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SYDNEY, DECEMBER 18, 1915.

ONE PENNY

The Law and the Stickers.

On September 14, Tom Barker was fined £20 at the Magistrate's Court for publishing a sticker which advocated sabotage, without the imprint required by the Printing Act. It was decided to appeal against the excessive sentence imposed, at the Quarter Sessions.

At the Quarter Sessions, however, Judge Backhouse said that "we all know what sabotage is," and refused to interfere with the magistrate's decision. A month was allowed in which to pay.

The fine, however, was not paid, although the case had been heard over ten weeks ago. Neither did the police call around for Barker. The authorities, after the case came off, held £25 belonging to F.W. Morgan as a security for the fine.

On F.W. Morgan trying to get the return of his money, he was told by the Clerk of the Sessions that he would have to apply to the Minister for Justice. In reply to the letter which was sent to the Minister for Justice the following was received:—

Department of the Attorney General and Justice, Sydney.

10th December, 1915.

Mr. F. Morgan,

132 Chalmers-street, Sydney.

Sir,—In reply to yours of the 29th November, 1915, stating that the sum of £25, deposited by you in support of recognisances to prosecute the appeals of Tom Barker against his convictions, has been retained, although the appeals have been disposed of, I have to state that:—

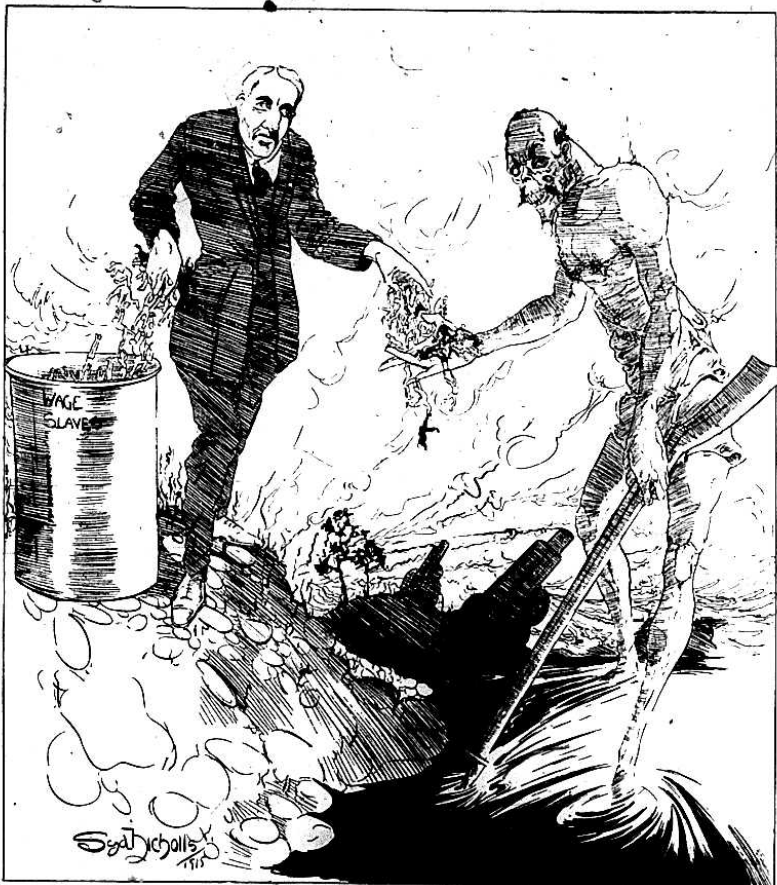
His Excellency the Governor has approved of the fine of £20 with costs, imposed in the case of Barker under the provisions of the "Printing Act" being remitted.

You should make application to the Clerk of Petty Sessions, Central Police Court, for the refund of £25, which, it is understood, is held by him.

J. C. WILLIAMS,
Under Secretary.

A BUTTON OF RED.

