

One Big Union means Dungarees and Hobnails for the Boss.

DIRECT ACTION



VOL 2 NO. 31.

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

ONE PENNY

The Living Wage. Or Arbitration --- Settled in One Act.

Discovers in Court: His Worship The Chief Arbitrator, Constable 23, and the Prisoner, Mr. Wage-Plug.)

Constable: Prisoner at the bar, how do you plead?

Wage-Plug: Not guilty, your worship, not guilty.

His Worship: You are charged with attempting to rob your employers;

Of aiding, abetting, our System's destroyers.

Against you is laid a distinct allegation

Of wanting more wages—without provocation.

You are charged, furthermore, with that crime, discontent—

Of disturbing OUR peace—with an evil intent.

Another indictment—most serious indeed—

Is that you have smoked the insidious weed.

Before you're discharged you must make it quite clear

That you do not indulge in tobacco or beer;

That you practice a self-sacrificing economy,

Conducive to thrift and domestic autonomy;

That both children and wife be duly instructed—

That affairs of the house are cheaply conducted.

Not the smallest of luxuries can be permitted.

If the Court be convinced—well—you MAY be acquitted.

Constable:

You have heard, Mr. Wage-Plug, His Worship's decree—

You may now proceed with your plaint, or your plea;

But if you offend, by a word, or a look—

Look out! Mr. Wage-Plug! I'm here! Kiss the Book!

Wage-Plug:

I didn't know, your Worship, I'd committed an offence;

I s'pose that's 'cause us workin' stiffs is 'iggarant an' dense.

They tell me, does the other blokes, if I'd o'y see the beak,

As how he'd see as how we gets a min'um wage each week.

I don't know what this min'um is, exceptin' that it's small;

Still, as his Worship 'sinuates, we might get none at all.

Now what I wants to tell this Court is that we likes the best;

Instead of starvin' children, an' a missus not 'arf dressed;

From what I learns, an' reads, an' hears, an' sees 'most every day,

Us men what works makes every-thing which you covets takes away.

We builds hotels an' mansions, which we never goes inside;

An' railway trains, an' motor cars, on which we never ride.

We manufacture silks an' wools, an' fal-de-lals, an' such—

Status, laces, juley, our missuses don't touch.

We grows the tucker—fixes it—we cooks up all the grub—

An' then our kids goes hungry, please your Worship. That's the rub!

OUR tucker's leavin's, scraps an' smuck—we lives in dirty shacks,

An' never has a decent rag to put up on our backs—

An' now he'd sends me up to you to get a min'um wage,

While you gets forty quid a week. Let's put it on the stage.

Constable:

Don't you know that his Worship must not be perturbed?

There's a lot on his mind, and that mind you're disturbed.

His Worship:

I have half a mind to charge you with contempt, But, being somewhat biased, you're exempt.

(To Constable):

Before I send this person to the jug I'd like to question Mrs. Working-

Wage-Plug, Ill-Dressed

and Nervous, with One Child in Arms, and Two Clinging, Shyly, to her Skirts.)

His Worship:

Why don't you leave those children with their nurse?

In court, to children, I am quite averse.

Mrs. Wage-Plug, Curtesying:

If your Worship will please listen there's no nurse but me,

So I must take them with me, always, don't you see.

His Worship:

There, there, my good woman, I do not complain,

But don't let these children annoy me again;

My wife never brings our young children to court,

And, really, dear madam, I don't think you ought.

Mrs. Wage-Plug:

Will you only give my husband his fair pay,

In future I'll do everything you say. If we only get half of the good things we earn,

I'd engage a good nurse. We'd have money to burn!

His Worship:

And that, by good woman, is what I'd discover

Of Justice to you, and your Class, I'm a lover.

I would find out what you eat,

What you pay for bread and meat,

What you wear, and how you live, and then, moreover,

If you will not think me rude, Some few questions I'd obtrude

As to subjects that are oft left under cover.

Mrs. Wage-Plug:

If of Justice you're a lover,

You'll find nothing under cover.

His Worship:

Well, then, my good lady, some questions I'll ask,

Although it quite irks me to take you to task.

I wish to find out what you folks CAN subsist on?

And then I will know what the wage-plugs exist on?

Although I'm the judge and the jury as well,

When they gave me this job, well, I might as well tell—

That the workers and I were distinctly apart.

I work for the Masters. They gave me MY start.

Mrs. Wage-Plug:

Do you think we cannot tell—

We know that fact quite well.

His Worship:

When I read my instructions I found that you visit

The butcher and baker, now, tell me why is it,

Instead of you buying the shinbones and lights,

You insist on acquiring what's ours, by all rights?

They tell me you working-plugs buy chops and steak;

That, instead of stale bread, you insist upon cake.

Don't you know, my dear woman, that's rather absurd!

You ask for the best—in fact, in a word—

You want what you haven't the power to take.

IF YOU'LL TAKE ALL THE BREAD, YOU'LL GET ALL THE CAKE!

Mrs. Wage-Plug:

That's what I told my man,

Sydney News.

Excepting for a scarcity of street meetings, the propaganda of the Local has been ably sustained. The Domain meetings have been well attended, over £10 worth of literature and papers were disposed of within the two Sundays.

A new pamphlet has been reprinted by the Press Committee from the "Labor Leader" of England, entitled "How the War Came."

It is very interesting and disposes of many side issues by its history of the respective alliances, and the happenings in the diplomatic world prior to the war. The price is 3d. each, or 2/- per doz. The supply is limited, so orders must be placed early.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

For

DIRECT ACTION.

Enclosed find P.O. for 2/- for which send me Direct Action for 12 months at the following address:—

NAME.

(Street or P.O. Box)

City

State

(If removed, please mark an x here.)

FREMANTLE.

Although the membership has not increased to any marked extent the influence of the I.W.W. is growing week by week.

For the last three weeks we have conducted large successful meetings, Follow worker King holding the crowd interested for an hour and a half each meeting.

The sales of literature and "Direct Action" have been very gratifying from a financial and educational point of view and generally speaking, sales continue to increase with growth of propaganda meetings.

The Socialists are still indulging in chin wagging over nothing in particular. They "cut no ice" these days. The I.W.W. is the only body that delivers the goods, because it believes in doing things. Best wishes from rebels in the West.

N. JEFFERY.

But it doesn't seem he can.

His Worship:

A question I'd ask you—it might sound grotesque—

Why aren't these dear children—say

—or—Childlike?

By that means the System would bear less expense

If the brats were all ignorant, naked and dense.

Buying mere clothes is a sheer waste of cash;

Education is, also—ridiculous—rash.

What is education? You know, so do I.

The thing is a fraud—a pretence, and a lie.

