

# ONE UNION. ONE LABEL. ONE ENEMY.



VOL. 4., NO. 132

SYDNEY.

July 28th, 1917. ONE PENNY

## Queensland.

### CLONCURRY.

As anticipated, Jackson held a most successful meeting of miners at Mt. Cuthbert. In real workmanlike style Jackson, divested of half his wearing apparel, made an onslaught on the tactics and methods employed by our dear kind masters in securing the conviction of the twelve men now in gaol, and defined in detail how the class-labor system, this wage and profit system, functioned in the interest of the capitalist class, the class that holds the economic power. The position was made transparently clear to the 250 miners who were present, that it is ridiculous to expect justice for an agitator through the courts of capitalism, as they only existed for one purpose, viz: To protect our masters' interests, and bolster up the system of capitalism. He emphasised in detail that if it was really possible for the press, per medium of its powerful editorials, to fool the parsons and priests to chloroform, and the politicians to betray the workers; well the master has the gaol—see that! At the conclusion of his address Jackson received one round of applause, and the miners of North-West Queensland will not be found wanting when moral and financial assistance is required. Subscription lists were handy at the meeting, and names went down for £20 5s, out of which Jackson was paid £9 5s, and the balance will be collected on pay day, and possibly more will come in later. Jackson distributed from the platform 155 Shorter's Work Day, 135 "Direct Actions," 95 Detsel Motor pamphlets, and 45 song books, which was the last of the literature on hand. The collections at the past three meetings during the past week totals over £60. On Monday Jackson proceeded to Oona, 6 miles from Mt. Cuthbert (which is 550 miles west from Townsville), and addressed the navvies same evening. Chairs, tables, forms, etc., were requisitioned from the local pub, and the monotony of bush life was broken for 1½ hours. Jackson thanked the navvies on behalf of the Defence and Release Committee for the sum of £8 10s 6d, subscribed by them last April, and also stated that on no account would another collection be taken up, as the navvies were out of work for a few weeks, awaiting a new construction. Just as the meeting concluded £3 6s was handed to Jackson, and the navvies assisted that he must take same. Brown, Jackson and D. Foley will hold a series of meetings at each mining camp. D. Foley has been appointed organiser for the mining districts, and with the assistance of Brown and Jackson, and judging by the enthusiasm at the meetings, and the number of rebels already on the job, it appears the mining industry of N. W. Queensland, which comprises 5,000 men, will be, in the near future, for the I.W.W. The workers up this way must have more literature, and are anxious for more meetings, so we have ordered this day 1000 "Direct Actions" each week, and to-day wired £45 for more literature, and hope to send for more next week, as £45 worth of literature will only last for one month.

J. W.

### TOWNSVILLE.

Sunday night, July 8th, saw another good crowd assembled near the beach to hear the truth concerning the imprisoned unionists. On this occasion the meeting was held on a vacant allotment of land near the band-stand. One returned hero batted in whilst Chairman O'Shanassy was delivering his remarks. The hero charged Donald Grant with slitting his swag, "somewhere" in New South Wales. The crowd quickly showed their resentment, and the hero beat a strategic retreat, and was last seen pouring his tale of woe into the ears of his lady-love.

Thirty-two shillings worth of literature and papers were sold, and a collection of £2 10s contributed. O'Shanassy and a number of local rebels intend holding a meeting each Sunday night. Several promising speakers are amongst the crowd, and the meetings will give them an opportunity to learn how to express themselves in public. Brown goes west to join Jackson. Police permitting.

GORDON BROWN.

## The Bengal Tigers Again.

The Bengal Tigers are on another prow. Not being satisfied with making "win the war" speeches, Billie is now out to lose the I.W.W. Our little Billie was beginning to get a bit stale, and his shares were beginning to slump, so he had to look around and do something to keep up his notoriety.

The latest paroxysm of this self-opinionated politician is an attack upon the Industrial Workers of the World in the shape of the Illegal Associations' Amendment Bill. In this Bill the little "Wales for ever best" Billie threatens to suppress the I.W.W., stop all its publications, and gaol its members. What an awful calamity—for Billie.

This little man with the big job waxes wrath and exudes a lot of bile. He yells, "disloyalists, blacklegs, German gold, etc." These lying taunts he thrashed to tatters during the conscription campaign, but being stuck for arguments, he needs must use them once more. Poor "Taffy." How the gods must laugh at the wild ravings of this little man.

There was a time when Billie called upon the ferocious Bengal tigers to assist him, but it appears that the Bengal tigers will not bite, so he is now going in for the tactics of the snake.

But we are not downcast. It takes more than one kick to kill an I.W.W.-ite. So go to it, Billie, old boy. No matter what tactics you adopt, or what device you conjure up in your imagination, you will find that you have a big job on in trying to "out" the I.W.W.

There are many people who are not members of the I.W.W., but will always object to anyone trying to Prussianise Australia. So be careful, Billie, least you hang yourself with your own rope.

The I.W.W. does not exist in a hall in Sussex street, Sydney, nor is it confined in a hall in any other city, but its members spread all over the continent. Many of the I.W.W. boys are looking forward with great joy to the big "wobbly" round-up which Billie has promised them. What fun when we all meet and become guests of the King.

If this noisy little Welshman thinks that by his startling announcements he can cause a panic amongst us and get us running for shelter, he has blundered ignominiously. If Billie thinks that by windy speeches and the rattling of iron bars he can make us renounce our principles, then he does not understand the make-up of the I.W.W. man.

The noble ideals and sound principles for which we stand will never be deserted even though ten million Billie Hughes demand it.

Drag us before the Court, and we will

produce our membership cards if necessary to prove that we are members of that awful nightmare of Billie's—the I.W.W.

Six months' gaol, you say. Well, what of it?

In gaol we will be guaranteed food, clothing, and shelter. Things which many of us do not get to-day. In gaol we will not have the worry of having to hunt for a boss, and we will not be troubled with noisy politicians. And, very likely, before long, we will have the One Big Union organised inside the walls, and then, Billie, what ho!

Anyhow, who are we that we should grumble at a few months inside?

