of the untold human sufferings such action would imply. Surely we must see that in so doing we are but selling our lives to a body of schemers who regard us as mere pawns in their ghastly game of self-power?

It is time that we cast this so-called loyalty from out of our minds. The press-fed, ferocious jingoism which consumes us must be made to stand out in its true colours; as a doctrine of brutal self-murder; as the assassination of man by man for the benefit of his masters, the capitalists.

When we fight, whether it be gory or bloodless, we must have some definite purpose in view, some interest at stake. Let the emancipation of all our kind be the prize for which we fight. Let us band ourselves together, soldiers, civilians and all workers. Let us remonstrate by every means in our power, against this willful wastage of lives. Let us combine to crush this mere handful of autocrats and plutocrats; these devilish engineers of war; these betrayers of our souls; these barterers of human lives for a few baubles of their blood-tainted, sweat-wring wealth!

Why should we fight that they may gain a place in the sun? That they may settle their petty differences? Why should we allow them to climb to their envied eminence, upon the dead bodies of our comrades?

We are not all mad with lust of blood. We are not all banker to slay. But the time is ripe when a blow must be struck for our independence. That our conditions may be altered, that our views of life may be increased, and that the shackles of our wage slavery may be unclashed.

For our own sake we must reason. Let us consider what we do, and why we do it. Let us think with our own brains, and consult our own interests.

And if we do this, a new aspect will be given to war. It shall be stripped of its present sinister meaning. It will be the last battle of this era of our civilisation. For it will denote the entire emancipation of the workers of the world from the thralldom of the capitalist.

Fire-Escapes Association.

"Preys" for Peace.

Last Sunday in the Domain, an open air service was conducted (D.V.) by the patriotic members of the Superstition Vendors, Guessers, Sky pilots, and Fire Escapes Association, in order to bring pressure to bear upon God to bring about a state of perfect peace in the European cockpit.

Mr. Bill Bowyangs, the popular wharf lumper, thoughtfully lent his motor laudaulette for the occasion, which was tastefully decorated with Yewnton Jacks, I.W.W. stickers, and bills announcing Davey Jones' flannelette sale.

The starvation army arrived with great pomp, the band playing that popular march, "The War Mangles Banana." Lance Corporal D. Tremens was in charge, and tastefully accoutred with a white helmet, and blood and fire socks.

There were something like 25,000 people present, who relished the intellectual feast delivered by the members of the Black Brotherhood.

The first speaker was the Rev. A. Dingbat, of the Plymouth Rocks. After he had mentioned that God would be on the side of Britain and the Right, his eloquent address was unfortunately stopped by the strong wind blowing away the table cloth that he had wrapped around him.

Three hearty cheers were given for Mr. Dingbat, and the Entree.

The Rev. Moses Guggenheim said that his church, the Presbyterian, was of opinion that prayer ought to be held in the open air, a God was getting old, and possibly deaf, and consequently he might miss the supplications of patriotic phylas owing to the thickness of the walls of the Synagogue. (Cheers)

The Rev. Father Harrigan was pleased to observe that Ould Oire land was going to help the Empire and that the wurrild would know it when Patsy got his gun.

(Loud applause and waving of flags.)

The chairman, referring to the anti-war demonstration held by the I.W.W. declared that that organization might get hit with a bomb, thrown from the sky, and that would wake the anti-patriots up. He stated that Jesus would come in an aeroplane, and that from a message received direct from the "Sun's" cable station at Castle reach Street, the I.W.W. would be presented with a nice celestially manufactured piece of nitro-glycerine.

Crowd anxiously gaze into the sky. The chairman's soliloquy was cut short by the arrival of the Pea-nut King, who cleaned out the 25,000 patriots by taking them to another meeting.

Colonel Sordust, of the Army Temperance Corps (mentioned in despatches, Kounter Lunsh Campaign) said that the Association was doing a great work for the Entire, and he hoped that when the war was over, he would have the pleasure of welcoming the gallant defenders of the Entire back to Australia again. He asked all patriots to sing "Gor Save," which was then well rendered by the Association, and the Leitertafel of the Amalgamated Society of the Sons of Rest.

