

ONE UNION. ONE LABEL. ONE ENEMY.



VOL. 4., NO. 128

SYDNEY.

June 30th 1917. ONE PENNY.

Queensland.

Many tickets were sold for Fellow-Worker Jackson's lecture on "War and The Workers." Great interest was evinced, so much so that the local bumbles became alarmed and commenced a submarine attack in order to avert the coming disaster.

It had been arranged that the talk take place in the Theatre Royal, and was advertised to that effect. Police and council held a consultation, and decided to exert a little pressure. The first hit was to the forces of reaction. It was definitely intimated that the Theatre Royal would be closed to the rebels. Owing to the kindness of a bitter opponent of the I.W.W., albeit sympathetic to the cause of the wives and children of the imprisoned men, an allotment of land was secured, and at the appointed time a large crowd followed the delegates to the new arena. The police, who had foregathered near the Theatre Royal were evidently surprised at the manoeuvre, but on gaining normality followed in the wake of the crowd, so that they could be handy in case any of the brutal mob essayed an attack on Jackson.

The meeting was a great success, the subject being ably handled by Jackson. Song books and the small stock of literature (100 6d pamphlets) were immediately sold out.

The same night a bumper meeting was held on the beach, although the venue was some hundreds of yards from the band-stand and on the outside of the park enclosure. Despite the council's evident intention of stifling our propaganda by making us speak at a place so far from the usual haunts of the Townsville "genus homo," such has been the interest awakened that large numbers assembled to hear the facts dealt out by Jackson and Brown.

During the week, Mr. Mayor, of Townsville, was interviewed. Although a lover of free speech, this gentleman made it clear that his adherence to principle was scarcely powerful enough to withstand the onslaughts of "Big Binky, Fat and Co." Free speech had to go by the board until the time arrived when the big gun of "Direct Action" could be trained on the beautiful and expansive target of the Mayor's controllers.

This week Jackson goes West to Cloncurry, whilst Brown will look up the somewhat conservative town of Charters Towers.

This Fool—and That.

"While Russia has been proceeding with her revolution you (in Australia) have been proceeding with your election."

REV. F. SINCLAIRE.

One, lounging in soft sunshine, babbles much of educational facilities, Enlightened and advanced democracies, Of politics and Parliaments and such; Leans on past victories as on a crutch; Toys with a ballot-box, then takes his ease, The while behind him softly turns the keys Of manacles for strong young 'wrists a-clutch.

One, breaking from the Past's encrusted snow Casts off his hibernating slothfulness, Shakes down the pillars of his vile dress.

And fronts a dawn that rich with promise glows, Illiterate, rude—Progress! unlikely! too, Let 'graises be that Ivan WAS a Fool!

L. G.

Every hour we can take away from the boss is an hour added to our lives. Every shilling more we get in wages means more life for ourselves and our families. Shorter hours and more wages are things worth fighting for.

Between employers and workers there is never, nor ever will be made, a binding and lasting understanding, a contract in the true and loyal sense of the word.

Between them there are and can be only armistices which, by suspending the hostilities from time to time, introduce a momentary armed truce in the incessant warfare.

Capital and labor are two worlds that violently clash together!



The Star of Hope.

Capitalistic Bluff.

One of the greatest weapons of the capitalists is bluff. They use it in season and out of season; and with the aid of the queer sophistry which passes with them as Economic, they succeed remarkably well in bulldozing the workers.

At a capitalistic shivoo, held recently, one forward, after a long diatribe on the incurable iniquity of the wage slave, wound up with a threat that "if the drudges persisted in their insubordination, it might be necessary to put the closure on industry."

He evidently meant that the capitalists, through the control of the implements of production, would inaugurate a gigantic lock-out. Of course, it's bluff—bluff of the flimsiest sort.

That the capitalist class takes vengeance on certain sections of the working class occasionally by lock-outs and curtailment of production is true enough.

And they, perhaps, lose money by the transaction. But they have the keen satisfaction of seeing the workers and their families suffer; which, perhaps, to them is worth the pecuniary loss.

But to put the closure on all industry is a vastly different thing. And never, in their wildest dreams, do they contemplate such a thing.

It would be a revelation of more now (than fifty years ago) of the most strenuous propaganda, it would show the utter falsity and injustice of capitalist society.

Their house of cards would come tumbling down, and bury them in its ruins. It would be a valuable object lesson to numbers of boneheads also.

The master class would be able to demonstrate the wonderful productivity of capital which they are eternally prating about. As Labor only gets about one-fifth of the wealth produced, and that is more than they are entitled to, according to the boss. The numerous financial concerns which we are told are such wonderful producers of wealth would still continue to pay thumping dividends, shares and scrip would still yield handsome returns.

And the swarms of parasites who regard themselves as the salt of the earth would still fare sumptuously (I don't think). It the capitalists were ever mad enough to adopt such a suicidal policy, before three short months were over, they would be begging the workers to get into harness again on any terms. Their existence depends upon the workers. That is their only means of wealth. All their deeds and shares and scrip, all their valuable documents stored away in safe deposits, and the vaults of banks would not yield them a meal. They are simply implements of exploitation, and if labor ceased they would be valueless.