But, there, I philosophise, pose as a sage,

Instead of adjusting the Stiff's Living Wage.

(To The Wage-Plug.)

Have you saved up any coin?

Wage-Plug:

I never had the chance, Sir, to pur-

loin.

His Worship:

No! We cannot all be clever; but you're the densest ever

I have met in all my travels o'er this earth.

I'll let you keep your job, and your pay is still eight bob!

You working stiffs convulse the world with mirth.

(Curtain.)

S.W.

The Bosses' Little Idea. Patriotic !! Oh Yes !!

The "Weekly Trade Report," the organ of the Merchants and Traders' Association of Australasia, which, by the way, is published at two bob a copy, in its issue of May 31st, gives us an eyeopener on our masters' patriotic outlook and their benevolent intentions towards their patriotic slaves after the war is over.

Referring to the difficulties of "capturing German trade," it has the following, quoted from "Kemp's Gazette":—

"Notwithstanding all this, however, there are some trades in which we might compete successfully, if we would but make the needful changes in our methods. In the smaller and cheaper kinds of goods, such as glass and china ornaments, children's toys, and the like, there is room for a vast manufacture. But, here, the wages question is supreme. This is work that could, and should be done by women and boys and girls, who could readily be taught, and would quickly learn, and whose pay would be less than that of men. In this matter, however, we have set up a legislative barbed wire fencing under the Factory and similar Acts, which in many ways hampers the freedom of the manufacturer, and of those who are willing to work for him at low wages and for long hours."

The article goes on to state that the war itself is an "Economic Force" which will assist in solving the problem of cheap labor, and "that whatever the unions may do, and notwithstanding any paper guarantees given, employment can, and will, never be the same again."

It will be noticed that these industrial and commercial Huns, in their heart to heart talks with each other through their two bob press, do not indulge in any sentimental balderdash about the war being a national or patriotic affair,—"a war of Freedom against Militarism," and drape of a similar kind which their penny press consistently dish up for working class digestion. Not on your life! The war to this fraternity is an "Economic Force," which helps them to solve the question of the exploitation of juvenile and female labor, women, boys and girls, who are "willing" to work from dawn to dark for whatever this human brood of vampires may in their mummification offer them.

In contempt for the methods of trade unionism, which in its sectional, narrow and biased outlook, ignores the organisation of this kind of labor, these gentry are outspoken enough to declare that "employment can, and will, never be the same again," and this, mark you, "notwithstanding any paper guarantees given!"

The contempt for "scraps of paper" is very evidently not a German monopoly.

The delusion of the patriotic bonehead the victim of lying economic and political scoundrels, who rushes off to the front in the belief that the defeat of the Germans and the "capture of German trade" will result in remunerative employment for himself, here receives a rude shock. The great Captains of Industry and public-spirited "citizens" who subscribe to patriotic funds, drink the soldiers' "health" in champagne and wish him God speed with their lips, have deep down in their hearts, the desire, fostered by inhuman greed, that he shall leave his bones on the battlefields of Europe; so that economic necessity may render his wife, sisters or other dependants the obedient slaves of godless profit-mongers.

If anybody should say that this is too drastic a conclusion to draw from the above quotations, then the English language has no meaning!

The writer recently listened to a lec-

ture by Mr. Meredith Atkinson, of the Workers' Educational Association, in which that gentleman put it forward as his belief that the development of a "social conscience" brought about by the sufferings of all classes in the war would result in a better understanding between master and worker, and something of a social regeneration. The development of a "social conscience" would certainly appear to be a very rapid growth so far as the master class is concerned, but its tendency is scarcely in the direction Mr. Atkinson would have the workers believe.

That "conscience" has its roots so deep in the economic foundations of society, that even if its expression were not so clearly put forward in the "Weekly Trade Report," it ought to be evident from past experience that any temporary psychological aberrations that may be produced by the war, will prove incapable of modifying it. While labor is content to remain a commodity it is a foolish dream for the workers to expect the capitalist class to adopt any other viewpoint towards it than that exhibited towards other commodities whose purchase is contemplated, namely, to buy as cheap as possible, by book or by crook, by "fair" means or foul, and—"notwithstanding any paper guarantees given."

What is going to be the workers' answer to this bold declaration of their exploiters? The future only can tell; but one thing is safe to prophesy. The happy hunting ground contemplated by the Merchants and Traders' Association of Australasia is sure to be arrived at if the workers do not adopt new methods of organisation, new tactics in accordance therewith, and declare war on exploitation as boldly as their masters have declared in favour of it.

Vain dreams of the "development of a social conscience," efforts to harmonise by arbitration or other methods interests in their very nature antagonistic, may afford scope for the energy of reformers, politicians and other philanthropically disposed people; but if the workers are not to degenerate into barbarism, a militant organisation, having no illusions as to the masters' intentions, ready to adopt all methods ethical or unethical, legal or illegal, and that "notwithstanding any paper guarantees given," is an absolute necessity.

T. GLYNN.

Combinations.

"Solidarity" is the official organ of the I.W.W. in North America. It is full of strike news, tactics, and interesting articles on Industrial Unionism. No industrialist can afford to be without it. It ought to have a circulation of at least 2000 in Australia. It will be posted from this office for 6s. 6d. per year. In conjunction with "Direct Action" the two will cost 8s. per year posted.

"Golos Truda" is a Russian industrialist weekly published in New York. It contains favourable articles on the I.W.W. Every Russian worker should read it. The yearly subscription is 6/6 in conjunction with "Direct Action," the two papers will be sent for one year for 8/- to any address in Australia.

"Il Proletario" is the I.W.W. Italian weekly published in the U.S.A. It will cost 6/6 per year posted, or 8/- in conjunction with "Direct Action."

Address, Lit. Secretary, 330 Castle-reagh Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Direct Action



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Organisation Notes

The last copy of "Solidarnosc," the Polish I.W.W. paper, published an article from a recent number of "Direct Action," dealing with the tramway case at the High Court. The editor comments at the conclusion on the beauties of State Socialism, and its beneficent effect on the working class.

The following telegram was received by Fellow-worker W. Jackson, who is at present holding propaganda meetings in Townsville, Q.—"Slumber pill taking effect. Bumper meetings. Send two dozen 'War What For,' also two dozen 'New Unionism'; ship with other literature; also send two hundred 'Direct Actions.' Kind regards."

We have received some good parcels of subscriptions from F. W. Ratz, of Broken Hill, and from F. W. Healy, of Rockhampton. F. W. Healy has gone on to Townsville, from whence he has also sent down some subs. Other members might take a tip and justify their existence. Come on, let's hear from you.

