

SABOTAGE:-The Conscious withdrawal of working-class Efficiency.

DIRECT ACTION



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ONE PENNY

The Labor Movement Where It Isn't.

The Hon. J. D. Fitzgerald, M.L.C., informed the Legislative Council, and through it the public in general, that the I.W.W. was an organisation which was "bitterly hostile to the Labor movement."—A Fact.

One must forbear giving the retort courteous, and call the "honorable gentleman" a damned liar, until we understand what the Labor movement is, if it exists at all, and what this shining light of working class thought means thereby.

It would be safe to say that ninety-nine per cent. of the workers of Australia, whatever their views on the subject, would agree that the Labor movement, where ever it might be, can by no microscopic process be discovered in that institute of sham and flapdoodle known as the Upper House. Neither should it be difficult to convince the average worker that the Labor movement is primarily (or should be) a movement of labor, by labor and for labor, and that, therefore, at no stage of its development, unless we all become "honorable gentlemen," can it be found in the plush seats of Parliament.

As a matter of fact, the Labor movement in Australia does not exist.

So far as the industrial field is concerned, though a futile sectional strike may occur here, a demand for higher wages there, and discontent may be rife throughout, these are merely the effects which Capitalism produces in every country, and to call these isolated phenomena the Labor movement, in the sense that we mean organisation for a specific purpose, would be absurd.

In passing it may be remarked, too, that the Labor movement is not to be found at the I.W.W. headquarters. Only the enthusiast would claim that. The function of the I.W.W. at present, so far as Australia is concerned, is to point out the lines on which, and above all, the spirit in which a genuine Labor movement may be formed. And whatever else come out of this war, one fact is emerging, clear as noonday, and that is, that only by a thorough system of industrial organisation, international in its scope, can the workers hope to prevent wars and free themselves from the other nightmares of Capitalism. Out of the havoc and ruin which this war has created, from the graves of a million innocent working class victims, backed up by the dumb but eloquent appeal of hundreds of thousands of orphaned children, there arises, with renewed intensity, and added meaning, the clarion call of Marx:—

"Workers of the world unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains—you have a world to gain."

Marx was no sentimentalist. His appeal was not prompted by any transient emotionalism or "brotherhood of man" idea. It arose from his conception of the one vital need of the working class, the need for tangible, concrete organisation, not a collection of ballot papers thrown together every three or four years, only to go up "in smoke" with the first whiff of grape-shot.

A Labor movement based on the supposition that the ballot is an all powerful weapon against wealth and privilege, in view of recent events, is a howling farce. It has not alone failed the workers in their hour of supreme need, but its advocates have been foremost in plunging the world into a holocaust of human slaughter. They have denounced industrial unionists and advocates of the general strike as protagonists of violence and bloody revolution, while the bloodshed in all the strikes of history compared with that which they have aided and abetted, seems like the tear of a child beside the Pacific Ocean.

When "honorable gentlemen" accuse the I.W.W. of being "bitterly hostile" to a Labor movement of this character,

Are YOU Alive?

Your Class and Freedom call You to Act.

(A. Mack.)

To the working class of Australia, to the great army of dispossessed—the proletariat: this warning cry goes out.

Your liberty is in danger—that great "liberty" of "Freedom of Speech," which was won for you by the blood and groans of your fathers. The capitalists of this continent are preparing to rip this freedom from your lives. Are you going to stand for it? Was the blood of your fathers spilt in vain? Are you, then, so apathetic that you will not make superhuman efforts to preserve that only atom of liberty you have ever possessed?

Your Magna Charta and your Habeas Corpus and your Petition of Right will soon grace your Statute Books no more, but in their place will appear the black snudge of capital's iron glove standing out as a broken column to remind you of the Liberty you once boasted. Do you not value that liberty any more? But, you say, "it is impossible that such could happen here in Australia where we have our own Labor Parliaments."

Yet this is what is happening right now; the chains of capital are being clanked in your faces and the memories of the dead men clutch at your hearts and call on you for immediate swift and telling action; but what are you going to do?

Do you intend to stay in that apathetic swoon which has characterised you through the last two decades, and allow yourselves and your class to be gulled and chloroformed by your treacherous, prostituted politicians, and turned over, with your children and your future to the heartless pirates and soulless crooks who constitute our present ruling class. These are the real owners of this "Land of the Starry Cross," which you so glory in calling "our country."

These bloody sneaks are the owners of your lives; for, as they own your job and thus dictate the terms of your existence, they own you as completely as though they had bought you in the open market. It is in the interests of these, cowardly fiends, that your own Labor politicians are bludgeoning and cajoling your sons into the army. It is in their interests that your sons are leaving their bodies to rot on foreign shores. Don't be misled by treacherous cowardly politicians and other prostituted apologists of the master class. Reason for yourselves. Did you ever know a time when the interests of the workers were any concern of a master class?

Too well you know that their every effort has been to beat you downwards in the scale of "life and liberty." Your well-being never has been, and never will be, any concern of theirs. Refuse to be fooled by their humbug and hypocrisy! Look to yourselves; these are the times to tear from these craven beings some benefits for your class; these

they are paying that organisation a high compliment.

We are bitterly hostile to all sham and hypocrisy; and if ever those qualities looked out of a pair of human eyes, The "Hon. J. D. Fitzgerald, M.L.C." is a case in point.

THOS. GLYNN.

Pacific penetration, imperial expansion and industrial peace are three nice phrases that are only polite ways of saying exploitation.

are the times to procure for yourselves some semblance of a human being's existence. These are the times that one sees a country smeared with recruiting posters calling only on the working class to enlist because "Your King and country need you." We, the despised, the degraded and disinherited, have suddenly become heroes; what a chuckle of contempt, what mountains of cruel satire lurks in the shallow praise and terms of so-called glory which a scheming, designing master class heap upon their soldier dupes!

"Your comrades in Gallipoli are calling," says one of their prominent lures, to fight for Liberty and Democracy. But I warn you again, your working class comrades here in Australia are calling you to fight to preserve that little color of Liberty you always boasted of possessing—Freedom of Speech. The iron doors of Capital's Bastille are at this moment closed upon members of your own class who have dared to open their mouths and expose to you the shams and schemes of our beloved masters. Because some one has printed a poster calling on the capitalist class and their flunkies to go to the trenches the anger of the rulers has leapt beyond the bounds of caution. They have commenced a crusade of vengeance against the militants of the working class. They are determined that the working class must not know the truth. They have assassinated your stronghold of Liberty. They have superseded your Magna Charta by a law paralleled only by those of the Dark Ages of Europe. They have clapped Tom Barker behind prison bars. Barker, the staunchest, truest, genuinest of working class principles in Australia, at this moment lies rotting in a prison cell. And you men of the working class, what are you going to do about it?

