

DIRECT ACTION



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ONE PENNY

Workers! Enlist Today.

By J. H. Beecham.

It would be well if the working classes of Australia and the British Empire generally were to carefully analyse the utterances, and study the individuals, who are so loudly advocating the enslavement of the working-class by conscription. Are these individuals actuated by a love and deep regard for the Empire, or are they more vitally concerned about flitching from the workers' the hard-earned improved conditions of labor which the workers have had to fight for every inch of the way? I venture to say that the latter is their real motive. The advocates of conscription are chiefly men over military age, or men with something to lose, either wealth or position. Their worry and anxiety for the defence of the Empire is caused by fear, that should the war be lost, their wealth or positions might be in danger. To secure safety of same, they are loudly crying out for the Government to force the younger men to go and fight, leaving them, the human sharks of society, safe at home to carry on the piratical business of increasing their own salaries, etc., and generally securing all they can for themselves, caring not a damn for the relatives of those young men fighting for their protection on the battlefields of Europe.

The advocates of conscription are rarely to be found advocating any methods for removal of destitution, slum areas, general improvement of workers' conditions in mines, shops and factories. Their voices are silent and never heard in the cause of improved social conditions. They are always to be found in strong opposition to such ideal reforms. The call for conscription comes from the bishops, parsons, priests, politicians, financiers, etc., who have ever played pawns with working-men's lives, to whom war's knocking is muffled. Its cry, "nothing more than masters ye have unleashed me, I am off to my garnering, and to the working-class quarters, taking from every home the men, the workers, caring not for the wife, the mother, the children." The God of the conscriptionists is named gold, they see nothing else, they care for nothing else, the beauty of nature is nothing to them, they have dedicated themselves body and soul to this graven image. Truly these must be the people the Nazarene referred to, as blasphemers, vipers and hypocrites. "Christ, said, many will come in my name," and He warned the future generation to be on their guard against such imposters. He said, "by their fruits ye shall know them." Truly, to-day, the worker does know them. No worker who thinks can fail to recognise the people Christ referred to.

The churches to-day are dedicated to the worship of the golden god. The clergy live in luxury and have every comfort, none of them are homeless wanderers. The politicians thrive upon the credulity of the people. The lawyers, in return for gold, are prepared to prove right to be wrong, and wrong to be right. The judges administering justice are appointed to their positions from the ranks of the lawyers. The workers governed by a system that permits such, cannot hope to be freed from the same without fighting, but the fighting should be done in the sole interests of their own class.

Industrial organisation on these



The "Patriot": Your son? Ah, ma'am, very unfortunate, very unfortunate; but we must all make some small sacrifice and uphold the fighting traditions of the Empire.

lines, laid down by the I.W.W., the One Big Union, Sabotage, etc., will do more towards freeing the working-classes than all the doping politicians, pulpites, etc., and will more surely kill conscription and relegate the advocates of same to doing some useful labor, for the first time in their lives.

Instead of war, the reign of peace will come. The workers will own and control themselves. Freedom will become a reality and not, as at present, a delusion. Workers unite, throw aside your sectional organisations, they have outlived their usefulness. They are clogging your progress and preventing your advance upon the trenches of capitalism. Place no faith in politicians, they belong to the tribe of Judas, and will keep you in bondage in return for gold. Throw aside the parson and priest; they are enemies belonging to the espionage systems of the master-class. Make heaven here on this beautiful earth and find the parson and priest some useful industrial employment, and thus enable them to clear the cobwebs from their mentality, enabling them to see with purer and clearer vision. The lawyers and judges can be more usefully employed by putting them to hard manual toil, and thereby awakening their minds from the influence of the dope-

ful drugs administered to them under the capitalist systems. All the parasites can be turned into useful workers. This is no dream. The power to bring about these changes is already in your hands. Workers, awake: you have but your chains to lose and a world to gain. Organise industrially into the One Big Union. Workers, your class is calling you, the workers' cause needs you, to the trenches of One Big Union: Enlist to-day.

Join the great army of industrial workers, fighting for freedom from capitalist domination. Workers! To ensure victory, you must not delay. What will you say in later years when your children ask you, what you did at the time of the great fight for supremacy between Capital and Labor? Workers, remember Tondypandy, Featherston, Yorkshire, Dublin, Colorado, Virginia, etc., where your class, men, women and children, were shot down by the hirelings of the capitalist octopus. The voices of the murdered dead cry for justice. Workers, join to-day. Recruiting officers will be in attendance at the headquarters of all militant organisations. No recruits rejected. All workers accepted. Roll up, your class is in danger: all are wanted in the trenches to fight the enemy allies, Capitalism and Conscription.

Fitzroy, Melbourne.

Who said "Ca Canny"

PATRIOTISM v. PHTHISIS.

J.E., in "Solidarity" says:—"The danger of habitually working overtime is dwelt upon by the British 'Medical Journal,' in discussing the returns given in the White Paper concerning 'Particulars of Time Worked in Week Ending April 13, 1915, Among Shell Workers.'" According to the report, nearly 10 per cent. of the workers were working eleven hours a day for a seven-day week. Thirty-six per cent. are working ten or more hours a day for seven days a week.

"In commenting on these figures the 'British Medical Journal' says: 'The danger of impelling the best of the workmen who remain to average ten hours a day for seven days a week is obvious. . . . Physiological need for rest forbids the utilisation of overtime to any advantage. The tired worker must go slow, impelled by nature's call. The Sunday holiday is physically right; it is found to pay in reckoning the output of work. The man who is overdriven and nervously exhausted finally breaks down, and takes weeks to recover. Overtime spent in factories badly ventilated and artificially lighted is, we believe, one of the most fruitful sources of phthisis.'"

BLATCHFORD The Chameleon.