Several fellow-workers are now at Ardlethan Tin Mines, where they are beginning to push the dope of the O.B.U. Job propaganda is always the best. If the job is crook, stop and make it a good one should be the motto of every wobbly.

Fellow-worker Rancie will probably leave for the Northern Territory at an early date to join up the Asiatic workers into the I.W.W. Meetings can also be arranged at Brisbane and Townsville, and possibly at Rockhampton.

During the shearing season it is the intention of the Press Committee to send parcels of back numbers of "Direct Action" to all sheds. That will give some assistance in breaking new ground. If any member or sympathiser wishes to distribute papers in any other place we will forward a parcel by the outgoing mail.

We will have on sale a limited number of Italian and Polish constitutions and literature. Any member requiring the same should apply early. The new stock of I.W.W. History, Structure and Methods are now in. "War, What For," are temporarily out of stock, but we hope to supply same in a month or so. Orders should be sent in now.

The "Sun's"
Economics.

The "know all" propensities of the average scribe in the capitalist sheets is amazing. The "Sun" in its "War Notes" of June 1st takes the pig-headed militarists of the German general staff to task for their "mistakes" in military strategy in the western theatre of war. The cocksureness of this military critic would lead one to believe that if the German plan of campaign laid in his hands, things would indeed be looking blue for the Allies. It is really time that the censor stepped in and put this pen-pusher on the "Sun" out of business for his bare-faced suggestions to the Germans on how to defeat their enemies.

On somewhat similar lines, the "Sun" on the following day comes out with a leading article giving, of course, disinterested advice to the workers on the 'can' canny doctrine and other methods which interfere with the rapid performance of the work of the community; only that altruistic spirit which characterises the "Sun's" advice to the German generals is here more prominently put forward.

The "Sun" is horrified to find that "men in the labour ranks are cutting the throats of their own class" when they adopt any methods which savours of interference with that latest pet scheme of up-to-date exploiters known as "Industrial Efficiency." This is so plain to the "Sun's" economist that he clarifies the workers' ideas on the matter by "a simple arithmetical fact" which, while it has no relation to economic facts as they exist, is at all events worthy of the same consideration as the German General Staff will, no doubt, give to the "Sun's" military genius.

The "arithmetical fact" discovered by the "Sun" is as follows:—

If for £1000 (apart from labour) the capital of the community can produce something worth £2000, there is £1000 from labour and capital to draw from in the proportions they may agree upon in their incessant dispute. But if the product is only worth £1500, only the balance of £500 remains for division."

You will notice that the "Sun," inferentially, draws a happy picture of the boss and his workers going over the former's books at the end of a given period and fixing the wages in accordance with the accumulated profits. It will also be noticed that the "Sun" assumes capital to be THE factor in the production of wealth, and the further assumption that the worker's wages is paid AFTER his product is disposed of, and not before, is another remarkable thing about the "Sun's" arithmetical fact."

If the economic genius responsible for this discovery will only attend the I.W.W. economic class for five minutes of one evening, it will be demonstrated to his satisfaction, or his chagrin, according to his psychological make-up, that the worker's wages is determined by economic laws which have nothing to do with the value, large or small, of the commodity he is paid to produce.

Portion of the £1000 capital, supposed by the "Sun" is capital employed in the payment of labor, and the value which that labor produces being, then, merely potential, the "Sun's" little picture of master and worker "cutting up" the value in the proportions they may agree is neither an arithmetical fact nor a fact of any other kind. The workers' wages is, first of all, determined by the cost of the means of subsistence, and his standard of living rises or falls in accordance with the law of supply and demand in the labor market and the economic pressure which he exercises through organisation with his fellows. He feels instinctively that his wages has no relation whatever to his total product, and he knows, if he is intelligent, that any diminution of his effort in the production of commodities for which there is a demand will result in the employment of "extra hands," thereby rendering competition less keen, with the resultant tendency towards the raising of his own standard of life.

Accepting the "Sun's" formula, whether the value which he adds to the raw material be £1000 or £500, it will not add to or diminish by one cent the wages which he has already drawn for the expenditure of his labor energy. A threat of lessening that £1000 to £500, or the £500 to £250 by sabotage, 'can' canny or other methods, is the one thing which the master class fear; hence, the uneasiness of the "Sun" and the modern cry that "Industrial Effi-

From a Mexican
Revolutionist.

The following letter has been received by a fellow-worker in Auckland, N.Z., from E. Jose Magon, a member of the Mexican Liberal Junta, one of the main factors in the civil conflict that is raging in Mexico at the present time. Sr. Magon is on the staff of the Spanish-English revolutionary paper, "Regeneracion," published at Los Angeles, Cal.—Ed.

"Regeneracion,"
Los Angeles, California,
U.S.A.

Dear Comrade,—Your kind letter from the 20th February last to hand, with great delay.

We are exchanging with "Direct Action," Sydney, and am sure that Comrade Owen is sending the Editor his English journal.

We are glad to know that our fellow-workers there are for Direct Action to the marrow of their bones. Fine! That is what is needed if we ever want to become emancipated.

Pleading-time must be gone for good; it is no use to beg for bread and to get a cracked head instead. We must return blow for blow, if possible, give more of them than we receive, if we must accomplish anything.

We are watching with great interest the growth of the I.W.W. in Australia, and as you inform us, new active members deserve the greatest praise for initiating the revolutionary I.W.W. and its propaganda in that new land.

We are much pleased with the organ, "Direct Action." Its work and quality reflects great merit upon the organisation. In our opinion the near future belongs to the revolutionary I.W.W. in Australasia.

With all good wishes for the success of the I.W.W. in Australia,

Remaining yours for radical revolution, by the group of "Regeneracion,"

E. JOSE MAGON.

YOUR KING AND COUNTRY
NEEDS YOU

"Your King and Country Needs You" is the cry that greets you on every side, but how many times have you needed your King and country. When the landlord comes for his rent (for letting you live in your country), and you have none to pay, when he has you evicted, and you find that the workhouse is the only place left for you, when your children cry for bread, or when in desperation you steal a loaf for them, and you are given three months' hard labor, when on coming out of prison you find every man's hand against you, when you

But why go on? How many thousands of times do you need your King and country, and what do they do for you then? Your King and country need you. What bitter irony!!

ciency" makes for the well-being of the worker. It is the old cry in a new guise, "the longer and harder you work the more I shall be able to pay." But these shining economic lights forget that many stages in industrial efficiency have been reached in the last half century; the individual productivity of the labourer has gone up a hundred-fold, yet he is still on his "three meals and a flop" with a tray bit for the pictures thrown in for good behaviour. That is an historical and an economic fact which the "Sun" is recommended to place beside its "arithmetical" proposition by way of comparison.