The devil sat in his brimstone room in a cozy corner of hell, and grinned at the way he'd run the earth since Adam and Eve both fell. He owned the rulers and owned the courts; he owned the churches and schools; he owned the scribes and he owned the press, and all the rest of the tools. He had stoned the prophets and killed the Christ, and had buried the truth they told, and had furnished instead a phony faith and a god that was built of gold. He had collared every old thing in sight, from who-laid-the-chunk to a throne, and was bossin' the job in his devilish style and bossin' it all alone. "It's a cinch I have," the Devil goth, as he scratched himself on the chin, when a gust of sulphur blew on his tail and a scared-lookin' imp stepped in. "What's the matter now?" the Devil croaked, as he swatted a monster bat and the imp handed over a BUTTON OF RED. "Your majesty, look at that!" The Devil gazed on the crimson badge and the hands that were clasped on it, and he knew in a fifty what it meant, and it threw him into a fit! "Turn every demon loose!" he shrieked. "Fight this at any damned cost! To-Earth, ye fiends! If industrialists win, we're gone, and HELL IS LOST!"—Exchange.



BILLY: "HOW MANY? FIFTY THOUSAND! ALL RIGHT, BUT
"DON'T TAKE ME!"

Canberra News.

E. Sills writes from Canberra:—

In glancing through the columns of the "Navy" (the official organ of the R.W. and G.L.A.), I noticed a spy article dealing out stoush to the one big union. The article is headed "Pandering to Non-Unionists," and I presume, written by a good unionist with old time ideas of unionism, apparently the author of the article is not accustomed to the latest fashion of industrial unionism, and therefore goes off pop on the I.W.W. method of administering medicine to the boss, the same as grand-dad used to criticize yours truly when I first learnt to tango, do the bunny-bug, and other modern dances; but I think, with careful handling, the writer of "Pandering to Non-unionists" could be easily converted.

Things are running smoothly here on the New Settlement at present. There are a fair number of men employed, but they are scattered all over the place. I think an I.W.W. speaker could do good "biz." here, if by chance one happened to stray this way. Most of the boys here are fairly well enlightened and only need a small amount of turning up to produce the finished article. The camp which I am living in contains nearly all rebels, bar one or two, and you will find them in any camp. I am thinking of flying the red flag off some of the tent poles after Xmas.

I see by "Direct Action" that the one big union has reached Goondi and

Moorilyan Sugar Mills, Queensland; hell holes which sapped some of the energy out of my body a few years ago when we worked 12 hours per day. (Britains never shall be slaves). Still the craft union crowd were celebrating an eight hour day in Brisbane, while thousands of slaves were working 12 hours in the C.S.R. sweat shops. The same conditions exist today in Australia, and thousands celebrate the eight hour day once a year, advertising the workers' product which the boss claims. Oh, Lord, shall we ever arise!

The so-called "Eight Hour Bill" is meeting with some drastic amendments in the N.S.W. Legislative Council. Holman and Co. can now tell the workers at election times that it wasn't their fault. The workers will get a genuine eight hour "law" when they decide to take it.

The number of destitute people on the books of the Benevolent Society in Sydney has increased 300 per cent. since the war began. Most of those applying for aid were the wives and children of bankers, politicians, Universal Service Leaguers, and other paid patriots. All classes are making huge sacrifices in this war.

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 working stiff.

Chaffey, M.L.A., and now enlisted for the front, in a speech at Tamworth recently, referred to Parliament as "a farce." Truth is sometimes gleaned from strange quarters.

Billy Hughes tells us that more than £50,000,000 will be Australia's share of war expenditure for the next twelve months. No wonder Judge Heydon says that "the living wage" is a principle which can't be adhered to. Pat requires all the surplus possible for investment in the War Loan.

"Why pay interest on War Loans?" is the title of a special article in last issue of "Austrian Worker." Why? Because the Labor Party, of which the "Worker" is one of the mouth-pieces, is perforce as much a tool of the Rent, Interest and Profit system, as any other party. When the workers organise to stop exploitation on the job there will be no interest on war loans, as there will be nothing to make war about. Until then the "Worker's" cry for "conscription of wealth" will remain a Utopian dream.

Iceberg Irvine and Conscription.

Iceberg Bill, who never worked and never will, says we must have courage to fight the nation's enemies. Seeing the motley crowd of the Australian Women's National League, he addressed, we presume he means the courage necessary to stay at home and knit socks for soldiers. They will no doubt face the dangers that accompany knitting socks for the defenders of their country, such as paralysis, housemaid's knee, etc., with a snailing pace and a sinking heart, while Willie is courageously waggling his chin in defence of his country. "Irvine and Watt are worth a thousand men at the front," says another Willy Willie, who draws tray train fares to defray his recruiting campaign expenses.

