

Dont pay into the Craft Unions and Perpetuate Your Slavery.

DIRECT ACTION



VOL 2 NO. 32.

Registered at G.P.O.

Sydney.

SYDNEY, JULY. 1, 1915.

ONE PENNY

The Maintenance of the Standard of Living.

Every day gives the working class of Australia more and more examples of the utility of placing their trust in the hands of so-called working class political parties. Surely in a little while even the blindest and most continuing of the ballot-box worshippers will give up their foolish faith in that weapon of the timid and insipid.

When the Governments of three of the States introduced a Necessary Commodities Commission (what a wonderful thing is a Governmental Commission!) to regulate the price of commodities, the high-brows who control the trades tail, and also several of the Labor papers applauded them, and pointed out to their deluded and mentally stagnant followers, now here at last Labor Governments were going to justify their existence, how they were going to show the Trusts and the big business men that they could not run the people with impunity at their own sweet will.

Nevertheless, in spite of arbitrary prices placed upon such necessities as butter, wheat and meat by the Commission, we find that attempted interference with the laws of supply and demand by the Government have had comparatively little effect upon the organised employers generally. The control of necessities is so well organised at the present time in Australia, that shortages can be created at any time by the market riggers. Thus we have seen thousands of tons of staple foodstuffs being held in storage, while the bosses and their press howled "Shortage!" Then the moment the Necessary Commodities Commission raised the price of food thousands of tons were available.

At the present time certain Messiahs are howling for the Government to stop the exportation of necessary foodstuffs out of Australia. They might as well spare themselves the trouble, so far as the Government is concerned. What is the use, in the name of common sense, of asking a bunch of the most cowardly and treacherous politicians, to do for the working class what the working class ought to do for themselves!

It is natural and inevitable under war conditions that prices will rise. All the countries, especially the Allies engaged in the present struggle, having little or no time to spend in producing foodstuffs, are compelled to import food. That creates enormous markets for Australian commodities. Thousands of tons of food, wool, etc., which would have remained in this country in the natural state of affairs, are being sent out to feed marauding armies.

It is quite useless to appeal to the sentimentality of the Trusts or even to continually bark at their unpatriotic actions. Talk, even of the Carmichaelian kind, butters no parsnips and wins no fights. If the capitalist class can get a better price in London for their (and it is THEIRS) commodities, then the commodities must be exported.

Now, exportation naturally creates a shortage here in Australia, which is intensified by the organisation of the masters refusing to release the foodstuffs in storage until the Necessary Commodities Commission raises selling prices to the desired height.

The Government in Australia have made great asses of themselves in taking credit for controlling industrial organisations, which merely laugh at their antics, and then flaunt their law-courts like the Colonial Sugar Refining Company did. And after that we had the humorous spectacle of the great Australian trust-buster, W. M. Hughes, Attorney-General, whining because the C.S.R. had been ungrateful and had not acted in a patriotic manner.

Even the uninitiated will see quite easily that the C.S.R. and the other mammoth organisations of industry don't care a tuppenny damn about the quixotic vapourings of Labor politicians, not even of William Morris Hughes, who has revealed that his weapon for trust-busting is merely an appeal to sentiment. Go to, Billy, and all your disciples.

Now, getting down to bed-rock, we, of the advanced working class, find that, owing to the rapidly advances in the cost of living, that the purchasing power of our wages are decreasing in a like ratio. We are being told that we MUST consent to a reduction in our standard of living so as to help defeat the Germans. We are told that we must subsist on less wages in future, so that we may capture Germany's trade.

The condition is rapidly becoming more deplorable. Decent food is disappearing from the tables of the workers. The inevitable border is making his appearance in houses that used in the past to make both ends meet without him. The women folk are being driven into the factory, the men children are dragged from the school into the mill, and our finest men are being driven by hunger's goad to risk their lives, and leave, unprotected, their dear ones, in fighting the battles of the plutocrats beyond the seas. Already the discarded soldier is beginning to make his appearance with us, whose army will grow rapidly in the next few months. Hundreds of women are being dispensed with by the stores of big firms, who have given liberally to Patriotic Funds.

The hungry and desperate are growing in numbers, while Mr. Meredith Atkinson prates of "Democracy" and "Trades Unionism," and the dith Atkinson prates of "Democracy" and "Trades Unionism," and the tender advantages of Parliamentary action. Girls are being inoculated with mercies of the pavement, shivering children are being huddled with mercies of consumption in the prison-like factories, while the W.E.A., the Labor Governments, the Trades Halls, the Chambers of Commerce, are selling German "Kultur."

There must be a way out of the seemingly hopeless position that we are in to-day. THERE IS. But it is a Man's way out. It is for MEN, and not for hypnotised political serfs. Let us get down to bedrock and offer this solution to the working class, and let us see whether they will attempt to raise the weight of their chains a little, and refuse to be treated like cattle and necessary vermin.

Prices are high to-day, because the working class, railwaymen, farm laborers, carters, seamen and water-side-workers are shipping food products out of Australia. They are creating and distributing the food, and then they are robbing themselves by shipping it out of the country.

A really patriotic worker ought to consider his wife and children first. He ought to consider them before soldiers of an hostile army. He ought to refuse to produce and distribute and then to starve. Surely the Australian worker ought to have more sense than the Hindoo coolie, who produces millions of tons of rice, and then dies off by thousands in famines. Surely we ought to have more manhood than the Russians of the Odessa wheat belt, who produce the greatest crop of wheat in the world, and then exist on the bark of trees.

The Fear of the Dark.

The belief in warlocks, witches, and other malign beings invented by the ruling class of bygone generations as a salutary check to the aspirations of the workers, dies hard.

In England witchcraft was first distinctly made a capital crime by James I. Nor was the popular fear of the dark a mere epidemic frenzy. Three thousand persons were "lawfully" executed during the reign of the Long Parliament. Barrington, commenting on the statute of Henry VI., relating to witchcraft, estimates the number of those put to death in England on this charge at thirty thousand. Of those boiled, burnt, or dragged asunder without the sanction of the infallible creature of the long eass, history is silent. As late as 1716, according to the "Quarterly Review" of that period, a woman named Mrs. Hicks and her daughter aged nine, were hanged at Huntingdon for "selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings, and making a lather of soap."

A Norwich newspaper of 1840 published the case of a sickly child treated by a wise woman for an alleged disease called "spinnage." For the sum of threepence the lobe of the luckless infant's right ear was cut out through with a pair of scissors on Monday morning and a cross traced with the blood on the forehead and breast of the child. On the following Monday the left ear was treated. In some cases it was necessary to perform the operation nine times.

In this age of rationalism, one feels a thrill of pity for the wretched victims, and a just indignation at the inhuman cruelty of their persecutors. A feeling of security is engendered when one reflects that the advancement of science, the spread of education, and the inestimable boon of a free press, have banished the mists of superstition and ignorance that rendered such atrocities possible.

