

# Wanted! 1,000 Industrialists and Lovers of Freedom to help fill Maitland Jail

# DIRECT ACTION



VOL. 2 NO. 23

Registered at G.P.O. Sydney. SYDNEY, FEB. 15, 1915.

ONE PENNY.

## From the United States.

164-166 W. Washington-St.,  
Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.  
Jan. 14, 1915.

Gen. Secretary Treasurer,  
Australian Administration,  
I.W.W.,  
Fellow Worker.—

Mighty glad to hear that the I.W.W. is prospering in Australasia. It is likewise picking up in other parts of the world. Communications from England show that they are carrying on a vigorous agitation in the world metropolises. They have organised some locals, and are making a strong campaign against war.

We get "Direct Action" regularly, and hope with you that you will be able to have it on a weekly basis soon. "Solidarity" will be glad of a report from that country. It certainly will be of interest to its readers.

It is good to know that things are booming in Australia, and that your publishing bureau is doing well. In this country there is a terrible condition of unemployed. While no statistics have been gathered on the matter, I should judge that there are from 5 to 6,000,000 idle workers in all branches of industry. The Socialist Party and the American Federation of Labor offer no relief for the situation. The I.W.W. is organising the unemployed in Propaganda Leagues, issuing a temporary card which will be accepted in lieu of initiation fee by the locals when the holder goes to work.

With best wishes, I am, yours for Industrial Freedom,

W. D. HAYWOOD.

Gen. Secy. Treasurer, I.W.W.

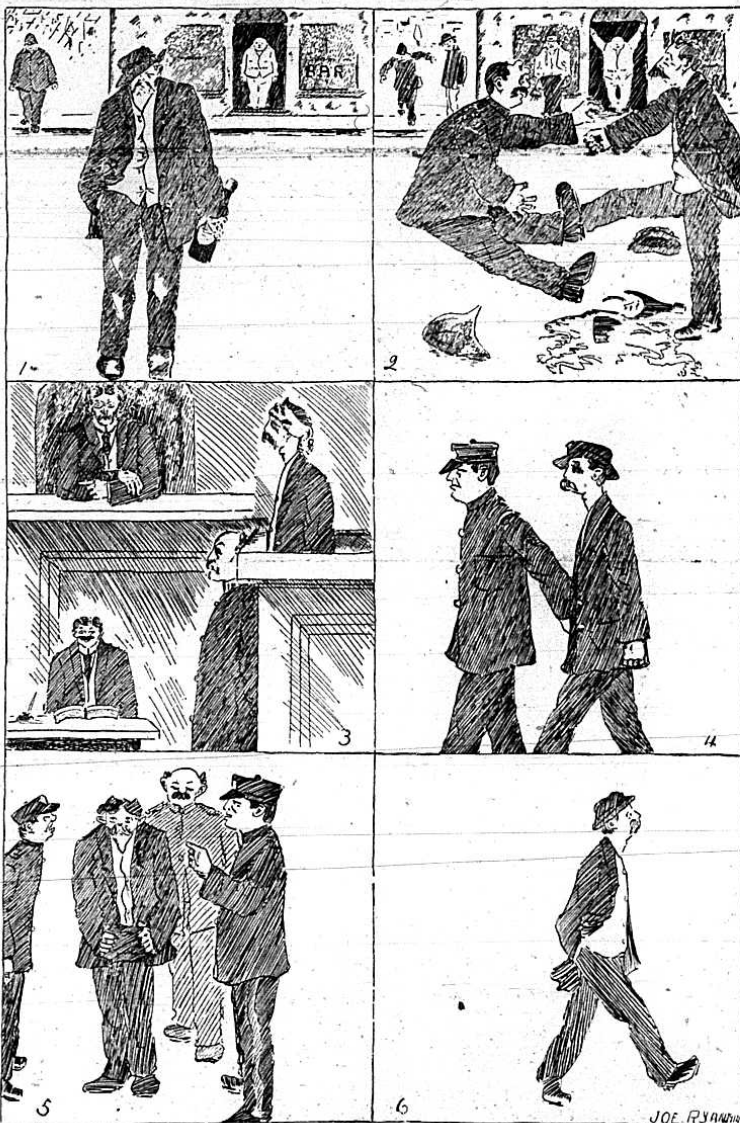
## Melbourne.

The revolutionary agitation conducted by the I.W.W. is beginning to make itself felt in Melbourne. The slaves are waking up to the "go to sleep" tactics of politicians and trade union leaders. Direct action and sabotage are very often subjects of discussion on the job, and a few bosses have learnt what sabotage means.

Some Trades Hall officials have already begun to squeal and foam against the I.W.W. Through the growing intelligence of the slaves their high positions are getting very shaky. One official, in trying to justify his position, refused to get to facts, but was "ifing" and "supposing" all sorts of things. When asked: "If the bottom was to fall out of hell, what then?" he mentioned something about "unreasonable," and walked away scratching his rear pants in an endeavour to loosen up his think tank.

Last Sunday at the Yarra bank the names of sellers of "Direct Action" were taken by the police. What action, if any, will be taken by the authorities, we do not yet know.

The slaves of Melbourne are ready for the unadulterated revolutionary dope of industrial unionism, and Fellow-Workers Wilson, Farrell, Johnston and Rancie have been busily engaged in supplying the goods per medium of the soap-box. N.R.



## The Amazing Adventures of Mr Simple.

(1) After being sabotaged in the last issue, Mr. Simple became so disgusted with everything, that he got violently drunk. He is on his way home, carrying a bottle for the morning, when the policeman who had his eye on Mr. Simple arrests him.

(2) Mr. Simple's moustaches fairly bristles with indignation, and he determines to give the policeman a go for it. He gets in some fast work with the bottle, a few left hooks, and some half-leg jolts with the feet to the stomach. Fortunately, for Mr. Simple, reinforcements

arrive, and he is quickly put out of action.

(3) Next morning before the Stipe Mr. Simple is charged with assault, and feels very small indeed. Mr. Simple pleaded that the policeman had assaulted him. "Tut, tut," says the Stipe, "six months."

(4) However, Bombardier Kettle-drum, of the Starvation Army, has Mr. Simple released as a first offender, thinking that M. Simple is a desperate character. He sees good crowds and plenty of money in Mr. Simple's testimony.