Iceberg says, "England expects every man to do his duty," so if we follow his example we'll all go chin waggling to old women of the type Willie hobnobs with. He talks of the ancient granite of the British character. Seeing he's an iceberg, and icebergs melt under the rays of the sun, or artificial heat, he is apparently in his right place, away from the heat of the battle. An army of wind and water would not do much good at the front. He tells us Germany wants Australia. I once thought it was Russia, then China or Japan, but now it's Germany. One wonders what difference there is between Kaiser Bill and Willy. "If there's any difference they are both alike," says Paddy. "Australia is to be the fairest and richest prize for Germany if she wins this war." That's why Willie asks the old women of Toorak to support conscription, and knit socks to prevent the Germans coming here.

He says we cannot meet falsehood with truth, for in time of war truth halts lamely behind. He might also have said, truth is also found behind prison walls, placed there for its own protection, from the old women of Toorak and their breed. He also says there is one argument only open to us, the argument of armed soldiers (might is right when you have the might Billie), its immoral for the Germans or others to use it, say in a general strike like the Brisbane fiasco, or the maritime strike some 25 years ago.

"Our Government," says Iceberg, "has offered 50,000 more men" (loud cheers from Toorak). It never troubled him that the said 50,000 might want to stay at home and assist Billy in his recruiting campaign, or to spend part of Billie's unearned income. He says the only way to win is to Force every man to go forward and fight for Heoratria, and Willie will lead us on to the transport.

He asks the question, "Whether it is undemocratic that the sons of the rich and poor should share the same dugout on the battlefield?" Personally, I should like to share the mansions at Toorak here first. I am sure it would not be necessary to share dugouts anywhere after that. The poor man's son shares his dugout here, with a poor man's daughter, from Toorak (!); that's democracy. Democracy and Conscription go hand in hand in France, where strikers go back to work as soldier scabs, an ideal state of affairs for the like of Iceberg. The highest duty of the natives of Toorak is to fight for their country at beanfeasts and elections, and "The voluntary system leaves behind those who have neither spirit nor courage." Willy Irvine says so, and it must be true.

R. M. ROSE.

DIRECT ACTION Our Standpoint The New Conscription by Starvation.

International



A cable message informs us that Germany has called up old men for active service "with one eye, lame, hunchbacks, sufferers from tuberculosis, and heart disease." The Allies must be a "cronk" lot if they can't beat that bunch.

The minimum adult wage for public school teachers in New South Wales is two guineas per week. When a Labor Government permits those who have the training of the workers' children to exist, or rather to starve, on a wage of that kind, the workers themselves and their children need not expect much consideration.

Says "Sydney Herald": "Forty years ago no country in the world could spend at the rate several are spending to-day without immediate and irretrievable bankruptcy. Now capital is accumulating with a rapidity never previously equalled in the world's history. Millions now are as more than hundreds of thousands were then."

This indicates that for the past forty years the surplus which the workers produced over and above their wages has increased from hundreds of thousands to millions. And yet we are told that the worker's "lack of efficiency" is the cause of his poverty.

Kavanagh, M.L.C., General Secretary of the New South Wales Scab Council, on his return from Melbourne the other day, told the press that strikes were also prevalent in Victoria. "Whether there is any ulterior cause for it all, I can't say," he remarked. The "ulterior" cause, of course, to which he refers, is the convenient lie set in motion by the capitalist press that the epidemic of strikes is due to German agents. Kavanagh dared not put his foot in it and say outright that this was the cause, but being a good "patriot" and henchman of the master class, he "has his doots." No German agent could be as dangerous to workers as the class interests as "labor leaders" of the Kavanagh type.

Craft unions in Australia almost outlive their brethren in the American Federation of Labor in jurisdiction, or what is locally called demarcation, disputes. The latest strike in this connection is that of carpenters and joiners at Garden Island, who object to the Shipwrights' Union doing certain work. If these frequent strikes of worker against worker were linked up into one effort against the bosses for less work in the shape of shorter hours, instead of more of it, there would be no need for the slave to be jealous because the other fellow had a job. The solution is not in demarcation strikes, but in reducing the hours of labor so that all may have an opportunity to exist.

