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ONE PENNY

Broken Hill Fight For Shorter Hours.

The fight for the 44-hour week at Broken Hill is one which is deserving of the support of all militant workers. A shorter work-day, besides being the best means of striking a blow at the surplus-value of the capitalist class, has advantages from various other standpoints.

So far as the mining industry is concerned, the most important of these advantages is that of health, and it is perhaps regrettable that the miners at Broken Hill are not waging this fight for a more substantial reduction than four hours a week. Forty-four hours per week, month after month, and year after year, mean that the average miner is giving his life for the profits of the capitalist class in early manhood, as the lead mines of the Barrier are nothing more or less than poisonous hell-holes.

The hypocrisy of the capitalist press which is shrieking at the miners for their "lack of patriotism," etc., should therefore be taken at its true value. The price of lead to-day is almost double that prevailing at the beginning of the war, with the result that the capital invested in this and allied industries is bringing in an enormous profit—profit, in the first place piled up at the sacrifice of the health of the miner, and, in the second place, sanctified in the eyes of capitalism by the rivers of blood shed on the battlefields of Europe.

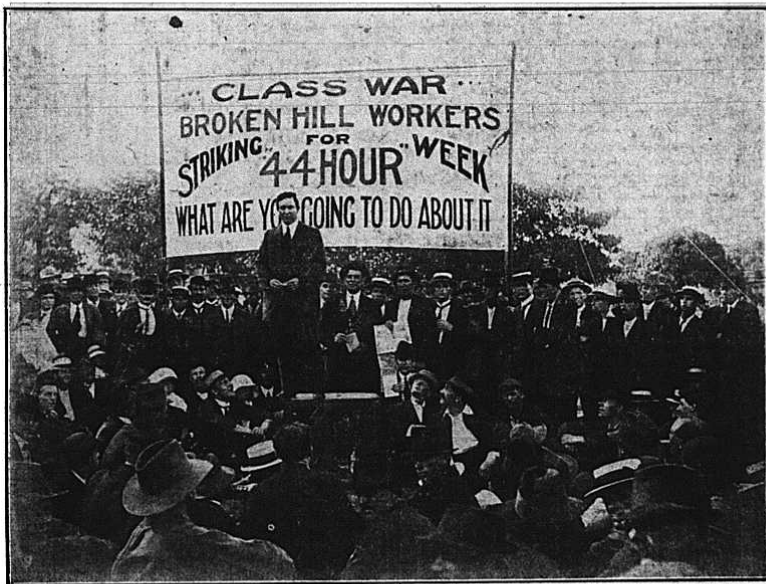
This is what the "patriotism" of the capitalist class amounts to everywhere and at all times; profits must be maintained and accumulated no matter at what sacrifice of health, limb and life. The pity of it is that many of the workers do not realise this, and are unable to see through the screen of hypocrisy and bluff which the daily press so sedulously keeps before them.

The fight at the Barrier for wages on the one hand and profits on the other, remarks Sydney "Sun," "is Australia's conspicuous example of a people dehumanised by money." This remark is certainly a "conspicuous example" of the hypocrisy referred to and of the sort of half-truths that are proverbially worse than wholesale falsehood.

The mining capitalists at Broken Hill are, indisputably, typical examples of how the greed for profits dehumanises the class which the "Sun" represents, and paralyses every instinctive human feeling for the welfare of those who produce it. So far as the latter are concerned, it would be more true to state that lack of money, and not a superfluity of it, is the cause of their "dehumanisation."

At time of writing the underground workers are standing solidly together, but otherwise the scabbing inseparable from the present form of unionism is manifesting itself, engineers, firemen, carpenters, and others showing a marked disinclination to join in the strike. The former apparently have an Arbitration award for which they exhibit that respect characteristic of the Craft Unionist. The principle of Arbitration here shows itself once more as one of the greatest strike-breaking weapons in the bosses' armoury.

Not until the workers are organised along the lines of Industry, and have thrown overboard the arbitration and other superstitious, and re-



Photograph of I.W.W. meeting held in the Sydney Domain on Sunday, 16th inst. in connection with the Broken Hill Strike.

The difference: Craft Unionism sanctifies and embraces wage-slavery; the I.W.W. execrates and is out to abolish it.

All social agitation arises from the persistence of right against the obstinacy of law.—V. Hugo.

Individualism is only logically and consistently possible if it starts with the postulate that all men must, to begin with, have free and equal access to the common gifts of nature.—Grant Allen.

The cry of "Empire" is the crazy cry of imbecile and tottering authority, not only in England but in all the government-bestriden nations of the West. The case of India—the ruin of India, where if ever nation had splendid opportunities England had—proves the falseness, the craziness, of the cry.—Edward Carpenter.

I entered Parliament with what I thought to be the lowest possible opinion of the average member. I came out with one still lower.—John Stuart Mill.

ly solely upon the power of their economic organisation, both on and off the job, will success in struggles of this kind be assured.

The solidarity of the miners may win out without the active assistance of scab unions. If they are defeated, it will not be because of the failure of the strike as a weapon, but on account of the scabby propensities of the kind of unionism that is too servile and cowardly to use it.

Meanwhile the fight is on, and every class-conscious worker will hope that, rather than the miners should go down in this struggle, every mine and every industry, every wheel in the State, should be brought to a standstill, and the capitalist class, once and for all, taught a lesson of the almighty power of the strike, once the workers are aroused to their class interests.

I.W.W. Band.

The next practice of the above band will be held on Monday, 24th January, at 7.30 p.m. sharp. Bandmaster Thompson desires all prospective players to come along, so that the band can get right along with a swing. Any information about the band can be obtained by writing to the Secretary, Band, 330 Castlereagh-street, Sydney.

Sydney Propaganda.

The demonstration held in the Sydney Domain on Sunday by the I.W.W. in connection with the Barrier strike turned out a huge success. A collection amounting to £14 18s 6d was taken up in aid of the strikers. Fellow-workers Barker, King, and Grant were the speakers, in that order, each of whom emphasised the far-reaching importance of every fight for shorter hours. A photograph of the demonstration was taken during the progress of the meeting, which appears in this issue of "Direct Action." Notwithstanding the heat, all seating accommodation was occupied at the meeting in the Hall in the evening; the speaker was Fellow-worker Glynn, who spoke on "The Future of Labor." Literature and paper sales were up to the average for the week, despite Czar Black's ukase against I.W.W. propaganda.