Modern thought scents the idea that matters of ordinary occurrence may take place by the interference of invisible agents. We of this enlightened age have learnt the peril of encouraging the idea of direct spiritual influences and communications—a thing discountenanced alike by the lights of reason and religion. H'm! Maybe so.

In May 1915, a man was killed by a fall of ground in a Western mine. It transpired subsequently that he had gone from the place where he was working to another part of the mine to "pinch" some gold, and while on his freebooting excursion was killed by the rock overhead collapsing. Discussing the incident at crib-time some days later, his work-mates expressed sorrow at his untimely end, but some of them,

and no inconsiderable section either, held firmly to the contention that if he had not been trying to steal he would have been alive yet.

Briefly put Divine retribution. The newer conception of a personal God. A policeman-judge-executioner safeguarding the interests of the Jew scrip-holders in London.

The Creator is placidly surveying the solar system and meditating on the advisability of terminating the drought in W.A. A country cursed with such an extraordinary plague of politicians, he reflects, should be sufficiently chastened without the infliction of a protracted dry spell. Suddenly he starts and peers intently at the Golden West. He frowns, and summoning the angel whose business it is to attend to disturbances on the outer crust of the earth, such as earthquakes, landslides, and so forth gives him certain instructions. The angel gets busy, while the Omnipotent examines the judgment book. "H'm, I thought so," he mutters, "too much of this sort of thing going on altogether. I must make an example of this fellow."

Pulling a feather from the wing of an angel roosting near by for a bookmark, he closes the ponderous tome, dons his crown, and seizing his scepter, climbs on to the Great White Throne. "Is everything ready?" he questions. The earthquake angel nods affirmatively. "Stand by then, and let her go when I give the word." Meanwhile the doomed sinner is nearing the path of gold. "How far off it is he now?" demands the All-Powerful One. "About ten feet," answers the angel. "Aloft ten feet," answers the angel. "You think he'll funk on it?" queries Jehovah. "Funk! Not him, sir. Them sort of blokes don't funk!"

"He might," considers the Most High. "Anyway, give him a bit of a warning." The earthquake angel causes the rock over the doomed sinner's head to crack slightly or in musing parlance, "talk." The sinner glances apprehensively at the threatening roof and hastens on. "Has he turned back?" asks the Giver of all good. "No, sir, he has prized out a piece of gold and is examining it." "He might put it back, even yet." "You think he will?" anxiously inquires the All-Merciful. "Put it back why he has stuffed it in his pocket, and is prizing out another piece." "What," exclaims the Almighty indignantly, "prizing out another piece. LET HER GO!"

As twelve knocks—the accident signal—shatter the silence of the brooding night, a breath of icy air sighs above the main shaft, wavers for an instant, then with a rush as of many wings sweeps into the starlit spaces overhead.

FLANEUR

The sneer about the low standard of living of the colored worker will not hold water if the working class of Australia allow themselves to be fooled any longer by "Labor Parties," "Shortages," or "Droughts."

Organise around the water-fronts, on the lines of transportation, in the fields and on the ships, and REFUSE TO SEND FOOD out of the country. Strike, strike, strike, if you are MEN. STRIKE, if you have the attributes of a man. And if you refuse to fight your own battles, don't blame the fat-headed, weak-hearted Labor Parties; blame your spineless, emaciated, slavish selves.

What will a strike mean to you? It will mean that the storage space will soon be used up, and then the masters will have to sell to you or let the food rot. There will be a tremendous supply, it will be greater than the demand, and then prices will fall. And surely it is better to strike and starve than to work and starve!

Fellow-workers, if you are MEN listen to the I.W.W. philosophy. Begin to take an interest in your own affairs. Refuse to be bulldozed by opportunist politicians. Refuse to be traitors to your country, by helping the big traitors to send the products to other countries. Take "Direct Action." Rouse to a sense of your own responsibilities. If you are a "race created in liberty," show it!

Get up off your knees! Don't be traitors to your country! Don't scab on the wives and innocent children of the men who have died at the front, and who are to-day starving because you are sending their food away and keeping prices up.

Fellow-workers, the matter is in your own hands. Blame no one. We have the power to make your own terms. Organisation and collective action MUST bring results.

TOM BARKER.

Our Kind Masters.

Meat, owing to its high price, is becoming a scarce article of diet on the workers' table; margarine taking the place of butter, and dripping is becoming a common article of purchase, to supplement the dry bread of the poor. A certainty of a rise in the price of sugar, syrup, jam, etc., affords every indication that by the end of the year, the diet of the Australian worker will be the same as that of the worst paid and worst fed of the European workers; and it is a certainty that, if control of our food supplies is left in the hands of the capitalists and their hired puppets, the politicians, the Australian worker will never again reach the standard of living that permitted the proper feeding of themselves and families—if such a standard ever existed.

The question of finding a cheaper food for the worker, so long discussed, will have been answered, and the war and drought afforded a pretext for forcing it upon us. The advantages of restricting the worker to a cheap, limited and devaluing diet are threefold. Firstly, the saving effect of such a diet on the ambitious and dangerous rebellious tendencies of the oppressed; secondly, the almost unlimited profits to be extracted from the labor of millions of obedient slaves. The removal of any dread of their slaves' removal, with an unlimited supply of cheap, obedient workers, without ambition other than to serve, would furnish for the capitalist, ideal social conditions; and we may be certain that they will do their worst to bring them about.

There may be some who think there is no cause for alarm at the present indications of the advance of the capitalist schemes for our further enslavement. But to those who have studied the evidence proving the existence of capitalistic plans for the complete enslavement of the world's workers, the cry of the wolf will seem in no way premature. That our future is being studied, and the means of education carefully manipulated, can easily be shown.

In any picture show before a film, illustrating phases in our social life is exhibited, there is thrown upon the screen an announcement to the effect that what is to follow has passed the British Board of Censors. What a care for our morality! What a desire to see us educated in the way they would have us go, shown by those who permit the existence of slums, brothels, and the sweating that produces all social evils. So well are the capitalistic schemes laid and carried into execution, that nothing but combined and direct action on the part of the workers can prevent the success of our exploiters' diabolical intentions. Organising on I.W.W. lines is our only means of protection, so let all workers rally to the only union that holds out hope of defeating the ravening wolves of capitalism.—J.E.J.

In China, the favourite working class coin is worth about 1/80th of a penny. The British American Tobacco Company, well-known in Australia, sells a packet of 28 cigarettes there for one penny. In "democratic" Australia (famous for Billy Hughes) the company charges 3d. for 8 cigarettes. The Vacuum Oil Company in China charges 4d for a lamp which would cost 5s. in Australia. Now what about the underpaid Chinese worker, Mr. A.W.U.? (J. Sweeney).

