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ONE PENNY

Forming The Structure.

(By F.H.)

As there is a highly constructive side to Revolutionary Industrial Unionism, and since the I.W.W. definitely focusses its attention and its efforts on the gradual gaining of Economic Power or Industrial Control, it behoves the active membership to equip themselves with a thorough understanding of the I.W.W. constitution, and of the projected scientific form of organisation laid down therein and set forth in its literature, in order to educate their mates and to play their part in the building up of the One Big Union.

The I.W.W. Preamble points out that "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 every-day 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."

Now, it is just in the carrying on of the "every-day struggle" that the Revolutionary Workers will develop the fighting capacity, power of control and administrative ability necessary to the steady extension of their organisation and the building up and perfection of the One Big Union, which will be the instrument of our emancipation and of the orderly carrying on of production when emancipation is achieved.

The I.W.W. in Australia, however, is as yet only in the propaganda stage; and it will remain in that stage until our ideas have sufficiently permeated the Working Class to enable us to definitely fix our attention on "job control." At present the I.W.W. stands outside the labor unions of Australia, exercising its influence and directing its propaganda from outside, and undermining the ramshackle structure of craft unionism and craft federation. But the time is not far distant when the I.W.W. will have to be prepared to jump in and bend its efforts towards job control and the building up of the industrial unions that linked together, will form the foundation of the future society.

The work of propaganda and preparation must largely be done by the militant on the job. In addition to holding up the revolutionary objective and teaching militant tactics, he will have to educate his mates up to the form and structure—the "constructive program"—of the I.W.W.

We have had more than one case in Australasia of over-zealous enthusiasts desperately trying to swing such local unions as the general laborers, whotus-bolus on a catch majority vote, into the I.W.W., with only a small percentage in agreement with its revolutionary objective and a still smaller number who understand the I.W.W. method of organising from the local industrial union. Such an organisation would be a poor proposition as a nucleus for the I.W.W. It could not properly be organised on industrial lines, as it is composed of workers from different industries. In fact, it would still be the general laborers under another name.

Of course, it is very probable that the I.W.W. will have to contend with many re-organising difficulties when it gets a footing in the industries, especially if its influence is unevenly distributed over the different branches



(Speaking at the Trades Hall last week, Labor Prime Minister Hughes declared that I.W.W.'s and Syndicalists "must be attacked with the ferocity of a Bengal tiger.")

CAPITALIST: BY JOVE! I BELIEVE THAT BENGAL TIGER OF MINE IS A CUR.

of any department of industry, or the different districts where one industry is carried on; and that it will meet with disappointments, reactions, and setbacks, some of which will no doubt be engineered by disgruntled craft union officials. But we are here to face and overcome difficulties, and these barriers are more easily swept aside, the difficulties minimised, and the advance of the I.W.W. made more rapid if the individual members equip themselves with a detail knowledge of the constructive side of I.W.W.-ism; and it can be easily acquired by a study of the several pamphlets dealing with that phase of Revolutionary Industrial Unionism.

A revolution is not made in a moment. If we are going to build "the structure of the new society within the shell of the old" and develop an organisation of Working Class economic power capable of sweeping Capitalism into oblivion, we must pay attention to details and lay our foundations well.

Fellow-worker George Hardy, who is well known in Auckland and Glenside, N.Z., has left Victoria, B.C., and gone to Hull, England. According to a letter received, he states that conditions are abominable in the old country, and if possible he intends to make tracks for either Australia or New Zealand at an early date. As Hardy is a good speaker and a sound exponent of I.W.W.-ism, he will be welcomed back in this country again.

"RETURN TO WORK AT ONCE."

The last act of Prime Minister Hughes, previous to his departure for England, has been consistent with all his past activity in the strike-breaking business.

Billy, as president of the Waterside Workers' Federation, has congratulated the wharves of Port Pirie on their determination to continue handling scab-produced material. The Port Pirie branch of the A.M.A., which is scabbing on its own members at Broken Hill, also comes in for his warm commendation.

After this example of his zeal on behalf of unionism and working-class solidarity, he has the effrontery to send a long telegram to the strikers whom he has done his best to defeat, the opening sentence of which reads: "Before leaving Australia, I desire strongly to urge the Broken Hill men to resume work immediately."

At time of writing the reply of the miners has not been made public, but we hope they will express their appreciation of Hughes' recent action on their behalf in language suitable to the occasion.

The telegram referred to further states: "I hope counsels of reason and patriotism will prevail, and that the advice of those German sympathisers who are insidiously active in fomenting disturbances will be disregarded."

Billy knows, of course, that the only "German sympathisers" who are at

BROKEN HILL STRIKE FUND.

The following letter of acknowledgment has been received from the secretary of the A.M.A. at Broken Hill, in connection with donation from Sydney Local to the Strike Fund:—

Dear Comrade,—
I received this morning the sum of £40 from you, being assistance from your organisation to the strikers at Broken Hill, who are out fighting the master class for a forty-four hour week.

I desire on behalf of the strikers, to sincerely thank you and comrades who have so promptly and beneficently assisted and can assure you that the men here are determined to fight to the last ditch to procure this much-needed reform. Again thanking you, and wishing you all sorts of good luck, Yours in the fight,
W. D. BARNETT,

General Sec.

the bottom of all industrial disturbances at Broken Hill, are the German capitalists whose investments form no inconsiderable part of the capital invested there, and these, in conjunction with their British and Yankee brother exploiters, will no doubt be duly grateful for the "patriotic" motives which prompted Billy to come to their rescue.