On Thursday, during the meal hour, Fellow-worker King addressed a meeting of over a couple of hundred employees at the Randwick workshops. Meetings held by King there in the past have brought good results, scores of subscriptions to "D.A." and many new members rolled in from that quarter.

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

Jolts.

Politics is a game of lying accusations and impossible promises; the accusations make you angry; the promises make you hopeful. But you get nothing in the long run, and you never will; because, promise what they may, it is not laws or measures that will improve our lot, it is by our own resolution that it shall be improved. . . . Find out what you want—and have it. Yours, yours, yours is the Power—you are the masters of the world. Leave the humbug of Radicalism and Liberalism and Toryism. Let dead politics bury their dead. Learn to look after your own interests. You are the Kings and Lords of humanity.—Walter Besant.

The swarms of cringers, dough-faces, lice of politics, plannings of sly innovations for their own preferment.—Walt Whitman, On Politicians.

Politicians are a set of people who have interests aside from the interests of the people, and who, to say the most of them, are at least one long step removed from honest men. I say this with greater freedom, being a politician myself.—Abraham Lincoln.

Our "Labor" Government is well and truly carrying out its administration of the capitalist order of things. The latest outrage against the working class whom it is supposed to serve, is the providing of police escorts for scabs at the Broken Hill mines. Such is the government that unionism is keeping in office. We wonder how many more illustrations the workers will need before "they take a tumble" to their corrupt and scoundrelly politicians.

Bandmen are wanted for the Sydney I.W.W. band. Write immediately, or call on Monday evenings at 330 Castlereagh Street after eight and interview the band secretary. Sousa's will be catamount in about three months when the wobbly band gets busy fracturing the osseous.

Propaganda Notes.

Fellow-workers Rose and Nagler have left Melbourne for Boston, in the U.S.A., working on a Yankee ship. Melbourne Local loses two of its most energetic members.

Propaganda is at a low ebb in Melbourne owing to the action of the authorities in stopping the Yarra Bank meetings on Sundays, and the Socialist meetings in the Bijou Theatre on the Sunday evenings. The members of the Melbourne local will have to concentrate more on job propaganda, and push the papers among the slaves.

The new local at Mount Morgan is having a rough time with the opposition in the A.W.U., who have requested the mine management to dispense with the services of men who are members of the I.W.W. Those responsible seem to be pleased to advertise the fact that the A.W.U. is a boss's union.

On Sunday last, 16th instant, at the Natives' Hall, Mount Morgan, Fellow-worker F. Madors delivered an address on Industrial Unionism under the auspices of the I.W.W. Further particulars will be published in a subsequent issue. There is a splendid opportunity for a good I.W.W. speaker at present in Mount Morgan and district.

Fellow-worker Bright, of the Brisbane local, writes encouragingly of the prospects of that local. They hope to re-start street meetings now that there are one or two speakers again in town. The renewed activities should result in an increase in the bundle orders of "Direct Action."

Any old rubbish can go with the stream, but what the hell do we want with driftwood in the I.W.W.? Get after the subscribers and the editor and the staff will do the mental spring cleaning. This remark is meant for YOU, brother. Do you get me?

We are pleased to say that the I.W.W. bunch who are on their way to Mildura, Vic., have got away from Wagga, and are now on their way down the river Murray en route for Moama. They got through the seven days in good style in Wagga gaol, for being found on "our" railway bridge without a permit.

Fellow-workers are reminded that the paper needs live wires to put new subscribers upon the books. Every new reader is a factor for the coming change, and therefore, every member of the I.W.W. who really wants to leave a trail behind him, ought to get at least one new subscriber per month. Fellow-worker Jackson sent twelve, Foley sent twenty-one, Riley sent twelve, McCormack eight, Hogan ten, McGurn five, Healy and Petroff about forty. Now, come on boys; let's hear from you!

Many politicians of our times are in the habit of laying down as a self-evident proposition that no people ought to be free until they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story who resolved not to go into the water until he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty until they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait for ever.—Macaulay.

DIRECT ACTION

Labor's Enemy--Labor.

The Politician's Passing.

(By OLD EUREKA).

WEEKLY
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The Suppression
of Free Speech.

Once again the Labor Government of N.S.W. has taken upon itself the responsibility of telling the working-class what ideas it shall and shall not give utterance to.

Anything that savours of criticism of things as they are, more especially if directed against the Labor Government, must only be made public at the risk of sacrificing the liberty of the individual.

Last week Chief Secretary Black sent a police messenger to the I.W.W. hall notifying us that it was his (Mr. Black's) pleasure that no further street meetings should be held. Mr. Black's wife having recently been elected as "Queen of the Allies," he is evidently under the impression that the next step towards honor for the Black family is for Mr. Black to assume the role of Czar or Dictator.

The I.W.W., however, is not over-concerned with Mr. Black's opinion of himself; neither do we lose any sleep with regard to his opinion as to the merits or otherwise of our propaganda, or his reason for endeavouring to stifle it. The ostensible reason is that Mr. Black has fears for the safety of our members, in view of the recent tendencies of those who are going to "maintain the public law of Europe" to run amok at home.

Members of the I.W.W. are most thankful to Mr. Black for his solicitude on their behalf, but as the training of a politician is scarcely conducive to truth-telling, some have doubts as to his sincerity.

Incredulous and pessimistic I.W.W.ites even go so far as to suggest that the real reason for stopping free speech is not so much the fear of riotous behaviour by the soldiers, as fear for the safety of those political jobs which the I.W.W. is constantly undermining.

This view certainly is not unreasonable, in view of the fact that Mr. Black's particular friend and crony, Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, recently publicly indicted riot, even to the extent of encouraging the soldiers to murder those whose views on what constitutes patriotism may happen to differ from the paid patriots of the type of Black, Fitzgerald and Co.

Be that as it may, however, Mr. Black and his friends in the Labor Cabinet have another guess coming if they imagine I.W.W. propaganda and free speech are going to be stifled in Australia by Czar-like ukases.

