

ONE UNION. ONE LABEL. ONE ENEMY.



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SYDNEY.

July 21st, 1917. ONE PENNY

Queensland.

CLONCURRY.

Circus Day in Dixie in Cloncurry last Sunday night. Great meeting held in West's circus tent. F. W. Jackson outlined the conspiracy charges and the position for the I.W.W.

The meeting commenced punctually at 8 p.m., and standing room was limited, and on the meeting being declared closed at 9.30 the crowd refused to leave, and appeals from the workers were: "Keep on; we want to hear more of the I.W.W." The meeting closed again at 10 p.m., and the workers again refused to quit. The result: Jackson opened out, and held the crowd spell-bound for another half an hour. Then the crowd made a terrific rush for the centre of the ring to purchase the literature. Some of the "Direct Actions" were torn to pieces in the struggle. Over 100 song books sold; same number of "Direct Actions"; also pamphlets, collection, £12 2s 9d.

The following morning Jackson left at six a.m. for Mount Cuthbert, and at this place the miners had been expecting the "criminal" to arrive for some time. They were so anxious that the meeting should be a successful one, that they requested Jackson to leave for Dobbyn, and at that place hold a meeting on Wednesday night, and return to Mt. Cuthbert for Sunday night. Jackson proceeded to Dobbyn (a mining camp, 21 miles from Mt. Cuthbert), and held a meeting on Wednesday night, and every man off shift turned out to hear the "I.W.W. bloke."

The meeting lasted 1½ hours, and at the conclusion Jackson notified the crowd he would not take up a collection at the meeting, as he understood two-thirds of the men were new to the district, and had not yet drawn their first monthly pay. The miners were determined to "put in." Immediately Jackson left the box, the miners handed him £5 19s, while others wrote their names on the subscription list, which was on the box, and another £6 is to be collected on pay day through this medium. On the following morning, Jackson addressed the shift that was working the night previous. All rolled up in great style, and Jackson again spoke for 1½ hours. There are 110 men working at Dobbyn mine, and about 50 turned up to each meeting. The subscription list was again availed of by the workers, and another £7 10s was added to the over-night's score, which is at present £19 9s, and still more to come from others who could not attend. At every mining camp the I.W.W. organiser has been received with great enthusiasm, and requests from every camp is: "You must organise the workers in the mining industry." Fellow-workers, the miners in the Cloncurry mining camps hold out outstretched hands for the I.W.W., and it will only be a matter of little time, and there will be something doing in these districts. One could not wish to meet a better stamp of men that is better material for the Revolutionary Industrial Movement. Two hundred and sixty song-books have already been sold at the past three meetings at the mining camps; other literature: "But still the cry is, 'We must have more literature.'" Gordon Brown is expected to return from Brisbane this week and will follow Jackson along the Great Copper Belt from Selwyn to Mt. Cuthbert, and he will receive a great reception. Jackson returns to Mt. Cuthbert on Friday from Dobbyn, and a great turn-out is expected. All the natives on the Dobbyn construction, and the miners in the outlying district will be there. The woodcutters from Oona have decided to tramp the six miles, and everything points to a meeting that will open the eyes of the outback workers in the mining industry.

J. W.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror!
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need for arsenals and forts.

Longfellow.

FELLOW WORKERS: The Twelve are Still in JAIL.

They Fought for You. What Are You Doing for Them?

KURIDALA

We had a visit from Fellow Worker Jackson last Saturday, and had the good fortune in obtaining a hall for Sunday night, which otherwise would have been a terrible hard job to get the slaves to stand and listen, as the wind was awfully cold. A good crowd rolled up. Jackson had livened them up with a bell, and announced what was to take place.

The speaker dealt at length with the conspiracy charges and succeeded in lifting the prejudice which has been driven into the minds of the workers in no uncertain manner by revealing the truth of the twelve working class men in gaol. It was in every way successful, as the collection speaks for itself. —£7 15s 7d was collected at the meeting, and £1 5s was given in next day, which is very encouraging, as it is a fortnight before the pays. Subscription lists were given out which should considerably augment the funds. Unfortunately, the literature did not come to hand for the meeting, but was eagerly sought after on arrival. He succeeded in getting an agent for "D.A.s" and literature, which mental dynamite should be the means of blowing the cobwebs off the slaves' brains, make them class conscious, and prove the fallacy of craft unionism and political action.

SPINAPAX.

ADELAIDE.

Since the re-organisation of the Adelaide Local, things have got a move on in the Holy City. We have opened up premises in Pitt Street, opposite Central Methodist Mission buildings.

The rebels here have had a bit of a stimulant lately by the arrival from Broken Hill of F.W.'s Gilligan and Watts.

Last Sunday F.W. Gilligan delivered the goods in fine style in Botanic Park. One of the biggest crowds we have seen in the Park listened to our fellow-worker with close attention.

All "Direct Actions" sold out, and also song books. We are forced to once again increase our bundle order of "D.A."

A very noticeable thing about our propaganda meetings is the number of women who are taking an interest in it.

At last Sunday's meeting F. W. Watts sang "The White Slave" off the box with great effect.

At our last business meeting it was decided to appoint an organiser and Fellow-Worker Gilligan was elected unanimously.

The future looks bright. All is well.
Yours in the Big Push,

A. JENKIN.

Political Action versus Direct Action.

BRISBANE.

The lecture hall at the local slaves' temple was packed to overflowing last Sunday night, when Fellow-Worker Mandeno and one Cuthbert Butler, a chap who is on the look-out to dump his bottom-end into one of those fine plush seats which are so dear to the hearts of budding politicians. Cuthbert Butler is a local dreamer, and an expansion; and lately has become a political barnacle, and has made several unsuccessful attempts to capture a seat in the House of Parasites.

The subject of debate was: Political Action versus Direct Action.