The Blacks represent.

Morby, of the Furniture Trades supported the amendment "as a Socialist." Morby has hitherto posed as one of the militants in the craft union movement. His fighting ardor has now taken on the aspect of a militant desire to scab.

Motion and amendment were subsequently blended into a sort of pious wish "that the unions shall refrain from demanding wages in excess of the recognised award rates," etc.

Judges and chairmen of Arbitration Boards will no doubt mark, note and learn. The Sydney Labor Council has given it forth that the worker should be content with the lot in life which £50 a week parasites assign to him. Any exhibition of discontent with this pronouncement will be treated as an offence calculated to drag the labor movement to the devil." What a heavenly prospect for the workers when "organised labor" affirms its intention to scab-strikes out of existence.

"Solidarity" in its issue of November 13, says:—

The Inter-state Convention of the Italian I.W.W. Propaganda Leagues of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Vermont, which met in Boston, Mass., Oct. 24, discussing the cruel conflict which is devastating the fairest lands of Europe, and exterminating millions of youthful lives, inflicting its heaviest damage upon the members of our class;

Holds, that the present tragic conflagration is the logical consequence of the morality of rapine and plunder which inspires the action of all the belligerent nations of whatever political superstructure, from the constitutional democracy to the absolute autocracy, and that to-day as "always the deadly violence of arms" is called upon to settle the antagonisms of interest which spring inevitable from expansionistic rivalries and mirages of commercial supremacy;

Retains, that the German Social Democracy and the trades union under its evil influence, which were the first called upon to face the mobilisation order, have betrayed in a cowardly manner the International to which they had falsely sworn allegiance, and have contributed to cloud the precise class viewpoint of those workers in other nations who had in the past carried on serious anti-militarist activities, so that their participation in the war, although inconsistent, has the excuse of a great provocation;

Holds further, that the International which has succumbed, was composed of nationalistic groups, heterogeneous and antagonistic in character so that they could with difficulty be expected to oppose a united front to the war;

And decides to insist upon the stand of hostility to the war which our official organ, "Il Proletario" now takes, holding that it is more than ever necessary to-day to expose the insupportable class conflict which no human catastrophe can alter or abolish.

Since the I.W.W., in its theoretical conceptions and in its technical structure, cancels the artificial distinctions of nationality, denying any value to the place of birth or language spoken, and uniting the WORKERS OF THE WORLD of all races, according to their socially useful industrial functions, we think it fitting that it should take the initiative in forming the new International, allowing the participation of those labor unions which recognise and accept the abolition of private property, the class struggle, direct action and a tenacious and violent opposition to militarism—the principal support of capitalist society which exploits, oppresses, and throws us into fratricidal war—and excluding and boycotting economic organisations like the A.F. of L. and all others in all countries which do not subscribe to the above revolutionary programme.

Copies of this motion to be sent to Solidarity, the Executive Board of the I.W.W., and all the revolutionary labor press at home and abroad.

MAZZARELLA,
MURATORI,
CANNATA,
FAGGI.

Presented by the above men and approved unanimously by the convention.

If the workers had consciously and systematically decreased their output for the last forty years—if they had worked shorter hours, and demanded a larger proportion of the product of their labor, there would be "no millions of accumulated capital" to-day to be utilised for the purpose of blowing those same workers to hell with.

Fifty thousand more men are needed from Australia for the war. Conscription in its most insidious form is to be used for the purpose of raising them. The military authorities are not called upon to act and force the unwilling worker to the trenches at the point of the bayonet. That might cause workers to think that after all there is not much difference between the boasted "freedom" of Australian democracy and that which exists in Prussia. Governments that call themselves Labor must do things in a less open manner. Instead of the Iron Heel we are to have the cold whip of want. It is an open secret that governments and other large employers of labor are preparing to refuse employment to those men of military age who answer the recruiting committee's questions unsatisfactorily.