(5) After Mr. Simple has been

going some time, the heads of the Intelligence Department find out that he is only an ordinary respectable working man, and not a double-dyed criminal, wife-beater, two-up player, dog-stealer, etc., so they give him the office to get out. "How dare he make a fool of them?"

(6) Mr. Simple is on his way looking for another master. He thinks about joining the I.W.W., but decides to wait until they are a little stronger, and to allow George to keep on doing the propaganda work as before.

## TO LOCALS.

To make this paper interesting to the membership, we must have plenty of news. News can't be manufactured by the Editor. Let each local elect a correspondent, who can write brief terse accounts of activities, etc.

News Item: The Queen's Work Women's Fund are sending their first contingent of 120 girls to Australia for domestic service.

Another Hard Fact: On Friday, January 29, the police raided a brothel in Surrey Hills. Twenty-four girls were arrested, and charged with being found in a house of ill-fame.

Hard Fact: Parasite Judge Heydon has reduced the wages of girls in restaurants from 20/- to 15/-.

Mr. Worker! the boss believes in Direct Action. Do you!

## Trouble in Newcastle.

R.W. Rogers and Morgan have been summoned to appear at Newcastle Police Court on the 17th inst. for speaking in Perkins-street, Newcastle, on the 5th February. The charge is that they were loitering and causing an obstruction, after being warned by an officer of the Council to desist.

It seems quite evident that the Bumbles of Newcastle are going to attempt to stifle free speech in the same way as has recently been done in Brisbane and Port Pirie. They will not enforce their Medieval Prussianised mandates without considerable trouble. The I.W.W. can speak in any other part of Australia without interference by the authorities, but in Newcastle, the centre of one of the greatest working-class districts in the Commonwealth, liberty of public expression is denied.

The I.W.W. is going to have a fight for it. Maitland Gaol will only hold 150. The free-footed brigade in all parts of the State are warned to make their way to Newcastle, and help not only to maintain free speech but also to form a strong, determined propaganda organisation.

The fight will seriously start on 21st February, when the second contingent will arrive from Sydney. Members are already on the way from Broken Hill, and all the members working on the railway camps are preparing for the fray.

Besides, there are thousands of unemployed around Newcastle, and as fellow workers the I.W.W. asks them to make this fight theirs.

There is free board and lodging in Maitland for 150 men. Why starve? The I.W.W. will flood the mining districts with songs, posters, papers, and educational matter. They will propagate SABOTAGE, the new weapon of the working-class, a weapon against which all the courts and officialdom are powerless.

Newcastle for the I.W.W. We have eight locals in Australia and more forming. We want Newcastle. We want freedom of speech. And we are going to take it.

WANTED, 1,000 men who are not afraid of jail; who have got red blood in their veins. Men like the miners of Eureka. Men who will not bow down to the mandates of cockroach business Councils, and the sycophantic lackies of the coal barons.

They can gaol men, but they can't gaol ideas. They can gaol 1000 men, but they cannot gaol the I.W.W. We will propagate the reduction of the output. The One Big Union idea. And Newcastle won't be a home for parasites and dividend-drawers after the I.W.W. has been there six months. Between the development of oil and the I.W.W. John Browns and Co. won't be the nice snap it used to be.

Get to Newcastle, boys! With both feet. The gaol is comfortable so get there early, as the accommodation is limited.

Don't forget Sunday, the 21st; that will be the opening of the campaign proper.

BUMBLES OF NEWCASTLE. THE I.W.W. THRIVES ON PERSECUTION.

BUMBLES OF NEWCASTLE. THE KAISER WILL BE GLAD TO MEET YOU.

BUMBLES OF NEWCASTLE. THE I.W.W. IS AFTER YOUR GOAT.

Direct Action

Labor Power Market.

An English Letter.

War on Capitalism.

The Reduction of the Output.



OFFICIAL ORGAN

Of the

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.

(Australian Administration).

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Editor for subscription only should be addressed to the Editor. Other matter to the Manager.

Subscription, 2/- per year. Special Terms on Bundle Orders.

HEADQUARTERS I.W.W. (Australia): 330 CASTLEREAGH ST., SYDNEY.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS—164 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

More "Unionism."

There are two unions of carpenters employed in the State Government dockyards in Melbourne. They hate one another like poison, even to the extent of scabbing upon each other.

The Amalgamated Society of Carpenters which is affiliated with the Australian Trades Hall went on strike recently, and most of their places were filled by the Australian Progressive (?) Society of Carpenters affiliated with the Sydney Trades Hall.

There is going to be a few protests, as usual. We understood that the notorious Packer has the head quarters of his infamous free laborers organisation in Melbourne, from which he supplies scabs to break strikes. In Sydney, however, his organisation with have hard work getting a footing, as the Sydney Trades Hall and its affiliations, do that kind of work.

We suggest, however, to the Trades Hall in Sydney that it is decidedly bad taste to enter Packer's territory as competitors in the strike-breaking business.

MORE LEGISLATION.

Minister Estell is going to reconstruct the Arbitration Act, so as to make strikes legal—which is very kind of our bone-headed Labour Party, who tried to get on good terms with the plute, by making strikes illegal. There ain't goals enough in N.S.W. to accommodate strikers, and enough of Hoggenheimer's millions to maintain them, so the Hard Labour Gang have to climb down.

They admit that strikes can't be prevented, "no more than war can. Startling discovery, ain't it!"

"DIRECT ACTION'S" war correspondent has returned from the Front, and in future all the latest battles, German retreats and Allies advances will be manufactured and graphically described by him. Fellow-workers with ideas for making the news startling and tasty, are invited to get into communication with the Editor. The correspondent was aboard the "Induna," at the time when that ship was sunk by the "Sun" out in the Marshall Islands, and barely escaped with his life.

From our English Representative.

Owing to the surprisingly decreased demand for labour in most industries, many "patriots" have been forced to go for their holidays on the Continent, where a metallic and bomb banquet is being held. This has produced a financial stringency in the household departments of the holiday-makers, whose wives and mothers have found it necessary to dispense with their motor cars, pianos, washing-tubs, beds and blankets, and their Sunday clothes. These found ready sale for cash, at prices 90 per cent. below normal value, at the Iky Mo and Three Balls Department, from which magnificent returns are reported.

Though most commodities have greatly increased since the War, our readers will be pleased to learn that labour-power, of which the market is glutted, is selling at very low prices. One brand (the navy brand) is selling as low as 44d. per hour. Best Carpenter at 74d., Clerk brand (reduced and skilled) so hard to sell at 20/- for a week's supply. Unfortunately this commodity, labor power, cannot be kept in cold storage, otherwise large quantities of it could be bought up and used when "times are good."