The capitalist class are like a vast tumor on the social body; they suck nutriment and give poison in return. They hold strategic positions in the field of industry, and exact toll.

They are modern brigands, who rob by chicanery and cover their plunderings with dexterous subterfuges.

And their greatest allies are the deluded dupes, who seek to emancipate labor on capitalistic lines, with their land taxes and super taxes and income taxes, instead of going to the root of the cancer.

G. H.

Important Events In June.

June 1st, 1905: Bomb thrown at Alfonso and President Loubet in Paris. June 2nd, 1778: Jean Jacques Rousseau died. June 2, 1793: Downfall of the Girondists. Inauguration of "reign of terror." La Carmagnole dance in the streets of Paris. The tune of La Carmagnole, the war song-dance of the revolution, originally came from Carmagnola in Piedmont, from whence it derives its name. The unknown author, probably spurred by the success of Rouget de Lisle's immortal "Marseillaise," set revolutionary verses to the dance-sing of La Carmagnole. The typical costume, "des vrais Carmagnoles," consisted of red blouse and cap, and tri-color sash. The words of the original song have a purely local significance, but it was modernised at the time of the Commune. There is also an adapted version, which is sung in foreign revolutionary circles in London. June 2nd, 1882: Garibaldi died. June 3rd, 1831. Red Flag carried for first time in Britain during labor riots at Merthyr, Wales. June 7th, 1876, George Sands died. June 7, 1894, outbreak at Barcelona. June 8, 1809, Thomas Paine died. June 9, 1879, Solovioy hanged for attempt on the Czar.

June 9th, 1870, Charles Dickens died. June 10th, 1381, Wat Tyler splits the tax collector's skull, and starts his rebellion: June 12th, 1848, Ernest Jones, chartist, arrested. June 14th, 1839, first chartist petition presented by Attwood. June 15th, 1381, Wat Tyler killed. June 16th, 1836, William Lovett starts first working men's union in London. June 17th, 1904, General Bobrikoff, oppressor of Finland, killed. June 18th, 1835, William Corbett died. Born 1762 he lived a useful life as an agitator, political and social reformer. In 1819 he brought the bones of Thomas Paine from America to England, intending to do them honor. June 21st, 1802, first factory Act in England. June 21st, 1886, Chicago anarchists' "trial" commences. Parsons, for whom the police were vainly seeking, electrifies the court by calmly entering and taking his seat with the rest of the accused. June 23rd, 1848, the closing of the national workshops resulted in a desperate socialist insurrection at Paris, which lasted three days. "Order" was restored with customary bloodthirstiness by Cavaignac. June 24th, 1894, President Carnot killed by Caserio Sarito, in revenge for the execution of Vallant.

June 26th, 1906, mutiny of the Royal Guards at Petersburg. June 27, 1450, Jack Cade's rebellion. Cade, an Irishman, organised the people of Kent, into a rebellious army, entered London and held the city. They beheaded Lord Saye, the treasurer, and others of his kind, but at length succumbed to numbers, and gave way. Cade sought refuge in flight, but being surprised, and refusing to surrender, was killed. June 29th, 1910, Wardani executed for killing Boutros Pasha. June 30th, 1881, Johan Mort sentenced at the Old Bailey, London, for abetting the Czar.

(Compiled and written by J. P. Q.)

AND THIS IS LAW.

A conscientious objector recently found himself in a prison cell, next door to a man who was "doing time" for attempting to kill a man with whom he had had a quarrel.

The conscientious objector was "doing time" because he refused to attempt to kill a man with whom he had no quarrel.

What foolery passes under the name of law!—"Western Clarion."

The existence of the state and the existence of slavery are inseparable.—Marx.

One handful of money is stronger than two handfuls of truth.—Danish Proverb.

Revolutions are not made; they come. A revolution is as natural a growth as an oak; it comes out of the past; its foundations are laid far back.—Wendell Phillips.

Direct Action



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The Labor Movement.

What is the Labor Movement?
That is the question.

If one were to take notice of all the debates, speeches, and explanations which have been going on for the past few months upon the subject of the Labor Movement, he would be puzzled, bewildered and befogged as to what that movement really is.

One gang of politicians bellow: "The Labor Movement is dead." Another set of politicians yell: "The Labor Movement was never more alive." One supposed authority says the Labor Movement is going to destruction; another leading light answers that the Labor Movement, after cleansing itself, is now rising like a young giant and before long will make itself felt.

Poor Labor Movement! What has it done that it should suffer like this? What has happened, that this grandest and greatest of all movements should be dragged around and insulted in this manner?

The Federal and State elections, the conscription ballot, and the P.L.L. Conference have been responsible for a lot of talk about something the speakers called "the Labor Movement."