Who will blame the worker if stranded and penniless, he decides to face the bayonets instead of the infinitely more cruel weapon of starvation? Another satisfactory aspect of this conscription scheme is that it only applies to those who are dependent on wages for their daily bread, and excludes from service those whom Holman recently referred to, as the "intellectual elite." The Universal Service League, of which Holman is a member, has been quick to see the advantage of this compared to other forms of conscription, and has now dropped its agitation for straight-out compulsion in favor of the "voluntary system."

A scheme which drives the common herd into the firing line, and leaves the sons of the "elite"—whom Holman thinks so necessary to our welfare at home—to show their patriotism in growing fat on "41 per cent. gilt-edged securities" is surely superior to anything that could be conceived in the brain of a mere German junker.

Meantime unionism throughout Australia is congratulating itself upon having such stalwart foes of conscription at the head of the Federal Government as Billy Hughes.

"If the unions assist the Government scheme, there will be no need for compulsion," said Hughes lately to a deputation in Queensland. This is a plain hint that the unions also are expected to take a hand in victimising men of military age who may have a different interpretation of what constitutes patriotism to Hughes and his good union lieutenants.

Hughes has made use of the unions for many vile purposes in the past, and no doubt he will get

a good deal of support from this source in pushing the workers in to the European shambles.

The spokesmen of Australian unionism have displayed a too keen anxiety to justify the "voluntary system"—as if there were any difference in principle between the various systems of militarism—and their effusive loyalty may be expected to exhibit itself in co-operating along the lines which Director Hughes suggests.

All of which shows to what dire depths the so-called labor movement has degraded itself.

Rearcd in the lap of Parliamentarianism, accustomed to look to other sources rather than to their own direct action in their struggles of the past, it is no wonder that the Australian workers find themselves to-day absolutely at the mercy of the boddlers and politicians, treated not as men who are supposed to have any ideas of their own, either on war or other matters pertaining to their welfare, but as things, mere automatons, to be ordered about at will, or starved at the whim of those whom they themselves raised out of the gutter and placed in the lap of luxury.

If labor organisations to-day had a spark of the genuine spirit by which a working class movement should be animated, Hughes and the blood-thirsty capitalist crew whose interests he is serving, could be made fawn at the feet of those fifty thousand men whom they now intend to starve or indirectly murder.

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.

ADELAIDE READERS

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

I. W. W. Preamble.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people, and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organise as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centreing of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working-class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the 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.

'Honor' Among --

The Sydney Labor Council is certainly making history in its strike-breaking propensities. At its last meeting opinion seemed to be divided on the question whether some of the organisations affiliated should scab outright on the Engineers who were on strike for higher pay at Newcastle, or whether the council should content itself merely with condemning the action of the strikers.

With the Labor Council, apparently, to scab is not so much a matter of the violation of principle as a question of the degree to which it should be put into operation.

A motion was moved condemning the action of the Engineers in demanding increased wages for munition making. The mover of the motion, one Black, of the electrical trades, seemed to have his patriotic ardour deeply moved by the danger of strikes to the "national" safety and the national honor. "There were men," he said, "whose desire seemed to be to get hold of the labor movement and drag it to the devil." Perhaps the men to whom he was referring would sooner go to the devil with good unionists than be found in the arms of Jesus with scabby individuals of the Black type. However that may be, if the labor movement's "honor" depends upon subscribing to the principle underlying Black's motion, honor is a word the meaning of which has certainly become inverted in Labor Council discussions.

Black's scabby soul is white, however, compared with the delegate from the Blacksmiths, one Adler, who moved the following amendment:—

"That in the event of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and Australasian Society of Engineers refusing to supply men to carry out work at manufacturing munitions at award rates, THIS COUNCIL WILL TAKE STEPS TO SUPPLY NECESSARY LABOR TO CARRY OUT THIS WORK."

The true function of the Labor Council manifests itself in this amendment. Adler also seemed to fear that the "honor" of the council was in jeopardy. He urged that "it should take up an attitude that would not bring the labor movement into disrepute in the eyes of the community."

What a "disreputable" labor movement, indeed, which would neglect its obvious duty of breaking strikes, reducing wages, and conforming to those high-minded principles, which the Adlers and

Talkers or Doers.

By Jim Higgins.

(In the "International Socialist Review.")