Probably dastardly and scabby tactics of this kind are what Hughes had in mind when he spoke recently of "the guile as wide as hell" between unionism as he sees it and that which the I.W.W. advocates.

Broken Hill Strike.

The fight for the 44-hour week still continues at Broken Hill despite the fact that the craft organisations involved refuse to assist the A.M.A.

Some representatives of these organisations are making good use of the columns of the capitalist press in abusing the strikers and seeking to justify their own scabby actions. Mitchell, general secretary of the Enginedrivers' and Firemen's Association, has issued an appeal for financial assistance for the would-be scabs at the Hill "who are being prevented from earning their living because they refuse to be dominated by the Barrier portion of the Amalgamated Miners' Association, which is being controlled by men who are enemies of the trade-union and labor movement."

Mitchell is a typical example of the kind of labor leader whom the bosses admire, and whose utterances are always given a prominent place in the columns of their press. He concludes his appeal with the remarkable statement that the scabs at the Barrier are fighting the battle "of the whole of the members of this Federation against the enemies of our Craft organisation."

The enemies of Mitchell's federation of scabs, apparently, are not the mine owners, against whom the strike is waged, but the workers who are engaged in a struggle for better conditions with this exploiting gang of blood-suckers.

Little wonder that the capitalist press hails this kind of unionism as "sane and sound," etc., while it wholeheartedly echoes the Mitchell cry that those who have different conceptions of what unionism ought to be, are enemies of society and the labor movement.

With the support of militant labor throughout the Commonwealth there is no reason why a victory should not be achieved for the miners in this strike. With market prices of the product of the Broken Hill mines at the present figure, the owners' greed for profit is likely to prove stronger than their natural disinclination to concede the 44-hour principle.

Though waging a strike with the aid of funds is one which does not appeal to those who understand the efficacy of direct action tactics on the job, still as the majority of the miners have determined upon this method of fighting there is nothing left for those who understand and appreciate the far-reaching importance of a shorter work-day, but to do all in their power to assist the miners in bringing the strike to a successful issue.

If that fails the miners may learn by experience that Sabotage on the job is a more powerful and formidable weapon in bringing the bosses to their senses.

The following resolution was passed by the strikers last week in connection with the scabbing at Port Pirie:—

"That we ask the unions throughout Australia to decline to handle the products of Port Pirie with regard to the mining industry while the present dispute continues, also that we warn unionists throughout Australia that we have declared Port Pirie 'black,' and ask them to refrain from accepting employment there under any circumstances until this fight is won."

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

DIRECT ACTION

British Capital Exults

OVER BIG WAR PROFITS—CAUSE
OF LABOR'S "DISLOYALTY"
DISCUSSED.



WEEKLY
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Billy's Fireworks.

The dwarfish popinjay who is Labor Prime Minister of Australia, and whose sole claim to eminence and notoriety is a "gift of the gab," acquired apparently during his canvassing days as mender and pedlar of old umbrellas, has been frothing a great deal at the mouth lately.

I.W.W.'s, syndicalists, and others have come in for his unkindest vituperation because of their refusal to accept his definition of patriotism, to silently acquiesce in the scabby tendencies of what he calls "unionism," and also because they have a pronounced disinclination to accept as spokesman for the working class a blackleg little scoundrel who has done more to break strikes and keep the workers bound to the masters treadmill for the past ten years, than all the straight-out capitalist politicians and the influence of the whole of the capitalist press of Australia combined.

Fresh from his conference some days ago with trust magnates and big gun exploiters in Melbourne, where the pros and cons of reducing the cost of production, the scientific management of industry, the displacement of human labor, and other methods for increasing the profits of those to whom he has sold his apology for a soul, were carefully discussed, what more natural than that his first public distribute against the I.W.W. in Sydney should be delivered at that other bulwark of capitalism known as the Trades Hall.

The so-called unionists who received him should cause a pang of envy in the breasts of the "Gor Save," big belled patriots, they applauded his perfervid, patriotic, utterances so vigorously. I.W.W.'s, syndicalists and the like should be driven out of the labor movement, was a statement that was enthusiastically received. And why not? Are they not always menacing the interests of the exploiting gang of blood-suckers for whose welfare Hughes so zealously expressed himself but a few days before; and do they not consistently throw cold water on the idea that the aim of the labor movement, is to provide jobs for politicians and reabby union officials.

"It is no use treating these people like a tame cat. . . . They must be attacked with the ferocity of a Bengal tiger. . . . Force is the only thing they respect."

Such are examples of the venomous spew which this slimy reptile who dares to speak in the name of Labor, and who pretends that the crushing of a tyrant Kaiser is the object of the war, spits out for the receptive palate of Trades Hall "democrats."