I fear that the tendency of the economic laws underlying the capitalist system of production to harmonise with the arithmetical calculations and preconceived notions of an ink-slinger on the "Sun" is just about on a par with the anxiety of the German Generals on that paper's adverse comment on their military strategy.

The "Sun" economist, like its military expert, is, after all, no doubt worthy of "his place in the sun;" he is certainly making a bold bid to earn his salary in the present capitalist order of things.

T. GLYNN.

From North
America.

(The following letter has been received by the General Secretary-Treasurer from Wm. D. Haywood, General Secretary-Treasurer of the American Administration, Industrial Workers of the World.—Ed.)—

164-6 W. Washington street,
Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.,
May 5th, 1915.

Fellow-worker,—

Your letter of the 4th April to hand. As to literature published in the Italian and Slavonic languages, we have several pamphlets, but scarcely any leaflets published in other than the English tongue. You will see by the list in "Solidarity" that there are several papers of the organisation published in what we are pleased to call foreign languages. These papers issue from time to time leaflets and pamphlets of their own as well as translate the English literature into their own language.

We have the constitution in Polish and Italian. The "General Strike," which is a speech made by me one time in New York, has also been translated into these languages, also a debate by Fellow-worker Jos. J. Ettor with one Caroti, then an A.F. of L. organiser, now a member of the Italian Parliament.

I will make up a bundle of about twenty-five of each of them and send them on to you. You can then have them reprinted there, or we can fill your orders for any amount from this side.

It is interesting to learn about the Chinese fellow-worker who has translated the pamphlet of St. John's "I.W.W. History," and run the same in his paper in Burma. It will soon be that the sun will never set on the Industrial Workers of the World.

This incident puts me in mind of something that I learned during my last trip to Victoria, B.C. Three Chinese fellow-workers there had left for China and had taken with them an American fellow-worker by the name of Harris to organise in China. What success he met with I have not learned. We have several locals on the coast, among their membership are Asiatics of the different countries.

On April 15th there was held a Conference in Kansas City, Mo., of the harvest workers, who organised what is known as an Agricultural Workers' Organisation of the Industrial Workers of the World. This is the outcome of several years' agitation throughout the middle states and Canada. They will appoint at least 100 organisers, who will work with the crews during the harvest. This movement means a greater campaign of agitation and a wider distribution of literature than has ever before been accomplished. There is also more activity among the steel workers than for some time past. The Amalgamated Association affiliated with the American Federation of Labor decayed and crumbled up. It was controlled by the highly-paid and skilled men and some sub-contractors. Now the workers are organising into the I.W.W., where they can manage their own affairs in their own interest and in the interest of their class.

Was pleased to learn of the splendid work being done by the I.W.W. throughout Australia. It is an imperishable idea, the hope of the working class. With best wishes,

I am,

Yours for Industrial Freedom,
(Signed) WM. D. HAYWOOD,
General Sec.-Treasurer.

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.

What is the I. W. W.? Send 1/ for a parcel of literature and find out.

Fellow-workers, take a kick at the system by pushing "Direct Action."

Labor is
Suspicious.

The main fact about the temper of a great body of working people is that it is full of suspicion. This is the inheritance amongst thinking people of generations of struggle. But there is a special element in the suspiciousness of very many of the younger workmen. They do not merely suspect the employer. They suspect Parliament, and they suspect their leaders. This is all part of the disappointments of the last few years. If we are to understand the present situation, we must remember the laws that makes it possible to prosecute working men for such offences as sedition. The growing suspiciousness of labor and its increasing determination to no longer rest content with being told what is good for it, and what is bad, is one which has to be faced. By the master and the State, nobly assisted by the Labor leaders and trade union officials, it will be met by persuasive overtures, appeals to sentiment and patriotism and by compromise, and when all these fail they will resort to armed force or brutal coercion. But the worker, who alone knows the aspirations and needs of the worker, will meet it in a different way. We must foster this spirit of revolt among our workmates, for only by revolting against certain conditions can a change be made. We must focus the suspicion, and prove its justification by exposure of the treachery and cunning of the suspects, and extend the knowledge of the power we possess when consciously directed, and must endeavor to direct that power against the things that really matter. It is indeed a healthy sign that men can be found who will strike at a time when appeals to patriotism overshadow all else, and whilst a truce (entered into by the leaders with the masters) is supposed to exist in the trade union world. The men are beginning to suspect their leaders, and more, they are suspecting the State and capitalism, and authoritarianism in all its forms in England. The Clyde dispute is but one instance. In Birkenhead the gas workers struck for an increase of wages, and the town was put into darkness. There is a growing uneasiness in the coalfields, in the docks, among the postal workers and many other industries. Concessions have been made to the railway men and other workers, which have for a time saved the situation, but it is increasingly evident to any who care to take careful note that the war in France and Belgium is but the beginning of a bigger and more important war, and one which will be waged for the saving of a country for a people against a gang of greedy, murderous thieves, who at present constitute themselves the rulers of the nations, and who rule with a merciless sway. The ground for the reception of the seed of revolt is being well prepared by those against whom the revolt will be directed, and a vigorous campaign is our only duty now. Never before has the time been more propitious for our propaganda to be carried on right home to the people. Risks may have to be undertaken, but the issue at stake is worth all or nothing. Let us put our backs to the wall, and when we find the tyranny of the bosses, the State and its agents, militarism, becoming too great, stir up the latent fire of revolt, and fight either by striking or other means which shall be expedient and effective. We are suspicious, and will remain so, for we know full well that the capitalist is ever and only seeking to secure himself always at our expense. The war will see the end of many things, and not least should be our quiet submission.

W. H. LIPSCOMBE

STICKERS.

Stickers are one of the most effective propaganda dodges that can be used. The Press Committee have printed a large quantity, which are now on sale to members, and locals. The prices are 2s. 6d. per thousand; 11s. for 5000; and £1 for 10,000. Orders despatched by return.

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

The I. W. W. in Perth.

List of Locals in Australia.

Direct Action.

Resistance to aggression is not simply justifiable, but imperative.—Herbert Spencer.

Specially Written for "Direct Action."
By "AJAX."

The strength of Direct Action as "the hope of the workers" consists not merely in that the proletariat contains the necessary elements to deliver itself from wage slavery. Neither is the sensibleness of Direct Action born of the fact that immature efforts of passive resistance trace in labor revolts as direct methods of striking the enemy. Neither does it rest on the mental value and educational effect that Direct Action implies. Nor are the groups of workers now in silent or open rebellion against the inevitable miseries of capitalism to see in Direct Action merely an improved weapon of defensive fighting; rather is it a weapon of aggression, teaching the workers the supreme importance of taking the initiative. These things show the supremacy of direct action over every form of indirect action, the greatness of which lies in the fact that it is the straight road to the breaking up of commercialism.

