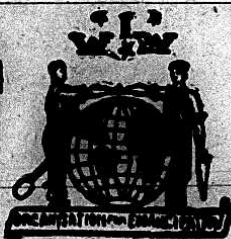


# One Big Union For the International Working Class

# DIRECT ACTION



VOL. 2. NO. 44.

Registered at G.P.O.

Sydney.

SYDNEY, NOVEMBER 6, 1915.

ONE PENNY

## A Weekly Paper

## S'African Elections

## The Agitator.

The progress of "Direct Action" has been phenomenal. Nearly two years ago, the Sydney local decided to foot the bill for the paper. "Direct Action" started out a monthly, and since then it has never looked behind it.

The first six issues were printed at outside printers, and the cost was somewhat heavy, too heavy, in fact, for the slender resources of the organisation at the time. It was then determined that we should purchase a press. We had no money, but plenty of optimism, no printing knowledge, but lots of aptitude for learning.

A good Samaritan was discovered, and the Press became a fact. In August, 1915, we came to the conclusion, that we could make the paper a fortnightly. We did so. We had strong fights all along the line. The Editor found his way into Long Bay gaol for seven days in October of the same year between issues. The authorities tried to bar the sale of "Direct Action" on the Domain. They failed as usual.

We struggled along with a debt around our necks like a milestone. The subscribers began to roll in when the people recognised what kind of a paper we were. Members and friends began to flock to our stand, and we began to knock spots off the milestone.

The organisation has had to fight its way every inch, the paper has had to fight every hundredth part of an inch. Boys of the rebel clan have had to dig into their almost empty pockets to make sure that "Direct Action" continued on its way.

We have utilised the press to good purpose in re-printing several pamphlets dealing with the methods and principles of the organisation. Well as the time went on, the more active thinking members of the working class got in touch with the paper that urged the philosophy of the One Big Union. More fights came on, and more victories were added to the fighting laurels of the organisation. The fights advertised the paper, the paper again advertised the organisation. "Direct Action" was made possible by the Industrial Workers of the World, and the widespread knowledge of Industrial Unionism has been made possible by the paper. The two things go hand in hand like S. L. Pers economic and political wings.

Early in September, the editor was taken away again. The pinheads who masquerade as ministers of the crown wanted a scapegoat to cover up their own shortcomings. They evidently thought that when they captured the editor of "Direct Action" that the paper would die. And they were right, the paper did die as a fortnightly. A council of war was held. Editors blew it from all parts of the country. It was decided that "Direct Action" should celebrate the second gaoing of the editor, by getting into short clothes and becoming a weekly. The resolutions were put into operation. We are a weekly paper. We have even a greater struggle than the previous ones before us. But we have big hearts and unlimited optimism. We believe that a weekly paper will be even greater than ever. The working class of Australia need a paper that stands out from the shams and conventionalities of capitalistic so-

cietly, and places before the workers methods and principles that must ultimately triumph in the battling, struggling days of the future.

We may not be a big paper. We don't desire to be big. We want the to be understood. We want the working class to reach us, to understand our message. The message of virility, strength, and unconquerable optimism. We have never, and never will, sully our pages by the advertisements of the class we are out to destroy. We will not allow our pages to become a medium for personal adulation or hero worship. The One Big Union movement is too great a movement to slobber over individuals or their frailties.

Our army of subscribers becomes greater every day. We want to cover even more country. We want to reach more workers with our philosophy. We therefore, depend upon our "old guard," who battle all over the country with the sub. cards in their hands. A weekly "Direct Action" is largely their work. Their work is the stiff spade work of the Revolution. We want more members in the "old guard," our army of sub-getters. The Editor and Manager of "Direct Action" want to see over 5,000 subscribers on the books. Think of the value to the working class movement in Australia, with five thousand of working class minds coming in contact with this paper of the Coming Change. We are optimistic enough to believe that our army of sub-getters will grow in numbers and results. Now, Mr. Reader, I am talking to you. Write to me personally, and I will send you the sub-cards. And do the evil work to-day. Make "Direct Action" the most influential working class paper in Australia. It's up to you, Mr. Reader. Are you some dynamite, or driftwood? Seeing's believing.

TOM BARKER.

### 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.

The capitalist press is making venomous attacks on King O'Malley on his appointment to a position in the Labor Cabinet. O'Malley is one of those politicians in a thousand who is so plain-spoken about capitalists, and about the capitalist system in general, that the vituperation of the press can be easily understood. Talk, however, won't remedy conditions or abolish the system, so O'Malley in that respect is just as powerless as his more discreet brotherhood in the political Labor movement.

### "Herald" puts One More Nail in Coffin of I.W.W.

The "Sydney Morning Herald" has discovered something. The route of the Labor Party at the South African elections, we are told, is attributable to the fact that I.W.W. extremists were prominent in its propaganda. "The I.W.W. preach German Socialism . . . which is nothing more or less than pure anarchy," is the conclusion arrived at by the "Herald" scribe. As I.W.W. propaganda, German Socialism, and Anarchism are three different schools of thought, each of which is irreconcilably opposed to the others, the leader writer on the "Herald" staff, who embodies all three as I.W.W. exclusively, is to be commended for his genius.

The Labor Party in South Africa is on a par with the Labor Party in Australia. For the most part, it is composed of men who believe that the easiest way to get a livelihood is to get on the backs of their own class and remain there at all hazards to their personal reputation. Niceties of thought on particular phases of the working class movement are altogether without their intellectual sphere. The only things that matter are votes and the job; the first as a means, the latter as the end; and it is a futile task to endeavor to stir up the sluggish conscience and mentality of the average Labor politician, once in office, to the fact that he owes a duty to those to whom he owes his job.