A thousand subs. means a weekly Direct Action."

Direct Action



OFFICIAL ORGAN

Of the

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF
THE WORLD.

(Australian Administration).

Office—330 Castlereagh St., Sydney
Australia.

EDITOR: TOM BARKER.

MANAGER: E. A. GIFFNEY.

Matter for publication 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.

Obituary.

By the last mail from the Far East, we received the sad information that Comrade Sifo of the Chinese Anarchist Communist group, and editor of the Chinese Esperantist paper, "La Voco de L'Popolo," has passed away in Shanghai hospital.

Comparatively affluent in his earlier days, his revolutionary and advanced ideas reduced him to poverty, and his work for international working class understanding and the dangers attached to a revolutionist's life in China, shattered his health, and he developed consumption.

Being practically penniless, and the movement being financially embarrassed, he was obliged to go into the lowest grade section of the Shanghai hospital. In that grade, the doctors pay but little attention to the poorer patients, and in a few short weeks Sifo passed away.

Comrade Sifo was probably the first revolutionist to place before the Chinese workers the principles of the Industrial Workers of the World. Although an exponent of ideas that belonged essentially to the pre-industrial era, when he came in contact with the modern ideas and principles of the I.W.W., and foreseeing the vast inevitable commercialism of China, he in conjunction with Fellow Worker Yin, of Rangoon, devoted much room in their Shanghai and Rangoon journals to the translations of I.W.W. literature, which may be rightly claimed to be the first systematic attempt to place before the workers of Asia, the principles and tactics of the One Big Union.

Sifo had a wonderfully adventurous career, and on several occasions a price was put on his head by the Manchus and the Government.

In the struggle with the Manchus he lost an arm. He was hated and feared by the rising school of orthodox Socialist politicians, who never missed an opportunity to libel him. Nevertheless, it is men of the type of Sifo, virile, energetic, enthusiastic, and fearless who are the very salt of the revolutionary movement.

May a hundred thousand Sifos arise where one has fallen, and carry on the banner of the advance-guard of the world's working-class armies to immediate achievement, and to ultimate world-wide social transformation.

"Workers of all countries, unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains, you have a world to gain."

Brisbane Doings.

Splendid propaganda meetings are being held here, and signs of awakened interest are manifest. More and more, as we see the concentration of capital and the transmutation of business going on around us, are we convinced of the inadequacy of craft union organisation and methods. The gates of morning are lifting to Industrial Unionism, and the coming of industrial democracy.

Fellow Worker Birch lectured on Sunday evening in the hall on various "isms," and among others touched on Socialism, Communism, Anarchism, and Industrial Unionism. The lecture was well received, and provoked lively discussion and argument.

An invitation has been received from the local branch of the A.S.P. to debate the ever-burning topic of Parliamentary versus non-Parliamentary action. Comrade Gordon Brown has been chosen to champion the Parliamentarians, and at our next business meeting we hope to select a foeman worthy of his steel.

We have been wished to change our mid-week open-air propaganda meeting to Friday evening, but the powers that be will not allow the use of the site. We hope, however, soon to find a suitable location where we can deliver the "real goods."

Our secretary-treasurer has written to Fellow Worker King with a view to obtaining his help to put this local on a good sound footing.

F. W. Bryan has "blown in" to Local No. 7, and is rendering splendid aid in putting the industrial position before the public.

Last Saturday's propaganda meeting in Tank-street was attended by a good-sized crowd, which listened with great attention to an outline of the One Big Union, as delivered by various speakers. At the close of the meeting several questions showed that our propaganda is beginning surely to tell.

On Sunday evening Fellow-worker Madors delivered a lecture in the hall on "Industrial Unionism." There was a good attendance, which included several prominent Socialists. The speaker outlined the structure and methods of Industrial Unions, and gave many "striking" instances of the failure of present methods of craft organisation. The uselessness to the workers of the Parliamentary machine received special emphasis. The lecture had to reply to a rapid cross-fire of questions, and F.W. Chairman Birch had all his work cut out in allotting time to would-be participants in debate. Fellow-worker Madors is to be congratulated on his excellent address, and Local No. 7 hopes to have an early opportunity of hearing him again. A collection was taken for expenses.

Our great need in Brisbane just now is speakers well acquainted with the movement, able to get down to "bedrock," and lay a solid foundation for the group of locals we hope soon to see organised in this city. A visit at the present time from one of our "stalwarts" would be a great encouragement and incentive to the younger members of the local, among whom we have several showing great promise of developing speaking ability.

It is a pity that we have no opportunity of holding Sunday open-air propaganda meetings. The Salvation Army and other religious bodies can command any street in the city; but industrialists are relegated to side streets on week evenings, and denied all streets on Sunday. This is a great reflection on the "Labor" Party, so-called, now in "power," which claims to represent the workers, and yet allow industrialists to be turned down in this bare-faced manner. It is to be hoped that such an anomalous state of affairs may speedily be rectified. We wonder when workers of Brisbane will awaken to their responsibility in this matter. At present they do not seem to realise that an injury to one is an injury to all. If they allow the advance-guard of the industrial movement to be put down, the time will soon come when they themselves, as reactionaries, will be hounded in the same autocratic manner.

Wednesday's meeting in Tank-street opened with a song: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching." This speedily drew the nucleus of a crowd, and Fellow-worker Henry, in fine form, soon received an inquiry as to "how" we were going to do "it," the latter word representing the construction of the new society within the shell of the

The Prawblem

Sawlvrs.

Dedicated to the W.E.A.

His pink fingers are so pretty,
And he has a bright and witty
Lofty brow!
Seems to think that we are slight-
ing
All the wrongs we're really right-
ing,
And that he does all the fighting—
Telling how.

In his condescending manner
He adopts the worker's banner
And his own;
He descends into our gutter,
As we sweat for bread and butter,
Saying things we COULD NOT
utter,
All alone.

While we work, he does the grunt-
ing,
Always he for glory hunting,
Large or small.
Has there been a row!—he led it
Some wise word!—old High-Brow
said it,
And he always hogs the credit
For it all.

When we speak it is with terror,
Lest an inadvertent error,
He detect.
Count the foibles he abolished,
All the gods he has demolished—
And his language is SO polished
And correct!

Yet I'm sure our friend so scathing,
Loves our movement—as a play-
thing,
New and rare.
He delights to solve each puzzle,
That our common brains befuddle,
And to pry his yellow muzzle,
Everywhere.

We rejoice that he can love us
From the windy realms above us,
Where he flies.
We poor dubs would never doubt
him—
Not a single thing about him—
But how can we live without him
When he dies!

RALPH CHAPLIN in "Solidarity"

FREMANTLE.

Arrival of Organiser Reeves.