That shooting "accident" in Dublin just before the War, had a bad effect on the sale of patriotism. Not a single line was offered for sale in that city. In fact, very little of it can be had at the current rate, namely, 1s. 8d. per day. This commodity, like all others, is expressed and estimated in terms of exchange value. We fear that its price will have to be increased to 1s. 9d. The small chest and brain variety is now accepted, and will henceforth be known as the "Bantams." Thanks to the Y.M.C.A. for this new regiment.

A few thousand small firms are about to become bankrupt, but it will greatly strengthen the economic foundation of our big trustified firms. The War has been a great impetus to the concentration of capital.

Our workers not having all joined the I.W.W., we have nothing to fear from an internal enemy. We are sorry that large quantities of good labor power, through want of food, is dying rapidly.

We are now giving daily instructions to our Executive at Westminster.

All the Labor Ms.P. and politicians have thrown in their lot with Us, and they are doing good service as recruiting agents.

SECRETARY, Employers' One Big Union

Commercial and Exchange Notes.

Needless to say, that since August the fourth of the current year, there has been a great change in market prices. The prices of the most essential commodities, which constitute the greater part of proletarian diet, have greatly advanced since the above date. Against this rise we are pleased to report that the prices of such commodities as motor cars, champagne, venison, silk hats, etc., are much easier. On the other hand, fish and chips, though still remaining the same price, have greatly contracted in size, with the result that the Fish and Chip Vendor Department, report good results, and hope for a continuance of the present European struggle.

Owing to the Continental Controversy, favorable reports are coming in daily from the Armament Ring. Yesterday's cable message from the above is as follows:—"Dreadnoughts and marine bombs in great demand. Old supply of 15 inch completely sold out. Great demand for "Long rangers" from all countries. Cannot supply full orders. Gun-cotton, 100 per cent. increase on July prices. Every department busy. From August the 4th to August the 5th, our shares rose in value 1000 per cent. No more shares available."

SECRETARY, A.R.

(The following letter has just come to hand from F.W. Percy Short, who is well known to members in Australia and New Zealand.—Editor.)

40 Lomeshaye Road, Nelson, Lancashire, England, December 3, 1914.

Fellow-Worker,—Glad to hear that you are still active, and out of jail. The other day I received two copies of "Direct Action" from Fellow-Worker C. Blackburn, and I seized them like forbidden fruit: An enclosing herewith a few notes that you may use for "D.A." I shall forward you a few reports, from time to time, of the slave movement here in Merry England. The trades union movement in England is growing rapidly weaker. The B.S.P. in England is about 5,000 weak—or was before the War. A good many of this "red" unorganisation have gone to the front, thinking, perhaps, that they had been at the back long enough. I called at the Barnoldswick Stem of the B.S.P. and I asked the secretary: "How many members have you?" Reply: "Not many now—most of them have gone to the front!" Again, when my mate said to the Nelson B.S.P. secretary: "What are your activities?" Reply: "We have a billiard table upstairs!" And he said this without a smile.

There is one little paper in England, "The Voice of Labor," that is keeping straight; it is published by the anarchists.—Yours for the earth,

PERCY B. SHORT.

Some Notes.

In British Ceylon, I was amazed to find women breaking stones, and doing scavenger work in the streets for the municipality. They get from 1s. to 1s. 4d. a day. Women do all the house painting, and get 2s. a day. I saw women carrying bricks and mortar on their heads to the top of five storey buildings. Women at the top do all the work. In the same country, rickshaw runners get 10d. an hour.

When passing through the working class quarters on the outskirts of Paris, I counted, in one street, eight shops where horse flesh was sold. These shops are readily distinguished from all others by the presence of a gilded horse's head projecting from the front of the shop. No such shops are to be found in the West End.

In Dublin women are getting as much as 6d. an hour. Women blacksmiths at Cradley Heath, England, work ten hours for 1s. 6d. The women of Ceylon live on rice and water, and the Cranley Heath women live on chips and water. They live at the factory, but go "home" to sleep.

The slow-cialists in England want more government and more law; they want government from the top downwards, not from the bottom upwards.

The direct actionist wants control of the industry in which he works; he wants decentralised administration; not centralised autocracy.

A new ideal: The writer went into a fruit shop with a miner to buy some oranges. The young lady behind the counter asked: "Will you have the best?" My friend replied, "Yes, please, the best is quite good enough for me, thank you."

Say, Mr. Slave! When will the best be good enough for you? When you ask for the cheapest, you ask for the worst. Funny, eh!

A government must have something to govern. The slave is the something.

A slave ideal—"a constant job." How to lose strikes—give the boss plenty of notice; it gives him plenty of time to procure scabs.

When is the best time for hay-makers to strike? In the winter.—English slave logic.

P. B. SHORT.

The present European crisis has resulted in an unparalleled augmentation in the numbers of the unemployed workers in Australia. In all directions, the employing class are taking every advantage of the over-supply of labor, and aided by the politicians and law courts, they are either deliberately ignoring, or setting aside the decisions laid down at various times by the Arbitration Courts of this country.

The Federal and State Governments, in spite of all their former statements to the contrary, are admitting their utter ineptitude, and also admitting with more or less acidity, that they are entirely in the hands of the international financiers, who hold the purse strings and call the tune.

Large employers gave donations to the Patriotic Fund, and then, in order to emphasise their thorough-going Imperialism, reduced the number of their staffs. Three hundred men were dismissed at the Randwick Workshops a fortnight ago, and more are to follow.

Thousands are unemployed, and daily their numbers are augmented and swollen by government, skilled and unskilled workers alike. The position in New South Wales is becoming so precarious, that even the diplomatic shuffling of Mr. Holman, the "not at home" strategy of Mr. Cann, and the "kettle-like outbursts of Mr. Griffiths, will not stem the rising tide of hunger, misery, and dissatisfaction. The Labour Parties are at last reaping the whirlwind; the aftermath; and natural product of years of systematic misrepresentation, plausibility, and side-tracking.

Their "power," their "democracy," their armies of docile, lamb-like voters, were mere superstitions when confronted by the Napoleons of International finance. Nietzsche was right when he said, "Whatever the State saith is a lie, whatever it hath is a theft, even its' bowels are counterfeit."