The workers in South Africa, as in Australia, are beginning to recognise the truth of this, and the Labor Party's defeat at the polls is one more illustration of the fact that "you may fool some of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

The question most vitally concerning the workers of South Africa is not the numbers of votes they cast for this or that Party, but the amount of economic power they can assert by organisation on the job.

Perhaps the toilers in that country have learnt something from the history of Labor Parties in Australia, so the "Herald's" remarks with regard to I.W.W. propaganda is not so much beside the mark after all.

The politicians will soon be in each other's hair now on the question of the Referendum proposals. When all is over and "the Constitution is amended," what do the workers stand to gain? Assuming that the Government will then be in a position to fix prices, does not the whole history of Capitalism prove that the standard of comfort for the working class is not determined by high or low prices, but upon the power of their organisation on the job to wring from the master class a larger proportion of their product.

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

Push the sale of "Direct Action." The boss loves it.

Every copy of "Direct Action" sold is a kick at the boss. Get subs.

Think truly—and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed!  
Speak truly—and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed!  
Live truly—and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.

—G.W.

At various periods in history and on the advent of every social change, and more especially at the break up of any given civilisation, persons mostly of obscure birth have boldly stepped upon the stage of public life and by their zeal and self sacrifice to a cause have ushered in new ideas and sometimes overthrown established institutions that have outlived their usefulness, and are a stumbling block on the path of progress. The agitator is the product of his age. There are economic and psychic forces silently at work in society that lead inevitably towards the ideas and ideals of the reformer. Being gifted with higher intelligence than others, the agitator is the pioneer of every new movement. Agitators are

rarely thoroughly understood in their generation. Their ideas are necessarily in advance of public opinion, or rather one should say mental apathy of the herd. Moreover, the agitator is usually a unique type of individual whose ideas are unorthodox, whose habits are Bohemian, and his tastes unconventional. The chief charge against the agitator is that he is against the existing order. As a witty writer once put it, "English society can forgive crime, and even murder, but it cannot tolerate a new idea." The agitator directly or indirectly threatens retrogressive institutions, he is the exposé of fallacy and quackery, and the denouncer of corruption and fraud. Parasites, priests, politicians and other sycophants recognise the agitator as the personification of discontent and aspiration for radical change. Education of the masses is the one thing above all others charlatanism dreads.

Our civilisation to-day is essentially based upon ignorance and perversion of the past. In spite of its glamour and show, most of its venerated institutions rest upon metaphysical ideas, or rather the acceptance of false conceptions by a large section of the people. Knowing this, hypocrites in high places loathe the agitator. Especially is this the case when around his doctrine fit the hopes of the oppressed.

Amongst the great agitators who have left their footprints on the sands of time are Confucius, Christ, Savonarola, Bruno, Darwin, Ferrer, and many other lesser lights, including the world's best and bravest. Most of these men paid the price of their life for their ideas. When alive they were bitterly denounced, persecuted and murdered. When dead a more educated generation recognises the greatness of the agitator, and erects statues and monuments to the memory of the men their forefathers murdered.

Of course, there are many kinds of agitators. Strictly speaking, any person advocating certain ideas and actions is an agitator. A recruiting officer, parson, or politician is really an agitator. Statesmen, editors, preachers, and so forth, are really agitators, but are not treated as such. The plutocratic press twist the word to mean a term of opprobrium. Any licensed public man who is advocat-

By Ajax.

ing something detrimental to society as a whole, but useful to the ruling class, is not designated an agitator. He is a most important individual, whose integrity is above suspicion. On the other hand, if the ideas are detrimental to exploitation, then he is a despicable agitator. Recently in England, Kitchener received thousands of pounds for advocating the murder of Boer farmers, while Tom Mann got six months gaol for telling soldiers not to shoot strikers. In the former case the important personage was advocating something conducive to plutocratic interests, therefore he was loaded with honors and titles; in the latter case it was the reverse, therefore the agitator was prosecuted. The presence of the agitator is not a sinister sign except to a limited few. The more agitators, the better for society. If it were not for the agitator we should sink to a state of mental torpor; indeed, the masses are perilously near that condition, and require more agitators to wake them up.

Whatever may be his faults, and no matter how erroneous his ideas, the agitator is a being who in the long run works for the mental health of society. The agitator is really a rung in the ladder of thought, and stimulates intellectual progress. A man who can give the world a new idea, beneficial to the community, is of more value than all the generals, popes, and notable personages. Apart from their ideas we have to remember that the agitator in all ages has carried the banner of free speech onward and upward past thrones, altars and dungeons. That one fact alone should command our respect. The agitator is a necessary and inevitable factor in human progress, a biological necessity, whose importance we cannot afford to ignore.

Thought is changing fast, and is infinite in its variety. What is jeered at to-day becomes an established fact to-morrow, and in its turn gives place to something better in the near future. Amid the fall of dynasties, the crumbling of creeds, the crash of empires, the new rapidly displaces the old. In the realm of thought, truth is eternal. In the words of an agitator, "This generation shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away."

Last century saw science wrest the sceptre from superstition. To-day the sociologists are fighting a similar fight against orthodox political economy. They are the agitators of this age who understand the realities of life and the hopes of the future. They carry the torch of progress on past the dens of ignorance and faith, the power of privilege and self, towards the goal that the agitators in the past have striven "The Kingdom of heaven on earth."

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## DIRECT ACTION "Justice"

a la Heydon.

## "Financial Ruin" The Man With the Hoe.



WEEKLY

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## The Coal Strike.

Plute Press Hypocrisy.

The hysterical shrieks of the capitalist press is the most remarkable thing about the coal-lumpers' strike. The dictionaries have been searched and re-searched for adjectives of a sufficiently vituperative nature to hurl at the unfortunate "coalie's" head; but the fiercest denunciation finds its limit and its climax in one word—"Pro-Germans."