As his remarks were featured in the front page of the capitalist dailies with flaring headlines, no worker need be a Sherlock Holmes in

Much has been said, remarks "Solidarity" (U.S.A.), about the "disloyalty" of British labor, especially by the capitalist press. The cause of this "disloyalty" will be found in the article reprinted below, from the "New York World." It shows, indirectly, that British labor was expected to die on the battlefield and stand tremendous increases in the cost of living, together with industrial intensification, while British capital was enabled to increase its trade and reserves in a way that puts an Arabian Night's dream to shame. Take notice of the exultation over the latter fact expressed in the article, and don't you, Mr. American Workmen, be such a fool as to rush into war so that you may provide cause for exultation on the part of American capital. "War is hell"—to the workers. It is profitable—a means of further enrichment and aggrandizement—to the capitalists, wherever found. Here's the "World" article from evening edition of November 1st:—

BRITAIN'S PROFITS IN WAR
GREATER THAN IN PEACE.
BANKS DECLARE USUAL DIVIDENDS AND SHOW ENORMOUS INCREASE IN BUSINESS.

Banks, manufacturers and shipping men are enjoying a greater prosperity in England in war time than they did in peace. This is revealed by the publication in Great Britain, as required by law, of the dividends paid by corporations which sell shares to the public.

In editorial comment, the newspapers frankly exult over this as evidence of success in the great campaign that began with the war and had for its slogan, "Capture the trade of Germany."

Most of the banks have decreased the usual dividends by one per cent, but net profits are actually larger, as the banks are paying the income tax themselves on dividends and are also paying the salaries of all employees in the army. Reserves also are being heavily increased.

The London and Southwestern Bank has announced a dividend of 17 per cent. for the first half of 1915, having paid 18 per cent. for the same period a year ago. The London City and Midland is maintaining its old dividend of 18 per cent, not finding it necessary to make a reduction, although the bank is paying the income tax of the shareholders this year.

The Union Bank of Manchester has declared its usual dividend of 12 per cent, its balance sheet indicating that its profits have increased over last year, since the sum of 90,000 dollars is put into a special reserve. The Sheffield Banking Company is also paying its dividend at the same rate as last year—14 per cent. The Union Discount Company of London and Alexanders and Co. are maintaining their dividend rate of 1914, 13 and 10 per cent, respectively, paying the income tax in addition to this, as well as making ample provision for the special reserve.

deducing that Tinker Billy's denunciation of industrialists is all meant in the interests of labor.

Yes, Mr. Hughes, the I.W.W. has a great respect for Force—Power! Might—call it what you will. So much so, indeed, that we are constantly pointing out to the workers that it is the only factor that counts under present conditions. And the mental, physical, and industrial force which the I.W.W. is marshalling, the power of an organized working class, will in the not far distant future sound the political death-knell of the cowardly mongrels who, springing from labor's ranks, have poisonously bitten the hand that fed them.

That is a force, Mr. Hughes, which no spawn of a politician can prevail against, so go to it and do your damndest!

T.G.

cial reserve.

The London County and Westminster Bank pays this year dividends of 18 per cent, as compared with 21 per cent. for the same period last year. The London Joint Stock Bank has reduced its rate from 11 to 10 per cent. Parr's Bank has lowered its dividend from 20 to 18 per cent. The National Provincial Bank of England is distributing dividends of 16 per cent, the same as for the December half of 1914. William Deacons is paying at the rate of 14 per cent. dividend, after placing 2,500,000 dollars from their net profits in a special war reserve fund. Their net profits actually were \$37,500 dollars more during the first half of 1915 than in the first half of 1914. The Capital and Counties Bank reports an increase of net profits of 210,000 dollars in the last year.

The percentage of net profits set aside into a special reserve fund to meet unexpected conditions arising from the war, announced in the statements for the first half year of 1915 by the great corporations of Great Britain, sheds a broad light upon the healthy condition of their finances at the present time, since dividends have not been greatly reduced. The breweries, which report net profits of 20,802,115 dollars, the largest of any of the corporations, set aside 27.2 per cent. of this for the special reserve.

The corporations doing business at the docks and canals set aside 33.7 per cent. of their net profits into a special reserve fund this year; electric lighting and power companies, 33.4 per cent.; iron, coal, and steel companies, 35.1; the land and mortgage companies, 33.5; motor and cycle companies, 43.5; nitrate companies, 38.5; shipping corporations, 40.2; tea and rubber companies, 25.1.

Dividends which shareholders are obtaining in war equipment factories, even those controlled by the government, would bring joy to the heart of a miser. From now on, however, the government will take half of the war profit. Mr. McKenna, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his budget of September 23, decided to go into partnership with the men who are becoming millionaires out of the war necessities of the nation.

The mercantile marine of Great Britain has reaped such a golden harvest to its financiers as makes an Arabian Night's Dream of wealth. They have been allowed by the government to increase freights from 500 to 600 per cent., the complete removal of German competition from the high seas and the arbitrary regulation of American competition having given the Britishers an absolute monopoly. Old vessels, which eighteen months ago, could hardly have been sold at breaking-up prices of 50 dollars or 60 dollars, have found ready purchasers at from 125,000 to 300,000 dollars, and in many cases have paid for themselves in a single voyage.

The Cunard Company, in spite of the loss of the Lusitania, has paid a dividend of 20 per cent, with consequent suits for damages by the families of the victims, which amounted to an enormous sum, and in spite of submarine perils, which at different periods practically cut off the passenger traffic on English ships from American ports. Frederick Leyland and Company are paying only their usual dividend of 10 per cent, but they have this year erased from their budget all arrears accumulating during the past three years. The Empire Transport Company acknowledges that its net profits this year are an increase of 100 per cent. over the net profits for the period from June, 1913, to June, 1914.