Delegated "power" is no power at all, the whole belief in the State, in the Parliamentary institutions is a childish superstition, it is what Redbeard would define as "a wasting cranial disease."

But, nevertheless, there is a solution to this all important problem of unemployment. That is Industrial Unionism, or the systematic education of the working-class, to control the industries, the source of all wealth.

As an immediate weapon, we of the I.W.W. emphatically advocate the reduction of the output on the part of the workers. Systematic propaganda on these lines will breed a gradual slackening on the part of the workers expending their energy.

The I.W.W. Preamble

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

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

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

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

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

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

This slowing-down process will create a demand for more labor, which will reduce the number of unemployed, which in its turn will reduce the amount of "competition" amongst the workers, and naturally result in a corresponding rise in wages, and improvement in conditions.

Therefore, despite all muddled pseudo economists and their teachings, the I.W.W. says, "The less work you do, the more you will get for doing it."

In these days of machine productions and "psychotechnics," the machine has become predominant to man, the pace is made by the machine, and the man becomes a mere stereotype, a piece of the mechanism. Such a man is a veritable slave.

The I.W.W. claims that flesh and blood is higher and grander than the leviathan of steel and iron, and to that end we propagate the slow-down process, by which conscious deliberate action the worker become the master of the machine, he begins to exercise gradually his ascendancy to the enslaving influences of the workshops.

By this slowing down process, and the reduction of the hours of labour, he is meeting with conscious and awakened power, the baneful effects of each new labor-saving device; he is reducing the amount of unpaid labor time, which provides the ruling class and their lackies with their means of life and their power; he is weakening the power of the State, and every other institution that binds him down to present-day slavery, that jail, starve and persecute him, he is strengthening himself by weakening his masters, and by developing his controlling power over the means of wealth production.

And, finally, in attacking surplus value, he is carrying on the only scientific campaign against War, and its effects.

Workers of Australia, carry the message of the I.W.W. far and wide. Slow down, slow down, slow down.

Refuse to be slaves, and bulwarks of scabbery and unemployment. Refuse to be things, with a machine for your master.

Down with the masters of bread, the plunder patriots, the lords of hoarded gold. Up with the One Big Union of the Working Class; the Industrial Workers of the World. Free yourselves.

As Redbeard said, "There's nothing grand in a horny hand, There's nothing free in a bended knee, There's nothing bold in a lack of gold."

TOM BARKER.

# The Advancing Proletariat.

By Abner Woodruff, C. E.

Continued from last issue.

However, it is not the purpose of this pamphlet to enter into a discussion of the relative merits and demerits of Syndicalism and Industrial Unionism, but rather to point out the structure of the One Big Union, without reference to the other. For that purpose then, let us proceed.

So long as industry was, relatively, in an undeveloped state and great areas of land were available for settlement, the craft unions met the requirements of the organized portion of the working class; but, when the development of inventions brought on the "machine age" and the desirable lands were occupied, craft unionism ceased to function advantageously. It had developed at a time when the man and his master worked together on the job, as is the case now on the ordinary small farm, and there was a belief that the employer and employee had interests in common. The workman had visions of a time when he should set up in business for himself, and become the employer of a man or two; and it was quite natural that he should adopt the motto "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work"—the only question being what is fair? The right to privately own property was not questioned; in fact, skill in the crafts was regarded as a property and the workman looked upon the machine as a tool on the plane of equality. For this reason he readily entered into contracts for the sale of his services—he being a free man and competent to make conditions for himself. The tools of his trade were fitted to his hands and moved only so far and so far as he propelled them, and, the article when finished was a monument to himself all of which tended to exalt him in his own estimation. He looked down upon the unskilled as distinctly inferior beings, unfit and undesirable. Foreigners, negroes and Chinese were beasts to be especially abhorred; women were desirable only as satellites to men; and children would grow up and help to make him rich when they were able to go to work.

The Union was a defensive weapon only. It organized the strength of those who gained their bread by the use of the same kind of tools. It opposed the introduction and development of machinery, and retarded the spread of technical knowledge by limiting apprentices. It entered into closed shop agreements with employers, and limited the number of operating craftsmen by expensive initiation fees and dues, and by refusing to recognize cards issued by unions in other or distant places. It regarded itself as a distinct entity in the world of labor, and held aloof from association with other craft unions. In case of a strike or lockout affecting some one craft, the other craftsmen regarded it with indifference, for they were bound by a contract which prevented interference on their part, if for any reason they had cared to do so. Notice of intention to strike was always given ahead of time; great war, or strike benefit funds were provided; and every effort was made to keep the strike within the bounds of legality.

Jurisdictional quarrels finally forced the formation of the Federation of Labor in order to have a means of preserv-

ing the peace; and through this Federation the craftsmen have maintained lobbies at the State and National Capitals to advocate and promote the enactment of "more and better laws for labor."

Despite the organized opposition of the crafts, machinery began more and more to dominate industry; destroying whole crafts as the Glass Bottle Blowers, and bringing others into existence, as the Electricians; but always the tendency has been to sub-divide labor and scatter the skill of the craftsmen into the hands of a number of men working around machines. The despised foreigners, and finally women and children, have, in a large measure, taken the places of the ancient craftsmen through the simplification of industry by the use of the machine instead of the hand tool.

The New Working Class—the Machine Proletariat—differs essentially from the Craftsmen. The machine having scattered skill and converted its remnants into mere rapidity of motion and mild manual dexterity, the idea of an exclusive property in skill has disappeared and along with it has gone the contractual notion, the aristocracy of labor idea, pride in production, contempt for foreigners, and intolerance of women and children in industry. The new unionism, organizing on the basis of the machine, welcomes every improvement and development in industry, excludes no worker from the machines on any grounds of undesirability (there being no barriers of race, creed, color, sex, age or skill), makes no closed shop agreements or binding time contracts of employment, dispenses its initiation fees and dues to a bare expense basis, and issues universal transfer cards which are acceptable in all industries and in all civilized countries of the world. The Industrial Unions group all the workers in a given industrial plant in one local union without reference to any other consideration than this, that they take part in the production of the plant's output. Laborers, craftsmen, office force and salesmen—all are eligible, because all are engaged in production. No one is so great or so humble that he should be excluded. No one is of finer clay than another—all function in industry, therefore all are equal. All work in the same plant; all draw their pay from the same window; the labor of all is wrapped up in the same product; therefore all should be in the same union.