Direct Action does not tinker with the religious, legal or political superstructure of exploitation, but directly attacks capitalism at the point of production, which is the root of the evil.

Keotomers, lawyers, mystery mongers and charlatans galore find in politics their proper sphere. Their special training and the snobbish society in which they are reared render them eminently fit to function in the slimy slough of politicalism. Moreover, law is the product not the dictator of the system, and hasty to be repeatedly altered to keep pace with the economic development which legality has never been able to adequately regulate, much less control.

Capitalism requires a servile and poverty-stricken mass, mentally ignorant and economically on the brink of starvation. The capitalists in the past never hesitated to pass measures to attain that end. The press, navigation laws and enclosure of common land, and the harsh penalties against deserting sailors and soldiers bear witness to this fact.

The people in commercial countries are being steadily degenerated and degraded, not to say exterminated by capitalist exploitation, does not alarm our legislatures. Now and then a shriek is heard to the effect that crime, poverty or disease is on the increase. The confiding public are reassured when the plutish press write down the author of those rumors as an "extravagant alarmist." Politicians, when reluctantly forced to recognise social evils, come forward with quack nostrums. Their cure is careful treatment. Keep quiet, go slow, step at a time, and so we gingerly proceed with baby bonuses for mothers, old age pensions for the decrepit, and new bogies for the politically deluded.

Many look upon the State as a social saviour. The function of the class State is to perpetuate plutocratic power. Indeed, in some cases private enterprise was breaking down, and gladly welcomed such a valuable ally. The State is interested in supporting militarism, sacerdotalism, legality, officialism, and other barbarisms. At present, under the plea of reform, coercive legislation is passed (alleged to be socialism), which inevitably foreshadows the growth of the servile State and the consolidation of monopoly.

Under a money regime, legislation leads to exploitation of the poor, never to economic salvation. Political action at best only attacks a reflex of property, reshuffles the cards, while direct action from below aims straight at the foundation of exploitation—private property. The question before the workers is not whether political action is better than direct action, but which is the correct method to "get the goods?"

The power of the master class does not rest on legality or Christianity. Neither is it political or spiritual. It existed prior to machinery, adult suffrage, or ameliorative legislation (a cant phrase). This power is essentially economic, and rests on Force. Not only military force, but the power of wealth, which means the control of all educational or administrative institutions. Some workers distrust Parliament, others think law unjust, not a few sneer at the church, many grumble at officialism, but generally they fail to see clearly that all these monstrosities are component parts of a colossal whole, the State, which in the last analysis is one gigantic scheme of oppression and exploitation.

Time and again, when the workers have been persuaded to try indirect action, and submit their grievances and claims to a conciliation board or governmental committee, they have been bluffed or bullied out of their just rights. The slave class never derived any benefit from constitutional wrangles with the master class. The workers are practically beaten the moment they accept authoritative decrees of regulation from above. Historically everything of any value has been forced from below by direct action.

Direct Action presumes the worker will strike when, how and where he likes (as other classes do), not crawling to a capitalistic court—a place where the slaves cannot be, need not be, never were, and never will be represented.

Direct Action may take the form of sabotage or the boycott, and even lead to terrorism. These means have been unscrupulously used by the governing class whenever it suited their purpose. The present capitalist class (now professedly law and order gentry), was once a revolutionary class, and fought savagely to wrest the power of government from the landed aristocracy. Although helped to victory by some of the ignorant classes, the secret of the trader's success was that they flouted all authority, and precedent and used direct action everywhere.

Since then much water has run under the bridges. Machinery is now relatively more valuable than land. The master of the tool of production controls industry and practically all else.

No tongue can tell or possibly bring home to the masses the manifold miseries machine production breeds, sufficient to say the efforts of reformists and political palliatives have failed dismally to soothe the social sore much less cure the cancer of competitive commercialism.

Direct Action commands the wrath of the capitalist, the political opportunist, the horse-haired humbug, and the mired hypocrite. To them it is anathema, and for that reason if no other, should command the attention if not respect of the worker.

Direct Action implies that a group or class refuse to abide by the rules of their alleged "superiors." It also means that the group concerned have the intelligence to rely on themselves, knowing what they want and the correct method to obtain it. It suggests that they refuse to be side-tracked with compromise, and decline to delegate their power to "lead kindly lighters." This is a logical attitude. No other class cares or can realise what the masses suffer. They alone have the experience and know their needs and aspirations. Every change that has brought a class to power has been effected by that class. What the masses really require is direct action that will develop power, or rather the will to power, so ably preached to the aristocracy by Nietzsche.

With all their political Messiahs and trade officials, so far the workers in Australia have not yet produced a man able and willing to teach them the philosophy of direct action, or invigorate hard-headed hobnails with the idea of the "will to power." As yet the workers only wish a thing while their officials put forth slavish requests to the effect that the men want so and so. It generally is but a wish timidly expressed, in which all thought of a determined demand backed up by direct action is lacking.

The main cause of this is because the mentality of the average worker is not sufficiently developed. Most of them are at best only (Continued on page 4).

one hand, and oppressive labor and dread of starvation on the other.

During his address, which was followed with absorbed interest by the crowd, the orator pointed out that, notwithstanding the years that Labor had been in power, human lives are held so cheap in the Golden West that even a young girl's life, as a wage-earner in factory or laundry, may be bought for a few, a very few, shillings a day, and that knickerbockered boys are rapidly supplanting the adult workers, even in the socialised enterprises of the State.

While the speaker was demonstrating the futility of the Arbitration Court as a means of securing a fair deal for the workers, I forced my way through the crowd that had formed behind me since my arrival, and strolled apart for a quiet smoke. While lighting up on the lee side of one of the noble shade trees that adorn our Esplanade, a small group near by attracted my attention. A casual inspection conveyed the impression that they were stray voters, deploring the sacrilegious Sabbath pastimes of the workers. Their general air of disapproval, their lugubrious faces, and their demeanour, as they cast on the crowd at each burst of laughter or applause, served to strengthen this impression; rudely dispelled, however, when I got within earshot.

"Blime, Bob," exclaimed one, d-dressing a flashily attired companion of sturdy build, "this I.W.W. 'ow is hot stuff." "Hot stuff," echoed the over-dressed one, "I hope to God—"

and the stream of lurid denunciation, and blasphemous appeals to the Creator regarding our fellow-workers' future welfare, caused a dog slumbering close at hand to leap swiftly to a safe distance and bark defiance. "But, Bob," said the first speaker, when the profane Robert paused for breath, "he can't make such a great difference with this talk of One Big Union, we can only lose a few members at the worst." Bob raised his eyebrows in the manner of one who regrets weakness of intellect in a friend, and said, pityingly, "God give you sense, Billy, you need it badly. What the hell will it union secretaries do if this crimson I.W.W. gets a hold here. Why?" he ground out fiercely, "we might have to work."

