

DIRECT ACTION

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ONE PENNY

Power of Capitalism

(By A. E. Brown.)

No one can deny that capitalism has had a good innings. For the last hundred years or so, it has had a free course to run and be glorified, with none to say it nay. These efforts of craft unionism to build a bulwark around the interests of the workers have been trifling and nugatory.

The master-class has been enabled to suborn the press, the pulpit, the universities, and school houses, the senate, and too often, by means of bought union leaders, the craft union movement itself.

Capitalism is thus enabled, at the present day, to wield a tremendous weapon for the subjugation of the workers. Not only are "captains of industry" the "masters of bread," but they are also, through their suborned agencies, the controllers of popular sentiment. No book can enter a schoolhouse; no film can be screened in a picture-hall; no play can be produced on any stage, that has not first passed under the censorship of some representative of the masters' interests.

Thousands of magazines, prints, news-sheets, "religious" and secular, are poured forth in never-ending succession, with the sole object in view of ensuring the preservation and perpetuation of the One Big Union of the master-class.

In the realm of art, the musician must compose capitalist music; the artist must paint capitalist pictures; the litterateur must present every subject from the capitalistic viewpoint.

Powerful as this mass of popular sentiment, created by the master-class in favor of their "right" to extract Surplus Value, would seem, it would be, however, entirely futile but for the working-class among themselves.

Just as, in a prison, a few warders can keep a thousand men in subjection by breaking them up into groups, so, on the industrial field, the great bulwark of Capitalism is this division of the workers. Proletarians never seem to take in the meaning of that old adage: "United we stand; divided we fall." Marx realised this very clearly when he sent his famous cry ringing down the centuries: "Workers of all countries, UNITE; to lose, you have nothing but your chains; to gain, you have a world."

While the master-class are singing—

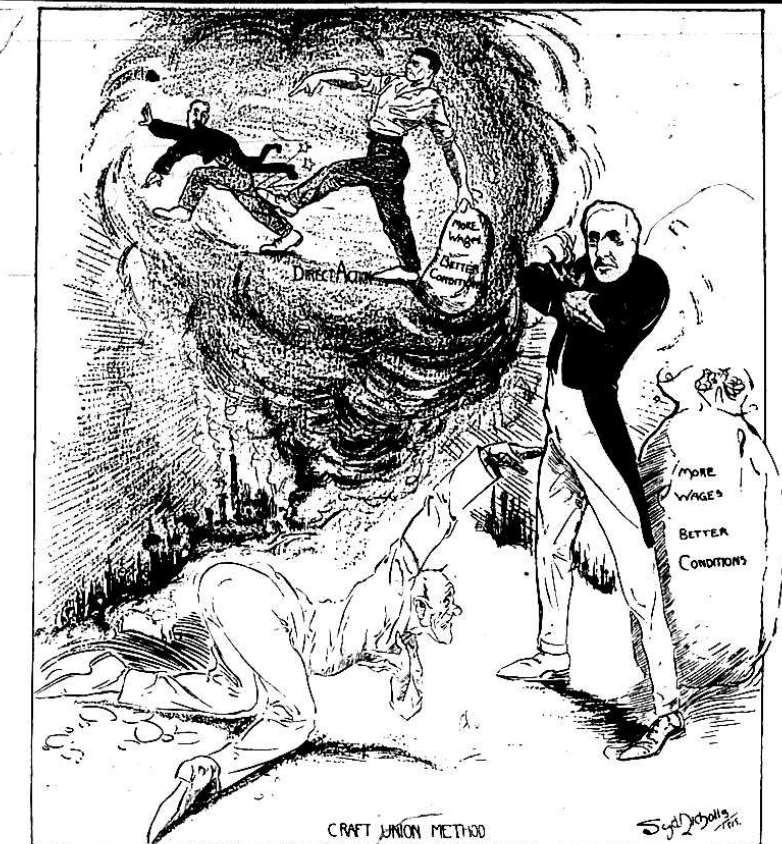
"We are not divided,

"All one body we,"

the workers are dominated by the curse of Sectionalism. Craft union pitted against craft union; wrangling with each other for the right to do certain kinds of work; one section "scabbing" on another; and each scabbing on the working class as a whole.

It is interesting to note the outcome of the efforts of the master-class in mentally subjugating the workers. The worker does not believe that "might is right." He believes in "right" and "wrong." He believes in "wages" and "shortage of values." The master-class believes in "profits" and "surplus value." The worker does not know that the capitalist system would fall like a house of cards before a united working class intent on getting the full product of its toil. Can we wonder that workers are exploited and robbed?

One grand asset the workers have, or should have, is his children. Even here, however, the worker cannot refrain from his favorite practice of



"scabbing." The child must be bullied and bludgeoned; any independence of thought or spirit must be speedily crushed out; he must be taught to be "honest," and "industrious," and "obedient" in order that, at the earliest possible age, he may be sent into mine or mill or workshop to produce Surplus Value for the master-class. This studied coercion of childhood is enough to make one's blood boil. But the worker is too busy putting his few bob on "Peter the Painter" or some other equine contraption, what time he drifts sweetly on to chattel-slavery.

It may be claimed, in reviewing the growth and power of Capitalism, that that growth is due to the energy and initiative of individual capitalists. It must be remembered that in every thing they have had the willing co-operation and assistance of the working class. Nothing has been done in which the latter have not participated.

An interesting query arises: How long can the capitalist system perpetuate itself?

We have seen that the master-class is solid; neither is there any factor in the present-day labor movement that can shake that solidity. There is, however, a little cloud in the sky, no bigger at present than a man's hand, which promises to disturb the serenity of capitalism's old age. That is the Coming of Industrial Unionism, with the overthrowing of the present wage-slave ideals; and the building up of the One Big Union of the working class.

The capitalist is, of course, using every endeavour, by prohibiting freedom of speech and many other coercive means, to crush this movement in its birth. Whether he will succeed or not cannot yet be predicted.

One thing, however, is clear:

With One Big Union of the working class opposing One Big Union of the master class, lively doings may confidently be anticipated, and a clear and definite outcome expected.

Then will be the day of the shaking of thrones, principalities and powers, and the opening of many prison doors. We may yet see the boss with all his parasites, on the wrong ends of several picks and shovels.

To this end, Workers of all countries, Unite and speed the Day!

ADDRESSES OF I.W.W. LOCALES.

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

Sydney, Local No. 2.—Secretary-Treasurer, T. Glynn, 330 Castlereagh-street, Sydney, N.S.W.