When we entered on this great fight for Freedom and Justice, we knew we would meet with persecution. So it will not come as a shock. We did not imagine that the masters of to-day were any more benevolent than the masters of old, so we have always been prepared for trouble. We know that the pioneers of Progress have always been persecuted and tortured, and by the I.W.W. meeting with the same fate it only lets the world know that we are true to our principles and loyal to our ideals. And what more could anyone do?

We refuse to tremble at Billie's threats. We do not get shivers when Billie talks.

If the worst comes and we all go to gaol, then we will have the consolation that we are there for a principle, something our inquisitorial friends never had.

And what are a few months compared with fifteen years?

Think of all the noble souls and wonderful minds that have suffered in the cause of Progress. Think of all those who have died in prisons, been tortured in dungeons, stretched upon the rack, burnt at the stake, and hounded from one country to another because they dared to hold aloft the torch of Truth.

When we look back at the wonderful galaxy of martyrs whose lives have gone out in the fight for Right and Justice, we take fresh courage and fight on.

A cause like the I.W.W. can never be killed. The inspiring ideals for which it struggles can never be smothered.

When Billie Hughes and all his gang are dead and forgotten the I.W.W. will still be alive and its martyrs remembered.

"Who is it speaks of defeat?"

I tell you a cause like ours, is greater than defeat can know;

It is the power of powers!

As surely as the earth rolls round,

As surely as the glorious sun

Follows the great world moon-wave,

Must our Cause be won."

N.R.

## The Barrier

### BROKEN HILL.

Things are going along nicely here in Broken Hill, although judging from the present outlook, it is still "a long, long way to emancipation." However, we are still trying to force the logic of industrial unionism into the grey matter of the toll-stunned workers of this city, and are slowly but surely gaining ground.

The economic class, conducted by F. W. Kipling, is still making good progress, and promises to result in producing some good exponents of working-class economics.

A lecture was delivered in the I.W.W. hall here on Sunday last by F. W. Bryan, the subject being "Mutual Aid." The lecture was well delivered, and well received, and was followed by several questions, and a lively discussion.

Sales of literature and papers are showing signs of increasing, and with constant agitation should show good results.

The speakers' class is still going, and new speakers are coming on, and will soon be able to take part in the outdoor propaganda.

F. F. W.

## Capitalism.

There are two classes in society—the master class and the proletariat class. The latter exist by the sale of their labor to the master class. The master by virtue of owning the means of production, which is equalised in his law courts, is able to seize the major portion of the production; and pay the workers just enough to keep him alive and healthy to be constantly exploited in industry. The capitalist system is built up on the wealth robbed from the workers, and it can only be destroyed when the workers take possession of the source of their oppression—the means of production. Judges, soldiers, landlords and police are all maintained on the surplus wealth extracted from the working class by the masters of industry. Capitalism is rapidly becoming stronger in Australia, and every year the amount of exploitation increases. The management of industry is being centered into fewer and fewer hands; the individual capitalist is being replaced by the trust. It is thus apparent that soon the workers will have to face a highly organised master class and then with their own sadly neglected organisation, it is highly probable that we will experience a reign of oppression never before equalled. In the primitive ages, the slaves had to be whipped to work, but the present day wage slaves go at the sound of the whistle. Capitalism stands for the complete slavery of the workers. It is the historic mission of the workers to do away with capitalism. We of the I.W.W. look forward to the time when misery, hunger, and want will be a thing of the past, and the worker will get the full product of his toil. The I.W.W. is the sledge-hammer which will shatter the capitalist system: it is the force that will bring about the NEW ERA.

SEJAM.

## Trades' Union Conference.

At the last Trades' Union Conference held at 403 Sussex street, Sydney, on the 14th July, to deal with the case of the twelve imprisoned men, much business of an important nature was transacted.

It was also decided to start two organisers in New South Wales, to travel the state and put the case of the twelve imprisoned men before the workers. Fred Milwood was elected to represent the Sydney R. and D. Committee, and Mr. Hoskins, of Coledale Miners' Lodge, was elected to represent the trade unions present.

All union delegates at Conference pledged themselves to recommend to their unions that financial aid be given for the maintenance of Mr. Hoskins in the field as organiser.

All monies for that purpose should be sent to Secretary of Relief and Defence Commit-

tee, Box 98, Haymarket P. O.

All who are anxious to see the liberation of the Twelve Fighters for Freedom are asked to put forward every effort to make this tour of the two delegates a success.

All who are prepared to distribute leaflets and arrange meetings for the two delegates are asked to write to the Secretary, R. and D. Committee.

This course is proving highly successful in Queensland, where three organisers are kept busy day and night.

With a little energy on the part of the rank and file this tour of the two delegates in New South Wales can be made very successful also. Now all together boys. Let us hear from you.

M. SWEENEY,  
Hon. Sec. D. and R. Committee.

### THE SOCIAL.

The social and dance which eventuated at the Southern Cross Hall on Friday, 13th inst., was a huge success. For well over four hours the hall was the centre of much merriment and conviviality. Thanks are due to the Women's Committee for the able way they organised the social and also the individual female members who contributed largely to the night's enjoyment.

Besides having a "good time," a few score of quids were netted for the Defence Fund.

**Roll up to  
Domain Meeting  
Sunday. Important.**



## Direct Action

WEEKLY  
OFFICIAL ORGANof the  
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF  
THE WORLD.(Australian Administration)  
Office: 403 Sussex Street, Sydney,  
Australia.Subscriptions: 4/ per year; New Zealand,  
6/ per year; Foreign, 8/ per year.HEADQUARTERS, I.W.W. (Australia):  
403 SUSSEX STREET, SYDNEY.GENERAL HEADQUARTERS: 164 W.  
Washington Street, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.Advance  
Australia.

In the history of all organisations, institutions, and societies, there comes a time when they are forced to reorganise, transform, and re-construct if they would keep alive. This time has arrived in the history of the I.W.W. in Australia. The hour has struck for change. The I.W.W. must take advantage of these outstanding opportunities, or it is not fulfilling the functions for which it was called into being.