The political advocate opened first, and quoted some "historical facts," which he had dug up in the Museum, where he is engaged as librarian. He went somewhat on the lines of his fellow-worker, Theodore, and denounced all supporters of direct action. He told the crowd some of the things which the Ryan Government had done for the workers. Butler made a fine effort to put in some propaganda for the Queensland Labor Party, but in the end evidently forgot his subject, and began to look around for applause, but it did not come his way.

Mandeno next trained his big quick-fire on to the enemy, and before many minutes had the politician on the run. He also quoted

some historical facts, but he did not have to dig up stuff from the local museum library. He produced facts which had occurred right here, and within the last few years, and proved that wherever the workers had used a bit of direct action, they had always been successful, and when they had trusted to politicians to right their wrongs they had sunk deeper into the mire.

Mandeno also made some passing allusion to the attitude of politicians towards the militant section of the working-class. He also told the audience something of what the Ryan Government had not done. He mentioned some of the promises the Queensland Labor Party had made to the people, but had made no attempt to redeem their promises.

These facts did not seem to be realised by friend Butler, and it was a very dejected and crest-fallen expansion who rose and attempted to address in reply. He started off with sarcasm and personal remarks about his opponents, but it was of no avail. The good work had been done, and the finest bit of propaganda for some time had been accomplished by F. W. Mandeno. The audience appreciated the debate, and the direct actionist was awarded the spoils of victory.

"CURLY."

Barrier Notes.

Things in Broken Hill are going good, although the boss has been shaking the slaves up of late, by shipping men from various parts of Australia and dumping them in Broken Hill. Having successfully deluded the slaves to Broken Hill, the mining companies suddenly find out that as there is a shortage of shipping it is not advisable to produce so much sulphides as formerly, and that therefore, he must shorten hands. Over 200 slaves are dismissed on the Proprietary Mine alone during last week, and more are expected to follow. Great indeed is the glory of the boss, and great his consideration of the slave.

Meetings are now held in South Broken Hill as well as at the old stand in Argent street. Several new speakers are coming out. It is well known that the police in some parts of the world have a decided objection to the truth, and sometimes take pains to suppress it. In order to be quite in the fashion two members of the police force, at a meeting in Broken Hill, arrested F. W. Cherrington and escorted him to the nearest guest house, where he was charged with using insulting language consisted of calling the police, parasites. He was released on bail, and subsequently tried and convicted, being sentenced to a fine of £5; in default one month imprisonment, and also bailed over for twelve months. An appeal was lodged and will be heard presently.

On Sunday evening, F. W. Kipling gave a lecture entitled, "Industrialism and the State," showing in an able manner how the present organisation of society grew up. The speaker drew particular attention to the necessity for long, and continued effort on the part of the workers in order to bring about the development of society into higher and more perfect forms. Questions and discussion followed an able and instructive lecture.

F. F. W.

Unlawful Association.

ANOTHER VICTIM.

F.W. Geo. Hill was arrested in Sydney on Friday, July 6, and on Thursday, July 12th, was remanded to Melbourne to answer the charge: "That he did advocate action calculated to hinder transport for purposes connected with the war of troops and warlike material at a meeting of said Unlawful Association in words to the following effect—"

On Sunday evening, May 6th, at the I.W.W. Hall in Melbourne, F. W. Hill made reference to the Mexican Revolution, and in the course of his remarks it is alleged that he did make a statement which the military authorities say is, "prejudicial to the successful prosecution of the war."

F.W. Geo. Hill appeared before the Court in Melbourne on Saturday, 14th inst., and on the application of the police has been remanded until Friday, 20th. Bail was fixed in one security of £300, or two £150 and personal security of £300.

This is the third case under the "Unlawful Association's Bill," and the way things are going no one can say it will be the last. If this continual persecution is allowed to continue, and free speech gagged, heaven only knows how it will all end. Before long we may hear of people being arrested for saying their prayers.

It is up to the workers to take notice of these cases and let the Authorities know that even they, in all their mighty wisdom, might go too far. There are limits to human endurance. There is a breaking point in the strongest chain. So let us be up and doing.

Direct Action



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Organisation— For What?

For what should we be organising? For industrial democracy or industrial despotism? For freedom or slavery? For universal peace or world-wide war? Do the toilers want comfort, beauty, joy, and plenty, or slums, squalor, starvation, and death? Should we organise to overthrow capitalism or perpetuate it?

The tactics and behaviour of different organisations during the last year or more, give rise to the above questions. Some organisations, claiming to be working class, have been carrying on in such a way that the boss must smile with satisfaction, and the class-conscious worker bow his head in shame.

Same individuals, who once spoke of Labor ideals and a future state, are now willing tools for the master class, and are doing the dirty work for the enemies of Labor.

The I.W.W. is now engaged in not only fighting the master class, but has to defend itself against the virulent attacks of union officials, and labor leaders.

On account of its loyalty to principle, its clear cut issue, its uncompromising attitude, and its inspiring ideals, the I.W.W. has brought down all the vindictive wrath of the master class upon its head. The I.W.W. agitators, are being persecuted to-day because they are the advocates of a new age. They wish to pull down and destroy all that is hideous and wrong, and build up all that is beautiful and good.

But, as it always has been in the past, is to-day, and we suppose it will be in the future, all advanced, militant organisations of the slave class have not only had to fight the avowed and bitter enemies of their class, but also institutions and individuals, who, posing as friends of labor, are prepared to assist the ruling class in trying to stamp out all advanced thought and radical ideas.

No matter how hideous a system may be, how rotten and corrupt its institutions, how vile and infamous its surroundings, there have always been found some one-time slaves who have been bribed with a meal ticket, who are prepared to try and down anyone who dares to speak against the existing conditions.

While the masters' press, the Employers' Federation, and all the other agencies of capitalism are yelling for the suppression of the I.W.W., it is by no means surprising to see union officials, labor politicians, and parliamentary socialists raise their voices and yap in unison with the master class.

We have seen the sight in Australia lately of union officials, labor politicians, and individuals calling themselves Socialists, attack the I.W.W. with all the malice of the master class, and in some instances with the ferocity of Bengal tigers.