Before the war occurred such a thing as a strike of coalies, or strikes in general, were things that were altogether unknown in Australia. It is, therefore, the most logical thing in the world to conclude that when these phenomena take place, they can only be attributable to German agents, German spies, or German sympathisers.

The Sydney "Evening Snootze" is the only capitalist newspaper that seems to doubt the underlying cause of the strike as being that put forward by its contemporaries. A leading article in its issue of October 28, which strangely enough, is headed "Industrial Anarchy," says, inter alia, that "It is not quite clear why the Germans who have a great deal to attend to just at present should try to foment industrial trouble in New South Wales, when they know that it is a disease endemic in this glorious country."

The "Snootze" however, apparently afraid of offending the susceptibilities of its rich patrons and advertisers, further on qualifies this remark by saying that in so far as the strike "hamstrings the efforts of the British and our Allies, these industrial revolutionists are pro-Germans, and the Government and the community should deal with them as such."

The scribe who wrote that screed could find perhaps a fuller explanation of the strike by merely writing the headline, "Industrial Anarchy," and leaving it at that.

The word anarchy, in its popular acceptance, means disorder or chaos, and what is more disorderly and chaotic than the economic system which compels men to resort to starvation-tolpe, in order that they may have an extra crust in the cupboard to-morrow.

Anarchists are popularly supposed to be people who have no respect for the rights of others, individuals who would ruthlessly and unscrupulously murder, slay, starve, and torture, in order to achieve their own purpose. If this is the meaning of anarchism

Listen to the mellifluous voice of the angel who records working class misdemeanours in Sydney; that austere but upright and just personage, Arbitration Court Judge Heydon. When Nemesis, in the shape of a so-called Labor Government, got after the coalies and hauled them before the Court, "His Honor" in granting a postponement with that love of justice for which he is famous, remarked, "I do not want to say anything about the merits of this controversy between the men and their employers. It would be the wrong time to do so."

How impartial. How just. And then that there may be no mistake about his uprightness and impartiality "His Honor" tells us forthwith that "It looks as if they (the strikers) wanted to imitate the Germans first by treating their agreement as a scrap of paper only to be observed as it suits themselves."

Really and truly one would have thought that such a thing was impossible in time of war, and the fact that we are living under a free Constitution. Perturbed at such a sad state of affairs, "His Honor" scratches his head, and adds, "It does suggest a doubt whether a free Constitution is a proper one."

This dirty, low-down, parasitical scabbler has not a word to say about the employers who hold up transports because they would see King George, the Kaiser, the Czar and all their satellites, slaves and soldiers in the furthest corner of hell, rather than part with one cent of their ill-gotten gains unless compelled to do so.

This is the kind of institution to which the workers are driven by the Labor Party to secure "Justice." Before any evidence is tendered, and before one word has been uttered on the strikers' behalf, this sleek, well-fed, sixty-quid-a-week hypocrite, has the impudence to talk to the workers as if they were beholden to him and his class for the few shreds of liberty they possess, and as if freedom were something to be taken away or bestowed according to the whims of tyrants and despots.

At time of writing the coal strike is not yet over, but if the coalies tolerate the Heydon sample of justice being dished out to them, and resume work without putting forward as a condition that Heydon get kicked out of his job, they deserve all that's coming to them from the bosses and their courts.

the system for which the "Snootze" stands, and the bosses for whom it speaks, may well be styled anarchy and anarchists.

We have these bosses, as represented by the Colliery Owners and Coal Stevedores' Association abetting Peckaniffian tears over the unpatriotic attitude of workers who refuse to coal transports. With the untouchness characteristic of the Peckaniff tribe, they pretend to be shocked and amazed because men refuse to coal ships that will carry human beings to scenes of murder and slaughter. What care they if the ship is bound for hell? Did not an Almighty Providence ordain that men should toil and sweat and murder so that profits may be accumulated by the chosen few whom He in His beneficent wisdom placed over us. Why should heathen slaves dare worship at the shrine of any other deity than be whom their masters adore, the God of Gold, the God of Profit, the God of Greed? Why shouldn't children starve? Why shouldn't women torture their souls when the last loaf has disappeared, and wages are not yet due? Who dare say that a well-ordered system of this kind should be disturbed by Industrial Revolutionists? Treasonous Troublemakers, Turbulent Anarchists, get back into your slums, go down into your infernal hell-holes, chew your black and grimy crust in contentment, for does not the voice of the capitalist god proclaim, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

T.G.

For the Capitalists.

Hope to Avoid It.

It would appear that the economic and financial chaos inevitably arising out of the war is beginning to scare even the most extreme jingoes.

The "Sunday Times" of October 31st goes so far as to predict complete financial ruin for Great Britain and the Allies if the war should last longer than another twelve months. The paper argues that while Germany is almost self supporting, Great Britain is plunging herself head over heels in debt to the United States and other countries. The war is costing Great Britain £1,300,000,000 a year in excess of revenue, and even the credit of England cannot stand this strain for any considerable time. But, says the "Times":

"There is one, sure, safe and certain guarantee against financial ruin, and that is the development of industry within the Empire to its greatest extent, and a rigid economy."

Workers interested in the fate of the Empire should note that.

The financial position of any country, in the last analysis, depends upon the willingness of its slaves to put up with exploitation, and allow the capitalist class to practise "a rigid economy" at their expense, so that this class may be able to meet its obligations and once more enhance its credit.

The "Times" knows that the interest on the huge war debts which Great Britain and her overseas possessions are building up cannot be met by any magic juggling with finance even by her most powerful financiers. That interest, if it is to be met, must come out of the surplus value which the workers produce, and the larger the surplus they are willing to create, the easier the solution of the problem.