For more than five years we carried on fairly successfully with our Propaganda Leagues and Recruiting Locals, and have lately proved a big power in this Austral land, but the gong has now sounded for another bout, and we are compelled to launch out on a wider and more concrete basis of organisation. This is absolutely necessary if we are to justify our existence.

We must now take up the systematic organisation of industrial unions in the various industrial centres throughout Australia. Organisers who are familiar with the technique of the industry, and thoroughly understand the modern Industrial movement will be needed for the large industrial cities, and job delegates must be elected for the various jobs. A properly constituted General Executive Board must be brought into being, and the work of the organisation carried out in a sound, systematic and scientific manner. We cannot afford to leave things to chance.

The I.W.W. is not based upon sentiment, but upon materialism, hence we wish to have the right man in the right place. The one who is most fitted for a particular job is the one who should have it, irrespective of the sentiment or friendship we might have for some other person.

Who the organisers, delegates, and officers will be, the nature of their duties, and the remuneration they will receive, cannot be arrived at under the present system. A convention of all Locals in Australia must be called where we can get right down to the real business of the organisation and map out our future programme.

We have got along very well under the somewhat haphazard system of loosely linked recruiting Locals, but we must now move forward. The recruiting Locals have done splendid work in the past, but things are now changing, and changing fast. If the I.W.W. is going to keep pace with the modern industrial world, it must change, too, take on a more concrete form, and extend its activities into wider fields.

During the propaganda stages of the I.W.W. all went well, but now we have advanced beyond the propaganda stage, and the I.W.W. is now taking its stand as an industrial organisation in this stern struggle for working class supremacy.

Owing to the general acceptance of the principles of the I.W.W. by the militant section of the working class, it becomes imperative that more Industrial Unions be organised to take in these fighting spirits who are out of harmony with the existing trade unions.

Propaganda Leagues and members at large are not sufficient. We must fight as an organisation, and not as individuals.

During the past six months many letters have arrived at headquarters asking for organisers to be sent to the different industrial centres, and several requests have been made from different places for information re forming an I.W.W. Local.

This speaks of progress, and it reminds the officers of the I.W.W. that they cannot afford to lay back, but must go to it with increased vigor, spreading the "glad tidings of great joy."

At the last Convention held in Melbourne, much business was transacted and good work done. But since then the I.W.W. has doffed its swaddling clothes and has forced the big industrial magnates to sit up and take notice. Our growth has been wonderful, and many big changes have taken place. Our influence has been so great, that it has caused a vicious bellow to emanate from the lungs of Fat and Co.

On account of the steady growth of the One Big Union idea as advocated by the I.W.W., all sections of plutocracy have been organising and plotting to "down" this militant organisation of the working class. The Masters of Bread now have fifteen of our able exponents behind the bars, and it looks as if more are to follow unless we are prepared to take an organised stand against any further persecution.

Every possible device that can be conceived in the mind of man or beast is now being used against the I.W.W.

The commercial pirates know full well that when once the working class swing on to the I.W.W., the days of idleness, debauchery, and crime will soon disappear, hence their savage attacks.

We must not only spread out into fresh fields, enrol new members, and organise new Locals, but we must be prepared to support and defend our members. Much work lies ahead. In order to carry out this work on a systematic, efficient and organised basis, a Convention of the Australian Administration of the I.W.W. becomes imperative.

The I.W.W. is not static, stationary, but is subject to change. It is at all times ready to mould its organisation and change its structure to suit the changing industrial conditions. This being so, we have no fear of the future. While we are free from prejudice in relation to industrial matters, and ready at all times to adopt whatever tactics are deemed best at a given time, we cannot help but progress. The I.W.W. does not stick to any cast iron law, but is prepared to adopt any method which will bring victory for the working class. Relying upon these principles, the working class must win out.

The I.W.W. is now a live progressive force in Australia. We have Right and Reason and Logic on our side. Our position is unchallengeable. The future is with us.

The coming Convention is destined to be historic. Upon the solid foundation which is already laid, we will start to build up the greatest Industrial Organisation the world has ever seen, and before long the world will be ours, and the workers masters of their own destinies.

Forward the One Big Union.  
Advance Australia.

N.R.

## LIBERTY.

Thy birthplace—where, young Liberty?  
In graves, 'mid heroes' ashes.  
Thy dwelling—where, sweet Liberty?  
In hearts, where free blood dashes.

Thy best hope—where, dear Liberty?  
In fast unwinding time,  
Thy strength—where, proud Liberty?  
In thine oppressor's crime.

Thy safety—where, stray Liberty?  
In lands where discord cease,  
Thy glory—where, bright Liberty?  
In universal Peace.

ERNEST JONES.

Oh, but it was a glorious hour, that vengeance  
that we wreaked  
When the Mighty knelt for pardon, and the  
Great in anguish shrieked!  
But we jeered them for their little hearts, and  
mocked their selfish fears,  
For we thought the while of all their crimes,  
of twice five hundred years.

G. S. SMYTHE.

Vice is infamous though in a prince, and  
virtue honorable though in a peasant.

ADDISON.

## SHIPS OF STONE.

The accentuated need for additional shipping space has called forth the combined ingenuity of the ship building engineers in order to be able to construct more ships than previously with less expenditure of labor power. At the present time, for various reasons, the workers engaged in the shipbuilding industry in the big shipbuilding centres are fully occupied in spite of the new processes, which result in speedier production.

But the time will again come when the demand for ships will recede to the normal. When that time comes the capitalists will possess a new weapon in the improved methods of shipbuilding, invented and introduced in a time of necessity. They will no more revert to the old methods. They will not discard their new weapon. They will use it to fight the working class.

The reason why every new labor saving device is a new weapon in the hands of the capitalists in their fight with the working class is that it enables them to create an unemployed army in the industry concerned, and ultimately in all industries. The unemployed army is the most potent factor in the class struggle. If there is among the working class a large number of unemployed, it is impossible for them to fight unitedly against the combined forces of capitalism. Parliament and politicians cannot give work to unemployed if the industrial magnates are able to increase their number and the markets are glutted. It, therefore, becomes absolutely necessary for the working class by its own efforts to eliminate unemployment as far as possible.

