

Industrial Solidarity is All Powerful.



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Part I of Eight Pages.

SYDNEY.

August 18th. 1917. ONE PENNY

STRIKE STILL SPREADING.

Bluff.

In times of industrial trouble, the prophetic vision of the master's press is wonderful to behold. The foresight with which the daily rags are endowed is passing strange. If the scribes of Plutocracy had lived in the days of old, they, for sure, would have been elected as medicine men, sorcerers, magicians, witch doctors, or something of that description.

The daily sheets of Fat and Co. endeavour to spread the idea that they are thoroughly cognisant of how everything is going, what will happen on the morrow, and how the whole trouble will end. They claim to have their readers believe that they know more about the workings of the Defence Committee than the committee knows itself, and that they are more thoroughly versed on the conditions on the job than the workmen themselves. Seated in their comfortable offices, these scribes of the master class attempt to tell the workers how they should live, and advise the wives of the toilers how they should act. For consummate cheek, these journals of Plute take the bun. For bluff, abuse, and lies the press of bossdom has proved itself an expert. But, glad to see the intelligent workers no longer swallow the dope which these daily dishcloths peddle.

If one wanted to read fiction or romance, there are a thousand or more authors in Sydney which he would choose before the daily press, and if one wanted to listen to some good lies there are a million different joke books in the town he would pick before Fat's press. So, go to it, Granny, old girl. You are found out, and your days are numbered. So make the best of it.

Our Boys.

In considering the phenomenal growth of the I.W.W. since the incarceration of the men now suffering the horrors of gaol, it has sometimes seemed to me that their voices are still exhorting the workers to organise.

Passed from our ranks in the fight, They have given their lives as the cost; Their fight was for freedom and right, To gain it their freedom was lost.

The voices which echoed our call, The faces we all knew so well, Are hidden behind the dark wall, They're paying the price in a cell.

They stifled the voice of our boys, They hope that their power is dead; But all their political cant Can never destroy what they said.

"Poor souls with stunted vision," As you can hear their voices declare; As in tones of deep derision, They stripped the humbugs bare.

When a meeting is at its best, And the silver just pouring in, I sneer that Grant and the rest, Are urging the workers to win.

We're nearing the last great fight, And the workers must understand, That before we can conquer might, We must fight as a solid band.

The voice of our martyred dead, From every clime and nation, Will bring from the blood they shed The WORKERS' WORLD FEDERATION.

Henry Cleeve.

Waterside Workers, Seamen and Coal Miners Now Out.

All Goods on Railways and Wharves Declared Black.

General Strike Impending.

The strike of the transport workers still continues along its triumphant way. Every day more workers are becoming involved and more unions are coming out in sympathy with the railway and tramway workers.

There are now a score of unions on strike and approximately 50,000 workers are taking part in the hold up.

The waterside workers, the coal lumpers, the seamen, and the coal miners have now entered into the fight and more unions are likely to be called out any day.

The solidarity of the men and the recognition of the identity of interests of all workers which is now being displayed in the present strike is a very encouraging sign. The men are anxious to do their best and settle the strike as soon as possible, as it surely would be settled by a general call out of all workers, but the officials seem to be hanging back, and the strike committee seem to be afraid to move.

The coming into the strike of the most important unions, the unions that count, has been done by the workers themselves, in opposition to the union officials. The waterside workers, the coal lumpers, the seamen, and the coal miners, have all acted on their own and ceased work in opposition to the officials of their unions and without the sanction of the strike committee.

It is very apparent that if the tramway workers had waited for the strike committee to act, and had listened to, and obeyed the mandates of the union officials, the tramway strike would be looking a very shaky and awkward looking affair to-day. It was the workers who realised the seriousness of the trouble, and recognised that "an injury to one was an injury to all," and as a consequence, defied their officers and downed tools in sympathy with the tramway workers.

The militant spirit, the solidarity, and good humor of the strikers, is not due to any work of the labor politicians and the high salaried officials who are now having much to say about the strike, but it is solely due to the growing intelligence of the strikers and the awakening of the rank and file to the absolute necessity of industrial organisation.

A cheerful and inspiring thing about the strike is the part the women are playing. The strikers' processions through the streets, which are led by about 1000 women, many with children and some with babies in their arms, and hundreds of them having walked 10 or 12 miles into the city rather than ride on a black car, in order to show to all that they are with the men in their fight against despotism is a very encouraging sign indeed. The

refusal of many housewives to pay rent during the period of the strike should also be taken into consideration by all those out of work.

The sobriety of the strikers, and the conduct of the workers in general, proves that they realise the importance of the struggle and their whole time and attention must be given to the vital questions before them and cannot be wasted in noisy arguments in the booze joints. The way to win is by organisation, booze brings about disorganisation.

That the men must win is sure. Their cause is right, and their claims are just. When we see all the forces of Plutocracy, all the might of the master class, and all the power of the idle and insolent wealthy class arrayed against the strikers, it proves that the workers are in the right and are fighting in a just cause. Anything that is in the interest of industrial despotism is against the interest of the workers. Any industrial action which the master class applaud is detrimental to the working class.

This odious and brutal card system has the unanimous endorsement of the industrial and financial kings, it has the backing of all the bitter and savage enemies of labor, therefore, how can it be accepted by organised labor?

That the Railway Commissioners and a few nuts in Parliament should be allowed to throw the whole country into a state of industrial upheaval and paralyse all the important industries of the Commonwealth because men refuse to be Prussianised, should make all live men and women think hard.

This card system which the Railway Commissioners are endeavouring to introduce into Australia, has been rejected by all union shops in all parts of the world. It was introduced in England with conscription, but it had to be withdrawn owing to the terrible and disastrous effects it had upon the working class. It produces unemployed paupers on the one hand and mental and physical wrecks on the other. The only shops where it operates in America are seamy lay outs, or what is known as the "open shop." If it is unfit for unionists in other parts of the world, it should be unfit for unionists in Australia.

Never was a more humane fight put up in N.S.W. than the one which the workers are now taking part in. We cannot lose if we only stick together. Defeat will be unknown if we only unite. Solidarity can win the day.

Let the whole of the working class stand together in this fight of fights and prove conclusively and definitely that the industrial tyrants and financial despots cannot enslave the workers of Australia with their Prussianised method.

The fiat has been pronounced and put into legal form by that super genius of modern times, W. M. Hughes. That little man, full of energy in the service of the master class, has proceeded to put the I.W.W. out of business by outlawing our organisation. It behoves every member to do his utmost to counteract this fresh piece of Hughesism. We have always realised that sooner or later, the full force of the capitalist class would be brought against us. In the past every other organisation which seemed likely to benefit the working class has been subjected to malignant persecution by the masters. We realise that every effort will be made to stamp us out of existence.

The crucial period has arrived when it is absolutely necessary for the I.W.W. to make a final stand to determine whether or not the ideal of working-class solidarity will be ground under foot. Every toiler with the best interests of democracy at heart, should be prepared to do all in his power to keep the I.W.W. alive and virile enough to kick with its accustomed vigor. Six months is not a LIFETIME like FIFTEEN years. This scribe has been chasing a job for the last three months, and, for my part, six months INSIDE, with food, clothing and shelter ensured seems HEALTHIER than sweating in mine and factory on the OUTSIDE in the struggle for existence. The I.W.W. is here to stay; no "political fly-paper" can put us on the bum. Our doctrines are echoed in mine, wharf and workshop. The workers are beginning to understand our scientific method of industrial organisation. WE WILL—WE MUST—stand solidly together in defiance of capitalist tyranny. Disintegration spells DEFEAT. UNITY IS VICTORY!

We will keep on until our objects of EDUCATION, ORGANISATION and EMANCIPATION are achieved.

Whilst remains a breath 'twixt earth and sky, To unfold our ensign red, Whilst the hand of toil bears the brand of shame,

Whilst the children cry for bread, We will make no pause,

We'll fight for the cause

Till the last of us be dead. (Holdsworth).

SEJAM.

"He Howled with the Wolves!"

"Among the blind the one-eyed man is king."—R. W. Emerson.

One often hears shallow-pated and worldly-minded people remark how clever and pushing captains of industry are in getting to the front—and the back! Well, the same might have been said about Charles Peace, Ned Kelly, Dick Turpin, Sir Henry Morgan, and a thousand other criminal celebrities who were just as gifted, energetic, and a juggle more courageous than any capitalist captain that ever lived—on others! Even a common circus dog has many of the qualities of the commercial chevalier d'industrie, and is also clever in its own way. Unfortunately for Ned Kelly and Co., they did not deem it necessary to "square their nob's" or "work their passages" by joining a lucre-loving church, a secret society, or a clamish club, and using that as a lever or medium to get on to the Stock Exchange, into the Chamber of Commerce, or a swindling syndicate office. Being men of nous and grit they could have found an outlet for their facilities and forces in any of the above places by exploiting and extirpating thousands of adults and juveniles in factories, mines, workshops, and on stations. The only rise they got in life, however, was at the end of a rope!

W. J. SHARPLES.

Direct Action



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These momentous times do not pass unheeded by the exploiters of labor. They are making use of every passing wind, taking advantage of every opportunity, and utilising every possible device to maintain their idle and parasitical existence at the expense of the working class.