Three cheers were then given for Snowy Baker and the Association. The Rev. McSenticen then regaled "Lumps of Duff" from the "Sols' Opera," Bloody Piping's great work. He was vociferously applauded for his broad and Imperial rendering of the same.

Great enthusiasm now reigned, and no less than 200 "Direct Actions" were sold to the influential gathering.

At 4 o'clock the chairman was just concluding when a message arrived that a great British victory had been achieved on the Hawkesbury River, where three Boy Scouts had captured a German spy.

The crowd, thereupon, sang that well-known patriotic song "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum." The meeting closed with three cheers for Mr. Maiden and the Pea-nut King.

The Association then, after the "Dogology," adjourned to the tea and toast divan to discuss "Industrial Unionism and its Relation to Meatickets."

The broad, patriotic, and Imperial action of the Association is a magnificent demonstration of the unequalled bravery, unparalleled sagacity of the "Bulldog Breed." Let us prey!

TOM BARKER.

Local Activities.

On Saturday night, the 7th August, a successful meeting was held at Bathurst Street. A couple of patriotic interrupters were given a short course of "Direct Action."

On Sunday, the Domain meeting was exceptional in every way; 800 papers were sold, and ringing cheers were given against war. The crowd was quite the largest in the Domain.

The Sunday night meeting at Bathurst Street was very successful. The hall meeting was addressed by Mr. Atkinson, a University lecturer. The hall was packed, and between the lecture, questions, and a discussion, it was late when the meeting broke up.

The Economic class was postponed until Monday week, and on Wednesday, F. W. Barker is to give a reading from "The Martyrdom of Man," by Winwood Reade. It is the intention of the Local to carry on more mid-week activities, and in consequence, all are invited to come along.

Organisation is power.

Industrial Unionism is the only preventative of war.

"Shoddy pay, shoddy work" is sound sense.

Literature in Stock.

Capital: Karl Marx, 3 volumes, per vol. 8s.

Value Price and Profit: Marx, bound 2s, paper 6d.

Sabotage: Pouget, bound 2s, paper 1s.

Right to be Lazy: Lafargue, bound 2s, paper 6d.

Militant Proletariat: Lewis, bound 2s.

The Evolution of Property: Lafargue, bound 2s.

The New Unionism: Tridon, paper 1s 8d.

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I.W.W. Songs: 64 songs of rebellion, paper 6d.

Eleven Blind Leaders: Williams, paper 3d.

I.W.W.: History, Structure and Methods: St. John, paper 3d.

The Revolutionary I.W.W.: Perry, paper 3d.

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How Capitalism has Hypnotised Society: Brown, paper 3d.

Song Book: Australian Edition, 15 Songs, paper 1d.

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Wage-Labour, and Capital: Marx, paper 1d.

An Appeal to the Young: Kropotkin, paper 1d.

Chunks of I.W.W.ism: A.H., paper 1d.

"Solidarity": I.W.W. American organ: Subscription, 7s 6d per annum, posted: Single copies, 2d.

"The Voice of the People": The Lumberjack's I.W.W. organ: Subscription, 7s 6d per annum, posted: Single copies, 2d.

Look out for "Hunger," a play, by Ben Legere, in three acts. Will be off the press shortly.

Postage paid on all orders of 1/- or over.

Lit. Sec., I.W.W. Local No. 2, 320 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

What the I. W. W. Intends To Do To The U. S. A.

By W. D. Haywood and J. J. Eitor.

(Reprinted from the New York World).

The Industrial Workers of the World proclaim: It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

In this struggle for industrial freedom the I.W.W. has challenged the attention of all classes in society. It is now a living force, a movement aiming at certain immediate changes in society that will eliminate the privileged class as a ruling power and repossess the people with the means of life, the earth, and its resources.

We believe that the time has passed when this can be done by political action.

A transformation has already taken place and the industrial monarchs are in control of the nation. The political Government at Washington and the State Legislatures are but secondary factors. The working class as a whole have no political expression; they are coerced, handicapped and limited in activity. Millions of persons who are engaged in production are deprived of a political voice. Though all are important factors in the life of society, industrial units contributing to the social needs of all people, they are disfranchised. The millions of women employed in factories are denied the vote. The child employed will be deprived until they reach their majority. The millions of black men of the South have never been permitted freely to use their franchise. Though a great part of their country's work is done by foreigners, many are the limitations put upon them politically: They must be residents of the country for a period of five years. The lack of education is to be made a ban, the belief in certain ideas is a restriction and the sovereign born citizen is deprived of the right to vote by being compelled to move from place to place during periods of industrial depression or are forced to violate their political conscience at the dictates of their employer who controls their jobs.