London "Herald," in a recent issue, says:—

Frankly, we must put our backs into the hate business if we are to stop this enervating "brotherhood" nonsense. In a monthly periodical, the "Spur," I notice a column article in praise of the Germans. Listen to this:—

"The German love of home is as poignant and as deep as ours, and the English home and the German home are the same thing. . . . Let any open-minded Englishman stand for an hour in a German crowd, and try to pick out the English. I have tried and felt completely baffled. The Germans, indeed, I feel sure, are nearer to the English and Scotch than the Americans are; they are more like us; closer akin."

Poisonous, isn't it?

But that is not all, bless you! The writer, after a sidelong glance at the French, who are "different," goes on to say:—

"The Germans resemble the English in their national pride and confidence; they look successful. They are solid, stubborn, diligent, masterful, and good-humored. You cannot bluff a German; he has too much 'horse-sense'; you cannot drop him in a race; he will try till he dies in his tracks; you cannot beat him without extending yourself; it is his nature to fight to a finish. . . . I believe the Germans to be a more efficient people, a nicer people, and a better people than our own. The fact is, the Germans are of our kith and kin and spirit and kind; but they are less spoiled than we are."

What is the Censor for, anyway? One would like to see one of our many gifted journalists, say, Robert Blatchford, deal with this unpatriotic and seditious rubbish in trenchant style. After "R.B." had done with him—But, stay! I find that this article appeared in New York "Life," in 1910, over the signature of—Robert Blatchford. "Demmit!" said Major Bagstock, and kicked the Native very hard.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor suggests to contributors, that in order to make the paper more readable, and for purposes of convenience generally, articles, unless of exceptional interest, should not exceed 1000 words. Topical occurrences of interest to the working class, which could be briefly commented upon, are frequently crowded out, owing to the unnecessary length of many contributions.

It is essential that all articles intended for publication in any particular issue should reach this office not later than the Monday previous to date of publication.

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Direct Action

Rents and
the Remedy.From our
Standpoint.

Enlist or Die!



OFFICIAL ORGAN

Of the

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF
THE WORLD.

(Australian Administration).

Office:—330 Castlereagh St., Sydney,
Australia.

MANAGER: E. A. GIFFNEY.

HEADQUARTERS I.W.W. (Australia):
330 CASTLEREACH ST., SYDNEY.GENERAL HEADQUARTERS—
104 W. Washington St., Chicago,
Ill., U.S.A."One Big Union"
Sirens.

The One Big Union idea, declared to be so impractical and Utopian a very short time ago, is now being advocated in some queer quarters.

The craft union leaders were not slow to see, that despite the criticism of and hostility to the I.W.W., the sentiment in favour of class unionism on industrial lines was taking hold of the rank and file of their followers. It therefore became necessary for these gentry to put forward some schemes which might appease the anxiety of the workers for a more scientific form of organisation, and, at the same time, get a fresh lease on their own soft billets, while posing as the genuine pioneers of the One Big Union principle.

Lip service alone is being given to this principle by men whose actions in the labor struggles of recent date in Australia have violated every principle of working class solidarity—such men as Spence, Hughes, Rosser, and others—and we also find its advocacy taking a prominent place in labor journals in which these men are interested.

Figs don't grow on thistles, however, and it is futile for the workers to look to their present organisations, no matter how amalgamated or federated on paper, and dominated as they are by vote-hunting politicians, as being capable of coping with the organised power of the capitalist class.

Moreover, Industrial Unionism, as advocated by the I.W.W., is something more than a conglomeration of various crafts and callings loosely thrown together and labelled "One Big Union." When such an organisation is promoted, not that it may enable the workers to take concerted action on their own account, but for the purpose of lining them up on a wholesale basis in the Arbitration Courts, as well as being utilised as a huge political machine, the One Big Union idea is not only being prostituted for the purpose of serving the private ends of individuals, but such an organisation places the workers more than ever at the mercy of their exploiters.

Better a thousand times that the workers had no organisation at all, for unionism of this kind must inevitably lead to the workers being bound down by legal enactments under a state despotism and an official oligarchy where they would be unable to call their souls their own. One Big Union, shackled to Arbitration Courts and to capitalist law, would be a union of workers who had lost hope in their own power and in the mission which the working class

A meeting was held in the Protestant Hall on Thursday evening, 21st inst., to protest against high rents and the high prices of commodities. The meeting was well representative of the political freaks which abound in Sydney.

Political Laborites and Socialists put aside their differences as to which party should have the privilege of being saviours of the working class, and were touchingly sentimental in their admiration of each other as mutual enemies of the landlord and other sharks.

So far as any solution of the problems is concerned, the meeting was remarkable for the various kind of nostrums put forward. The chairman, a Laborite P.M., seemed to be under the impression that the Labor Party's Fair Rents' Bill would solve the rent question. A Court would be established, to which the tenant could apply for a reduction of his rent. It be thought it exorbitant. What with Arbitration Courts, Wages Boards, Rent Courts, etc., the worker will soon be as well versed in the functionalities of capitalistic law as the legal sharks themselves. Having a Rent Court to fix the rent, and an Arbitration Court to fix his wages in accordance with the rent he is paying and other costs of maintenance, is an arrangement that will no doubt bring the worker within hailing distance of the millennium. Perhaps!

It never occurred to the "scientific" Socialists and their erstwhile unscientific Laborite enemies that if low rents and low prices were tests of working class comfort, England and the older capitalist countries should be El Dorados compared with Australia.

A lengthening of the wage and a shortening of the work-day would do more to relieve the working class from the pressure of high rents and high prices than all the palliatives which politicians can suggest, and all the bombastic resolutions they may pass from now till Kingdom Come. This implies working class organisation on class lines, which once more brings us back to the I.W.W. position.

The meeting, however, was not without its lesson for the worker with his eyes open. Political parties, whether they call themselves Socialist or anything else, must sooner or later perform their functions and justify their existence by encouraging the worker to chase will-o'-the-wisp reforms.