The master class believe in change, and will never hesitate to drop any system now in use and institute a new one if it is in the interests of exploitation.

If the toilers are not prepared to study events, and mould their organisation to meet the existing conditions, they will go down in the dust before the master class every time. If the wage slaves are not willing to drop their dogmatic ideas, throw overboard their obsolete methods, and leave alone played out institutions, they will meet with defeat and disaster every time.

Having learnt that industrial troubles are the inevitable outcome of the present economic conditions, and all strikes are the natural born children of the capitalist system, it is wise to be as well equipped as possible in order to deal with these periodical outbreaks.

The strike of the transport workers, which is now on in N.S.W., although showing a good spirit of solidarity, is nevertheless very far from being perfectly organised, and a very long time adopting those tactics which bring success.

One Big Union is good, but we must go further than that. We must have scientific organisation, which means all workers in the one industry in the one union and all industries linked up into one concrete body of the working class with a General Executive Committee controlling the whole dispute. This does not exist among the transport workers to-day. They have not even got a loose federation of all crafts which some call one big union. Almost a score of different unions are on strike, and each union seems to be trying to settle the trouble in its own little way. There is no publicity, and the great bulk of strikers know very little about what is going on. So far there has been no official mass meeting of all unions on strike and no responsible official has appeared on the platform to explain to the strikers what business is being transacted, and how the prospects are looking. No strike bulletins have been issued, and no leaflets or papers explaining the cause of the strike and all the various details in connection with it. This very lax and inefficient system only spreads discontent among the men, and they at least become tired of hanging around doing nothing and hearing nothing, and getting dissatisfied, defeat will follow.

If the workers wish to be victorious in their battles against the industrial magnates and financial barons, they must remember that in Labor's army there can be no divisions, and all must be united in the fight, standing shoulder to shoulder fighting the one common enemy of the working class.

No matter how small or how large a dispute, the interests of the working class are always identical, and "an injury to one is an injury to all."

We must organise as a class and not as a craft if we ever hope for victory over the industrial tyrant.

The day of sectional unionism is gone. The interests of each worker are so bound up with the interests of all other workers that we cannot afford to be split into divisions.

By organising according to industry, and linking up into One Big Union of the working class we are laying the foundations of the Industrial Republic, when the workers will get the full product of their labor, and strikes and industrial conflicts will be no more.

Rally to the standard of the I.W.W. and help to speed the day when parasites and exploiters will be given some useful work.

N.R.

The rise of the I.W.W. in Australia is due solely to the magnificent efforts of the earnest and sincere among the working-class. Within three years we have been able to prove that we are the power of the future. The strength of the masters is in our weakness, our division. Solidarity is the keystone of the new social order.

"The worker cannot afford to have too many feelings for the community till the community develops feelings for him; till then, it is even good that the consumer should sometimes suffer for the injustice he allows to go on. The consumer is not the innocent third party he is often represented as being; he is the exploiter's accomplice before the fact."

If there is anything that cannot bear free thought, let it crack.

—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE "GO SLOW" BOGEY.

Joe Cook says the lack of employment is the result of the damnable Go Slow policy of the workers.

Truly, a great economist is Joe! How handy has the argument of "Slow down" proved to the political nonentities who infest this fair land! Scarcely anything happens these days that is not ascribed by the Joes of the country to the "Go Slow" attitude of the working men!

This particular Joe was too damned lazy to even go slow, so he hopped away from productive toil nearly half a century ago, and has been "parasiting it" ever since. Naturally he never says anything about his own ease or that of the loafers he hobnobs with; all that troubles him is the fact that the workers who are doing useful work are not all and always working and sweating like galley slaves, so that there'll be no more surplus values for his Joe pals.

"Direct Action" long ago advised the workers that the howl against, and the prominence given to, "Go Slow" by the tools of parasitism was but a preparing of the ground to sneak in a speed up

plan; it has never been proved, nor has any attempt been made to prove, that the workers work any slower than formerly. To compare the cost of a job to-day with its cost some years ago does not prove the claim; when one considers the cost of materials to-day it is hard to realise how the cost could be the same. Paunch and Co fully realise that point, but they desire a condition of affairs whereby, through speeding up the worker, they hope to equalise matters.

Capitalism must compete in the world's markets; it must pay itself millions of interest on its patriotic loans, consequently cheap labor or very fast labor, with a high percentage of surplus values, is required; and if the workers object to the spurs of capitalism they are dubbed loafers, fools and I.W.W.ists.

The present revolt of the transport workers is a fight on behalf of all the workers of Australia; they are waging a war to maintain our standard of life! An injury to them means the downfall of all. We are with them to the last man and the last shilling!

A. MACK.

The Spirit of Unrest.

From all corners of the globe come the echoes of revolt, and the thunder of revolution is heard in many lands. A universal spirit of unrest is permeating all nations and affecting all peoples. In all countries under the sun—allied, neutral, or enemy—the slaves are rebelling against the economic conditions under which they sweat and groan, and are making great strides towards better days.

This world-wide discontent is not the making of any individuals, nor can any individuals prevent its growth. This smouldering volcano of rebellion is not the product of some person, institution, or law, nor can any person, institution, or law smother the volcano when once it becomes active. Like the incoming tide, the uprising of the working class is perfectly natural. Industrial strife can never be suppressed while the profit-making system is in vogue. To talk of preventing industrial disputes while capitalism marches along its triumphant way is puerile. Might as well try to prevent the sun from rising, or the earth from revolving.

Many countries have been on the verge of a nation wide strike, and other lands have experienced industrial conflicts at all important centres. There is hardly one industry of any importance, which during the past two years, has not been the scene of industrial upheaval.

The whole world is in a state of revolt, and all countries are going through transformation scenes.

The Class War is becoming more and more manifest, and as a result, the antagonism between masters and slaves is becoming more and more bitter. The line of demarcation between the two classes is now distinctly drawn, and each class is facing each other contending for position.

Even in the far off Eastern countries, the workers are rebelling against the prevailing economic system, and are launching out in an effort to be free.

The whole world is now facing a very critical time, and some weighty arguments are being settled, which are of great material importance to the working class. The settling of some industrial disputes will mean almost life or death to some sections of the working class.

It now behoves the wealth producers—the toiling masses—to realise the seriousness of the present moment and be awake to all the insidious moves of the dominant class. The toilers must now be prepared to drop their respectable, conservative ideas of unionism, and welcome any tactic that will get the goods, and adopt any method that will turn the scales in their favor.

The industrial and financial kings are unscrupulous in their methods, and will stop at nothing in their mad, wild rush for profits and dividends.

If we would maintain the few small privileges we hold to-day, and ward off the day of industrial conscription with its intensified slavery and exploitation, we must organise into a scientific, concrete union which will have the might to hold back all forms of Prussianism. The One Big Union of the working class as outlined by the I.W.W. is the only hope for the toilers if they would live as men and women should live.

Workers of the World, Awaken.

Somewhere in the dim past, as the story of evolution tells us, man came into existence from still lower forms of life, and he has evolved from primitive or savage man to the present state of civilisation. We have no quarrel with civilisation, except as it is considered as the culmination of all things good for the human race, instead of being but a transitory stage in human evolution.

At some period, just in what manner it is impossible to state, some individual or sets of individuals, being more advanced in knowledge and cunning than their fellows, conceived the idea of relieving themselves from the most unpleasant part of the struggle for existence, that of labor. Through a form of organisation, using as a weapon the fear of punishment or the hope of future reward, or through a less veiled form of force, these individuals established a system whereby they could compel the many who had no organisation to give them a part of their product and support them in idleness.

Through the perfecting of their methods, through chattel slavery, feudal slavery, and wage slavery, the many have been compelled to give more and more of their product to their masters. Against these conditions there have been revolutions, but never has there been one which gave the workers other than a change in the manner of slavery. Economic freedom has never been established, which would drive the spectre of hunger and want from humanity and which could only be achieved through the control of the land and the machinery of production by all men who are willing to do their share in the world's work, and no others.

Workmen and women, don't you ever get tired of this continual struggle for the necessities of life, and a few of its joys, with the inevitable results that we are forced to go through the same struggle the next day and continuously?

"We go to work to get the money, to buy

the food, to get the strength, to go to work again."

I am tired of it. Not wishing to leave this world which so sadly needs fixing, I have joined with thousands of working men and women in an organisation which will abolish this state of affairs and make life and labor a joy of creative expression instead of slavery. As other workers awaken, join their strength with ours, our outlook on life will become broader and happier.

Workers, are you satisfied with the present state of affairs? A state of affairs whereby we work eight, ten or twelve hours a day and get paid for two while the employers take the rest? A state of affairs under which we must come as beggars to the owners of the machine, asking to be allowed to work those extra hours for him for nothing, and being more and more denied that right because we had previously created more than we could buy back? A state of starvation and misery through unemployment, unable to meet the demands of our stomachs for food?

Against this condition the Industrial Workers of the World offer the only reasonable plan by which the workers can attain the better things of life and ultimately reach the goal of equal opportunities and economic freedom; under which those who produce the wealth of the world through doing the work of the world will enjoy the wealth they create.