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

Bremantle, Local No. 5.—Secretary-Treasurer, C. T. Reeve, 18 South-street, Fremantle, W.A.

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

Brisbane, Local No. 7.—Secretary-Treasurer, G. E. Bright, Redfern-street, West Gabba, Brisbane, Q.

Melbourne Local, No. 8.—Secretary-Treasurer, B. Power, 243 William-street, Melbourne, V.

Tottenham Local, No. 9.—Secretary-Treasurer, A. S. Graham, Umang-street, Tottenham, N.S.W.

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

Child Labor In England

"London Engineering" of November 6th last, says:—

The annual meeting of the half-time council of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire, was held on Saturday, October 31st, at the Grosvenor Hotel, Manchester. Mr. Bond (Chorley) was appointed president for 1915; Mr. A. Lee (Rockdale), vice-president. In his address the president stated that nearly one hundred thousand children under 13 years were in employment in England, and in competition with adults in the labor market. The majority of the children are engaged in the mills of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Mr. Bond referred to condemnation of the half-time system by the Inter-department Committee appointed by the Government. We had recently gone to war for the sake of a scrap of paper, bearing the pledge of the British Government; but England had failed to redeem another pledge given at the Berlin Conference in 1890 by Lord Salisbury and Sir John Gorst, who then said, "We can pledge ourselves for Great Britain that our government, faithful to its actions in the past, will conform resolutely in the future (if it does not go beyond them) to the benevolent principles of the conference."

This pledge was to raise the age for child workers to 13 years. Germany kept faith and raised the age to 14 years; Great Britain kept the age to 11 years until 1899, then only raised it to 12 years, at which it was still kept in spite of public remonstrances.

How Joe Hill Died.

The following is taken from a "Frisco paper":—

Salt Lake City, Utah, Nov. 19.—Showing his contempt of the law by a last attack on its constituted representatives, Joe Hillstrom, Industrial Worker of the World, went to his death before the State firing squad in the yard of the State prison at 7.42 a.m. to-day.

In some unknown way he had concealed a broomhandle in his cell. When the door was opened he leaped at his guards, swinging the club over their heads fiercely and severely cutting one on the scalp and face. But guards overpowered him in the twinkling of an eye.

Nervous, but Unwavering.

Until he came out of his cell, he had shown no signs of resisting. He had been nervous, but unwavering, in the cold calmness that had marked him for months. Guards were taken by surprise.

"I'll die fighting," he screamed, "not like a coward."

As he continued to struggle, powerful guards plied his arms to his sides. They urged him to be quiet and take his medicine like a man. When further resistance was useless, he settled suddenly into an apathetic calm.

"Now I can die with a clear conscience," he said.

Blindfolded.

The march of the firing squad then commenced. Warden Pratt and a deputy led. Two physicians followed. Then came Hillstrom between two deputy sheriffs.

He walked to the death chair with a swinging stride. When he came opposite the door of the prison blacksmith shop, behind which were stationed the five riflemen, Hillstrom passed the thirty-three witnesses in their places. He tried to remove the blindfold, but was prevented by the straps which had been drawn around his arms and waist.

In the Death Chair.

He was led to the big congress chair, about twenty paces distant from the five holes in the door of the blacksmith shop, from which the glittering muzzles of the rifles protruded.

Guards quickly shoved him into the death chair and buckled more straps about his legs and arms, rendering him helpless.

He straightened up and moistened his lips with his tongue. Physicians tested the heart. It was pumping hard. They pinned the white target above his heart and the white mark stood out boldly against his black prison shirt.

Sheriff Corless shouted, "Aim!" The five rifles steadied from the portholes.

"Fire! Let 'er go!" shrieked Hillstrom, mockingly. He was plainly grinning—a horrible death grin—it seemed to witnesses.

"Fire!" commanded Corless.

Five rifles spoke. Hillstrom's body sagged down in the chair, and then straightened out stiffly as the head settled down on his shoulders.

Physicians stepped quickly to Hillstrom's side. They applied the stethoscope.

In one minute 12 2-5 seconds they raised their hands.

"He is dead," they said solemnly.

DIRECT ACTION Melbourne News. Conscription. Propaganda News



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164 W. Washington St., Chicago,
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A Year of Propaganda.

The I.W.W. in Australia has no reason to be ashamed of the amount and extent of its propaganda for the year 1915. Our enemies, the capitalist class, politicians of all stripes, as well as many so-called revolutionists, who believe that there is some magic behind the word "Socialism" which will land the workers into the millennium, twelve months ago were all united in asserting that the I.W.W. in Australia was dead and was not a factor to be reckoned with in the working-class movement. It is remarkable, however, the amount of persecution, calumny, and misrepresentation (which this "dead" I.W.W. has met with from the same quarters during the year just ended.

At one and the same moment would be found an article in the capitalist press congratulating the workers upon their refusal to be swayed by a "few irresponsible syndicalists," etc., while another article bewailed the extent to which revolutionary propaganda had permeated working-class organisations.

Politicians were equally inconsistent in their declarations concerning us. Premier Holman, for instance, on a visit to New Zealand some months ago, congratulated the Massey Government on having rid the country of "I.W.W. malcontents," and asserted the organisation wielded no influence in Australia. This statement was greeted with enthusiastic champagne drinking by Massey and the rest of the capitalist hirelings, who a few months later found it necessary to issue a "Special Order-in-Council" excluding the papers and literature of the "dead 'un" from "God's own" country.

The political socialists of both countries have also been equally as valiant in burying the I.W.W. to-day, while its resurrection was hailed with a howl of execration on the morrow. Meanwhile, the organisation has steadily pursued its propaganda of Industrial Unionism and direct action. It has disposed of more revolutionary literature, and done more to alter the psychological outlook of the worker towards the present system of society, in the last twelve months than all the class war theorists have done in ten years. It has established the right of free speech in "many centres where the word of the capitalist had been previously law. When workers were gaoled for asserting that right, it has created such a state of working-class public opinion that the politicians were compelled to open the gaol doors and give public promises that there would be no repetition of the gaoing business.

The local here is making good headway, considering the trouble one is up against who dares to hold meetings other than for the recruiting of slaves for the Human Slaughterhouse in Europe. Notwithstanding the barriers built by the authorities, the I.W.W. speakers are sticking to their work, and numbers are being enrolled. Prosecutions under the War Precautions Act still continue, and J. Scurie, a lover of liberty and freedom, has been sentenced to six months' hard labor for making statements "prejudicial to recruiting."