Because the I.W.W. teaches the real working class philosophy of "Something Now," and not bye and bye, and points out to the toilers how they are exploited in the industries where they work and not in Parliament, it has come in for much hate and abuse from all shades of politicians. Because the I.W.W. is opposed to parasites of all descriptions, and advo-

cates One Big Union of all workers, where all highly paid officials will be abolished, and the officers will be reduced to the lowest minimum and receive no more salary than the workers get, it has engendered the wrath and malice of all highly paid union officials and job hunters. Because the I.W.W. says that industrial organisation is all that is necessary to bring about the emancipation of the working class, and all the schemes and devices of the visionaries are only so many traps to lead the working class off the main and all important question of industrial organisation, it has fallen in for a good deal of slander and spite from the parliamentary Socialists.

Owing to the growth and influence of the I.W.W. during the past twelve months, and the acceptance of its principles by an ever increasing number of the working class, the labor leaders find their cosy jobs getting shaky, so they are prepared to do anything or say anything so long as they can hold on to their "picnards."

Just lately, several labor politicians have been getting highly complimented by the capitalist press, and slobbered over by the Chamber of Commerce because they have been following in Billie Hughes' footsteps and getting off a lot of cheap abuse about the I.W.W.

Many union officials have been endeavouring to copy the Federal Executive Council, and Mr. Webster, P.M.G., in trying to suppress "Direct Action" by attempting to stop its sale at union meetings.

At several centres in Australia Parliamentary Socialists have been so anxious that the slaves shall not become educated on industrialism, and that the boss shall come to no harm that, in their petty, puny way, have attempted to interfere with the sale of "Direct Action" at labor gatherings.

It is very apparent that in attacking the I.W.W., and trying to hinder the sale of its paper, this heterogeneous conglomeration of time serving, job hunting, meal ticket artists are working in the real interest of the employing class and against the interest of the working class.

It is impossible to truly represent the toiling masses and receive the applause of the capitalist press. One cannot be loyal to the working class and at the same time receive complimentary speeches from the master class.

The vicious attacks of the industrial magnates, and the cheap abuse from the aspiring politicians, and place and pay hunters should be sufficient argument to justify the I.W.W. in the eyes of all class conscious working men and women.

For what should we organise? For labor or for boss? For freedom or for slavery? For plenty or for poverty?

It is apparent that the trade unions and Parliamentary parties are not out for the overthrow of capitalism, but by their actions are acting as supports to this monstrous system of exploitation, and crime. The very structure and nature of their associations make it impossible for them to destroy capitalism, even if they so desired.

In the very near future, all the craft unions and socialist parties will, like the putrid and corrupt system of capitalism, begin to disintegrate, and all thoughtful and militant workers will turn to the I.W.W. as the only dynamic and progressive force in the modern industrial world.

The I.W.W. is out for all it can get from the boss. There is no compromise, no surrender in the great class war. There will be no peace until the world is won for labor and the workers receive the full produce of their toil.

Organise in the One Big Union and speed the day of industrial emancipation.

N.R.

I have lived with communities of savages in South America and in the East, who have no laws or law-courts, but the public opinion of the village freely expressed. Each man scrupulously respects the rights of his fellow, and any infraction of those rights rarely or never takes place. In such a community all are nearly equal. There are none of those wide distinctions of education and ignorance, wealth and poverty, master and servant, which are the product of our civilization. There is none of that widespread division of labor, which, while it increases wealth, produces also conflicting interests. There is not that severe competition and struggle for existence or for wealth which the dense population of civilised countries inevitably creates. All incitements to great crimes thus wanting, and the petty ones are suppressed partly by the influence of public opinion, but chiefly by that natural sense of justice and his neighbor's right which seem to be in some degree inherent in every race of men.—Alfred Russell Wallace.

Behind the Bars.

A glorious Sunday afternoon—I look out into the beautiful sunshine—through the bars of my little eight-by-four cell. I am thinking of many things. Presently I hear children's voices (my cell overlooks a lane). Sunday school children, I suppose. I strain and peer through the bars, but cannot see them. The childish prattle grows fainter and fainter, and finally dies away.

A motor hums past; then a tram-car rattles by, and all is silent again. I sit on the hammock, put my feet on the opposite wall, and try to read Matthew Arnold.

I am disturbed. Many clattering footsteps pass my cell door; the other prisoners going to church, and present I hear the droning tones of the parson repeating the sermon. I am glad I am spared the mental torture of attending church, for the words, no religion, are written in large letters over my cell door.

Again I try to read, and again I am disturbed, but this time it is my own turbulent uncontrolled thoughts that surge through my mind.

Sunday afternoon. How is the local?

How are the boys on the wharf?

How is the outside world and how are the twelve Rebels in the East? All the local incidents of the class struggle flit like ghostly shadows to and fro through my mind.

Grand old Monty gone East to carry the Fiery Cross—an industrial. "Peter the Hermit"—to rally the working class forces for the Crusade; not to wrest Jerusalem from the Turks, but to snatch the twelve rebels from the Masters' Bastille.

What shall we do?

What did Galileo do? What did Bruno do?

What has every true man done, who has

been inspired with a truth, but keep on with courage and persistency until they changed the minds of men. What others have done, the I.W.W. can do. Is the class struggle less a truth than the law of gravitation? Did jail torture or death cow those who fought for religious toleration? Did jail and deport action stay early trade unionism? And what shall we do?

What have the workers ever done, as the final means to release their fellow-workers, but shown their industrial might?