"It is a curious anomaly that that portion of society who do the work of the world are the poor of the world."

Workmen and women, regardless of race and creed and color, wake up and join with your fellow-workers in the only organisation which has as its one aim the purposes of helping you to attain that freedom which would place life and happiness above dollars and cents.

Do not be a willing slave, the most despicable thing in all nature.

—WM. WELCH

Crucify Him.

on him they used the approved method of "framing him up." First the detectives made a plant and then they detected it.

The agitator was then arrested and brought to trial. The "successful citizens" rose up and denounced him as a menace to the dear people, an enemy of organised religion, and a traitor to the nation.

He was found guilty by a "fair" and "impartial" court and was sentenced to be crucified between two little thieves. Then the big thieves breathed a sigh of relief. The following Sunday the Very Reverend Isadore Smoothface delivered a very masterly sermon, explaining to his congregation how Pilate and the masters were actuated by their deep love for the safety of the public in removing Jesus Christ and breaking up the gang of ignorant foreigners who followed him.

At that time they were not so civilised as they are to-day.

We will speak out, we will be heard.

Tho' all earth's systems crack;

We will not bate a single word.

Nor take a letter back.

Let liars fear, let cowards shrink.

Let traitors turn away;

Whatever we have dared to think

That dare we also say.

We speak the truth, and what care we

For hissing and for scorn,

Whilst some faint cleanings we can see

Of Freedom's coming morn.

—JAMES R. LOWELL.

According to precedents then centuries old, their first move was to secretly inform Judge Pilate that if he wanted to hold his place on the bench he must find the defendant guilty.

The next move was to bribe one of his followers, who had ambitions of belonging to the Jerusalem Commercial Club, to stool on him. Thus was started the Judas Iscariot Private Detective Agency with the sole purpose of catching the "fomenters" with the "goods on him." To be certain that he would have the goods

Sidelights on the Strike.

Strike Spasms.

By Tom Barker.

A sensation was caused in Oxford street on Saturday morning. A full load of "Win the Warites" aboard a Bondi tram arrived at the section. The motorman and conductor deposited their handles and each bag respectively on the controller, and left for parts unknown. The tram got shifted eventually, but the foot passengers arrived at Bondi about two hours in advance. While skunks who travel on "black trams" have a lot to say about "winning the war," they haven't the initiative to run a pea-nut barrow, never mind a tram car.

Loyalists.

While the Commissioners may skate a lot about the "loyalists," their outward and physical appearance is enuf to make a normal citizen take to strong drink. A seer, ashamed and abashed exterior is their chief attribute. The general opinion in unionist circles is that some of the arboral exhibits at Taronga Park have been let loose, and owing to the sudden shortage of normal rational individuals, secured a job.

Cackle!

The would-be blue-blood of the out-back are helping the Guxment in the same way as they are "winning the war." They are passing resolutions. Fine, healthy, substantial things, resolutions, eh? If noise terrified the Germans, or quelled the strike, wouldn't a tongue be a wonderful thing? And yet after millions of pugs, wolves, coyotes and dingoes have howled at the moon, the moon seers. Shut up, mongrels!

Brotherly Love.

The average cockroach capitalist hates the working class with an holy and righteous hate. Of course, their hatred generally consists of journalistic and platform vituperation, and is at most froth.

Science.

These angelic "loyalists," who are the joy of "Bismarck Fraser's" tinpot soul will get their discharge in the place where Darwin searched for the missing link.

Inefficiency.

A lot of yap has been indulged in by Acting, Assistant, Deputy Premier Fullergent the men on strike. The card system may be a fine thing, but it has not been introduced in political circles to trace the doings of Judas and Co. Fuller, Garland and Co. are the prize exhibit at the "hopelessly inefficient" show, and had they ordinary intelligence they would know it. If there was 10,000 right ways of doing a thing and one wrong one, the gashional party would select the wrong one instinctively. The only way for economic efficiency upon an equitable basis is for the workers to say to the political bed-bug, "GET WORK!!!"

Meant For You.

What are YOU doing to win the strike? Don't scab, or mix with SCABS. Don't be an enemy to your class. Send the scabs to Coventry.

By and Bye.

A scab got chased from Heaven, and knocked at the gates of hell. The peep hole flew open, and the old gentleman inquired "What did you do on earth?" "Oh," said the thing, "I was a medical student, and worked at the Sydney Station, doing porter's work when the big strike was on." "Right oh," says the old pot, "Hey! Beelzebub, bring this bloke a bucket of pitch, and let him go away and make a hell of his own!"

£10 Reward.

Sardanapalus Sorefeet, a law-abiding citizen, got a job scabbing on the trams. He got a bag and a quid's worth of change. After a good day's work he got mislaid, and anyone who knows of his whereabouts is requested to immediately inform his dear friend Mr. Commissioner Fraser of the N.S.W. Railways and alleged Tramways.

Winning the War."

There are three kinds of scabs. There is the professional scab and the trade union scab. And the last and most useless is the amateur scab. The following list generally comprises the amateur variety, solicitors, parsons, stock exchange sharks, lord mayors, pub pros, dead-beats, cold-footed patriots, medical students, college cubs, and other undesirable citizens. The average amateur "scab" is the prize exhibit at the "Go Slow" bun fight, and no one loves him, not even a dog.

The Dawn of Reason.

It is amusing, even in a serious time like this, to see the Conservative union official, and the politician, eating all the

hard things they said about the I.W.W. and endorsing the general cessation of work. The general strike a month or two ago was general nonsense, now it is general horsensene. Even the oldest and most conservative of us may learn something in spite of ourselves.

Dire Threats.

The Premier, Mr. G. W. Fuller, has received intimations from various snob localities that the inhabitants will assist in breaking the strike, and offering their invaluable aid. It is rather amusing to hear a collection of social dead-beats and weary-willies talking about "WORK." However, a little work, say as a waitress, would reduce the hog-like corpulence and mental astigmatism of the average Manly comedy duchess. It is a moral certainty that if their legs got a third of the exercise that their tongues get, they wouldn't be so short-winded, and such a glaring outrage on nature. Let us hope, then, if they do take to useful work, that the working class will insist upon their continuing the good work long after the strike is over.

His "Washup's" Generosity.

A common occurrence during strikes is the brutality of ignorant and vindictive police magistrates, who delight in sentencing strike sympathisers in a savage fashion. Several incidents have already occurred during the present strike. The words of a "loyalist" or a policeman is treated as gospel, while the largest numbers of strike witnesses and their evidence are ignored. However, until we are thoroughly organised, we can expect little else from such men, who are for the most part appointed by the Government as a reward for thuggism and toadying.

Sedition! Now!

William Daly, member of the Federated Seaman's Union, was arrested on Tuesday and charged with conspiracy "to excite, meditate, publish, devise, imagine," and so on, to cause "disaffection, etc., to His Majesty," etc. That means that he participated in a strike. Daly was allowed £200 bail. Workers, stick together! You have another reason, and that reason is a good one. It is Daly.

Songs of the People.

"Solidarity For Ever" and "Hold the Fort" are now the chants of the huge processions that daily surge through the streets. The school children are also singing them, and so is everyone else except Fraser and Fuller. The police are inquiring about them, needless to say. After the Sinn Fein rebellion during Easter week of last year an Irish girl of seventeen was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for singing "Who Dares to Speak of Easter Week" at a celebration. The result was that the song is sung in every street, town and hamlet in Ireland today. And "Who dares NOT to speak of Easter Week," anyway, to-day?

Gas-rites.

William Hughes' latest indignation is his precious "Illegal Associations Bill." Willie reckons that he is going to put us on the flame. Well, we can tell William, his Bill and his satellites to go to Hell, and as soon as possible. We should worry!

Evolution.

Hal Eyre has evidently been visiting I.W.W. meetings lately. His early sketches of the I.W.W. in the "Daily T-blawag" were of the ferocious man-eating-chewing steak a d'ouste type of bomb throwers with a small bottle of fire dope in their pockets. The new I.W.W. figure is a pleasant faced, round workman, whom the world has evidently treated well, and who is at peace with all the world. Hal Eyre's impressions of the I.W.W. have changed his knowledge, and so has thousands of others since the dark days of September and October last.

From the "Can."

Donald Grant (at a visit): "Boys, if the authorities would grant me just one hour on the Sydney Domain to say a few words to my class I would promise to return right back to my cell, and take up my long sentence light heartedly. Stick to your guns, boys, don't let the gael sear you. In the end WE MUST WIN." Three cheers for the boys, who have hearts like lions, and principles like tempered steel.

The Latest.

A creature named Todd, who is a railway guard, has returned to work, because he saw an I.W.W. banner in Eddy avenue. Brilliant excuse for scabbing, ain't it?

The Rally.

Sunday's crowd on the Domain was the greatest ever. No wonder Monty Miller's eyes sparkled when he saw the mammoth audience at his feet when he rose to

speak. Gigantic meetings with dozens of platforms was a sight for the gods! "Solidarity" is a more potent factor than all the weary crowds who come round political platforms, and bone-headed arbitration judges. It is the world will working through the folded arms of the Proletariat.

More Noise.

The Federal Government is going to take drastic steps to deal with the strike. Now for another howling Dervish harangue from "Old Umbrellas."