Another charge brought against him, that his statements were liable to cause "dissatisfaction to the King" was withdrawn. Under the regime of Billy Hughes, Labor is indeed coming into its own. One writer wrote about William Morris Hughes, that his political career was so crooked that if he were to hide behind a corkscrew Jesus Christ himself could not find him. There is no doubt about it.

After the New Year the local will on every Thursday night, start on a study of the first volume of Marx, when all workers are asked to come along to the rooms. Mr. Ted Turner, recognised as one of the best Marxians in Australia, will conduct the class.

There are strikes and rumors of strikes in Melbourne. The Trades Hall Council is in revolt against conscription, and last week passed a motion condemning the Labor Government for its action towards that end. They are beginning to see the light.

ROLAND FARRALL.

STICKERS.

The Press Committee have plenty of I.W.W. stickers on hand. They are in large type, smart, and to the point. Each sticker has an imprint on it, in accordance with the boss's law. We will send along 1,000 to any address in Australia for 2/9, 5,000 for 12/, and 10,000 for £12/6. Please send cash with order. Orders will be sent to New Zealand, provided 3d extra is enclosed per thousand for additional postage. Address: Manager, Box 38, Haymarket, N.S.W.

ADELAIDE READERS

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

And, above all, it has built up a press of its own, and enrolled members so rapidly that in every camp in Australia where toilers slave for a master there will be found to-day rebels carrying on the revolutionary work and hastening the coming of the One Big Union of labor.

Time is on our side; the class war is becoming more intensified; the chasm between the two classes is daily growing wider, and the need is becoming more apparent of an organisation that is not merely content with the theory of the class struggle as a subject to philosophise upon, with the co-operative Commonwealth as a distant and beautiful ideal, but is prepared to accept that struggle as a terrible reality and wage relentless war on those who would perpetuate it.

The workers must not be content with merely acting on the defensive, and resisting the encroachments of capitalism. As in military warfare, the best method of defence is attack. Trade unions have miserably failed to show any aggressive militancy; the war has proved political socialism to be a rotten reed. Capitalism must be attacked at its foundation; that foundation is Surplus Value. Surplus value is produced on the job, the point of exploitation. Let the I.W.W. pledge itself to redouble its efforts during the coming year at pointing out this simple fact, and 1916 will tell the brightest tale in its stormy history.

T.G.

The announcement that the British Government had at last decided to introduce Conscription will come as no surprise. There never was a difference between militarism as it existed in England, and militarism as it existed in Germany. One necessitated a large army which could not be procured by so-called voluntary methods, while the size of the army required, up to the present by the other, did not call for compulsion.

It was, therefore, a matter of expediency with the ruling class of England, and not a matter of principle, and the absence of conscription hitherto in Great Britain had no more to do with what is sometimes euphemistically called "advanced democratic opinion" in that country, than the assumed "ignorance" of the German worker had to do with its presence in Germany.

Many of the so-called "democrats" in England—and in Australia too—are howling as loud for conscription as any British or German Junker. Neither is this any cause for surprise, for recent and ancient history shows that the democrat "dressed in a little brief authority" can be as great a tyrant as any Nero or Napoleon.

The workers of England, one is afraid, as well as those of Australia, will accept conscription with the same servile obedience to authority which their continental fellow-workers have shown in the past; and the reason may be found in the teaching, long inculcated, that whatever is handed out to them by their "saviours," whether they be Liberal, Labor, or Socialist, must necessarily be for their benefit.

How long will the workers continue to believe in this centuries old superstition?

With an industrially organised working-class conscription would be impossible, because wars would be impossible. Wars would be impossible because the workers would refuse to manufacture the munitions of war.

But an industrially-organised working-class will never materialise until the workers are taught to think, decide, and act for themselves, and throw overboard the idea that there is a superior set of people specially born into the world to think, decide, and act for them.

The war, and its consequences yet to come, may assist along this direction. Every happening in connection with the war is, at all events, forcibly demonstrating the soundness of the I.W.W. position, that until the workers are organised along the lines of Industrial Unionism on an international scope, conscious of their mission and their power, the ruling class will be in a position to enforce its will in the military as on the industrial field.

There is an ever-increasing minority of rebels, however, who have made up their minds to refuse to place their destiny or lives in the hands of any brand of rulers; and it is up to every true rebel in the I.W.W. or out of it, right now, to resolve that they will see the capitalist class and their flunkies, the whole gang of plunderers and murderers, in the furthestmost corner of hell, rather than shoulder a rifle in defence of their interests.

T.G.

MELBOURNE ACTIVITIES.

Local No. 8, 243 William Street.
Monday, 8 p.m.: Business Meeting.
Thursday, 8 p.m.: Educational Class.
Working Class Economics.—T. Turner, Instructor.

Friday, 8.30 p.m.: Propaganda Meeting, Brunswick, corner Sydney Road and Victoria Street.

Sunday: Propaganda Meeting, Yarra Bank.

The rooms are open to all workers every night. All working class papers on file. Good Library. A welcome to all the "disobedient ones."

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.

T.G.

We are pleased to inform the membership that two new locals have been chartered in Perth, W.A., and in Mount Morgan, in Queensland. We hope that these two new locals will make their influence felt, in the propaganda of the One Big Union principles.

A letter from Denny Foley, accompanied by twenty-one half-yearly subs., has come to hand. He reports plenty of I.W.W. activity around the mill employees and the railway navvies in the vicinity of Innisfail. In his letter he mentions that a sugarcane cutting machine has proved satisfactory after "experiments," and states "Poor old A.W.U.'s trouble for the sugar slaves, and more for Spence and Co." Foley is at Cairns now.

Fellow-worker Geo. Henry reports big meetings in Innisfail, N.Q., against conscription. The boys applied for a permit for an outdoor meeting, which was refused. It was decided to test the authorities and Fellow-workers Foley, Henry, Petroff, and Healy, of the I.W.W., and Morrissey, Moie, and Giffity, of the A.W.U., took out a box and held a large meeting. The meeting was very rowdy, some of the parasites of the town asking silly questions. With very few exceptions, the slaves in the audience were in accord with the sentiments of the speakers.

Good progress is reported among the Italian fellow-workers in Broken Hill. Several fellow-workers are returning to the Hill, which will live up again for the O.B.U.

Fellow-workers Visks and Goller have been released from the concentration camp at Rottnest Island, W.A. and are hunting for an exploiter in the Western mining camps. Goller states in a recent letter, "When lying on the sunny beach at Rottnest we could not detect a boss between us and heaven. It is different here—we have to face him to-morrow morning."