Billy's jaw dropped, his cigarette falling unheeded as he muttered weakly, "Work, good God."

FLANEUR.

I BELIEVE.

I believe in putting the boot into the boss, because he very often puts the acid on us.

I believe in doing things, especially when the boss tries to do us.

I believe in making a "hell of a row" so that there will be no necessity to make a row in hell when Satan tries "Direct Action" on his victims.

I believe that whoever will be a man and be honest at the same time will have to commit suicide, because he won't be wanted.

I believe that the average plute will have no chance of going to heaven, because the necessary condition, as laid down in the "good book," which those who desire a celestial abode will have to fulfil, is thinness, so that they will be able to pass through an eye of a needle.

I believe there is no fundamental difference between the parasite who lives on your toil and the parasite that dwells in bed—the bug, as both smell very bad when you squeeze them.

I believe in cleanliness before Godliness, because if one is to judge by the average mug—who attends church and prays to God—Godliness must be a dirty affair.

I believe that if man descended from brutes, he made a mistake, because he has got so much intelligence that he lives in a shack, and works all day long for eight bob, and then talks about the poor victims of necessity—the brutes of the forest.

I believe that if a man makes a fool of himself in thinking he can write, he ought to turn the game up, hence I will desist.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Fellow worker! we want subscribers for the paper.

What is a "Wooden Shoe?" Read "Sabotage."

Nearing the Perth Esplanade last Sunday afternoon I encountered a portly well-dressed citizen in evident distress. The massive watch-guard looped across the vast expanse of snowy waistcoat enclosing his lower chest, the silk umbrella, and get-up in general, bespoke a man who had done well by his country. Although apparently but of middle age, and more than well nourished, he walked feebly and uncertainly. His neck, protected from the chill caress of the river breeze by voluminous folds of fat, was a deep and angry red. He gazed vacantly at the passers-by, and his pendulous lips moved spasmodically, but no sound issued from them. As I was passing he reeled and would have fallen but for my restraining arm. He leaned heavily against, and breathed gratefully over me. A faint smell of whisky dispelled a hardly formed doubt. Had he been "stung" the aroma from a cargo necessary to cause a list on such a seasoned vessel as his richly-tinted proboscis proclaimed him to be, would have blistered the uncovered portions of my anatomy. "Steady, neighbour," I admonished him. "Are you feeling unwell?" "Club," he muttered. "Club, Wel' it's only a few steps from here," I assured him. As we neared that aristocratic haunt he started talking disjointedly. "Outrageous, pestilent fellow, menace to society, preposterous ideas, inflame the minds of the workers." Imagining that he was mentally rehearsing a speech I refrained from interrupting him.

A group of well-groomed gentlemen were chatting to the occupants of a motor car as we reached the club's portals. "Good Heavens, Sprogs," exclaimed a rotund individual, inspecting my companion through a gold-mounted monocle. "What on earth is the matter?" Sprogs recovered rapidly when surrounded by friendly and familiar faces, and forsaking my supporting shoulder, burst forth indignant. "Matter enough, while you fellows are gassin' here, a pestilent agitator down there is undermining the foundations of society." Sprogs waved a soft pudgy hand towards the Esplanade, and all eyes turned in that direction, as the cheers and laughter of a sizable crowd were heard applauding some point the "pestilent fellow" had made.

A man seated in the motor lauged, and a tall member of the little group spoke soothingly to the enraged Sprogs. "My dear fellow, we must allow freedom of speech. It is one of the best safety-valves for discontent among the workers." "Yes," assented another, "and the most these Socialist chaps can do is to get a change of Government." They all grinned at this, except Sprogs. "Pah," snorted that irate individual, "this is no silly Socialist, the cursed fellow is telling the people to have nothing to do with politicians. He advises them, since they cannot use the Government as we do, to organise into One Big Union—and take what they want, instead of asking politicians to get it for them." "But where are the police?" asked the rotund one, "why don't you—Tehahl! you and your police," rudely interrupted Sprogs, "what will be the good of police when this One Big Union gets going, and the workers are organised as we are. Sprogs's business training had evidently taught him to forecast conditions under certain given circumstances. "I tell you," he continued, emphasising his remarks by striking a palm as soft and pink as a maiden's blush, with a fat fore-finger "this sort of thing must be stopped, stopped at all cost."

The group moved into the Club, with Sprogs still holding forth, and I sought an explanation of his agitation on the Esplanade, where I found Fellow-worker King explaining the industrial situation to a large and appreciative audience. After ironically congratulating his hearers on their good fortune in having a Labor Government to assist the ruling class in their schemes for exploiting the workers, the speaker pointed out that the system of wage-slavery, the distinction of classes, the gross inequality of the law, the overwork of the laboring class, and the immoral luxury and idleness of the ruling class, can only be remedied by the combined strength of the workers. Just as long, continued our fellow-worker, as the workers are split up into scores of craft unions, with no objective beyond a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, so long will continue the idleness and vicious luxury on the

Direct Action.

(Continued from page 3).

job conscious, not class conscious. All organisation, aims and possibilities are determined by the number of virile units the organism contains. The union may have large funds, monopoly of specialised labor, many members, and seemingly be very strong, but if the purile types numerically overwhelm the virile spirits, sooner or later aspiring politicians, unscrupulous officials, etc., get control, and sidetrack the union with arbitrage, politicalism, and compromise. The fact that these things are happening every day is a sure indication that the mass don't understand their position, indeed the present condition of trade unionism here strongly suggests that the units individually in many cases haven't even attempted to reason on the matter; there seems to be a superstition that if a man takes a union ticket and votes Labor, all will be well.

Australian economic conditions formally favored the worker. Probably, if the unions had had the spirit to say "We will it," they could have obtained a six-hour day years ago. Meanwhile, the trust is growing, craft union organisations and tactics are almost obsolete; machinery is driving an increasing number of workers to the gutter. Female, child, and colored labor is being introduced. With increased immigration, child conscription, industrial arbitration, and other veiled methods of exploitation, connived at and enacted by the alleged representatives of labor in Parliament; the position of the wage slave is becoming worse. At times a feeble protest or moribund motion emanates from the Trades Halls, which is ignored by the powers that be. The capitalists are quite right to treat these feeble squeaks with contempt. They required a conscript army; therefore they took direct action to get it, irrespective of any hardships inflicted on the lower classes. The ruling class always act that way. Even the men of God, while preaching a slave philosophy to the masses, never hesitated to use force and violence to attain their ends, when they had the power. The workers, sophisticated with slavish conceptions on the other hand, believe blindly, and therefore are ignorant as to the necessity of direct action.