The "development of industry to its greatest extent," with the aid of "a rigid" economy, is only another way for saying that ways and means must be found for keeping the worker's nose to the grinding stone, and for keeping the screw generally on labor's neck. So, after all, even according to the "Times," the wage-slaves of Great Britain and her Allies—and the same applies to Germany—have not a very rosy future in front of them, irrespective of which side wins or loses.

There is just another alternative which the "Times" did not hint at. That is, Revolution. It may occur to the wage slaves of the capitalistic world, round whose necks this burden is going to be tied, that if they organise to appropriate the surplus they produce for themselves, it won't much matter to them whether they, their rulers and exploiters are "financially ruined" or not.

The financial ruination of this class, by depriving them of the surplus product of labor, is what all intelligent workers should aim at.

## 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.

## ADELAIDE READERS

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

## NOTICE

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

(Republished by Request.)

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans  
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
The emptiness of ages in his face,  
And on his back the burden of the world.  
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,  
A thing that grieves not, and that never hopes  
Stolid and stunned a brother to the ox?  
Who loosened and led down this brutal jaw?  
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?  
Whose breath blew out the light within his brain?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave  
To have dominion over sea and land;  
To trace the stars, and search the Heavens for power,  
To feel the passion of Eternity?  
Is this the dream, He dreamed Who shaped the suns  
And pillared the blue firmament with light?  
Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf,  
There is no form more terrible than this—  
More tongued with censure of the World's blind greed—  
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—  
More fraught with menace to the Universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!  
Slave of the wheel of Labour what to him  
Are Plato, and the 'swiving of Pleiades?  
What are the long reaches of the peaks of song?  
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?  
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look,  
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop,  
Through this dread shape, Humanity betrayed,  
Flundered, profaned and disinherited,  
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,  
A protest that is also prophecy.

O, masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
Is this the handiwork you give to God,  
This monstrous thing, this distorted and soul quenched?  
How will you ever straighten up this shape?  
Give back the upward looking and the light,  
Rebuild it in the music and the dreams,  
Touch it again with immortality,  
Make right the immemorial wrongs,  
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O, master, lords and rulers in all lands,  
How will the future reckon with the man?  
How answer his brute question in that hour  
When the whirlwinds of rebellion shake the World?  
How will it be with kingdoms, and with kings;  
With those who shape him to the thing he is,  
When the dumb Terror 'shall reply to God  
After the silence of the centuries?

EDWIN MARKHAM.

## 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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MEETINGS, &amp;c.

Street Propaganda at Rathurst and Liverpool Streets Every Friday and Saturday Evenings, at 8 p.m.; also Sunday Evening, at 7.

Meetings in Hall:

Sunday, 8 p.m., Propaganda.

Wednesday, 8 p.m., Economic Class.

Thursday, 8 p.m., Business Meeting.

Also, Public Meeting Every Sunday

Afternoon in the Domain.



# A Heavenly Discourse.

God and Jesus are strolling through the Universe, stepping from star to star.

Jesus: Father, I wish you had placed the stars more regularly. This makes my legs tired. It's like walking on ties.

God: On what?

Jesus: Ties.

God: What's that?

Jesus: Oh, Father, you certainly know what ties are.

God: Heavenly ties?

Jesus: No, railroad ties.

God: Never heard of them.

Where are they?

Jesus: On earth.

God: O, that speak. You are always lugging the Earth into the conversation. Why are you so fond of it?

Jesus: I don't know. Because they crucified me, I guess.

God: Hm! Well, yes, if you like that sort of appreciation.

Jesus: We never forget where we have suffered.

God: No, I suppose not. I never suffered.

Jesus: Didn't you suffer when Aaron set up the golden calf?

God: No, I didn't suffer. I was mad. I made him suffer.

It's part of my business to make people suffer. But about those tie—what do you call them—railroad ties?

Jesus: Yes.

God: What's a railroad?

Jesus: Well, it is iron rails over which a steam engine hauls

God: What's steam? What's an engine? Never mind. I don't take any interest in it. It's all after my time, I guess. Let's go home. My own legs are a little tired with some of these long stretches.

Jesus: Father, there is one thing I wanted to ask you about. Am I the only son you ever had?

God: Nonsense. What put that into your head?

Jesus: The Christians.

God: I have had many sons, but you are the only son I ever had by a Jewess.

Jesus: I guess that's what they mean. Well, now don't be angry, Father, but were you and Mother ever married?

God: Ever what?

Jesus: Married. Holy bonds of matrimony. Holy wedlock.

God: What are you talking about?

Jesus: Why, don't you know? When two are joined together by a priest that's holy wedlock and the children are legitimate.

God: My Son, I don't understand one thing you are talking about. Sometimes I think your earth-visits affect your mind.

Jesus: Well, it's this way: You know there is a big war going on on the earth.

God: Is that still going on?

Jesus: Yes.

God: You can't get away from that ridiculous earth, can you, my Son?

Jesus: Well in order to make a lot more soldiers for another war, the Church—

God: That's you.

Jesus: Yes, and the State—

God: What's that?

Jesus: Well, that's just a few people who govern the others.

God: O, gods!

Jesus: Yes, in a way. Well, the Church and the State urged a lot of young men and women to take out certificates of leave to have babies.

God: That's marriage?

Jesus: Yes.

God: Holy Wedlock? Holy Matrimony?

Jesus: Yes.

God: What makes it holy?

Jesus: I don't know, but as I was saying the Church and the State urged the young people to get babies, certificates, I mean, so that they could get more babies for more wars for the State and the Church.

# What is Black's Game?

The Labor Government's attempts at suppressing I.W.W. propaganda are beginning to take on fresh aspects.

It will be remembered that a few months ago, in consequence of the fight for free speech which have been waged by the I.W.W. in the streets of Sydney for the past three or four years, Chief Secretary Black set aside certain streets in the city on which outdoor meetings could be held.