Bunk!

Lump of rock hurled at William Daly, seaman, amongst other debris: "No the evil example of all others in a like case, offending against the peace of our Lord the King, his crown, and dignity."

Struth!!

The Dean Disaster.

A pleasing feature of the strike has been the attitude of the Returned Soldiers' Association in regard to the strike. Dean Talbot attempted to use his status as president to induce men to scab, but he was unanimously turned down. It speaks volumes for the "patriotism" of Fat and Company when they are not satisfied with a man risking his life for them, but want him to be a traitor to the class that reared him and stood to him. Good for the R.S.A.!

In the Soup.

Two "unspeakables" lobbied into the Burlington Hotel the other night for tea. The eagle eye of the waitress descended on them, and they were indignantly ordered to resume their tucker hunt. There was an awkward pause, and then the "loyal citizens" hung their heads, and got for the door, followed by the grins of waitresses and customers alike. Good for you, girls.

Whither Than Snow.

The driver who was fired from engines driving on account of the Binlong disaster is back on the road again as a "loyalist." Expect that he will start with a brand new character, ordered by "Commish" Fraser. What the hell does the safety of the public matter, anyway? Criticism.

The "Bun" refers to the song "Casey Jones" as being "brutally ribald." The editor of the "Bun" is a devotee of Robbie Burns, which begs the question—If "Casey Jones" is "brutally ribald" what would Mr. Grover term "Holy Willie's Prayer"?

Recriminations.

The "Snooze" in a wearisome squall about "Syndicalism" on Tuesday—the syndicalists have, therefore, preached that it is a virtue to damage the system, and that, in fact, it must be laid in ruins, before it can be taken over and reorganised by the able business men, capable managers, and expert financiers of the I.W.W. body. Seems to us that any damage we have done to the system is microscopic alongside of the damned row over in Europe that has been organised, or bungled, by the "able business men," the "capable managers," and the "expert financiers" of modern plutocracy. If the I.W.W. couldn't handle the job better than the present messers, they would deserve much more from the "Snooze."

George Talks.

George W. Fuller, Willie's aide-de-camp, sayeth in effect: "The Government heartily upholds unionism." Ahem! Unionism is a fine thing if you don't use it. It looks well in a glass case at the Museum. Unionism is a lovable thing to George when it has legs on its chest, a narrow forehead, and a jelly-fish constitution. But use it, this unionism, and it is horror of horrors. "Syndicalism, naked and unashamed." Woe is us!

Anent the "Snooze."

The "Snooze" is a stickler for a "fair day's wage for a fair day's work." The I.W.W. is a stickler for a "fair day's wage for a fair day's loaf," and that's where we are in holts. Benjamin Bibbiny is hereby sentenced to some work or some starvation.

Fraser "Black."

There was some fun down in the Civil Service Stores on Monday. A large parcel of groceries was handed to a carter to deliver to Commissioner Fraser. The carter refused to handle it, and he was backed up by the staff, who declared the packet "black." Nearly time the working class declared the Commissioner and his class "black," and refuse to foot the bill for their maintenance.

Propaganda in Parliament.

Willie Bismarck Ooze attaches a lot of importance to my Domain speeches. Gets a reporter to take them down, and then they are wired through to Melbourne for

Wm. Bk. to dish up at the 'Ouse of Mps. Reps. They make cheerful reading among the dreary bunk that abounds in "Hansard."

Anent Zoology.

The beautiful specimens who tango round the foot-board of Fraser's lumbering, antiquated, stone-age waggons, make one wonder why in the name of hell the responsible people at Taronga Park don't take better care of their exhibits. The passionate affection noticeable of their two hands, for the handles leave no doubt about the Darwinian theory.

Coming Mix!

Small boy in Redfern to the gang: "My father's name is Casey Jones. He's an engineer, and he's on strike. Some bloke made a song about him, and said he was scabbing. My father's looking for that bloke, and he's going to knock him."

Some "Chance."

Bill Jackson on the Domain on Sunday: "The Commissioner has as much chance of pushing through the card system as an asbestos dog has of catching a celluloid cat in hell." Loud laughter.

Commonsense.

To hell with the boss and his creatures. Say, all together, "Fat, GET WORK!"

PROPAGANDA.

MONSTER COLLECTION.

Phenomenal Crowd.

Last Sunday the I.W.W. held, in spite of counter attractions, the largest meeting in the Domain. The collection amounted to £47/13/7, was taken up for the strike fund. It was by far the largest collection taken up at any one meeting. Monster sales of "Direct Action" and literature also eventuated. A large range of eloquent speakers addressed the audience, amongst whom was the old gladiator of the Labor movement, Monty Miller, who astonished the vast audience with his fiery eloquence and youthful oratorical vigor. He was most heartily received, and cheered to the echo. His reminiscences of other men and other times were received by an appreciative and sympathetic audience. The old war horse was in splendid form, and will be a powerful factor in the stirring fight against the Illegal Associations Bill, and for the release of the boys in gaol.

Ted McLoughlin, from Broken Hill, Bill Jackson, just from N.Q., and F.W. Kennedy, from Codelale, were eloquent and forceful additions to the usual speakers. Vivid points and satirical humor were the order of the afternoon. Jackson's metaphors, and McLoughlin's "Tramp's Prayer" tickled the audience immensely. The songs were sung with vigorous enthusiasm, and drowned all other hubbubs by sheer weight. At times there was in the vicinity of 30,000 people in the audience, which stayed to the last, notwithstanding the fact that thousands left early to follow the strikers' bands. The I.W.W. band was in attendance, and performed wonders, considering that many players were in the strike procession.

In the evening Bathurst street was packed. The only opposition was Lieut. Killeen, a recruiting officer. Several miners spoke, after which the band struck up, and a parade followed down George street to Sussex street. The hall was speedily packed, and a huge overflow was held at the corner of the City Markets. Songs and speeches whiled away the evening, and the meeting adjourned for the picket line and bed. Fellow Worker Rancie was the lecturer in the hall, and spoke on "Strikology." This modern science was carefully outlined, analysed, and microscopically examined, and then explained to the crowded audience.

It was a great talk, and there was no opposition to the new science.

On Monday a meeting was held at Bathurst street, which was preceded by a down-town parade. It was very successful, and although interfered with by rain, terminated well. A returned soldier in uniform was attentively listened to as he spoke on the necessity for One Big Union. F.W.'s Monty Miller, Sinclair, and Mrs. Westbrook were the other speakers, while F.W. Quinlan officiated as chairman.

Darlinghurst was the rendezvous on Tuesday, and Redfern on Wednesday. The Local regrets that we have temporarily to abandon meetings at Balmain and Botany owing to stoppage of the trams, but they will be resumed as soon as the strike is over.

Politicians and Strikes.

Never yet, in the history of the Labor Movement, has there been an industrial conflict of any consequence that has not been made use of by some individual for his own personal aggrandisement. In all the battles of the working class there has always been some person who has risen to power and fame at the expense and suffering of the striking toilers. There will be found at all labor troubles, men who are prepared to worm their way to the front, and exploit the credulity of their own selfish ends. What matter to them if the working class struggles on amid starvation and agony so long as they can live in prosperity and affluence. Many men who hold high positions in the land to-day, are there because they were successful in bulldozing and slobbering over the working class. The suffering and misery of the workers has been traded upon and used as stepping-stones to the legislative halls.

On the other hand, the workers have seen to their sorrow where politicians have poked their snout into labor troubles with evil intent. Politicians, who have one time been posing as the friends of Labor, have now become the worst of tyrants, and have endeavored to bind the chains of slavery about the limbs of the working class. All politicians—Labor, Socialist, or Independent—are in the pay of the master class. The bosses, holding the meal ticket of the politicians, have the power to say what time they will dance to. This being so, the "pollies" must perforce obey the behests of their economic masters—the industrial and financial kings—or disaster will surely follow. The game of politics is so full of duplicity and corruption that no politician can be trusted, no matter who he is. Whenever a politician does anything it is always in his own interests. Whenever an aspiring politician says anything, it is with a selfish motive.

One of the very prominent dangers to the present strike, is the Labor Members and aspiring politicians "are playing. This danger is beginning to loom very large, and if the strikers are not very careful, and watch these gentlemen very closely, they will see the strike run upon the rocks of disaster.

Men who are playing no part in the industrial world are now figuring very prominently upon the strikers' platforms, and individuals who are in no way connected with the strike, are having much to say. The success or failure of the strike, matters not at all to many of the strikers' spokesmen as it will affect them in no way whatsoever.

The dope which these politicians are peddling off the strikers' platforms at such a critical and serious time as this, should make the angels weep. The slush and piffle that labor members are now handing out to men who are every day becoming nearer to starvation, should make all live spirits turn away in disgust and horror.

Politicians have always been anxious to arbitrate and settle disputes no matter what the cost to the workers. They have always been willing to compromise and stampede the strikers back to work at any price.

During industrial troubles, politicians have always been in the road and done more harm than good. When they have not acted treacherously and sold the workers, they have indulged in balderdash and windy speeches which have always left the workers just as wise as when they started.