If they do not do so they have to get out of business. It appears the Socialist Party has learnt its lesson. And it took it such a long time, too.

must accomplish, a union of spiritless, spineless slaves.

The propaganda underlying Industrial Unionism must be grasped by the workers before organisation on any lines counts for much. It is this kind of propaganda which Union leaders who spout about Big Unionism damn and decry.

The principle that exploiter and exploited have nothing in common, the spirit of revolt which intelligent consciousness of that fact engenders, the knowledge that the workers must rely upon themselves in the every-day struggle with Capitalism, as well as for its ultimate overthrow, are the things which the modern "converts" to the One Big Union are never heard to speak of.

This sudden conversion, however, serves a purpose. It illustrates the extent to which I.W.W. propaganda in Australia has permeated the minds of the working class, and the fear of politicians and craft union leaders that the day of reckoning may be near.

In the meantime workers should beware of these One Big Union sirens. They have led us in the past to our undoing. We must steer our course in the light of our own knowledge and experience, and rely upon our own initiative and action to carry us through to Emancipation.

The Sydney "Internationalist Socialist" has the following scintillating par:—

When a worker gets on the stump and advocates Sabotage and Direct Action, the boss hears him, and learns all about it. He says to himself, "to be forewarned is to be forearmed."

Our Sosh contemporary evidently believes in leaving the boss a monopoly of Sabotage for three years at a stretch, and then warning him off the grass with a ballot paper.

The quarterly report of the Railway Workers' and General Laborers' Association shows a cash balance at the bank of £7,425 15s. 5d., and an increased membership of 12,269. The report is headed "The Best Quarter Yet." For whom? The R.W. and G.L.A. has no doubt done its best to help the banks finance Fisher's War Loan, but this appears to us to be small consolation to the navy who is still working in the construction camps of the country under conditions that would make a Polynesian savage revolt. He is also still on his nine bob a day, notwithstanding that the cost of living has gone up by 35 per cent. While the workers are content with a big membership roll in their respective organisations, and a big balance at the bank, the bosses can afford to go to bed with their mental equilibrium undisturbed. A few active members on the job who demand better conditions, are worth all the balances that the workers can accumulate at the banks from now till doomsday. They are also worth more to the working class movement than all the spineless herd who are content to pay into a Union because they must, and then look to their highly paid officials to save them.

Judge Heydon, of 22 ss. a week fame, writes to the daily press as follows:—

"Those of us who fain would do our share of fighting, but are held back by age or other causes, can still fight hard by providing material. The hand that is too weak to drive a bayonet can write a cheque. This is a war of money as well as blood, and all the time in either form, it is a war of sacrifice."

Seeing that Heydon is drawing something in the neighbourhood of £60 a week for telling the workers who keep him and his class that £2 8s. a week is an adequate wage for them to live upon, we have no doubt about his ability in the cheque drawing business. On the whole, it is a much less dangerous occupation than "driving bayonets." He is to be congratulated upon his admission that this is a war of money as well as blood. The 48s. a week patriots are expected to shed the latter freely. The freer they spend it in their respective countries, the easier the money making proposition becomes for Heydon and his kind. Robbery becomes easy when honest men fall out.

The "Auckland Observer" accuses the militant unionists of New Zealand of "waiting their opportunity to cause a revolution," and advises the people to "physically deal with those poisonous gas bags, and put them beyond all earthly aid." Yet, strange to say, a few weeks ago a special law was passed in New Zealand prohibiting the advocacy of violence, etc. It is only fair to say, however, that the law was not aimed at the capitalist press, but at the I.W.W. papers. We would hate to do Massey an injustice.

"Some of the Socialist leaders are members of Trade Unions, but in no instance are they Trade Unionists. They are fanatical, and therefore unscrupulous, Socialist vote-hunters. They are trying to supplant the Trade Union movement by a mass voting machine."—Sam Gompers, President A.F. of L.

Even a Gompers sometimes hits the nail on the head.

Make the job last, if you don't want to join the unemployed.

(The following poem was written in an American Socialist newspaper at the time the United States was threatening to intervene in the Mexican War a few months ago. Of course, as will be seen by the text, it has no reference to the present war in Europe.)—

By E.D.

"Tis Shoulder Arms and March along, and Slaughter at Command,
To work the will of Millionaires on Mexico's fair land.
'Tis "Please enlist, or if you don't you're Drafted anyhow;
For Men we've got to have, you know—you've got your orders now."

"Tis Question not, and Keep the ranks, and Clasp your Gun just so,
And Worship every Officer—or you to Prison go.
'Tis not for common Folk to think, for th' Government knows Why
Old Mexico is War-accursed. 'tis yours to simply—DIE.

Perchance the Princes-of-this-Earth are some mistaken, though;
YE COMMON FOLK, REFUSE TO FIGHT, THOUGH ALL WAR'S
BUGLES BLOW.

Five years of War, they say, 'twill take; and five years after that
The Poor of every Land will be . . . just where they now are at.

JUST WHERE, or worse; except, of course, enlisted fools who fell
A-fighting for the frenzied thieves who brought about this hell.
The dead have peace; the crippled, pay; the widows' pensions, too—
And every item stained with blood—Soaked through and through and through.

Five years of War! a frightful price, some mortals RICH to make:
We thunder NO; if fight must we, 'twill be for Freedom's sake.
We won't enlist; we won't assist; your Draft we do defy—
You cannot slay but once, you know. . . For Freedom we will die.

Your "Drum-head-Court" may doom to death, and execute us, too;
And you may class as TRAITORS those who do as we shall do;
But every man who takes a gun and shoots as YOU shall say,
Is Dupe or Coward and deserves—the Tyrant's tainted pay.

Blood-stained is every cent he gets, blood-stained with Brother's blood—
The Workers' blood of all the World—an ever-swelling flood.
What ho, ye thieves! have ye forgot that WE have learned to THINK?—
Ye can't make War from Washington, and then behind US sink.