The "democrat" who is also an autocrat only differs from the genuine tyrant in making the mistake of supposing that the workers can be fooled for all time by names and phrases such as "the Labor Movement," "Democracy," etc. Up to the present, the Labor Party has been guilty of many treacherous acts against the

Bernard Shaw some years ago declared "That Socialism would be all right if it were not for the Socialists." Assuming this epigrammatic statement to be, in a degree, correct of the socialist movement, it applies with greater truth to the Labor movement of Australia.

For certainly the "Labor movement" would be all right if it were not for the workers.

The capitalists are keeping up their end fairly well, constantly pinpricking and galling the workers in every line of industry by increasing exploitation, though diminishing the number employed.

The politicians contribute to their quota of confusion by heading off every incitation to direct action on each occasion that the slaves raise a slight revolt, consequent on some greater taxation by the slave-owners.

The rank and file of sectional unionists are mostly unconscious of the class war that is raging, and the political grafters, in combination with the salaried parasites of the Trades Hall in each State, take every care to keep the poor, deluded dupes in their deplorable ignorance of the class war, and the absolute antagonism of interests between capitalism and labor.

This scribe attended a Sunday afternoon wowsy meeting at which the editor of the "Westralian Worker" filled the bill with the subject, "Labor in relation to the Church," and in the course of his address stated that "his hope of the future was in the unity of the labor movement with the church." This is the sort of journalistic pap-pap that is spooned weekly into the minds of Trades Hall fetter worshippers.

These are the truly orthodox and respectable unionists, who make fat billets, and pay fat salaries to arbitration court judges and labor and employer representatives, who every three or four years stuff ballot boxes with their votes of sanction and approval of every outrage and injustice that the unscrupulous, legalised capitalist system perpetrates on them in times of industrial friction, gagging of free speech, police clubbings, arrest and imprisonment, deportation from the scene of their wage slave victimisation, reading of riot acts, the concluding sentence of which is instantly punctuated by the discharge of rifle volleys—the victims of which are all unconscious that by their legal sanction at the ballot-box, they sealed their own fate.

A striking instance of political duplicity was exhibited at the late Federal Labor Conference held at Adelaide. A delegate moved that "in the event of any future recurrence of war the workers organise internationally and refuse military service and the manufacture of munitions."

A Queensland delegate moved this

working-class, relying upon the characteristic forgetfulness of the worker when the day of reckoning approaches. Extensive as the workers' credulity is, however, there is a limit to it, as to all things. The I.W.W. has at last succeeded in making the Labor politician sit up and read the writing on the wall. The day when the workers as a whole will blindly follow soulless, unprincipled soundrels, simply because the name of "Labor" labels their political creed, is drawing to a close.

The future is with Industrial Unionism and direct action. Mr. Black's mandates against the approaching tide notwithstanding.

Parliamentary action means action by others in "others" interests. Direct Action means action by you in your interests.

Don't forget that all Efficiency and Speeding-up schemes are put forward in the interests of the boss. You and he have nothing in common.

Briefly, the reason for unemployment is that there is not enough jobs to go around. What about a shorter work-day and slowing down?

perfect specimen of direct action; it was seconded by a Tasmanian delegate. All discussion was cut off by an immediate amendment by "Handy" Fisher, "That in case of future warfare this conference recommends some form of international arbitration." Instantly seconded by the respectable Billy Hughes. Instantly put, and carried almost unanimously.

This is a fair specimen of the political bluff which not a man of them all dared oppose, and furnishes a sound basis for the statement "That the Labor movement would be all right if it were not for the workers."

It is expected that the aftermath of the war will bring along immense developments. From all past experience, an era of industrial prosperity follows a great war. Times are good; all waste and shrinkage in product must be made up, and the wheels of industry hum throughout the world. Fewer men to compete, more work and better living wages.

The country where all men and women workers are fully employed (under capitalism) is never progressive. "Bad times have a scientific value." Where, one-fourth of the workers are out of a job will be a more truly progressive country from a revolutionary standpoint; and if the one-fourth be the employed section, and three-fourths are idle, there will be ripe conditions to bring about that radical change of the system of production which lies at the base of the brain and the core of the heart of every I.W.W., endowed with a scientific grip of economics and sociologic evolution. And only when all countries and peoples are brought into line in regard to low wages, penury and distress, only then will "one touch of nature make the whole world kin."

At present in Australia, and also through the long unprofitable past, the mass of the workers, like hogs with comfortable sties and full troughs, have been content, and having no sublime ideal to give them animating purpose and enthusiasm have sunk into the deep gulf of indifference and apathy. To lift them out of this mental, moral and social inertia has been the almost superhuman task a few of us have undertaken for long years.

I regret to write so of the class I belong to by birth, by association in bitter servitude, and in the sufferance of bitter persecution.

But now, near the verge of life, I once more take heart of grace, and new-born courage; for a new star has risen above the horizon of time; its cheering beam is the sure harbinger of better things by better men, and its wondrous light will soon make a new morning and a brighter day in the history of the working class movement, by solidarity and direct action of the One Big Union.

REVOLUTION.

The Point Elizabeth and Liverpool State Employees' Industrial Union in New Zealand recently passed the following resolution anent Conscription:—

"Resenting the utterances of certain members of the Ministry and the press, inasmuch as they are endeavoring to bring about a feeling favorable to conscription of the flesh and blood of the working classes of New Zealand, while at the same time failing to conscript the wealth and private property of the rich; furthermore we are determined to meet such a calamity as conscription by industrial revolution."

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, 3 p.m., Economic Class.
Thursday, 8 p.m., Business Meeting.
Also, Public Meeting Every Sunday

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

As rosy dawn came peeping through the blind,
A politician's soul from earth took wing.
A most amazing thing it was to find

That such a tiny, weak and shrivell'd thing,
A measly soul—no bigger than a louse—
Had dwelt in such a goodly seeming house.

Then swiftly whizzed the tiny, buzzing plague,
And headed for the Gate where Peter sat;
It's plans were neither nebulous nor vague,
All Heaven waited—it was sure of that.
On spheres mundane the life this insect led,
Develops what the vulgar call swelled head.

St. Peter dozing at the Pearly Gate,
Aroused himself and yawned, with faded eye,
He watched old Sol, the Earth illuminate,
Then stretched himself, as with a weary sigh,
He looked along the straight and narrow road,
And shook his head and murmured, "Well, I'm blowed!"