Neither then nor since did the I.W.W. thank Black for so doing, for his "permission" to do something which we had already persisted in doing in spite of prosecution and persecution seemed more amusing than necessary.

Seeing that the bye-laws with regard to outdoor meetings could not be put into operation, Black and his cabinet conferees have hit out on fresh lines to gag the organisation.

The corner of Bathurst and George streets is the stand where I.W.W. meetings have been held every Friday evening for the past three years. It has in consequence, become so well advertised as a corner where crowds congregate that every freak in the city who may have a patent medicine to sell or some mental pabulum to serve out, periodically makes an appearance on Friday evenings, with the result that on some occasions Bathurst Street resembles a miniature Domain.

This did not trouble the I.W.W. however. Propaganda has been kept going there in spite of these difficulties, and the crowd, as a rule, has gathered round I.W.W. speakers.

On going to hold the usual meeting at 8 p.m. on Friday, 29th inst, it was, therefore, no cause for surprise to see on arriving there a crowd of people standing round a banner, a soap-box, and a speaker. What was unusual, though, was to see a strong force of police very much on the alert for interjectors and interrupters, and generally very zealous in "maintaining order."

No beer-soaked stiff was allowed to butt in at THIS little confab. Not on your life. Truly, one thought, the right of free speech is making progress, when the police who were kept busy a short time ago in running men in for public-street speaking, are now engaged in protecting speakers from the fatuous interjections of the inevitable drunk.

Optimism, however, is sometimes misplaced. Closer acquaintance with the banner and the orator, and it was seen that the meeting was held under the auspices of the "cold tea" brigade. No matter how good a thing cold tea might be in itself, the I.W.W. concluded that a little Industrial Unionism might assist the slave to have it hot, and began its meeting at the usual hour.

Then the real cause of the presence of the police became apparent. The writer, who was chairman, was approached by a gentleman in gold braid, with a posse of stalwarts behind him, and informed that the cold teaists had "priority," having started their meeting first. Special instructions had been issued by Mr. Black that no meetings of any other kind were to be allowed in the street, and would the I.W.W. please take itself away somewhere else.

As the I.W.W. has the same affection for Bathurst-street as the Irish peasant for his mud cabin, and the same antipathy to evictions, the I.W.W. refused to budge. The chairman's name and address were taken, so the usual blue paper is expected to follow.

The meeting was held, Fellow-workers Larkin and Grant were the speakers, and shortly after the latter mounted the stump, the cold tea brigade beat an ignominious retreat.

Now, what we want to know from Mr. Black is why one particular clique should come under his patronage and the protection of his police force, and sent direct to Bathurst-street, where, as is well known to Black and his officers, as well as to the leaders of the cold tea outfit, the I.W.W. has continuously held meetings for years past. On the Sunday previous, in the Domain, the same section opened up in close proximity to the I.W.W. platform, again under the protection of the boys in blue.

# The Expansive Force of an Idea.

We cull the following article from "Solidarity," organ of the I.W.W. in America. In view of the suspension of free speech, Habeas Corpus, and other so-called inalienable rights in Australia, the article will be read with interest as showing how the tactics of the master class are on a par in all countries where the I.W.W. is making itself felt.

An idea is the most dynamic thing in the world. The power to transmit ideas is the power to change the world. The Industrial-Workers of the World is an organisation for the transmission and development of a great idea—the idea that the world and the whole content thereof is the common property of all mankind; that no class of men and women should be permitted to appropriate

themselves the bounties of nature or the labor power of other men and women; that the production and distribution of the means of human existence has now reached the co-operative stage of development to such an extent that the capitalist mode of production for individual profit must be displaced (as the next step in the orderly evolutionary progress of the race) by the collective ownership and administration of industry for the common good of all; that those now reaping the benefits of the out-grown capitalist system may be expected to oppose such a change with all the great power their ownership gives them; that this great advance must be brought about by the education and organization of the workers in industry right on the job, in unions corresponding to the natural divisions of workers, or the degree of skill necessary to operate such tools; to enable ALL the workers in any one industry to act as a body and later on, when all industries have been organized, that ALL THE WORKERS OF ALL INDUSTRIES shall act concertedly to replace the present out-of-date mode of production and distribution by ONE BIG UNION of industries, thus bringing to pass a real democracy, in which life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, shall be secured to the entire human race.

Workingman or woman, you may think this is a dream. To the employers who have gotten a corner on the resources of nature and who are scooping in with greedy hands the largest part of the results of your sweat and toil, the financial interests, bankers, and whole host of parasites living by the system which appropriates that which belongs to you, IT IS NO DREAM. To them it is a dreadful impending possibility. They the beneficiaries of a system which causes an untold, an almost unthinkable waste of human life, labor and commodities, will not hesitate to commit any crime or break any of the fundamental laws. If you are unorganised they will fire you; if they find you out, for explaining such ideas to your fellows. The right of peaceable assembly and free speech will not protect anyone advocating these views in a public place where working people congregate. All over the country hundreds of your fellow-workers are rotting in jail, and some

are under sentence of death for advocating such views. Joe Ettor just a few days ago being forced off the streets uttered these same ideas in a hall. The learned judge decided it was a "breach of the peace," and that he should stay six months in jail. E. G. Flynn on September 3, 1915, went with other fellow workers to Paterson to speak at a union meeting. She was not permitted to speak in the union hall. The same people whom the "New York Sun" says were "Mayor Robert H. Fordyce, Chief Blinson and a majority of the members of the Chamber of Commerce, including some of Paterson's biggest business men and silk weavers," cheerfully financed and aided the long campaign of Billy Sunday, held in Paterson last winter. Sunday drives women into hysterics. To preach the gospel of industrial salvation is a breach of the peace, or anarchy. To preach—the salvation of "Grin and bear it," you'll get yours by and by, in that Beautiful Land Above the Sky," is thought by Paterson elite to be very beneficial to the under-paid workers, and the dollars withheld from their wage envelopes went into the itching palm of that mountebank who claims to preach the gospel of the Man who was crucified for stirring up the people.