Arriving safe and sound, Fellow Worker Reeves was not long getting into harness. Equipped with 18 "Direct Actions" he made a raid on the firemen's and trimmers' mess room of the Katoomba, and there handed out the dope. The half hour talk, however, might have proved abortive if one garrulous Irish bonehead had had his way, because he continually interrupted the speaker with such inane remarks as follows:—"Damned agitators," "Ought to be put off the boat," "What good do you do us?" etc., but the boys of the Katoomba are made of good material, and speedily put an end to the remarks of the vociferous slave, and taking things all round, a great impression was made.

In the afternoon Fellow Worker Reeves was bid "Good-bye" by a few of the local boys, and then he entrained for Boulder. Best wishes to boys.—JEFFERY.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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

old, with all that that means.

Several deluded defenders of capitalism wanted to know what we could do without the capitalist, and seemed to think that the "boss" kept the capitalist, instead of it being the other way around. When the meeting closed at ten o'clock, some forty or so were left arguing the question. This is a good sign. When the workers begin to think and reason for themselves there is a chance that they may get the prickly pear of prejudice out of their minds.

Glad to see any Sydney fellow workers up this way.

Yours for the O.B.U.,

A. E. BROWN, Cor. Sec.

Alpine, N. S. W.

(The I.W.W. bunch are doing good work round this part of the world. We have just had a visit from an organiser of the R.W. and G.L. Union, and it was the fun of the world. Talk about logic!

To what extent the navies are deluded by their officials was plainly evidenced last Sunday. After an harangue of over an hour, during which he eulogised the conditions we had gained, and the conditions under which we worked, the organiser wound up by paying a tribute to the officials of the R.W. and G.L. Union for the interest they took in looking after the welfare of the navy. It was soft soap, and no mistake.

He did not, in one instance, attempt to educate his audience to their position, nor show how to get better conditions for them.

After a lot of palaver, questions were called for. F. W. McCue asked several important questions, but the organiser was plainly in a quagmire, from which he could not extricate himself. He seemed quite amazed at the questions, which indicated that he knew very little of the working class and their position.

After McCue put more questions, the chairman came to the rescue, and said that they must not ask questions, since it was not often they had the "pleasure" of the organiser's company.

The climax came, when in answer to a question as to when the "Labor Daily" was to come out, the organiser said that it depended entirely on the capitalists, as the workers could not run their paper on "business lines" without advertisements. "To be a success," he said, "we must, of necessity, advertise the capitalist." He made a mess of himself, for immediately came a chorus of questions as to whether such a paper could function in the interests of both the workers and capitalists. No doubt about it, the workers are beginning to take a tumble.

After the uproar subsided, the secretary got entangled in an argument with one of our boys, and he, also, was seen floundering about in a hopeless condition. He denounced industrial organisation at one time, and then continually prated on "Human Nature," "Moral Suasion," etc., but notwithstanding the dramatic attitude he adopted it was plainly evidenced that he was nowhere.

The meeting, in fact, turned into a debate between these two, and it was plain evidence of the result, that numerous enquiries are being made as to what the I.W.W. is, and we are also being continually for literature and "Direct Actions."

This meeting yesterday has certainly benefited the I.W.W., as it has started the slaves thinking. They are beginning to see the futility of craft unionism, and are eagerly looking forward to the One Big Union, which has as its objective "the abolition of the wage system." They are plainly getting full up of Arbitration Courts, and want some more direct means of settling their grievances, and getting better conditions.

We are sowing the seeds of discontent here, and it is already beginning to bear fruit, as we are getting continuous enquiries for literature and "Direct Actions." Sabotage is also beginning to be understood.

There is good soil here for a speaker, with whose aid we could get rid of more literature.

As a result of the argument between the District Secretary and F. W. McCue, a debate is to ensue, which will be the means of opening the eyes of the workers to their class position.

W.M.

"Consistency is the refuge of a fool," says Winston Churchill. This would serve for an admirable motto for a prominent local Socialist who debated an I.W.W. speaker some time ago, and in his address claimed that legislation had accomplished something for the worker. "A fortnight ago, in a debate with speakers from the Liberal Party, he claimed the legislation had accomplished nothing for the worker. Both of which we presume are correct from a politician's standpoint.

In forwarding 5s. for himself, and 10s. for F. W. Hehr to meet any deficiency of the May Day issue, Fellow Worker Jim Sullivan, of Waitua, N.Z., compliments the organisation on the paper. Glad to hear that it is appreciated, and hope even to do better.

Wooden Limbs.

A Business Proposition.

(By Massage.)

Being up against this rotten competitive system, always trying to make ends meet, which at times is very difficult to achieve, I wish to notify all returned soldiers that I will manufacture wooden legs and arms at a damned stiff price.

Having a nice factory (well equipped) at Waterloo, I appeal to the people of our dear country, and announce this glorious proposition, as I know you'll appreciate this intrigue.

So shout hurrah for Australian enterprise, you patriotic bonehead 1-penny and preachers of loud-mouthed jingoism. I throw this offer open to all members. Each to work and share alike. We'll trade under the name of the I.W.W. Wooden Limb Manufacturers.

There are no obstacles in the way of preventing us from making wooden heads. If a wooden napper was placed on a soldier, why, he would never miss his real old head. Each leg turned out at our factory will be tastefully decorated by having the Union Jack or the Belgian flag painted on the knee and the photo of George Wetton underneath the heel.

Now I am quite confident that the bonyonous authorities are sure to send their orders to Germany for this commodity, because they supply the world with artificial limbs. We'll have to fight like particular hell against the authorities, and demand that they give all the orders to Australian makers. I'm getting quite tired of waiting for those to return. Having visited all the mail boats, but alas, no returned cripples on board. Two-legged men are as good to me.

Oh! How I despise them. Now who is the most intelligent? The shirker, or the silly intrepid soldier who returns home minus a leg or arm only to give me, a capitalist Jesuit, good business.

I now make a perspicuous offer to all politicians, clergymen and capitalists of Australia. I'm quite prepared to make you limbs free of charge, and give accommodation to the first twain who return home wounded at my residence irrespective of their political or religious opinions.

Archbishop Kelly, come forward, and have your limbs measured. Go like hell to the front and fight in God's holy war, jovially stick a bayonet into some German Catholic, then shoot him for Christianity!

Do this at once, or in the name of Christ close your succulent lips for ever, Amen!

To the St. Andrew's Cathedral parasite, ditto. To every bloated bourgeois, unscrupulous, tyrannical, bloodhounds, betrayers of the working class, I say ditto.

ORGANISATION NOTES.

Subscribers to "Direct Action" are requested to notify this office of non-delivery of their papers. Of late, complaints have been frequent, especially on railway and construction works, of the non-delivery of the paper. We should like to impress on subscribers that the greatest care is taken in the despatch of papers, and that irregularities are due to neglect during transmission. Notification of non-delivery will be immediately sent on to the responsible authorities.

