

Shorter Hours and Slower Work mean Longer Pay.

DIRECT ACTION

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ONE PENNY

The System and the Slave.

The capitalist system of production and distribution for profit is an unstable one. A system which can be kept going only by the negation of its own principles cannot permanently stand the strain to which it is subjected.

Labour's demands grow daily in violence and importunity. The proletarian is satisfied only temporarily by "reforms" and "palliatives." Insistently Labour cries, like the daughters of the horse-leech, "Give!" Defenders of capitalism work strenuously to prevent proletarians calling to each other, throughout the length and breadth of the world: "Let us take!"

Such a condition of affairs obviously cannot endure for long. The mental and moral antagonisms aroused by existing inequalities in the social order, the great gulf fixed between rich and poor in countries where Capitalism is highly developed, demand that some solution of the difficulty shall speedily be found.

Collectivism, or Public Ownership, based upon private loans is no remedy for existing evils. It but perpetuates the system. It does not lead to the Cooperative Commonwealth. It is impossible by anything short of Confiscation to re-distribute Ownership in such a way as to make the proletarian economically and industrially free. Capitalism cannot be "bought out."

Confiscation, however, is contrary to the spirit of the age. Your reformer invariably travels along the line of least resistance, and fondly imagines that by some occult means he will ultimately reach a satisfactory solution of all his difficulties.

The goal he is rapidly nearing is one that he little dreams of. It is nothing less than the establishment by legal means of compulsory labour by the proletarian for the benefit of the owners of the instruments of production and distribution.

This is slavery, pure and simple, for it legally divides society into two classes: one economically and politically free; the second not so, but possibly assured in the beginning of a minimum of well-being.

The proletarian does not think in terms of property, but of employment. Consequently, an arrangement of the system which would make their lot more tolerable, although carrying with it for them the onus of slavery, may not be deemed objectionable by the great mass.

In such measures as the Insurance Act, Compulsory Arbitration, of enforcing Trade Union bargains, establishment of Labour Colonies for the "unemployable," municipal and State enterprises financed by capitalists, compulsory registration and compulsory military service, we note the strenuous endeavours of Capitalism to render itself, at the expense of the worker, more stable.

What the final outcome of all this will be it is difficult to state. One thing is certain, that a movement like the Industrial Workers of the World, based as it is upon Industrial Unionism and the One Big Union, non-parliamentary and therefore free from the crase for "reforms" and "palliatives," is the greatest bulwark the proletarian can have in protecting itself against the possibility of the coming Industrial Slavery.

CORRESPONDENCE.

R. M. Rose, received; will use when things cool a little.

Flaneur, J.M.W.; M.S.; N.E.; A.E.B. Thanks.

C.L. Rosano. Thanks. Notified secretary, A.C.L.



Australia's Impending Danger.

BRITISH CAPITALISTS FEEDING GERMAN SOLDIERS.

The German Army must also have tea. Let us see how we have supplied it. During the first fortnight of war, export was restricted and only 90,000 lbs. were sent out of the country, whereas for the corresponding period of the previous year 179,143 lbs. were exported. During the next three months the restrictions were removed, when no less a quantity than 15,908,628 lbs. were sent away—the greater part of it by roundabout channels to Germany—against 1,146,237 lbs. for the corresponding period in 1913. After three months a modified restriction was placed upon the export of tea, but after reckoning the whole sum it is found that DURING THE TIME WE HAVE BEEN AT WAR WE HAVE SENT ABROAD OVER 20,000,000 lbs. OF TEA, while in the corresponding year we sent only a little over 2,000,000 lbs.!

Now, where has it gone? In August and September last, Germany received from Holland 16,000,000 lbs., whereas in that period of 1913 she only received 1,000,000 lbs. Tea is given as a stimulant to German troops in the field, so we see how the British Government have been tricked into ACTUALLY FEEDING THE ENEMY!

And again, let us see how the poor are being exploited by the policy of those in high authority. At the outbreak of war the market price of tea was 7d. per lb. As soon as exportation was allowed, the price was raised to the buyer at home to 8d. Then, when exports were restricted, it fell to 8d. But as soon as the restrictions on exports were removed altogether, the price rose until, to-day, the very commonest leaf-tee fetches 10d. a lb.—a price never equalled, save in the memories of octogenarians.—Wm. Le Queen in "The Empire's Deadly Danger."

BRISBANE.

For a' that and a' that, It's coming soon for a' that, Sed working men o'er half the world, Made chattel-slaves for a' that."

Brisbane Local is still going ahead. Industrial Unionism is being advocated with a vigor and persistency that cannot fail to have due effect. Splendid work is being done by Sydney fellow-workers newly arrived. F.W. Jackson got in some telling propaganda during his short visit here. Papers and literature sales are good, and with each fellow worker putting his shoulder to the wheel, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, Brisbane for Industrial Unionism and the One Big Union.

A. E. BROWN.

Cor. Sec.

Local No. 7.

Says Mr. Block:—

Another correspondent urges that Mr. Holman "must thank the teachers of the I.W.W. doctrines for the display made against him, not because of his political leanings, but because he was out with the intention of stirring their deadened consciences to a sense of duty. The I.W.W. are at work everywhere with their suggestions of disloyalty—in the workshops, in the fields, at the street corners. They never lose an opportunity of getting in their deadly work; and because of their teachings, hundreds of young men sneer at patriotism, speak insultingly of the King, and laugh to scorn the idea of fighting for something they do not possess—a country. An I.W.W. man once told me that a worthy man had no right to be, and had no object in being, loyal to either King or country."—"S.M. Herald."

ORGANISATION NEWS.

Good progress is reported by I.W.W. members working at the Alpine railway construction camp. An economic class is held every evening, and attracts a good many of the workers there. Occasionally there is a debate, which is also attended by interested workers. At Picton, on the same line, there is also good work being done by a bunch of "wobblies." At Tarana, there are a few of the boys who are getting in good work.

In other parts of the country, in the different States solid work is being done for the O.B.U. In Innisfail, Stanthorpe, Brisbane, Apple Tree Creek in Queensland, Crib Point, Portland and Allandale in Victoria; Launceston and Linds in Tasmania; Port Augusta and the transcontinental line in S.A.; and in the mining and lumber districts of the West, the members of the organisation are getting in splendid work for the abolition of capitalism.