At the present moment, electioneering

stunts are being pulled off, and Parliamentary speeches are of common occurrence. Various legislators are posing for the limelight and looking for applause. The real issue of the strike is being lost sight of, and the vital principles which are at stake are being smothered in oceans of clap-trap and Parliamentary jargon. The sooner the strikers get wise to these blatant and useless politicians and send them back to the gasometer in Macquarie street, the better for the working class.

The strike now on in New South Wales is against the odious and cruel card system. A system which should be exposed in all its hideousness, and the workers organized to resist any attempt at its introduction. But how many politicians have dealt with the card system, and its evil effects? How many of these Parliamentary wasters have expounded the necessity of industrial organization and explained to the workers the way to win? Whenever the authorities have made a move, and some of the strikers have been sent to gaol, the politicians have never been seen behind the bars.

There are politicians in Sydney who are making use of the strike to boom themselves and try to make people believe that they are really good fellows. Some of the "pollies" never tire of telling the workers how they have suffered for the working class, and all that they have sacrificed in the Labor Cause.

If this self-congratulatory talk and back-scratching goes on much longer the strikers will be lulled to sleep and sold out, or they will rise up and tell the politicians to speed up and get back to the house of fossils.

This is not the time to listen to slobber, or weep over the martyrdom of some politician which no one but himself knows about. This is the time for serious thought and determined action. These are times when we are facing very grave problems and passing through very bitter experience. To ask the politicians for a solution to the trouble would be useless. They are incapable of deep thought, and when dealing with industrial questions they are mental blanks. Hence their willingness to listen to the advice of the master class.

Never yet have these politicians told the strikers anything that would be beneficial or offered any solution to the present trouble. We have had enough experience with politicians now to know what they are capable of doing, and it is time we told them to quit. They are not only useless in the road, but they are dangerous.

If the strikers wish for success, they must learn to trust themselves, think for themselves, and act for themselves. They must cultivate self reliance, for so sure as they hand their destiny over to politicians; they will be betrayed or run upon the rocks. The past is so full of such awful example of political incompetence and treachery, that we must try and avoid any such thing in the future.

The strikers know what they want and what they are fighting for, and they should allow no one to becloud the issue or sidetrack them. The men on strike have the power in their hands to win the strike without any outsider butting in. The politician is an outsider, and his interests are totally different to those of the working class.

With industrial solidarity, success is assured. The strikers have the right behind them that can triumph over all their foes, and if they only bid the political twister farewell victory is certain.

N.R.

TELEGRAMS.

Hildenden.—Advertise our executive resolution to keep shearers out of Queensland until January. If our demands not conceded, August twelfth, success certain.

HANSON.

Kuridala.—Collected fifteen pounds. Kuridala, Selwyn will wire results, also other places from Clonerry. Strike still unsettled.

FOLEY.

The master-class are willing to dispense with all luxuries, even the motor car. It seems as if the workers are eager to emulate them, seeing that they have begun to discard their boots.

Freedom is a new religion, the religion of our time.—Heine.

Liberty of thought is a mockery, if liberty of speech and action is denied.—Sidney Holmes.

Salts and Senna.

"The dignity of labor." The dignity of hell! What dignity is there about a bent back, a torpid brain, flat feet, calloused and crooked hands, stiff joints, glassy and savage eyes, a wrinkled neck (the sure sign of a life of debasing toil), and a mind as blank as the Desert of Gobi? When I behold a wageman I am filled with mingled feelings—of disgust, compassion, despair and wonder. I am grieved, offended, wounded, and all my artistic instincts are in revolt. What a caricature upon manhood and perfection! What should be a masterpiece is but an objective marionette! What should be a creation is but a deposed and disinherited bondsman—a creeping and a Christing—with a crippled and clouded brain incapable of individual and independent intellection and inhibition. Truly, it is not well for the higher spirit, over-world's man, student of society, or philosophic savage to mix too freely with the servile castes, as they do but devitalize, "vampirise," and demagnetise him and infect him with many of their superstitions, follies, terrors, illusions, and stupidities. When the helot-at-heart and the slave-at-soul becomes a self-conscious, full-sized and self-acting chief of the carnivora and prince of the primates, he may boast about "the dignity of labor." Until then let him remain silent, and not hinder or harass the sympathetic, self-sacrificing and undaunted free spirits and standard bearers who are the sweet salt and light leaven among the Industrial Workers of the World. They are preparing and paving the way for the New Revolution and the True Renaissance. Let "the dignity of labor" give way to the Dignity of Man!

"SANS TERRE."

BREED US MORE MEN.

HARRY LAUDER'S AUDACIOUS
"PATRIOTISM."

While the British bloods are urging on the hounds of war to chase the Germans to their ultimate doom, and take with them all the unconsidered human trifles they may find in France and Belgium, there is a growing cry for more and more children in this blessed land. Bishops, of course, are old hands at the game. They want more souls to save. Some others preach fecundity because they want slaves to work. Harry Lauder wants everyone to have large families because that is the "patriotic" thing to do.

"The war has made cruel inroads on our manhood," he says, "the duty of the women and the young men who are left is plain. The future of Britain depends upon them. If our race is not to be snuffed out like a candle, the birth-rate must go up." Why not the death-rate go down? It would be easier to lower the death than increase the birth-rate. Because people want to live.

"SIDE SHOWS": A SOLOQUY.

In the House of Commons, R. Houston, Unionist, whilst opposing the excess tax on profits, said that the Government were responsible for increased freight and prices through indulging in expensive side-shows like the Dardanelles.—Cable Item.

A side-show, eh? Well, strike me bloomin' fat.
An' me an' Anzac! Woder think o' that?
An' it cost me a blasted lot to go
An' make things wiffin' at the bleeding show.

A side-show! Well, of all the ——— strike me pink.
Ain't it enough ter drive a bloke, ter drink?
A show? An' we pervided all the fun,
An' here am I—a "dot and carry one."

A side-show! Strewth! It's fairly got me beat. The way these flaming politicians bleat. Now that they've done their little bit o' biz, They blame us 'cos the price o' tucker's riz.—Sydney "Truth."

Freedom degenerates unless it has to struggle in its own defence.—Lord Acton.

Let us believe that the whole of truth can never do harm to the whole of virtue; and remember that in order to get the whole truth, you must allow every man, right or wrong, freely to utter his conscience, and protect him in so doing. Entire unhackled freedom for every man's life, no matter what his doctrine—the safety of free discussion, no matter how wide its range. The community which dare not protect its humblest and most hated member in the free utterance of his opinions, no matter how false or hateful, is only a gang of slaves.—Wendell Phillips.

Workers!

Remember that Donald Grant, J. B. King, Bob. B. Besant, Thomas Glynn, D. McPherson, Wm. Beatty, Peter Larkin, Thos. Moore, C. T. Reeve, Joseph Pagin, John Hamilton, Wm. Tean
Are still incarcerated in the Bastilles of New South Wales. There are two reasons for their imprisonment.

Their militancy,
Your apathy.

Their crime is loyalty to YOU, YOUR DUTY is loyalty and devotion to them. Their eloquent tongues, their facile and analytical pens, their inspiring presence have been suppressed and silenced by a bevy of intellectual prostitutes and social degenerates.

WORKERS!!

If you have the warrior spirit of your forebears, demand with all your vigor and organised power the Release of these men.

YOUR UNITY AND POWER CAN
ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING.
DO IT NOW!

WHY NOT?

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

When the schemes and all the systems, kingdoms and republics fail,
Something kinder, higher, holier—all for one and one for all.

All the full-brain, half-brain races, led by Justice, Love and Truth;
All the millions one at lest with all the visions of my youth?

halt, or deaf or blind;
Stronger ever born of weaker, lustier body, larger mind.

Earth at last a warless world, a single race, a single tongue—
I have seen it far away—for is not earth as yet so young.

Every tiger madness muzzled, every serpent passion killed,
Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert tilled.

Robed in universal harvest up to either pole she smiles,
Universal ocean softly washing all her warless isles.

It would seem that the profits of some of the Australian shipping companies have gone up out of sympathy with the high cost of living. The firm, Huddart Parker and Co. made a profit of £260,460 in 1914, of £296,631 in 1915, and of £111,140 in 1916. Thus, since the starting of the war the company has managed to nearly double its annual profits. And yet if the slaves, whose labor yields this profit, should have the temerity to ask for a few more pence per day they are promptly told that while the war is on is not the time to be asking for increases of wages.

Wilhelm Bismarck Ooze is out on the rampage again. The dear little person with the imposing personality has now been dubbed by the proprietor of "Comic Cuts" as one of the geniuses of the day. I think it would be a capital suggestion to Northcliffe to withdraw those over-worked geniuses, Weary Willie and Tired Tim, from the front page of his famous journal, and in place thereof picture the terrific doings of William the Fourth and Drearly Pearce, the famous Australian pantomimists. There is a fortune in the game, and were "Direct Action" meant for juveniles, we would soon have the continent ashrieking. David Lowe would be on a sweet lease majeste or prejudicing recruiting.