From New Zealand we have received a demand for an I.W.W. speaker to hold meetings, and to help placing the movement in that country on a more satisfactory and tangible basis. Christchurch, Wellington and Auckland would be all the better for a visit, and also the mining camps. We shall do our best, although we have all our speakers engaged here, to get some one over. In the meantime let the boys get on with the job and other propaganda.

F. W. Jackson has met with a setback in Townsville, the authorities having forbidden street speaking. They will get a whole-bellied of their kind of "Freedom" one of these days.

F. W. King is at present working on an inter-State boat. He will possibly be back in Sydney within the next month.

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

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

"Sex Hysteria" in War.

By B. H. Williams in "Solidarity."

The great war in Europe seems to be tearing up things in general, not alone such material and tangible objects as buildings, ships, forts and human beings, but also such abstract human qualities as "sex morality" for example. Many narrowing stories of "arrests" committed upon women by soldiers have been related time and again in accounts of correspondents from the war centres; but here is something different, as told by a London correspondent to the American press. He says in part:—

"A special census recently ordered by the Government reveals the startling fact that there are 20,000 unmarried women in England alone who are to become mothers. There are thousands of women in France in the same condition, and the chamber of deputies is trying to decide what shall be done for them and for their babies—trying to decide whether these war babies shall be legitimatised. Germany and Russia also face the same situation."

"A peculiar psychological feature is that, despite the public acknowledgment of the gravity of the problem, young women and girls, instead of taking heed of the warning, are more attracted to the soldiers than before. Despite the efforts of the authorities to prevent them, women and girls flock to the huge camps in England. The same is true when the armies are on the march. Women from the towns and villages through which the troops pass, wrought up to a high pitch of emotionalism by the war, follow the troops for miles. Many try to disguise themselves in men's clothing in order to be allowed to keep up with the soldiers. Army doctors, studying the situation closely, say that vast numbers of girls are under the influence of a species of hysteria. And there is another side to the problem. Even a graver and more painful side. A large proportion of the girls who have been victimised are hardly out of their teens—girls of fifteen and sixteen. Many of them are proud of what in other times would be to their grievous shame."

It has often been contended by psychologists that "religious emotionalism" has its basis in the sexual instinct, and generally acts as a sort of safety valve for the latter. But war, being "born of the devil," appear to give birth to emotionalism of a similar character, but without any safety valve. Here we see women, "under the influence of a species of hysteria" brought on by the super-excitement of war conditions, giving rein to their sexual passions. All restraining fears seem to have vanished for the time being, and civilised woman acts as a "free agent" in the disposal of her own body. Laws, customs, ethical instruction, and other restraining influences are overwhelmed by the "hysteria" that has developed in connection with the war. Note the term, "civilised woman." This is not a return to barbarism, as many writers are so fond of saying. Barbarian women, if we are to take the word of those who have handed down to us their observations along this line, do not act in this manner, being at all times normal in their sexual life, they are not given to excesses or to sudden outbursts of sex emotionalism. Civilisation, on the other hand, imposes all kinds of restraints upon a normal, healthy sexual life for women. Having deprived her of the right of the disposal of her body, except under bond usually of the most exacting character, it has put a premium upon all the possible misery, shame, disease, crime and other evils that flow from "clandestine relationships" between the sexes. Either that, or civilisation imposes upon women the most mentally and physically demoralising alternative of no sex experience whatsoever.

Now comes war, with its intensified forms of expressing human instincts, and throws off the hideous mask of civilisation. All the accumulated pressure of centuries bursts its bonds, and since abnormal restraint has been the rule, abnormal license takes its place. Woman is "free" once more; and like the bird born and reared in a cage, knows not how to avoid trouble for herself. Seized by a "species of hysteria," as the doctors call it, but which is "only a reaction from excessive restraint, or from perverted instincts, civilised woman in the war districts goes to the logical extreme of her sexual life. And to make matters worse, the various governments (that is, the agents of the ruling classes) of the warring European countries, propose to "legitimise" the children born of this "hysteria." In other words, they propose to restore these wayward birds to their "caged" state without giving them or their progeny the benefit of their experiences. Left to themselves they might learn to hate a so-called civilisation that could bring them to such a pass, and to use their influence later towards its overthrow. But the cunning masters propose to forestall such a possibility with the legal fiction of "legitimacy." "Outcasts" will be transformed by law into "heroines of war."

The hideousness of "civilisation" thus stands naked before every intelligent observer. Instead of intelligence and a dissemination of sound knowledge on matters of sex; instead of trying to beget a healthy, normal attitude towards sex relationships; it would retain all the hideous nightmare conceived of ignorance and perversion that has made life miserable for male and female alike since the dawn of civilised life. Contrast that picture with the ideal of a free society, wherein woman shall be the economic and social equal of man; free to direct her own sex life, aided from childhood by a thorough knowledge of sex functions. Can we not well understand that both the misery of enforced celibacy and the ravaging evils of promiscuity would alike disappear or be reduced to a minimum. Nothing could be found more impelling than this situation revealed so clearly by the war of Europe, to nerve the revolutionist to strike persistently at the Beast of Capitalism. With its crushing weight upon the breast, and its foul breath in the face of woman, the Beast would hold back mankind from its heritage, not the least portion of which is the right to be born of intelligence and freedom, rather than of the bonded ignorance of peace, or the hysteria of war.

AN ARISTOCRATIC PANIC.

In all recent issues of the capitalist press there are printed statements made by the squealing parasites that infest the British nation. Most of the titled frauds, who draw incomes that would be better spent on pig raising, are frantic in their demands that every worker, willing or not, should be forced to the front, obviously for no other reason than to defend these thieving reptiles, with their purchased titles and stolen wealth.

The incredible meanness and cold-blooded egotism of these distortions of humanity must surely soon fill every worker with disgust and result in a revolution that will display all capitalists and the system they flourish under. Meanwhile, it is a pleasure to know that these deadly parasites are suffering from a fear of being robbed as unscrupulously as they have robbed all others weaker than themselves.

They realise that German success

would mean their reduction to the level of society occupied by the confidence men and spicers who have been less successful in their raids on the workers, who are at present the victims of the titled humbugs, who are trembling at the thought of downfall and howling for the slaughter of all the workers, if necessary, in their defence.—J.E.J.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

For
DIRECT ACTION.
Enclosed find P.O. for £/ 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).

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 Castlereagh-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. Jeffrey, 47 Bellvue Terrace, Fremantle, W.A.

Boulder Local No. 6: Secretary, Treasurer, E. Christensen, Lane Street, Boulder, W.A.

Brisbane Local No. 7: Secretary, Treasurer, F. A. Reason, "Mimi," Cribb Street, Milton, Brisbane, Q.

Melbourne Local No. 8: Secretary, Treasurer, N. Rancie, 26 Gladstone Street, Northcote, Melbourne, V.