Mr. W. M. Hughes, speaking at a dinner given by the Lord Mayor of Melbourne, said that the Federal elections proved that the Labor Movement was sound, and it had not suffered defeat as some thought. The Labor Movement has scored a victory. The Prime Minister said that his party represented the true interests of Labor, and Fat and Co. applauded.

It would be interesting to know what "our little Billie" means when he mentions the Labor Movement.

In writing upon this subject the editor of the Sydney "Worker" says: "The old Labor Movement had many good points, but it had one very bad one. It was governed by politicians." Further on he says: "The unions at last awoke that they were being sacrificed to the suburban storekeeper, the city publican, and the country cockney." Again he says: "Mised by politicians, it tried to be something else in the past, and the consequences were disastrous. Empty political victories were won. Political mercenaries revelled in the spoils of office. Fat jobs were handed out to an inner Tammany ring."

All who have any knowledge of the past history of the Labor Party cannot deny the foregoing statements.

The business fraternity has always been the bitter enemy of the working class, and especially the politicians.

The sooner the toilers awake to their real interests and dump the whole scabby, money, and useless crew off their backs their lot will be much lighter.

Speaking at the P.L.L. Conference in Sydney, Mr. John Storey, leader of the N.S.W. Labor Party, said: "There are now two juntas—the industrial section and the caucus. There is another junta contemplated—the Country Party. There was still another section—the great mass

of the people. Now, ladies and gentlemen, where are we going?

A delegate: To destruction.

Can anyone imagine how such a conglomeration of heterogeneous factions described by Storey be called the Labor Movement. Perish the thought!

How is it possible for John Storey, who has been seventeen years in Parliament, to say that he is leader of the Labor Movement?

According to Storey's own story, the Labor Movement is falling to pieces.

How can we expect anything else, when the workers trust men who have been in Parliament for seventeen years, to lead them.

Politicians have always been the stumbling block in the road of progress, they have always been the barrier in the way of working class advancement. Politicians are not only useless to the working class, but they are extremely dangerous. Beware of the politician!

But some "impetuous youth," as Storey calls his opponents, will say: "We now have the 'industrial section,' they are fixing things up all right."

Well, what is this much talked about industrial section?

The industrial section was brought in to being for the purpose of cleaning up the Labor Party and keeping the politicians in their place. Anything else? Yes; a lot more. The industrial section, although it is up against the existing politicians, is prepared to run candidates for political honors, and join in the scramble for a place at the pie-counter. This being so, the members of the industrial section are no better than the men who have gone before.

Let a few years elapse, and the industrial section get a few members in Parliament, and then we will see the sight of a new section being organised to clean up the industrial section, and so on. Where will it all end? It will never end. This scramble and mix up will go on and on, one gang of politicians being outed by another gang of job hunters, but the workers will be no better off. These sickening sights will continue until the toilers drop the politicians and start doing things for themselves.

Just lately we have had the experience of seeing Mr. Doyle, late leader of the industrial section, capture a seat in Parliament, and almost before he has dragged his first month's salary, he is found feasting with the enemies of Labor at the Million Club banquet. It has also been discovered that Doyle, one of the big guns in the industrial section, has been in a scheme with Mr. Hugh D. McIntosh, Holman's bosom friend, for the purpose of getting him (Doyle) a seat in the Upper House. And this is one of the crowd who is going to clean up the Labor Movement. Ye Gods! Save us from our friends.

After all this, one might rightly ask: "What is the Labor Movement?"

Hughes or Cook cannot speak for the Labor Movement. Holman or Storey cannot represent the Labor Movement. Doyle or McIntosh, Rosa or Guhen, Beech, or Rae cannot voice the aspirations of the Labor Movement. All these gentlemen are privileged to talk about the Labor Movement, but they do wrong when they attempt to speak for it.

The mistake all these statesmen, politicians, and job hunters have made is mistaking the Labor Party for the Labor Movement. A lot of talk which has been indulged in of late is true of the Labor Party, but it is far from being true about the Labor Movement.

The Labor Movement cannot be confined within any section, craft or faction; it is something more than a clique.

The Labor Movement should represent the whole of the working class—every man, woman and child who is robbed and exploited in the industrial hells of capitalism.

Politicians, professional gentlemen, business men, and publicans can not, and do not, belong to the Labor Movement. They are not wage slaves, they are not exploited, they do not understand the sentiments and wants of the toiling millions.

The true expression of the Labor Movement can only come from the slaves in the industrial arena. The only people capable of voicing the claims and aspirations of the Labor Movement are the industrial workers.

Where is the Industrial Movement that takes in all who work for wages irrespective of sex, creed or color and bars all who do not work? Where is the Industrial Organisation that is sound and clean and has no barriers, no sections, no divisions? Where is the union that is based on a solid foundation, has lofty and noble principles, where the job seeker and the disrupter play no part, and the general

Reveries on Rebellion.

By COVINGTON HALL.

Rebellion comes, hope's sacred fire,
To Freedom's son from Freedom's sire;
A soul-breath swordsmen cannot kill,
Nor gold, nor cross, nor rifle still.