Wilhelm von Bismarck emulated Annas recently. The dear little dyspeptic talk Art Unions, and I.W.W. Art Unions at that. He had heard that the I.W.W. had run an Art Union somewhere, and the first prize was a piano, valued at £75. (Had taste not having a picture of the gazoo himself with the baby as 1st prize—only we wanted to SELL tickets). The winner of the first prize, according to W. v. B., had found out serious defects in the piano. Being cheated, he demanded cash, but, said von B., the cash had disappeared. Strange, thing, eh? For the edification of Caracatus Nebuchadnezzar Burhuck, I may say that the winner has neither seen the piano, nor got the cash yet, but he will receive an order through Palings for an instrument to the value of £75 when he sees me next week. Wilhelm is by these presents in vulgar garance, "a purveyor of fairies," and a "chancer."

WANTED.

BANDSMEN FOR THE
I.W.W. BAND.

LECTURE.

BY MONTY MILLER.

AT 403 SUSSEX STREET, SYDNEY,
WEDNESDAY, 22nd AUGUST.

Subject: Eureka Stockade: Reminiscences of an Australian Revolution, December 3rd, 1854.

Synopsis: Early Mining Troubles in Victoria—Ballarat Heroes—The Irish Brigade—Government Persecution—The Tyrant Governor Hotham—The Limitations of Tyranny—The People's Limit of Endurance—First Floating of Australia's Flag on the Breeze of Liberty—Peter Lalor Swears in the Diggers—For Liberty or Death—The Pike Blacksmith—Building the Stockade—The Assault and Storming of the Citadel—The Combat—No Quarter to the Diggers.

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft it is ever won."

Don't miss this historic lecture by the Veteran.

The Endless Chain.

The masters, as in days of old,
The slaves of Toil in bondage hold;
And so they climb an endless hill;
Upon the masters' slave treadmill;
And every bright or cloudy morn,
When rings the bell or toots the horn,
The toilers crawl from shacks and dens,
To tread the mill in wage slave pens,
And thus Toil's flesh in constant pain,
Is racked upon the endless chain
Of "Go to work
To earn the cash
To buy the food
To gain the strength
To go to work," etc.

The more one struggles to produce
The more he will his wage reduce;
Till competition of the strife
Will put against the man his wife;
Against each other they will need
Until their children pit their need
Against the twin—the game of pelf
Where Toil's own blood dilutes itself—
And thus around Toil spins again,
Upon the damning, soulless chain,
Of "Go to work," etc.

The faster toil hits up the speed
The more he keeps for Shirk and Greed.
The more compounds the misery
Of all who toil in drudgery;
The more he wins their snarling scorn.
Who Samson strength have from him shorn:
The stronger fortifies their right;
To bring upon him curse and blight;
The more his nerves sear on his brain
The curse of that unending chain,
Of "Go to work," etc.

That chain conducts us in the mine,
Shanghai us on the salt sea brine,
Enslaves us in diseased sweatshops,
It drags us on through sewer slops;
Snatches our sons while young and frail
And turns them villains, on crime's trail;
It hurls our daughters prostitutes
As offerings to gilded brutes;
The toiler's path of shame and pain,
It is the racking, endless chain,
Of "Go to work," etc.

The foetus in the mother's womb
The racking chain begins to doom;
And from the mother's breast is torn
In life by hellish greed and bane
Away from all that makes man smile
To all that's cursed, and damned, and vile;
And from the infant's first-drawn breath
We speed old young conscripts to death,
In torture, misery and pain
Upon the system's hellish chain,
Of "Go to work," etc.

It's tread, it's toil from youth to age,
To earn a non-supporting wage,
It's slave and crawl from morn to night,
And fight our fellows for the right,
To frazzle nerves until they feel
The brute inquisitorial steel,
In flesh like myriad needles prick
Their red-hot points piercing the quick,
Until the flesh quivers with pain
Upon the brutal, endless chain,
Of "Go to work," etc.

It may be sport and relished fun—
For those who feast and shirk and shun,
But for the flesh racked out in pain,
Which wakes from dreams to tread again,
Or falls in fitful sleep to tread
Away the life which toll has sped;
It is Inquisitorial Hell
For famished souls too dumb to tell
The tortures of the endless strain
Of flesh racked on the endless chain
Of "Go to work," etc.

A Testimonial.

We stand solidly for Trades Unionism.
—Sunday Times.

The "Sunday Times" winds up a windy tirade of splenetic abuse against the striking transport workers with the above significant sentence.

Every working man knows the "Times" now believes in Trades Unionism, but there was a time not distant many years when the "Times" called all union men criminals.

Till quite recently the men themselves believed as the "Times" does now, but they have tired of the trade union spectacle of organised labor scabbing upon itself, and that's probably the reason the great labor paper—the "Times"—now stands so solidly for trades unionism.

AM.

Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

What is the Card System?

The Card System, or as it is called in America, the Taylor System, was first introduced into the U.S.A. by Superintendent Taylor at the Midvale Steel Works, a branch of the Steel Trust, in the year 1905.

It was first applied to men shovelling coal. A shoveller of huge physical proportions was selected for experiments. His motions were scientifically analysed by expert physical culturists, and every movement noted. The selected method of shovelling was then enforced on all coal shovellers.

Experiments were made with shovels of different sizes, and the amount, weight, and distance noted. The standard was then set for all shovellers, and different rates of pay were introduced. The expert shovellers received five cents an hour more than the less expert, and the less expert received five cents an hour more than the men who did not keep pace with them.

Gang bosses were appointed over every five men who were to watch how often different men became exhausted, as physical exhaustion is a common thing under this system.

The shovellers at last rebelled, as working under the Card System meant that in a few years they would be complete physical wrecks or would be dead. Under this inhuman system the allotted span of life is very short.

This system was next introduced into the engineering depot. A gang boss was appointed for every five men. The bosses, only having five men under them, would be continually watching and exhorting them to greater efforts. A common saying was: "Say, guy, what's holding you back? This job has been done much faster than you are doing it." If the workman dared to answer back, he was instantly discharged for insubordination. At last, only the most servile workmen were left on the job. The shop was also honeycombed with spies with the intention of reporting to the Chief anything that was said or done and also making one man distrust the other. No one knew but that the man alongside him was not a spy.

The Gang Bosses had in their possession cards itemising the work, number of pieces, nature of material, time started, time finished, and remarks about the actions of the workmen re speed, ability, etc.

These cards are never seen by the workmen after being filled in by the gang boss.

Billy Hughes and the I.W.W.

Wobblies ahoy.

Any more for Long Bay?

There has been something wrong with the I.W.W. lately. It was going to sleep and needed waking up, when lo, along comes Billy the Blunderer and does the necessary thing.

It is quite impossible to suppress the I.W.W.

It is equally impossible to quell the spirit of progress and revolt that is felt upon all sides. But Billy has got to keep in the limelight. If Billy does not act in some stupidly ridiculous manner to call the attention of the public to himself, his fellow worker, Cook, might get his job.

They are both hard pushed for a crust, and neither are particular how they get it.

The ideas and ideals of the I.W.W. are penetrating into the wealth producers all over the world, not only in Australia, the land of wattle and Anzacs, but in America, Mexico, Spain, England, Europe, and practically all countries under capitalistic production.

Capitalism has reached a stage where a fight must take place for the ownership of the means of life.

On the one hand, we have the capitalist class, wealthy, opulent, living in extravagance and luxury, obtained in the easiest possible fashion. On the other hand the wealth producers, living from hand to mouth producing everything of the best, and compelled to exist in the most degrading conditions—economic slaves held in bondage.

The I.W.W. helped to hold conscription back in Australia. It was entirely their propaganda (mostly propagated by the 12 men now rotting in gaol) that undermined the foundations of the spurious Labor Party. They exposed the lies, the rotteness, the false attitude of the Labor leaders. They pointed out with seathing tongue and pointed sarcasm that these

The gang bosses rush from one to another anxious to know how each boss is getting on, as the boss who can show the best output gets a bonus over and above his wages.

The workmen are only allowed five minutes a day to leave their machines, and anyone who exceeds the time limit, no matter what the cause, is dismissed for "wilful neglect."

Electric buttons are placed handy to the machines which communicate with the tool room, store room, etc. A boy answers the bell, and the workman tells him his requirements.

Many men through having to stand at the machine all day (for being away more than five minutes meant dismissal) broke down in health, and were forced to lay off for months.

In the United States of America, not a single Government shop, or a union shop, works under the card system. All efforts to institute this system into the Government work shops in America has failed. All union shops also always resist to their utmost any attempt to introduce the card system. The unionists of America know full well that work under this system would be hell, and life would not be worth living, hence their refusal to work under it.

When the United States declared war on Germany, Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, was summoned to attend a conference with the United States Government to discuss the labor attitude in connection with the munition works. Gompers gave the Government the guarantee that the workers would do their best on the understanding that the card system would not be introduced. Any attempt to introduce the card system would mean that the workers would immediately "down tools."

This brutal and cruel system cannot be tolerated by any sane man or woman. It is scientific exploitation. It is a systematic form of intensified slavery. It is an expert system of wringing the last ounce of energy out of the human frame. It will mean unemployment on the one hand and overworked and physically exhausted beings on the other.

If this system is introduced into Australia, it will mean in a very few years we will be a race of moral, mental and physical wrecks.