The Boulder local is showing signs of renewed activity, and is calling for Russian and Italian papers. Most of the old members are over at Corinthian, where they have got about four-fifths of the workers interested in the I.W.W. dope. F. W. McGurn writes very optimistically of the progress made. The Italian paper "Il Proletario," is especially welcome to the Italian membership.

A detachment of the boys left Sydney en route for Mildura, Victoria, for fruit picking. The governments won't get too much in the shape of fares, as they are travelling in the "Kitchen" fashion, so successfully adopted recently by the soldiers at Liverpool camp. Another bunch have

left Broken Hill for the same destination. The Mildura fruit cookies are in for a hell of a time this season.

Fellow-worker Reeve sends along a very inspiring report of activities in the Perth and Fremantle districts in West Australia. The excellent sales of "Direct Action" and literature continue, while the membership of both locals are on the increase. The Fremantle local have now got a nice little hall at 35 Phillimore-street, where all who have got cold feet and wooden shoes are welcome.

Fellow-worker McCormack is busy sub-getting at the Naval Base, Victoria, where the dope is sinking in. There is a demand for "Solidarity" down there, also that speaks well for the future. The surest way to get a man thinking is to let him get "Direct Action" for a half-year. What about a couple of hundred McCormacks?

Fellow-worker Reeve visited Leederville, W.A., on the 1st December, and lectured on the New Unionism at the A.L.F. Hall, in reply to a lecture recently delivered by Mr. Pantou, who passed strictures on the I.W.W. The meeting was highly successful in every sense of the word. An excellent report appeared in the "Western Worker" the following week. Reeve was also to lecture at Midland before the A.S.E., in their hall, in response to an invitation issued by that body.

For the information of locals and the membership, the G.E.B. has a large order of I.W.W. buttons to arrive at an early date. An order of Italian literature will also arrive from "Il Proletario."

An incipient revolution is impending at Mount Morgan, Q., where the I.W.W. is beginning to take a growing interest in the mineowners' little games, and the impotency of the A.W.U. The new local should grow quickly, and make the wooden shoe philosophy find a lasting and enduring home. At an early date we will discuss some of the capers and antics of the officials of the local organisation, who are suffering from "Empiritis," but take great care not to get into khaki.

Say, boys, we have left 1915 behind us. Good bad footprints, too. Newcastle free speech, Sydney free speech, the release of Grant, Barker's poster, the stickers, and best of all, a weekly "Direct Action" 1915 is something to smile over. And now we are in 1916. Let us get busy with the industrial spring cleaning, and buy insecticide for the parasites. Let us all vow together, "1916 is the I.W.W. year in this country."

Are you some dynamite? Or merely driftwood? Seeing's believing.

TOM BARKER.

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.

American News

Sydney News

Bill Magee

"As Others See Us"

Fellow-worker Jack Daly, of San Francisco, writes interestingly, under date December 3rd:—

Fellow-worker,—

I have just finished reading "Direct Action" of October 30th. It is the third copy it has been my good fortune to get hold of, as I have been out in the country a great deal, and out of touch with the movement actively, but doing my little bit, nevertheless, by sowing the seeds of discontent on the job.

I can see from the tone of your little fighting paper that you are up against the same enemy that we are—prejudice, ignorance, and the stupidity of our own class, plus the capitalist press, the pulpit, and labor-faction politicians. Thirty-five years' experience with labor leaders has proven to me that there is no man, or set of men, big enough or great enough to lead the working class. To be led at all is to be misled. Every struggle in the country in the last decade has revealed the trickery and incompetence of labor leaders who in times of peace, wax fat on the sweat and misery of the men, women and children under their respective jurisdictions, and when conditions become unbearable they try their damndest to bring about a compromise that will keep the yoke of slavery on the workers' necks.

It is enough to make the blood boil in a wooden Indian, but, mark my words, the day is coming when the workers shall awaken.

The American Federation of Labor has just closed its 35th annual convention here. I attended every session. E. Bevens of the Dock Workers' Union of Great Britain, attended as fraternal delegate, and so also did E. G. Ammons, of the British Postal Service. They were both vigorously applauded when they told of the militant spirit of the English workers.

I don't think they got much sleep while here, as I noticed Bevens' head drop one afternoon as he sat behind President Gompers during a heated jurisdictional dispute.

In this dispute the labor fakirs were shown up to advantage. The Operating and Stationary Engineers and Firemen were the disputants, and perhaps buried the truth at each other when they used such words as "scabs," "blacklegs," "blacklisters," and "outlaws." The international presidents did not deny any of the accusations, but sunk further down into their seats like rats.

A resolution was introduced by Fellow-worker Bourne, of Oregon, to have a committee of twelve appointed to investigate the merits of Industrial Unionism and report whether it be a better form of unionism than the present craft organization. Here is where the "pie carders" showed up.

President Duncan, 35 years an officer of the A.F. of L., vigorously opposed the resolution. Several radicals, mostly young bloods, just as vigorously upheld it; also, some who are considered conservative, fought to have it heard. After a debate lasting all afternoon, Gompers, the 7,000 dollars a year president, jumped to the rescue—not of the workers, bless you, no, but to the rescue of his meal ticket, just like Duncan and the rest of the high-priced gods. After a long and dramatic appeal for the support of the present administration, in crushing "this undignified resolution," as other and better methods could be adopted with the same results, but without decreasing our power or disturbing the "happy relations" between masters and slaves, a vote was ultimately taken, after several delegates were refused the privilege of speaking, which resulted in 171 against and 31 for the resolution.

The small vote in favor may seem insignificant to the casual observer, but it was not so, for the reason that five years ago this resolution would have been unanimously turned down. The fact that out of 400 delegates present, only 171 voted against it, shows that the majority are dissatisfied.

The rank and file of the A.F. of L. want to be free, but they want the law rebels; inside and outside the I.W.W., to do their fighting for them. There are many trade unionists carrying I.W.W. cards, but our strength

Sydney Local had a field day on the Domain on the 26th December. The black-coated fraternity, who included the Starvation Army, and a husky Archbishop of the Anglican persuasion, came out from the cobwebs of the slobber factories, to have a few words with Jehovah, about his coming on the side of Australia in the present rumpus. This choice collection of rascality and workshys took up their pitch alongside the I.W.W.