Little wonder the ruling class and their lackey, the daily press, is wailing about this new organisation that is breeding and stimulating discontent all over the modern world. And that we are making the I.W.W. felt, let us redouble our efforts, to build up the new and to destroy and overthrow the old system of robbery and slavery.

A splendid sign of the times is the establishment of a sure and reliable means of communication between the organisation in various parts of the world, by means of sailors and firemen, who to-day are rapidly becoming a great factor in the development and growth of the Industrial Workers of the World. The time is rapidly approaching when we shall be entirely independent of the capitalists and their mail and cable services.

The Traitorous Instincts.

"There is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts."—Herbert Spencer.

"If you are not prepared to wear the uniform of the King, you may be compelled to don that of the Kaiser." So says Holman, "Labor" Premier of New South Wales. There was a time, we believe, when Holman had no time for Kings or Kaisers. That was in the days before the opportunity, which we are told, always knocks once at each man's door, beckoned to Holman; the opportunity, in this case to sell the workers' birthright for less than a mess of pottage, while securing economic, political, and social advancement for himself. But, alas! Holman is now so enthusiastic in his preference for loyal rulers, that he forgets all he owes to those same workers. He dubs them loafers and wasters when they refuse to cloak the murder of their class by a uniform and incidentally risk their own lives for no other reason than that a first cousin of Kaiser William may continue to adorn the coin in which they are paid their meagre wages, instead of the equally insipid countenance of Kaiser Bill himself.

That is a choice that is really worth dying for!

However, Holman is content that somebody else should do the dying. He, like all the other "leading citizens," the functionaries of Church and State, bishops and parsons, judges and magistrates, ministers and politicians, the whole horde of capitalist funkies, each would sacrifice "the last man and the last shilling," so long as he was not the man and the shilling was not his own.

Most surely there is no alchemy by which the instinct of the beast of prey can be turned into an instrument for social good; no circumstances under which the hereditary and age-long enemies of the working class can tender us advice calculated to be to our advantage; no occasion, never was, and never will be, on which this treacherous brood ever advised the workers to a course of action which did not render it more easy for themselves to fatten and batten on the stolen product of labor.

The cry of "disloyalty" and "traitors" is being freely hurled about by Holman and his colleagues. The word "traitor" is a nasty one; but there can be no greater traitor than he who is disloyal to principle, disloyal to class, and disloyal to his pledged word. If one looks for traitors of this type he need go no further than the criminal crew who are the so-called Labor leaders in this State. But this fraternity seem to forget the lessons of history. There will yet come a time when traitors of this character may be in danger of getting short shrift at the nearest lamp post. One can see, in consequence of the economic results which this war will produce, thousands of people walking the streets of Sydney, London, Berlin, Paris and every other city in the world, vainly crying for bread. The people will then know where to look for traitors, and men (save the mark!) of the Holman-Black-Fitzgerald type, if they are not hiding their cowardly carcasses, will be found performing their murderous functions of ordering the armed forces of Capitalism to shoot the people down.

The catechism tells us that Judas Iscariot "was damned to hell for all eternity." Poor Judas! There was a gross miscarriage of justice, considering the traitors of modern times.

T. GLYNN.

If a notice "Expired" is on your "Direct Action," it means that your sub has expired. Renew at once, if you desire a continuation.

Direct Action

Listen! Beggars of the Golden Mile!

The Reward of Brains.



OFFICIAL ORGAN

Of the

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF

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Boulder News.

Propaganda is booming here.

Our meetings are increasing in numbers every week. We always have five or six police, besides plain clothes detectives, in our crowds.

The master class send patriotic pimps to the I.W.W. meetings to ask war questions, with the thinly disguised attempt to try to make F.W. Reeves commit himself in an unpatriotic statement, so that the police could take action against him. But we are wise to these tactics.

The local press is giving the I.W.W. a bit of notice now; the day will come when this field will ring from end to end with the I.W.W.

The press here seems to confuse the I.W.W. with the Socialists. What a shock awaits the press.

In a few days F.W. Reeves and Sawtell are going to visit the wood lines, and afterwards the Trans line on an organising tour. The wood lines are a very important strategic point in the class war here. If the wood lines are stopped, the mines can be held up. The wood cutters are the only workers who have ever had a strike here. Three years ago they went out, but graciously left a big pile of wood on hand for the master class; but this time we will put them wise as what to do.

Sawtell and Harding took a trip down the Kurrangang wood line, and sold £2 worth of literature, and addressed three fairly good meetings. More Italian literature is wanted for the Kurrangang wood line, as there are a great number of Italians on the wood line, who all take readily to the revolutionary unionism of the I.W.W. The speakers explained to the wood cutters how and why they should be organised in the mining department of the One Big Union. Our meetings have been splendid, considering the intense cold of the weather. All sorts of attempts to break our meetings with interjectors, pimps and drunks have failed. Of course the police, like the poor, are always with us.

The I.W.W., and more particularly F.W. Reeves, have been the means of inspiring some of the "capitalistic" journalists to write us down. We understand, we would not have it otherwise, as this abuse from the press shows the I.W.W. is doing its work.

The Trans line will be our next organising tour.

Greetings from rebels here, to rebels over your side.

M. SAWTELL.

You truckers and bidders, listen.

Wake up.
You are scabbing on the unemployed by working so hard, and by allowing the bosses to speed you up. Don't do it, boys.

It is a scabby old game.

Many of you are discontented. Of course you are. Now let us make that discontent intelligent. How?

By reading and studying the propaganda of the Industrial Workers of the World.

It is rumoured that the bidders are thinking of forming another craft union, and of breaking away from the Miners' Federation.

What! Another craft union?

Why, you have got thirty already on and about the fields, and now some of you want another; with another ignorant and well paid official for the workers to keep, and another scabby old Arbitration Award to bind the workers in abject poverty and servitude.

No, join the Industrial Workers of the World, a union with a punch, a union that uses industrial union methods, to get better conditions for the working class.

No fooling about for months in an Arbitration Court, or waiting three years for next election. But by using "Direct Action" and "Sabotage" on the job, down in the mines.

You bidders hold the key of the position on the mines.

You are in the majority.

But you are to-day what the bosses and the agents of Labor please to term the unemployed. You are the hardest worked, the lowest paid, and the most despised.

Is it not so?

And until you kick you ought to be despised. You cowards!