Shipbuilding is only one industry in which new and simple labor saving methods are being introduced. But it is typical of many. It is, therefore, worth while considering the matter in its bearing on the working class position.

There was a time when wooden ships traversed the oceans, propelled by the wind. But when the need for exploitation became keener, the capitalists introduced the modern steel ship and ocean greyhound. For some time the popular distrust of steel ships kept the application of the new material within narrow bounds, but it was not long before the conquering forces of the steel age swept everything before it. The introduction of steam as a propellant made the steel ship practically the only possible form of conveyance on the ocean highways.

We are again on the eve of an industrial revolution in the methods of building ships. This revolution will be brought about like most revolutions, not by a sudden flash of genius in the human species, but by the dire necessities of the economic situation.

History at this moment walks with seven league boots. This year we build steel ships, next year we will build ships of stone.

The first result will be that much fewer

workers will be required in the shipyards to supply the ordinary requirements at normal times. A hull made throughout of concrete will be very quickly off the slips. In fact, if the forms have been erected and immense mechanical mixing plants provided, there is no reason why a shipyard should not launch a standard hull every day of the week. In that case, the wages sheet for each vessel would be a comparatively small one.

Stone ships are being built in Norway. A firm of contractors proposes to start building a ship of reinforced concrete forthwith. According to a statement the Government has received a report on concrete ships stating among other things that the value of concrete ship building is first, that concrete ships can be built in half the time in which steel ships can be built. Secondly, they will cost only half as much; and, thirdly, the material is plentiful in Australia.

This will mean, among other things, that the workers in the shipping industry will make only half as much wages on each ship as they do at present, and when the requirement again becomes normal, half the employees will be walking the streets in search of work.

Another result of the introduction of concrete ship construction will be that most of the labor engaged in the industry will be unskilled. Anyone can tend a plant for mixing concrete. This displacement of the skilled worker is typical of modern industrial development. It should make for industrial unionism.

No doubt the introduction of the new material will mean the destruction of a lot of human life. The lives lost will be working men's lives. Some ships at first will be made of defective material. They will crack when they get well to sea, and they will sink to the bottom. These boats will be freight carriers or tramps. Passenger boats won't be built of stone for some time yet. The bosses don't go to sea in tramps.

It is only one more chapter in the history of working class exploitation. The workers cannot produce enough surplus value with the old processes. New processes are introduced, which will enable the capitalist to levy greater tribute from the worker for some time. And if the workers get restive in their slavery, the capitalists will possess the means for starving them into submission.

This shows that the working class cannot afford to rest in a slothful but false feeling of security. It is no use to settle down and think that all is well, as long as you obviate the dangers that have confronted you in the past. Society is always in a flux; nothing is permanent. New industrial systems require new forms of working class organisations, and new dangers must be met by new methods.

H. CHRISTOPHERSON.

## The Status of the Worker.

If there is one thing more than another which the worker should thoroughly understand it is his real position in society.

It is being drummed into him continually by political fakirs of various brands, time-serving newspaper hacks, and ignorant or treacherous preachers, that he is an independent citizen, a free member of a pure democracy.

But if the worker will only open his eyes and take a view of the vast field of modern industry, he will see that he is not a free and independent citizen; nor a member of a pure democracy. He is nothing more or less than a commodity like pigs or iron, or anything else that has a market value.

And his price is a living wage with a strong tendency to a bare subsistence level; that is his true status. He is used in the production of wealth and paid by the hour, the day, and the week on the basis of a living wage; and beyond that he has no claim.

He may build ships, and railways and cities, and delve deep in the mines for metals. He may weave apparel of woollens and silks of the finest, and fashion jewels of the most exquisite workmanship. But his share is a living wage, with a strong tendency to a subsistence level. And if, with a boundless energy, he fills the country with a glut of commodities that the capitalist class cannot consume, or get rid of at a profit, what is his reward? He gets the sack. Being in the same category as pigs, which are not kept except for profit, he is laid aside until the glut subsides. He may get a dose to keep him alive till he is wanted again, but as for the surplus of wealth which he produced, and which may fill the stores and warehouses to the roofs, it belongs to the capitalist class, and they bought and payed for the labor, and

the other commodities used in its production. Another falsehood which is industrially circulated by the same pestiferous gang of deluders and dopers in the dignity of labor—"the dignity of labor."

It is safe to say that in the whole jungle of modern capitalism, there is not a more tragic picture than the degradation of labor! Labor reduced to the level of a commodity, but unfortunately having the power to think and suffer.

Labor engaged in sordid squabbles with its exploiters about sixpence or a shilling a day; labor, ready to fly at its fellow's throat for the right to toll for one-fourth of the value of its product; labor, in a state of perpetual fear, that it may be thrown on the street, and into destitution at any moment.

If labor is ever to attain the dignity and independence which is its right, it will first have to get rid of the swarm of paltry quacks with their variety of nostrums for the reform of capitalism.

Capitalism cannot be reformed; it is based on the exploitation of labor; labor under capitalism is a mere commodity; consequently, the only hope for labor is the complete overthrow of capitalism. And that can only be accomplished by a giant industrial organisation complete in every detail, able to take the place of capitalism.

When that day arrives (and not till then), labor will be free, and dignified. It will no longer be a commodity. It will not be afraid of being thrown on the street to starvation and misery to gratify the malice of a human vampire. It will not longer toll, and suffer, and sweat to fill the world with wealth, and go hungry and naked while a swarm of poisonous parasites gorge themselves to satiety.

G. H.

## The Factory Girl's Last Day.

'Twas on a winter's morning,  
The weather wet and wild,  
Three hours before the dawning,  
The father roused his child;  
Her daily morsel bringing,  
The darksome room he paced,  
And cried, "The bell is ringing,  
My hapless darling, haste!"

"Father, I'm up, but weary,  
I scarce can reach the door,  
And long the way and dreary—  
O, carry me once more!  
To help us, we're no mother;  
And you have no employ;  
They killed my little brother,—  
Like him I'll work and die!"