You, the workers, who form eighty per cent. of the nation. You who could by your organised action transform this capitalist hell into a paradise for yourselves; you could rid the earth forever of this master class. They have robbed us of our products, they have starved us in mind and body, and they have jeered at and scorned us in our misery; and now they are hurling defiance in our teeth. If you stand idly by and watch Barker rot in gaol, remember that you and I, or any agitator for human Liberty can and will follow him. Unless you are a nonentity, a useless, harmless, nerveless member of our class, you will not be safe.

Are you prepared to accept their challenge? If so, your place is in the army of your class right here in Australia. The fight must and will go on until Barker is released; it must go on, and on, until the "exploiters and expropriators are expropriated" and True Liberty reigns upon and around the earth.

Peace is good for rich men, but bad for poor men. Those who preach industrial peace are not the poor man's saviour, but rather his Satan.

Today we have a pseudo-democracy—that is, a so-called political democracy that exists on one day every three years. Even this slight concession is rapidly being undermined by machine development and the advent of the trust.

"The Sun" and some Shadows.

The "Kalgoorlie Sun," a Sabbath sheet existing exclusively for the purpose of pandering to the perverted sex-instincts of those pitiable by-products of modern civilisation who morbidly crave for the revolting details of cases of sodomy, bestiality and child-violation, lately devoted a couple of columns to a venomous personal attack on Organiser Reeves. Some strumous spawn of a strumpet under the pen-name of "Vere-de-Vere," accused our fellow-worker of ignorance, malice and lying, and incidentally refers to him as a thief, Welsh boulder, Yankee down-and-outer, slimy, soul-less, a detestable skunk, and so forth.

As to arguments for or against our organisation were adduced by this gross gut-wart in their frenzied fulminations, he must be courtously chidden after his own style. In his splenetic outburst this incestuous issue of iniquitation accuses the I.W.W. of advocating force as a means of securing justice for the worker. "It is," he says, "an antiquated doctrine, one that has failed in every civilisation," one that ran France red with blood." He is referring presumably to the French Revolution, where the force used in resisting the right-ones demands of the starving workers DID cause considerable bloodshed. But there is more or less blood being spilt to-day in France, and other parts, but by force, oh, no.

What does this belly-bound baw-cock imagine the basis of our present social system to be? We might remind him that the institution in which his unhaltered dam suffered the pangs of parturition during his advent into this weary old planet, was built expressly for the purpose of forcing people to conform to the laws laid down by society. And that, although far from being hypocritical in their attitude towards the relations of the sexes, even the dwellers of the squalid slums, where this foully-begotten aglet-whelp was incestuously conceived, hailed with satisfaction the incarceration of his unnatural parents. And although hominy—the staple fare in Penitence—is not a suitable diet during pregnancy, and may partially account for the curious ante-natal cranial malformation of this crapulous clot-poll, a more generous diet in his early youth, one may be pardoned for thinking, would have instilled a few sparks of manhood into the make-up of the pestilent pimp. But, evidently the influences of the hagnobred generations behind him were too strong and shaped his aspirations with an even more malignant hand than that which affected his foetal development. He gravitated towards the brothel as naturally as a policeman seeks to levy blackmail. That modern laundry methods, by catering for the cleansing of the linen used in these Temples of Venus, deprived him of a useful, if somewhat unsavoury, occupation, and forced him into the ranks of journalism is his—and the public's—misfortune.

After all, it is not surprising that the issue of parents whose unnatural conception of philology led them into sexual lapses forbidden by the ties of consanguinity, should hate the One Big Union. A jury of Industrial Workers of the World would assuredly disregard the Biblical precedent of Lot and his daughters, and unhesitatingly prescribe the surgeon's knife, as a more merciful and lasting deterrent than the cat-o-nine tails for the parental crime which inflicted this modern Moab on a suffering community.

We know that under all things there lies an impenetrable mystery, and perhaps the greatest is, how one so meagrely endowed with mental gifts as this bawdy-house bed-pusher can make enough cash to buy disinfectants to enable him to frequent places of pub-

To Members of the I.W.W. and Sympathisers.

Funds are imperatively needed. Barker's case must be fought in the courts—to begin with. If that fails, you know there is still another weapon. Meanwhile, what are YOU doing to help? Remember, the forces that are opposed to us. All our energies, every assistance, moral and financial, that can be given, are absolutely needed, if the I.W.W. is to hold its own.

The arrest of our Editor is only the beginning. There is more trouble ahead, in any case; but victory to begin with will be an invaluable asset in the struggles of the future.

Freedom of speech, freedom of opinion, freedom of thought, all the few patchy shreds of liberty so dearly won in the past, are at stake. The powers that be are choosing the war as a pretext to crush every symptom of thought and action opposed to the ruling ideas. If the militant working class of Australia does its duty we have nothing to fear. Our first duty is to dig down and send along a contribution to the Barker Defence Fund. Then agitate, agitate, and agitate. Let the capitalist class, and its political labor hirelings, who are doing its dirty work, understand what they are up against. We cannot afford to remain apathetic and allow members to go to gaol without protest, and without action. It is up to you to do your share according to your means and opportunity.

Send all contributions to the Secretary, I.W.W., 330 Castlereagh-street, Sydney, Defence Committee.

PEACE.

Peace. When have we prayed for peace! Ours are the weapons of men. Time changes the face of the world, Your swords are rust! Your flags are furled, And ours are the unseen legions hurled Up to the heights again.

Peace. When have we prayed for peace! Is there no wrong to right? Wrong crying to God on high, Here, where the weak and the helpless die, And the homeless hordes of the city go by, The ranks are rallied to-night.

By Alfred Noyes.

—EXCHANGE.

lic resort without offence to the olfactory nerves of the community. But it must be remembered that among the crowd of mining magnates so zealously championed by the "Sun's" strident scribe, are men who have lived in all parts of the world, in parts probably where the vice that led to the downfall of the brilliantly clever author of "The Picture of Dorian Gray," is regarded with a lenient eye, nay, even specially catered for, and this type of libertine is notoriously generous where the gratification of his unnatural lust is concerned. Hence Vere-de-Vere.