In the present stage of human progress, when ideas of equality are daily spreading more widely among the poorer classes, and can no longer be checked by anything short of the entire suppression of printed discussion and even of freedom of speech, it is not to be expected that the division of the race into two hereditary classes, employers and employed, can be permanently maintained.—John Stuart Mill.

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

"Direct Action."

BY A. NEWEY.

"Direct Action" is a paper issued weekly as you see. As a means of educating blokes the same as you and me, For we're working in the factory, and we ain't got time to read Works of wise an' learned authors who point out just what we need.

So we contribute a penny to this fiery little rag, Which the bosses of this country think a rather nasty snag, They have tried to blow it light out, but that only makes it grow, For they forget that it is fiery and will spread the more they blow.

They have barred it in New Zealand as the spreader of a germ, T'will only advertise this sheet, and make the big guy squirm, For to thrive on persecution and to make a louder cry, Has been its lot all down the line—d'you know the reason why?

The profit system now existing forced this paper to the light, And the selfsame mighty power makes it grow the more they fight, For it can only die when they do—should they say that won't be long, Then the time is nearly here, boys, when we'll sing our freedom song.

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.

The Smith And The King.

By EDWARD CARPENTER.

A SMITH upon a summer's day
Did call upon a King;
The King exclaimed, "The Queen's
away,
Can I do anything?"

"I pray you can," the Smith replied;
"I want a bit of bread."
"Why?" cried the King. The fellow
sighed:
"I'm hungry, sire," he said.

"Dear me! I'll call my Chancellor,
He understands such things;
Your claims I cannot cancel, or
Deem them fit themes for kings.

"Sir Chancellor, why, here's a wretch
"Starving—like rats or mice!"
The Chancellor replied, "I'll fetch
The First Lord in a trice."

The First Lord came, and by his
look
You might have guessed he'd
shirk:

Said he, "Your Majesty's mistook,
This is the Chief Clerk's work."

The Chief Clerk said the case was
bad,
But quite beyond his power,
Seeing it was the Steward had
The keys of cake and flour.

The Steward sobbed: "The keys I've
lost,
Alas! but in a span
I'll call the Smith. Why, Holy ghost!
Here is the very man."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" they loudly cried,
"How cleverly we've done it!
"We've solved this question, deep
and wide,
Well-nigh ere we'd begun it!"

"Thanks!" said the Smith; "O!
fools and vile,
Go rot upon the shelf!
The next time I am starving, I'll
Take care to help myself!"

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 2/6, 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 28,
Haymarket, N.S.W.

ADELAIDE READERS

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

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

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

Arbitration And The A.W.U.

A Contrast.

The Time To

Catch Them.

The Soldier And His 'Friends.'

Hughes' Valediction.

By A. GRAHAM.

Perusing the "Daily Mail" of the 8/8/15, my eye fell upon the following sample of British barbarism:—
"When you see your children fighting in the nursery," said Captain Sir W. Wiseman, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, at a Savoy Hotel meeting yesterday, "don't reprove them for it. If you do, you are making a great mistake. If they do not learn to fight when they are children, they will never learn when they are men. In my opinion, the only thing on which our safety rests is the individual fighting qualities of our men."

Apparently this British savage knows the most opportune time to get his murderous doctrines into the heads of the working class. He believes, like the Pope, that if his diabolical teaching is crammed into infants' heads until they are seven, the world may have them afterwards. He believes in getting in for his cut while the brain is plastic, and moulding it to his own murderous ideas. If you see your child developing signs of savagery, encourage him, keep him savage.

This Wiseman is well aware that the only way to prolong the savage game of war is to encourage every sign of barbarous and animal-like tendencies cropping up in our children. While they are ignorant, keep them ignorant.

He unwittingly admits that his doctrines must be crammed in in childhood, for if left until manhood, it is too late. This game of war must be built up on savage childish ignorance.

Yes, let your little children practice barbarity against one another, brother against brother, schoolmate against schoolmate. Wiseman says there is nothing wrong with this. No, not from his standpoint; for when they grow up their masters will send them to the battlefield to do the very same thing: they will be thrown into battle brother against brother, comrade against comrade, Christian against Christian, worker against worker, to kill and maim in order to protect the interests of a few capitalists and their lackeys, to protect "their" country of which they do not own an inch, and in which they do not even own their own jobs.

In his opinion the only way in which our (capitalists' and aristocrats') safety rests is in the individual fighting qualities of "our" working men, that is, if their brains can be kept from evolving further than the nursery stage.

One hears a lot said about Germans giving their school children swords and tin soldiers in order to force the game of kill into their heads. This British Hun goes one better; he is going to teach them the game of murder in the cradle.

The cannibals of the South Sea Islands are but little more savage than this British Christian.

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN.

In an article on the "Waste of Luxury," in last week's "Navy," one Portus, tutor to the "Workers' Education Association, illustrates the prevailing thriftlessness of the worker by the following terrible example:—

"Only recently a case was brought to my notice in which a washerwoman, who asked her employer for an advance on next week's wages because she was 'hard up,' was seen at a picture show with her family that same evening."

We do really hope there are not many washerwomen in Australia who are addicted to double dealing and wasteful extravagance of this kind. If there are, they may soon be demanding such high wages that the high and mighty ladies of society will be compelled to wash their own dirty linen.