Ye coward thieves; ye skulking Cains; foes to Freedom, hark,
WE WON'T ENLIST, WE WON'T ASSIST, THOUGH DEATH SHALL
STRETCH US STARK.
Ye snatch the soil of every land that we for Freedom win—
The cries of Mexico, its Poor, pierce through your Battle-din.

'Tis, Listen, thieves, the Workers wake, and scan the game you play,
And, by the Gods of every land! you're gambolling much too gay.
Your piles of loot of every sort; your MILLION-ACRE TRACTS,
Shall sentence you to death that day the Tollers grasp the facts.

"Why not?" we ask; for you have slain uncounted Tollers,—slain,—
And every acre held from use has added to their pain.
We won't enlist; we won't assist to save your loot. That's true;
And when we spare your lives,—Great God! WE'LL GET NO THANKS
FROM YOU.

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 interests 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 everyday 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.

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NOTICE.

Any member knowing the whereabouts of R. J. (Dick) Welch is requested to communicate with J. W. Welch, 144 Auburn-street, Goulburn.

ADELAIDE READERS

Can obtain copies of "Direct Action" and Industrialist Literature from Charlie Russell, bootmaker, Gibson-street, Bowden, Adelaide, S.A.

The Economics of Labour.

Capital.

One of the greatest objections the average worker has to the I.W.W. is that it aims to overthrow the capitalist class and control industry by and for the workers and for their alone. If we abolish the capitalists, they ask, who is then going to pay our wages, buy new factories, machines, etc., and manage and control the industries? So reconciled have we become to our slavery that the majority of toilers are unable to conceive of any system under which we will be free from a ruling class.

The great heritage of slavery handed down to us by our ancestors from the very dawn of history has left its impression on the psychology of the working class, in its slavish submission to authority, and in its inability to realise that, because we have always been slaves is no logical reason why we should remain such.

Before we can understand capital, or the capitalist system of production, we must first of all understand that labour produces all wealth. The mines, factories, workshops and fields are of no use whatever until labour has been applied to them. This labour-power is possessed only by the working class, therefore they are the only class required in the industries. The capitalist class, as they do not labour, are unnecessary in production. If they as a class were to die off to-morrow industry would proceed as usual.

The workers, knowing thoroughly the industry in which they are working would, by their combined intelligence, be able to run that industry far more scientifically and efficiently than can any one individual or group of individuals, however clever those individuals may be.

Capital is of two kinds, constant and variable capital. Constant capital is money-invested in machines, factories, and workshops. Variable capital is in the form of money. No capitalist will utilise the labour of a worker unless he produces sufficient wealth to produce not only his own wages and buy new machines to replace those that become worn out, but also to leave a surplus over and above this for the capitalist as profit. The worker hands a large amount of wealth to his employer, receives a small fraction of it back so that he may be able to continue producing, another part becomes constant capital in the shape of new machines, and the rest is re-invested as new capital.

Capital is, briefly, accumulated or stored up labour, it is the product of labour, and is inseparable from it. Without capital there can be no production, while without labour all the capital in the world could not produce a single commodity. But though capital is necessary the capitalist is not. He is a parasite living upon the backs of the workers, and like other pests, he must be exterminated.

As the productivity of the working class increases, due to the better and more perfect machines being introduced into every branch of industry, capital is expanding and multiplying at a tremendous rate. A market must be found for the increased number of commodities produced. These markets have formerly been found in China, Japan, South America, and other backwardly developed nations. But there is a definite limit to the consuming capacities of these nations. When this limit is reached, when the world markets can expand no further, the number of workers engaged in producing these commodities must be reduced, they are not required by the capitalists, and must go to swell the number of unemployed roaming the streets of every city in the world.

This huge surplus of wealth created by labour, must be re-invested to produce more wealth. Much of it is now going to develop those countries which were hitherto consumers only; the result is that instead of being consuming, they are now becoming exporting nations, and competing with the older industrial countries for the world's trade. The standard of living of the workers in China and other countries where capitalistic industry is only now making its way, is much lower than in the countries which formerly supplied the wants of society, consequently they will be in

a position to compete successfully with the capitalists of other countries where wages are higher.

The entry of these new workers into the capitalistic arena will react detrimentally upon the working class in other parts of the world. Not only will it mean the displacement of workers in Europe and America, through the reduced number of commodities required by the markets of the Orient and elsewhere, but it also means a huge increase in the amount of labour available for use in the mines, factories, and workshops. Even before the utilisation of the labour power of these countries began, the labour market was overstocked, so what will be the result of the introduction of millions of the East and South America into competition with workers of the West? If labour can be bought cheaper in China than elsewhere, then the yellow worker will take the place of the higher priced white labour. There can only be one result, the lowering of the standard of existence of the workers everywhere.

Capital in the final analysis is the result of the robbery of the working-class by their exploiters, the capitalist class. This robbery will stop only when we, the members of the toiling proletariat, are organised sufficiently to take for ourselves the full product of our toil.

FRANK CALLANAN.

EAST WEST RAILWAY.

The Editor, "Direct Action," Fellowworker—

The days of the roaring navy ganger are gone, thanks to the precedent set by the militant navies on the East-West Line.

Ten slave-driving gangsters have been tramped per medium of direct action on the part of the men during the past eight months. The departmental heads have just concluded an inquiry into the dismissal by the men of a slave-driver, one Asche. Of course the inquiry was quite farcical from the standpoint of the men, as their decision could not possibly make any difference to Asche's Hash. The heads were quite stubborn in their refusal to remove Asche, and it was not till five hundred men struck work and the construction works were completely stopped, that the drones woke up to themselves.

It was a great victory for the men although a bit expensive. There is a good sprinkling of rebels here, but hardly a sufficient number to bring into play our more effective, and to ourselves, cheaper weapon, Sabotage.