Her wasted form seemed nothing,—  
The load was at his heart;  
The sufferer he kept soothing,  
Till at the mill they part.  
The overlooker met her,  
As to her frame she crept,  
And with his voice he beat her,  
And cursed her when she wept.

Alas! what hours of horror,  
Made up her latest day;  
In toll and pain and sorrow,  
They slowly passed away:  
It seemed, as she grew weaker,  
The threads the oftener broke,  
The rapid wheels ran quicker,  
And heavier fell the stroke.

The sun had long descended,  
But night brought no repose;  
Her day began and ended,  
As cruel tyrants chose.  
At length a little neighbor,  
Her half-penny she paid,  
To take her last hour's labour,  
While by her frame she laid.

At last, the engine ceasing,  
The captive homeward rushed;  
She thought her strength increasing—  
'Twas hope her spirits flushed:  
She left, but oft she tarried,  
She felt and rose no more,  
Till, by her comrades carried,  
She reached her father's door.

All night with tortured feeling,  
He watched his speechless child,  
While, close beside her kneeling,  
She knew him not, nor smiled.  
Again, the factory's ringing,  
Her last perceptions tried,  
When from her straw-bed springing,  
"Tis time!" she shrieked, and died!

That night a chariot passed her,  
While on the ground she lay,  
The daughters of her master,  
An evening visit pay:  
Their tender hearts are sighing,  
As negro wrongs were told,—  
While the white slave lay dying,  
Who earned their father's gold!

M. T. SADLER.

The time shall come when earth shall be  
A garden of joy from sea to sea,  
When the slaughterous sword is drawn no  
more,  
And goodness exults from shore to shore.  
Toil, brothers, toil, till the world is free,—  
Till justice and truth hold jubilee!

THOMAS COOPER.

Sharpen the sickle; how full the ears!  
Our children are crying for bread;  
And the field has been watered with orphans'  
tears,  
And enriched with their fathers' dead;  
And hopes that are buried, and hearts that  
broke.

'Lie deep in the treasuring sod:  
Then sweep down the tyrants with a thun-  
der stroke,  
In the name of Humanity's God!

ERNEST JONES.

'He that boasteth of his ancestors, confesseth  
he hath no virtue of his own. No other per-  
son has lived for our honor; nor ought that  
to be reputed ours, which was long before  
we had a being: For what advantage can it  
be to a blind man that his parents had good  
eyes? Can he see the better?

CHARRON.

Praise to the martyrs, who died for the right,  
Nor ever bowed down at the bidding of might:  
Their ashes were cast all abroad on the wind,  
But more widely the blessings they won for  
mankind.

W. J. FOX.

It is surprising what an influence titles have  
upon the mind, even though these titles be  
of our own making. Like children, we dress  
up puppets in finery, and then stand in aston-  
ishment at the plastic wonder.

GOLDSMITH.

## The Meal Ticket and the Masses.

"Instead of wasting your time in honest and toilsome exertions, employ it in studying the weaknesses of the multitude in order to profit by them. The masses have no judgment, consequently make them accept yours; they are superficial and thoughtless, hence beware of being profound and crediting them with any ability for mental labor; they are dull-witted, hence you must appear upon the scene with such commotion that even dull ears must hear you, and dim eyes see you; they do not understand sarcasm, but accept literally. They have no memory, so you can make use unconcernedly of every means that will help you on towards your goal. When you have once reached the goal no one will ever remember how you got there. With these principles you will become wealthy and great, and it will be well with you on the earth."—Max Nordau.

This seems to sum up the meal ticket artist's opinion of the workers, and the politicians' progress.

The workers get sold, and they elevate another brand of "pollies," and so the merry old game goes on. Job control by industrial organisation is only a secondary consideration with these meal ticket artists, and any attempt to put industrialism in the primary place in the craft unions gets to the ears of the slave drivers of the boss, and you are in the gun.

Parliaments are only the reflex of the stupidity of the "polly" worshipping craft unionist, who instead of washing their dirty industrial face, try and polish up the political looking glass, and then are surprised that the reflex of their dirty dials are not clean. If politics is the art of Government, then industrial organisation is the weapon to govern the Government. What the crafties can see in being governed has got me scratching. Not satisfied with being governed by subsidiary auxiliaries of the boss (whom the workers elect) they go and ask to be governed by an Arbitration Court, and legal sharks grow fat on the union funds whilst the workers get the satisfaction

of knowing that margarine is a good substitute for butter and sending the kiddies to picture shows means less margarine. But such is the dignity of labor.

That the bosses think that the masses have no judgment, there is no doubt. That is why the meal ticket artist is always supporting the labor platform with capitalistic props. Governments of any brand must legislate for the capitalist system, and all laws whether civic or otherwise are manufactured to bolster up the present system. Old age pensions and poor laws in general are manufactured to hide the poverty caused by the present industrial system; maternity bonuses are to keep up the supply of wage slaves; wage boards and arbitration courts to keep the wheels of industry turning unceasingly; free trade and protection is a squabble between the importer and manufacturer.

Education is a gift of the boss to the workers so that they may become more efficient slaves; marriage and heir-apparent laws are made to keep the bosses' property in his class; trust busting and land reforms to delude the middle class government; banks and nationalisation schemes are used to run industries for the boss, guarantee him his pound of flesh, and make the masses responsible for it. So when some meal ticket artists say "we stand for the emancipation of the workers," they are either ignoramuses or fools, and it doesn't matter whether they are in Parliament or on the Bench, officials of trade unions or aspiring to the positions in the different Socialist parties. They hate the I.W.W. with some hate, and they are entitled to hate us, because the I.W.W. is going to put the poor weak, dull-witted and thoughtless workers through some mental exercise, and as "nature abhors a vacuum," we will help nature by stuffing their heads with the idea that they ought to have some dignity as a class and dump the boss off their backs, and the meal-ticket artist on to the scrap heap.

JAMES POPE.

## Soldiers and Society.

There is a Persian proverb, which says: "He who lives by the sword shall die by the sword."