The humblest worker can help in this; the humblest worker can give his moral, financial and physical support. In saying, "Those men shall be released." Fifteen years—hell—it makes me shudder to think of it. Fifteen years of this—behind the bars. No; that can never be; rather we will make it fifteen years of the fiercest working-class activity and agitation the world has ever known. Working-Class Freedom always rests upon working-class courage. The human mind is susceptible to reason and chance—on that rests progress. With persistent agitation we can say with Arnold, "Might is Right, till Right is Ready," and then when the light of knowledge has lit up the minds of enough workers they will insist—

Circumstances and numbers will decide the exact details for the release of those behind the bars. And thus I soliloquise in my little narrow cell. The glorioffs sun is sinking low now. I am happy. I am glad. The ruling class has been unable to jail my ideas. I finish the day by humming over to myself a few rebel songs, and thus closes a glorious Sunday afternoon—behind the bars.

LLETWASKIN.

A Pioneer of Democracy.

The passing away of Morrison Davidson last December, the world lost one of its foremost democrats and radicals.

When he attained his 70 years he went into retirement and expressed himself as being unable to carry on the fight any longer owing to failing health.

On being interviewed by a representative of "Reynolds' Newspaper," he said:

"I started out on my political career as a Chartist. I have always held that the Chartists were quite as advanced, or even more so, than our modern so-called Laborites or Socialists.

"There is another thing which strikes me as showing how little progress has been made. First of all, the real meaning of Democracy has been discovered by the Swiss, with their direct political action. You would not get one Labor or Socialist member of our Parliament to take it up, because it would take away their power, and probably the £400 a year. They cannot be said to be democratic at all; otherwise they would be Republicans and Direct Actionists.

"I also doubt very much the Socialist movement of this country. I dislike it because if it takes the form that the Labor Party in Parliament wishes to take, it will simply lead to Socialism capitalist, ally organised, which will lead to capitalist busy bureaucracy.

"My hope for the future is no Government. Let the people find their way about without the aid of Parliament, or, at least, a Parliament like ours, where the representative does not represent. State Socialism of the Snowden or Macdonald kind is not co-operation, because it is compulsory, whereas I and all radicals tolerate only voluntary co-operation. The progress which has been made during the past forty or fifty years has been progress independently of Parliamentary action. Parliament has impeded progressive development among the people.

"Minorities are in the right. I only once voted in the majority during all my life, and I found that I was in the wrong."

Liberty of speech is good, liberty of action better, but liberty of thought best of all; for the worst of all shackles are those riveted into the soul.

As the advocate of society, therefore of peace, of domestic liberty, I conjure you to guard the liberty of the Press—that great sentiment of the State—that grand detector of public imposture; guard it, because, when it sinks, there sinks with it, into one common grave, the liberty of the subject and the security of the race.—Curran.

Pioneers of Progress.

The cant of the age denounces rebellion as the accursed thing, and exalts to the highest heaven the pallid virtue of Obedience.

The virile souls, who, under the inspiration of an impulse which is the very germ of the principles of liberty, break through the trammels of conventionalities and throw to the four winds of heaven the customs which weigh down their contemporaries, are the veritable saviors of society.

These men are the very antithesis of respectability. Respectability means conformity to established usage—and established usage implies the dry-rot of civilisation. To the Rebel there is a constant desire to be free from the restraints which cramp and enslave in the slightest degree.

To these men we owe our progress. They sacrifice themselves on the sacred altar of humanity. While the ignorant slumber and the timid hesitate, they light the fires of revolutions, and are cursed to-day, and deified to-morrow.

Were it not for the rebels in society, the world would grow old and weary and look no longer for its redemption.

The rebels spurn the present, because he sights the beacon fires of Hope on the hills of the future. He cannot wait. The sacred flame glows fiercely within him. Platitudes have no weight with him. Future generations alone see the genius of the great rebel.

They combine within themselves prophetic insight, intellectual power, and indomitable courage—a trinity of qualities which constitute greatness.

At their heels yelp the mongrels of an effete society, but with a sublime faith they hold on their way, indifferent to the warnings of the fearful and the threats of organised tyranny.

They sow the seed of Liberty, and succeeding generations reap the harvests and immortalise their names.

In the van of the liberators of the world, defying governments, scorning precedents, and despising hoary customs, the rebels take their places—

They grapple with giant evils.
That curse the human race.
They crash through brambles of Folly
With an ever-increasing pace;
They charge, with a virile manhood
Through Imposture's vile pretence
And harry, with Truth and Reason,
All shams to the last defence.
A. Needham, in "Westralian Worker."

On these great pillars, freedom of mind, Freedom of speech, and freedom of pen. For ever changing, yet for ever sure, The base of freedom rests.

—LOGAN.

The grave which closes over liberty also hides genius from the upper earth.—Dickens.

Song.

(TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND).
Men of England, wherefore plow,
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care,
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood!

Wherefore bees of England, forge
Many a weapon, chain and scourge,
That these stingless drones may spoil
The forced produce of your toil?

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
Or what is it ye buy so dear,
With your pain and with your fear?

The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.

Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap,
Find wealth—let no impostor keep;
Weave robes—let not the idle wear;
Forge arms—in your defence to bear.

Shrink to your cellars, holes and cells,
In the halls ye deck, another dwells;
Why shake the chains we wrought? Ye see
The steel ye tempered glanced on ye.

With plow and spade and hoe and loom,
Trace your grave, and build your tomb,
And weave your winding-sheet, till fair,
England be your sepulchre.

P. B. SHELLEY.

Win the War.

(“Age,” June 14, 1917).

It is to be hoped that the leisurely conduct of the “Win-the-War” Government will come to a full stop to-day. During more than five weeks nothing has been done, or even attempted, by Ministers to signify their consciousness of the fact that the greatest war of all times is furiously raging.

The high principles and the energetic promises of the Coalition party won for it the election. Those principles and promises caused the nation to expect Ministerial activity in close conformity therewith. Not an elector who voted for the Coalition but confidently believed the victorious Government would instantly proceed to translate its professions into deeds.

The people did not suppose the war capable of being won by the mere act of recording their votes. Surely the Government cannot have fallen into the mistake of thinking Germany would “cave in” on hearing of the party's triumph.

Nero is reported to have fiddled while Rome was burning. At least, he did something—he fiddled. What has the Federal Government done during the past five weeks of the world-burning war?