Wake up, and show the mine owners the power of the unskilled worker, by striking on the job. Your award is up early next year, 1916.

What are you going to do about it?

Are you going to allow the Miners' Federation to fool you this time?

Will you allow ignorant and spineless union officials like MacLeod and Glance to track and betray you this time?

Twelve a day rise, what a tragedy! What a manifestation of working class ignorance, disorganisation, and glaring incompetence of the paid officials of the Miners' Federation.

Fellow workers, as man to man, as one fellow-worker to another fellow-worker: "What have we to offer our children in the future?" What have we to offer them, but wage-slavery; but a living hell deep down in the lung-damaging mines, a tin shack to live in, and all the horrors, the pinching and the starving of a living wage.

Now brother, think of that son of yours at home, just about to leave school, what inheritance can you leave him?

Your shovel and truck, when the "miners' complaint" has finished you

FROM QUEENSLAND.

It is remarkable that the workers can be imposed on so easily, seeing that the imposition is so palpable. In reviewing recent occurrences this fact has been amply demonstrated to any one who takes a little time for thought.

During the recent spar for jobs in Parliament the late representative for Rockhampton, Grant, after telling the people that in recent times there had been 49 strikes in N.S.W., which resulted in a loss to the strikers, and others indirectly concerned, of over £100,000, he told them that he believed in their unions.

I should think that he would believe in them, when they bring such deplorable results as those he mentioned; for they cannot be very harmful to the employers. After that it is hardly surprising for the workers to listen to Adamson, the Labor representative, reiterate the remarks of his co-parasite, and state that in order to make more progress he would like to see them form many more trade unions. We may take it for granted that they both fear the International Industrial organisation of the workers. It spells the sack for them and their friend, the union secretary.

Throughout the sugar industry in North Queensland the farmers have given the cutting of their cane to the Hindoo and other aliens—as the Christians call them—who are debauched by the present unionism from becoming organised. The consequence is that the farmers have the opportunity afforded

off, or you lay crushed under a fall of ground, or you just die like all the workers die, early from overwork.

If the bidders, if the working class love their wives and children, why don't they demand the same conditions to live under as the mine owners; good houses, good clothes, more leisure and education.

No, it is true what fellow-worker MacMillan says:

"You live in a shack that shames you,

You starve with your wife and kids,

You stifle the germs of manhood,

And do as your master bids."

And so you do.

Now you bidders, join the I.W.W.

and learn to kick.

Strike on the job.

Go to work, but go very slow.

If the "tally" is ten trucks, only put out five. Don't leave the shovels and

trucks for scabs to use. Don't let the engine drivers haul scabs up and down the shaft.

Stop on the job and go slow.

The best way to picket a strike is to stop on the job, go slow, and make the best pay, the strike pay.

I know the conditions under which you work. I have "baggod" with you on five different mines. The trucks in the Percy, Australia and Lake View, in fact in all the mines are too big.

Well, go a bit slower.

Never mind what the machine men do, let them work their hearts out on their scabby old contracts, if they are foolish enough to do so, but mind you don't.

Anyhow, the bidders hold the power.

You are the real proletariat, the propertyless, the homeless, and often jobless to whom the I.W.W. makes their appeal.

The bidders are the "bottom dogs"

of the mining industry, nobody can go faster than the bidders will allow them.

And the bidders can play Hell with dividends.

There is nothing to stop the bidders

on these fields, demanding and getting the same rate of pay for all the workers

on the mines, and all day shift, and a six-hour day at that.

Just at present, the mine owners

graciously grant prominent union officials all day shift jobs.

In the future, the I.W.W. hopes, not

to ask, but to take all day shift jobs for all workers.

If the master class want more gold, let them put on more men.

Absorb the unemployed.

Now bidders, will you join the I.W.W. It is up to you.

Come Britisher!

Come Slav!

Come Italian!

Come working class of the world.

Bidders join, and kick with the mining department of the One Big Union.

M SAWTELL.

Sec. I.W.W.

them to carry on increased exploitation, which results in the "alien" getting a monopoly of the work, and the union white worker carrying his swag. The country is covered by workless men looking for the right to work.

Notwithstanding the "great Labour victory" poverty and oppression are being more keenly felt.

Workers of the World! It behoves you in face of the example before you, eyes of the failure of your craft unions, and your political leaders, to awaken from your deathly sleepiness. "Have done with hypocrisy! Recognise that you have the same power to subdue your masters as you have to subdue the powers of nature.

Foster a hatred of slavery and oppression, seek for complete freedom, which is your natural right. What are your weapons? It is International Industrial organisation and Direct Action.

T. HEALY.

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

By Ajax.

The laws pertaining to patents and inventions in Australia and elsewhere are somewhat elastic and practically allow rich companies to rob the poor or unwary inventor. In England many clever inventors die poor, and several committed suicide, unmonitored and unknown, the ignorant public complacently accepting the stupid Coroner's verdict, "Committed suicide while temporarily insane."

Dr. Smiles, a conservative writer, in his "History of Inventors," shows how even the successful inventors frequently were cheated out of their dues.

Richard Roberts invented the self-acting mule and other mechanical improvements. Dr. Smiles says: "Many have profited by his inventions without even acknowledging the obligation which they owe to him. They have used his brains and copied his tools, and the 'sucked orange' is all but forgotten."

J. B. Nielsen patented the hot blast. This invention later meant a saving of nearly £2,000,000 to iron foundries in Scotland. The iron foundries formed a syndicate which spent £40,000 in law-suits trying to rob the inventor of his patents. They succeeded in forcing Nielsen to forego 70 per cent. of his royalties.

David Musket, by his discovery of Black Band ironstone in Scotland, gave trade a great fillip. He invented a process of applying Nielsen's hot blast to anthracite coal, thus effecting a great saving to the capitalists. They pocketed the savings, which, at one works alone, was estimated at £22,000 a year, and forgot to reward the inventor for his ingenuity. Another clever man, Henry Cort, invented several improvements in iron manufacture, which laid the foundation of fortunes of rich capitalists. He was defrauded of his patent rights by a dirty trick, and died in abject poverty.

It is not generally known that Marconi, although backed by capital, was obstructed in his attempt to establish wireless across the Atlantic. A well-known cable company paid a man £110 a week to destroy Marconi's signals. This was done by erecting a wireless station near Land's End and sending out powerful currents. Eventually Marconi was forced to give up the station at the Lizard and erect another west of the company's plant.