Controlled by the military, the institutions are but the reflex of the psychology of the mass. Ideas dominate society and determine all action. Intellect governs and knowledge is the key to power. Until the workers educate themselves to the fundamental facts of their existence, no cohesion, purpose or collective will is possible. Being ignorant in the mass they are impotent in action, especially "direct action." They can table motions, petition Parliament, denounce the capitalist, and dream of the coming of socialism until the cows come home, but all this talking, voting and waiting won't get the goods. In the war between capital and labor, when a crisis arises, only action—direct action—counts. All else is futile. The reason workers are apparently beaten in strikes, is because they neglect to take "direct action." The bosses don't win; it's the ignorant workers who flounder into feeble forms of indirect action that beat themselves.

Labor has hung upon the cross of class slavery for centuries. Sometimes he has caught glimpses of a future freedom. Often he looked to the Golden Age behind, frequently he dreamt of a millennium to be. Along the age-worn agony of the class struggle the bonds have been loosened until to-day we see the old labor that knew only slavery and crucifixion is dying. The new spirit of rebellion, solidarity and freedom is arising. The spirit that is born of economic needs and nurtured by intellectual aspirations.

Direct Action, or Force, is the historic way that has settled all differences where class interests clash. These conflicting interests were never adjusted satisfactorily by compromise, legislation or political tarrydiddle, neither can these social scores be cleansed by the precious blood of Jesus!

Even when the ruling class appear to break ground it is generally to avoid the danger of direct action from the lower orders.

Direct action, whether on the economic, military or terrorist field, was ever the governing factor in every social change. Direct action overthrew serfdom and feudalism. In the recent fierce strike in Italy direct action defeated legality. Direct action in Mexico to-day is deciding the issue in favor of the revolutionaries. When class antagonisms clash "might is always right."

Cabinets dissolve, gospel shops go bung, popes and kings die and other puppets reign. Social schemes are mooted, and legalists, sophists and philanthropists tinker with effects while ignoring causes.

The air is full of cries of revision and reform, which from a slave's standpoint usually means deform. Meanwhile, machinery improves, exploitation increases, trusts grow, the rich become richer, and the poor poorer. Irrespective of flags, creeds, races, or laws, wherever the withering hand of capitalism clutches for profits, it spells exploitation and misery for the masses.

The day the proletariat recognise that it is their historic mission to abolish capitalism (which rests on force, and only gives way before force), with its wilful waste, wicked war, and wanton woe, and usher in a saner and more human society, they will realise that direct action is the way out of the wood. Every class that aspired to economic freedom obtained it by direct action. No sycophant of capitalism has ever logically shown another way. Their time is taken up trying to sidetrack the proletariat with bogies, for they know that "Direct Action," as in the past so in the future, will again be vindicated the moment an intelligent and virile proletariat, conscious of its power, will have the courage to say with the poet, McKenn—

I am the will of Labor,
I am the word of Law,
I am the only sabre
Can sever the beak and claw.

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 centre 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."

Human Rubbish as Heroes.

A Mack.

"Presumably every self-governing country has power to deport persons who are considered undesirable for whatever reason, the only obstacle being that the other country may object to 'Human Rubbish' being dumped on its shores, as England may object to receiving the trouble mongers whom the Cape proposes to deport thither."

We all remember the occasion that produced the above vitriolic exudation from one of our Sydney morning papers.

Early in 1914 when the workers were fighting against capital they were Human Rubbish; when they were being shot down and deported they were trouble mongers and industrial nuisances. But how different is the cry to-day, when they are fighting for capital to assure them a greater share of the world's markets. Now the workers are "Heroes of the Dardanelles," "Our Heroes," "Our Brave Soldiers," etc. One would scarce think it possible that our masters' opinions could change so completely in a short twelve months; press are always cunning humbugs or the Most High. What a group of shameless sophists our so called rulers are! But what of ourselves who are so easily caught with flattering cries and fluttering colours! What a dense mass of ignorance and vanity our rulers have to rule, or rather hoodwink!

At our doors lies the guilt for our own degradation. We are so deeply sunk in the pit of ignorant apathy and "top-hat worship" that a moderately shrewd group of charlatans and parasites is enabled quite easily to bond us to their will and war and work; while we remain splendidly contented if only we can imagine we are climbing further out of the social pit by treading some comrade of toil underfoot, or if only we be advanced the privilege of a flattering word from the boss.

To such a pitch of miserable degradation has the psychology of the working class fallen!

Thus we see how the Human Rubbish of one day may be the Brilliant Heroes of the next! It all depends on whether we are fighting against the boss, or fighting for the boss.

Fight the master class for better conditions of living, and of working, fight them for better wages or for the abolition of wage slavery, and we are Human Rubbish; but obey the call to war, to shoot down the human rubbish of other capitalists and we are heroes, fit to wear a crown, fit, at any rate, to be bedecked with scraps of ribbon, bronze medals and gold braid! Oh, how well has the head and medal trick served the masters of the human family! How well have they tricked and robbed the savage races with their heads, beer, bible and rum! We are not surprised at that, but we are deeply grieved that our 20th century world's workers can be just as easily cajoled and led. We should all be proud of our hero stigma after this. How many of the world's workers there are who prefer the hero hallmark is evidenced by noting the wild stampede to the warfields of Europe, all hoping for Bourgeois praise and flattery and ribbons; but the only material benefit they will receive will be of the nature of wooden legs and coffins.

Many will come out of the mist of blood with enlarged brains, heroes, of course, but only for a time. When the great sign goes up "Business as usual," the alleged hero must cast his hero shell and take his place once more among the human rubbish crowd that goes hunting for jobs and a master—who was shrewd enough not to be a hero-myth hunter.

Tis queer, isn't it, fellow workers, that this working class are the only people that can produce food, clothing and shelter, manufacture warships and big guns, in fact make all that modern nations require and desire; and that we are the ones who must do all the fighting, also that we are the creatures of society who suffer all the pangs and misery of hunger and general poverty!

What does this master class do except fool us (which act they call ruling)? Can you name any useful function they perform at all? If not, do you not think they are parasites?

Yet these parasites are exempt, and they are the creatures who socially spurn us and economically fool and relieve us of two-thirds of what we collectively produce! Still people tell me that man is by nature selfish; I often wonder which man they mean, for I'm

sure it's not the working man.