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal days of God are hers;
While error sinking writhes with pain,
And dies amid her worshippers.

I must dazzle and astonish. If I were to
Give the liberty of the Press, my power would
Not last three days.

—NAPOLEON I.

All governments are essentially immoral. It is the offspring of evil, bearing all the marks of its parentage. Violence is employed to maintain it, and all violence is criminal. The State employs evil weapons to subjugate evil. Morality cannot recognise it, can give no countenance to anything growing out of it.—Herbert Spencer.

Good men refuse to govern. I think that if ever there should exist a State exclusively composed of good men, they would seek as much not to govern as there are some now anxious to govern.—Plato (The Republic).

Parliament is a talking shop. If it were called a jobbery shop, the truth would not be violated.—Caryle.

“Looks also on a nobler age than ours;
As are when, in the eternal strife between
Evil and Good, the Power of Good shall win
A grand mastery, when kings no more
Shall summon millions from the plough to
learn
The trade of slaughter and of populous realms
make camps of war.”

W. C. BRYANT.

Strike-breaker Preaches Patriotism.

“Our women workers are wonderful.” The superintendent's heavy voice carried across the workshop. Twenty girls in khaki overalls and red mob caps of the danger squad distend unspilling, then resumed their tasks.

They stood in the stove house of the munitions works manipulating liquid death as if it were so much treacle. Before each girl lay a mass of grey-white balasite about to be baked, sieved, rolled or cut into percussion caps. At the end of the shed a hydraulic press, cased in rope, poured out endless strings of gelatine cordite.

The girl workers might have been so many cooks preparing toothsome dainties; but the atmosphere reeked with ether and the young faces were tense from headache caused by the poisonous fumes. A sense that anything might happen was in the air. The “danger hut” was thrown together to fall apart easily. WHEN it fell catastrophe was certain.

“Munitions girls are helping to win the war,” orated the superintendent. “Last night I distributed to this shift the latest government Blue Book on German atrocities; next week I hope to give them still other reports. No one dare deny that our armies in the field have been saved by the labor of our women in the munitions factories. Well, Miss MacGrugger?”

A brusque forewoman came to us, just a glint of contempt in her shrewd grey eyes. “Apparently a halt must be called on the claims of ‘patriotism,’” she commented crisply; “ten girls report that their lodgings have been commandeered for soldiers. The cheapest vacant rooms are three miles distant. There should be more equal treatment of the ‘two armies.’”

Half way down the death chamber a girl laughed lightly.

“Telephone,” called a messenger in the doorway. The superintendent nodded—and fled.

“I am Janet MacGrugger, work manager of this shop,” said the forewoman bluntly, “and HE, with his fair words and his official horror of books, was—until lately—a strike-breaker.”

“If nations paid cash for their wars there would be endless peace; even war on credit is fought with SWEATED labor.”

“Women workers are praised and petted in public while mean, mercenary, merciless employers use the national dan-

ger as an opportunity to impose iniquitous conditions. The girls must be encouraged to put up with poor pay, with dangerous machines and an eighty-two hour week!”

“British shells are made to protect British men; but their making in sweat shops imperils the health of British women. Statisticians reckon that a million English girls will never be married because of the war. Women munitions makers know that a million others should never marry because they did war work. They endure barracks life minus the comforts and plus the battlefield dangers.

They are ALWAYS under fire.

Julia there was almost the prettiest lass I ever saw—pink and white as a colleen could be. Two weeks ago she was sent to the danger room with a bonus of 50 cents a week. She tried to beg off, pleaded to be discharged, but was ‘persuaded’ to obey. The Munitions Act provides that women on war work cannot quit without obtaining a clearance certificate.

“Julia began to make trinitrophenol (T. N. T.) into pellets. In seven days picric acid stained her face and arms copper color. The dye is almost indelible. Our doctors orders Julia to drink quantities of milk lest the poison break out into slow-healing ulcers—when she must be sent home to live on her pre-war insurance, five shillings a week. ‘Quantities of milk’ might postpone the poisoning; but milk costs 12 cents a quart—Julia earns 6 cents an hour.

“Those gas helmets from the trenches are for fuse makers in the factories. Good fuse makers have a definite value—even to a sweater.

“Mary here fills the detonators of shells with fulminate of mercury. Every day she fills 1600. Should she drop a grain, the danger hut would fly to pieces. It is acervous work; long hours would be perilous for others. Her wage, at the standard rate of 8 cents an hour, averages 4 dols for a 48-hour week. Call a sovereign (5 dols.) ten shillings (2dols. 50 cents)—which is to-day its real value—and Mary dodges death for about 2 dols a week!”

“Neutrals are led to believe that the minimum munitions makers weekly wage is 5 dols. A handy woman with four months’ experience at lathe work earns about 8 dols. 75 cents—now equal to 4 dols. 36 cents before the war. But the world is NOT told that munitions manufacturers’ profits have risen 3,800 per cent!”

“New Age.”

Song.

Base oppressors, leave your slumbers,
Listen to the nation's cry;
Hark! united, countless numbers,
Swell the peal of agony!
Lo! from Britain's sons and daughters,
In the depths of misery—
Like the sound of many waters—
Comes the cry, “We will be free.”

Tyrants quail! The dawn is breaking—
Dawn of Freedom's glorious day;
Despots on their thrones are quaking;
Iron bands are giving way;
Kingscraft, priesthood, black oppression,
Cannot bear our scrutiny;
We have learnt this startling lesson—
“If we will, we can be free!”

By our own, our children's charter;
By the blood that fires our veins;
By each truth-attesting martyr,
By their tears, and groans, and pains,
By our rights, by nature given;
By the voice of Liberty;
We proclaim before high heaven;
That we must, we will be free!

Winds and waves the tidings carry;
Spirits, in your stormy car,
Wing'd with lightning, do not tarry;
Bear the news to lands afar!
Tell them—sound the thrilling story,
Louder than the thunder's glee—
That a people ripe for glory,
Is determined to be free.