The interest of the proletarians are mutual because they are a class and are subject to the same economic influences, therefore "an injury to one is concern to all." A strike means that every worker shall walk out and stay out until an agreement has been reached whereby all may return.

The method of organization is a process of centralization and is effected in the following manner (in the Department of Mining for instance); all workers employed about a mine, whether under or above ground, all employees in the stamp mills, roasters, cyaniding plant, or smelter; all woodsmen employed by the mine to produce timbers, lumber, or wood for its use; all workers employed on a railroad owned by the mine and used to transport its output and supplies, would be members of the Local Industrial Union of Metal Miners. The various craftsmen (engine drivers, firemen, carpenters, blacksmiths, cyaniders, amalgamators, etc.) would all be MINERS along with the drill-runners, hammersmen, timbermen, trammers and muckers.

Local Unions of Metal Miners are grouped in the National Industrial Union of Metal Miners; hard coal miners; in the National Industrial Union of Anthracite Miners; soft coal miners in the Nat'l Ind. Union of Bituminous and Clay Miners; salt and other chemical miners in the Nat'l Ind. Union of miscellaneous mining; and oil field workers in the Nat'l Ind. Union of Oil and Asphalt Miners.

All these National Industrial Unions are federated in the National Industrial Department of Mining.

The Department of Mining is then federated with the National Departments of Wood Products, Textiles, Leather Products, Agriculture, Machinery and Metal Manufacturing, Transportation, Fisheries, etc., etc., in the general organization of The Industrial Workers of the World, which, in its turn, is affiliated with other similar organizations in the other civilized countries.

By this means all the workers are brought together upon the basis of their group relations to modern industry. It is a class organization, and as such co-ordinates the forces of the proletariat to the end that it may consciously develop its inherent powers and proceed, though education, discipline and pressure, to the consummation of its manifest high destiny.

A fundamental advantage of the Industrial method of organization is the fact that such organization allows the use of those tactics which are peculiarly and characteristically proletarian and permits it to go directly towards the object of proletarian attack. All shields and subterfuges are thrown aside—the proletariat resists in its own proper person and wages the class war openly upon the economic field, the only place where exploitation occurs.

The dual slogan of the proletariat, "an injury to one is an injury to all" and "workingmen of all countries—means something when uttered by an industrial organization. United upon the economic field and without holy contracts, one portion of the workers cannot be used to defeat another portion when the struggle became acute. Ease of initiation and reasonable dues are an inducement to all workers to join—no worker should ever be an industrial outcast. The free and close association of all the workers; their discussion and co-operation for mutual economic and social purposes tend to break down the ancient craft, national and race antagonisms. The universal free transfer card enables the ready adjustment of labour to industrial conditions, and contributes in the highest degree to perfecting the fluidity of the working class. Furthermore, among students of the class struggle, the opinion is coming more and more to be held that the culmination of the struggle will be the Social General Strike, or, at least, a threat of the same, and the industrial method seems to be the only one that can properly marshal, drill, and discipline the workers for that event.

The mutual economic interests, the daily association, the common experiences of the social conflict must surely develop for that Solidarity, without which the proletariat may struggle in vain, but with which it must inevitably assert its supremacy. Organized at first upon the outside, it must eventually move the union meeting place into the shop, and function there producing and distributing the living of the world.

Like the bird in the egg, the physical portion of the Industrial Democracy already exists within the framework of modern society. The lands, the tools, and the machinery of production and distribution are well nigh perfect, and a working population, trained in the processes of industry, function at the machines. The quickening of this mass into life is the next necessary step. An awakened Social Conscience, a realization of power, and a desire for true economic freedom must bring about the great change.

Worldwide in the scope of its activities, Industrial Unionism points to a new civilization where the forces of production and distribution will be nicely adjusted and co-ordinated—where those who labour will enjoy—where childhood will be free—where age will rest in peace—where man, the flower of the Earth, shall be in harmony with the world about him.

The End

## The Advantages of Work.

"Lord Gladstone is a strong believer in manual labor as a health-giving exercise, and in this matter he practices what he preaches. When addressing a crowd of unemployed he was asked whether he cared for hard work himself. His immediate reply was that if his questioner would handle an axe, a pick, or a spade, he would be glad to compete with him. Lord Gladstone uses an axe with the enthusiasm which characterized his distinguished father, and he could dig a trench as quickly as most men."—Daily Press, News Item.

No doubt the noble lord could handle an axe, pick, or spade as well as any of the unfortunates he was addressing, probably better. The titled parasite, however, overlooks several rather important points. The distinguished and enthusiastic axeman who was reputedly responsible for Lord Gladstone's advent into this suffering world, possessed a "fair" share of the said world's goods. Naturally, therefore, the childhood and youth of this "strong believer in manual labor" was passed under favorable conditions. Wholesome, well-cooked food, sanitary sleeping accommodation, suitable and seasonable clothing, and skilful medical attention to the ills that infantile flesh in heir to, has given Lord Gladstone a slight advantage over those born and reared in slums, with the gutter for a playground by day, and the foetid atmosphere of an overcrowded sleeping-room to recuperate in by night. His audience, moreover, being unemployed and in want, were mentally, morally, and physically inferior. No MAN will suffer hunger, or see his loved ones

suffer, in the midst of plenty.

Adulterated and badly cooked food, insanitary surroundings, lack of decent clothes, the monotony of total abstinence from pleasure, intellectual or otherwise, and pernicious prenatal influences do not tend to produce a high type of man—or womanhood.

In a frolicsome mood the gods have placed Lord Gladstone on a railroad "clearing-gang," under a "bad" ganger. He sallies forth on a bright summer's morning with the gang. A rather scanty breakfast of meat damper, and tea without milk, aroused memories of joyous picnics in happy bygone days. Of course, he missed the butter; and the meat, although good, was, well, not exactly fresh, and the flies and ants were rather obtrusively interested in his domestic operations. A bit of fish, now, nicely cooked, a couple of eggs, some bacon perhaps, and coffee with cream—confound it all, how his thoughts have wandered! He must be slightly depressed by the novelty, and somewhat sordid nature of his surroundings. Still, he would show these fellows that a man can always rise superior to circumstances. Blood will always tell, he reflected, and had he not the honor of a long line of illustrious ancestors to uphold? Who was it said that Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of Eton? Ah well, thank God he was strong and healthy and not afraid of work. Work! Why he had often worked for the pure joy of physical action. His musings were interrupted by a hoarse shout of "Blow up." The ganger, a burly, truculent-looking individual glanced at him, nodded towards an adjacent tree, and curtly advised him to "hook into it." Ah, good, a little "health-giving exercise" would doubtless dispel this morbid mood. Seizing his axe he vigorously attacked the tree. He was not a bad axeman and his spirits rose as he heard the ring of the axes wielded by his mates. Undoubtedly