The dismay of the hero in Voltaire's "Candide," when the Persian potentate, who had befriended that unfortunate youth, made certain disgusting proposals, was natural, considering the alternative. The gods have reserved for the Golden Mile the honor of producing a pariah who, unlike the creation of Voltaire's lively imagination, gladly embraces, when the alternative is work, the profession of those who are "Neither man or woman, neither beast or human." They are glories. How Vere-de-Vere must hate work.

FLANEUR.

Direct Action



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Barker's Arrest.

Prussianism Right Here

FIGHT IT ON THE JOB.

"Those whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." The ruling class of this country, and by that we include those human abortions known as "Labor" Ministers, are riding for a fall.

The latest outrage, to be written in letters of fire in the annals of the so-called Labor movement of this country, is the arrest and imprisonment of the editor of this paper for the heinous crime of calling upon the capitalist class to set an example to their slaves and go and fight in the trenches. The presiding magistrate, true to his class, his instinct, and his training, marked his appreciation of the unparalleled enormity of this offence by refusing to grant bail; and with that characteristic love of justice so common to capitalist henchmen, punished the offender before trial by remanding the case for eleven days.

The editor, Fellow-worker Barker, was charged under the War Preparations Act with conduct likely to prejudice recruiting by printing that now historic and famous appeal to "capitalists, landlords, politicians, parsons, and other stay-at-home patriots," to go and fight for their jeopardised privileges. Very evidently the ruling class of Australia dislike to be reminded of its duty by a common slave.

While this fraternity has been insulting the workers' intelligence for the past twelve months through press, pulpit, parliament and platform, by hysterical appeals for recruits, thereby impudently arrogating to themselves the right to say what the duty of the workers is, the first person who has the courage to say, "Go thou and do likewise," is hailed before their courts and treated worse than the vilest felon.

A man may be guilty of all the crimes in the calendar, violate the whole ten commandments of Moses, commit offences which would make the inhabitants of the ancient city of Sodom turn sick with loathing, and yet he may get bail if he has an admiring friend in high places (as such people usually have) possessed of the necessary boudie; but tell a capitalist to go to the front, and magisterial rectitude is shocked into speechless amazement at the mere mention of bail! My God! how could human nature fall so low! I fear we have all been deceived by our mild-mannered, jovial friend Barker.

If the authorities think that by this high-handed action they are going to muzzle the I.W.W. and scare its members into silence, they have still another bitter lesson to learn at the hands

of this organisation. The Kaiser and the ruling class of Great Britain and Australia may have a little quarrel to settle, but when it comes to the freedom of the common herd there are no points of difference between them. Right now, however, we may inform Mr. Andrew Fisher that the I.W.W. has always thrived on that kind of tyranny which has lately come to be called Prussianism.

Last Sunday one of the largest meetings ever held in the Sydney Domain testified to the spirit in which the workers of Australia are going to meet this kind of iron-heeled despotism. We challenge the "Labor" crew, who are responsible for this piece of tyrannical legislation, and the prosecutions which have followed from it, to do their dirty worst.

Let it be remembered by the workers of this country, to whose votes, misplaced confidence, and hard-earned union dues, this Judas-like crowd owe all they have in life, that it remained for a Labor Government to place on the Statute Book an Act which strikes a blow at the very heart of those few privileges which the pioneers of the working-class movement fought and died for.

Surely the I.W.W. has not appeared a moment too soon. Despite jail and persecution it intends going on with its propaganda of Industrial Unionism and Sabotage. And that brings me to the object of this article: To point out to the workers in shop, mill and mine, and especially to the members of the I.W.W. throughout the country, that they have the means ready at their hands of making the master class pay dearly for every minute of Barker's incarceration.

Remember, the "Sab-cat" is the only Kaiser which the ruling class fears.

T.G.

Trouble and Strife.

Trouble, strife, and discontent exist here at Canberra, and the local craft union seems incapable of dealing with disputes that arise. The tactics of the union are obsolete, and are not unlike those of a quack doctor who prescribes for his patients on the principle, that if they get better they pay him well, if they die they heirs pay double.

Most of the workers favour the idea of sending deputations to the boss and telegrams to politicians. This idea is played out, and should give way to scientific methods which the I.W.W. is endeavouring to promote amongst the boneheads.

Don't rely on the ballot box and politicians; you will never get anything from them except talk. Liberal and Labour are both tarred with the same brush, as you will see by a telegram which the local secretary of the R.W. and G.L.A. received from the Minister for Home Affairs. How it came about was like this: The secretary wrote to Archibald telling him of the victimisation taking place amongst the sewerage workers here, and also for an inquiry to investigate matters pertaining to the sewers. The reply received was a curt wire, which said—"Not so much talk about victimisation, more work, or job will be closed down."

Now, workers, what do you think of that from a Labor man and so-called Labor Government elected by you? Listen what the I.W.W. is trying to teach you and join the organisation for your own sake.

E. SILLS.

Broken Hill.

During my stay in Broken Hill, I have been struck by the extraordinary inconsistency between the objects of the A.M.A. and the action of its members.

The impression one gets of the A.M.A. is that it is a strong militant organisation, but upon arrival here he finds the members working under the most damnable system ever devised by the modern slave owners.

The contract system, with the dictation of the boss to "take it or starve," is the most modern system of exploitation and slavery.

One might as well attempt to quench the fires of hell by pelting snow-balls at it, as to attempt to beat the boss by hitting him with a ballot-paper every three years.

When the men in any one mine pull out through not being able to make a living, their places are immediately taken by members of their own organisation. Unionists scabbing on unionists!

One of the mines which sets the miners to work by the fathom, makes the miners sign a new contract before they

know what they have earned in their previous contract, thereby getting four or five shifts out of them at perhaps five a shift.

The miners seem to make a big mistake in their estimation of the ground broke, and the language around the pay-window is very uncivilized, but it cuts no ice with the boss. So long as they are prepared to protest only, without making a determined kick, the boss will be content.

So long as we have all sorts of benefit societies connected with our unions. So long will they be held in check. There are plenty of insurance societies for the slaves to join if they so desire without having them as part of the union. The funds must be for fighting purposes only.

The organisation whose members are after all they can get, and kicks with a knowledge of why it is kicking, is the one that counts. We must strike where the boss feels it most, on the job—at the point of production.

Let the miners of the Barrier be up and doing before they sign any more agreements.

The termination of the last agreement, the mine managers came through with an offer of the same conditions during the war, and until six months after. This was accepted by the Barrier branch of the A.M.A., but the Port Pirie branch told their Broken Hill comrades that they could only dig ore while they were prepared to smelt it. A meeting was then called, and the mine managers' proposals were turned down with a thud.