No publicity has been given these doings by the capitalist press, despite the fact that the line has been repeatedly hung up through similar causes.

The present gangsters, in consequence of the treatment meted out to their slave-driving mates, are quite a mild set of individuals who pay every attention to the wants and desires of the men who do the work, and rightly so.

The workers here resent the action of the government in its treatment of Tom Barker, and intend to do their little bit, if the appeal fails.

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 at Hall.

Saturday, 8 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.

Do you know more about the war in Europe than the war on the job? Which affects you most?

The Way Out.

It is interesting to note the marked effect of I.W.W. propaganda on the master class. They, with the aid of politicians, union leaders and other knaves, miscreants and calumniators our aims and objects, which goes to show the shoe pinches.

The I.W.W., unmistakably, and with no attempt at concealment, propagates that "there is nothing in common between the working class and the employing class." The workers are at war, and consequently should use every tactic conceivable, at any time and place, when the opportunity presents itself to gain our ends.

We are first of all after a reduction in hours and better working conditions. By decreasing the hours of labor, the workers encroach on the bosses' profits, and open up new avenues of employment to the jobless, as if the output is to remain constant a demand arises for more workers.

The capitalist class have been wailing at what they term the inefficiency of the worker, and brazenly exhort us to become more efficient, or, in other words, more productive; but, despite the teaching of the funkies of capitalism, we know that the less we do the more of our product we will receive.

The war in industry is on all the time, and prayers and meditations will avail us nothing, unless we have the economic might to assert ourselves and enforce our demands. Our "glorious freedom," about which they rant and rave, is a microscopic quantity, as we know full well the moment we dare to take a stand and point out the iniquitous system of robbery that goes on.

The I.W.W. claims that if the workers are to achieve their emancipation, they must organise on class lines along the plane of industry, instead of in crafts as they are, at present. The trade unions are unable to cope with the problem of exploitation as it presents itself to-day. They have outlived their usefulness, and must give place to a form of organisation which keeps pace with the development of the modern machine.

To-day we are arrayed against the organised capitalist class, and it is sheer nonsense trying to fight that class, split up as the trade unions are into hundreds of different factions, each with a sacred agreement with the master. This system of organised scabbiness, moreover, provides a happy hunting ground for secretaries and officials, whose business it is to live sumptuously on the workers' backs.

Though our aim is the abolition of Capitalism, we are not unmindful that there are damnable conditions existing right now which require immediate alteration, and that can only be done when the workers themselves say "We will."

Get into the I.W.W. and trust not in politicians or other Messiahs to lead you out of bondage. Trust to your own organised might to wring concessions from the master class, and pave the way for your final emancipation from wage-slavery.

J.M.

The Loyalty of Labor Politicians.

As is well known, I published some time in July a famous poster which ran as follows:—"To Arms! Capitalists, Parsons, Politicians, Landlords, Newspaper Editors, and other Stay-at-home Patriots, your country needs you in the trenches. Workers, follow your Masters!"

During the month of August, one J. D. Fitzgerald, Member of the Legislative Council, President of the P.L.L., and big gun of the Universal Service-League (not universal enough by the way, to find a place for J.D. in the trenches), got up on to his legs and said many sage things about the Industrial Workers of the World, in the Upper 'Ouse. In discussing this poster, J.D. quoth—

"I am also going to promise the hon. member that I will take the poster direct to the Chief Secretary and draw his attention to it, and from what I know of him, I am sure that 24 hours will not elapse before action is taken to deal with these people, who ought to be placed in a German internment camp."

The Hon. J. Garland, another big thing in the gas business, and a patriot to his finger tips, said his say:—

The Hon. J. Garland: I am sure this House is very much indebted to the hon. and learned member, Sir Joseph Carruthers, for laying certain information before it. I agree with him that the presence of persons of German sympathies at large in our midst is a menace to the community. We have learned enough to know that we can trust no Germans, and we must act on that as a general principle. It may be that there are Germans who still act on the principles of justice and loyalty which are known to ourselves, but they are very few, and we ought to take no risks. But I do think a more serious matter than the presence of Germans in our midst is the poster which the hon. and learned member has produced. I am told that copies of it are stuck up throughout the Government workshops, and throughout the factories about Sydney. I say that not a moment ought to be lost in having every one of those infamous posters pulled down, and in taking all steps the authorities possibly can.

TO SHEET HOME

to the disloyal ruffians who printed that cowardly and lying document their crime. It is acts like this that do most to injure recruiting, by instilling false suspicions into the minds of the workers and by putting before them the gross and egregious falsehood that what one may call the more well-to-do classes in the State are not doing their duty. I venture to think that there never was a time when the well-to-do classes were doing their duty more nobly and more wholeheartedly than they are to-day. To insinuate that that is not so is a gross libel on the citizens of this State; and when it is done for the purpose of inculating envy, suspicion, malice, and hatred in the mind of the workers—to induce them to believe that they are being made catspaws of, and that they are being used as mere food for powder while the wealthier classes are escaping their obligation—in endeavouring to

DISSUADE THE WORKERS

from their duty by placing the falsest and basest of lies before them.

Mr. Black is our Chief Secretary, who has been recently wandering round New South Wales with the Governor and family. Once a day, George was an arch-republican, kings were anathema, and the guillotine was a commendable way of dealing with tyrants. However he has contaminated himself by becoming the friend of J. D. Fitzgerald, and recently delivered himself to the effect that Socialists and others who did not agree with his particular ideas on the war should be booted off the streets by soldiers brought down from Liverpool.

These three gentlemen, who have received their lucrative jobs by blowing off radical froth in their earlier days, to-day are the friends of vice-

royalty, the catspaws of the Universal Service League (which was happily stillborn), and the ornaments of an Upper House whose members, in the main, are as devoid of statesmanship, and even ordinary horse sense, as the proverbial man in the moon.