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

The "Sydney Morning Herald" wants the erasure of "enemy shareholders" from the share registers "of our public companies." It does not seem why German investors, who may be fighting in the trenches against the Allies, should be drawing dividends out of Australia. That is a privilege it wants to reserve for the "Gor Save" exploiter. The patriotism of the "Herald," however, stops at that. What it says to the German capitalist is: "We gave you the protection of our laws, we enabled you to make money in our country, but you have abused our trust, so you had better take your capital elsewhere," and it adds, "Nobody proposes to confiscate their property."

Of course not. Such a thing as confiscation of property, even if it is the property of Germans, outrages all the "Herald's" sense of justice and fair play. Besides, precedents of that kind once established, might prove dangerous. The workers might reasonably argue that if the power to do so, was sufficient justification for confiscating property, they had better organise themselves to gain that power.

While the "Herald's" tender conscience, however, stops short at confiscation of German property, it does not appear to have any qualms about the confiscation of British lives.

In the same issue we are told that if "shirkers" will not go in to the firing line, force must be used.

The worker has no right to have a say in the disposal of his own life, but any attack on the "rights" of property, even when it belongs to the despised "Hun," is profanation in the eyes of the "Herald," and the class for whom it speaks.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

For

"DIRECT ACTION."

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

Name.....

Address.....

Fill it in NOW!

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

by the boss to keep you tied hand and foot.

I conjure the Australian unionist to hold their "Right to Strike." It is your heavy artillery with which to finally smash the walls of capitalism.

By solidarity and a thorough understanding of Direct Action methods, the miners of South Wales have shown the world the power of the strike. They beat the British Government on the compulsory slavery Munitions Act. But when they submitted the settling of their trouble to the arbitration of Foxy Lloyd George and his friend the Board of Trade president, they lost.

There is hardly a member of the A.W.U. who does not admire the direct action of the Welsh miner.

The master class don't care what you do as long as you don't take direct action. They know that in it lies your power. That is why there are so many laws and injunctions against striking.

The Arbitration Court does not affect their profit one bit. They pay you the increase, and then by increasing the cost of your necessities, take it from you again.

There is only one way to bring the capitalist of Australia to his knees. Stop his profits! Stop them where they are made. On the job. Don't come out on strike. Go in on strike! Go slow and help to solve the unemployed problem. The reason your mate is out of a job is because you work too long and too hard. Do you still think you can beat the master in the Arbitration Court, brother? If so, sleep on! Sleep on!

ARCH. J. McNAUGHT.

Thus "Australian Worker" on "Billy's" recent explosions:—

The last words of the Prime Minister, on the eve of his departure for Great Britain, were disappointing in the extreme.

We expected from him, as the official head of the Labor movement in this country, a message of real inspiration, and a firm assurance that during his absence Australia would not be left to the tender mercies of the traitors who deal foully with her while she struggles with a ruthless enemy.

And what did we get? A terrific attack upon a very small section of the community, who do not affect the situation to any extent that marks them out for notice, expressed in language so nebulous, despite its fierceness, that many people did not know to whom he was alluding.

Not a single reference to the powerful organisations of capital that are squeezing the life-blood out of the country!

Not a syllable of condemnation for those who are striving to fasten the curse of conscription on the backs of the working class!

Not one note of anger for the dishonorable politicians—tools of the Trusts—who have reduced the Referendum Agreement to a Prussian scrap of paper!

But a torrent of blistering invective for alleged "parasites on the Labor Movement," who fruitlessly advise the workers not to enlist, and who are so inconsiderable in numbers and influence that people go about asking one another, "Who in the name of heaven is he getting at?"

Subsequently the Prime Minister elucidated his vague furies by naming the "Syndicalists" and the "I.W.W." And the mere mention of these bodies reduced his impassioned diatribes to absurdity.

The Syndicalists and the I.W.W. are not formidable bodies in Australia. There are tens of thousands of workers who have barely heard of them.

And whatever else they may be, they are certainly not "parasites on the Labor Movement." They are lean kind—men who, for the most part, have not made a penny out of the Labor Movement, but who give all their time and their energies to the agitation they carry on without the remotest hope of reward.

And they are not after fat billets. They are not after seats in Parliament. There is not the dimmest prospect that any one of them, however able, will ever sit upon a Treasury Bench, or dine with a Governor-General.

Unequal conflicts with Authority, and not infrequent incarcerations in jail for preaching and acting the faith that is in them—that is the lot of these people.

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.

ACTIVITIES OF LOCAL No. 6.

HALL, LANE ST., BOULDER,

W.A.

Wednesday Evenings, in Hall—Class Meeting.

Friday Evening, Boulder Post Office—Propaganda Meeting.

Saturday Evening, Kalgoorlie—Propaganda Meeting.

Sunday—Morning, 10.30 a.m., Hall—Business Meeting.

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.

The registration of the A.W.U. under the Arbitration Act is in the interests of the master class. Your employers want peace (not universal peace), Industrial Peace. They are getting it, and those in this union who favor this type of chloroforming of unionists are helping the pastoralists to delve still deeper into the pockets of the Australian worker.