By the way, the mover of the motion to accept the old conditions, has now got a boss's job.

The dispute on the Barrier is now going to the Federal Arbitration Court, and in the meantime the miners are working under hellish conditions.

During the last lock-out here, there was a large procession through the streets, and the workers carried a banner, which bore the inscription: "Behold the worker thinks." It evidently meant that the slaves thought it was about time that they began to think about thinking. I don't think.

JIM POPE

From Frisco.

Sunday night, August 1st, was the occasion of not only an enthusiastic audience but a financially successful meeting for the benefit of Joe Hill in the I.W.W. Hall on 17th Street netting, something like \$2 dollars less expenses. The speaker of the evening was Austin Lewis, of Oakland, Cal., who recited the facts of the case with a preciseness and explicitness that displayed the ability possessed by him, being a lawyer of some considerable reputation. It was very easy for him to convince even the most biased mind of the innocence of Hill. At the conclusion of the address (or to be more correct, the exposure of the corrupt court and capitalist judges), the following resolution was put and carried unanimously:

Mr. William Spry,
Governor of the State of Utah.

"We, working men and women of San Francisco in mass meeting assembled, herewith notify you, that we hold you personally, and also the State of Utah responsible, for the life and freedom of Joseph Hillstrom, now under sentence of death in the State of Utah, and we hereby promise him not only our moral and financial, but also our physical support, if such should be necessary."

Signed by the Committee.

E. W. VAUDERLEITH.
HERBERT R. COLLIE.

If all the Locals in the United States would do the same we would find that the Governor and Supreme Court Judges who have so ignominiously refused to recognise us in the past on account of our inferior strength would be more willing to consider our demands, because what they dread is the destruction of that which makes them our economic masters, consequently if such resolutions are carried out to the letter the masters have a rather peculiar emotion reverberating through their spinal column, and more apt to listen and consider the advisability of quelling the slaughter of men for that very rash offence of belonging to a radical organisation.

Now, fellow workers, what are we going to do about it? Is it to be merely talk, or are we going into the waters to save and rescue those of our class, who have so heroically stood for our principles. We must, and shall not, allow their voices to be strangled by those who are to-day our economic masters.

HERBERT R. COLLIE.

Watchman, What of the Night?

"I dived into the future,
Far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world,
And all the wonders that should be."
So sang Tennyson, the bourgeois poet.

Some may think it unprofitable to peer ahead as Jack London has done in "The Iron Heel," and Bellamy in "Looking Backward." Yet those who occasionally glance before them may, perhaps, be able to take a clearer view of what is happening around.

Labor at the present time of writing is passing through a severe trial. Craft Unionism has proved itself unable to prevent the outbreak of the most savage and vindictive war known in the history of the world. The International has gone down like a house of cards. Organised efforts are on foot to bring in conscription and to make labor compulsory, thus introducing the thin end of the wedge of chattel slavery. Increased prices of commodities mean practical reductions in wages. Unemployment in the various States is rampant. War loans of to-day are mill-stones around the necks of the workers of to-morrow. The worst feature of all is that the slaves take these things quite as a matter of course.

In considering the future, account must be taken of the temper of the proletariat towards revolutionary propositions; the strength and power of the mob of small distributors and non-producers of various kinds; and the growth and influence of the revolutionary movement itself. With the breaking-down of craft unionism, the workers have no organisation that can successfully resist the attempts at present being made to render capitalism stable by the introduction of compulsory labour. The revolutionary movement itself is not sufficiently powerful as yet to do so.

An important factor in the situation (as regards the future outlook) is the hope that individual proletarians have of ultimately rising out of their class. This hope, it may be said, is not a new one. There was never a time under chattel slavery when it was not possible for individual slaves to become free. Napoleon in his career astutely played upon this soaring ambition of the proletariat, when he encouraged his soldiers to believe that each private carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack.

With the coming of compulsory labor, however, this belief as a factor in the situation dies out. It already has no power as regards a great mass of workers. The solidarity of labor will then be possible. Revolts among the slaves will doubtless arise, and familiar methods be employed to crush the outbreak. Most likely future organisations of labor will assume the form of secret societies, operating possibly on the group system.

A disquieting feature arises in the probability that these revolts will be merely for the restoration of partial liberty, and not for the overthrow of the system. Thus the vicious circle of chattel-slavery, serf-slavery, and wage-slavery, must be traversed once more.

Against this supposition may be set the effect of the informative agitation already going on under capitalism. The value of a great deal of this agitation must be, however, considerably discounted, since it tends to fix the attention of the workers solely upon the political arena.

The majority of the property-less class have really no quarrel with the capitalist system. Born, bred and nurtured under capitalism, they cannot form any conception of a system of production and distribution operating for use and not for profit. If examination were made of any strikes or revolts of the proletariat to-day, they will be seen to be merely for the adjusting of some particular local grievance.

Assured as they would be of maintenance-rights, there is no reason why the proletariat should not consider themselves to be free under chattel slavery, as they now do under capitalism.

It must not be forgotten that production for profit has only been able to exist so long by the partial abnegation from time to time of its principles. A period must come when further compromise without destroying the system will be impossible. The only way by which capitalism can be given a new lease of life under

such circumstances is by the introduction of compulsory labor. As the proletariat do not evince any disposition to destroy capitalism, we may assume that compulsory labor will become the law of the land.

This means the setting-aside of freedom of contract, and introduces a new status for the worker. With this status once established, it will be strange if the capitalist class (backed by wealth and power undreamed of in ancient days) are not able to so firmly entrench themselves behind vested interests that it will be well-nigh impossible for the proletariat to shake off its chains. This solution of the difficulty is indeed the only way out for capitalism.

We may say, then, that everything points to the capitalist system being given a new lease of life by the workers becoming slaves in name, a law, and in fact.

If this outlook seems dark and dreary, there is no occasion for slackening of effort as regards the Industrial Workers of the World. Rather should we be encouraged to new endeavours for the organisation of the workers on industrial union lines. With its form of organisation, methods, and tactics so peculiarly fitted to the necessities of the time, we may say that Industrial Unionism stands for the opening of Labor's prison doors and the setting at liberty of them that are bound.

A. E. BROWN.

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 (Carra 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.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

In future all communications to the Literary Secretary, and Secretary of Sydney Local No. 2, the General Secretary-Treasurer, the Editor and Manager of "Direct Action" should be addressed to Box 98, Haymarket P.O.

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

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Fellow worker! We want subscribers for the paper.

One Road to Industrial Freedom.