For the welfare of the nation, for the health of the community, for the future of the race, let us hope that the odious card system will not be introduced.

persons were trading under the disguise of Labor. They exposed the trickery and false tactics of the Trades Hall officials. They pointed out how the union secretaries were using their influential official positions at the expense of the working class. They ridiculed and shamed the false and spurious politicians, and by their efforts was the Labor movement purified and enlightened. For this and for that they now lie gaolod, put away by the machinations of the master class and their hirelings, where justice is but a name and honor is unknown. Where are the militant members of the working class? Where is the fighting spirit that has animated the Labor movement in the past? Is the voice of the great working class democracy silent? Will Australian Labor suffer these outrages without protest? Surely not! I believe that Labor will arise, organise and combine to end tyranny. I believe that they will not suffer in silence for long. When Labor says the word the parasitical class that governs us will wither away into nothingness, as they have done in Russia. Down with the bastilles! Hurrah for the red flag of freedom! Tyranny must go, and the working class become the saviours of humanity. The I.W.W. is built upon the solidarity and class interests of the working class. It is the only real revolutionary organisation alive to-day, organised to overthrow capitalism and all its horrors. It trusts not to leaders. It is not built upon sentiment. It is a fighting body and it means business.

We will go to Long Bay. We will go through hell and fire and water, and insects like Hughes and all his slimy crawling satellites will never stay us. We will answer the call in our hundreds and our thousands, the spirit of the wealth producers who have toiled and groaned and died is with us. Go to it, Billy, we will answer the call.

WYATT JONES.

The Pledge.

Here's a pledge to you, my brothers,
A pledge and a comrade's hand;
By the roads we have built for the masters,
By the rivers we have spanned;
By the forge of our foundry prison,
Where flesh is as cheap as grass,
My heart and my hand forever
For my own—the working class!

By the hungry seas we've conquered
And strewn with our sailor dead;
By the land we have bathed in lifeblood,
And that life-blood rich and red;
By the ease we've brought our masters,
By the loads 'neath which we groan,
My heart and my hand forever,
For the working class—my own.

By the day when the strife is over,
And the worker comes to his own;
By the dawn of the glad to-morrow,
When we reap what we have sown;
When the last of the slaves shall be free-men,
And the last of the masters pass—
My heart and my hand forever
For my own—the working class!

—W. E. Williams, in the "International" (South Africa).

If We Only Were.

The old and nearly worn out howl of the bosses that I.W.W. means "I Won't Work" is such a preposterous lie that even the most docile short-eared species of the wile family has reached that stage of mental development, in which he regards such statements as foolishness.

It would be a body blow to our benevolent masters should the wobblies at this stage of the game live up to their false reputation, and in reality become "I Won't Works." A large number of ships sailing out of this port would be up against it for firemen and deckhands.

Practically every ship or semblance of a ship that is able to float out of Seattle comprising the mosquito fleet, is manned one-half to three-quarters with I.W.W. In fact it is quite a frequent occurrence to see ships leaving here with a full wobbler crew aboard, with the exception of captains, mates and engineers. This element considers themselves emancipated and being, according to them, above the common deckhand socially, it is a hard proposition to talk organisation to them.

What at one time was considered as an utter impossibility is to-day considered highly probable, that is a 100 per cent. organisation among the Seattle water front workers. At the rate the M.T.W.'s are growing it will only be a matter of a short time before the slaves will have a few words to say in regard to hours, wages, and job conditions. The up-to-date I.W.W. are not using gas bomb tactics, but are working earnestly and quietly to build up the One Big Union which is sure to bring results quickly.

"Industrial Worker."

Mick Sawtell Released.

F.W. Sawtell, who was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in Fremantle, W.A., for the alleged advocacy of arson, was released on July 21st. F.W. Sawtell was met at the gaol gates by several friends and given a hearty welcome back to the outside world. After being released on a Saturday, the following Sunday saw Mick addressing a large and interested crowd at the Fremantle Trades Hall. Mr. W. Wanhop, a prominent Trades Hall official, was in the chair. F.W. Sawtell spoke on Industrial Unionism, and also put up an eloquent appeal for the 12 boys incarcerated in New South Wales. The speech was well received, and the sentiment for the I.W.W. and the release of our fellow workers is very prominent.

The gaols in W.A. are a thousand per cent. better than the gaols in N.S.W., so Mick is not much worse for his little holiday. It has only made him more determined than ever to carry on the good fight for the One Big Union and the release of our twelve fighters in gaol in N.S.W.

"The Labor Party—that sad failure of Socialism—endeavoring by a trick to seem stronger than it really is, naturally cannot perform any functions in the industrial sphere. It seems to spend most of its time trying to persuade the workers that strikes are no use; and even industrial legislation does not usually attract it."

THE MEN IN GAOL.

Queensland.

Lecture by H. E. Boote, Editor of the "Worker," Sydney.

The Social Democratic League Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and many people were turned away because the space was limited, on August 2nd, when Mr. H. E. Boote delivered his remarkable lecture on "The Men in Gaol."

The lecture was remarkable for its clearness of thought and the incisive sarcasm of expression.

The weighty (by length and amount of paper involved) evidence and depositions in the cases of the twelve I.W.W. men now serving long time sentences in the gaols of N.S.W. under conviction for conspiracy, arson, fomenting strife and sedition, were summarised into a lucid statement of fact from which no relative item was omitted.

There were two points brought out in the evidence which Mr. Boote asked, his hearers to note particularly:

1. How easy the prosecution made the case for themselves.
2. The peculiar selection of the witnesses for the prosecution.

Read the charges against the men. They were accused of "conspiring" to burn buildings, "conspiring" to disturb the peace of the country, and "conspiring" seditious utterances.

And the jury was deliberately instructed that in order to establish their accusation of "conspiracy," it was not necessary to prove that the accused men had ever been seen talking together, or communicating with each other; or had ever been seen setting fire to buildings, or stirring up rebellion, or uttering seditious statements. All that was necessary was to prove that the accused men were members of one association—the Industrial Workers of the World—and had been seen going in and out of the one door to the one room.

Mr. Boote had no hesitation in saying that under such a definition of "conspiracy" every member of every working class organisation throughout the world would be found guilty if arrested and accused in the same way in which these twelve men had been dealt with.

Under the second count the witnesses consisted of two detectives, Lynch and Leary, whose luck in hearing just what they wanted to hear at just the time they wanted to hear it should make "the luck of Lynch and Leary" proverbial.

Scully, another witness, was a self-accused accomplice, who claimed to have taught the accused how to make "fire dope."

McAllister, the next witness, was an informer in the pay of the prosecution.

And the two Goldsteins, who had been charged with forging notes by the police, but against whom the police had proceeded no further. In fact the forgery charge had been abandoned. The evidence clearly established the fact that these men, like all the other witnesses in the case, were in constant communication with the police while engaged in "working up the cases."

In dealing with the evidence itself, Mr. Boote said wasn't it "lucky" that the

detective managed to get the other side of a telephone pole just in time (without being seen) to hear one of the accused men say: "That will be the next to go," and see him actually nod towards Mark Foy's? This at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, too! Wasn't it "lucky" that another one of the accused men gave a demonstration of how the "fire dope" worked out, on the side-walk in Sussex-street in broad daylight, so that the two detectives in an empty shop on the other side of the street could see just how it was done? It would have been unlucky if the accused man had taken Goldstein inside the I.W.W. rooms to give him the practical lesson in how to fire a building! The "luck" still held when the detectives searched Moore's box (when Moore himself was not present), and "after rummaging awhile" found a small piece of cotton waste! Just what they were looking for! Of course they found a piece of cotton waste on the washstand in the same room. But that had nothing to do with the case because it belonged to an engineer who occupied the room with Moore. It was also "lucky" that when Teun was arrested on the way to the Stadium he had remembered to put a bottle of "fire dope" into the pocket of the borrowed overcoat he wore. The coat did not belong to Teun, but no effort was made to ascertain whether the bottle in question belonged to the man who owned the coat, although Teun swore he knew nothing of the bottle, and it did not belong to him. But probably the greatest piece of luck of all was that when two hours and dates had been definitely fixed by the prosecution and two alibis clearly established by two of the accused men, the judge dismissed both alibis with the airy comment that they were probably "mistakes in dates."

With regard to the summing up and instruction of the jury by Judge Pring, the lecturer had already had some trouble with which his hearers were familiar. But he stressed the two points again where the judge said the men did not deny their guilt, when each of the twelve men swore himself innocent of the crimes charged against him; and the final sentences wherein the judge declared all persons who agitated for the overthrow of the present system of society criminals of the deepest dye.

During the whole course of the lecture Mr. Boote was interrupted by bursts of hearty laughter and rounds of applause. He said he was glad the audience could laugh, but it was tragic that men accused in such a comic-operatic manner could be condemned to the horrors of imprisonment, and shut away from the world for the best years of their lives. The evidence which had sworn these men's lives away in a court of law, could not stand the test of close examination by the common sense public, and though condemned by Justice Pring these men, Grant, Larkin, Fagan, Hamilton, Teun, Moore, Glynn, King, McPherson, Beatty, Besant, and Reeves stood acquitted of any crime at the great bar of public opinion in this country.

chemist, another Crown witness, lies seriously ill in hospital.