You organise and agitate to find that you are permitted to make rules only by the kind permission of the capitalist High Court. The cancellation case was an excellent investment for the pastoralist if only from the standpoint of indefinitely postponing the station hands' case. The only way the station hand will get better conditions is by direct action.

The arbitration policy of the A.W.U. is breeding a new type of "man"—a type of jelly-fish unionist whose solidarity ends when he buys his union ticket.

The Agreement, "The Sacred Cow," that this arbitrationist individual worship is not worth the paper it is written on. The pastoralist has driven the legal coach and four through it so often that most members now regard it as tantamount to signing their own death certificate.

All you can expect from the next Federal Court is a discourse on Patriotism, "National Sacrifice during the currency of the war." You will hear nothing about the capitalist disgorging some of his ill-gotten pastoral gains, sweated out of your hide in the past. You will get an award based on the cost of living at that particular date. You will sling your hat in the air and shout "Hurray! Judge Higgins!" and in about six months you will wake up to the fact that prices have so increased as to make the finding an absolute farce. In short, you keep a £50 a week judge to tell you what it costs you to live and to tell you that you must be economical.

Good God! the workers have been economical all their lives.

Is your wife extravagant, Mr. Sheehand, on 37/6 per week? Does she eat handsomely and keep a motor car? Do you really believe that you are only entitled to this bare existence wage—this small percentage of the actual value of the work you do, barely sufficient to clothe yourself and your wife and your children? Are these union men, women, and children going to reach a high moral and intellectual standard on this bare existence union policy? It has been advanced that they are not starving as in some of the older countries. No, that is so while they can find a master. But let unemployment attack the home and your women are hard put to it to make both ends meet. It is a question of bread and butter, of clothes, of good homes, of surroundings, of command of medical skill, of ample means to raise fine children.

The A.W.U. has won the Arbitration coat for best, and lately it has become so threadbare and shabby that it has been patched and patched until it resembles the coat of many colours. It no longer protects the worker from the cold blast of capitalism. Why not throw it away and put on this new coat offered free gratis by the Industrial Unionist—Direct Action—with all the One Big Union tactics for beating the boss.

Every real progress in the history of mankind has been achieved by Direct Action. Labor Power is the only commodity possessed by the worker. If by arbitration methods you take away from him the right to refuse to sell that labor power, you purely confiscate it for the master class to whom you force him to sell it.

The various so-called labor parties are faithfully doing this work for the boss by fines and penalties for striking; and by the intimidation and signing of union officials, by means of fines and levies on union funds up to £1000, if they dare to advise their members how to win a strike. The Arbitration Court is a method used

The New International.

Female And Child

Workers v. Shirkers.

Literature List.

Labor in India.

BOULDER, W.A.

The following article, by I. H. Sloan, which recently appeared in the "Labor Leader" (England), has been going the rounds of the labor press in Europe and the United States:—

"Yesterday, I, an Anglo-Saxon, gave you, my hand in friendship, in unity, and in brotherhood. Yesterday you, a Saxon, tolled the same long hours side by side with me, your comrade. Oft we had a cheering glass together, yet we grumbled at the weary day; we were on and we felt the utter tiredness of toil. Oft we stood together for a higher wage, a better chance in life, and, in Trafalgar Square do you remember?—we sang the 'International' day after day together. You and I— we starved rather than take the blackleg's Judas coin.

"I like you well, ay, better than any man who ever walked a bit along life's grey and rugged way with me; and you liked me. I know it not from any words of yours—for speech was not your forte—but oft I caught your kindly look—and felt the warm, firm clasp of your rough, brown hand, and I can hear you say, 'Mate, thank Heaven that job's finished; let's breathe God's air together.' And we would homeward trudge and together rail at the fates or gods or systems that held us slaves from early morn till all the precious hours of sunshine passed away, turned us out at night, too weary and toll-worn to care if God or Devil reigned supreme, too bowed with hours of labor to see the calm, starlit heavens or feel the soothing influence of the sailing moon, or the mystery of the rising Thames.

"Then we would pass, with other workers, to our two or three-roomed tenements in a narrow street, where children played, pretending that stones were juncos, fruits, that dirty straw and bits of paper were green grass and lovely flowers, pretending that the murky pool was the glorious sea, the ugly street a stretch of brown sea-sands, pretending—your wee lad and my wee lass—that sticks floating on the dirty drains were ships sailing far away to foreign lands, ships that would return some day bearing good things and much, much money, so that 'fader' would not have to toil so hard nor be so weary. And we would pause to watch the kids and hear them say, 'When we grow big, the wondrous things we'll do! Mother will not have to cry when rent day comes nor father get so quiet and so thin when work is scarce and the man who has the jobs to give turns him away and says "No work for you today."'

VISIONS OF THE PAST.

"And we would laugh grimly, and talk of the great days when all the workers of the world would be on—ly six each day, and wages double that in pounds each week; when all the hateful, ugly tenements would be wiped out and lovely villas stand amid green lawns, when every house would have the cleansing bath, when the body, pure, upright, and beautiful with health, and all aglow with surging life, would be a fitting temple for the soul!