By Massage.

How often do rebel speakers hear that old dished up question (it does amuse me) "How can you bring industrial Democracy about?"

By working class education, of course. We are all well aware of that. But I am quite confident we could overthrow capitalism and organise a few million Australian workers into the One Big Union within the next few weeks. You think that scarcely possible, eh? Well, here is my plan. Allow me to explain.

We must use clever tactics, cute methods to scientifically gull and hypnotise William Mug. First of all take possession of the school, church and press. You now hold the people morally and mentally in the palm of your hand. Evidently you can either swing them into hell sleepily, or force them into everlasting bliss, without the slightest inconvenience to the plebeians.

Every week the school children at I.W.W. patriotic demonstrations at the Show Ground, form the red flag, etc., and collect twenty thousand pounds, which must be spent on propaganda. Every council to hold weekly meetings preaching "Follow the Industrialist movement." Recruiting associations to be organised throughout the country.

Others enter into the One Big Union. The police and politicians also to assist. Young ladies to be educated up to hate and ignore those who do not enlist in the O.B.U., and give them the white feather, and call them cowards.

Politicians to hold recruiting meetings daily in Moore street, and explain how the workers produce everything and own nothing, while the bourgeoisie class own everything and produce nothing. If any person howls at the speaker, or asks a question, have him arrested immediately. Every man who steps forward to enlist pin a rose on his coat, and the crowd cheer like hell. The cheering will hypnotise others into joining the One Big Union.

Get Fitzpat to fake up an O.B.U. Precautions Bill, so that any person who speaks against the One Big Union will be arrested and tried before a red bench. Naturally enough, he will get six months, for sure.

Every shop window to be plastered with posters, "Enlist at once in the One Big Union." "Your country needs you to help shorten the hours of labour," etc.

Big processions to march through the city streets. Bands playing "Mr. Black," "Red Flag," "Casey Jones," etc., and everybody singing and waving red flags.

If the whole damn thing fails collect the names of all males and females between 18 and 60, force conscription upon them, and compel them to be Industrial Unionists. Well, dear reader, this is my enlightenment of how industrial Freedom could be brought about within the next few weeks. That's if the master class only—well—only loved you.

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, F. J. Morgan, 330 Castle-reagh-street, Sydney, N.S.W.

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

Fremantle Local, No. 5: c/o W. Johnstone, Burlington Hotel, Parkham-st., East Fremantle, W.A.

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

Brisbane Local, No. 7: secretary-treasurer, J. J. Burke, "Mimi," Cribb-street, Milton, Brisbane, Q.

Melbourne Local, No. 8: secretary-Treasurer, N. Rancie, 243 William-street, Melbourne, V.

Tottenham Local No. 9, Secretary, Treasurer, A. S. Graham, Usang 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, a Willis-street, Wellington, N.Z.

AUTHORITY.

But this I know that every law
That men have made for man,
Since first man took his brother's life
And this and that began,
But fouls the wheat and saves the chaff
With a most evil fan."

Oscar Wilde

The history of civilisation so-called is the gruesome record of the domination of a class or caste over the many. Ever since society threw overboard communism and became competitive, resting on a property basis, its history has been a bitter class-struggle centring round the ownership of social needs, this ownership of the means of life implying the supreme authority. The King caste, military class, sacerdotal caste, and now, the capitalist clique each obtained the power. Institutions and individuals frequently trading under the cloak of divine sanction or special rights, have tried, by fraud and force, to establish their authority as the supreme dictator over other people's actions and ideas.

From a scientific and human standpoint individual authority is in direct contradiction to nature's laws, and man is the only animal that does not conform to natural law. Indeed, we have become so degenerate that, in spite of our alleged morality and scientific means of harnessing the forces of nature to produce a superabundance of the luxuries of life, we are the only animal that exploits its young. Particularly in the insect-world, research shows that ants, bees and other creatures, living in a highly organised society in which even offspring is mathematically adjusted to the needs of the community, each insect functions independently, yet working in mutual harmony. Capitalists frequently tell the slave-class that, if there was no incentive to gain and guiding authority, everything would be chaos and everybody lazy. Science, on the other hand, proves that in insect hives each member does his share apparently voluntary, and, in case of danger, the ants willingly risk their lives for the welfare of the nest. No necessity to boom a recruiting campaign or try to starve some of them to the fighting-line, for the simple reason that the insects are animated with altruistic consciousness and communal spirit.

Man, with all his wisdom, is narrowly selfish and frequently extremely egotistic, and the idea of class interest begets the lust for domination. This idea of oppression that is responsible for so much misery is not a monopoly of the ruling faction, the slave class are also obsessed with it. That is the psychic reason why men who have risen from the mass become greater tyrants and more rapacious than men born and bred in the exploiting class. The cruelty to animals and children is so common that it is taken for granted that what custom sanctions is correct.

This spirit of authority actuates every institution and determining all actions of the rulers is the basis of exploitation. All sorts of governments were tried in Rome and failed. Whether you have a theocracy, autocracy, plutocracy, or bureaucracy, the class that is economically powerful sooner or later subordinated the state to serve its ends. At the bottom of human nature there is an instinct of revolt against class rule, and time and again this psychological fact has led to rebellion.

Art, religion, law, letters and every means that fraud or force could use with the idea of drilling into the mind the presumed necessity of blind belief and slavish subservience for the fetish, falsely called "Law and Order" have been unscrupulously used. With gallows, lash and torture thousands of humanity's best, have been mutilated and killed because their ideas or actions did not conform to established precepts. Particularly is this applicable to the working class, because, in the interests of the wealthy few, it is essential that the toiler's children be mentally sophisticated with subjective ideas. It is not so much that the wealthy happen to legally own social necessities, as some semi-socialists preach, but rather because the rich control the avenues of knowledge, and thus practically dictate what the masses shall think.

Man, being a perverted animal, whose natural instincts are warped, acts in conformity to conscience or legality. That most of the social, political or religious ideas popular with the crowd are false, does not matter. As long as some conception is believed by the ignorant to be true, it serves the purpose of authority as the means to an end, that end always being exploitation.

The secret of the artificial adulation and perpetuation of authority based on class domination, and of every precedent, and the reason why authority has been put on a pedestal and worshipped as the absolute truth and standard of right and justice in every institution is due to a false education. Francisco Ferrer, in endeavouring to establish the modern school, struck a fearful blow at capitalism.