It sent Gautama on his quest,
Him Asia calls her light and blest;
With Quetzalcoatl, long ago,
It stirred the heart of Mexico.

With Moses it for freedom sought:
With wild Mahomet too it fought;
It gave Zoroaster all his fame,
Confucius his deathless name.

With Cromwell's legions, grim and cold,
It trampled on the statues old;
With Voltaire, Marat and St. Just,
It ragged 'till Europe rose from dust.

It called Abe Lincoln from the plains,
Set Marx and Ferrer breaking chains,
And hovered o'er the Commune when
It fired the souls of workmen.

But yesterday, from Erin's woes;
With Connolly and Pearce it rose;
In Washington, and not in vain,
It marched to death with Harry Lane.

'Tis that which stirs the race to-day—
'Tis that which makes truth's lightnings play—
'Tis Revolution in its birth—
The soul of Freedom—the light of earth—

The world is a monument to the Genius of Rebellion. I am moved to this observation by the following extract from a letter written to the Houston "Chronicle" by Mr. Fred L. Barker, in protest against the raw outrages that have been recently committed against persons opposed to war by the so-called patriots. Mr. Barker writes not as a Pacifist, but seems to sense the danger of these outrages, that they tend to provoke the very thing the Militarists seek to allay. In this he shows a deeper knowledge of psychology than does the average business-patriot and his letter is one of the first sane expressions I have seen from pro-war side of the house. But in the course of his letter he says: "I fully agree that no man who ever says a word that tends to incite rebellion against the government of this great, free country, should ever go unpunished."

It was this sentence that incited me to these reveries on rebellion.

And I looked back up the bloodstained path of history, and said, But for the Bebebs, Mankind would still be living in the caves and jungles, for the first man who said: "Let us leave the caves and go out to dwell in the sunlight of the open plains; there we will be freer and healthier than here," was denounced as a Heretic and Rebel by all who heard him. And as I gazed backward I saw the Rebel Carpenter of Nazareth, charged with blasphemy and treason, hanging there on the cross; and then I saw Spartacus and his legions go down to death and 6,000 of them hanging to crosses on the Applan Way for no other crime than trying to come out of the caves of Rome, for rebellion. Then I saw Calus and Tiberius Gracchus, both aristocrats, stabbed to death in Italy in one of the first recorded struggle for free land, all because Tiberius had cried: "Men of Rome, you have conquered the World, but in Italy you have no place to lay your head." I saw the grandest boy that ever lived, Robert Emmet, mounting the scaffold in Erin to expiate the crime of having called his countrymen to rebellion against an alien despotism, and later I saw Pearce, Connolly, Skeffington, McManus, and Casement, after the heroic Battle of Dublin, shot and hanged for the self-same crime of calling their people on to freedom. Then I turned to my native land, and saw our sires and mothers coming, in rebellion, up out of England, Scotland, France, Ireland, Germany, Spain, and many other lands of Europe; and later I saw their children rising in rebellion, proclaiming that: "All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and this was but heresy and rebellion. I took heart, for I said, George Washington and Thomas Paine were rebels; Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock, Light-horse Harry Lee, all were rebels; and I came on down the vale of time and, behold Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, they and all the brightest and noblest souls our land has bred, were rebels; Wendell Phillips was a rebel; Karl Liebknecht is a rebel; Eugene Debs is a rebel; Bill Haywood is a rebel; all who have stood in the ages past and in the times of today for nobler things and a freer life for all Mankind, all, all, all were and are rebels.

Rebellion is but the surge of the human soul ever toward the light, ever toward higher life, ever toward wider liberty for all.

Socialists and Peace.

While craft unionists desire "the orderly conduct of industry at the termination of the war," Socialists are helping the employing class to bring about an early settlement of their present international differences.

It is difficult to discover whence Socialists derive their mandate for peace agitation, unless it is to be found in their fatal facility for capitalist "law and order."

Industrial Workers of the World also desire peace; but they are not too enthusiastic about a "peace" based upon an intensified exploitation of labor. The termination of the war will not, unfortunately, mean the termination of the class struggle, nor will it put the working class in any better position to gain control of the machinery of production, other than as it arouses them to organise upon industrial union lines.

It, therefore, our Socialist comrades, instead of wasting time, money and effort in barracking for a "peace" that to the working class can be no peace at all, were to show the latter how to organise themselves for the termination of the class struggle—the interminable industrial warfare incidental to the capitalistic system of production for profit—they would

membership transact the business? Where is the militant section of the working class?

There you will find the true Labor Movement. Such a Movement is the Industrial Workers of the World.

This modern and up-to-date movement of the working class is founded on a sound and scientific foundation. It has not got a dozen different objectives, and a thousand and one side issues.

The I.W.W. starts off with Industrial Organisation, fights day and night for all it can get, but never loses sight of its objective—the Industrial Republic.

N.R.

surely merit the approbation of all industrialists.