The present war, and all those which preceded it, have shown that many soldiers return from the fight unharmed—only to be hung by the organised society for whose continued existence—they went forth to fight.

Nothing is more certain than that the exercise of any human function tends to strengthen that particular organism of the human machine. The prize fighter develops arms, shoulder and back muscles. The risk-shaw runner develops leg, thigh and abdominal muscle. My lady of the motor-car variety has a continual struggle against becoming too fat, and the char-woman is generally as thin as a high-bred racing mare.

So it is but a natural result of the life lived by a soldier "on service," that if he escapes the fate outlined for him in the Persian proverb he should become an element of danger to organised society.

A social order of any kind depends upon a certain amount of conscious responsibility upon the part of individual members making up such a social system.

Militarism depends upon the absolute destruction of individual responsibility.

The entire system is one of destruction of individual thought, judgment, and courage, and the substitution thereof of collective action, unthinking obedience, and no responsibility for results.

Man's brain subjected for a time to such training must become atrophied along the lines most necessary for the highest development of his nature and without volition he becomes the ready tool of any unscrupulous agent which cares to use him. Or left on his own responsibility finds himself incapable of deciding any question regard the relative right and wrong of certain impulses inherent within him.

And organised society—guilty of having manufactured the outcast from the herd—proceeds to furnish the returned soldier for the very things he has been carefully trained to commit.

Human imbecility could hardly go further along the road of absurdity than it does go in its treatment of all those people who try to formulate a more reasoned and reasonable order of society, than that which is responsible for the necessity of even making men into soldiers.

JENNIE SCOTT GRIFFITHS.

## THE PROFIT-MONGERS' TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1—Thou shalt have no other God before gold.

2—Thou shalt not take unto thyself less than the maximum per cent., and, in pursuit of profit, thou shalt exploit everything that is in Heaven above, or on the Earth below, or in the waters upon the Earth. Thou shalt not obey laws, but shall make them, for Gold, thy God, is a jealous God, visiting the poverty of the wage-slave upon his children unto the third and fourth generation, and those that "have not" shall toil for those that "have," and keep these commandments.

3—Thou shalt not call upon Gold, thy God, in vain, for the Law will not hold him guilty that hath Gold wherewith to bribe the Court.

4—Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it solely for thy class. Six days shalt thou do no labor, and avoid all work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath, and in it thou shalt do no work, thou, nor thy daughter, nor thy son; but thy man servant, and thy maid-servant, and thy cattle, and all that are outside thy class, shall do a double shift, for in six generations (more or less) the law made the master of the earth, and all that is produced from the earth, and wrested the seventh, and hallowed it for thee and thine exclusively.

5—Honor thy father and thy rich relations that they will remember to will thee the plunder stolen from the people. Know thou that the earth is thine, and the rents that accrue thereof.

6—Thou shalt not kill, except by bad working conditions, or by proxy, as in war.

7—Thou shalt not (indiscreetly) commit adultery. Thou shaltst only when found out.

8—Thou shalt not steal, except by legal methods in business hours.

9—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor, because it is safer to suborn another by bribery, to perjure himself for thee.

10—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house nor his wife, nor his daughter, nor his maid-servant, nor his goods, nor anything, that is thy neighbor's. But call upon Gold thy God, for whatsoever thy soul lusteth shall be thine, in the day when thou demandest it, saying, HOW MUCH.

J. RAWSTRONG.

## Clear the Way.

Men of thought! be up and stirring,  
Night and day:  
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,  
Clear the way!

Men of action, aid and cheer them,  
As ye may!  
There's a fount about to stream,  
There's a light about to beam,  
There's a warmth about to glow,  
There's a flower about to blow,  
There's a midnight blackness changing  
Into grey!  
Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,  
What the unimagined glories.

Of the day?  
What the evil that shall perish  
In its ray?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen,  
Aid it, hopes of honest men;  
Aid it paper, aid it, type,  
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,  
And our earnest must not slacken,  
Into play.

Men of thought, and men of action,  
Clear the way.

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish,  
From the day;

And a brazen wrong to crumble,  
Into clay.

Lo! the right's about to conquer,  
Clear the way!

With the Right shall many more  
Enter smiling at the door;

With the giant Wrong shall fall,  
Many others great and small,

That for ages long have held us,  
For their prey.

Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way!

CHARLES MACKAY.

## THE SONG OF THE WAGE SLAVE.

The land is the landlord's,  
The trader's is the sea,  
The ore the usurer's coffer fills—  
But what remains for me?  
The engine whirrs for masters' craft;  
The steel shines to defend,  
With labor's arms, what labor raised,  
For labor's foe to spend.

The camp, the pulpit, and the law,  
For rich men's sons are free;  
Theirs, theirs the learning, art and arms,  
But what remains for me?  
The coming hope, the future day,  
When wrong to right shall bow,  
And hearts that have the courage, man,  
To make the future now.

I pay for all their learning,  
I toil for all their ease,  
They render back, in coin for coin,  
Want, ignorance, disease:  
Toil, toil—and then a cheerless home,  
Where hungry passions cross,  
Eternal gain to them that give,  
To me eternal loss!

The hour of leisured happiness,  
The rich alone may see;  
The playful child, the smiling wife—  
But what remains for me?  
They render back, those rich men,  
A pauper's niggard fee,  
Mayhap a prison—then a grave,  
And think they're quits with me;

But not a fond wife's heart that breaks,  
A poor man's child that dies,  
We score not on our hollow cheeks,  
And in our sunken eyes,  
We read it there, wherever we meet,  
And as the sum we see,  
Each asks, "The rich have got the earth,  
And what remains for me?"

We bear the wrong in silence,  
We store in our brain;  
They think us dull, they think us dead,  
But we shall rise again:  
A trumpet through the lands will ring;  
A heaving through the mass.  
A trampling through their palaces,  
Until they break like glass:

We'll cease to weep by cherished graves,  
From lonely homes we'll flee,  
And still, as rolls our million march,  
Its watchword brave shall be—  
The coming hope, the future day,  
When wrong to right shall bow,  
And hearts that have the courage, man,  
To make the future now.