The child naturally takes what it wants, only to be told, baby mustn't touch. Unconsciously the child is up against private property. Indeed, in infancy the child frequently by force is made to observe this custom or obey that law. That these arbitrary rules will not harmonise with natural desires, economic needs or individual temperament, and cannot stand logical analysis makes no difference. The school-teacher, parson, military officer, and, later, the employer and the State take up the same dominating attitude. This must be done, and that will not be permitted. Our military and penal system still linger in the despotic rule enforced with our boasted humanism and progress. The idea of domination is still strong, only we have become a little more refined in penology.

Authority is generally expressed through a judiciary. Legality is supposed to protect society from the individual. In practice legality is the expression of the will of a class imposed by force on some other group. Where class interests clash, it frequently degenerates into terrorism, that is terrorism hiding under the cloak of justice. Greek law forced Socrates to suicide, canonical law burnt Bruno, British law gave Tom Mann six months for telling soldiers not to shoot strikers. We now know that these men were right and law was wrong. All positive law, not based on natural law, is false. For instance, according to law, a man can get several years imprisonment for the crime of bigamy. That is to say that because he has exchanged certain words with a female, he must not marry anybody else while that woman is alive. The severe penalties against theft are not so much enforced, because legality is vindictive, but rather for the reason that the rich are frightened that the poor should take it into their heads to help themselves to the commodities which their labor produced. In the case of the rich, the law is never enforced. Generally the affair is discreetly hushed up, and the capitalist press report that Mr. Moneybags suddenly died of heart failure caused by his heavy responsibility and arduous work for the company he so ably managed for several years. The poor man, by killing himself is indirectly robbing the capitalist class of prospective profit. The old Roman law prescribed heavy penalties for slaves who mutilated themselves, our modern anti-suicide law is really an extension of the same idea moulded by legality to suit the exploiters.

This question of authority is very important from a social standpoint for the workers, especially at this time when, owing to the war and economic evolution, the capitalists are endeavouring to organize labor into industrial and military conscription. God is fading from the skies, but a new idea of authority is enthroned in the minds of the ignorant. This new idol of the idolaters is the State. Many workers, led away with political clap-trap, imagine that State control or owner-

ship leads to socialism. The deification of the State leads to the servile State denounced by Spence, Nietzsche, Kropotkin and other thinkers.

Individually each mind is a kingdom of its own. Society is highly complex, and human types infinite in their variety. With the spread of knowledge, the expansion of industry and other factors, it is impossible and futile to lay down rules and regulations for large masses of people. No being is capable of teaching the absolute truth upon any topic. Most of the accepted ideas of to-day are based upon ignorance, and the lie that is born of the lust for gain. What little we know is the result of past experiment; that which, to our imperfect knowledge, seems right to-day, will probably be demonstrated false to-morrow. Class institutions are mostly concerned promoting superstition and error for economic ends. Any person pretending to infallible authority is fraudulent. Truth or justice never did, nor never will, emanate from a despotic egotism. Reason and experience alone can be trusted.

Veneration for authority is dying; everywhere static (false) ideas are being challenged. Before logic conceptions consecrated by the church, sanctified by legality, established by convention, and backed by the cleverest mental prostitutes that wealth can command, crumble away and melt like fog before the rising sun of reason. People reason more and believe less. A growing minority think that freedom to all, without distinction and privileges to none, is the scope for the supremacy of natural law as opposed to class law. As far as the workers are concerned, the law of mutuality amongst themselves and the law of the vendetta against hostile classes leads towards the day when the war of the classes will be over and the economic basis of society revert back to communism, its natural state. Authority, with its costly machinery, parasitism, oppression, incompetence, and injustice, must then rapidly dwindle into insignificance. No longer will we need huge penal establishments and judicial bludgers, for, when the psychology of the mass becomes virile, the law of mutuality will be sufficient for society. In that day ethics will be established on a sound economic basis. "Do as you would be done by" will no longer be a pulpit platitude, but born of an economic need and strengthened by altruistic social consciousness, the domination of one section of the community will not be possible, and society will be just, because it is lawless.

AJAX.

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 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.

EDITORIAL NOTES:

The transport and mine workers in England are endeavouring to form a federation with a view to combined action in national matters. The world of labour in Britain is becoming restive. A federation of large unions in which the individual units are in various degrees of mentality, will sooner or later end in failure. Still the fact that the workers in the old dirt are trying to get a move on is a healthy sign.

The Emerald, in its issue of Sept. 6th, devotes nearly half a page to booming Manufacturers' Week. The journal waxes eloquent about Australian-made goods. Indeed, one would be led to think that Australians are the only people on the planet that can turn out first class goods. The "Emerald" gives the game away in this fashion—"The Australian production of leatherware during the last five years increased 67 per cent., but the imports from Germany during the same period increased by 164 per cent. The displays in the shop windows will show that there is no reason why all this trade should not remain in our own hands." The journal's dark hints about capturing enemy's trade can thus be readily understood.

Evidently conscription is not considered necessary or advisable in England, still less is it required in Australia. Therefore, the Australian War Census Act, with its impertinent questions, is out of place, and looks like an attempt to sneak in conscription for industrial purposes. Moreover, the people are ordered to call at post offices and register themselves. On paper there are heavy penalties for failure

to comply with the law. If people in any considerable number fail to fulfil the conditions it is difficult to see how the law can be enforced, especially in a country like Australia that has a large travelling population. Imagine trying to prosecute every swagman who ignored the law!

Much fuss was made over a little scrap of paper, which was alleged, but, as a matter of fact did not guarantee Belgium's integrity. In Australia more fuss has been raised over another scrap of paper, which was alleged to be an anti-recruiting poster. The I.W.W. poster, like the Belgium treaty, will soon be an historic document handed down for the edification of posterity.

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 Gold-fields 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. CHRISTENSEN.

Mexico has Labor Union

'Menace.'

ORGANISATION WHICH CAPITALISTS DESCRIBE AS A

"BRANCH OF I.W.W."

SPREADING LIKE WILDFIRE.

By Charles V. E. Starrett.

One of the most dangerous and unruly elements now tolerated in Mexico, in the opinion of American residents, is the Casa del Obrero Mundial, said to be a branch of the I.W.W. Introduced originally, at any rate, by agents of the United States, the organisation has spread like a disease among the lower and middle classes, until to-day it is estimated that about 30,000 members are enrolled in the southern provinces alone. Of this number a large percentage is to be found in the army, where the combination of unintelligent socialism, tropical temperament and nervous trigger-finger is likely to be a growing menace.