The Saint was puzzled and a bit annoyed,
His takings at the Gate were falling off;
The antics of his touts, on Earth employed,
Inclined most folk at Peter's joint to scoff.
While wrapt in thought, by sombre fancies bred
A "skeeter" started buzzing round his head.

Its shrill insistent hum at length aroused
The meditating saint—a vicious swot—
The soul an earthly tenement had housed
Was flattened to a tiny, shapeless blot.
And, as the morning breeze began to play,
The measly blot dried up, and blew away.

—CRESSET.

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.

On The Track.

hours' hard, advising us to leave the district at once.

During our sentence we improved the occasion by plastering the policeman's bicycle and the lockup generally with I.W.W. stickers. Fellow-worker Neilson spent his six hours in the pleasant occupation of gardening, and I guess the lock-up keeper is now wondering what's the matter with his beans, cabbage, and fine flowers.

The police in Junee are still suffering from shock, being used to controlling men by bullying; when that failed them they were as men hypnotised; they bid us a friendly good-bye and begged that such a crowd would never enter their domain again.

Arriving at Wagga on Saturday evening, three of the fellow-workers went over to the town to get some tucker, and in coming back to camp attempted "to cross the railway bridge; being challenged by the guard, who, by the way, did not make himself known to them, they went on their way ignoring what they thought to be a bit of impertinence by a railway stiff.

This military guard then let off his gun and brought up reinforcements, when our mates were arrested, and were handed seven days this morning. We (the rest of us) will wait here till their release, and in the meantime we expect our cat to have kittens.

Conscription Protest.

Fellow-worker John M. Burke writes from Allendale, Victoria:—

A few of the rebels here got to business last week and organised a meeting to discuss conscription. The meeting was held for Sunday afternoon, January 2nd, and the result exceeded our most sanguine expectations, a very large crowd rolling up to hear the arguments put forward. The meeting started punctually at 3.15 p.m., Mr. D. McGrath being voted to the chair. Two John Hops were also present in plain clothes to manufacture a case if possible, against any one who may have said anything naughty about the Empire.

The chairman, in his opening remarks, referred to the great importance to every one of this question, and caustically condemned the authorities and the Labor Government in particular for the treatment that the free speech advocates are receiving all over Australia.

Fellow-worker McInerney followed the chairman with a rousing address, urging all class-conscious workers to resist conscription by every means in their power, not to be led away by the hypocritical mouthings of politicians, or the bleatings of the patriotic, profiteering press and Parsons.

At this stage the chairman invited any conscriptionist advocate to ascend the platform and put forward his views; but no one came forward. The chairman then delivered a stirring appeal to the audience urging them to have nothing to do with conscription in any shape or form, pointed out clearly and lucidly to the evils that follow in its wake, scathingly rebuked the class that are always clamouring for conscription of the workers' lives on the battlefields of Europe and elsewhere, but who, when conscription of wealth is mentioned, are as silent as an oyster. His remarks were frequently received with bursts of applause.

Fellow-comrades Collins, Page, and Burke also delivered short addresses on the subject, after which the following resolution, moved by J. M. Burke, and seconded by B. McInerney, was put and carried without one dissentient:—"That this meeting of residents of Allendale and district hereby emphatically protest against conscription being introduced into Australia, and pledges itself to resist to the utmost any attempt on the part of the Government to introduce it in any shape or form."

A vote of thanks to the chairman closed the meeting.

SEGREGATION.

"Segregation is a process tending ever to separate unlike units and bring together like units; thus sharpening and making more definite differentiation otherwise caused."—Herbert Spencer.

Thus, segregation tends ever to sharpen and make more definite the difference between an honest man and a politician, the exploiter and his victims, and the policy of doing things for ourselves instead of depending on others to do them for us. Segregation is, then, a process pervading the cosmos and aiding us in our efforts to attain freedom.

In the development of the "trust" we see segregation separating and making clear the grant schemes of robbery, planned and practised by the master, thieves whose impulse to steal is scarce satisfied by the possession of the whole earth and the enslavement of all their fellows.

Segregation is also sorting out and arranging in order those human units who have the sense to perceive and the manhood to resist, the cunning and, unscrupulous few, who, in their incredible thievish egotism, saturate the earth with the blood, and fill the air with the groans and lamentations, of their tortured fellows. Fortified by the knowledge that evolutionary processes favor us, let us by our conscious efforts, and the sorting out, so that by making clear our enemies and their tactics the straight line of our advance is indicated, and build out of our scattered units an irresistible movement that will soon make this old earth a better place for our descendants, if not ourselves, to live upon.

J. Z. JONES.

Women And The Propaganda

War.

(By J.W.)

To those of us whose vision is not blurred by sentimentality, one of the more remarkable features of the war has been the eagerness, the unseemly eagerness, of our women, to get us males into the trenches, well, into khaki, anyway. There have been "proud mothers" ready had they twenty sons to sacrifice them all; there have been white feather campaigns. The writer is not a competitor for the favors of the Sydney girls, but he is told that you have no chance unless in khaki. Every male who so far has successfully resisted the various stimulants of recruiting—compulsory unemployment, starvation, posters, promises of material benefits after the war, moral and religious constraints, threats of compulsion, has also suffered an amount of female persecution. Many a "patriotic" enlistment is simply running away from his womenfolk. The women have been terrible recruiting sergeants.

Now, to cap it all, we have the National Council of Women organising their sex to perform male work in order, as Miss Beale expressed it at a meeting of this body in Waverley the other day, to "push" the unwilling men into the trenches. Perhaps this was Miss Beale's opinion of the proper function of the women to be organised under their war census scheme, and not one of the stated objects of the latter, but we know that in practice the effect of this trained and organised body of women will be to "push" men into the trenches.

When these trained women are available, employers wanting hands will engage them in place of men, and will sack men on some plea or other to give place for women, and the men unable to get employment will have to become soldiers or starve. In fact, the existence of this body of trained women may well make it unnecessary for the authorities to resort to formal conscription—the "Shirkers" (so-called) being conscripted in the informal devious way, just described, thanks to our women. Certain it is, the "shirkers" will be reduced very considerably in numbers, making it easier to gain public sanction for the legal conscription of those who will have escaped this and the other uplegallised methods of compulsion.