Tottenham Local No. 9: Secretary, Treasurer, A. S. Graham, Umang Street, Tottenham, N.S.W.

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.

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

Hey! Navy!

AN ELECTRIC ELEVATING MACHINE.

The credit of being the first in the Dominion to introduce an electric clay excavator belongs to Messrs. C. A. and W. Snel, of Dunedin. A demonstration of the working of the machine was given at the firm's quarry, Forbury-road, on Wednesday of last week, when there was a large attendance of architects, engineers, and others present. Shovels of a somewhat similar sort were used to dig the Panama Canal, but this machine that the Messrs. Snel have imported is of the very latest type, only recently designed by the Thev Automatic Shovel Company, of America. In all previous machines several engines or motors have been used, but in this machine all the operations of hoisting, swinging, crowding, and travelling are controlled by means of frictions from a single electric motor. The "Evening Star," describing this wonderful machine, says it looks like a but crane from beneath the job of which works a thrusting arm, like the neck of a colossal snake. The simile seems to suit. Imagine this monster snake with a head like a great dredge bucket, with projecting steel teeth, and let the fancy picture the mammoth reptile shortening and lengthening its neck, and smelling for the point at which to strike, and you have the machine as it is in action. As worked yesterday, it hit slightly into the clay surface, eating a shade downwards at every thrust, then pushed forward till the bucket was full, and then with an upward movement ripped away mouthfuls of the face to the surface. It was amazing to see one man controlling all these motions and to note that it kept two loads of trucks going. We were told that it will operate over a face of 60 feet in width, and of any height, and that it may be used to dig 4 ft. below its rails and thus start a new face. The problem at the works now is not how to get enough clay to the tip, but how to keep the tip clear.

Mr. C. A. Snel, in returning thanks on behalf of the firm, said that the starting of such a machine had been the dream of their lives. They hoped now to be able to get plenty of stuff in any weather, and not to have to wait for a supply because the work was disagreeable and difficult. The machine cost about £1300, and it would provide the material for 20,000 bricks at a cost of 1s. 3d., apart from wear and tear and the operator's wages. In the future they hoped to work the trucking also by electric energy, by means of trucks fitted with motors like those under the trams.

Bedcord's Bloomers.

Under the caption "On the Scrap-heap," the "Bulletin," 29/4/15, devotes more than two columns to a passionate plea for more population. A registry-office proprietor calling himself Randolph Bedcord is the writer.

Alarmed apparently at the falling-off in his business—the people who seek work per medium of registry offices, having nearly all gone to the war—Bedcord howls frantically for a further supply of cheap and docile labor. After referring admirably to the methods adopted by the ruling class of the Middle Ages in dealing with recalcitrant workers, and incidentally deploring the advance of sanitary science—presumably because it makes the upkeep of the working animal more expensive, and enables the weak or delicate worker to cling to life a while longer—Bedcord proceeds to rake Europe with a fine tooth-comb in search of a suitably servile class of labor.

Passing over Scandinavia, Denmark, Great Britain, and France, where people are infested with the idea that "Jack is as good as his master," and have been dabbling, dilettante-fashion, with the dangerous doctrines of Communism and Socialism, he hastily dismisses the Montenegrins "because they are still self-separated by the clan idea," and "believes a thing to be well done if they do it themselves."

"Self-separated" is distinctly good. Being apparently Communists who believe in direct action, and reckon that an injury to one is the concern of the clan or commune, and being, moreover, "self-separated," which means that they refuse to deliver up the fruits of their labor to the class Randolph represents, he says, "They would be of little value to Australia." Hm!

"Yet," he insists, "for the millions that Australia wants, we must—consistently with our policy of taking only the best—look to Western Europe." And he wanders across to Italy, and whoops delightedly when he reaches the Apennines. "Here they are," he shouts gleefully; "I've found them! Here are overjoyed men who are forlornly rummaging in a cupboard on Sunday morning and unexpectedly discovers a bottle of beer."

"Fine, simple, frugal, honest men, and beautiful women, and these we want as much for their beauty and kindness as for their qualities of courtesy and self-abnegation. More than any other people in the world have they inherited the miracle of self-restraint; better than any other people have they learned to do without things gracefully. A man will keep a wife and six children, and the old grandmother to nurse the newest boy, on EIGHT SHILLINGS A WEEK, and keep his dignity. He even has a cup of red vinegar—alias wine—and he and his wife turn out of their bed to corn-cob tassels in honor of the guest."

Randolph also, quite unnecessarily, assures us that "they never waste a penny." What a humorless varlet it is. Much more praise is ladled out: "A woman and a cow are yoked to the plough"; "You meet little boys and girls carrying heavy burdens"; and "Beauty takes off its boots when it comes to stony ways" (a roving eye hath Randolph), "because boots wear out and feet do not."

Randolph also notes that young and desirable maidens "mix manure and pack it to the fields in great baskets." Also that the death-rate is 34 per 1000, because the nursing mother is poorly nourished and shamefully overworked, "that her milk dries early and the toothless child is fed on chestnuts and a little polenta on Sundays."

He then enthuses over "one of the most beautiful women in the world"—Randolph, Randolph, that roving eye of thine will yet prove thy undoing—"who walked seven miles to work every morning, shovelled rock for ten hours, and walked home at night." The Bedcord person mourns exceedingly because we have not a few millions of these "frugal industrious souls" in Australia. The Saints preserve us!

Even though open confession is good for the soul, it is positively indecent of this Bedcord to openly boast of the gay time he had among these frugal, industrious men and beautiful, kindly women—I am allowing for the ferment in Randolph's mind caused by the frequent sight of young ladies partially undressing themselves in public—who had to earn a crust by working like a navvy for ten hours a day, and walk fourteen miles as well, would naturally look kindly on the rich Australian milord who always had gold in his pocket, and it is unreasonable to surmise that observant beauty "coming to stony ways" permitted all revelations to the appreciative eye of the susceptible Randolph; or that desirable maidens carrying "great baskets" of manure should view with an indulgent eye the illustrious Australian, whose well-lined purse promises surcease from their bestial burdens!

And presuming that, even in that delectable country, Nature, as usual, works maliciously and blindly, indifferent to ecclesiastic approval, the inconvenient consequences could be safely left to the care of the old grandmother, and the dietary rigors of the chestnuts and polenta.

Why, oh why, did Randolph leave that delighted land—surely a paradise to one with such quaint conceptions of virile manhood and womanly virtues—and inflict himself on this long-suffering country, where the people are discourteous enough to prefer horses to women when ploughs and other heavy objects must be hauled about. Where the churchful worker refuses to drag his wife out of bed and sleep on the floor to oblige any casual ruling-class parasite: where the maidens

(Continued on page 4).

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 centreing 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.

A Shorter Work Day.