"And the vision would so enthrall us that all the sordid ugliness of our lives would, for a little while, completely fade away, and with the seeing eye of the awakening soul we would catch a glimpse of the great dawn. . . . The alley and the ragged children, the nagging, weary women, and the sickly, whining babes, the hard-faced, toll-worn men, and all the hatefulness of life down Poplar way would be no more. We saw the women that we loved walk free with all the loveliness of maidenhood and the greater beauty of the mother; with eyes calm and full of tender love; with all the haunting fear that now lurks in every worker's eyes completely gone. We saw our children dance with joy in great green meadows and gather flowers to be deck themselves. We saw them brown and sun-kissed, with strong limbs and bonnie cheeks where roses played, with laughing eyes and voices sweet and clear, ringing out across the summer air. We saw the chil-

dren of our dirty, narrow streets clean and sweet and fresh, chasing each other on the long brown sands, watching the great ships pass out to sea. We saw ourselves, bowed no longer, but free—slaves to no man, working for the very joy of it, stretching out with all our soul's surging with love and sympathy to all and everything wherein the great infinite spirit—Life—has found abode.

"IN A TRENCH OF BLOOD."

But that was yesterday—yesterday, long gone by. To-day—oh, God! To-day I stand knee deep in a trench of blood. 'Your King and Country need you.' They blazoned it abroad, and other men were going, and work was slack and there was little food, and weary hours of trudging round for jobs, that were so few got on my nerves, and Belgian babes and women had been murdered by the German hordes—so the man told us at the meeting in the street. And so I joined, knowing how to use a gun and ride a horse—I had roughed it out west in my younger days. They sent me to the trenches.

"You, too, have gone for Kaiser and for country to give your life to keep your dear Fatherland from the Russian hordes. They told you so, I know, and you believed—and I believed. And to-day I try to hate you as my enemy, but find I cannot. I stand knee deep in blood and mire, the shells fall fast and hundreds of your countrymen and mine are hurled into the great Eternal Silence, or worse—lying (with bodies mangled, limbs torn, or eyes that will not see again) in agony for days and nights till Fate decide if life or death shall win.

"I peer into the driving rain—to-day—and try to see my enemy. I wonder where you are, old mate? And thoughts of love—not hate—sweep over me. 'Love your enemies,' said the Great Brother, 'forgive him seventy times seven.' Dear God, are we all mad or brutes that we should lend ourselves to this most awful butchering of men? This murdering, by agony, of the women robbed of men they love. Oh, God, the desolation of the children, crying in the night and in the day for daddy, the aching, torturing loneliness of those at home! The horror and the loathing of the men who, never knowing lust of blood nor murderous hate, have to plunge the bayonet deep into a brother's quivering flesh!

THOSE "GLORIOUS CHARGES."

"To-day, they tell us there will be a glorious bayonet charge—shall I be rendered so much braver, so little man, that I will do this ghastly work without becoming mad? Dear God, grant that I may not see the eyes of him in whose poor body the bayonet plunges. Oh, mate, who used to work with me, I wonder where you are to-day? No length of years, no penitence, could ever give me peace again if, rushing forward and plunging deep the bayonet, I found your patient, tired eyes gazing into mine.

"You a Saxon and I am Anglo-Saxon. Two poor workers toiling all our days for bread enough to keep life in, yet caring little if life went out. We had no country! 'Keep off the grass,' was the sign on everything we needed or desired; our enemy was the man or system that had the power to starve us out unless we slaved our lives away. And yet to-day the workers of the world unite in wholesale massacre of men! Peace and love and brotherhood ten million marching men have trampled underfoot. The bleeding side, pierced hands and feet, and love crucified! And for the why and wherefore of this madness of the world dig deep and find the roots—greed, ambition, and fear. God forgive us, we know not what we do!

"To-morrow—when all the dead men shall be hidden from the sight of mortals, when the tears shall be dry on our eyes, though the heart may still weep. To-morrow—when the shrieking of terror shall be silenced forever, when the earth shall be dry on our eyes, though the heart may when the sea shall have drawn to her deep heart the merry lads that all suddenly were turned to desperate men, when the cry of drowning men has

"Bent Axle" writes from Scarborough, South Coast:—

The following is from the annual report of Indian Mining, 1914, and which I thought would be of interest to your readers:—

MINING IN INDIA.

REPORT OF CHIEF INSPECTOR. PERSONS EMPLOYED.

From the annual report of Mr. G. F. Adams, Chief Inspector of Mines in India:—

In the year 1914 the average number of persons working in and about the mines regulated by the Indian Mines Act, was 185,211, of whom 120,071 worked underground, and 65,140 on the surface. Of these 115,174 were adult males, 64,179 were adult females, and 5,858 were children under 12 years of age. This is an increase of 3,951 workers, or 2.18 per cent.

The above is part of the official report for 1914, and is taken from the "Science and Art of Mining," a mining periodical. The main reasons why I am forwarding the above are: It will let your readers see quite plainly that woman and child labor in mines in the British Empire is still adhered to; it will also serve to show that the freedom and justice which we are led to believe graces this glorious Empire of Ours, is absolutely non-existent. Why, even in England there are women and young girls working on the pit heads ten hours a day for a magnificent wage of 1s 6d.

So you see there is not a great deal of difference between the Indian female slaves and those of England. All this is taking place to-day, and all under the "great" flag, or rather, better known as the Union Jack.

I think it is up to the workers to get wise and put a stop to such abominable conditions and long working days, because if we don't get a move on in this country, we will surely find ourselves confronted with the same state of affairs.

SPEAKERS' CLASS.