Small wonder the Mayor of Waverley expressed himself "in full accord" with the women's war census scheme. He is safe in never being pushed out of his job into the trenches, and no doubt he sees the many advantages of the scheme to his class—how it will help to establish the servile State.

Neither can we expect any compunction from the women in undertaking what should be an utterly odious task, judging by the fact that Miss Beale's remark has passed uncensured by her sex, and judging from the angelic behaviour of our women hitherto—Men who volunteer for the front can be respected; those who, afterwards, volunteer to fill their place in industry are quite logical; but persons who volunteer to push men into the trenches, as well as those who aid and abet such odious behaviour ought, whether males or females, to be straightway ducked in Sydney Harbor.

The women should know that the pushing female is very far from the male workers' ideals of womanhood. The recruiting activities of the women, and now this officious action of the N.C.W., the papers have called "patriotism" which, with the sentimentality of the average worker, has saved it all from being reorganised as what it really is—an exhibition of self love and self interest.

The "proud mothers" have been vying with one another for the distinction of sending the most sons to the war, just as they vie with one another in the matters of dress and worldly possessions. It is the vanity of the girls which torments them unless they can't, and makes them happy if they can, parade a soldier

Fellow-worker Jackson writes from Gordonvale, near Cairns, N. Queensland:—

Unable to hold meeting at Babinda sugar mill on account of heavy rain, held meeting at Gordonvale, a sugar centre, 14 miles from Cairns, on New Year's Eve. I would have succeeded in obtaining a good few more subs. for "Direct Action" only for the uproar. The slaves up this way are greatly interested in the "I.W.W." Secured 11 new subscribers.

Several sugar' cookies and highly respectable rascals in business here continually interjected during the latter part of the meeting, which terminated at 10 p.m. with a few straight lefts, half-arm jolts, and catch-as-catch-can struggles on the road. Received a good hearing otherwise.

Now, Fellow-slaves, wake up! A new year of slavery has been ushered in. Why should you further allow these industrial pirates and robbers known as the capitalist class, to further exploit you? The audacity of these scoundrels telling us what we as workers should do, how we should work, and how we should live!

The time has arrived when every worker must take his part in this fight for economic freedom and join the I.W.W. and become more conversant with the "class struggle." In order to do this the unfortunate victims of this damnable system must be taught to understand their position in capitalist society. In order to do this we must avail ourselves of every opportunity and endeavor to make our fellow slaves restless, provoke as much discontent as possible on the job, and then put the hard word on for 2s. for 2s. issues of "Direct Action." Lose no time, fellow workers. The time "IS NOW," and every available wage-plug is required. Each succeeding year the position is becoming more intolerable, due to the fact that machinery is displacing manual labor, and the new year will enable the master class to extract more "Oxo" from the bodies of the workers. The rate of surplus value will be higher than in any previous year, and will continue until such time as you make up your minds to "fight the master-class," not only for shorter hours and higher wages, but for the overthrow of Capitalism, which makes a few the masters and the many, slaves.

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 bogs's law. We will send along 1,000 to any address in Australia for 2/6, 5,000 for 12/, and 10,000 for £12/6. Please send cash with order. Orders will be sent to New Zealand, provided 3s extra is enclosed per thousand for additional postage. Address: Manager, Box 58, Haymarket, N.S.W.

ADELAIDE READERS

Can obtain copies of "Direct Action" and Industrial Literature from Charlie Russell, bootmaker, Gibson-street, Bowden, Adelaide,

sweetheart, a soldier friend or brother. And as for the N.C.W., their class. Probably also, they are suffering from swelled head, the result of one Meredith Atkinson telling them recently that women take wider and more healthy views of life than men (verily another argument for old Chidley obtrudes itself here. In Chidley costume we should have a better idea which of us are men and which women). And through the whole ugly exhibition the feminist ambitions of the modern woman are semi-consciously working themselves out.

Time was when woman was considered something inferior to man. In these degenerate days of feminism and woman worship, we find women consorting with scoundrels in a joint effort to rule the world—which might have been predicted.

Capitalist Hypocrisy.

(By ANNIE WESTBROOK.)

"At the Children's Court, Perth, November 15th, a boy was ordered to receive six strokes of the birch for willfully killing a white swan and destroying five swan eggs at Monger's Lake. The chairman hoped this would be a warning to boys who wantonly destroyed harmless birds. Others, it 'caught, would be severely dealt with in future.'—News and Notes, "West Australian."

Ye hypocrites! Ye canting white-washed sepulchres! How can you condemn a boy of 14 to the birch for killing a swan at this time of wholesale slaughter of our brothers, fathers and sons? At this time, when every nerve is strained, every muscle taut, to manufacture instruments of murder, not of white swans, but of mothers' works of art, their life's blood, their children. Condemn a boy of tender years to that most infamous, degrading, soul-destroying practice of public flogging. That which has become too infamous to be continued in the army and navy—though our "good" Queen Victoria objected to the abolition of it.

The moral sentiments of the community demanded its cessation, and to-day it is a thing of the past in those institutions.

How we have progressed in Western Australia!—Women with votes, women working for the good of the community, women Justices of the Peace in the Children's Court! Are they courts for the protection of children? No, they are for the punishment of child crime, the protection of that sacred idol, property. Boys are fined for kicking a football in the street. Property is of more value than children's health.

Was there a woman to raise her voice against this awful sentence? Did no mother's heart cry out against the wounding of the spirit of some other mother's son? I did not hear it. Do you respectable learned Justices of the Peace know anything of psychological influence?

We can read of the daily horrors of war to-day with the utmost complacency. Two years ago, we could not have mentioned it. What did our Attorney-General say some few years ago? "That almost all crime was due to society." ("Almost"—but a politician has always a reservation.) He knows that all crime, so-called, is due to the vicious state of society that he is helping to perpetuate. A Children's Court to deal with child criminals! What an indictment of our civilisation! Well might Emerson say, "We are but at the cock-crow." Does one think that the faintest glimmer of a better day is dawning?