AGITATION IN MELBOURNE.

The trades union movement of Melbourne has just lately celebrated its 50th eight-hours anniversary.

The demonstration took the form of a procession through the city streets, and marching behind gay and gaudy banners, to the step of martial music, one hundred and sixteen divisions of the Army of Labor wended their way to the Exhibition Building, where the day terminated with sports and speeches.

It is a startling fact that out of the 116 unions represented, only three were enjoying an eight-hours day. The members of most trade unions have to toil—when they can get it—almost nine hours a day, and many trades have to work ten and twelve hours for their daily bread.

Next year will register the 60th birthday of the eight-hours movement, and for all those long weary years the members of the Trades Hall have been rejecting over something they have not got. What a huge hypocrisy! Are they sardonically humorous, or merely stupid? Will they never learn what progress means!

The eight-hours movement has become a sort of superstition, with many bone-headed wage-slaves. Anyone who wants to work more than eight hours a day is a sweater, and anyone who refuses to sweat eight hours a day is a loafer and a waster. So argues poor old Mr. Block. Truly, as the song says, he was born by mistake, and his place is at the bottom of the lake.

No sane man would object to work ten or twelve hours a day if it were absolutely necessary to toil that long to sustain society. But members of the I.W.W. protest and object to work two hours a day while their labor produces profits to keep a useless and parasitical class. An I.W.W. man would kick against working one hour a day if he knew that he was exploited and robbed of the results of his toil. If the boss wants fresh dinners, pet monkeys, lap-dogs, and powdered and painted prostitutes let him go to work and earn the cash.

The I.W.W. does not believe in blood-suckers and parasites, so the surest way to lessen the grip of the vampires is by reducing the hours of toil.

Many slaves held up their hands in holy indignation and cried aloud "sacrilege!" when we dared attack that old and venerable institution—the eight-hours movement. True, it is kicked into life once every twelve months, and with bands and banners, sports and speeches, dinners and drinks, rallies and robberies, it has a merry day, and then all is over for another year. The slaves lapse back into contentment and quietude, and the officials into mental slumber, and all is well with the "knots" at the Trades Hall.

A thing that has been in existence for sixty years, like the eight-hours movement, and has done nothing for that which it represents, deserves to have the death sentence pronounced upon it, and be handed over to the University for dissection.

But one cannot sleep for ever, and all things in the world are subject to change. The Labor Movement is not exempt. The rumblings can be heard of the approaching upheaval. The young and rebellious spirits refuse to be chained down by their leaders any longer, and are giving expression to I.W.W. tactics.

For the last few months the I.W.W. has been conducting an active agitation for a REDUCTION OF THE WORKING HOURS. Meetings inside and outside, on the job and off the job, have been carried on with great success.

We have invaded the trenches at the Trades' Hall, and many meetings of trade unionists have been spoken to upon the subject. Our speakers have been received with enthusiasm, and their arguments met with approval and applause. The questions asked, and the discussions indulged in by the LIVE MEMBERS of the trades unions, proves that discontent is rife, and the time is ripe for a change. The young element is beginning to seriously disturb the grey whiskers and bald heads who hold official positions; but there is no cause for worry; the "grand old men of the movement" must pass out and make way for the more virile spirits, who are more fitted to do battle with the enemy—the master class.

Progress, advancement, development, are taking place with great rapidity in every known sphere of life. The "signs of the times" go to prove that a reduction of hours is not only beneficial, but absolutely necessary to the working class.

It is a well established economic fact that shorter hours means higher pay: it means getting more of what our labor produces: it means getting a step nearer to the complete control of industry. Less hours means less unemployment, less starvation, less beggary. A reduction of the working hours means a reduction in the competition for jobs; therefore, better working conditions and more economic security. A shorter work day means a longer life; more home life and less factory drudgery: it means more comforts and recreation, more of the good things of life and less brutal toil with its dangers and death.

Let the boss squeal and his satellites howl. They have always yelled oaths of slander and abuse when Labor made a kick. They never yet have silently agreed to even the most insignificant reform on behalf of the working-class. But their vociferations are as sweet music in the ears of the I.W.W. It lets them know that something is doing. Let us pay more heed to the cries of our wives and children; and if we try to work it out, we will find that a solution will be found in a reduction of the working hours.

Rally round, ye toilers! The I.W.W. is the thing! It can get the goods! It is not bound and fettered, trammelled and hampered with agreements, awards, rules, laws, constitutions, injunctions, etc., like the trade unions; but with limbs free, and head and body at liberty, it is able to deliver an united punch at the master-class and their system. Stripped of all the shackles which hold the trade unions in check, it is able to do battle with the master class in a scientific fashion. Link up all ye who work for wages into ONE BIG UNION OF THE WORKING CLASS. Join a Union that fights with scientific weapons. Mobilise around the I.W.W. and help to bring nearer the day when the whistle will blow for the boss to go to work.

NORMAN RANCIE.

Bedcord's Bloomers.

(Continued from page 4.)

decline to remove part of their underclothing in the street, and carry it along to save it from wearing out; where self-abnegation and "the inherited miracle of self-restraint" are known by the dreadful vulgar name of smothering; and where the art of "doing without things gracefully" is regarded by the toiler as a mean-spirited and cowardly betrayal of the trust placed in him by his women-folk and children, whom he resolutely refuses to regard as beings created for sorrow or struggle or self-sacrifice. And he looks on thrift and frugality as ignoble virtues—that will feed a seven-month-old baby on hominy and nule—and is firmly resolved that they will never supplant the nobler virtues of generosity and hospitality in Sunny Australia.

And in the name of Mike, what is dignity, and how can it help a man to feed, clothe, and shelter a wife, six kids, a grandmother, and "the newest baby," to say nothing for the education of the youngsters, on eight shillings a week!

Go to, Randolph, go to, with thy Palstaffian appreciation of buxom femininity, thy registry office ideal of a man, and thy cow-cowky conception of childhood.

FLANEUR.

Liverpool Dockers.

King Albert of Belgium is the richest monarch in Europe. Twelve months' interest on his wealth would be sufficient to help fifteen millions of his subjects to obtain necessities of life. The bulk of his wealth, as is well known, is held in the resources of Belgian Congo, notorious for the infamous atrocities perpetrated on the natives.