Now, fellow workers, you might think that the Master Class regards such things as constitutional provisions guaranteeing peaceable assembly and free speech mere scraps of paper as between themselves and the Working Class; indeed, you might be justified in going further and saying that they are "scrap heaps" of paper, in view of the recent actions of the authorities, but it all goes back to the proposition that the source of liberty is the people themselves, and you constitute an over-whelming majority of the people. Organised industrially you hold the situation in the hollow of your hands, and the recognition of this fact is what leads the rulers of the country to suspend civil government, the writ of habeas corpus, assembly, and free speech, whenever necessary to prevent organisation or disrupt it. Organise industrially and realise the sources of your power, and the great idea will permeate the minds of the workers until industrial freedom covers the earth as waters cover the sea.

E.D.C.

## 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.

## SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers who do not receive their "Direct Action" regularly and promptly, are requested to write to the Manager, and give particulars, so that he may take steps to get the matter remedied.

## BROKEN HILL ACTIVITIES.

Rooms, Palace Buildings, Sulphide-street.

Wednesday Evening, at 7.30 p.m.—Educational Class.

Alternate Sundays, at 3 p.m.—Business Meeting.

Alternate Sundays, at 3 p.m.—Economic Class.

Sunday, at 7.30 p.m.—Outdoor Propaganda Meeting, near Post Office, in Argentin-street.

Good Library. Also good collection of Literature for sale. All live rebels welcome.

E. J. KIELY, Secretary,  
Local No. 3, I.W.W.

## "EXPIRED."

Subscribers who find a stamp "Expired," upon their paper, are notified thereby that their subscription will expire during the following month. That will give subscribers ample time to renew their subscriptions. Terms, 4/- per year, 2/- per half-year. Address, "Man-

## 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

## ADDRESSES OF I.W.W.

### LOCALS.

Adelaide Local No. 7—Secretary-Treasurer, S. G. Drummond, 43 Charles-street, Unifay, Adelaide, S.A.

Sydney Local No. 2—Secretary-Treasurer, P. 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. Johnstone, Burlington Hotel, Pakenham-street, East Fremantle, W.A.

Boulder Local, No. 6—Secretary-Treasurer, F. H. Lonn, Lane-street, Boulder, W.A.

Brisbane Local, No. 7—Secretary-Treasurer, J. J. Burke, "Mimi," Gribb-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.

### NEW ZEALAND.

Auckland Local, No. 1—G. Phillips, Secretary-Treasurer, Kings Chambers, Queen-street, Auckland.

Christchurch Local, No. 2—E. Keor, Secretary-Treasurer, Madras-street, Christchurch.

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

Industrial Efficiency on the job means prolonged holidays at both ends of the social scale. More holiday jaunts for the boss, and compulsory sight-gazing on the street corner for the work-



## Fisher: High Commissioner.

In bidding farewell to the officers of his Department, Mr. Fisher remarked that he did not contemplate leaving Australia with unmixed pleasure. Political life, he said, had been very attractive to him, and while it had been very strenuous, it had its compensations. —News Item.

Andy speaks the truth—sometimes. The compensating advantages of "political life" for the labor politician, though, are so very obvious that it was scarcely necessary to be reminded of it. It is typical of the worker who happens to be raised to a position of authority by his own class that he should look upon political life from the point of view of the advantages which he personally derives from it.

That Andy will shortly be found fawning at the shrine of the nobility, and cringing at the feet of the kings of finance, may, no doubt, prove to be personally advantageous for himself, but this fact alone clearly proves that the class which Fisher set out to fight for, no doubt, honestly enough, early in his career, has been forgotten in the struggle to gratify personal ambition.

It must ever be so, while the workers believe that by taking a man from their own ranks and placing him in the corrupt environment of politics, they are going to better their conditions.

Fisher, High Commissioner, and Fisher, erstwhile miner and union agitator, are two people as far asunder as the poles. The "compensations" of Parliamentary action, so far as the workers are concerned, has merely resulted in one of their number finding himself in a position where he is shackled to the legal and moral codes of capitalism, while they themselves find they are in as critical economic position as the day they first took the pick out of Andy's hands and placed him in a nice soft billet in Parliament.

That day it was to Fisher's material interest that he should place union agitation and his concern for job conditions behind him for evermore.

Now that the Fishers and the Holmans and the other political gods whom the workers previously worshipped are, by the logic of their position, compelled to show up the futility of returning men to Parliament, one wonders what form of superstitious working class psychology will next take up.

Signs are not wanting that the ruling class recognises full well that the day of the workers' reliance on Parliament and other capitalist institutions, is rapidly drawing to its close. The ingenuity of capitalist hirelings, who have prostituted their brains, as utilised in the direction of creating some plausible superstition that will take the place of those now decaying.

The Referendum, Initiative and Recall, was one of those fallacious and freak propositions upon which Fisher and some of his confederates looked with an approving eye "some few months ago." "The people must be trusted" was their motto. Events, however, developed too rapidly, and instead of "trusting the people," either in matters of legislation or on any other principle, we find these "Labor Democrats" passing laws particularly devised and especially phrased for the purpose, of strangling any expression of opinion that did not agree with their own and that of their capitalist paymasters.