It is only recently that the inventor of the Diesel engine, an invention that is probably worth millions to interested capitalists, killed himself.

The writer knows of one case where a young employee, working in a telegraph instrument factory, invented an improvement, but was forced to sell it to his employer for £5. The firm subsequently made thousands out of his invention.

Numerous other cases might be quoted: It is very difficult to form any estimate of the numerous inventors who have been robbed. When we consider the frequent lack of business experience of the inventor, the sinister silence of the press, the power of wealth, and other circumstances connected with invention, we can safely assume that for every case of a robbed inventor that is known, there are probably scores that are never heard of.

The lot of the inventor under capitalism is not a happy one. In the first place, unless a large profit can be expected, no capitalist will invest. Secondly, it costs roughly £400 to cover the initial expenses of the patent rights. In many cases the law is not able to guarantee protection, even if it would. There are frequently many chances of stealing the idea of the patent and altering the details so as to evade the law. Needless to say, the rich firm nearly always wins at law against a poor inventor.

Nearly all the wonderful inventions of modern times are the work of comparatively poor men. Very rarely has a man reared in the lap of luxury, shown any creative ability. The inventor is really the cream of the working-class brains, from a commercial standpoint. Rich exploiters have grown fabulously wealthy on the poor man's ingenuity, while the latter, thrown on the industrial scrap-heap, sinks to a pauper's grave.

No wonder Dr. Smiles sums up his "History of Inventors" by calling them "sucked oranges."

The political twisters, courteously designated statesmen, and the murderers commonly known as war lords, have honors, wealth and power while alive, and monuments are erected to their memory when dead. They are, socially, very important people! Inventors whose creative genius properly applied would lighten the labor and increase the happiness of humanity, go unrewarded to a pauper's grave, only to be remembered as "a sucked orange."

The encouragement of inventive faculties among the slaves who may possibly possess some ingenuity, has not been overlooked. In some services employees have to sign agreements to the effect that any invention they make belongs to the employer. This is not an attempt to dodge the law, neither is it economic compulsion, nor are we to regard it as an interference with the liberty of the individual, only bad men who wish to tear up society by the roots, crush "the incentive to gain," and rob the inventor of his reward, would suggest such things. These rules are merely an example of the vast foresight and ability of capitalists!

It is said that Lever Bros. had a special box in the workshop into which employees were expected to drop notes relative to improvements. This highly respected and model firm paid half a crown for any improvement adopted. It is thus capitalism rewards brains and industrial efficiency, and meanwhile the sucked oranges, who labor in the industrial arena and inventive field, work on, weighed down by the fear that Socialism will some day level them down.

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."

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 capitalism, 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.

Politicians, the I.W.W. & the War.

Work and War.

Agitation in Melbourne.

No Conscription.

The silly season is with us once again. The politicians of New South Wales, Liberal and Labor alike, assisted by other noisy, but harmless bulwarks of Empire, have taken a hand in the recruiting business.

The opening of the season was certainly rather inauspicious, when Messrs. Holman and Wade—the deadly political enemies of the once-was—faced a howling mob at the Stadium, to attempt to get recruits for the front. A garrulous member of the Legislative Council at a more recent meeting fathomed the disturbance on to the I.W.W. The same person would blame the I.W.W. just as quickly for the typhoon at Hong Kong, or the fall of Warsaw.

Putting these childish and ridiculous platitudes on one side, let us for one moment analyse why the habitues of the Stadium refused to listen to the Government and Opposition leaders. The greater percentage of the men present were miners from Newcastle, and to these men, with their memories of the great coal strike, and the subsequent goings under the Coercion Act, the sight of C. G. Wade acted upon them much in the same way as a red rag acts upon a bull. And Mr. Holman himself was refused a hearing largely on account of his inconsistent attitude during the progress of the war. At the beginning of the war, Mr. Holman expressed himself to the effect that if Britain went into this war it was no reason why Australia should join in. After being called over the coals by a military officer of high standing in the State, Mr. Holman somersaulted from the indifferent position he had taken up, and is now engaged in recruiting.

Then placing beside these well-known facts the rapidly growing and perfectly natural antipathy to politics and politicians that is being expressed not only in Australia but all over the world, one really cannot wonder at the failure of these gentlemen to obtain the hearing they desired.

In dealing with other meetings and speakers, it is quite evident that some of the speakers are very likely to encourage young men to go to the front, when their statements are devoid of reason, and sometimes positively ridiculous. Take, for instance, a well-known politician, who comes, we are told, from the Emerald Isle, who queries: "What will the Germans do when they arrive here? See what they did in Alaska and Lorraine." Men with such a scanty knowledge of geographical terms are hardly likely to obtain recruits. Then again, listen to Mr. Henry, M.L.A. He says, "We are fighting the most intelligent people in the world." Which any one will admit is scarcely complimentary to the Anglo-Saxon people.

Then we are again treated to something amounting to hysteria by Mr. Fitzgerald, President P.L.L., and member of the House of Antiquities, who solemnly avowed that the I.W.W. was responsible for all anti-war feeling; that even if the I.W.W. wanted to go to fight for the Empire he for one would see them stopped; that the I.W.W. is a very small body; after which he emitted a ridiculously inconsistent aside, by saying that he wanted to see some of the soldiers come down from Liverpool and boot these fellows off the street. Here we have one of our statements "inciting to riot." Looking at the results of intolerant bigoted speeches of this type, and the quaintness of "liberty" expressed by Fitzgerald, one can only wonder that recruiting has been so successful as it has been. Then again to aver that the I.W.W. is a very small body, and then to spend half an hour crying about it, hardly the action of a "statesman." Boasting men off the streets may be a sample of Mr. Fitzgerald's patriotism, and Samuel Johnson evidently had samples of the same thing in his day when he coined the famous and timeless adage, "Patriotism is the last resort of a scoundrel."