"It would be much better if the Chancellor of the Exchequer, instead of associating himself so much with the Stigginses, would go down to the country and have straight talks with working men, telling them what was expected of them and how they were to do it." Mr. G. Roberts tendered Mr. Lloyd George this advice on behalf of the Labor Party. He and his colleagues were prepared to associate themselves with any practical endeavour to further the national cause. Public spirit could not ring truer, yet there is much to be done before Labor will pull together with other sections of the community, and for the absence of unity of effort Ministers themselves are chiefly blameable. They and their agents go about the business in the wrong way. You will recollect that there was a strike and a ca'canny campaign at the Liverpool docks, and that Lord Kitchener visited the waterside and told the men if they did not voluntarily do their little bit steps would be taken to compel them to load and unload ships that were taking supplies to the army on the Continent. The bulk of the men were greatly impressed by the War Secretary's representations, and Lord Derby, as spokesman for the War Office, arrived on the scene with a scheme to create a Dockers' Battalion, by which the men would become veritable soldiers of industry, wear khaki, and still receive the current union rate of wage. This scheme was submitted in secrecy to the executive of the Dockers' Union, approved by it, and enlistment began at once.

DOCKERS ALLEGE TRICKERY.

Nothing was publicly done to acquaint the men with the full effect of the exchange from corduroys to khaki. A thousand of them fastened to get into a military uniform, and then discovered for the first time that they had made themselves subject to the rigid discipline of the army. They thought that they were going to play at being soldiers, and that the idea was that wearing the country's cloth they would behave themselves better. They were aghast when they learnt that a few of their number, falling away from grace, had been treated with military abruptness. When the experience of these men became known recruiting instantly dried up. Lord Derby, never persona grata with the workers, because, a very wealthy man, his private interests have often clashed with aggressive unionism, went to Liverpool to stimulate enlistment, and to assure the men that none but unionists would be enrolled, and that unionism would be scrupulously honored. The hall in which he was to speak was crowded with dockers. He never got past his opening sentence. The men yelled him into silence, and he angrily left the platform. The local press declared that only 20 per cent. of the audience created the disturbance. A very sober-minded and reliable man who was present at the meeting tells me that 80 per cent. of the men were hostile to Lord Derby.

They considered that their comrades had been tricked into the King's service, and they were not mealy-mouthed in their denunciation of the Earl of Derby. Members of their executive were loudly upbraided for agreeing to a hole-and-corner scheme which put every recruit right outside the control of the organisation. The officials retorted that under the Defence of the Realm Act they would have been guilty of high treason if they had opposed the wishes of the War Office as expressed by Lord Derby. No amount of persuasion has mollified the majority of the men, and it is significant that Lord Derby has announced that the thousand already wearing the uniform will suffice for the needs of the State. The first plan for putting all the dockers into khaki has been scrapped. The dockers feel that they were taken on the hop, and their dissatisfaction has communicated itself to other unions in other parts of Great Britain. Thanks to the way in which an excellent idea has been carried into effect, unionists everywhere are gazing askance at all suggestions for the better co-ordination of labor.

The right thing was done at Liverpool, but done in the wrong way. They will be no second Dockers' Battalion

Marching Song.

We mix from many lands,
We march from every far;
In hearts and lips and hands
Our staffs and weapons are;
The light we walk in darkness
Sun and moon and star.

Out under the moon and stars,
And shafts of the urgent sun,
Whose face on prison bars
And mountain heads are one,
Our march is everlasting
Till Time's march is done.

Rise ere the dawn is risen,
Come and be all souls fed;
From field and street and prison
Come; for Truth is living;
Wako, for the Night is dead.

O nations undivided,
O single people and free,
We dreamers, we derided,
We mad, blind men that see
We bear ye witness ere ye come
That ye shall be.

The locks shall burst in sunder
The hinges shrieking spin,
When Time, whose hand is thunder,
Lays hand upon the pin.
And shoots the bolts reluctant,
Bidding all men in.

A. C. SWENBURNE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

J. Sweeney, (Balti): Many thanks.
W. Ray (New Plymouth): Next issue.
Flaneur: Many thanks.
A.E.B.: Many thanks.
J.E.J.: Many thanks.
H.T.: Write soon.
A.C. (Wellington): In a few days. Thanks.

The Wellington "Evening Post" has discovered handbills posted up in Wellington, asking the workers to send money to Australia to get literature about the I.W.W. The "Post" is alarmed. No need to get worried, grandam.

The workers are advised to use the ballot like their class did in Australia, and emancipate (?) themselves. In fact the "Post" reckons that the ballot-box is a fine playing for the working class. The Australian worker has got emancipated all right—in the neck.

"And the I.W.W. tactics are hideous things." H'm, so they are for the boss and his old "Wooden Post." They get the goods, eh? The "Post" likes the workers' meek, devoid of grit. The "Post" also likes its machinery easy-running, and devoid of grit. The I.W.W. likes its members militant and their spirit full of grit. And when they get into the "Post" office the "Post" will be squeaky. For grit is hideous, says the "Post."

There are two companies using automatic baking machines at present in Wellington. Another one starting in Christchurch. These machines only need two labourers to tend them. One puts in the flour and other materials at the top, and the other takes the loaves out at the bottom. That is displacing the skilled baker with a vengeance. From the dough to the long-handled shovel (when you can get a job) is a short way to go now-a-days: What about One Big Industrial Union, Mister Do-ugh? (J. Sweeney).

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.

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

Fellow worker! We want subscribers for the paper.

but there will be suspicious and perhaps querulous examination of every proposition which reaches them from the War Office. A little frank fessness, a little tact, and the working men of Great Britain, who love their country as much as any of their fellow-men, would have been docilely doing their full share of the war work.—"The Sun."

Literature List.

- Capital: Karl Marx, 3 volumes, per vol. 8s.
Value Price and Profit: Marx, bound 2s, paper 6d.
The Evolution of Property: Lafargue, bound 2s.
The Militant Proletariat: Austin Lewis, bound 2s.
The New Unionism: Tridon, paper 1s 8d.
Work and Wages: Thorold Rogers, paper cover, Price 1s. 8d.
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.
Even Bid Leaders: B. H. Williams, Price 3d.
Political Socialism or Capturing the Government: D. 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 Mot: 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-street, 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.
Woman and Socialism, the classic work on this subject, revised, enlarged, and newly translated (Webb) 6s.
Ancient Society, the greatest and most revolutionary book on primitive man (Morgan) 6s.
The Positive Outcome of Socialism (Engels) 6s.
Letters on Logic and the Nature of Human Brain-Work (Dietzen) 4s.
Landmarks of Scientific Socialism (Anti-Dühring) 4s.
Contains the most important portions of the larger work from 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 (Fritsch) 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, Ward, Small, and other Sociologists (Fawcett) 4s.
Critique of Political Economy. Explains the general theory of surplus value and discusses 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.
Philosophical Essays, including the Religion of Social Democracy, the Ethics of Social Democracy, Social Democratic Philosophy etc. (Dietzen) 4s.
The Positive Outcome of Socialism. Three lectures explaining what crime really is (Ferre) 2s.
Justice and Goodness (Lafargue) 2s.
The Militant Proletariat, a discussion of the American working-class and the Socialist Party (Lewis) 2s.
Memoirs of Karl Marx: Delightful personal recollections (Lab-knecht) 2s.

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.