One of the leading lights of the Children's Court, who has just returned from a trip to America—a trip paid out of the unpaid wages of numerous girls and men, those who sweat and toil in Christmas heat while he and his wife and family seek the coolest part of their beautiful home in the aristocratic suburb where the Premier dwells, this morally superior person has been lecturing to the philanthropists' institutions of Perth on "How they deal with juvenile crime in America." Not a word as to the cause of crime. He did not see anything of the sweated lives of the toiling mass of child slaves, the awful degrading poverty of the American working class? No these people are too busy tinkering with the effects. The cause of crime, exploitation, is unheeded. Oh! ye poor tinkers, what is the use of trying to stem that dark, dank, evil stream with your soldering irons of palliation and alleviation. Get to the source of the trouble, which is Capitalism.

Mothers in all lands, from the time that your baby is registered, Capitalism fastens its greedy maw upon it, strangling its life from the very beginning. If vaccination is the prevailing fad, you must have your child's blood poisoned at their bidding. You must send it to a State school to be moulded into an empire-worshipping slave. If you refused to have your child educated according to the ruling class dictation, it comes under the heading of a neglected child and can, as a last resort, be taken from you and sent to a Government institution for a term which the court will decide. You must send your child to be drilled and taught to slay,

WHERE WE ARE ROBBED, HOW

WE ARE ROBBED, AND HOW TO REMEDY IT.

(By W. Hogan.)

Many workers say we are robbed at the point of consumption. What I mean by that is that the grocer, the baker, the butcher, and landlord rob us. They say if wages go up the cost of living goes up. They forget that the cost of living is going up all the time, and that we must get an increase in wages to purchase the same amount of commodities that we did before. If the cost of living goes up when we get an increase in wages, how do you account for the price of commodities being so high to-day and wages so low?

The prices of all commodities are very high, and nobody has got an increase in wages. We could not have got an increase of wages if we are getting 9/6 below a living wage.

Where we are robbed, fellow-workers, is not at the point of consumption but at the point of production, right on the job. Seeing that if every able-bodied man working two hours per day produces the equivalent of his wages, who gets the other 5/6, and 3 hours surplus? Nobody out the capitalist class. They do not work; they produce nothing. They live on us; they get members of our class to dress them, cook for them, do everything for them. They do nothing; we do everything. We build railways and walk; we build new houses and live in novels. We produce the best of food and eat the worst of food. We produce everything and own nothing. Why do we own nothing? Because we have not the courage to get what we want. We don't know how to get it if we wanted to.

Well, fellow-workers, we will soon have to find out how to get things or starve. The introduction of machinery is displacing hundreds of workers every day; nay, thousands of workers are filling the unemployed ranks, competing with us for jobs. You know when a hundred men are after one job, it is different to when there is a hundred jobs and only one man. You know when the labor market is flooded, wages are low, and when labor is scarce wages are high.

The only way to make labor scarce is to shorten the hours of labor, and work slow. If you shortened the work-day to six hours and worked slow, men now unemployed would find jobs. If a six hours' day would not absorb the unemployed, reduce them to four. Then you would not find an unemployed man on the market. Then you would not be getting 9/6 below a living wage. The only way we will get a shorter work-day is to stand solid together and take it. Shorter work-days do not come from politicians or anybody else. You must take them. Get in touch with the I.W.W. and learn something about industrial unionism and economics. Then you will not want anybody to tell you what to do. Read and think for yourself. When you do this it is "good-bye" master-class.

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

to become a hired assassin, to stop lead in a foreign country to protect your masters' wealth, to shoot down strikers in times of industrial troubles. Women of Australia, wake up and fight the class that robs you of your inheritance, your joy, your love, your children. Dare to be true to yourselves. Fight with this end in sight: The making of this world a fit place for the unborn generation, if not for this.

I dream of happy children dancing in the sunlight of a glorious era made new by the intelligent application of the principles of One Big Union.

The I.W.W. has laid the foundation stone of reconstruction out of the failures of all previous human movements; the structure of the I.W.W. has been conceived. The ground-work may be mundane and of the earth earthly, but on that ground-work shall come the realisation of the ideals of so-called dreamers.

Let me ask you to join your womanly strength, loyalty and courage, with your brothers in the fight for Industrial Freedom and we shall win. "United we stand, divided we fall."

'Foul Parasites.'

(By F. HANLON).

Mr. Hughes, premier politician of Australia, apparently in an organ of verbal intoxication, has delivered himself of some heated stuff about "labor parasites." Said he at Melbourne Town Hall:—

"I appeal to the people of this country to join the Expeditionary Forces. I don't appeal to those men, who, posing as lovers of liberty, do what they can to prevent men from joining. . . . These men pretend to speak as the mouthpieces of Labor and Unionism, but they have nothing in common with Labor of Unionism. They are foul parasites. They have attached themselves to the vitals of Labor. . . . There is between Syndicalism—that is its name—and unionism as we know it in this country a gulf as wide as hell."

Read that quotation over again. Hughes was trying to indict the Industrial Unionists (though he calls them "Syndicalists"). But what does he mean by "those who pretend to speak," etc.?

The Industrial Unionists are working men. One cannot be in the I.W.W. without being a wage-worker, so they cannot be parasites. But what of Hughes and his kidney? What of all the "Labor" politicians and treacherous labor leaders "who pretend to speak as the mouthpieces of Labor and Unionism"? They are of necessity parasites because no man can be a member of parliament without drawing his sustenance from those who toil.

For years Hughes has been a politician and labor leader. He has lived off and fattened because other men have worked. If other men did not till the land and shear the sheep and work the wharves there would be no Hughes the politician. But he has done more than that. He and his kind have truly fastened themselves on the vitals of labor by "pretending to speak for Labor," whilst in reality they have upheld and spoken for the master-class they pretend to fight. Mr. Hughes was speaking for the master-class at Melbourne Town Hall when he delivered himself of the slanderous hot-air quoted above—and Mr. Hughes knows it.

There can be no parasite so foul, no labor leader so treacherous or dangerous, no figure so sinister as those composing the horde of labor leaders, officials, and politicians who have, like carrion, fastened themselves indeed upon the living vitals of labor.

You are right, Hughes! Between the "Labor" and "Unionism" as you know it, and the Labor Unionism as we know it, there is a gulf wider than hell. Your ideal "unionism" is a motley group of craft unions, with docile memberships, united only for the purpose of keeping political parasites in power. Your notion of "Labor" is a mixed movement, with shoddy ideals, bossed by you and your cronies.