We know a man who calls himself a "scientific socialist," who ought to be painted yellow and led through the streets. He has less courage in fighting for the working class than a saffron cat. His forehead is high, and he can quote Marx's capital by the page; and you couldn't confuse him on "who pays the taxes?" or "where the worker is robbed?" or any little thing, like that. He knows. He's the best little thinker and talker we have met in a long time. But a village graveyard on a summer Sunday evening is "fast" compared to him when it is a question of action.

This Talker says, "when the time comes" we will "vote socialism in." In the meantime he keeps all the class consciousness he may know about in cold storage. He don't seem to realise that the way to get industrial democracy is to work for it, fight for it. He believes in miracles. He imagines that all we will have to do is to write a star on a piece of paper and drop it in a box and the trick will be turned. An so he betrays the workers in his everyday life. He does nothing.

When the garment workers went out on strike and one company put in scabs to do the work and cut the pay, this Talker went right on buying clothes from the scab company. When he saw the boys coming in late at the shop two or three times, he trotted off to the superintendent and informed on them. One day when one of the men carried home a two by four from the yards to support a small chicken coop in his rented 12x16 back yard, our Talker enemy told the boss.

If he had been a railroad brakeman he would have put every out-of-work off "his" train who was trying to ride free to a new job. He did not know the meaning of standing by his class—the working class—when it came to action. All he knew was talk.

He had the theory of socialism down pat, but he lived the life of one of the boss' stool pigeons.

He was like the "scientific socialist" who wages the wars of the capitalist class—all right in theory, but nobody at home in practice. And such workers are the worst enemies of the working class.

If anybody stood up to tell us that the boss, who pays us \$1 a day, while he builds marble palaces out of the profits wrung from us, was going to help us in overthrowing the whole profit system, was going to kill the system that gives him dividends, in order to help us, we would laugh in his face. Nobody could convince me that the Swifts or the Arnoures want to abolish dividends.

You could stand on your head and tell me that Marshall Field the Third was going to organize the revolutionary working class to seize the factories, stores, mills and mines, to be used and operated for the benefit of the workers alone, and I would know that you were merely a promising candidate for the insane asylum.

No one could fool you or me in this way. We know perfectly well that the boss who employs us is going to try to force us to work longer hours, at lower pay, at a higher rate of speed whenever he thinks he can get away with it, in order to make more profits for himself. We know that the lower our wages are, the more there will be left for the boss. We know it is nip and tuck between our employers and us every day in the year. We are always trying to get more of the value we produce and he is always trying to force us to take less. We know the boss is on the other side of the fence and so we don't ask him to join our union, our socialist local—our revolutionary organisation.

Every time we help the garment workers to win a strike, or

the coal miners or the railroad men, it makes a successful strike in our line of industry more possible. Shorter hours for the miners means more men put into the mines—fewer unemployed, and higher wages in the whole industry. And the fewer men there are out of work, the higher wages gradually become everywhere.

(Class solidarity and class loyalty are the two things needed to enable the working class to beat the employers of labor. Talking will not help a bit unless you back it with class action.)

We know a Chicago painter who handles a pen as though he were going to paint the side of a barn. He is not a prolific reader. He don't care for the classics, and the only Marx he knows is the one on Halsted street who has three balls hanging in front of his door. But when he goes into a cigar store to buy a plug of chewing tobacco, or a bag of the "mak-in's" he bawls out the boss of the place if he don't handle Union goods, and goes to another store.

During the street car strike in Columbus, Ohio, several years ago this union painter walked seven miles to work rather than ride on scab driven cars. He will not work on a building job with scab plasterers or scab carpenters. He wears union hats and coats and underwear. And when he travels from one city to another on the trail of the job he does not believe in paying railroad fare.

I am sure if he had seen an old woman unobtrusively helping herself to a basket of coal from the railroad coal yards he would not have felt it expedient to report the matter to the police. He would probably have offered to carry the coal home for her.

If a man or woman is of the working class, this fine big, shopping Chicago painter is glad and anxious to help them. He would die rather than be disloyal to them. And he has no more desire to be of service to an employer of labor than a lamb has to assist the wolf in his own shearing.