Then again, we have the case of two members of the Legislature who went to Lithgow, and according to accounts, organised many young men who were supposed to such an extent that practically no recruits could be obtained. Then Mr. Holman comes back from the country and says that the results of his meetings were very disappointing. Then we have Mr. Black, the Chief Secretary, who says that anyone who goes to a recruiting meeting will be instantly arrested. In fact, open discussion of the war is to be sternly repressed.

certainly are hardly likely to obtain recruits we can take the unconscious "Irishman" of a well-known dignitary of the church who exclaimed, "When the soldiers in the trenches heard of the Lusitania outrage, they went mad. I notice that many men in Australia have not gone mad yet, or else they would be in the trenches to-day." Mr. Loxton, K.C., also let the economic cat out of the bag when he stated, "Are we to allow Germany to rob us of our heritage of liberty, as she has to a large extent robbed us of our heritage of commerce?" To get recruits, one needs plenty of platitudes, scraps of paper, broken treaties, but no economics or business. Righteousness, liberty, etc., appeal far more strongly to the sentimental sides of possible recruits than all the wails about lost contracts, or German business superiority.

Mr. Meagher, the Speaker of the House, at the Town Hall had a good deal to say about "honor," and likewise he used his eloquence to considerable effect upon the I.W.W. Mr. Meagher, at a P.L.L. Conference, a little while ago, justified assassination in certain cases, but we suggest to him that if he would confine his remarks to recruiting, he would possibly get far more recruits, than he is likely to do by, metaphorically, assassinating the I.W.W.

Another remarkable scene was witnessed at the Town Hall on Wednesday evening after the Chief Justice, Sir W. Cullen, sat down. During his discourse, the Chief Justice stated that we (meaning the Allies) were up against the best brains in Germany and America, although he stressed the point that the whole feeling of the United States was not aroused against the Allies. Immediately on resuming his seat, Mr. Fitzgerald rose, and floundering about said that he thought that the Chief Justice had hardly done himself justice. He got into such a muddle that, Sir Wm. Cullen had to tell the audience and Mr. Fitzgerald that he was speaking for himself, and knew what he was about. People of the type of Mr. Fitzgerald ought to be kept off public platforms, when they are likely to cause tension between countries, as in a similar case lately, when Mr. Watt, of Victoria, referred to the President of the United States, Mr. Woodrow Wilson as a "closet philosopher."

And yet men of the type of Fitzgerald come out to castigate the I.W.W., who certainly, whatever their defects, may be, are not desirous of bringing about by their muddle-headed egotism a conflict between Australia and the United States.

Therefore, in summing up from the standpoint of recruiting, and looking at the whole business from the standpoint of patriotism, one can only form the conclusion that politicians, instead of stimulating the rush to the front, have produced exactly the opposite effect. And then, after seeing their impotence, they blame the business in a stupid and childish manner on to the I.W.W. Rather let them examine themselves and see whether their failure is not due to the naturally increasing antagonism to politicians in general, and also to their stupid, ignorant, and childish methods of addressing desirable young men from a recruiting standpoint. Immersed in passionate admiration of themselves and their fat salaries, they have failed to notice in their narrow environment that the geographical, social and economic conditions are changing with lightning rapidity all over the world. But the foolish politician, ignorant of the psychology of the people, goes in where an angel would fear to tread.

In a country with the thoroughness of Germany, men of this type would be promptly dealt with by the authorities. If members of the Reichstag had made such a muddle of things as the present day politicians in N.S.W., a file of soldiers would have escorted them to the confines of a prison, where they would be comparatively harmless. And until the State Governor and the Imperial Government take this very necessary action very few recruits will be forthcoming as a result of the pantomimic performance of the last few days are to be tolerated.

Some of the individuals are useless for any other occupation than that of voting with the "Ayes" or "Noes." Possibly if the politicians had reduced their own salaries to £180 a year, they might have commanded a little respect from their audiences, who might have recognised that at least they were sincere.

And as far as the I.W.W. is concerned

I would take the liberty to draw your union to the great opportunity that exists in Australia during next harvest for the I.W.W. to organise the rural workers of Australia.

Ever since the war started, and especially since the Commonwealth Government started recruiting, the answer that the squatters and the cockies gave to the men who asked them for a job was, "Why don't you go to the war? You will get six bob a day and tucker there." The result is that thousands of men enlisted because they had only one alternative, either to starve or enlist.

Two years and a half ago the Commonwealth Labour Government sent George Reid to Berlin to address the German Reichstag on emigration from Germany to Australia. George told the Reichstag that Australia was as big as the United States and had less than five millions of people. He also told the Reichstag that Australia had room for 100 millions, that there were thousands of miles of Australia the foot of which had never felt the foot of a white man. That millions of acres of idle lands were waiting for willing hands to cultivate them and that no nation were better farmers than the Germans. To-day our Labour beauties consider that Australia is over populated, and that every man able-bodied and fit should leave Australia and travel 10 or 12 thousand miles to save Europe and the British Empire for the British capitalist.

Two years ago the politicians said the waste spaces of Australia must be filled up with able-bodied men. To-day every able-bodied man should chance his luck in Turkey, Germany, or France either turn himself into a corpse or come back to Australia with a pair of wooden legs.

You know Billy Holman will supply every returned soldier with a block of land. He has allotted 250,000 acres in the Wyalong district for that purpose. As it takes about 2000 acres to keep a family in that class of country 125 returned soldiers will be accommodated. The best classes of workers for the I.W.W. to organise and carry on their propaganda amongst are the miners and bush workers, or the class of work where labour is most casual. I see by to-day's "Herald" that Holman and Peacock, the Victorian cockaburra, are going to plan how to garner next season's harvest.

Well, if the I.W.W. organise the country workers next harvest and demand 48 hours for a week's work, and two and sixpence an hour they will set Messrs. Fisher and Co. and also pretty cocky thinking, and after the harvest they will not be too ready to tell men to clear out of Australia and turn themselves into manure 12,000 miles away.

By the workers asserting their power next harvest they would check recruiting and the Conscription Act, which Andy Fisher intends to bring in after the Referendum vote is taken. Surely the success of the coalminers in overcrowded Britain with 650 to a square mile should be an incentive to Australia with less than two to the square mile.

JAMES WARD.

ed they are an industrial organisation pure and simply. Further they are not impressed or otherwise with the wails and lamentations of fossils who are back again in the stage of tops and marbles. Nor of potential Sherlock Holmes who discover mare's nests and German conspiracies in the columns of the daily press.

If the I.W.W. went into the recruiting business, it would do it scientifically, and its first job would be to remove the useless and unnecessary lumber that is always in the way of having things done, and remove to a place where it could give advice to hominy tins and broad arrows. Some of the older types could be placed in the old men's home, while others, not so old, and with possibly a remote chance of making decent citizens, could be sent to a kindergarten to get a little elementary education, so as to be able to talk intelligently and coherently.