ERNEST JONES.



# Work and Wages.

John Rawstrong, writing anent the above question, maintains that a rise in wages is of no benefit to the working class, since, as he claims, the capitalists can raise prices at will.

I have an idea that the capitalists themselves will agree with the first part of his argument, though I'm not so sure they are as convinced of the latter part of it as is J.R.

It is a universally known fact that prices have risen during the last decade or couple of decades, and that they have risen enormously during the last few years; it is also a statistical fact that they have risen in that time quite out of proportion to the rise in wages.

(Perhaps this continual ascension of prices is due to an increasing greed of the capitalist class, or maybe the boss has but recently become aware of the wonderful price raising gift he has possessed for so long. If either be the case the position is desperate for the working class, and we can only feel thankful for the dead generations and ourselves, that during the past centuries that extra appetite had not developed, or the consciousness of a wonderful power had not awakened.)

But whatever be the cause the fact remains that commodities have been rising in price, and are still rising in price the world round, not only in countries where deluded workers cherished the idea that more wages would do them some good, but in countries where wages have remained stationary, and in countries where wages have fallen. The outstanding feature is that prices have risen first, and that the somewhat weak attempts by the workers to raise their wages—which effort, by the way, does not mean they were reaching after a greater purchasing power than formerly, but were merely striving to maintain their old standard of life—did not take place until after the advance of prices.

This in itself should prompt us to look elsewhere than to wage rising for the cause of the rise in prices. It is not intended to maintain that a general wage raise will not alone, for a time at least, affect the prices of commodities. Karl Marx, with his barbed wire terminology, has explained clearly and logically how this does happen. He showed that a general wage increase must affect the demand for, and hence also, the price of the necessities of life; the disturbance, however, would be temporary, causing a reshuffle of capital with prices finally settling down to about normal with the rate of profit of the capitalist class showing a reduction.

Marx made no allowance for the divine power with which J. R. has invested the "boss" element—he apparently didn't know of it, else he would probably have specialised in psychology and ethics, and left economics severely alone.

"Matade" has explained the phenomena of the pre-war and present-day rising prices, and he puts the position tritely when he asks why the "boss" always fights so hard to prevent a raise in wages.

Capitalistic apologists answer this question by claiming the re-arrangement of goods and the re-marking of prices, to be such an awful nuisance that they are prepared to do anything rather than grant higher wages. The reason is painfully weak, still I will accept it, and I wish now to ask—

- Why cheap labor—whether colored or otherwise—is ever sought after and preferred to dear labor?
  - Why does the boss always believe in cutting wages down while he is never willing to put them up?
  - What do the commercial barons mean when they state that white labor in Australia is too expensive?
- If it makes no difference to the employing class whether they pay high wages or low wages one would like to know what they interfere for.

With J.R.'s contention that a rise in wages is not beneficial, etc., I do not agree, but with his claim that all theories should be analysed and, if proven unsound, should be discarded, I do agree; and I maintain that to advocate the shortening of the working day while ignoring wage rises and granting the capitalist supreme control over prices is positively not a sound argument. J.R. assumes that a reduction of hours will eventually bring about the downfall of capitalism by starving out the capitalist class, though by what economic conjuring he reaches this happy conclusion, he does not say, and seeing he has granted the capitalist

the power to take as much from the workers as he chooses his line of reasoning is hard to follow. Under the official working of the capitalist system the capitalist gets the first share, and he gets the biggest share—naturally; thus it would appear that should there be any starving under any phase of capitalism, the workers then, as now, will have the first chance of doing it.

The capitalist to-day relieves the workers of six hours' wealth out of every eight produced; that is to say, he gives us back some money with which to buy back from him two hours of our wealth. Suppose now we reduce the hours to four, what does the boss do? He—on J.R.'s own premise—pays us the same wages (we don't want any more since we are now convinced more is of no use to us), and calmly raises the prices of his commodities so that now we are able to buy back but one hour of our wealth. J.R. can reduce the work day to two hours, or to one hour if he likes, and I think he'll come to the conclusion that if his argument is correct "Paunch" will be reading the burial services at the millenium.

I have purposely left out of this question consideration of the probable attitude of a working class intelligent enough and well enough organised to decide for even a four hours day. In all probability they would have something very pertinent to say about "wages" long before they came to the conclusion that four hours was sufficient "exercise" for one day. At any rate I have a presentiment that they would not rely on starving the capitalist system out of existence.

Big wages and few hours—that is my philosophy; and I think it will be the philosophy of those workers who demand four hours' work per day.

A. MACK.

Fellow-Worker "Matade" evidently thought that I was denying his statements as to the causes of commodities rising, etc. Personally, I do not care a continental what causes these rises. I have knocked my brains about enough trying to fathom the rise and fall problem. I found that things effected prices which, on the surface, appeared to have no connection whatever with them, viz., Laws, Banks, Machinery, Wars, Strikes, Floods, Droughts, Panics, Religion, even Rumors, and a thousand (or more) other things have, and do, affect prices of commodities. Fellow-students get away from these complexities. Get down to the simple. Don't worry yourselves into "Callan Park" by trying to explain the intricate riddle of the wasteful Capitalist System. Get down to four factors—Production, Distribution, Workers and Sellers, and from them draw your conclusions as to the best and only methods (in my opinion) of shifting your riders. The whole of this discussion seems to revolve around the word, BENEFIT, or BENEFICIAL. If the price of commodities rise, and the workers chase the prices and neutralise the position with an increase in wages, they have not BENEFITED by the change. They have simply held on to their original relationship. If (to cite a case in point) the miners by their organised power force a rise, and the mine owners, because of this, raise the price of coal 3s per ton. Does the Boss suffer? No! The lower paid workers in other industries suffer because of the fact that the rise in coal has affected the price of other commodities, they in turn are forced to fight for an increase, and so the game goes on ad lib; the bosses still remaining the bosses, and the slaves still the slaves. Mechanical inventions do not better the conditions of the workers. Supposing that the inventions of machinery enabled one-third of the previous number of workers to produce the same quantity, what became of the other two-thirds? They did not go out of existence; there can be only one explanation; they must have been absorbed into the non-producing class, as hangers on or servitors to the top-dogs, still remaining workers, but not producers. What is the use of talking and quibbling about gold? Damn the gold! It has a use-value, true but very small in comparison. It might be useful for stopping teeth, but I am sure that we do not need thousands of workers to be engaged digging gold for this purpose. Thousands are engaged in the gold-mining industry, thousands engaged in the manufacture of coin, thousands engaged in the banking concerns, distributing the coin, this belongs to the capitalist regime. We, the producers, feed the whole crew, and the only return we get is the privilege of wearing the coins (or a few of them) by drawing them out of a pay-box, and handing them to the grocer, etc. We, the workers, must realise this—realise that in this colossal war, millions are taken from the producing masses to fight, millions more are taken to provide the weapons and gun-fodder, yet we feed and clothe, the lot, on THE TOP OF OTHER NON-PRODUCERS.