We do not so much blame these people for so doing. They are merely carrying out the solemn obligations they undertook when on going into Parliament they took their oaths of allegiance to the crowned sovereign of capitalism, swearing to maintain "law and order"—which means maintaining the social order on which capitalism thrives, and adminis-

## 'Honest' Workers. An Appeal for Recruits.

Commenting upon the evils of the contract system in the coal-mining industry, the Sydney "Worker" says:

It would be far better for the trade and for the sake of peace if coal-miners were paid a fixed daily wage of, say, 12s. 6d. or 15s. This would inculcate honesty and manliness among them, and broaden their outlook. And at knock-off the conscientious worker, whether in a good or bad place, would put his picks aside with the self-satisfied feeling of having done a fair day's work. It would be an easy matter to deal with the deliberate shirker; the honest workers themselves would applaud his removal from their midst.

The contract system is undoubtedly an evil, but if it is only going to be eradicated by establishing a worse one, better that it should remain. We can see nothing more pleasing to the capitalist class, and nothing more fatal to working class solidarity, than that the "honest" worker, with the "self-satisfied feeling of having done a fair day's work," should act the part of pimp on his mates, who perhaps might doubt the expediency of doing eight or ten hours' work for four hours' pay.

The curse of the working class movement is the "conscientious" worker, the man who is continually endeavouring to do better than his mates, thereby ingratiating himself with the master, who realises that if all workers were conscientious in this respect, the future of the capitalist system, based as it is on the surplus product of labor, is assured. Perhaps an equally dangerous curse, is the kind of unionism and leadership which inculcates the idea that the robbed is ethically bound by any scruples of honesty to the man who robs him.

Cannon Scott Holland, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, tells us that:

Christianity seems to be hard hit by the war. The naked horror of it struck like an icy chill on our faith.

War in its barbarity, in its inhumanity, in its cruel folly, deduced the very name of God. Who is Love. We recovered from this shock, as we recognised that we are not fighting because we are Christians, but because we never had been.

If the Canon said this in Australia, under a Labor Government, he would get six months for prejudicing recruiting.

"Efficiency" for the slave means "Sufficiency" for the master.

Setting laws to protect its interests.

The man who takes an oath of that kind, be he branded Laborite or Socialist, by that very act he proves himself a traitor to every principle that the working class movement ever stood for.

Fisher is gone or going. The position he held in capitalist society in Australia still remains. It is filled by an unscrupulous political mountebank who has done more to keep the working class in chains for the past twenty years, than any other individual in Australia, the capitalists themselves included.

But if it were otherwise, if Billy Hughes were Christ—Almighty born over again, it is not within his power, within the power of politicians or Parliament, to do anything to materially ameliorate the economic condition of the working class.

Amelioration and emancipation must be the work of the workers themselves; and this will never be seriously undertaken until all their gods, political, religious, and economic, have fallen, and the superstitions that lived with them have been superseeded by reason and intelligence.

The Fishers, Holmans, and Hughes are helping that day along, unconsciously, and in spite of themselves.

## TO ALL PATRIOTS WHO WOULD DEFEND THEIR COUNTRY'S HONOR.

(From "The Masses," U.S.A.)

You are called upon to defend the sacred principle of the freedom of the sea to all shipments of ammunition and other contraband of war. Germany has insulted our noble ideals by guaranteeing protection to human life only. Our profits are jeopardised and humanity demands that we go to war.

Are you prepared to sacrifice the minor, and perhaps irksome, duties of devotion to your family in order to defend our commerce, which is the very life blood of capital?

We offer you free transportation, free food and clothing, with pin money for tobacco and poker between skirmishes. There will be houses and shops to plunder and burn. You will be free to take what you want. Any woman you fancy is yours; it is one of the perquisites of a soldier's life. If tired of your wife, your job, or your station in life, we offer you release from all such cares. There will be no burden of responsibility placed upon your shoulders. You need not tire your brain with wearying thought. All planning will be done for you. If your family is left without support the state will make provision of caring for them, and if they die from neglect you will be honored, not reproached, for placing your country first.

Where else can you find so many attractions? All the primal passions which you have heretofore struggled to suppress, you may now indulge with the full assent and approval of society. The opportunity for a riot, arson, murder, rape, torture, is offered to you by society. Your country calls, why struggle at home?

This training of yours will be very expensive. It is one such as you could never afford to pay for yourself. But what matters that to you? Your children and others' children will reap when you are dead to pay interest on the immortal cost. The government will put itself in pawn to the capitalist in order to pay for your little orgy. But you will have your fling, and you should worry?

F. A. GIFFIN

## THE A.S.E.

T. A. G. WHELAN—

A mass meeting of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers was held in the Foreman's Hall, Sydney, on Saturday night, September 11th, to receive the award just issued. As soon as the chairman took his seat one could see there were the prospects of a lively meeting.

The meeting was called to order, and the chairman, who also represented the A.S.E. on the Wages Board, began to explain the gains, etc., which they were lucky to get, but he got a very poor hearing indeed. At last he rang off, and asked if any one would care to ask any questions. At this signal it looked as if half of those present were on their feet. He explained a lot of the bad points in the award were signs of the pen, to the amusement of the majority present.

The chairman was continually calling order, and giving his supporters a chance. The real trouble was that about 15 per cent. present were dissatisfied with the new award, and they wanted strike.

But the chairman, being above an ordinary workman, explained the rules and ruled anything with sting in it out of order, to the glorie of the honoree members, and some of the superannuated paying members on the railways, as they have something good to look at if they see 60 years.

One good loyal member, passed the remark to a fellow member sitting next to him, "Fancy going on strike when our country is in danger."

Now, you A.S.E. men, isn't it about time you took a tumble to Australia? It is a good thing for lawyers, judges and other hangers on.

## The Marrickville Strike.

Several hundred men and women, boys and girls, are still on strike at the Marrickville Woollen Mills.