The feeling of the people is against the politicians, therefore if the people responsible want to get recruits let them place the patriotic, purse-proud members of the two Houses under surveillance so that they will not be able to make a pantomime out of what is, or ought to be, a serious matter.

TOM BARKER.

The action of the Federal Labor Government in attempting to force conscription upon the people of Australia, has brought upon itself the ignominy and contempt of all rational-minded people. There are things which cannot be tolerated, and the attempt to rear up in Australia a military autocracy should meet with the opposition of even the most docile of the working-class.

The faithful, dog-like obedience of the Labor politicians to the master-class has not been shaken even by the indignation of many of their own adherents, but with dogged persistence they pushed on with their legislation of reaction and oppression.

It must now be plain to all what traitors these Labor politicians have been. With glorious promises of the good times that were to be, they rode to power upon the backs of the working-class. They have now joined hands with the enemy—the master-class—and are endeavouring to force the shackles and fetters of conscription upon an already enslaved and suffering people.

Think of it! These self-styled "friends of Labor," making much noise about the awful menace of German militarism, and at the same time trying to force through Prussianised laws which they know to be the deadly foe of democracy, and always the enemy of the working-class.

It looks very much as if the Federal Labor Government takes the working-class for a lot of blind, ignorant fools, who will accept with loud "Amen's" anything they may say or do. But they are sadly mistaken. The insidious and infamous tactics adopted by these henchmen of the exploiting-class are very apparent to all who have eyes to see and ears to hear.

Once again, have these one-time exponents of the class-war proved themselves to be the enemies of the down-trodden and exploited slaves, and the friends and allies of the capitalist-class.

Surely a party which consorts and fraternises with the Imperial military chiefs, who have always been the implacable foe of the working-class, and seeks advice and information from the greatest thieves and scoundrels in society, cannot honestly claim to be a Labor Party! It only once again proves that, no matter what party is in power, they must obey the mandates of the master-class, or get out!

Despite what laws are passed, or who passes them, despite what proclamations are issued, or injunctions passed, there are men in Melbourne who are prepared to resist, even to the death, any such despotic system as compulsory military service.

Conscription is a devouring monster, which, when established in a country, spreads disease, crime, and pestilence wherever it sets its filthy paw. It is a dangerous enemy to the working-class, and will set back progress for many years; it will mean the shattering of many working-class organisations, and the silencing of Labor agitators; it will mean the suppression of many liberties we now enjoy, which members of our class have fought and bled and died for. Conscription is a mighty weapon in the hands of the master-class, hence, it must be faced, grappled with, and fought.

Better by far to go down fighting for freedom and right in Australia, than to win glory and fame as the invader of another people's country in the interests of the capitalist-class.

The agitation against conscription and militarism in Melbourne has been meeting with great success. There are three different organisations which are conducting an agitation against the tyrannical laws which are about to be forced upon the people. The Australian Peace Alliance; the No-Conscription Fellowship; and the Anti-Conscription and Anti-Militarist League.

The I.W.W. in Melbourne has seen fit to combine with the above organisations in holding united meetings against conscription. The enthusiasm and unanimity which dominates all the indoor meetings, has caused much alarm amongst the

loyalists and in the press.

When one sees the Athenaeum Hall full to overflowing; the Bijou Theatre packed to the roof, and Flinders Park crowded, and each meeting loud in their protests against military domination, it speaks well for the way the people are moving. But sentiment cuts very little ice.

If ever in the whole history of Australia the I.W.W. was needed, it is now. A blow is about to be delivered at our organisation; an attempt is being made to dis-unite our forces; an under-current is at work to silence our voices. We must hang together now, more than ever we did before. If we are not watchful, alert, and ready, oppression and disaster will descend upon our heads before we can lift our hands in defence.

Let us send out the call to all soldiers in the Army of Revolt, to mobilise around the banner of One Big Union, and be ready to resist to the "last man and the last shilling" any tyrannical measures they may be imposed.

The future is pregnant with all sorts of perilous times; the working-class. The ending of the war will be the beginning of a new era of starvation and misery for the exploited slaves.

All other organisations are dancing around with played-out weapons. It is for the I.W.W. to demonstrate the efficiency of Direct Action and sabotage.

The dark clouds of desolation and despair are already beginning to cause great privation, and the iron heel of oppression can already be felt.

Rally round all ye exploited and starved slaves of the greatest Empire in the world, and help to deliver an united blow that will make the master-class pay for all their bloody deeds and infamous atrocities.

NORMAN RANCIE.

BOULDER.

ACTIVITIES OF LOCAL NO. 6. HALL, LANE-ST., BOULDER, W.A.

Wednesday evenings, in Hall, class meeting.

Friday evening, Boulder Post Office, propaganda meeting.

Saturday evening, Kalgoorlie, propaganda meeting.

Sunday morning, 10.30 a.m., Hall, business meeting.

Sunday afternoon, Keane's Goldfields Hotel, Athletic Club, at 2.30, lecture.

Sunday evening, Boulder, propaganda meeting.

Good library at Hall. All Reds are invited to dig in and make Industrial Unionism the topic of the day.

E. OHRISTENSEN.

MELBOURNE ACTIVITIES.

Local No. 8, 243 William Street. Monday, 8 p.m.: Business Meeting. Thursday: Propaganda Committee meets.

Friday, 8 p.m.: Propaganda meeting at South Melbourne Market.

Saturday, 8 p.m.: Educational lecture in hall.

Sunday, 3 p.m.: Propaganda meeting at Flinders Park (Yarra Bank).

Library and reading room open every night. Working-class papers on file. Industrial Union literature on sale. All rebels are asked to blow along and make themselves known. All slaves will be welcome.

J. LAWRENCE, Secretary-Treasurer.

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Nobby.

A Living Wage Idyll.

Workers

Stick to Your Class.

My Message.

The gate of the Golden West, judged by the standards of those used to dwelling in cities, is merely a township. But a delightful township scattered along a few miles of sandy beach. Rottnest, Carnac, and Garden Islands are faint blurs on the horizon, and the blue of the sea that separates them from the mainland can be found nowhere else save in the depths of a child's eyes. And the river. Westralia will yet give birth to singers who will immortalise the beauties of the Swan. The wooded points bathed in sunshine, the quiet sheltered bays, the ideal punnic beaches, and the broad open reaches are things that fill the heart with joy, while to look seaward from Preston Point at night is to see paradise.