The Wobblies rendered "The Preacher and the Slave" with disastrous results to the "pie in the sky" friends, whose meeting closed with prayer, and Gorse at four o'clock. After the pulpiter's departed, the dimensions of the crowd grew steadily larger. Fellow-worker Grant held an extremely large audience, who were deeply interested.

The collection taken up amounted to £6 12s 6d; the sales of "Direct Action," £1 13s 7d; and the sales of literature, £5 13s. The meeting in the hall was very successful, all the seating accommodation being taken up. The subject was "The I.W.W. in 1915," and the lecturer T. Barker. The collection came to over £1 8s. Things WILL boom when the Wobly Band begins to dislocate the atmosphere.

The Christmas holidays have brought a great bunch of the old warriors into Sydney, and an even greater bunch of new warriors, who have come into the ranks of the local here. It betokens a tough time for Fat and Craft union secretaries in 1916. We are firmly established, and we have lads in every corner of this Big Island. There are I.W.W. stickers right from the Premier's office to the last but outback.

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Enclosed please find P.O. for 4s, for which please send "Direct Action" for one year to the following address:—

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Fill it in NOW!

can not be measured by our membership; we have millions of friends in the country, who are only afraid of being victimised, as we are by the master-class on every opportunity.

Another incident at the convention which may be of interest to the "political wing" of the laboring class, was a resolution to petition Congress to enact by law a universal 8-hour day. This brought on a long and heated debate, between the old officers of the A.F. of L. and the socialist comrades on the floor, the latter contending that the ballot-box was the only logical means of securing it. After several hours of argument, Gompers got up and waving both arms at the comrades, said: "Forget it, forget it! We have been voting for labor legislation for the last thirty-five years, and what have we got? Nothing!" Pointing his finger at the Socialists, who were sitting together, he said, "You want an 8-hour day, but you want to get it easy. You fear the struggle, but you will never emancipate the working-class by dropping a piece of paper in a beautifully-carved ballot-box. The sooner you give up that notion, the better it will be for the workers."

Gompers, continuing, said the struggle is rapidly turning from the political to the industrial field, and the industrial battles of the future will have to be fought out on that field—which is what the I.W.W. has been trying to pound into the heads of the workers for the past eight or nine years. The A.F. of L., after years of law and law has arrived finally at the same conclusion, which gives one the impression that "civilisation is advancing."

From early dawn till twilight gray,
One Bill Magee, a working plug,
Tolled for his boss, and oft he'd say—
He was that sort of silly mug,
"At honest work I feel I'm free";
Some quaint ideas had Bill Magee.

With barren brain and muscles strong,
By sweat and blood his crust he'd earn;
But why he worked so hard and long
He never asked, nor tried to learn;
"For what the hell," said Bill Magee,
"Do I know of philosophy?"

And joy and gladness, light and love,
Or music, pictures, books or song,
These gracious gifts from gods above,
To his dull world did not belong;
"Such things as these," said Bill Magee,
"Were meant for better folk than me."

Ah! when a man whose blood was red,
Belonging to the rebel clan,
Explained the way the bosses bled
The brainless, honest workman;
"I leave such things," said Bill Magee,
"To blokes with wiser heads than me."

He thought that all Magee's were born
And placed upon this sinful earth
To eat the husks and leave the corn
For people of superior birth.
"This 'rebel talk' no good to me,
A man must work," said Bill Magee.

Yet if a man should buy a gun,
And blow Magee to smithereens,
'Twould do no good—he's only one,
And not the worst, by any means.
For in this world the Bill Magee's
Swarm thick, like maggots do in cheese.

—CRESSET.

MINISTERIAL APPEAL TO BRITISH WORKERS. ECONOMY URGED: NECESSITY FOR SACRIFICES.

Economy by the sacrifice of all non-essentials was the key-note of a fine speech made yesterday by Mr. Asquith to a conference of Labor delegates, London, Dec. 2nd.

The wedding of Miss Violet Asquith, daughter of the Imperial Prime Minister, to Captain Bonham-Carter was celebrated on Nov. 30th. The Archbishop of Canterbury performed the ceremony. Among the presents was a brooch presented by the King and Queen. A gold inkstand and a brooch was presented by the Speaker of the House of Commons, on behalf of all parties in the Imperial Parliament.

Following the example of His Majesty the King, the clergy and aristocracy have decided to abstain, as far as possible, from intoxicating liquors during the war.

—News Items.

His Grace has blessed the happy pair.

That's what his Grace is for, We may be sure his Nibs will share Our hardships through the war. On sixteen thousand quid per year His Grace has sworn off drinking beer.

The father, care-free for a day,
Attended church in state,
And gave his bonny girl away
Unto her chosen mate.
And then with a sardonic grin,
He bide the workers save their tin.

The blushing bride, we do not doubt,
Had on a cotton frock,
And p'raps her rosy lips would pout
Should other damsels mock
The wedding duds of modest price
She purchased on her Pa's advice.

The politician and the priest,
And happy bridal pair,
Will take care that they have at least

Enough to eat and wear,
While on the workers they impress
Economy in food and dress.

Old Asquith's counsel we reject,
We see with half an eye
Economy does not affect
His charming daughter Vi.
And so, to folk with loads of pelf
We say: "Physician, heal thyself."

CRESSET.

(To the Editor).

Fellow-worker,—

Allow me space to make a few remarks upon the points raised in the letter published in last week's issue of "Direct Action" under above heading.

In the first place, the writer of the letter acknowledges the illogical position which is held by the working-class to-day and lays particular emphasis upon the fact that the workers, who, alone, by their labor, provide the boss with the good things of life, are yet compelled to beg from these same bosses for work that they may live.

He then asserts that the working-class must unite, "for their own preservation," and infers that this is the only use of organisation on the economic field. This policy of "preservation" may be all very well for senile craft unions which aim at establishing friendly relations between the slaves and their masters, but is quite foreign to the spirit which animates the I.W.W., as I shall try to show hereafter.

Your correspondent asserts that the I.W.W. policy of reducing the hours of labor is unsound; and in support of this assertion he brings forward three main arguments.

(1) That the capitalist class can counter any move in the direction of shorter hours by introducing labor-saving machinery and speeding-up methods.

(2) That the speeding-up, consequent on the introduction of the six-hour day, would be so intense as to render the extra leisure thus gained of no benefit to the working-class for educational purposes.

(3) If a six-hour day were introduced into Australia, it would place Australia outside the bounds of successful competition with other capitalist countries, and, thereby, cause a cessation of capitalist production in Australia.

The above appears to me to be the chief objections which the writer brings to bear on our advocacy of the six-hour working day.