The strike may be said to be due to the modern craze of "Efficiency." The output of the mills has considerably increased since the war broke out, without the workers receiving any compensating advantage.

The foremen have been paid bonuses, apparently for this attitude in the slave-driving business, while the workers have been told by the masters that they should be content with a "patriotic" duty well done.

The bosses' profits are increasing as the result of long hours, and the speeding up process, other workers are kept out of a job in consequence of those employed producing too much, and yet we have politicians, labor-leaders, and pseudo-economists, in face of numerous examples of the kind, going about preaching the gospel of "Economy and Efficiency."

The strike has now been in progress for some weeks, and no steps have been taken by other workers engaged in like occupations, to come to the strikers' assistance.

The scabbing propensity of sectional unionism is the only thing which stands out prominently in the dispute. The Woollen Mills are for the most part engaged in producing commodities for war purposes, and swift and firm action on the part of all those unions similarly engaged would, once for all, teach a lesson to the vamps, who not content with making blood-stained profits out of the holocaust in Europe, are strenuously engaged in sucking the life blood out of the workers at home.

Trade Unionism, however, is not built that way. Officers have extended their "sympathy" to the strikers; Estell, Minister for Labor, interview them, but was not prepared to express an opinion as to the justice of their claims. Meanwhile, women and children are left to fight as organized power and influence of capitalism. Such is the great achievement of Labor Parties and Trade Unionism in Australia.

How long, O Lord, how long?

## BARKER DEFENCE FUND.

It was decided last week, at a meeting of subscribers that the balance left over after expenses in connection with the Barker case had all been met, should be set aside as a fighting fund, to be devoted, at the discretion of the Committee, to fighting any further cases of a similar nature that may arise.

F. J. MORGAN,

Sec. Defence Committee. Acknowledgments.

(Continued.)

The following is a list of subscriptions to the above fund, which have been received since the last list appeared. The secretary cannot undertake to acknowledge all subscriptions by letter, but will endeavor to reply personally to all communications from organizations:

Ngakawan Coal Miners' Union, New Zealand	2 0 0
James Sullivan, N.Z.	0 4 0
J. Crowther, N.Z.	0 10 0
The Fed. Gas Employees' Industrial Union, Melbourne	2 0 0
Angus MacIntyre	0 5 0
Fed. Furnishing Trade Society of Australasia	0 10 0
Auckland	1 0 0
Christchurch	3 0 0
James Burnett	0 2 6
Trades Hall Council, Geelong	1 1 0
The following amounts were sent by J. H. Staines, Wellington, N.Z.:	
J. H. Staines, 2/4; P. Joseph, 2/4; B. Barker, 2/4; D. Parker, 2/4; Erickson, 2/4; Jones, 2/4; Wickson, 2/4; A. Friend, 2/4; P. Freeman, 1/4; A. Coleman, 2/4; K. P. Byrne, 2/4; total £15/4.	
Amount previously acknowledged	£122 11 8 1/2
Total amount of money received	£134 11 8 1/2

Week-end meetings and propaganda were well maintained despite some attention from the police on Friday night at Bathurst Street.

Fellow-workers Larkin and King addressed an exceptionally large meeting in the Domain on Sunday afternoon. Sales of literature and the paper were well in line with the average.

The latter was the speaker in the Hall on Sunday evening, and many were unable to get admittance.

A series of weekly meetings are to be arranged for the Randwick work-shops. Efficiency schemes are finding their way here in a more marked manner than, perhaps, any other place in Australia.

The last meeting held there by Fellow-worker King resulted in £2 worth of subs. for "Direct Action," as well as many new members joining up.

The time is ripe for a more vigorous propaganda to be undertaken in similar establishments round Sydney, and members or others interested should get into communication with Organiser Larkin, at the Hall, when meetings will be arranged.

## ORGANISER.

Members in the country are notified that Fellow-Worker Larkin has been appointed organiser for the Sydney Local. Those in navy camps or other jobs where there is a possibility of mustering the slaves, should get into communication with Larkin, at 330 Castlereagh Street, giving particulars. In case of long railway journeys some effort should be made by the members on the job to meet travelling expenses.

## "ROSS'S MAGAZINE."

A monthly under the above title, edited and published by R. Ross, editor of the Melbourne "Socialist," is to make its appearance shortly. The preliminary announcement informs us that the magazine is to be "anti-clerical, anti-militarist and anti-capitalist." It is to be hoped that the latter form of propaganda will predominate. Clericalism and Militarism stand or fall with Capitalism, and if the publication aspires to be scientific, it must deal with fundamentals. However, Australia requires a revolutionary periodical, and militants will be interested to see whether "Ross's Magazine" supplies that need.

The rates are, 4 numbers, 1/4; 12 numbers, 2/6. £1 will entitle the subscriber to the magazine for a lifetime. Address, 345 Queen street, Melbourne, Victoria.

## MELBOURNE NOTES.

The fighters for industrial freedom, organised in Melbourne, are working valiantly to force into the solid ivory domes of their fellow workers some dynamite in the shape of "Direct Action" and working class literature. Grabbination is now in the middle of his shearing operations of the working class stuffs. The boss's men, all race, and the boss's wife will wear the pretty dresses, while the wage plug's wife minds a dozen little wage plugs, and the old wage plugs swallow dust and yell themselves hoarse when the boss wins a few more thousands.

The No-Conscription Fellowship is carrying on a great agitation in this town, and meeting with a good reception from the working class generally. Best regards to all wage slaves.

—R. FARRALL.

The Newcastle unionists on the occasion of the Eight Hour celebration in that burg took the Holman Government to task for its respect to place an Eight Hour law on the statute book. Eight hour day has been annually celebrated in Australia for nearly half a century, yet it would appear that the workers have not yet learnt that if they want an eight hour day they must take it.

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