Although a brisk walk of twenty minutes from the main thoroughfare will land the exploring stranger in open bush, Fremantle is dignified by the title of city, and the dwellers therein must have wood. And Fremantle, moreover, is peculiarly a workers' city. Therefore, the worker, nurtured by Workers' Educational Associations and various self-help societies, hurries home from work on Saturday, borrows a knife and cart, and hies him forth to secure the wherewithal to cook the maternal chop and stoke the "copper" on the weekly washing day.

Last Saturday with an ample supply of tobacco and a book, the writer was leisurely making for one of the quiet riverside nooks abated when a hail from shop-mate Bill Whittless broke in to the vision of a long, looting afternoon. "Jump up here," he said, "I'm going out for a couple of loads of wood." Now I did not want any wood, and I did want to read, and smoke, and watch the lights and shadows of the afternoon sun on the river, and loaf the pleasant hours away. "Come on," he urged, holding my hesitation, "I've got half-a-dozen of beer in the cart." I went. Why should housewives have all the beer?

My companion, while I guarded the beer, smashed up logs, tore out stumps, chopped down trees, cut them up, trimmed them to a suitable size, and loaded the cart. At intervals, while retreating himself and putting spurs to his hands, he talked. "A man's a bloody fool to buy wood, wood's dear," said Bill. We finished the beer, and he said, glancing at the sun, "We had better make a move, I want to get another load in before dark." I suggested putting a bigger load on this trip, but he ruled against it. "If I'd brought Nobby I would have," he said. There are occasional patches of sand in W.A., and when we encountered one our steed, "Blazer," toiled painfully half-way through it, and stopped, jibbed. Bill coaxed Blazer, patted him, swore, threw his hat down, and jumped on it, and tried all the usual methods practised on jibbing horses until I lost patience. "Here," I said, "Gimme the damned whip, I'll shift him." "Hold on," shouted Bill, in alarm, as I whirled the whip savagely around, "if you bash him he won't pull at all." He looked at Blazer, swore a little, then climbed up and threw off part of the load. Blazer pushed thoughtfully against the collar, and started homeward with the diminished load. "I'll bring Nobby next time," said Bill. I was interested, and willingly accompanied him for the other load after helping to change horses.

When we had put on as much as Blazer had successfully struggled through the sand patch with, I said, warningly, "That's about enough, Bill." "Come on, come on," he answered, impatiently, "I'm not pulling. Nobby won't stick up. Why, he'll pull every time you ask him." I continued slinging up legs until Bill reckoned he had a fair load. We started, and Nobby grunted and struggled until we reached the patch of sand, when Bill said to me, "You watch him pull now." Nobby strove mightily, and we reached the fettered heap that marked Blazer's rebellion. When he stopped, with heaving flanks and trembling limbs, Bill patted his neck proudly. "A bona horse to pull," said Bill. Then, eyeing the heap that behind after the trouble of chopping it, he patted Nobby again. "Good old boy," he said, and he eyed the heap again. "Come on," he said to me, "let's sling it on, he'll pull it out." And on it went. Bill took off his coat, picked up the whip, and chirruped to Nobby. Nobby heaved mightily, but the load refused to stir. "Better sling it off again," I advised. "Rot," snapped

I want every worker to thoroughly understand his class; to stick and fight for his class, as they right or wrong. In short, to become class-conscious. Slaves are ever ready to bring a burglar to justice, but they overlook the fact that the master-class are continually robbing them of rent, interest, and profit. A capitalist has nothing nasty to say against a broker snob for perpetually robbing the masses, but a worker is always up against the burglar every time. About 80 leaders own practically all England, and draw millions of pounds every year for doing nothing. They own the earth. They didn't make it. On the other hand, 39 millions are poor, of which 12 millions are always on the verge of starvation.

Oh, but aren't the suffragists terrible! They ruin property, while the capitalists only ruin human lives. In a strike a worker kills a scab or one of the master class, every worker is up against him. But the scab class has nothing to say against their brothers when they order the soldiers to shoot down the strikers like dogs.

Now, if a worker does time in jail, every toiler hates him. They brand him as a bad-un. Why? Because they don't understand their class. I know a Sydney politician who had a few years' just experience, but he bless you, they hail him with delight at St. Mary's. In fact, him and Kelly are great pals. The Alugs!

The master-class are class-conscious. If a worker stands up in the street or in a hall to deliver the gospel of I.W.W.-ism to the workers, with one object in view: to teach them how to better their conditions, a number of slaves howl at him! Say he's mad! Call him a red-ragger! Sometimes they show fight. Now, if a snob gave a lecture in the Town Hall to an audience of "capitalists," they would cheer him, it would not matter if he said all the silly things imaginable, right or wrong, they would cheer him; stick for him; congratulate him. Why don't the workers treat their own class in the same manner?

Now, if a poor slave Chinaman, Jap, or a blackfellow came to Sydney, the cry comes from the wage plugs, "We don't want them! We hate the dirty beasts!" etc. What happens when a capitalist Chinaman or Jap arrives in Sydney? The master-class here give him a good welcome, shake him by the hand, sup with him, etc. The master class the world over are sticking to each other like fish glue in this war of murder. They disguise the whole business. By speaking of war as a glorious fight, patriotic music, flag flapping, make it seem like rabbit shooting, just mere sport, to kid and gull you to acquiescence in this great slaughter of human beings, while they look on and rake in the profits.

But when the wage-slaves go on strike, oh! how the masters despise them! They ask, "Why should the poor innocent public be forced to suffer it?" Mr. Fat does not seem to care how much the public suffer through the war, eh! Right or wrong, the capitalist class stick and fight for each other. Workers, go and do likewise!

Fellow worker! we want subscribers for the paper.

ed Bill, "he'll bring it out alright." He made a few trifling alterations to the harness, fastened the whip-lash on securely, and chirruped to Nobby again.

That faithful quadruped strove gamely, but unavailingly, while Bill shouted at him, and brought down the whip. Not once, but stripe after stripe. Then, foot by foot, with deep sobbing gasps, Nobby brought the load across to the hard ground.