In reply to objection No. 1: It is not only possible, but very probable that the capitalists would introduce such methods; but, insofar as speeding-up is concerned, it appears to me that a working-class sufficiently awakened and enlightened to demand and take a six-hour day, would also be militant enough to resist any system of speeding-up which would be derogatory to their interests.

Regarding the introduction of labor-saving machinery, such introduction would be one of the greatest incentives to the working-class to demand shorter and yet shorter hours; thereby increasing their own and in proportion decreasing the economic power of the capitalist class.

The I.W.W. does not claim that a six-hour day will solve the unemployed problem for ever and a day; it merely states that the accomplishment of this object would be of great material benefit to the working-class, and would bring the day of labor's emancipation appreciably nearer. The struggle for and attainment of the six-hour day would also produce in the ranks of the working-class such an understanding of class-consciousness and solidarity as no amount of ballot-box enthusiasm and the resultant disappointments can ever do.

The second argument is simply an elaboration of the first, and is answered in the same way. When the working-class are militant enough to take a six-hour day, they will also be able to prevent their bosses from sweating them into imbecility and disease to anything like the extent which prevails to-day.

As regards objection No. 3, it is only necessary to say that there are rebels outside Australia as well as in it; and that when the workers have gained a six-hour day the boss will still be getting sufficient surplus value to keep him from dying of despair. As long as there are workers in Australia willing to be freed, there will be capitalists willing to pocket the spoils, the robbery of the working-class will not be ended, but only alleviated by the institution of the six-hour day.

Your correspondent cites, amongst others, the case of the Ford Motor

Co., who, after increasing the wages of their employees to a minimum of £1 per day, discharged 40 per cent. of their employees, and, by virtue of efficiency methods and superior machinery, continued to increase the profit-producing capacity of the company's plant. Mr. Ford did not go to Congress to introduce his profit-producing scheme. He did it by direct action on the job—by playing off his power as employer against the ignorance and credulity of his wage-slaves. By specious pretexts he directed the efforts of his employees towards the oasis of profit-sharing, thereby increasing the output per man of the Ford Motor Co.'s plant by about 85 per cent., with healthy results as far as the pocket-books of himself and his fellow-directors were concerned.

When the workers awake to the real nature of Mr. Ford's benevolent feudalism, they will systematically reduce the output of plant, and at the same time hang on to the high wages.

Commenting upon the situation in England, your correspondent omits to mention the most striking demonstration of working-class power, via direct action, which has happened for some time—the Welsh coal-miners strike. In this strike 200,000 miners, not by the help of, but in spite of, their leaders, defied and defeated the will of the industrial rulers of Great Britain as manifested, through their servants, the politicians, in the Munitions Act.

"Only one thing matters," concludes the writer, "and that is the attainment of socialism." If "the attainment of socialism" consists of procuring to the workers the full value of their labor, by the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth, then he is right; but this desirable state of affairs will not be attained by the "political action" of Socialists whose only economic backing is a working-class disorganised into craft unions, who are only concerned in quarrelling inter se over demarcation troubles, and who still worship at the feet of that great fetish of craft unionism, "the Dignity of Labor."

The whole difference between the I.W.W. on the one hand, and the P.L.L., etc. on the other, is that the I.W.W. is out to seize that power which alone is of use to the working-class in the struggle for emancipation—economic power.

The I.W.W. preaches the gospel of job control; knowing that when the workers are sufficiently educated and organised to control the means whereby they live, they need not trouble about the edicts of any parliament be it Liberal, Labor, or Socialist.

The Socialists would lead the working-class through the sweet groves of Political Action into the realms of a somewhat hazy millennium; but the function of the I.W.W. is to stir up our fellow members of the working-class to a full realization of our present position in society; and to point out that the workers are the fundamental source of all power, and that their power lies, not alone in saying, but in doing or refusing to do, as circumstances may dictate.

The power of the working-class is the basic power of society—the power to produce the necessities of life. By a conscious withdrawal or diminution of that power, through industrial organisation, the working-class can force from the master class any concession they wish to take; and when sufficiently organised to carry on production, can obtain complete command and possession of industry by the same means. The I.W.W. is to-day, even in its present embryonic condition, the nucleus of the future society that will follow the fall of Capitalism—the gradually growing form of the Industrial Commonwealth. The I.W.W. realises that the great power of the capitalist class lies in their scientific organisation; and that whoever sets out to destroy it, can do so only by virtue of superior and more economically powerful organisation.

To agitate, educate, and organise up to this end is the aim of the Industrial Workers of the World.

FRANK F. WARD.

Christmas.

(By Ajax).

As the old year wanes Christmas festivities and new year celebrations loom large in the public mind. On this conspicuous religious festival it is the ancient custom for men attired in clownish costumes to deliver from plush pulpits sermons about the miraculous birth of a carpenter who is reported to have wept somewhat in Judea. Under similar conditions shining angels heralded the birth of other man gods. Over five centuries before Christ the hosts of heaven with joy and song ministered at the nativity of Buddha. The story of these two saviours so closely coincides that ungodly students have suspected that one story is simply a copy of the other adapted to time and place. All Christian theologians are agreed that the tale that was written first was copied from the story written last. Even if Jesus lived and preached, clericalism has found it expedient to ignore the sermon on the mount, distort economic salvation into spiritual life, make gold the god, substitute superstition for social service, ritualism for righteousness, mysticism for morals and generally pervert the master's teaching to base uses.

In the twentieth century the church has lost its religious significance. To-day decaying sacerdotalism has degenerated into a political institution which prostitutes itself to serve ruling class interests, endeavouring in return for certain privileges to guarantee to rulers a slavish and superstitious population, doped with dogma for purposes of exploitation. Thus we witness the spectacle of clergy active as recruiting agents preaching the gospel of "Peace on earth and good will to all men," on Xmas Day while the cables tell of the fearful fighting taking place on the anniversary of Christ between Christian soldiers, many of whom were exhorted to enlist by the same man who unctuously proclaim from tin tabernacles, "The glad tidings of great joy."

Through ages of slavery and despotism the slave class wished for a redeemer. The priest class, cunningly taking advantage of this fact have repeatedly preached the dream of a saviour, while taking care to kill any individual of ability who tried to help the masses. From Christ to Ferrer covers nearly nineteen centuries of clerical cruelty, during which time thousands of humanity's highest types were brutally bludgeoned by clerics wherever they had the power. The irony of Christ's death lies in the fact that if Christian chronicles are true, he could not save himself, let alone anybody else. Possibly trading on his name saved a few wretches from work, but that is all.