He has never "killed a job" by doing two weeks' work in one, and the only war he has ever fought is the class war. The working class is his friend, the employing class his enemy. He has distributed more industrial union and socialist literature than any man we have ever known in Chicago. He reads little himself, and about the only phase of the revolutionary movement that he really understands and lives and is loyal to, is the class struggle and the working class. But he is worth a hundred inert talkers.

Glib-tongued theory is of little help in the class struggle unless it is backed by class loyalty and class action. The man who talks working class and supports the employing, non-laboring class is the worst traitor, because he comes to us in the guise of a friend.

A man is not what he thinks, but what he does. It is easy to think war, or think strike, or to theorise on tactics, but it takes real manhood and real womanhood to back up these theories and these thoughts in the actual everyday battle of the working class.

Remember, as the cold weather comes on, that you can nearly always help your comrade who is out of work in some way. Ask him to drop in and have a cup of coffee and a bit of breakfast in the morning while he is looking for work—and give him a little class education on the side. You may be in his shoes next year. And you can either make the unemployed your ally by a little help, or your opponent, forced by hunger to scab and lower the wage scale. You can help to make him a rebel while you are giving him that extra suit of heavy underwear.

There is work for every revolutionist to do to-day. Talk and education are necessary. You will have to discuss things and explain

Kindness to

Animals.

HINTS TO FARM LABOREES.

The animals to which we should be kind do not include in their number the large, paunched, purple-faced distortion, known as the "motor-hog." This species is to be injured and destroyed whenever it is possible to do so safely. Horses, cows, sheep, etc., should be the objects of benevolence, advantageous to the animals and ourselves. A horse should never be hurried, rather should be encouraged to go as slowly as possible; fast walking on hard roads not only tires the animal, but injures the leg joints, while hurry over soft ground produces premature exhaustion, and is likely to strain the animal's internal arrangements.

Though the horse receives only food in return for his efforts, while his driver may have an occasional threepence to spend on beer, or a picture show, their condition is sufficiently similar to promote sympathy between them. Therefore let the horse go his own pace as much as possible, regardless of the boss' remarks about slow trips and lost time.

In the case of the cow, do not hasten or disturb the animals on their pasture; and having started on their homeward path proceed leisurely, for the cow is a meditative animal, and the fact that you have taken an hour to do half an hour's work should not disturb you, though it may the boss.

Sheep are timid animals, and even if they invaded forbidden ground, should be approached gradually, and their pace and yours accelerated as little as possible; for fat sheep is the squatters' desire, and haste tends to keep both yourself and the sheep thin. Also there is the advantage "slow but sure;" if you give the sheep time to scatter in a large paddock you will be longer getting them out and consequently have less time for other work.

The same rule applies to strayed pigs, marauding goats, or any other domestic animals which you are sent to persuade to alter their location; while you should constantly ponder on the fable that tells how the tortoise won his famous footrace with the hare, and endeavor to profit by the moral in the same.

J. Z. JONES.

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TO FRENCH COMRADES.

Camarade français desire entier en relation avec des camarades anglais allemands ou suisses parlant français écrire au journal.

things to the other fellow—but he will understand class loyalty a whole lot better (if he is hungry and out of work) if you give him a little hot roast beef practice along with your theory.

A man is not as he thinks, but as he does.

Forbidding

Free Speech

In these days when we hear so much about the right of any man to relieve himself by talking anywhere on any subject at any time when he feels that way, it is a little amusing to learn that less than a hundred years ago authorities in an Ohio town forbade the use of the school house for a debate on the railway question of that day—whether or not there was going to be any railways. From the Journal of Education the following interesting bit of century-old history is clipped:

In 1827 an application was made to the school board of Lancaster, O., for the use of the school house for a debate on the question, "Are Railroads Practical or Not?" The board refused to consent to the opening of the school house for a debate on such a foolish proposition and made its answer a formal part of the proceedings, a part of which reads: "You are welcome to use the school house to debate all proper questions in, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossibilities and rank infidelities. There is nothing in the word of God about them. If God had designed that his intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour by steam. He would clearly have foretold it through His Holy Prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to hell."—"Great Falls Tribune," U.S.A.

"PUT UP THE SWORD."