"manual labor" was a sovereign remedy for gloom or discontent. The blood coursed swiftly through his veins, his body tingled with vitality, and his chest rose and fell as he took deep, steady draughts of the glorious wine-like air. How pleasant the smell of the freshly-cut chips, how delicious the aromatic fragrance of the crushed leaves and broken branches. Life and labor were glorious things. A slight sweat beaded his forehead and he began to breathe quickly. This wood was tougher than it looked, and the axe was a shade heavier than the one he had been accustomed to using. He must be careful and not overdo it. Heavy sustained exertion such as this if persisted in, would inevitably be followed by a reaction—lassitude and low spirits. He would rest awhile and watch the other men work. Leaning on his axe he wiped the sweat from his forehead and gazed about him. How these fellows did work. One had his tree down already. What a splendid picture that young fair-haired giant yonder made with his arms bared to the shoulder, his bronzed chest showing through his open singlet, his axe swinging rhythmically, every blow telling. What an ideal "stroke" he would have made for the old "Varsity Eight." A hoarse inarticulate roar behind startled him, and before he could turn around to investigate, a withering blast of profanity smote him with such force that he covered his face with his hands, staggered against the tree. When the fury of the volcanic outburst had subsided somewhat he raised his head and beheld the truculent-looking ganger, his face distorted by passion. Could the man be swearing at him? Surely not. Yet, listen. Mixed with blasphemous appeals to the Creator to deprive him, Gladstone, of life and sight, and openly expressed disbelief that his parents had obtained ecclesiastical sanction to their union, was a perpetual recurring note of amazement and incredulity that anyone should entertain a belief that they would be "paid for standing up and gaping about." As none of the others took any notice beyond a covert grin, Gladstone seized his axe and once more "hooked into it." Glancing from the corner of his eye he noted that the other men had fallen their trees, and had moved ahead to another. Some indeed were on their third tree. He redoubled his efforts. The sweat ran from his face in tiny streams, and his hands grew painful. At last his tree fell. While proceeding to the next he examined his palms and found traces of blisters. He thought of the deathless fame of his ancestors and the glorious traditions he must uphold, and "hooked into" another tree. The rest of the day was blurred and indistinct; a confused unpleasant dream punctuated by violent and profane abuse, and disparagement of his capabilities as an axeman, or indeed as anything except "a blanky slushy in a crimson hash-foundry." He was too tired when he reached camp that evening to cook any supper, too tired even to wash himself. He rolled on to his bunk and groaned. His head was splitting, his back was aching, and his hands felt as if they had been held palm-downwards on a red-hot stove. A burning, unquenchable thirst possessed him. He had not believed before to-day, that a man could be so tired and still live. Good God! how those fellows worked! Would he have to work like that every day? He shuddered. Death would be preferable. Curse his ancestors, the tree-chopping one especially. He was not religious, but he prayed that he might never see an axe again, unless it was a sharp and heavy axe and that accused ganger was lying asleep and unprotected. Was there no other way of getting a living except by axework? Ha! happy thought! He could dig a trench as quickly

as most men. The night was well advanced as he rose painfully and secured a pick and shovel. Making out a trench about seven feet by two, he sank it to a depth of six feet, throwing the dirt on either side. When he had finished he took a long, long look at the unfathomable blue depths of the midnight sky, jewelled with myriad points of softly blazing stars; glanced at the sleeping camp, felt his raw and bleeding hands, and shaking his head regretfully, but with decision, he clambered down the hole he had dug, and laid down.

as most men.

"Strange case I ever heard of," said the coroner, "the man was mentally sound, and perfectly sober; yet he got up in the night, dug his own grave, and laid down and died in it. If it didn't sound so absurd I would say that he died of broken heart."

FLANEUR.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS.

To Direct Action is 2s. per year, within Australia; New Zealand 3s.; and foreign, 4s. Bundles, 9d. per dozen posted.

### NOTE.

Correspondents are requested to write as legibly as possible, and on one side of the paper, as it facilitates getting the paper ready. The Editor regrets that he is not in a position to answer all letters owing to the amount of work to be done. In future, all correspondence will be acknowledged in the columns.

A thousand subs. means a weekly "Direct Action."

# Militarism and the The Deisel Engine. Worker.

By Jacksonikus.

The dogs of war have broken loose in Europe; and in their eagerness to get at one another, they are maiming and devouring thousands of human lives and bathing Europe in a sea of blood. Militarism once again has revealed itself in all its horror and infamy. All the diseases and iniquities imaginable follow in war's bloody wake.

As one of the necessary institutions the master-class, militarism must be attacked and exposed in all its hideousness. But we must be discreet in such discussions. If we claim to be scientific, let us show it. To attempt to advocate antimilitarism to a mob drunk on patriotism, and delirious with the war fever, is about as useful as telling a politician to resign his job and go to work.

Vicious, vile, villainous as militarism is, it nevertheless is not the greatest of all evils in the capitalist system. It is far from being the one and only, all important subjects of propaganda as many excited socialists seem to think.

In a diagnosis of Capitalism there looms up large before one's vision, a thousand and one social sores—all putrid and running—which demand attention more urgently than militarism.

The glaring and monstrous crimes perpetrated every hour by the master-class in their industrial hells, are of more concern to the wage-slaves than the clash between two armies of Capitalism contending for position. The huge streams of blood freely flowing from the mutilated bodies of men, women and children, who have stumbled amid the rush and roar of industry, should incite the working-class to anger and revolt more so than the slaughter of huge monuments of ignorance which is being enacted in Europe.

The master-class is always conjuring up some new device in an attempt to lure the mind of the slave away from the job. Many working-class agitators have fallen victims to the war panic, and become hysterical over the Capitalist kick-up in Europe, and all the while working-class organisation for the control of the job is very seriously neglected. While the slaves continue to settle arguments between themselves by crude miniature battles, they are working against the best interests of the organised workers, and in the direct interest of the master-class.

We must mobilise our forces and march upon the Capitalist class and tackle them in their own den—on the job.