The organisation necessary to the termination of the class war, is the coordination of the forces of labour upon the industrial field. Organising on the job for job control is a good way to barrack for peace.

Socialists, while they profess to believe this, turn the thoughts of the working class to the political arena. The Parliamentary machine, say they, once captured, will be useful in protecting the growing industrial organisation of the toilers. The idea of Parliamentary protection for working class organisation is a certainly most novel and amusing; but the only effect it is likely to have upon the working class is to draw from them, as it has done already in the case of the "Labor" Party, the ejaculation, "Save us from our friends!"

Meanwhile, Socialists are not proving themselves to be particularly good friends of the working class by barracking for "peace." They are getting the limelight; but where light needs to be thrown is upon the industrial exploitation of the workers. "Codlin" will certainly have to do more than barrack for "peace" before the working class will believe that he is the "friend." It is immaterial to the industrialist whether the whole world be at peace (?) or war, so long as in both events labour receives one-fifth only of what it produces.

There is hope that out of war, gaunt and terrible though it be, may come an awakening of the world's workers which will advance incredibly the industrial movement.

This hope our Socialist comrades, with their futile and piffing cry for "peace" based upon capitalist exploitation are, as usual, trying to stifle.

Their position is analogous to that of a physician who merely applies a soothing liniment to an eruption that springs from an impure condition of the blood.

A. E. BROWN.

Hymn of Freedom.

(RALPH W. EMERSON)

God said: I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear each morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I make this ball
A field of havoc and war
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel—his name is Freedom,
Choose him for your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west
And 'tend you with his wing.

I will divide my goods,
Call in the wretch and slave;
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great;
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
Shall constitute a state.

And ye shall succour men:
'Tis nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again;
Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and masterships,
And I unchain the slave,
Free be his heart and hand henceforth,
As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature,
His proper good to flow,
As much as he is and doeth,
So much he shall bestow.

But, laying hands on another,
To coin his labor and sweat,
He goes in paw to his victim,
For eternal years in debt.

To-day unbind the captive,
So only are ye unbound;
Lift up a people from the dust,
Trump of their rescue sound.

Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim,
Who is the owner? The slave is the owner,
And ever was. Pay him!

Politics.

"Father, what's politics?" the inquiring son demanded.

"Um—well—er—er—It's like this, my son. There are two boys, one's name is Liberal and one's called Labor. They've got two grand engines, big, shiny ones. Liberal sets his up at one end of the track, and Labor puts his at the other. There's a lot of other boys, green coats some of them, who sit on the fences looking at the game; they are called sympathisers.

"Hoot, splutter, screech!" they are off. "Mine's the best," says Labor. "Doesn't mine run well?" says Liberal. "Hooray!" shout the sympathisers, hopping up and down on their fences from sheer joy.

"Bang—bang—ng! Glorious! What a smash!" "He didn't get past me," says Labor. "He can't climb over me," yells Liberal. "Hooray, another election! Another election!" screech the sympathisers. "This is life. This is life!"

"Liberal and Labor pick up the pieces and take them home. They come back presently, and what do you think? For all that they were so mixed up, and the Liberal has to patch his engine with bits off Labor's, and Labor has to use a nut or a screw off Liberal's, they come out again, looking every bit as good as new, and sit up on the line as splendid as ever.

"Off again. Smash! The sympathisers go mad with delight. 'He thought he could ride past me,' says Labor. 'Somebody's got to make him get off the public road,' says Liberal.

"Hooray, hooray! My word, there's some snap in politics, nowadays. Another election; another election," yell the sympathisers.

"Then they do it all again. That is politics, my son.

After a silence. "Father!"

"Yes!"

"Then boys is mugs. If I had two grand engines, I'd face 'em both the same way and make 'em haul things. What do you say, father?"

"I don't know, my son. I've never thought about it."

Son, to himself, as he seeks again his wonted haunts: "Father is funny, sometimes. They don't seem to know everything; but I 'pose they do, all right."

ROSETTA FLYNN.

The Outlook.

Looking over the vast realm of human activity, observing and analysing cause and effect, and their outcome, one is compelled to recognise those forces that overshadow at times the bravest hearts with despair. Despondency takes the place of hope, and fear the place of confidence. Ominous and dark appears the future, and the light appears to be almost in vain. Yet, slowly but surely the clouds arise and place a different aspect upon the situation.

Evolution, that great irrefragable force, connects the elements of disaster and prosperity, and sheds a warm impulse that animates the weary and worn with a new vim and vigor to take their place in the army fighting for human freedom.

The social outlook is changing. Divine rights of ownership and government are being relegated to the past. Aristocracy is losing its name. Middle classes are gone. There now remains but one clear division—that which divides the RICH from the POOR.

From pulpits and platforms the poor are being talked about. The press contributes many columns upon the subject. Economy societies are being formed in all big centres. Solutions are offered by every brand of political, religious and social schemer.

Poverty is the grim reality of thousands of men, women and children under the Southern Cross, and the heartache and fear of thousands of others on the verge of experiencing its clutch.