I sat on an upturned feed-box chatting to Bill while he fed Blazer and Nobby that evening. He measured out the oats, bran, and chaff into their respective feed-boxes, and while he was mixing them I asked curiously, "Which is Nobby's, Bill?" "Oh, it don't matter," he answered carelessly, "they both get the same."

FLANEUR.

The One Bright Spot in Europe.

The one big event in current history of interest to both capital and labor is the English situation. This is THE one bright spot, from the workingman's standpoint, in the dark page of Europe. It reflects a labor revolt of great proportions and greater significance. "England's fate," says David Lloyd George, new Minister of War Munitions, in a supplicating speech to the organised longshoremen of Liverpool, "rests in the hands of labor." Elsewhere, where socialism was supposed to exist as a bulwark against reaction, the mailed fist of Mars, the war god, has crushed the working-class and converted it into a force of murder and oppression, directed mainly against itself and its posterity.

Not so in England. There, with dogged stubbornness and tenacity, labor refuses to be crushed or driven. "The government," cries out Thomas, Labor member of Parliament, "will not get what it wants by putting a pistol at Labor's head." Others cry out that any attempt to conscript Labor by force would be a disaster, and would retard the output of munitions, and probably lead to a revolt on the part of Labor which would "be reflected in the trenches across the sea."

Compared to take part in a war that is being waged to protect and promote the interests of the master capitalist class that has always exploited and oppressed it, the English working class is asserting itself. ON THE JOB, and WITHOUT STRIKING, in a manner that must inspire Labor everywhere as to its own inherent importance in its usual and international affairs. The English working class is proving once and for all that Labor has only to unite and use its class in freedom to render support to the greatest force that can be brought to bear against it. As England shows, LABOR, ALSO, CAN BE A SUCCESSFUL POWER OF MASS EMPLOYERS AND TO SECURE THE OUTCOME OF VOTES. It is when Labor succeeds in uniting and using its own economic powers, permits its own organization and empowerment, that Labor is defeated and made to suffer. When conscious of its economic power, and united as a class in accordance with that consciousness, labor is invincible. There is nothing that Labor cannot win, for on its own and drawn on its ability, skill and muscle—social progress and the rate of world conquering empires depend. The strategic battles of history are now fought in the shop and not on the field. It is these facts that the English working class is driving home once more, and they give to the English situation its deep significance, and far-reaching importance.

American labor has, as yet, shown no great appreciation of these facts. True, many American workmen, realise instinctively the working class nature of the British Labor revolt; especially in contrast to the docile submission of the German and other workers. To them it is an assertion of working class humanity—an awakening to the fact that workmen are something more than automata, to be ordered to die, if necessary, by rulers whose only function is to despoil and oppress them. American capital, however, views the situation more correctly—with the proverbial "alarm." Its editors discuss it at great length; they scent the importance of English working class action from afar. Not only are big American capitalist interests closely intertwined with those of England, but so also is the American labor problem likely to be. The capitalist editors fear English example on American labor, as the forms and practices of American unionism are largely derived from English sources and are inspired by them. And, of course, they deplore the lack of patriotism which these Anglo-Saxons exhibit. Listen, for instance, to the New York "Journal of Commerce—

"The Government of Great Britain has been striving with all its might to do its part in equipping armies, and keeping up its navy, and it is now trying to put forth increased energy in the field. It's greatest obstacle has been and yet is to get vigor and persistent effort in the dockyards and arsenals, in foundries and factories, to turn out munition and supplies to the full measure of which they are capable. The chief difficulty has been in the solid resistance of labor unionism to extra hours, to extra exertion, to full efficiency or any zeal in producing results. It has become a question of compulsory

The N.W.U. and Work.

The National Council of Women wants industrial conscription, or what it calls national service, for women. The N.C.W. is chiefly composed of our female unemployed. The wives and women folk of capitalists, politicians, parsons, professors, judges, lawyers and all the other hangers-on of capitalist society may be found there.

Divorce Court records prove that there is more real vice to be found amongst this class than in any other strata of society. The girl in shop and factory may, therefore, on that account be less liable to insult from their employers, and this may be said to be the only "national service" N.C.W. folk ever render to their own sex.

The spectacle of this idle, vicious, good-for-nothing clique, who cannot wash their own soiled underwear without having a woman of the working class to do it for them, discussing the problem of work, is enough to raise a howl of laughter in hell. If one could be sure that they would be taken out of their mansions and motor-cars, placed in the factory, and compelled to house, clothe, and keep themselves on the fifteen shillings a week which statistics show to be the average wage for female labor in Australia, industrial conscription might be justifiable.

But then the respectable women at present employed in industry might ask for a rise in wages for this fresh risk of moral contamination.

C.G.

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service, not in the army, but in the shops and factories whose work at this time is mainly for the Government to support it in the struggle which has been forced upon it in defence, as Minister Lloyd George says, of the life of the nation, the liberties of Europe, and the power, honor and influence of the British Empire. The formidable question rises and grows like the genie escaping from the unsealed jar in the Arabian tale, whether the solidarity of English labor unionism is the death of English patriotism among workmen.

The solidarity of Labor is the death of every capitalist sham and humbug. The patriotism of the English capitalist class produced the world's worst slums and a physically deteriorated working class; not to mention its part in one of the most vicious wars history has ever recorded—a war in which the workers on the firing line at the front have been slaughtered by an enemy fed, via Holland, for profit by English capitalist "patriots." English labor is sick of a patriotism that is for the interest of the master class. "Prussianism" could not treat it worse—and the former may find it just as hard to handle.

But enough! Let us profit from the English situation: Labor united is invincible. It has only to slacken its pace to make empires totter. The economic power of Labor is the power that runs the world. Hasten the day when Labor shall consciously realise and assert the fact, in its own class interests the world over—*"In Solidarity."*

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.: Peace paper 3d.
- Evening School 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": ad.
- Revolutionary Unionism: E. J. B. Allen, ad.
- Industrial Unionism: Hanlon, ad.
- Economic Discontent: paper 2d.
- Wage-Labor and Capital: Marx, paper 1d.
- The Diesel Motor: Frankenthal, ad.
- Industrial Unionism: St. John, ad.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS ON SALE.

(All the works published below, although not officially endorsed by the whole by the organisation, can be obtained from the Literature Secretary, I.W.W., Local No. 2, 380 Castlereagh-street, Sydney. Cash must accompany all orders.)

- Title.
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