The Industrial Workers of the World are organizing the economic power of these disfranchised and dispossessed millions. Through their organization they become citizens of industry with a voice that will give them control over the affairs of their life, the conditions under which they labor, the hours of work, the returns of toil, access to all the means of life, opportunity to enjoy the beauties of art, culture and education.

The working class makes up 65 per cent of this country, and 75 per cent of the peoples of the world. Consequently we have the majority, but, as we have shown, this does not give us political control; but we have the power if organized along class lines, industrially. Only by this power can freedom be gained. Through class organization, class education, self-discipline and class unity of action economic liberty can be realized.

The Industrial Workers of the World is the only organization in this country, which actually represents the economic interests of the working class. It proposes to organize the workers in the industries, that being the only place where they are exploited. By this organization the workers will be enabled to better their conditions by raising wages, shortening hours and compelling the installation of safety appliances and devices for the protection of life and health. It will also make it possible for them to enjoy more of the social product of labor, provide employment for unemployed and give more time for recreation. Finally the workers will acquire the necessary economic power to take possession of the machinery of production.

In the process of reconstructing society the workers will be organized as they are now assembled in the industry, organized in a local industrial union with shop branches covering the entire industry of a given locality, all local unions of the same industry united with kindred industries amalgamated in departments, all departments connected in the general movement, a great merger of labor's forces.

All members of the I.W.W. will act in accord. In the event of a strike all members are involved in shop or industry and all industries if necessary. The methods of the I.W.W. may take the form of strikes of which there are different kinds. The "passive strike," the "intermittent strike," the "exchange strike."

These methods enable the workers to control the use of their labor power so that they will be able to stop the production of wealth except on terms dictated by the workers themselves. Thus the control of stockholders can be disputed and finally destroyed by an organization, recognising an injury to one member of the working class as an injury to all, it will be possible to make the use of injunction, State militia and private armies so costly that the capitalist will not use them.

The capitalist cannot exterminate by fighting a real labor organization by fighting it; they are only dangerous when they fraternise with it.

As the workers organise in industry, they control their labor power; increased solidarity gives industrial control. The Congress of the Workers will be their Representative Assembly and there they will legislate the affairs of industry.

We emphatically deny the existence of a state of "social order" or the possibility of it under the present system of society. Certainly a casual glance at conditions through the country shows that there is chaos and conflict rampant everywhere; there is an ever increasing army of unemployed; those who are at work are subject to preventable accidents and death—seven hundred and fifty thousand injured, forty thousand killed in industrial pursuits every year. The struggle of the miners in Colorado against the Rockefeller-Guggenheim-Gould and other interests does not suggest "social order" nor does the expose of the New Haven, the "dissolution" of trusts, the secondary boycott of the Catholic Church against the Panama Exposition, the presence of battleships in Mexican waters and soldiers on the southern republic's border line. Jails, penitentiaries, insane asylums, poor houses and barracks are not symbols of "social order."

Even the Progressive party is demanding social and industrial justice. The Democratic party has created the Industrial Relations Commission and other committees to investigate the causes of discontent and to offer such remedial measures for legislation as will establish "social order."

We know that a city is no cleaner, no sweeter than its filthiest slum, that society is no better than its criminal element. If there were no bankers there would be no burglars.

The Industrial Workers of the World accept the allegiance of every man, woman and child employed in industry, excluding neither race, creed, color nor sex, endeavouring through organization and education to crystallize the discontent into a class movement. We believe that ignorance and stagnation mean slavery and death. Therefore we accept and urge the support and sympathy of all discontented people who are acting with the avowed purpose of changing the "existing social order." Time and development alone will determine whether certain measures are absurd. We are not concerned with the question of approving or disapproving "absurd measures," knowing full well that it is a question of success, if successful absurdity becomes wisdom.