J. A. LEATHERLAND.

Voltaire.

Voltaire was at all times the unflinching opponent of persecution. No matter how powerful was the persecutor, no matter how insignificant was the victim, the same scathing eloquence was launched against the crime, and the indignation of Europe was soon concentrated upon the oppressor. The fearful storm of sarcasm and invective that avenged the murder of Calas, the magnificent dream in the Philosophical Dictionary, reviewing the history of persecution from the slaughtered Canaanites to the latest victims who had perished at the stake, the indelible stigma branded upon the persecutors of every age and of every creed, all attested the intense and passionate earnestness with which Voltaire addressed himself to his task. On other subjects a jest or a caprice could often turn him aside. When attacking intolerance, he employed, indeed, every weapon, but he employed them all with the concentrated energy of a profound conviction. His success was equal to his zeal. The spirit of intolerance sank blasted beneath his genius. Wherever his influence passed, the arm of the inquisitor was palsied, the chains of the captive riven, the prison door flung open. Beneath his withering irony, persecution appeared not only criminal, but loathsome; and since his time it has even shrunk from observation, and masked its features under other names. He died, leaving a reputation that is indeed far from spotless, but having done more to destroy the greatest of human curses than any other of the sons of men.—From Lecky's “Rationalism in Europe.”

others leaders were hanged.

July 25th, 1845.—The brothers Bandieri Carbonarists shot on information from Lord Palmerstone.

July 26th, 1783.—Bolívar, who drove the Spaniards' rule from South America, born.

July 26th, 1909.—Insurrection, at Barcelona.

July 26th, 1825.—Pestel and four other “Decembrists” hanged.

July 28th, 1794.—Robespierre guillotined.

July 28th 1904.—Plevhë, the brutal Russian Minister for the Interior, blown to pieces by a bomb.

July 29th, 1830.—Revolution in Paris.

July 29th, 1900.—Bresci shoots Umberto, the King of Italy, as an act of reprisal for the brutal treatment meted out to strikers and their families.

July 29th, 1848.—Smith O'Brien's abortive revolt in Ireland.

July 30th, 1891.—Dillon and O'Brien released from Galway Gaol.

July 30th, 1909.—Barcelona revolt suppressed. This attempt at a combined Socialist and Republican revolution, originated in a general strike, was put down in the usual sanguinary style by the authorities.

The chief atrocity was the shooting three months later of Francisco Ferrer, founder of the Spanish modern school system.

The place to fight is on the job. Organise at the point of production. Job Organisation is the way to win. The industrial field is the place to fight.

Important Events in July.

July 1st, 1909.—Sir William Curzon Wyllie shot by Dhringra, 1st, 1876. Mikail Aleksandrovich Bakunin died. Born 1814, educated at the university, became early imbued with advanced ideas. In '43 at Paris he became a follower of Proudhon. In '48 expelled from France at the request of the Russian Government, which set a price on his head. Arrested and imprisoned for life, 1850; escaped to Austria; again taken and sent to Siberia.

After some years he again escaped, found his way to the sea, and sailed to Japan, thence to America and London. He helped to found the International, but left it in '73. He died at Berne, Switzerland.

July 2nd, 1908.—Turkish revolution began.

July 3rd, 1450—Jack Cade enters London.

July 4th, 1776.—Proclamation of American Independence.

July 4th, 1905.—Peasants' revolt in Russia.

July 4th, 1807.—Garibaldi born.

July 6th, 1892.—Riots at Carnegie's works; 20 killed.

July 6th, 1535.—Thomas More, author of “Utopia,” executed.

July 7th, 1921.—William Cobbett, tried for sedition.

July 7th, 1822.—Shelley, the sublime poet of revolution, drowned in the Bay of Spezia.

July 7th, 1905.—First I.W.W. convention held in Chicago.

July 8, 1809.—Thomas Paine died.

July 10th, 1848.—Ernest Jones, English “Christist,” arrested.

July 11, 1895.—Massacre of Caucasians, who declined to bear arms.

July 11, 1892.—Ravachol Parisian Anarchist executed.

July 11, 1549.—Rebellion of Ket the Tanner, Devonshire, England.

July 13, 1793.—Marat, assassinated by Charlotte Corday.

July 14, 1789.—From this day may be dated the commencement of the great French revolution. Around the fortress and prison of the Bastille about noon, there gathered a large crowd. The draw-bridge being let down to allow an official to leave, a number

of insurgents entered. The Governor de Launay caused the bridge to be drawn up, thus imprisoning the intruders, but they mounted on bayonets stuck in the wall, and an old soldier named Louis Tournay, cut the chains with an axe, and the mob rushed in. After a fierce conflict, which lasted until 5 o'clock, the Bastille was taken. De Launay and the other officials were killed at once. Seven prisoners were found within its walls; they were carried on the shoulders of the Citizens' with seven heads on pikes to bear them company. The keys of the Bastille were sent to George Washington. For months the people labored, demolishing the structure. A tree of liberty was erected on its site.

July 15th, 1381. John Ball, “the mad priest,” hanged.

July 15th, 1899.—Proudhon born.

July 16th, 1647.—Massanello killed. Trouble in Naples caused by excessive taxation imposed by the Spanish Viceroy, culminated in a great insurrection, led by Tommaso Aniello, or Massanello, the famous fisherman. He was vilely betrayed and taken, after addressing a crowd from the pulpit of a church, assassinated in his cell, and his mutilated body dragged through the streets of Naples.

July 17th, 1793.—Thomas Paine and Waldron tried for publishing “Rights of Man.”

July 18, 1870.—Michael Davitt tried for treason-felony.

July 18th, 1572.—Netherlands revolution.

July 18th, 1820.—Revolution in Palermo, to release from prison. Gaetano Abela, Carbonarist.

July 20, 1820.—Insurrection of Carbonari, Naples.

July 21st, 1796.—Robert Burns died.

July 21st, 1899.—Robert Green Ingersoll, orator and humanitarian died.