Go on, Hughes! Have your brief hour of notoriety and applause! They say that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel, and you were very patriotic at Melbourne Town Hall. You pretend to speak for Labor; but you are a mere puppet of capital. You may vent your hatred and fear of the I.W.W. in fervid rhetoric; but you cannot stop the steady growth of what you are pleased to call syndicalism; the rising tide of Industrial Unionist activity which menaces you and your kind, will push you off the political map before it finally overthrows the rotten system which bred you—and us.

"DIRECT ACTION."

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

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Name.....

Address.....

Fill it in NOW!

A politician—one who would circumvent God.—Shakespeare (Hamlet).

The Worker, The Prostitute, And Conscription.

(A. MACK).

All cities in all civilised and Christianised countries sport a great but "necessary" evil—the army of prostitute women.

Few men harbor much respect for any of these "daughters of the devil." Most men scorn the women who have fallen so low that they would rather sell their bodies in the street for their own benefit than hire themselves out by the day or the week to a factory boss for his enrichment by producing for him five or six times as much as he gives them in wages.

The very proper working man detests a woman of the street, for she has degraded herself beyond redemption.

But now note the logical reasoning and the extraordinary moral twist of Mr. Wage-plug.

He is prepared to sell himself—his mental and physical strength—to a boss and swing a pick or a pen at command for a fractional part of the result of his expenditure of strength. In what, then, does the man who sells himself in a mine, a factory or other sweat-shop for a living pittance rise superior to the girl who sells her body for her own benefit? Clearly the comparison favors the girl, for she at least has enough spirit left to revolt against a condition of things which keeps her over a wage worker, tied by the chains of hunger to a greedy and heartless exploiter.

The wage worker who unreservedly, and unprotestingly sells himself to a boss is the lowest type of human—he is the slave, the besotted wretch, who glories in the fact that he has a master. "Nowhere in ancient history can be found the prototype of this man; and still he looks with contempt at the woman who sells her sex rather than her labor power.

The unfortunate of the army of toil handicapped by mental paralysis, though they spurn the harlot, adore and grovel before the mental prostitute. With what respectful awe do they behold the traitorous Labor leader! With what miserable servility will they obey his injunctions! How resignedly do they accept his brutal treatment and believe it to be for their own good, while the wily skunk in the pay of the plutocrats loads them with praise and seeks to rivet the yoke of toil more heavily round their necks! The fact is that the working man has slipped to such a depth of dependence that he has ceased to even think for himself; he accepts his masters' opinions served up by the daily press by hireling writers as purely his own conclusions and fancies he has arrived at them only after a deal of mental massage. The workers of this continent have

persistently refused to quarrel with the present structure of society—the capitalist system, wherein they who produced everything necessary for human comfort are forced to accept just so much of their own product to keep them fit for more toil. They have refused to understand that poverty, slums, prostitution (mental and physical) and wars are the inevitable disease growths of the system; and though they may and do complain against these distasteful things stoutly refuse to abolish the cause of the annoyance, or to allow anyone else to do so. The expected war, one of the fruits of this capitalist society, has arrived, and we find these same workers, the people who have sided with the boss and howled down the revolutionists, now complaining because they are expected to go to the war. Their position appears quite illogical. If war is wrong, the capitalist system is wrong; if the capitalist state is good enough to live under, their slums are good enough to breathe in, poverty good enough to suffer, and wars good enough to go to.

The workers who uphold the present class state and yet object to going to the trenches, have "cold feet."

Labor champion (?) W. H. Hughes says: "We want 50,000 more men at once." So they do. Hughes is right. Fat and Co. and W. H. Hughes want 50,000 more men, and judicious by the thousands who want capitalism, they should get the men at once.

The workers sold themselves for mine and factory work and were proud of it; why not for trench work? There is little difference between working with tools and working with weapons: the pay is quite as good and the rewards more glorious.

No working man, be he married or single, who unprotestingly accepts the system of capitalism, is logical when he refuses to enlist. No unionist who hangs out the ancient sign, "A fair day's pay, etc." can logically stay away from the firing line.

The men who want capitalism must be prepared to work for it and fight for it. The men who do not want capitalism are prepared to fight against it, for they realise that the disappearance of the wages state signifies the last of the slums, of the starvation, the prostitutes, and the baths of blood that decorate the human world to-day.

"Be men, not doormats. Light the red hell of revolution if need be! For what a life if it is but the accursed privilege of wearing yourselves out in the service of cannibals, of man-eating millionaires, of monsters that eat you up alive, you and your wives and children."—Prof. Howard Moore.

THE VALUE OF ACTION.

It is not generally known, thanks to the rigid censorship of a press subservient to the powers that be, that a very successful and whole-hearted one-day strike recently occurred near Glasgow. The factors in the district had attempted to raise the rents of the tenants, the majority of whom are munition or shipyard workers, and, according to the factors, earning higher wages than ever. Hence the rent-raising. A no-rent campaign was embarked upon, and so successful was it that eviction notices were asked for in the local court. But on the morning that the cases were to be heard, over 10,000 men left their jobs and attended the court, declaring their intention of remaining "out" if the eviction notices were served.

This, despite the heavy penalties under the Munitions Act to which they were liable for even leaving their work. Their action had the desired effect—the notices were not served. This agitation against rent-raising has spread to most of the districts where munitions are being made, so the Minister of Munitions has intervened, and a Bill has been brought before Parliament by the

The following additional subscriptions have been received towards the above fund. Some of the Instruments have already been purchased, and the Band Committee hopes to see an I.W.W. band a reality in Sydney within a few weeks. Contributions to the fund should be addressed to J. Smithers, Band Secretary, Box 98, Haymarket, Sydney.

T. King 1/., C. Robertson 4/., A. Carlson 2/., G. Gunderson 1/., W.R. 2/6, V. Brophy 1/., A. H. Hunt 2/., P. Wheelan 1/., G. Reid 6d., F. Farmer 6d., P. S. Holstrom 2/., J. Bergstrom 1/., C. Olsen 1/., H. Anderson 1/., C. Hammerberg 1/., Connolly 2/., E. Hansen 2/6, Mr. Block 2/6, W.W. 2/., E. Elliott 2/., P. P. Buckley 2/., Friend 1/., Rowbottom 5/., Alec George 5/., E. Burt 2/6, W.R. 1/.—J. Smithers, Band Sec.