After Mr. Black got his guns into operation at the instigation of his friend, Mr. Fitzgerald, I was taken away to make the acquaintance of Mr. Smithers in a violent hurry, and refused bail. Later on, another henchman, and probably another friend of our dear J. D., handed me out twelve months for publishing the poster, which invited politicians and others to get into a trench.

After punishing to the utmost of their ability, the "disloyal ruffian," for being so foolish as to expect politicians to be told that their country needed them and not their gas, the cat comes out of the bag with a vengeance.

A little while ago it was discovered, as a result of some questions in the 'Ouse by Mr. Haynes, member for Willoughby, that certain politicians had drawn monies from the public funds for recruiting. And on the best of information we find that our republican friend of vice-royalty, Mr. Black, drew Ministerial allowances for the time he was telling other people of their duty to their country. Our two pillars of the Upper 'Ouse, Messrs. J. D. Fitzgerald, M.L.C., Pres. P.L.L., big gun of the U.S.L., etc., and Garland, also received their recruiting expenses for their arduous and strenuous work in getting other people to do what they are not game to do themselves.

It is quite possible as a result of this exposure that we may hear a little less from these pseudo-patriots, who have evidently regarded recruiting, not so much as a matter of public safety, as a means for making a little easy money. Further, in looking into the past histories of these gentlemen of high character and unblemished reputation, you will find that they have consistently left to others the arduous work of building up the Empire, of which they have pretended to be the bulwark and guardian. If you melted all the war medals, of Messrs. Black, Garland and Fitzgerald, you wouldn't get sufficient metal to drown a mosquito. In fact these gentlemen have been too busy lining their nests in the political business, to get into khaki and go out into the Tirah Mountains, on to the veldt in Africa, or into the deserts of Egypt.

In drawing conclusions from the recent prosecution, one can only infer that I was given twelve months, not because I prejudiced recruiting, but simply because I did not draw recruiting expenses. In short, I got twelve months for scabbing on Messrs. Black, Garland, and Fitzgerald and their ilk, for doing for nothing what they got paid handsomely for.

—TOM BARKER.

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR.

The new "war regulations" contain a clause which says: "No person shall print or publish... any document which incites, encourages, advises, or advocates violence, lawlessness, or disorder," etc.

The I.W.W. papers, "Solidarity" and "Direct Action," have been prohibited in N.Z. because, it is alleged, they advocate sabotage.

An official demonstration of hand-grenades, charged with Sabulite, was made at Fort Dorset on Thursday, and was witnessed by the Hon. J. Allen (Minister for Defence), Brigadier-General Robin (Commandant of the New Zealand Forces), and other war experts. The grenades were thrown by Capt. Thring between two trenches about thirty feet apart, in one of which ten dummy figures of wood had been placed. The figures were smashed to splinters by the grenades, which, in the opinion of the military authorities, caused such a concussion that any men who were in the trench would have been incapacitated by the shock alone.—Daily press reports.

People who are blessed with a small sense of humor will be able to appreciate the relationship of the foregoing items.—"Maoriland Worker."

The Cavel Case.

Nurse Edith Cavell, an English nurse in Belgium, was arrested by the Germans and charged with espionage, found guilty, sentenced to death and shot. That is, if the press reports are correct. We sincerely hope that it is not another "stunner" like the alleged capture and holding of Hill 60.

Anyway, warfare is not conducted upon a sentimental basis, and the sooner the blubber and lamentation end of the bull-dog breed realise that, the sooner they will be able to wait for Germany, Austria and Turkey. It is a dreadful thing for a woman to be shot. It is a dreadful thing for a man to be shot. But such is war, the outcome of the inherited imbecility of the race, and their apish animal forebears. The greater part of the race have really never left the shadow of the jungle.

Espionage is a dangerous business, the penalty is death. Those who go into the business, know the game that they are playing. The shooting of spies has not been confined to the Germans or their allies. Miss Cavell did what she conscientiously believed to be her duty to her country. She was caught, and paid the penalty, heroically and bravely.

Immediately the blubber and lamentation brotherhood (who for the most part are hysterical press men, with a strong disinclination for khaki and trench work) began the usual arduous job of avenging themselves on the Germans, with words.

It ill becomes the garrulous capitalist press of Australia to howl about the murder of one Englishwoman, when it has consistently stood for the exploitation of little girls of fourteen, who have been dragged out of the playground, and pushed into the unhealthy and foetid atmosphere of the ruling class factories. It ill becomes the scribe of the "Sun" to wax heroic—(it is easier and healthier to do that here than on the Gallipoli Peninsula) over the outrage on Miss Cavell, when thousands of girls in Sydney and Melbourne are working for wages that are not sufficient to house and feed them.

The ruling class of the Empire who bawl for vengeance are the descendants of the same herd who build the foundations of their mammoth fortunes upon the lashed and sleep-robed bodies of seven and eight-year-old English boys and girls in the mills of Lancashire in the early part of the last century.

When a strong protest goes up against the murder of Miss Cavell, the champions of Cradley Heath, with its women earning two shillings a day, stripped to the waist, should use their common sense and remain silent. The good Australian citizens who work their hospital nurses ten hours a day, and give them a day of a month, will possibly make more noise than anyone else.

When one wanders through the streets of Sydney, and sees the great and ever-growing army of the night, with its sweet girl recruits, and its broken, battered veterans, he can see the vicious and gripping hand of commercialism and low wages.

Then two scenes pass before my eyes. The first one is in Belgium. A woman stands facing a file of German soldiers. A word of command rings out sharply, the rifles speak. The woman falls with a smile upon her lips. The second scene is in Hyde Park, Sydney (city of the "Sun," "Herald," "Telegraph," and "News"). A woman approaches. Her boots are down at heel. Her clothes are dirty, bedraggled and torn. An old straw hat is perched jauntily upon a frowny head of hair. She staggers as she walks. Her face is a tragedy, bruises, and cuts and dirt. Eyes that once may have been beautiful are now blackened by the blows of some blackguard. As she shuffles past, the respectable women pull their skirts away, and put their noses in the air. The children are playing on the grass. They stop for a moment or two. A boy calls out, "She's a moll!" And then they resume their playing again.