Of course those superior people give us work (when they can make a profit out of us), and when there's no work well, there's always the gaol, and occasionally there's a war.

But we never protest, we of the hero-worship, Oh, no, it wouldn't be nice and respectable. We are too honest to demand anything for ourselves. We prefer to remain the human rubbish grovelling at the feet of our industrial benefactors.

All things considered, do we deserve to be called human rubbish? I think we do, and we will deserve it while ever we allow this social system to obtain. To deserve better we must prove that we are worthy of a better.

We have got to be rid of this wage system which turns so many of us into paupers and mental cripples. How are we going to do it? We must not fight for liberty or spill any blood (we can only do this with glory when the boss orders us to shoot down foreign workers in war, or our own brother workers in strikes), we must wait for Evolution, so the politician tells us. But without Revolutions there'd be no evolution or at any rate no advance, for evolution appears to me but a period of progress made up by stages of apparent stagnation interspersed by violent upheavals.

We of the working class know, who know nothing, that the interests of the workers and the interests of the masters are not identical, consequently any action of ours that makes him squeal bears a recommendation for utility as a working class tactic.

Well, fellow workers, what do you think of the position?

Do you not think it would be more noble and sensible to spill our blood wiping this wage system off the slate than to spill it in a struggle for more markets for the master class of any country?

Think the question over, and when you have done so let us hear of you.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The self assumed conceptive knowledge of F. Staines regarding matters pertaining to the business of the Seamen's Union generally is not only assumedly greater than that of the organisation, but is so overflowing as to prompt him to speak with a loud commanding voice of authority to the whole world, including Germany and Austria, through your issue of April 15th, in an assumed exposition of things concerning the steamers Maori and Patenean, but the abundance of this knowledge will be gathered from his statement "that one of the Maori firemen sent a letter to the delegate of the Patenean, and his further assertion that 'the engineer of the Maori was removed before the ship got under way again.' In pitting facts against the knowledge of F. Staines, it may be stated that the latter referred to was not sent to the Patenean delegate, by one of the firemen of the Maori, but by a fireman of the S.S. Mapouinka; also that the Maori hold up occurred at Lyttelton on January 20th, and on February 13th the ship had a full crew and got under way once more with the same engineer as caused the trouble, and this engineer has been constantly on the ship since up to early this month, May. In conclusion, may I tender a little advice to Mr. Staines to pay strict attention to his own bit of business, and never to discuss that of others that he knows nothing of. I am, etc.,

W. T. YOUNG,
Sec. Federated Seamen's Union.
Wellington, 27/5/15.

THE FEDERATED FURNISHING TRADE SOCIETY OF AUSTRALASIA.

NEW SOUTH WALES BRANCH.

—O—

Sydney, May 31, 1915.

To the Editor "Direct Action."
Dear Sir,—I am instructed by resolution to advise you that at the extraordinary meeting of this society, held on Thursday, May 27th inst., to determine members' attitude to those of either German or Austrian birth employed in the industry, the following resolutions were carried:—

1.—That this meeting of the Federated Furnishing Trade Society of New South Wales branch condemns the action of those members who may have supported any resolution, or acted in any way whatsoever which may have led to the dismissal of members from employment on account of their nationality. (Carried by 218 to 2).

2.—That in future, before any such action as may deprive any

Literature List.

—O—

- Capital: Karl Marx, 3 volumes, per vol. 6s.
Value Price and Profit: Marx, bound 2s, paper 6d.
The Evolution of Property: Lafargue, bound 2s.
The German Ideology: Austin Lewis, bound 2s.
The New Unionism: Iridon, paper 1s 8d.
Work and Wages: Harold Rogers, paper cover, price 1s. 6d.
First Nine Chapters of Capital: Karl Marx, paper cover, price 1s. 8d.
Sabotage: Pouget, bound 2s, paper 1s.
One Big Union: Trautmann, paper 6d.
Right to be Lazy: Lafargue, bound 2s, paper 6d.
Sabotage: W. C. Smith, paper 3d.
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.
Eloquent Leaders: B. H. Williams, Price 3d.
Political Socialism or Capturing the Government: B. E. Nilsson, Price 3d.
War! What For? Cartoon: Price, 3d.
Summary of Marx's "Capital": 2d.
Revolutionary Unionism: E. J. B. Allen, 2d.
Industrial Unionism: Hanlon, 2d.
Economic Discontent: paper 2d.
Wage-Labour and Capital: Marx, paper 1d.
The Diesel Motor: Frankenthal, 1d.
Industrial Unionism: St. John, 1d.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS ON SALE.

(All the works published below, although not officially endorsed as a whole by the organisation, can be obtained from the Literature Secretary, I.W.W., Local No. 2, 330 Castlereagh-st., Sydney. Cash must accompany all orders.)

- Title.
Capital, Vol. I., The Process of Capitalist Production (Marx) .. 8s.
Capital, Vol. II., The Process of Circulation of Capital (Marx) .. 8s.
Capital, Vol. III., The Process of Capitalist Production as a Whole (Marx) .. 8s.
Women and Socialism, the classic work on this subject, revised, enlarged, and newly translated (Bebel) .. 6s.
Ancient Society, the greatest and most revolutionary book on primitive man (Morgan) .. 6s.
The Positive Outcome of Philosophy, also in the same volume Letters on Logic and the Nature of Human Brain .. 4s.
Landmarks of Scientific Socialism (Anti-Duehring). Contains the most important portions of the larger work of which Socialism, Utopian and Scientific was taken (Engels) .. 4s.
The Physical Basis of Mind and Morals. Shows the origin of mind and the relation of economics to morals (Fitch) .. 4s.
Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History (Labriola) .. 4s.
Socialism and Philosophy, in the form of familiar letters (Labriola) .. 4s.
An Introduction to Sociology. A new and useful work for beginners, tracing the development of this new science, with estimates of the work of Comte, Spencer, Wags, Small, and other Sociologists (Lewis) .. 4s.
Critique of Political Economy. Explains the general theory of surplus value and the relation of the currency question (Marx) .. 4s.
The Poverty of Philosophy. A reply to Proudhon (Marx) .. 4s.
Looking Forward: A Treatise on the Status of Woman and the Origin and Growth of the Family and the State (Rappaport) .. 4s.
Marxian Economics, a popular introduction to the study of Marx (Untermann) .. 4s.

member of employment on account of his nationality is taken up by employees (members) the society must be notified.

/Further, any member or members acting contrary to this resolution shall be liable to be dealt with under rule 37 (provision for fines, expulsion, etc.). (Carried unanimously.)

I am, yours fraternally,
(Signed) O. SCHREIBER,

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