The blood-thirsty vampires and murderous brigands who make up the employers, will stop at nothing in their mad plunge for profits. Every minute that goes over our head, day and night, a human life is sacrificed to the greed of the master-class. Every day that goes by, over a thousand workers have been murdered in the industrial arena by the rapacious monsters who control society. Every week that passes the working class see thousands of its useful members go down and out in the turmoil and strife of industry that the master-class may wallow in luxury.

There is a great war on—the civil war; there is a huge battle drawing nigh—the class battle. In the vanguard of the Proletarian Army (which is the I.W.W.), we cannot afford to uselessly sacrifice lives. Every man is needed. If it is a case of getting our skulls cracked and not for the idle talk of calling a soldier a scab; if we are to do a term of imprisonment, let it be for something more in the interest of the working class than the useless talk of calling kings immoral names; if we are to have pain and torture inflicted upon us by our enemies, let us be able to say that we did great service in our battle against the master-class, and we were something more than mere slingers of slander and abuse.

The great class war is on. Let us drop all side issues and organise at the point of production and fight for the economic control of the job.

NORMAN RANCIE.

"Pie in the sky" and "Direct Action" lying in the cupboard are no use. Send in those subs.

The Deisel engine must in future play a most important part in the production of wealth (for profit). Quite recently a boat of 5000 tons motored in "our harbour," the name of this up-to-date vessel is called the "Annam." As most intelligent workers are aware of the fact, this new engine which is installed in this new vessel is the outcome of economic necessity.

In the first instance, far less space is taken up in the engine-room, leaving a carrying capacity for an extra 1000 tons of cargo. If ordinary steam power propelled this vessel, 25 firemen would be employed, whereas at present on board of this modern ocean-going motor boat not one fireman is employed. The only "hands" that are required in the engine-room are four engineers, four assistant engineers, four greasers, and one electrical engineer. All auxiliary plant is driven with the Deisel motor.

This vessel can carry sufficient oil to act as ballast and fuel to propel at the rate of 13 knots per hour for 140 days. The cost of oil is about two-thirds as much again as coal, and the amount of oil consumed per day is almost one quarter that of coal. Ten tons of oil per day is consumed, whereas in a steamship the same dimensions, 35 tons of coal would be required.

What have we as members of the working class to benefit from the advent of the "Deisel"? As we understand full well so long as Capitalism exists machines are not utilised for any other purpose than to increase the productive power, and also further enrich the exploiters to drive the wage-slaves further into the mire, make him more dependent, more servile "until they wake up from the hypnotic spell." The second engineer of the "Annam" informed me of the fact that the "Deisel" engine was being installed in steamers that were quite recently driven by steam power, the latter engines being removed. He also informed me of the fact "that he felt quite sure the Deisel engine would not be installed by English ship owners as England was a great coal producing country, and millions were dependent on that industry."

The end of the coal industry must be within sight by the advent of the Deisel, the latter not requiring coal, and being far more economical than steam-power. Should the Germans, Danes, French, Swedes, American capitalists adopt the Deisel propelled vessel, they will be able to avail themselves of the labor-saving factor, cheaper fuel, and greater carrying capacity, therefore Mr. John Bull, with his out-of-date steam-driven vessel must of necessity adopt the Deisel or quit from the International struggle for markets to place their surplus values, they have stolen from the workers of the British Empire. There is one most important factor the workers of the world must realise, and that is the Deisel is one of the most modern weapons of the capitalists to further enslave the workers.

We must realise it is only a matter of a very limited time, countless engaged in the coal industry will be thousands and millions of workers idle; workers in other industries who make machines to be used in coal mines; those workers engaged in producing food, clothing and shelter for those workers who were once employed directly, or indirectly, in the coal industry, the ranks of the unemployed will be swelled, the competition for jobs will be more intensified; those in work will be speeded up until such time the workers make up their minds to take "Direct Action" on the job, and so reduce the hours of labor to absorb a great part of those unemployed. The hours of labor must be further reduced to keep up with the development of the machine until our organisations become so powerful as to dictate the only way of solving unemployment, prostitution, crime, wretchedness, slum areas, child labor, etc., and the terms must be the complete surrender by the master class of the ownership of all industries to be handed over to the working class (or taken by them), and run by the workers for the benefit of the workers.

When do resolutions count! When they have boots on.  
Motto: Pass resolutions with boots on.

# Emancipation.

(A Mack.)

Through all the world today rings the anguished cry of a tortured and starved worker class. This same cry has rumbled along the centuries since civilisation saw its dawn; never once has that wail died away across that stretch of time. Ancient history is illumined by the efforts of the workers to slacken for themselves the chains of their slavery, and although these efforts were game and willing, they failed to achieve much for the class which suffered then, as it does now, from a lack of intelligent self-interest and the organisation necessary to gain them victory.

We will, however, skip the centuries and investigate the fight, and the methods, for freedom in our own times.

A quarter of a century back the workers in this country were engaged in bloody economic strife with their kind and hallowed masters, just as our fathers had continuously been thousands and hundreds of years before.

As was usual with them they lost the fight, and sullenly returned to their taskless, discouraged and hopeless. Suddenly a flash of light lit the darkened minds of their leaders. From the blood and dust and dirt of battle rushed the conception of a colossus against which all the forces of a master class would melt away. All the years of working class warfare, of sweating and sultering and strife were evidently only the birth pangs that ushered in a giant for their glorious deliverance. They had at last found the key that would open the gates that kept them out of Paradise. Why had no one thought of it before? The new scheme was so simple, so plain, yet so wonderfully powerful, that it must be effective.

They were to capture Parliament, to capture the political machinery of the masters, and use it against those masters. Only a few more years of suffering! Only a few more strokes midst stoic patience and they would have achieved the mission of their class—the overthrow of the capitalist system, and an inauguration of freedom for themselves!

Yes, the present political Labor movement was born just on 25 years ago. The declared object was "to secure to the worker the full product of his toil." For two decades the struggle for political supremacy was waged, and Labor gradually forged ahead, but they had not yet conquered, and all this while the workers fought and suffered heroically while they dreamed of, and longed for, the days when their Labor party would win its way to power. All this while they were bludgeoned by a master class police, and goaded by a master class judiciary.

"Only a little time longer will you be bludgeoned and bruised and goaded!" called out the wily politicians of their party, "wait until we are in power, then all of that will cease!" Four or five years ago, on the heels of another big war, the Labor party gained the numerical dominance of the political weapon. "Now all would be well." Never again, and no longer would labor be crushed under the brutal iron heel of an inhuman master class rule!" Thus fondly dreamed and talked a triumphant working class. But what a cruel awakening!