Since his advent to the Barrier, Organizer Reeve has been indefatigable in his efforts to propagate the gospel of the One Big Union. The great audiences listen greedily to his lectures; the wives of the workers and girls being especially prominent and enthusiastic. One can hear many a sweet voice singing cheerfully the songs of the I.W.W., "pie in the sky" being favoured. Scores of workers, skilled and unskilled, are rolling into the local, and creatures of the Leonard stamp would do well to recognise that they might just as well endeavour to sweep back the tide as stop the onward march of the Industrial Workers of the World.

The Industrial Workers of the World have been accused of violence—this is untrue. The I.W.W. has neither advocated nor participated in violence against social order. What capitalists condemn as violence is but justice to society.

The Industrial Workers of the World are organized against the existing "social order" which is a continuous reign of legalised and organized violence against the human family.

The Industrial Workers of the World realize that great changes cannot take place without force; even the tiniest seed cannot fructify without force. The force advocated by the I.W.W. is natural. It proposes that the giant labor shall stop the arteries that convey the golden stream of toil to the coffers of the exploiting class. In a word the general strike is the measure by which the capitalist system will be overthrown.

Broken Hill Report.

The question of the hour in Broken Hill is the I.W.W. Some of our critics contend that we are an invention of the devil, and that the main object of his Satanic Majesty in creating the I.W.W. was to crush out of existence the A.M.A.

The present malignant crusade against the I.W.W. can be easily traced to an atavistic creature named Leonard, who recently, by the way, refused to pay a strike levy to his starving, fellow-workers who were locked out by the mine magnates of Broken Hill. This same Leonard is now posing as an altruistic person, and as a would-be saviour of the common folk, but it won't work.

The puny efforts of this servile slave and lickspittle of the masters to harm the I.W.W. is simple laughable.

Since the event of Organizer Reeve our local has made splendid progress. Over eight pounds worth of literature was sold last week and seven dozen "Direct Actions" on hand were disposed of in a few minutes. This is the answer of the miners of Broken Hill to our "friend" Leonard for refusing to work with I.W.W. men in Block 14 a week or two ago. This apostle of "Unionism" (2) who refused, as I have said, to pay a strike levy struck by his own organisation, took exception to members of the I.W.W. working in Block 14, and urged other members of the A.M.A. to do the same. The miners in a spirit of loyalty to their organisation went home for the shift, but held a meeting that same afternoon and decided like sensible men that it should be left to a mass meeting to determine whether the I.W.W. should be recognised or not.

As the I.W.W. stands for Industrial Unionism in its broadest and most comprehensive sense, we have nothing to fear from the miners of Broken Hill. We are emphatically opposed to "Unionism" of the A.M.A. brand, and the tactics that go with it. The men who are in the ranks of the I.W.W. are men who have in the past taken an active part in the trade union movement, and they have come to recognise the futility of fighting the master class with the old and worn out weapons that exist in the A.M.A. The I.W.W. makes no agreements with the boss and, moreover, never compromises principle for expediency. Join up in your thousands, you miners, and given the necessary education on tactics, we can effect a complete transformation of the conditions under which we work today.

Since his advent to the Barrier, Organizer Reeve has been indefatigable in his efforts to propagate the gospel of the One Big Union. The great audiences listen greedily to his lectures; the wives of the workers and girls being especially prominent and enthusiastic. One can hear many a sweet voice singing cheerfully the songs of the I.W.W., "pie in the sky" being favoured. Scores of workers, skilled and unskilled, are rolling into the local, and creatures of the Leonard stamp would do well to recognise that they might just as well endeavour to sweep back the tide as stop the onward march of the Industrial Workers of the World.

T. McMILLAN.

The Colorado Miners and their Critics.

A certain scribe in the organ of the Australian Socialist Party a few weeks ago took upon himself the task of lecturing the I.W.W. on tactics, more especially with reference to the "futility" of the armed resistance of the Colorado miners in their recent struggle.

As the connection of the I.W.W. with the Colorado fight or with the advocacy of armed force is only apparent to those whose dreams are disturbed by the progress of the organisation, "Direct Action," perhaps foolishly, ventured to point this fact out to the scribe in question, and mildly suggested that even a "32 calibre Winchester," obsolete though it may be, was a better weapon with which to meet a would-be assassin than a ballot-paper.