July 21st, 1848.—Habsburg Corpus suspended in Ireland. Arrest and subsequent transportation of Mitchell.

July 23rd, 1803.—Rebellion in Ireland. Lord Kilwarden fatally injured in the Dublin streets. As a result in the following September, Robert Emmett, Shears, Orr, and

A.W.U. Award. Work and Wages.

SQUEAL OF THE PURE MERINOS.

In reference to "Grazier's Protest," reported "Herald," July 5, 1917, I should term it the great annual "squeal" of the pure merino exploiters. How they pretend that the present award of Judge Higgins to the station hands is against the graziers' interests to almost insolence. What bosh, what tripe!

The particular wail of these "Sheep Heads," it seems (so they state) is not the increase of wages in proportion with the present cost of living, but that their hope of decreased cost of living in the future will not bring a corresponding decrease of wages.

The graziers are very anxious to know if the trade unionists would wish a decrease in wages, when the decrease of cost of living eventuates in the indefinite future. But—did the grazier voluntarily rise the workers' wages when the cost of living had increased very much beyond the purchasing power of the scanty remuneration of the poor bush workers? Oh, no!

Last year these graziers appealed to the station hands not to resort to the violent tactics of that horror of horrors—a strike; but to await the judgment of the Arbitration Court. By this snare the station workers were induced to stay contented, which they did, unconscious of the fact that they were scabbing on the few fellow workers who were tramping around the country, trying to obtain decent wages and conditions in return for their labor power.

These grazer heads pretend that Judge Higgins has made a drastic award against their interests. But well these grazier "sharks" know that the award is in the favor of the pastoralist. If Judge Higgins was fair to the bush workers of Australia he would make the award retrospective back to the date of 1911, when the first claims of the station hands were put before the Court; also he would not leave the increased wage stay in abeyance till 1918.

Judge Higgins recognised that 25 per week was a meagre wage, and yet recognising this, he asks Australian workers to calmly live on this pittance still longer—until 1918. What bosh!

Mr. Grazier, you well know that your 100 per cent increase for your fat sheep in Homebush sale yards and 150 per cent wool advance, does not equalise the increase of 23/ to the much abused overworked, under-fed, profit-producing, station hand.

We workers are fully awakening to the grazing exploiters. We, the bottom dogs and underworld hirelings, have put the microscope on your bunkum "Protest," "Grazier's Protest," and you and your ever ready tool of Arbitration Court will yet disturb the sleep of we bottom dogs—so beware when we really start to snarl. And once truly awakened to your dastardly tricks, and properly organised to protect our welfare, we will laugh to scorn your well faked "protests," and without the help of the "fraud house" Arbitration, take by ourselves our rightful heritage for our honest hard labor.

Station hands, realise that your industrial might, organised on your own behalf, secured by solidarity, is mightier than the Courts, that are ever the tools of your exploiters, though they veil it so that some of you, not seeing clearly, are gulled and put to slumber against your very self and against the interest of your fellow workers, who are worthy of proper recognition for their toil.

RUDOLPH MATTHIAS.

SYDNEY LOCAL

— No. 2 —

403 SUSSEX STREET, CITY.

— ACTIVITIES —

MONDAY, 7.30 p.m., SINGING CLASS.

TUESDAY, 8 p.m.—SPEAKERS' CLASS.

THURSDAY, 8 p.m.—BUSINESS MEETING.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY—PROPAGANDA MEETINGS IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF CITY.

SUNDAY, 10.30 a.m. ECONOMIC CLASS.

SUNDAY, 3 p.m.—PROPAGANDA MEETING IN DOMAIN.

SUNDAY, 7 p.m.—PROPAGANDA MEETINGS BATHURST STREET AND OTHER PARTS OF THE CITY.

SUNDAY, 8 p.m.—LECTURE IN HALL.

BEST WORKING-CLASS LIBRARY IN SYDNEY.

ALL SLAVES WELCOME.

BOSS NOT ADMITTED.

TOM BARKER.

Sec. Treas.

I will take, by way of analogy, Citizen Weston's bowl of soup, which Marx spurned in his "Value, Price and Profit." Suppose the total product of labor to be represented by a bowl of soup. Suppose now that the workers become dissatisfied with his share of the soup, and being gulled by the superstition that by means of an increase in wages he would fare better—demands two pounds instead of one—the capitalists would then raise his price to two.—(J. Rawstron in "Direct Action," 21/6/17).

Seeing that the above is directed at Marx in particular, perhaps it may be just as well, here and now, to let Marx's own works answer our learned student. "By what contrivance is the capitalist enabled to raise one pound's worth or two pounds? By raising the price of the commodity he sells. Now, does a rise and more generally a change in the prices of commodities, and does the prices of commodities themselves depend on the mere will of the capitalist? Or are, on the contrary, certain circumstances wanted to give effect to that will? If not, the up and down, the incessant fluctuations of market prices, become an insoluble riddle.

"As we suppose that no change, whatever, has taken place either in the productive powers of labor, or in the amount of capital and labor employed, or in the value of the money wherein the values of products are estimated, but only a change in the rate of wages, how could that rise of wages affect the prices of commodities? Only by affecting the actual proportion between the demand for and supply of these commodities.

"It is perfectly true that, considered as a whole, the working class spends, and must spend, its income upon necessities. A rise in the rate of wages would, therefore, produce a rise in the demand for, and consequently in the market price of, necessities.

"The capitalists who produce these necessities would be compensated for the risen wages by the rising market prices of their commodities.

"But how with the other capitalists who do not produce necessities? And you must not fancy them a small body. If you consider that two-thirds of the national produce are consumed by one-fifth of the population, you will understand what an immense proportion of the national produce must be produced in the shape of luxuries, or be exchanged for luxuries, and what an immense amount of the necessities themselves must be wasted upon flunkies, horses, cats and so forth, a waste, known from experience to be always limited by the rising prices of necessities.