Poverty must be understood before poverty can be abolished. Why is there poverty in a land of plenty?

How is it possible for want and waste to exist together?

If abundance is produced, why are not all rich?

If a scarcity, why not all poor?

If a scarcity, why not absorb the unemployed among the working class by putting all on producing necessities of life?

There are hundreds of similar questions are being asked every day by wage-earners who are beginning to think.

The recognition of the existence of "something wrong" is being driven home to the toiling masses. The poor, who spend their lives from the cradle to the grave into the

production of all the good things of life, are being forced to wonder why they are poor, and those who produce nothing have everything that makes life happy.

The poor are, understanding that without their brain and muscle not a single wheel could revolve. They fill the world with luxury and ease, and render it possible for the nations to destroy untold millions of pounds worth of wealth for years at a stretch. They master the deep, and conquer the air. They wrench from nature the plans, secrets and treasures which she holds. The secrets of electricity have been unfolded after having been hidden from thousands of generations. Their productivity is increasing with leaps and bounds. With modern machines a child can create as much wealth as fifty men a quarter of a century ago. Yet the standard of living is becoming lower. Slums and rags are on the increase. Fast workers are dying younger, and children have less chance to become healthy citizens.

Whilst waste and revelling on behalf of those who do nothing for society's welfare are becoming more common.

Competition for work regulates the standard of wages and thus the standard of living of the wage earners.

When men are unemployed, it is because some one is doing too much work.

With a large unemployed army, wages are low. No unemployed means high wages.

With over production, we starve.

By the laborer receiving the full product of his toil, by all producing the equivalent of what they receive, and all receiving the equivalent of what they produce, the cause of poverty is removed. Banish the cause, and the effects will go as the chaff before the wind.

Liberty is the air of the soul, the sunshine of life. Without it the world is a prison, and the universe an infinite dungeon, as Ingersoll says.

Industrial organisation offers true liberty—economic independence.

That is the mission of the I.W.W.

The future belongs to us, and truth is on our side. We are coming. All hail the One Big Union of toilers, marching triumphant into their own.

D. SINCLAIR.

The I.W.W.—A Progressive Force.

Although many workers in Australia have no ambition in life except to perform the ordinary functions of an animal, eating, drinking, sleeping, etc., yet all of them, even the most ignorant and apathetic, have been stirred in some measure by recent happenings in connection with the I.W.W.

Only a few years ago the I.W.W. was an unknown quantity in Australia. It was sneered at by workers and masters alike, and referred to as Un-Australian, Anarchistic, Utopian, and such other names as were sufficient to temporarily damn any movement in the eyes of the ignorant crowd of hero-worshippers, who then, as now, constituted the great majority of the working class.

But new conditions demand new institutions, and recent industrial and political happenings in Australia have combined to show the need for an expansion of working class discontent in form and structure to anything ever attempted in Australia before.

This new organisation is the Industrial Workers of the World. Since its advent in Australia this organisation has grown rapidly, because events in this country have unceasingly and increasingly shown the necessity for its existence. The erstwhile idol of the workers, the Labor Party, was scattered to the winds, in the stress and storm of the conscription crisis, and, like the "glory that was Rome," is now no more like Rome. It has fallen, because it has served its purpose, because its part as a stepping-stone along the path of Human Progress has been played, because a state of affairs has been reached when for the present, at least, it is incapable of expressing the desires either of the workers or of their masters. Human institutions pass through an evolution similar to that of human beings. They are conceived, born, pass from childhood to adolescence, from adolescence to vital manhood, climb to the top of life, and then sooner or later, but inevitably, die, and are relegated to the limbo of the dead.

The I.W.W. is a young institution, born of that desire for economic freedom which has been characteristic of man, in all ages. Its pre-eminence above other organisations is most evident in the fact that it advocates tactics whereby the workers may gain a greater measure of control over their econo-

mic needs, together with a scheme of organisation which will enable them to attain to emancipation.

Socialist cum Labor philosophy may be very nice in theory, but in its practical application it has proved and will prove puerile, and this mainly because it has been, and must be, by virtue of its methods remain, a happy hunting ground for innumerable job-seekers. We, as industrial unionists, believe with Joseph Dietzgen that it is not possible for those who live upon the sweat and toil of others to think correctly that the only class capable of thinking correctly, is the working class; because the workers constitute the only class who do not live upon the exploitation of others, and are, therefore, enabled to think not in terms of self, but in terms of Humanity.

Lift a man out of the ranks, place him in a position where his environment is different to that of the worker, and inevitably his outlook on life changes. His ideas begin to change in proportion, as the influence of the new environment overcomes the old.

The workers have always been, and, to a great extent, still remain, hero-worshippers, idolaters. They have been so born and so educated. From the point of view of the master, the ethics of a worshipper are good ethics—in a slave.

But the I.W.W. does not preach slave ethics; it preaches ethics detrimental to the continuance of slavery; ideas which transmuted, per medium of organisation in action, mean the inevitable overthrow of the capitalist system.