Once again the toilers were goaded to revolt; once again were they physically and mentally ironed and bludgeoned by the police, and once again were they rotting on the floors of that civilised institution—the master's gaol.

The workers stood aghast. What was wrong? Surely never again could it happen! But the years that have slipped away since Labor's grand political victory have been blotted and blackened by a succession of treacherous crimes against their working class supporters, and still many of those supporters have probably now exist the foundation, not been convinced that this political party has betrayed them; while many others still pin their hopes of emancipation to other sets of political Christs. They have failed to realise that the political snare is a toy on which the best years of their energy are vaporised away. Had that last quarter century been employed towards industrial education and organisation there would at least, of a one big union forging ahead to realise the call of the great Marx—"Workers of the world unite, you've got nothing to lose but your chains, you've got a world to gain."

# "Unionism"

"The One Big Union is no good. How could they organise all the different industries satisfactorily? Impossible!" You will hear some of potgut's slaves saying.

A little affair happened up here at Canberra last week that should convince any wage slave that all these craft unions are up to no good.

Two organisers of the Builders' Laborers came on the scene unawares and claimed all builders' laborers and anyone else willing to join. They promised all kinds of concessions to anyone who joined the Union. In the meantime, the local secretary of the R.W. and G.L. Association, which covers the Federal Capital, wired to headquarters, informing the blokes with the rosy positions of the new blood in the field.

The R.W. sent an organiser along a week later to look after their interests (not ours), but by this time the Builders' Laborers blokes had taken their departure. So the Railway Workers' organiser had to go over the same ground and calm things down to normal, and he did it by giving the history of the Builders' Laborers from birth. He even said that it had no father, or something to that effect.

This is one only bit of a small squabble which goes on among the craft unions, and if all the things of this type were published, their great paper, "The Worker," would be full to overflowing.

This kind of thing must go on as long as craft unions exist. Let us organise and pull together instead of fighting among ourselves, organise on scientific correct lines, and we will speedily reach our goal. Organise on the lines of the I.W.W., and we will speedily have the bloke with the pot belly, and diamonds on his boot laces cleaning our boots for a change.

E. SILLS,

Queanbeyan.

# "PATRIOTISM."

We have had quite a good deal of snivelling hypocrisy about "German Culture" of late, through the humberg Australian Press. But we hear very little in those enlightened columns about the free gifts of tobacco, underclothing, etc., to the Patriotic Fund, for which the soldiers in both Rabaul and Samoa have had to pay heavy prices.

We presume that some typical "cultured" English business man is thus coining greenbacks out of patriotic hysteria.

# NEWCASTLE.

Several members of the I.W.W., including F. W. Reeve, have invaded Newcastle, and held propaganda meetings there. Up to the present the Council have refused to give the I.W.W. speakers a permit, and there may be prospects of a fight there before long. On Saturday night, the 30th January, a splendid meeting was held, at which nearly a hundred "Direct Actions" were sold, also a large amount of literature. Several subs were also obtained.

Fellow-workers and sympathisers in the Newcastle district are requested to get in touch with the I.W.W. so that a strong and determined local can be formed, with the intention of educating the miners as to the only effective form of organisation.

Letters are awaiting Neil White at this office.

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"Critic" in the "New Zealand Truth" told the truth when he said, "The workers are kept lean by keeping 'Fat.'" He might have added: "And 'Fat' is obliged to lean on the worker to keep fat."

# List of Locals in Australia.

Adelaide Local No. 1: Secretary-Treasurer, S. G. Drummond, 43 Charles-street, Unley, Adelaide, S.A.

Sydney Local No. 2: Secretary-Treasurer, J. Attreed, 330 Casltreagh-street, Sydney, N.S.W.  
Broken Hill Local No. 3: Secretary-Treasurer, E. J. Kiely, Palace Buildings, Sulphide-street, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Port Pirie Local No. 4: Secretary-Treasurer, G. Kiepert, Florence-street, Port Pirie, S.A.

Fremantle Local No. 5: Secretary-Treasurer, N. Giffery, Mary-street, Fremantle, W.A.

Boulder City Local No. 6: Secretary-Treasurer, M. Sawtell, 17 Whittenoom-street, Boulder City, W.A.

Brisbane Local No. 7: Secretary-Treasurer, C. H. Anlezark, "Mimi," Cribb-street, Milton, Brisbane, Q.

Melbourne Local No. 8: Secretary-Treasurer, N. Rancie, 13 Ward-street, South Melbourne, V.

# N.Z. LOCALS.

Auckland Local No. 1: G. Phillips, Secy. Treasurer, Kings Chambers, Queen St., Auckland.

Christchurch Local No. 2: E. Kear, Secy. Treasurer, Madras St., Christchurch.

Dunstons Local No. 3:

Wellington Local No. 4: H. F. Wrixon, Secretary-Treasurer, c/o P. Josephs, 2 Willis-street, Wellington, N.Z.

# Literature in Stock.

- Capital: Karl Marx, 3 volumes, per vol. 8s.
- Value Price and Profit: Marx, bound 2s, paper 6d.
- The Evolution of Property: Lafargue, bound 2s.
- Ettor's and Giovannitti's Speeches From the Dock: Price, 1/-.
- The New Unionism: Tridon, paper 1s 8d.
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- Communist Manifesto: Price, 6d.
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- New Australian Song Book: second edition; 32 songs. Price, 3d.
- I.W.W.: History, Structure and Methods: St. John, paper 3d.
- Revolution and the I.W.W.: Pease, paper 3d.
- War! What For? Cartoon: Price, 3d.
- Summary of Marx's "Capital": paper 2d.
- Revolutionary Unionism: E. J. B. Allen, 2d.
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- Industrial Unionism: St. John, 1d.
- Chunks of I.W.W.ism: A.H.
- "Solidarity": I.W.W. American organ: Subscription, 7s 6d per annum, posted: Single copies, 2d.

They say that money talks all languages, but most of us don't hang on to it long enough to know what it is talking about.

The difference between political action and direct action, is saying it and doing it.  
The workers won't shirk—the thinkers.

Printed and Published on behalf of the Industrial Workers of the World, by John Hamilton, Chairman of Press Committee, 330 Casltreagh-street, Sydney, N.S.W.