## A Shorter Work Day.

(To the Editor).

An article appeared in your valued paper on July 14th, entitled, "The Shorter Work Day," and if you will kindly allow me space I would like to put the writer wise to a certain statement that he made in writing the above article. I was the mover of the shorter work day resolution. I am not here attempting to criticise Fellow Worker Riley, because upon the question of a shorter work day, and the method of obtaining it I quite agree, viz., the organisation of the working class into one big union. But as a member of the working class (that great army of exploited toilers), and one who has spent a good part of his life as a revolutionary agitator, I am here compelled for the benefit of those who don't know me, and those of my comrades and fellow-workers, who might think I have adopted a reactionary stand, to discuss upon the question in hand. The writer says: "The mover, in speaking for his motion, proved beyond doubt the need of the workers taking up a higher status in civilisation. But I fear his thinking has advanced along the visionary track, and he has, therefore, overlooked the material obstructions that impede the workers' advance to a higher civilisation." I have overlooked nothing. I understand the fundamental make-up of capitalist society just as good as Thomas Riley. I recognise that it is futile to bore from within, and that no permanent benefit can accrue to the workers whilst our present economic system prevails. Furthermore, I have no time for capitalist politicians, irrespective of names. There, again I understand from where the Bengal tigers sprang. I am a member of a craft union, and its representative upon the "Trades and Labor Council," and as such I had to move a resolution for a shorter work day under instructions. I will at this juncture (before forgetting) for the benefit of Mr. Riley, and readers, say that the original resolution moved and carried at my union, was tabled by a member of your organisation. (But not for a six-hour day, but for a shorter work day, to absorb the unemployed. And if my memory serves me right it had something to do with employing the soldiers on their return from the war. I was not present when it was moved, so I can stand correction if I am wrong. I will not take up any more of your space, only to say I am prepared to deliver an address in your hall on Class Solidarity.

Yours for Industrial Freedom,  
GEO. NEILSEN.

It is not possible to found a lasting power upon injustice, perjury, and treachery. These may, perhaps, succeed for once; but time betrays their weakness, and they fall into ruin of themselves.

DEMOSTHENES.

With regard to a rise in wages being beneficial to our class, let us examine this fictitious theory. Horold Rodgers in his "Six Centuries of Work and Wages," points out that the latter quarter of the 14th and the first quarter of the 15th century, was the real golden age of the English worker, the wages being 4d to 6d per day, and the cost of living being so cheap, that a worker with wife and two children, could live 52 weeks on 15 weeks' work—that is the correct way to reckon BENEFITS. If a rise in wages is beneficial, one would presume that the Australian toiler would be able to live two years on one week's work. Instead of this being the case, we find that if he is out of a job for about 2 weeks, he is dodging round to the nearest "Iky Mo" with his wife's boots (a man generally gets rid of the wife's things first) with which to raise money to buy food, to enable him to further search for a boss. "Matade" asks the question, if my theory be true, "How it was possible in England for the years of 1849 to 1859 for the agricultural workers to receive 40 per cent. increase, and yet wheat to be cheaper?" Marx again! and "Matade" never troubled to search for the cause. Here it is: In 1846 Peel passed his Free Import Bill for corn, on the condition that for three years a duty of 10s per quarter at 48s was imposed. At the end of this period, 1849, it was free entirely. This accounts for the cheap wheat, but "what about the rise of 40 per cent.?" says "Matade." Here it is also: England at this period was undergoing her greatest change. She was changing from an agricultural to a manufacturing country. The growth of towns was mushroom like, for quickness. The agricultural laborers being galled by higher wages, flocked to the mills and workshops, which resulted in a shortness of agricultural laborers, and also resulted in 40 per cent. extra being offered to them in the shape of wages. This has been answered many times, "Matade." Marx was wrong in many instances, though he did enunciate some of the finest things ever put forward by any economist. A rise in wages is not beneficial to our class. We produce too much, and we must produce less—if we wish to shift the bosses off our back.

J. RAWSTRONG.

## 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.

## 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.

## Defence and Release Fund.

### PERIOD ENDING 18th JULY.

June 28.—Per W. Jackson, £7 15s 7d; per H. Clarke, 11s 10d; Sympathiser, 2s 6d; F. W. Hannan, 10s; J. Howard, 5s; Lithgow Miners, £14 18s 4d; F. W. Hannan, 6s; Lithgow D. and R. Committee, 10s; Women's Committee, 5s. July 12th—Lithgow D. and R. Committee, £1 6s; Mr. McKay, 10s; Mick McCool, 10s; F. W. McCall, 2s 6d; Jack A. F., and Padd, 3s. July 4.—P. Johnson, £1m 1s; July 18.—F. Roels, 11s 6d; J. McEneaney, 2s; Tassy, £1; Per F. Ryan (Cobar), £1 7s 6d; F. Ryan, 1s 3d; Per P. Dillon, £2 6s; Crew s.s. Cedina, £1 10s; A. Mavakas, 6s; Mrs. Kelly, 2s 6d; Sympathiser, 1s. Total, £40 6s 6jd.

## THE RAID.

All literature and books confiscated, but no lives lost. So far, all's well.

## Full Report Next Week.

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