They say comparisons are odious. The German conception of death to women spies, hardly seems to fit in with the living death of the woman

upon the Australian streets. The German method is more likely to create a sensation, but is by far the more humane.

I am sick and full of all the blubbering, hypocrisy of the politicians and the pressmen. I am through with sentiment. Australia, like Germany, England, like Austria, America, like Turkey, all are full of atrocities and outrages. They are all the products of the system of the private ownership and control of the world's wealth.

We of the I.W.W. are out developing and perfecting a weapon that will overthrow capitalism, and stamp out the blubber and lamentation herd entirely. One Big Union will not be able to resurrect Miss Cavell, but it will be able to abolish the state of society that condemns millions of her sex to laborious toil, and long hours for wages that would not keep Lady Strickland's cat in ribbon; and hundreds of thousands to a living death upon the highways of the great cities of the earth.

TOM BARKER.

BARKER'S CASE.

The following letter just received from the General Secretary of the Canterbury (N.Z.) General Labourers shows how militant labor in New Zealand views the action of the N.S.W. Labor Government:

Trades Hall, Christchurch,

October 13th, 1915.

Mr. F. J. Morgan, Sydney.

Dear Comrade,

Enclosed please find an order made payable to yourself for £3 towards the Barker Defence Fund. We know Brother Tom, and we know the good work he is doing. We regret that things are no different under Labor administration than under Liberal or Tory administration.

We congratulate you that your little rag should call forth a special Act of the Parliament of this country to prohibit your coming here. We are not now allowed to receive the paper "Direct Action." We expect to see the Bible barred before this war is over. The people are in hysterical mood. In common language they have the jumps. So many of them have got friends at the front, and the reports being so bad from that quarter, they are inclined to lose their heads. They are doing things that they would not do in normal times. The monied class, or the Grabbal family, are psychologists. They know the people are panicky, and they take advantage of that state to do some times cruel, and some times silly things.

Our Comrade Barker is a victim of a silly action on the part of those in power. We are writing D. R. Hall by this mail. We enclose a copy of our letter.

Keep believing, Brother, this war is doing a splendid amount of propaganda work for the cause, which you and we believe in. International Brotherhood. It sounds like a joke just now, but its coming.

Yours for the change,

E. J. HOWARD,
Gen. Sec.

HARVESTERS!

Members striking out for the harvest fields should arm themselves with a supply of Subscription Cards for "Direct Action." Don't miss such a splendid opportunity for Propaganda.

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.
F. H. LUNN.

Who are the Materialists?

To the Editor.

It is interesting to note in the light of present day journalism, in its drivillings and vituperative condemnation of materialistic Germany, the utterances of "The Darwin of Germany," Ernst Haeckel. In the concluding remarks of his third lecture in "Last Words on Evolution," he says:—

"Luther would turn in his grave if he could see the dominance of the Roman Centre party in the German Empire to-day.

"We find the Papacy, the deadly enemy of Protestant Germany, controlling its destiny, and the Reichstag submitting willingly to be led by the Jesuits. Not a voice do we hear raised against the three most dangerous institutions of Romanism, the obligatory celibacy of the clergy, the confessional and indulgences.

"Unfortunately, many German princes foster the ambition of the Roman clergy, making their 'Cassosa Journey' to Rome, and bending the knee to the Great Chariot of the Vatican.

"In view of the broadening tendency in theology and philosophy at the beginning of the twentieth century, it is an unfortunate anachronism that the Minister of Public Instruction of Prussia and Bavaria still sails in the wake of the Catholic Church, and seeks to instill the spirit of the Jesuit in both lower and higher education."

Does not the regret of this absolute materialist, and originator of the Monist Theory, at the dominance of the Roman Church, tend to show that the ravings of the press, parson, and politician, attributing the present awful war to the materialist teachings of German scientists and philosophers, to be altogether false. Orthodox religion and bloodshed have ever gone hand in hand. Governments and churches are found to be allied in every land to suppress freedom of thought and action.

It is the believers in Christianity who are the gross materialists (in the sense in which they will term it, i.e., the getting possession of the material wealth of the world). They love gold so much, they have paved the streets of their heaven with it. Gates of pearls, precious stones, great white thrones, pure marble, no doubt, golden crowns, set with diamonds, harps, wings and white robes—what a gross material conception of Paradise!

The scientific theory of Evolution is the most fascinating romance, to my mind, that man could desire. If we want love, look to the animal kingdom, if order and beauty, to the vegetable kingdom. If history, in all its most delightful and accurate form, go to geology. Can we conceive anything more beautiful than nature?

I wish for no better heaven than this earth as it should be—as it could be—if it were not for the bloody trail of orthodox religion and capitalism. The followers of Marx, the man who gave the world the materialist conception of history, cry loud against this horrible, fiendish slaughter at present raging. The churches and the politicians are loudest in their cry for more, and still more, blood to defend the wealth of the wealthy. It is significant to note how the timid ones, the apathetic ones, are hoping and expecting the revolutionists against Church and State in Germany to rise and stop this war. (The cringing, crawling worms are afraid to revolt against their own tyrants. Leave it to the other fellow!

"You are absolutely disloyal," cried a number of women recently, to a sister woman, who dared to say that militarism was a curse to the whole world. Say it is the curse of Germany, that is received with applause.

The cause of Militarism, the great octopus, Capitalism, with its right and left supporters, Church and State, must be removed, and this can only be done by the intelligent application of the methods and fighting spirit of the Industrial Workers of the World.

Yours for rebellion,
ANNIE WESTBROOK.

Melbourne

Sydney.