Commercially, Xmas provides a market for various edibles, presents, drinks and what not. Doubtless many overworked politicians, lawyers, bosses and members of the smart set welcome the holidays as a well earned rest from their heavy responsibilities and laborious duties. Even hobnobs takes a holiday, or at least is temporarily suspended. In ancient Rome on December 25th (Jove's Day) slaves fought in the arena for the amusement of their masters. It is true this year many of the slaves are fighting for their masters' profit in the trenches, but generally speaking the capitalists find it better policy to "knock off some hands." This does not mean that they propose to put the limbs of workers through a sausage machine; it's just a polite expression, meaning "Turning the workers out to feed with the cattle," so that, being refreshed with a rest, they will come back with empty pockets to work with renewed vigour.

A considerable amount of smug satisfaction, sentimentality and show is in evidence at this time. The plutish press gloats over the Christmas cheer doted out parsimoniously to paupers at this festive season. Doubtless the so-called, banquets represent the "glad tidings of great joy," for which the poor are expected to be truly thankful to the Lord; that is, be content that there

is so much poverty in the midst of plenty.

Looking beneath the surface of all this Bible bashing, sentimental slobber, Christian charity and smug satisfaction, one finds that Christian countries are busy dealing out "Peace and Goodwill" to the accompaniment of heavy artillery. In a world of racial, national, industrial and class war, nowhere can one see the "glad tidings of great joy," unless it be that this is meant in an allegorical sense, and theologians imply a large congregation and a larger collection.

There is little of importance concerning the workers in connection with Xmas except perhaps a short respite from work, for year in and year out capitalism, despite its Xmas cant, has nothing better than the slavish ideal of "Work" to offer the workers. Even Xmas is looked upon by many of the sweating fraternity as a waste of valuable time and a useless interference with trade. The "Glad New Year" probably means another period of toil, want and woe for the workers egged on by the fetish of industrial efficiency.

The past year has witnessed the impotence of arbitration, the futility of politics, the slaughter of thousands in an insane enterprise. It is about time the workers woke up to the fact that all the hopes of saviours, whether religious, political or social, are delusions. It is high time the slaves gave up the idea of "the right to work," and aspired to "the right to be lazy." A new era of economic salvation should be the goal and not the mere conventional "Glad new year," which in the majority of cases does not exist. There is no reason except their own ignorance why the workers should not enjoy Xmas holidays and festivities practically all the year round instead of once a year. The future for the masses will be what they choose to make it. No happy new year will be their portion until they are animated with a new hope and a new ideal. The hope that is born of "knowledge," and the ideal that is begotten of the "will" to economic salvation.

A Peace Meeting.

MISS PANKHURST AND THE SOLDIERS.

Granny "Argus" is an unconscious humorist, and does not know it. Miss Pankhurst was going to lecture on "Shall Men Enlist?" Whether she meant the owners of the "Rage" and "Argoese," or the politicians, the peaceful soldiers prevented the bloodthirsty audience from finding out, by making a noise quietly in order not to wake granny from her slumbers, or annoy the natives of Toorak at their late dinners, wine and cigars, and family devotions.

We are told Miss Pankhurst is a pro-German. I remember Lloyd George being a pro-Boer. Lloyd George was IT after the fever evaporated, and the Boers had been wiped off the map (by being bought over). Coming events cast their shadows before, and after the Polly Brigade of Willies have wiped out the Germans in Hrostralia, an ungrateful public will rush to hear this one-time pro-German woman, and snub the heroic Willies, notwithstanding their armlets and other decorations received for industrious and unselfish chin-wagging on the recruiting platform.

I thought several times at this meeting I had strayed into a farmyard among the cattle, but it was only our heroic defenders of the Empire practising before they reached the abattoirs (trenches, I mean). A wounded soldier objected, being told to get off the stage, very illogical, seeing he had just returned after doing his best to get off the earth. You have my sympathy, old sweat, better luck next time you go to Europe.

A soldier obliged us with "Australia will be there," so it puzzles me a bit; if that's the case, the Kaiser need not come here, or if he comes here we don't need to be there.

Unkind of the "Argus" to suggest that our "sodgers" had their arms

'Hunism' In Melbourne.

A Melbourne correspondent writes:—

The Prussians are in Melbourne—and in khaki. Freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, the safety of the person—these sacred rights that the workers have fought for adown the ages, through a mist of blood and tears, have melted away as snow before the summer's sun!

"British Freedom" has become a mockword. The Huns are in possession of the citadel!

And the authorities are working night and day to drive them out? Not a bit of it!—watch the sly closing of the eye!

For freedom of expression a working class orator is to languish three months behind prison bars—so decreed the Huns!

And the result? A fresh rousing of the followers of the Red Flag—and many tongues strangely loosened by the stimulus of persecution. Was it not always so, fellow-workers—else where would be the I.W.W. or to-day, ever growing and thriving like a lucerne patch beneath the harrows—or a walnut tree through the cudgelling?

And so the Prussians have changed their tactics.

Unable to meet intellect with intellect, they endeavor to fight it with brute force, and so have resorted to the disgraceful occurrences of the last week.

On the night of Sunday, 9th inst., Miss Adela Pankhurst was again to delight a Bijou audience, when a gang of hoodlums in khaki carried out an organised plan for the suppression of free speech.

Having kicked the door-keeper in the stomach (a brother of one of their own nurses, by the way) for having the audacity to draw their attention to the collection-box, they rushed into the already overcrowded gallery, and amused themselves trampling on civilians and smashing windows. One man, flying before the brutal mob, fell downstairs and fractured an arm in three places.

Meanwhile, during the pandemonium of noise, Miss Pankhurst endeavored to speak.

The soldiers rushed the stage doors from the street, and swarmed on to the platform, their intention being to sweep forward and throw the speakers down upon the audience. They were only prevented by the police. The police were few in number, as also were the military police. These latter were unquestionably sympathetic to the soldiers.

A strong cord of Socialists formed around Miss Pankhurst, also police, and she spoke on, although her voice was scarcely audible to those beside her.