And is this why we are persecuted, maligned misrepresented; this is why many of the best minds in our movement are stagnating in the foetid air of capitalist, but working-class built, dungeons.

Fellow-worker, if you want to understand the I.W.W., if you want to realise its tremendous import to yourself and your class, don't take your opinions from those who are liable to fall by its rise and lose by its gain; but listen to its propaganda, read its literature FOR YOURSELF, and study it all from your own standpoint as a WORKER. If you do this, we are not afraid of the result.

F.F.W.

"If there be anything that can bear free thought, it let crack."—Wendell Phillips.

Political Catechism.

What is politics?

A dirty scramble for office.

What is office?

A position with little work and big pay.

What is money?

A tool of oppression.

What is law?

An unequal distribution of injustice.

What is a trust?

A legalised bank of robbers.

What is a bank?

A corporation that lives on the interest of what it owes.

What is poverty?

Hell on earth.

What is riches?

Accumulated plunder.

What is society?

Good clothes, a full pocket, and an empty head.

What is civilisation?

An agreement among the rich and strong, to rob the poor and weak by legislation, instead of by physical force.

What is a crank?

A man with a new idea.

What is a politician?

A man who has the office itch?

—"The Fool Killer," Boomer, North Carolina, U.S.A.

Militarism in England.

SPEECH BY SIR W. P. BYLES, M.P.,

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Looking back I see the liberties we have been fighting for fettered one by one, and the militarism which we are out to crush and destroy we are, indeed, adopting, imitating, and assimilating. I never thought to live to see the day when the chains of conscription would be fastened on this country, and especially by a Liberal Prime Minister, whom I have followed, I hope, with fidelity and certainly with affection, and whom I hope still to follow and to trust in every policy except this one. But I believe that he will live to regret that he has introduced conscription into the British Constitution. I believe it will injure his political reputation, and I believe the nation will realise it has been a mistaken policy.

Hitherto there has been a difference between a British citizen and a citizen of Germany. Henceforth, I will not say there will be no difference, but there will be less difference, and we shall breathe the same vitiated air of restricted freedom which they do; further, a monarch in future, or his Minister, can embark the country upon any wild-cat enterprise of conquest, tyranny, or oppression, and can compel British citizens, however they disapprove of it, to risk their lives and limbs in its accomplishment. An Englishman is no longer the lord of his conscience, no longer the captain of his soul. Day by day we are losing what we set out to destroy. Conscription destroys the freedom of personal will and engraves on the British Constitution what is nothing more or less than the sheet anchor of Prussian militarism.

Unemployed

AND THE CHILD'S QUESTION

The man who belongs to our house, Daddy,
Came here to-day for the rent,
And he said some nasty things, Daddy,
To Mummy before he went.

She never tell nuffin' to you, Daddy,
And never won't tell me why,
But waits till you are away, Daddy,
And then she sits down to cry.

But why do you hang down your head, Daddy?
Why are you home all the day?
Why don't you go to your work, Daddy?
It is not a holiday?

I'm tired of drippin' an' salt, Daddy,
And treacle upon my bread;
And why don't you give us some milk, Daddy,
But only water instead?

Who is the big nasty Vend, Daddy?
Who is the Capitalist?
If I was a man like you, Daddy,
I'd hit him wif my big fist!

—LOUISA LAWSON.

POVERTY'S HANDICAP.

Prisoner (arrested for vagrancy): "It's no crime to be poor."

Cell Mate: "Maybe not, but you an' me can't afford to hire a lawyer to prove it ain't."

The Rapacity of the Capitalist.

"The sin of defrauding the worker of his wages cries out to heaven for vengeance," declared the Rev. John H. O'Rourke, a Jesuit Father, director of the Apostleship of Prayer, in an interview given to Dante Barton of the Committee on Industrial Relations.

Preaching the Christmas sermon in the vast St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City, Father O'Rourke had commented scathingly on many phases of the treatment of the poor by the rich. He had condemned the practices of those who profit by labor to keep the worker out of the just recompense of his toil and then threw sops of small restitution to keep the oppressed poor quiet. He had spoken of the willingness of hard employers now to compromise by arbitration since labor has grown strong enough to resist the older cruelties and injustices.

Leaning towards his visitors, the studious priest and teacher said:—

"This Christmas season has been made the occasion of many bonuses by employers to employees. It has been signalized by many apparently voluntary increases in salaries and wages. But we should examine closely these bonuses and increases lest that great sin of defrauding the workers of his wages go unrebutted and even unnoticed and persist more strongly fortified than ever.

FAKE BONUSES.

"A bonus to employees," he declared earnestly, "that is stained with the blood and tears of women and children and underpaid, overworked, and many times, mangled men, is not even charity. Such a bonus at its best is but a small tithe of restitution. At its worst it is a calculated shrewd business investment designed to keep workers content with low wages; designed to content them with dependence upon others instead of requiring that which is theirs."