PROTEST AGAINST WAR PRECAUTIONS ACT.

I attended the above protest meeting, and only one speaker dealt with the real weapon necessary in a fight for liberty. He stated that we had never yet enjoyed true liberty. The basis of political liberty rests on economic freedom. That is the only way to obtain freedom of speech and press. The workers being disorganised on the economic field could not force any resolutions regarding political freedom.

The capitalist class could afford to ignore and laugh at the puny efforts of resolutionists. The cases of Comrades Jackson, Quinlan, Mandeno, Leslie and Bosch proved the uselessness of resolutions. Tom Barker's poster case proved the effectiveness of organised sabotage behind resolutions, forcing the dismissal of his case in ten minutes. While organised protest was good, and played its part as an advertising medium, organised action was the joker to clinch and win the game. Freedom of speech and press is necessary in the class war, for agitation, education, and organisation; but how to get it and retain it was the problem of to-day. The power of the master class had been used in the past, and would always be used, to crush the working class and their mediums of expression.

He showed how the tools of capitalism, the three P's sided with their masters against the workers. The pulpit, the capitalist press, and politicians are really the three P's (Private John Hops) of the Bosses. That if it were possible to have absolute freedom of speech and press under the capitalist system, it would end in quick time. That the three D's above mentioned being meat-ticket artists, desired the present system to continue. Two ways to retain the shadowy liberties already being taken from us by Labor Parties, Federal and State, were open to us. To educate the working class throughout the Commonwealth and pass strong resolutions, demanding these men's release, was one way. Judging from the poor attendance there on this occasion, any resolution passed would not cut much ice. Have the manhood to stand up. The workers in Australia being content to leave things in the hands of their political saviours, were indifferent to what was happening to other members of their class. Consequently they would deserve what was coming to them in the form of industrial and military conscription. The other and most effective way of answering a slap from the masters, by a kick at their pockets, was the only way to make them let go these men. Let the workers organise a reduction of their output, let something happen to

Federal Government, and through them the capitalist class and their pockets, where their God, their flag, their country, and patriotism lie, and the War Precautions Act passed by the labor executive of the ruling class would be null and void as far as restricting freedom of speech and press was concerned. Let the Socialists and unionists adopt these methods, for human lives and liberties are more valuable than telephones or telegraphs, and Prussianism, despotism, or anything else you like to call it, will cease in Australia.

CASUAL.

The Defence Committee

A meeting of subscribers to the above was held in the I.W.W. Hall, 330 Castlereagh-street, on Monday, 25th inst.

After discussion it was decided that the balance left over, after expenses were met, should be set aside for the purpose of fighting further prosecutions under the War Precautions Act.

The question of the sentence imposed in Barker's case for a breach of the Printing Act was discussed, and it was decided to await further developments before taking any definite action.

The usual week-end meetings resulted in good sales of the paper, as well as literature. A large crowd listened in the Domain to Fellow-worker Larkin, despite opposition from the "cold teatiles," who opened up close by on the early closing of bars. Ted Leggett, an organiser of the London Carmens' Union, at present in Sydney, being on board the Orsova, also addressed the crowd in the Domain. Leggett is a refreshing exception to the average type of trade union official, and though he may not see eye to eye with I.W.W. on all details, he seems to be an out and out direct actionist. We hope to hear him in the hall on Sunday evening next. Glynn was the speaker for the hall in the evening on the subject of industrial efficiency. Several new members were enrolled.

CORINTHIAN, W.A.

The secretary of the local at Corinthian writes under date 11/10/15:—
"We had a bumper meeting here on Sunday night. F.W. Boggs (an Italian) spoke on Industrial Unionism for over an hour in his own language to a large gathering of his countrymen; also F.W. MacMillan spoke for some time on the class struggle, with the result that we procured several new members. The only disadvantage we are suffering from here at the present time is not having any literature of the I.W.W. in Italian. Italians are going to play a big part in the struggle for better conditions in this part of Australia. I myself will stand responsible for two pounds worth of Italian pamphlets if they can be obtained."

(Italian I.W.W. pamphlets have been ordered for some time from U.S.A. by the Literature Secretary of Sydney Local. All required will be forwarded to Corinthian when they arrive here.—Ed.)

Spence, Postmaster-General and President of the A.W.U., is beginning to show himself in his true colours. The Letter-carriers Union have been making demands, and this protagonist of "One Big Union" principles, a la A.W.U., threatens to introduce Prussian methods in dealing with working class grievances. He warns the letter carriers that they must curb their tongues in voicing their grievances, or else he will enforce the civil service regulations, which means abrogating all union principles, and a denial of the right of the workers to have any say in their conditions of employment at all.

This, coming from "The Grand Old Man" of the A.W.U., is enough to make the pioneers of Unionism turn in their graves.

ADDRESSES OF I.W.W. LOCALS.

Adelaide Local No. 7—Secretary-Treasurer, S. G. Drummond, 43 Charles-street, Unley, Adelaide, S.A.
Sydney Local No. 2—Secretary-Treasurer, F. J. Morgan, 330 Castlereagh-street, Sydney, N.S.W.
Broken Hill Local No. 3—Secretary-Treasurer, E. J. Kiely, Palace Buildings, Sulphide-street, Broken Hill, N.S.W.
Fremantle Local, No. 5—C/o W. Johnston, Burlington Hotel, Pakenham-street, East Fremantle, W.A.
Boulder Local, No. 6—Secretary-Treasurer, F. H. Lunn, Lane-street, Boulder, W.A.
Brisbane Local, No. 7—Secretary-Treasurer, J. J. Burke, "Mimi," Cribbs-street, Milton, Brisbane, Q.
Melbourne Local, No. 8—Secretary-Treasurer, R. Power, 243 William-street, Melbourne, V.
Tottenham Local, No. 9—Secretary-Treasurer, A. S. Graham, Umang-street, Tottenham, N.S.W.

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