The laborer "worthy of his hire" does not wish always to be a soldier, however, with the privilege of beating his plowshare back into a sword at the call of country, and the effort to force this status upon him has resulted in a situation likely to assume alarming proportions.

CAVALRY STABLED IN CHURCH.

A recent episode is typical. In Constitution-street, to Anglicise the thoroughfare's liquid Spanish cognomen, stands a very old and very dirty church. Not long since the ancient house of worship was turned over to the members of the Casa del Obrero Mundial as a place of convention. A few days later efforts were made to negotiate an agreement by the terms of which the patriotic members of the organisation were to become soldiers whenever the occasion demanded. In the gorgeous pow-wow that followed the hot words of refusal had hardly had time to die upon the lips of the "obrero" when their church was taken from them. Incidentally, a troop of cavalry was stabled within the sacred walls.

In retaliation the angry laborites called a strike. Chicago's most hardened walking delegates never dreamed of the sort of walkout that followed. From the water front to the Spanish cemetery and beyond construction and destruction work stopped as if at the flourish of a sorcerer's wand.

INDIAN ON "SYMPATHY STRIKE."

Over in Calle de Zamora a leisurely Indian painting a balcony packed up his pot and brush and departed, mentioning casually as he left that he was on strike in sympathy with some one or other over in the next block; a cochoero in the Avenida de la Independencia calmly refused a fare and started his decrepit nag toward the stables; in Cincé Mayo Avenue a chero, or milkman, interrupted his amiable round and sped homeward to the accompaniment of his own banging tinware.

All over town eyebrows went up and implements went down. By noon the coaches had disappeared from the streets and many shutters were put up for the noon-day siesta that were not taken down at the close of that hour of rest.

Then towards evening the most severe blow fell. With a sympathy no one dreamed they possessed, the cooks struck and deserted the hotels and restaurants as rats leave a sinking ship. Well, work might stop, but that was not to be tolerated for an instant. The heavy—more or less—hand of the law intervened. A flying squadron of gendarmes scoured the city for the recalcitrant chefs. Whenever one was captured he was treated with the deferential courtesy his position demanded, but he was none the less lugged back to his frijoles and tortillas in the kitchen. No doubt many escaped, but many, too, were rounded up and returned to their employers with the compliments of the police department. Never was the efficiency of that division of the public service more ably demonstrated.

EVEN CHINESE FORCED INTO

IT.

But the next day, although the cooks were back at work, agents of the Chinese laundries, which were not organised at all and never had been. They insisted on the closing of the laundries. The unfortunate capitalists protested in vain that they were not Mexicans and not members of the organisation. They waited into the ears of granite. What the alternative offered them was, heaven knows, but "clang!" went the shutters on the laundry windows and misguided were the citizens who had sent their linen suits to be washed that morning.

The strike had many amusing features, but its serious aspect could not be overlooked. It indicated the strength of the organisation in Vera Cruz, and gave some hint of what it could bring about in the way of paralysis of business if it cared to. The temper of the body is not good and its leaders are avowed anarchists of the red flag type.

In the States a red flag means either anarchy or an auction sale, and the red flag is much in evidence in Vera Cruz when the troops parade, as well as when the obreros march. For be it known that a vast number of the soldiers are members of the organisation. Side by side march the standard bearers. One supports the red, white and green of Mexico and the other the blood red of anarchy. Thus do patriotism and anarchy march side by side until—sometimes—it is rather difficult to distinguish the one from the other.

LEADER IS NOT A MEXICAN

Head of the Casa del Obrero Mundial in Vera Cruz is a Dr. Atl. He is said not to be a Mexican. He looks Italian. He is the man who was ordered from Pueblo by Gen. Francisco Coss when he endeavored to introduce his brand of anarchy into that State. Coss is the Carranza leader at that point, a sturdy warrior of the old school, of the sort that is distinctly not an "eleventh hour patriot." Coss' opinions have shocked his superiors, but he is too valuable a man to cross and displease, so he does what his common sense directs him to do.

Dr. Atl appeared in Pueblo and began to "agitate." He was ordered by Coss to leave. The doctor hesitated and was given twelve hours to get out. Realising what would happen if he did not, Atl managed to get out in something less than twelve hours. The same evening Coss in an address delivered in the Pueblo opera house took occasion to denounce Atl and the organisation for which he stood. In the same breath he denounced a number of Mr. Carranza's most valuable cabinet leaders, classifying them all under one head—"graffers."

It was this episode that brought about the resignation of Secretaries Zubaran, Urueta and Cabrera, which later were reconsidered by these gentlemen at the request of the first chief.

CONSTITUTIONALISTS AT L'S

FRIENDS.

To date the leaders of the constitutional cause have not only tolerated the wily Atl and his doctrines, but have been on very easy terms with them, except in such cases as the cooks' strike—which was a matter personally affecting the Government's stomach. The movement, too, had spread in the northern armies of Gen. Villa, it is said. If this is true the progress of the propaganda is alarming and dangerous, for anarchy will not aid the cause of justice or of peace in Mexico.

It is quite conceivable that the movement might attain proportions that would threaten seriously whatever good seed may have been sown by the higher minded dignitaries of the "cause" and bring about a difficult situation in Mexico even more difficult of solution than now confronts the republic and its big sister to the north.

Last Labor day, celebrated in Mexico on May 1, I stood on a street corner in Vera Cruz and watched the obreros parade. In the procession was a new flag that attracted my attention. It was red, like the others, but seemed to bear some sort of an inscription. I pressed in closer and was able to read the words. The crimson banner contained a memorial tribute to the anarchists who were hanged in Chicago for complicity in the Haymarket riot!—Chicago News.

Our Labor Party.

The Labor Government is on the verge of passing a bill to protect the contractors against loss due to the unsteady condition of the market. If a contractor puts in a tender for a job based upon current prices of materials, and if during the time required to complete the contract materials should increase ten per cent., they can recover the loss by making an application to a Judge of the Supreme Court.

It seems strange that the Labor Ministry should be so eager to protect the capitalists against loss due to the unsteady nature of a war-disturbed market, without at the same time dropping a hint to the effect that the workers should be protected from an increase in the cost of living. Up to date nothing has happened in the direction of increasing wages. Evidently our dear Labor Party have forgotten that the workers are bound down by contracts that extend over a period of years, and that the wages they are to receive for this long period are based on prices of commodities at the time the contract was drawn up.

Is it possible that the Labor Government are ignorant of the fact that the cost of living has increased twenty per cent. during the past year? Of course they are not ignorant of this fact, but they are going to ignore the workers and their wants. Should the workers ask for an increase in wages to bring their standard of living up to its former level, they will be denounced by the politicians as being Empire Smashers.