Father O'Rourke's kindly face showed no sign of hate as he spoke of these evils of modern industry, as he talked intently of the duty to expose the sins of hypocrisy and cruelty, the insatiable greed of predatory wealth and the dreadful and awful sufferings of the poor. An occasional smile of understanding and pity lighted the face over the black robe.

"We must examine these increases in pay to see whether they do not mean only bribes either to keep the men from manition factories where the pay is high, or temporarily to make them forget the old wage conditions which will be theirs when the competition and prosperity incident upon the war shall have ceased. We must consider such gifts in almost the same class as the libraries and nominally philanthropic schools and institutions built mainly from moneys which belong to the puddlers of Pittsburgh and other underpaid workers like them."

After a pause the thoughtful priest continued:—

"You can't solve this question altogether by legislation. Money in the past has bought up and will in the future buy up legislation. You can't solve this question by shooting strikers

down in the streets or burning them to death at Ludlow. If you do so, you will have silence, but it is the silence of despotism and death and not the peace which should reign over a free people. When vast sums of money have been used to build up and encourage foundations, which put a premium upon the rejection of religion and the gospel of Christ, as has been done, the capitalists are cutting away the ground from under their own feet, they are tearing down the very bulwark of their safety."

PRESS IS SUBSIDISED.

Alluding to the recent railroad legislation, Father O'Rourke smiled, and said: "There was a universal outcry by the subsidized press (you don't doubt it was subsidized) against what they called a 'hold-up' of the President and Congress for the speedy legislation. Think of the hypocrisy of it. What is the difference between a 'hold-up' of Congress yielding to the fear of a strike or to the glitter of gold? How many measures favorable to capitalism, how many franchises, how much control of the public resources that belong to the people have been obtained from Washington by gold and the papers were not scandalised. Of the two I would prefer the workman making his demands in the open than to have the invisible government skulking about in the lobbies at Washington to prostitute the representatives of the nation."

"Ah! the poor," said Father O'Rourke with a look of pity in his eyes. "Who are the poor? Surely not the paupers on the Island or the inmates of our charity houses. These men are not poor. They are provided for, their future is assured. They will have bed and board from the State until they sink into their grave. The poor are the underpaid street workers, the hundreds of thousands of half deaf mill operatives, deafened by the clack of the loom, the men who work twelve hours a day seven days a week for corporations on scarcely a living wage; these and millions of others are the poor. Those who are trying desperately to live respectable and provide a sustenance and a roof for their wives and children. These are the poor, and God only knows at times how they suffer."

GREEDY CORPORATIONS.

"The greatest enemies to the country to-day are the corporations who are working their men for small wages, twelve hours a day, seven days a week."

"The hearts of men who work seven days a week, twelve hours a day, there is no time and still less inclination for the practice of any religious principle. It is stamped out of their own lives, and they are too tired and weary and broken by toil to see that it is inculcated in the lives of their wives and children."

"The hardness of it all," Father O'Rourke concluded; "the hardness of this sin of defrauding the worker of his rightful wages! Against this sin, every legitimate force should be brought to bear, to work unceasingly!"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"It is of no consequence by what name you call your people, whether by that of free men or of slave. In some countries the laboring poor are called freemen, in others they are called slaves, but the difference is imaginary only. What matters is whether a landlord employing ten laborers on his farm gives them annually as much as will buy the necessities of life or gives them those necessities at short hand."—John Adams at Continental Congress.

I care not for the truth or error of opinions held or uttered, nor the wisdom of the words or time of their attempted expression. Rich or poor, black or white, great or small, wise or foolish, in season or out of season, in the right or in the wrong, whosoever will speak, let him speak. And let no one pretend to the prerogative of judging another man's liberty."

—R. A. ANDREWS, Governor of Massachusetts.

My God! When I read o'er the bitter lives of men whose eager hearts were quite too great to beat beneath the cramped mode of the day, and see them mocked at by the world they love, haggling with prejudice for pennynorths of that reform which their hard toil will make the common birth rights of the age to come! When I see this, spite of my faith in God, I marvel how their hearts can bear up so long! Nor could they, but for this sense of prophecy, this inward feeling of a glorious end.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The working of revolutions misleads me no more; it is as necessary to our race as waves are to the stream, that it may not be a stagnant marsh; ever renewed in its forms the genius of humanity blossoms.—Herder.

RIGHTS AND MIGHT OF LABOR.

There is much twaddle among sentimentalists and those who do not understand the economic foundation of society in regard to the "rights" of labor. Labor has no natural or inalienable rights. No class has any rights except such as it has the power to take and to hold. Labor has what is far more important than rights if it would only organize its might as the producer of all wealth.

THE ROAD MAKERS.

When our bodies are dust in the wilderness blowing,
When our souls are red blooms, 'mid green foliage glowing,
When our names 'neath oblivion's poppies have perished,
Happy children of children we fathered and cherished,
Shall behold noble vistas of freedom before them
On the roads be built well, for the love that we bore them.

Self-respect and self-reliance are the pillars of success.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

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 interests 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 wage 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.

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