Government to prohibit by law what the men had made impossible by their action—rent-raising. This is one further example of the efficiency of direct action. If a thing is needed or objected to it is no use waiting upon Parliament to sanction or prohibit it. Decisive and determined action will always accomplish what Parliament does, and accomplish it more thoroughly and without needless delay—"Freedom."

The Menace of Conscription.

The workers of this country will do well to consider carefully what their attitude is to be in the not unlikely event of an attempt shortly being made to fasten upon them the shackles of Conscription Slavery. The plea of "military necessity," advanced by the advocates of Conscription, is only too transparent; even many of the supporters of the war admit that the number of men who could possibly be made available for replacing the daily "wastage" could not be increased by the introduction of compulsory service. The sinister design of the Conscriptionists is to take advantage of the prevalent feeble condition of mind (a condition which the War-Mania unfortunately induces in the case of the vast majority) to introduce a measure which would provide the proprietors with a fresh and terrible weapon that could be wielded against labor with disastrous effect; firstly, during the war, to subject all able-bodied workers to military law and its penalties; and secondly, after the war, more effectively to crush the aspirations of the workers towards Liberty and fullness of life.

The pettifogging pronouncements of those misleaders of Labor who are opposed to Conscription unless the Cabinet deems it necessary must be treated with the contempt they deserve. Governments have always found it "necessary" to use all kinds of reactionary methods in the exercise of their dual function of protecting Property and subjugating the propertyless. Furthermore, the workers who have experienced (since the war began) such an unprecedented degree of insult and intimidation—even without Conscription—must surely refuse to yield to their exploiters' desire for their further degradation. Conscription—whether military or industrial—must be resisted at all costs; we workers of the British Isles must stand firm against the menace of this fresh encroachment: by declining to be conscripted, we shall not only benefit ourselves and our children, but we shall render it easier for our Continental brothers, after the war, to cast from their shoulders the intolerable burden of the Conscription yoke—"Freedom."

THE BOSSES' BLOOD-LUST.

How the bosses see red whenever their sacred property is endangered is well illustrated by the following, culled from a Wagga sheet:—

"AN ODDIOUS CRIME."

"Incendiarism by means of phosphorus is an ingenious and diabolical idea quite worthy of modern German methods of applied science. Obviously this method of causing a fire adds enormously to the difficulties attendant upon the task of tracing the offender, since his dastardly work may be done weeks, or even months, before it is discovered and when his tracks have—in all probability—been obliterated. It is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon the enormity of an offence of this character. It should be clear to everyone that there can not very well be a much worse crime in this country than that of wilfully starting a fire in the centre of wheat areas at the most critical period of the year. The man who would do this is as vile a criminal at heart—whatever his motives may be—as it is possible to imagine, since his treacherous act may involve widespread ruin and even loss of human life. If a criminal of this class were caught in the wheat regions of the United States he would probably never have a chance of a hearing before a judge and jury. Instead he would, almost of a surety, be given a bitter taste of the summary justice of 'Judge Lynch'—and such a fate would be no worse than he deserved."

Lynching for "acts that involve widespread ruin, and even loss of human life," is a dangerous gospel for the masters to preach in these days when their insatiable greed for gain has plunged millions of homes into the direst poverty and turned a whole continent into a veritable shambles.

Literature List.

Capital: Karl Marx, 3 vol., 8/- per volume.
Ancient Society: Morgan, Bound, 6/-.
Value, Price, and Profit: Marx. Bound, 2/-; paper, 6d.
Evolution of Property: Lapargue, Bound, 2/-.
The Militant Proletariat: Lewis, Bound, 2/-.
The New Unionism: Tidon, Paper 1/8.
Sabotage: Pouget. Bound, 2/-; paper, 1/-.
One Big Union: Trautman, Paper 6d.
Sabotage: W. C. Smith, Paper, 3d.
Sabotage: E. G. Flynn; paper, 3d.
I.W.W. History, Structure, and Methods: St. John. Paper, 3d.
Revolution and the I.W.W.: Pense, Paper, 3d.
Eleven Blind Leaders: B. H. Williams. Paper, 3d.
Political Socialism, or Capturing the Government: Nelson, Paper, 3d.
War: What For (Cartoon). Price 3d.
Revolutionary Unionism: E. J. B. Allen. Paper, 2d.
Why the A.W.U. Cannot Become an Industrial Union: Alex. George. Paper, 3d.
Industrial Efficiency and Its Antidote: T. Glynn. Paper, 2d.
I.W.W. Songs: Paper, 3d.
Summary of Marx's Capital: Hazel, 2d.
The Diesel Motor: Frankenthal, Paper, 1d.
Industrial Unionism: St. John, 1d.

"Unfortunately, there is a tendency in the unrest of the industrial classes, to take advantage of war conditions and press claims for higher pay, instead of being grateful for the work which was being provided by the State and other employers of labor." So sayeth Archbishop Kelly. How would this look coming from "His Grace's" sacred lips? "Unfortunately, there is a tendency in the unscrupulous greed of our industrial masters, to take advantage of war conditions in pressing claims for greater profits, and screwing the last ounce of energy out of the workers' hides, instead of being grateful for the good things which a generous working class has always provided for them?" The modern followers of the Carpenter are made of queer clay.

Mr. Wm. Rosser, president of the Railway Workers and General Laborers' Association, is getting considerable lime-light in the capitalist press of late. The reason is that this erstwhile socialist and revolutionist has suddenly and mysteriously become imbued with a fervent patriotic zeal for the success of the Empire in the war. Mr. Rosser is so enthusiastic over the "freedom, justice, liberty, and social progress so dear to the hearts of sincere and earnest lovers of humanity the world over" (vide his statement to the press) which bowing navvies enjoy under the British flag, that he will lay down his life in the attempt to preserve them, "if need be." We have a faint suspicion that the "need" will never arise in Rosser's case. Renegades to principle are rarely made of the stuff that likes the smell of powder; and Rosser's enlistment has been hailed with such a flourish of trumpets by the capitalist press that it smells high anyhow. The stink will be still more odious in the nostrils of the workers when the aftermath of reaction sets in—but Rosser will then have reaped his reward, and it won't be in the next world either.

There is only one working-class. Why a thousand unions? A thousand isolated efforts united into one vigorous kick would land the boss in—overall.

Fight for "your" country if you wish, but what about saving your job.

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