Thinkers among the working class know that the only way to keep a nation up to a standard compatible with civilisation, is to maintain it with an intellectual and healthy people. In order to keep a nation populated with a healthy and virile people, the workers must receive sufficient of the product of their labor to rear and educate their children. The workers must also have plenty of time to devote to study and recreation. Our Labor Party and the capitalist think far more of increasing their profits than they do of preserving the nation, it to preserve the nation involves the abolition of child labor, a reduction of the hours of labor, and a substantial increase in wages.

The only conception the capitalists and our Labor Government have of a healthy nation is a profit conception; if the profits are big the country is safe, irrespective of the economic condition of the people.

The moment the proposed Bill becomes a law the capitalists can apply to a Judge of the Supreme Court to reduce the wages of their employees.

It must be extremely consoling to the workers who have devoted so much time and money to return the Labor Party to Parliament to know that they have not spent their time and money in vain. The Labor Party are the true protectors of the capitalist's interests; incidentally, of course, at the expense of the toilers.

Even though the preservation of the capitalist's interests have been so expensive to the toilers, they will have the supreme satisfaction of knowing that their children will be in a position to peep through the iron bars of the factory windows and say: "There goes our fathers, poor, ragged, and starved wretches looking for jobs." All laws leads to profits.

"Direct Action" is the hope of the working class. Organise on the job to shorten the hours of labour.

J.B.K.

Melbourne Notes.

The Local here is just now becoming a force to be reckoned with, especially by the capitalist press. The "Argus" has devoted much space on its front pages to advertising the I.W.W., which they describe as an Anarchist body establishing itself in Melbourne, and urges that free speech should be denied us because we advocate the smashing of the existing order. The "Age" also has yelled with righteous indignation at the audacity of the I.W.W. telling wage slaves to go slow on the job. They describe us as "An evil movement." Our thanks go out to the editors of both the yellow journals for their statements, which are mostly true.

We regret having lost the invaluable services of F.W. Rancie. His energy and devotion to the movement will be hard to replace, but our loss will be Sydney's gain. F.W. Kelly, late of Adelaide, has come back to harness again after a brief spell, having had a lot of trouble with his throat.

F.W. Alf. Wilson has arrived back from America, where he visited the Pacific Coast and Alaska. He states that the organisation is just now do-

A Union Man.

O.

"Are you a union man," said a smiling young lady to an applicant for work at one of the Commonwealth offices in Sydney last week. "Yes, all my life," indignantly replied the horny handed son of toil. "Will you show me your card, please?" ejaculated the smiling damsel, playing with her pen. "I have not got it with me," said the jobless slave. "It is in my bag." "I'm sorry," replied the registration clerk, "but I cannot put your name down unless you produce a card." The rude man then asked the Miss if she had a card, but the question remained unanswered.

Another slave then presented himself for examination. Before he had time to prove his loyalty to the principles of unionism, he was tapped upon the shoulder and asked to remove his hat. Thinking that he would need a cool head to get through the ordeal, he shifted his lid and stood under the electric fan. His pockets then spewed up a bundle of union cards, all sizes and colours. He had union tickets from England, Africa, New Zealand, and Queensland. The young lady looked them over, but remained in doubt. At last, looking up from her scrutiny, she said: "Have you not got a card for New South Wales?" "No," said the man of many unions, "I have not worked here yet." But still the fair creature paused. She arose after a few moments and sought advice from one of the male quid drivers. The much-travelled man, who bore the scars of many battles with the master class, and held cards in a score of different unions, began to wonder if his destiny in New South Wales was going to be decided by that delicate piece of femininity at the registration desk. In a few minutes she returned, and informed the man who had enough union tickets to paper Parliament House, that she would put his name on the book, but he must lose no time in visiting the Trades Hall and getting out a card for New South Wales, which would prove him to be a bona-fide unionist.

Investigations at the Trades Hall proved that it was a very useful institution, for the boss. It is a cheap labor bureau, where the master class send for "good" men. The boss believes in trades unionism. He prefers a man from the Trades Hall. If the slave kicks, the boss lays a complaint to the union, and they deal with the offending culprit.

An institution which works harmoniously with the boss is no use to the working class.

Very often are the trade union secretaries greater autocrats than the boss on the job.

So long as we have highly paid union officials, and poorly paid slaves, the boss will be happy. It is difficult to tell sometimes which is our greatest enemy—the trade union secretary or the boss.

If you want to be a union man, be ONE by all means, but don't be a DOZEN. Join one union, not fifty.

Light the fire with all those cards which are bursting your pockets, and do you no good in the end. In fact, very often have they proved to be against your real interest as a worker.

Trade unionism has got to go, industrial unionism must take its place. Join the I.W.W., which believes in one union, one card, one emblem. Once a member of the One Big Union, you can go where you will, work at what you like, and the one card will carry you through all the time.

Link up into the fighting union of the working class, which recognises no peace between the master and the slave.

Get into the union which is helping to bring nearer the day when the worker will get all he produces, and the boss will produce all he gets.

N. R.

ing great work in the States and making itself felt in every direction. He debates with W. Smith, of the Victorian Socialist Party, and organiser of the Painters' Union, early in September. F.W. Wilson will affirm that Parliamentary action is unnecessary for the emancipation of the working class. He is a powerful advocate of Industrial Unionism. With best wishes to all members.

ROLAND FARRALL.

"The struggle for existence—this well worn phrase covers a multitude of crime. The small capitalists rob the worker; the large capitalist robs both; the landlord fleeces all and sundry. Large states gobble up small ones to be in their turn pounced upon by empires. From the gigantic sums that collide in space to the smallest germ that eats another, it is all a struggle for existence.

Modern capitalism is somewhat of the nature of a financial foray and a conqueror's conquest. The seeds of Christianity and capitalism were sown in Babylon long before Jesus Christ. Rome, Venice, Madrid, Amsterdam, and now London have been the centre of the banking system. To-day, we see the nations heavily in debt, even a young country like Australia is in pawn to the international bondholders.

What fuss has been made over the Referenda, much ado about nothing. Which ever way the votes go makes no difference, because the masters of industry control the political machine. Parliament cannot alter the economic development, the most political parties can do is to legislate something that has taken place, or if not in being is inevitable. Incidentally parliament never asks the electors their opinion on any matter that is important to the people's welfare. Why should they? Is it a risk? Did not the voters at the election sign a paper to the effect that they would be politically dead for the years?

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.

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