"Well, what would be the position of those capitalists who do not produce necessities? For the fall in the rate of profit, consequent upon the general rise of wages, they could not compensate themselves by a rise in the price of their commodities, because the demand for those commodities would not have increased. Their income would have decreased, and from this decrease income they would have to pay more for the same amount of higher-priced necessities. By this would not be all. As their income had diminished they would have less to spend upon luxuries, and, therefore, their mutual demand for their respective commodities would diminish. Consequently upon this diminished demand, the prices of their commodities would fall. In these branches of industry, therefore, the rate of profit would fall, not only in simple proportion to the general rise in the rate of wages, but in the compound ratio of the general rise in wages, the rise in the prices of necessities and the fall in the prices of luxuries.

"What would be the consequence of this difference in the rates of profit for capitals employed in the different branches of industry? Why, the consequence that generally obtains, whenever, from whatever reason the average rate of profit comes to differ in the different spheres of production. Capital and labor would be transferred from the less remunerative to the more remunerative branches, and this process of transfer would go on until the supply in the one department of industry would have risen proportionately to the increased demand, and would have sunk in the other departments according to the decreased demand. This charge effected, the average rate of profit would again exist in the different branches.

"As the whole derangement originally arose from a mere change in the proportion of the demand for, and supply of, different commodities, the cause ceasing, the effect would cease, and prices would return to their former level. Instead of being limited to some branches of industry, the fall in the rate of profit consequent upon the rise of wages would have become general. According to our supposition, there would have taken place no change in the productive powers of labor, nor in the aggregate amount of production, but that given amount of production would have changed its form: A greater part of the produce would exist in the shape of necessities, and a lesser part in the shape of luxuries.

Queensland.

ART UNION DRAWING.

The workers' art union drawing took place in the I.W.W. rooms, over the Stanley street P.O. South Brisbane, this week. The prizes were drawn on exactly the same principle as in the famous "golden casket" art union. The marbles were all drawn by representatives of the Department of Justice. There was a fairly large crowd present, and everything went off without a hitch. Some of the prizes were won by ticket holders of Port Darwin and Broken Hill, and all of these butts have not yet come to hand. But the winners' names will be published as soon as they arrive—First prize, No. 7420, Mr. M. Seally, 69 Jersey road, Moolahra, Sydney; 2nd, 130, butt not in; 3rd, 941, Dick Bennett, Kurildah, 4th, 9006 F. D. Beldison, Terminus Hotel, Williamstown, Melbourne; 5th, 4750, M. Taylor, Criterion Hotel, Broken Hill; 6th, 7869, Mr. Grey, I.W.W. Hall, Sussex street, Sydney; 7th, 7561, A. Wyatt, Alpine, Colo Vale, N.S.W.; 8th, 130, butt not in; 9th, 9039, P. Cantwell, 582, Spencer street, Melbourne; 10th, 4953, T. Sheridan, Cobalt street, Broken Hill; 11th, 8105, Miss D. Mole, Cribb street, Milton; 12th, 6011, butt not in; 13th, 4625, butt not in; 14th, 4632, A. Harvey, 568, Argyle street, Broken Hill; 15th, 4958, F. Sheridan, Cobalt street, Broken Hill; 16th, 5880, butt not in.

The drawing took place in the presence of several members of the Queensland detective force, and the books have been sent into the Audit Branch of the Department of Justice for audit. A balance sheet will be issued later.

The Law.

The statute laws were introduced along with the coming of private ownership of the wealth and means of its production. Laws were originally made to bind the serf to his master and to compel the slave to diligently obey his overlords. With the growth of capitalism, the law has become more and more oppressive, taxes in the form of fines are extorted from the people on almost any charge; dogs are taxed; also amusements; and it seems probable that very soon, taxes will command a good share of the workers' wages. Laws are continually being passed that aim at the suppression of working-class freedom. Strikes are forbidden; fines must be paid for taking holidays not sanctioned by the boss. Free speech is stifled, working-class agitators are jailed on the flimsiest frame-ups, as in the case of the twelve I.W.W. men in Sydney, and Thomas Mooney, of America. The law is gradually closing any loop-hole that the workers have to escape the oppression of the master class. As soon as an industrial advantage is gained by the workers, the capitalist class strive to amend the laws to make a repetition impossible. Judges and courts are kept up on the money extracted from the people. Robbery is illegal, but the continual plundering of the workers by the capitalist is legal. It is useless to attempt to defy the present-day laws. They preserve order and industrial peace. It is the friend of the capitalist class. "The idea that the laws were made to maintain morality is just one of those unaccountable superstitions that seem prevalent in the minds of a misguided people. There can only be a just law for the workers. That is the law which gives them the full fruits of their production and drives the capitalist into his deserved oblivion.

A fig for those by law protected,
Liberty's a glorious feast;
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.
SEJAM.

"The general rise in the rate of wages would therefore, after a temporary disturbance of market prices, only result in a general fall of the rate of profit without any permanent change in the prices of commodities."—"Value, Price and Profit," pages 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

"The claim that the capitalists can raise the prices of articles of luxury, because the demand for them decreases (in consequence of the reduced demand of the capitalists, whose spending money has been reduced) would be a very unique application of the law of supply and demand. The prices of articles of luxury fall in consequence of reduced demand to the extent that capitalist buyers are not replaced by laboring buyers, and so far as this replacement takes effect, the demand of the laborers does not result in a rise of the prices of necessities, for the laborers cannot spend that portion of their increased wages for necessities which they spend for luxuries."

(To be continued).

MATADE.

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 organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering 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 organization 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 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.

LIST OF LITERATURE.

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- P. O'L.—Yes, you may be right, but what has it got to do with the I.W.W.?
- G.G.—Article unsuitable. Thanks for clippings.
- J.P.—If you know anything about the laws governing papers you would understand.
- S.L.—Why cry about it! Organise in the One Big Union and you will soon see a way out of all your troubles.
- J. Pope, J. Rawstron and G. H. Received. Appear next week.

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