The Speakers' Class has been restarted at the Sydney Local. There is a pressing need for an ever-increasing supply of able propagandists—fellows who can expound and explain the philosophy and methods of the I.W.W. and make more converts, especially on the job. There are plenty who have a fair understanding of Industrial Unionism, but fail to make its principles clear to their mates owing to lack of practice in speaking and putting their case logically and concisely. The speakers' class aims at starting fresh ones on the road to effective speaking. It is held every Saturday at 7.15 p.m., at 330 Castlereagh-street.

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.

passed, when the silence of death falls on the field of nights and on the black waters. To-morrow—when the wise men shall say, 'Let there be peace,' when a million men or so have laid down their lives, a million women desolate and hungry for the love of some dear boy, some well-loved man, and millions more—the little children—not understanding quite but full of vague fear and great loneliness, hearing and seeing strange terrors in the night. . . .

"To-morrow—when all these things shall have come to pass, the Still Small Voice shall be heard again. Out of the mire of blood shall the banner be lifted! Tremblingly, falteringly, with many tears of sorrow and remorse, across the gulf we'll stretch our hands, and some day in Trafalgar Square we'll sing again the 'International.'"

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.

On January 1st of this year, some six hundred woodcutters ceased work on three wood-lands, namely, Kurrawang, Kurramia, and Lakeside, demanding better conditions, which the representatives of the Woodline Co. refused. The said Woodlines have supplied the mining industry here on the so-called Golden Mile for some 20 years. This is the industry on which Dicky Hamilton, Chairman of the Chamber of Mines, so often boasted of the workers never having had a strike or industrial dispute, which is not saying much for the intelligence of the workers here.

Those six hundred workers are represented (or misrepresented) by three salaried craft union officials, who are in conference since the cessation of work with the reps. of the Woodline Co., Chamber of Mines, and the Acting Premier, who is also Minister for Mines (Mr. Collier).

Collier offered the punting companies to supply wood from Great Reserves at the usual rates, but for some unexplained reason on the part of the Chamber of Mines, they refused the offer. The result is that coal is being brought to this place from Fremantle, a distance of some four hundred miles. This coal is hewn by unionists, having union cards, transported by "unionists" (the railway workers), and unloaded by "unionists" (the surface workers) on these mines.

Also fed into boilers by "unionists," steam used by engine-drivers, who are "unionists," to haul and lower men (the miners) who are also "unionists."

In this mining industry there are no less than eighteen different unions affiliated with the Westralian Goldfields Federated Miners' Association, which shows that seventeen sections are working, thereby helping the master class to defeat their fellow-workers of their own federation.

Where does the motto of "an injury to one is an injury to all" come in?

Notwithstanding the fact that the master class successfully recognises the above motto, surely it is up to the wage slaves to wake up and realise that there is only one working class, and an injury on one is the concern of all.

One union secretary pointed out at the conference that the average earnings did not exceed ten shillings per day.

One of the proposals made by the men was that they be allowed to go back on day wages, but the masters of industry would not accede to that proposition. Certainly not; they want contract, whereby they can get the most for the least. One of the main items asked for by the men is an increase of sixpence per ton—they were getting four shillings and sixpence, and are now asking for five shillings per ton—nothing unreasonable, taking into consideration that one mine alone has paid in dividends this last three months something between £28,000 and £30,000 per month.

The conditions prevailing on these lines are some of the worst in Australia; for instance, the necessities of life are dumped off at the different camps while the train is in motion; the result can be more easily imagined than described.

The "Transsianway" is practically closed down, the result being a busy time for doctors and recruiting officers.

Politicians and union official windbags are busily booming the advantages of arbitration courts. Sympathetic resolutions have been passed by several craft unions, forgetting the fact that the strikers cannot live on sympathy.

Wake up you wage slaves of Boulder, and organise in the one Big Union of your class—the Industrial Workers of the World.

P. J. DALY.

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.

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: Tridon, 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.: Pease, 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.

BROKEN HILL ACTIVITIES.

Rooms, Palace Buildings, Sulphide-street.

Wednesday Evening, at 7.30 p.m.—Educational Class.
Alternate Sundays, at 3 p.m.—Business Meeting.
Alternate Sundays, at 3 p.m.—Economic Class.
Sunday, at 7.30 p.m.—Outdoor Propaganda Meeting, near Post Office, in Argent-street.
Good Library. Also good collection of Literature for sale. All live rebels welcome.

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

ADDRESSES OF I.W.W. LOCALS.

Adelaide Local No. 7—Secretary-Treasurer, S. G. Drummond, 43 Charles-street, Unley, Adelaide, S.A.
Sydney, Local No. 2—Secretary-Treasurer, T. Glynn, 330 Castlereagh-street, Sydney, N.S.W.
Broken Hill Local No. 3—Secretary-Treasurer, E. J. Kiely, Palace Buildings, Sulphide-street, Broken Hill, N.S.W.
Fremantle, Local No. 5—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 Gabbie, Brisbane, Q.
Melbourne Local, No. 8—Secretary-Treasurer, R. Power, 243 William-street, Melbourne, V.

All privileged and powerful classes, as such, have used their power in the interests of their own selfishness, and have indulged their self importance in despising, and not in lovingly caring for, those who were, in their estimation, degraded, by being unemployed or the necessity of working for their benefit.—John Stuart Mill.

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

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