We say "foolishly," because to attempt to point out even obvious facts to people whose vision is obscured by Parliament House is indeed a case of "love's labour lost." The result in this case was to be expected. Instead of replying to the point raised our critic, in a subsequent issue of the Socialist paper, indulges himself in the usual "generalities" we have become accustomed to from that quarter. "Anarchists," "capitalist assassins," "police spies," and little jokes supposed to be at the expense of the I.W.W. about "combing the boss's hair with a gas-pipe," doubtless are interesting and amusing subjects to "scientific" Socialists, irrespective of their relevancy to the question under discussion.

The particular question here is: What else could the Colorado miners have done under the circumstances? If they were true Socialists presumably they would have looked or unconcernedly at the slaughter of their comrades, wives and children, and then reversed their "32 calibre Winchester's" for the funeral. After which they would doubtless sing the "Red Flag," under the folds of a white one, with true revolutionary fervour, and pass a red hot resolution condemning "unmitigated physical force." An amendment anathematizing the I.W.W. and all advocates of sabotage and "violence" would, no doubt, be in perfect order.

Our critic (save the mark!) implies that he is in favor of direct action under certain circumstances, and castigates our ignorance in being unable to see the difference between a "spasmodic outburst" and Carson's "well-armed legions with powerful political and religious backing." Now that it has been pointed out, of course we do see the difference. It may be found in the fact that if the workers have to wait for their emancipation, or for anything else, until they have "a powerful religious and political backing," they will wait till the second coming of Christ and the advent of a "revolutionary" government, contingencies, both, equally absurd and remote.

The kind of "direct action" which this mentor in class warfare favours, apparently, is that which is permitted by the politicians and blessed by the parsons. Truly, "for ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain," ballot-box devotees have got the Chinaman beat to a frazzle.

T.G.

CORRESPONDENTS.
"Pessim": Received. Many thanks. Anything on similar lines welcome.

The "Daily Telegraph" tells us that "this is not a capitalists' war," that nobody loses more by war than the capitalist. A queer game in which everybody loses, isn't it? The capitalist takes care anyhow, that he never loses his cowardly carcass.

The best antidote for war is One Big Union of the working class.

With prices of steel soaring skywards, Capitalist George V. and his first cousin, Kaiser Bill, who own some millions of dollars worth of shares in the International "Steal" Trust are not likely to lose much by war.



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Adelaide Activities.

Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at Oddfellows' Hall, Mooltan-street, off Flinders-street.
Educational classes are held each alternate Wednesday, and all workers are requested to attend.
The fee for membership is 2/6. Dues 1/- per month.
Slaves interested in bettering their conditions should attend our open-air meetings, which are held opposite Co-wells, Victoria Square every Saturday night.
Any further information desired will be furnished on request by
H. T. KELLY, Secy.,
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List of Locals.

- Adelaide Local No. 1: H. Clarke, Secy. Treasurer, 105 Gilles St., Adelaide, S.A.
- Sydney Local No. 2: J. B. King, Secy. Treasurer, 330 Castlereagh St., Sydney.
- Broken Hill Local No. 3: A. O'Malley, Sec. Treasurer, Sulphide St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.
- Port Pirie Local No. 4: T. Cherrington, Secy. Treasurer, Ellen St., Port Pirie, S.A.

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- Auckland Local No. 1: G. Phillips, Secy. Treasurer, Kings Chambers, Queen St., Auckland.
- Christchurch Local No. 2: E. Kear, Secy. Treasurer, Madras St., Christchurch.
- Dunedin Local No. 3: Wellington Local No. 4: F. Hannon, Sec. Treasurer, 21 Pipitea St., Wellington, N.Z.

The Australian Governments are retrenching their employees because of "lack of finance." And the volunteer force costs £100,000 a week!

The love of exercising power has been found to be so universal that no class of men who have possessed authority have been able to avoid abusing it.—Buckle.

A cablegram states that "the King after a conference with his Ministers at mid-night, declared war on Austria. Democracy and the ballot is sure of some cheese under modern capitalism.