Frank Little, one of the whitest, truest, gamest of the New Protestants, was lynched in Butte, Montana, by Vigilantes, or organised murderers. The Sydney "Sun" takes a dig at the man and his union. There was more MAN in Frank Little than the whole staff of the "Sun." He was gaolod unmercifully, beaten up, and "stripped out," but he always rang true. He was a full-blooded Cherokee Indian, well-educated, a fluent orator, and one of the greatest authorities upon the international movement. Frank P. Walsh, Chairman of the Industrial Relations Committee, who travelled the whole of the United States on that Commission, and who examined magnates, industrial captains, socialists, trade unionists, managers and industrial unionists, stated that the three outstanding men who gave evidence before the Commission were William D. Haywood, George Speed, and Frank Little, all members of the Industrial Workers of the World. Hardly flattering to John D. Rockefeller, junior, or the younger Morgan, was it? Frank Little was a member of the General Executive Board, and we may rest assured that ten million workmen in the U.S. will demand and exact reparation for his valuable life.

The Industrial Workers of the World control the mines of North America, from Montana to San Francisco. They control the water fronts and ships in Seattle (7,000 in one week), Tacoma, Portland, on the Pacific, and Boston, New York, and Baltimore, on the Atlantic, and New Orleans in the Gulf. They are the coming power on the great Lakes,

MT. CUTHBERT.

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?

Shelley's lines are recalled as we gaze on the canvas and bag-city (?) of Mt. Cuthbert, or that of Dobbyn. At both places the slaves are busy producing profits and, incidentally, copper. In these days of high prices (£130 per ton for copper), the master, with a keen eye on the market price, is speeding up production "with all the speed he may." Meanwhile, the rollers are waiting patiently their next award, which is overdue six or seven months. Bless my word, award!

Another good meeting was held in Mt. Cuthbert on Sunday night. The A.W.U. started their meetings at 7 p.m., as arranged, but owing to one of their organisers arriving and the plugs having such an overwhelming desire to ask him questions, it was not until 8.30 p.m. that the meeting ended. Despite the late start and cold weather, the men remained to receive the goods. Several old faces greeted us on our arrival at the Dobbyn mine, and on Wednesday night the day shift lined up in an encouraging manner. Several of the heads were present, and also the A.W.U. organiser, whom we met in Mount Cuthbert. Next morning the afternoon shift assembled near the store, and were convinced that our fellows were gaolod because of their militant work on behalf of their class. Owing to lack of train service, have been held up here a couple of days. A.W.U. meetings were held, so could not hold further meetings, but last night an impromptu address was given to a number of men who foregathered round the camp fire. Wobbly songs were sung with more vigor than harmony. That little red song book is proving a splendid propaganda. As arranged with Fellow Worker Jackson, no collection was taken, owing to the fact that the men had already contributed splendidly. However, one man gave 5s., and at the camp fire concert 15s. was handed to me. Over 200 of literature has been sold at the two places. At each place a number of subs. for "D.A." were given to me to be forwarded. Mrs. Nicol, at the boarding-house, has just subscribed 5s. And she in Kundell on Wednesday next. Will speak at the "Mighty Atom" and Ooma. If train service will permit.

General opinion of whole district radically changed in favor of our imprisoned fellow-workers, owing to visit of delegates.

GORDON BROWN.

TOWNSVILLE.

F. W. Jackson called at Selheim Meat Works on his way to Townsville, and lectured to the 150 slaves in the Galley for 1½ hours. Subscription lists are being rapidly filled in, and all evidence of prejudice has for all time vanished. On arrival in Townsville last Tuesday Jackson made preparations to visit the Ross River Meat Workers, and a meeting was held on the premises at 12.30, and concluded at 1 p.m., with good results. The subscription lists will receive the attention of the slaves at that place next Friday, and the 600 men who are employed will contribute liberally, and £40 is expected. Subscription lists have been out on the job for other causes each pay day, and also next week a levy will be struck to help the shearer who are out on strike, and £500 is expected to be realised. (A.W.U. members, please note), and this may militate against

George Hardy, an ex-Army robber of mine, and whom I met in New Zealand four years ago, is now in charge of the organising of the O.R.I. on the Lakes. George is a likeable fellow, and was prominent in the big Nanaimo strike on Vancouver Island four years since. We little thought when we were in Aldershot thirteen years ago, he in the 14th Hussars, and I in the 8th Hussars, that we would be in the one great fight with half a world behind us. We have left the gaudy trappings for the fight that alone matters.

The strike is on against the card system. There is no neutral position. You must be FOR or AGAINST your class. The card system is the kindergarten to the Taylor system. The Taylor system is callous, scientific, cold-blooded, bare-faced, intensified exploitation, it dehumanises the working-class, increases unemployment, develops slums, enslaves women and children, degrades the labourer, fills the coffers of the parasites to overflow point. It is industrial feudalism for the workers, overwhelming industrial control for the owners of bread. Down with all speed-up systems and with the class who originate them.

Some scientists maintain that a human has 10 per cent. more stomach than is needed. Wonder if they ever saw a modern parasite. Beware when the master class speaks of a "prosperous" Australia. It is what the burglar means when he looks forward to a successful season.

The I.W.W. has nothing against the capitalist as a capitalist, or against the bed-bug as a bed-bug. But we object to the dirty way in which they got their living.

an otherwise larger collection, but still good results are expected, and a good feeling for the I.W.W. exists in North Queensland. It is just as well to relate the fact that quite recently Mr. Gilday, Queensland Branch President of the Australian Meat Industry Employees' Union, and a politician, to wit, paid a visit in his special capacity to the Ross River Meat Works and the slaves decided to boycott the meeting and embodied in the resolution to in future have nothing to do with politicians and to rely on "Direct Action." A fine spirit of solidarity is coming over the workers of North Queensland, and the Alligator Creek Meat Works stand out on their own for militancy, and I doubt if there is any part of the world where you will find a more efficient fighting unit, who are every ready to fight for the cause of their class. The workers at Alligator Creek, who number 1,000, are scientific in the application of the conscious withdrawal of industrial efficiency, and now only kill 500 bullocks per day, and the 650 workers at Ross River Meat Works kill about 650 per day, and at Alligator Creek we find one of the most up-to-date meat works for its size in the world. After the stunt at Ross River on Tuesday, at 1 p.m., Jackson proceeded to Alligator Creek and held a meeting there at 7 p.m. to a large and representative body of workers, and with the assistance of O'Shannessy (who, by the way, is working at Alligator Creek, and who is blossoming into a splendid speaker) held a most successful meeting. Collection, £13/6, and sales of literature £210/6.

Last night a great Protest Demonstration of Townsville workers was held on the Townsville beach. Subject, "The Unlawful Associations Act." A crowd of fully 600 attended, and Jackson and O'Shannessy, with Edwards, of Ross River, held one of the most successful meetings ever held in the North. The town band, which plays on the beach every Sunday night at 8.45, only now secures one-third of the crowd, and taking into consideration the inconvenience the workers are obliged to go to, in order to attend the meetings it is highly gratifying to realise each succeeding meeting is becoming larger and more enthusiastic. Sales of literature were: 355 "Direct Actions," 17 "Right To Be Lazy" and 50 Song Books. Collection, £4 7s. 4d. Next Saturday night another great roll up is expected, and within another two weeks Gordon Brown will return to Townsville and carry on, and Jackson will leave for the cane strikers, to be followed by Denny Foley. On Sunday morning a mass meeting of the workers of the Ross River and Alligator Creek Meat Workers was held at the Stanley Picture Palace to consider the report of the conference that their committee had with the bosses with references to improved conditions, and prior to the termination of the meeting a resolution was held, condemning the action of the Federal Government in attempting to rob the workers of the limited amount of liberty they now possess, and threatened that the Unlawful Associations Act will meet with a decided set back it highly deserves. W. JACKSON.

Townsville, 30/7/17.

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.

Published by Tom Barker, of 28 Francis Street, Sydney, for the Workers' Defence and Release Committee, at 403 Sussex Street, Sydney, and printed by H. Cook and Co., 200 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Spasms.

By TOM BARKER.

We, of "Direct Action," have two very naive good-hearted contemporaries, the "Mirror," and the "Straiten Bystander." These two sweet little dears are a hybrid between the famous Benzel Tiger and a Park Lane poodle. They really exist as a Taronga Park in an Australia of journalism. We suggested months ago to the "Mirror" that if the office boy was given the job of writing the editorials he would improve the rag. We regret that our advice has not been taken. Anyway, for joy we say that we have a larger circulation than the two shrieks put together.

Public Thanks. We hereby offer our complete and overwhelming thanks to the police for the magnificent advertisement that they have presented us with through the late raid. Our stock is soaring, and as a result we have a bigger toe-hold than ever. The raid proved that we did not favor violence, and it also proved that the accusers of the I.W.W. outraged all the canons of public decency, and committed a grave breach of the constitution in interfering with the sanctity that is supposed to be guaranteed under British Law, to well-conducted public meetings, attended by decent and intelligent citizens. The consistency of the Law is beautiful. And its beauty lies in the way it contravenes the things it is supposed to protect.

McAlister, the agent provocateur in the infamous treason cases, is dead. Scully, the