The Literature Secretary of Local No. 2, Sydney, has a stock of Miss Pankhurst's book, "Put Up the Sword" on hand. Miss Pankhurst has been the object of much hostile criticism from the patriotic reviewers, who have been howling for her internment for her frank and lucid explanation of the causes of war, and her exposure of the inevitable evils that result from militarism. The book is a triumph of compilation, argument, and logic. Every working man and radical should read the book, which has been compiled, and printed entirely in Australia. Every one of its 222 pages are full of information, most of which is sedulously ignored or hushed up by the bought press. The first edition is nearly sold out, therefore an early application is necessary. The Sydney Local sold over 140 copies during the past week, on their terms of "Take the book for a week, keep it clean, read it, and if you're not satisfied bring back the book and we will return your money." There has not been one returned to date.

The price for paper-covered copies posted to Australia or New Zealand is 2s 6d, post paid. Address: Literature Secretary, Box 98, Haymarket P.O., N.S.W.

WARI WHAT FORT?

We have a limited supply of the above book, printed on superior paper, and attractively bound, which will be forwarded to any address upon receipt of cash for 4s 6d. In conjunction with "Put Up the Sword," the two volumes will be forwarded upon receipt of cash for 7s. Address: Box 98, Haymarket P.O., N.S.W.

Eleven wharf laborers were fined £3 each by "His Honor" Heydon the other day for refusing to work a transport on Empial day. "The union ought to make plain to these men," said "His Honor," "that they must not behave in this reckless way. Unfortunately, one comes up against the fact that the union is the men." "Unfortunately," is rich, even for such a well-known humorist as "His Honor." What kind of union does "His Honor" want?

Open Letter

to Mr Black

Sir,—A few weeks ago, you may remember, the Temperance Alliance of N.S.W. held a meeting at the corner of Bathurst and George streets. At that time, in the interests of peace and order, you deemed it your duty to deputate a number of the police under your control to attend this meeting with certain instructions. Those instructions were that the members of the Temperance Alliance, if starting their propaganda previous to the arrival of other organisations, should be given preference on the street corner and kept free from interruption.

On the evening in question the Industrial Workers of the World turned up at 9 o'clock to hold their usual weekend meeting—a meeting, by the way, Mr. Black, which has been weekly held by them at this street corner for the past three years. On their arrival they were promptly warned by the officer in charge of the police that if they persisted in holding their meeting the speakers would be charged under the Bye-Laws of the City with having interrupted a public meeting.

The police emphasised your anxiety for free speech, peace, law and order, to the extent of taking the name and address of one of the speakers from the I.W.W. platform—who, no doubt, would have respected their request, Mr. Black, if your solicitude for free speech had manifested itself during the many troublesome meetings held at the same place for the past three years—and warned him of a pending prosecution. Your praiseworthy ardour in the interests of freedom of speech was further shown a few days later when two detectives called on the offender and warned him of the serious consequences which would ensue from a repetition of the offence.

Now, Mr. Black, Chief Secretary, Gentleman in charge of Police, Keeper of the Peace, Protector of Life and Property, and Guardian of Law and Order, how comes it that your erstwhile bubbling enthusiasm for the right of free speech has suddenly evaporated?

You are aware that the soldiers loose in city on Friday evening, 8th inst., almost caused a serious riot at an I.W.W. meeting in Bathurst street, through a too keen desire to give expression to the kind of hooliganism which, while it might be appropriate in the trenches, is certainly out of place in the streets of a city patrolled by police upon whom you have so zealously impressed—and so recently too—the sacredness of public meetings.

I say, "you are aware," advisedly, for no doubt your friend and colleague, Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, who a few weeks ago, publicly encouraged the military "to boot the I.W.W. off the streets," has by this time acquainted you of the result of his endeavors to promote peace in the city streets.

The object of this letter, sir, is to inform you that the Industrial Workers of the World are not going to be "booted" from their street corner meetings by the military, nor bamboozled thence by the police. If the "booting," and rushing tactics of the Friday evening referred to are repeated the event and the responsibility for the consequences will lay at your door.

If your care and anxiety in the interests of free speech and peaceable assemblage only sporadically shows itself, the I.W.W. will take steps of its own to see that peace is maintained at least so far as their meetings are concerned.—Yours truly,

I.W.W. "WAGE PLUG."

Literature List

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