A returned soldier who was not in uniform, and who defended a lady whom the drunken upholders of liberty attacked, was mobbed, dragged behind the curtain, and almost

round Miss V.G.'s waist. It's only the German huns that are so familiar with the ladies. The wounded soldier talked about sending some to the front in leg-irons. I presume he meant Hughes, Pearce, and a few of that crowd who believe and advocate one thing and get somebody else to practice it. One soldier asked, "What would you do in this hall if the Prussians came?" and another answered his question by saying, "They are here now." I always had my suspicions, but now there's no doubt at all about it, seeing another soldier said "the hall was full of Germans." Seeing that it took seven Germans to lay out one Australian—

—he on crutches—at a Richmond N.C.F. meeting, the war should soon be over; there will be no need for conscription or fifty thousand more men, as we have got about two million more than the Germans already in Europe.

The "peace" meeting closed with the National Anthem by the soldiers. It would be libellous to call it singing; and the audience, having influenza, remained silent and with their hats in—their proper place.

R. M. ROSE.

strangled before the mistake was discovered. Had he been a civilian his life would undoubtedly have paid the forfeit, for the soldiers were in the humor that brought home to one the possibility of the commitment of any of war's atrocities.

And withal they boasted that they were the defenders of freedom, and womanhood!

Numbers of civilians were subject to assault. And the detective office is still looking for the soldier who relieved a lady of her purse containing 25s.

During the week was the cowardly 50 to 1 assault upon Mr. Katz for having moved an anti-conscription resolution at the Trades Hall.

On the Thursday night the soldiers again attempted to break up a meeting of the No-Conscription Fellowship in the Richmond Town Hall.

Mr. Hills (of the I.W.W., which was well represented there) was in the chair, and Mr. M. A. Grant, Miss Pankhurst, and Mr. Ross (V.S.P.) were the speakers.

Again and again the soldiers tried to rush the stage, but more than a score of civil police were there, and each time they were repulsed.

Mr. Smith, organiser of the Painters' Union, and T. Hall, delegate, were arrested, and locked up on a charge of assault preferred against him by Corporal Hewitt (the ring leader of the Bijou attack, a man whose boasting to break up these meetings have been published in the capitalist press).

Hewitt had managed to gain the stage, which Smith was helping to defend, seized him, and together they fell upon the reporters' table. Smith acted solely in self-defence, having in mind the numerous Sunday night unprovoked and murderous assaults.

The audience was mainly sympathetic, but the soldiers drowned the speakers' voices with their booings. The daily press forgot to mention (in the tissue of misrepresentation served to the public the next day) that when at the close of the meeting three "cheers for freedom of speech" were called for, while the audience rousingly responded, the soldiers booed with might and main.

Word was passed round that the police had "phoned to the Victoria-street barracks for an armed guard, and when this regiment arrived the soldiers were quiet, of course; and the meeting closed.

Only those present at these meetings could credit the brutality of these Huns.

If the authorities permit the present state of affairs to continue—and the plots now in hatching against pacifists and non-conscriptionists to be carried out, they cannot wonder if the people begin to welcome a German invasion—a change of tyrants might be looked forward to as a rest.

One of the most sinister of occurrences was the attack of two military police, stationed behind the wings, upon Mr. Grant. The moment the stage was rushed by Hewitt they left their posts, and throwing themselves upon the man they were presumed to defend, dragged him to the back of the stage and commenced a savage assault; and were only dragged off by the civil police, who angrily ordered them to their posts and reminded them they were not there to attack the speakers.

There is the prospect of more serious trouble if the authorities do not keep the soldiers in hand.

I.W.W. tactics may then be the only possible hope of the non-conscriptionists.

SYDNEY LOCAL MEETINGS, &c.

Street Propaganda at Bathurst 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.

Women's Peace Army.

(To the Editor).

Sir,—Since Mrs. Paul had the I.W.W. platform on Sunday night last to "attack" the Women's Peace Army, formed by Miss Pankhurst in Melbourne, I take it for granted that you'll give me the opportunity to give a brief reply to that attack in your paper.

Miss Pankhurst, as Mrs. Paul recognised and stated, understands clearly the economic cause of the war. She also understands the class struggle, and since I, as an International Socialist, and President pro tem of the Sydney branch of the W.P.A., am also awakened to these facts, there is no room for discussion, re causes, since all sides agree.

Mrs. Paul caused some laughter by presuming that the "Jesus story and the Hun of 'r God' in the skies, had the women of the W.P.A. by the nose." My reply to that impertinent presumption, is that I kicked to blazes all church arguments twenty years ago.

The chairwoman, attacked by Mrs. Paul at our only and first branch meeting last Tuesday (December 7th) in the I.W.W. rooms, told Mrs. Paul that if we got together a band of women of all nations, religions, creeds, with but one single thought, the hate for spilling blood, that it would be a splendid opportunity for Mrs. Paul to expound to these women, her sisters, their true relationship to the war, and their economic conditions, and thus chase from their minds the bogies of superstition. But Mrs. Paul, with an emotional shake of her head, gave the intelligent (?) reply (so like a woman), "Oh, no; I've got something else to do—more important."

Mrs. Paul made the statement that all the women were in the churches. If that is so, it is no use going to the I.W.W. hall to find our sisters, for at the I.W.W. organisations, it is about one woman to one hundred men. We will have to go to the churches to get them out.

Mrs. Paul also stated that women were hysterical and emotional, and that the capitalist's daughter and the worker's daughter had no bond in common, and were two distinct classes, and that both classes should not be admitted into the W.P.A. organisation.

'Tis true the capitalist's and worker's daughters are distinct, but put 100 capitalist women on one side, and 100,000 working women on the other side, and make a death war between them, and I guarantee that both sides will take hysterics when it comes to handling a gun or a bayonet.

Women never wantonly waste life for material results. Silly as we women are supposed to be, we are not bayonetting and exploding each other's brains and stomachs out like the bone-headed, microbe-brained, working stiffs of the world.

The W.P.A. wants the spilling of workmen's blood to quit right now, or there'll be no workmen left to discuss the industrial problems.

Let's co-operate and unite, and be sensible, and Mrs. Paul wants to realise that, if women are hysterical and emotional beings, they at least are superior when they know enough to keep out of the wet when a shower of bullets come.

We all fail because we divide; we all fail because our very own attack us, and make false statements about our efforts—all fail, because we misunderstand each other's motives.

The W.P.A. consider the spilling of blood far more than the class struggle, cruel as it is. We want the war to stop right now! Plus the blood-spilling while we are searching for the means to kill the cancer—the class struggle. We have the medicine—direct action and socialism, but though our patients won't swallow it, we'll endeavor to keep them alive, till they do swallow it.

Yours for peace and intelligent revolution,

(Mrs.) BETSY HAMILTON-MATTHIAS.

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