

One Big Union For the International Working Class



VOL 3, NO. 56.

Registered at G.P.O., Sydney.

SYDNEY, FEBRUARY, 5, 1916.

ONE PENNY

A Game of Bluff, Up To Date.

Our Press.

Asitticklethmyfancy.

AN APPEAL.

Owing to the increased cost in material of all kinds, we are obliged to appeal to members for more substantial support for the paper. Paper, for instance, has increased in price of late to the extent of one penny per pound. Other necessary expenses have also increased since the weekly issue began. This has taken place side by side with a decrease in the bundle orders of nearly all Locals throughout Australia, with the result that it is becoming increasingly difficult to keep the paper going and meet financial obligations.

There are two ways out of the difficulty if the paper is to live. One is by private donations of individual members to the Press Fund; the other is by a collective effort to increase the subscribers' list. Of the two, we prefer the latter; it spreads the burden of keeping the paper going over a larger number, and it is by far the best method from a propaganda standpoint.

An additional thousand subscribers must be procured if the paper is to keep its head above water until the war storm blows over. These should not be difficult to obtain if members would only make up their minds and realise the issues at stake. Unless we are willing that all our propaganda of the past is to count for naught, a larger interest must be fostered in the circulation of the paper, and members must redouble their efforts in the direction of getting subs.

The capitalist press is the most powerful factor in prejudicing the worker against Industrialist propaganda and in misrepresenting its aims. At the present stage of working class development, we cannot hope to cope with that power, but all who recognise what the historic mission of the revolutionary working class movement is, should unite their energies in a common endeavour to minimise its influence. This can best be done by building up a press which can put the aims and objects of Industrial Unionism, week by week, before the thoughtful element of our fellow-slaves.

"Direct Action" has succeeded in this in the past even beyond the expectations of those who started the paper going. It now rests with the members to see that this, the first crisis in its existence, shall be successfully overcome.

J. B. KING, Manager.
On behalf of Press Committee.

MELBOURNE ACTIVITIES.

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

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

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

Recent news from New Zealand shows that the O.B. Union propaganda is making headway in spite of Massey's edict to the contrary. "Direct Action" is continuing to increase its popularity among the militant workers in that country.

TABLET 4.

(By Ajax).

It may interest those who believe in the gospel of "Work" to know that workers are required to clear land and prepare homes for returned soldiers. The press suggests that people spend their week ends thuswise. Apparently, there is no pay or travelling allowance, but motors will meet them to take the m—, I mean, patriots to work. Good chance for I-wont-works to secure a free motor ride. Doubtless many stay at home patriots will shoulder a pick with the same avidity with which they tell the other fellow to take up a rifle.

In spite of numerous services and days of intercession, God does not appear to be on our side in this war.

We boast that we are intelligent people living in an enlightened age, yet we see thousands celebrating an eight-hour day which they have not got. Thousands more are fighting for a country which they don't own, and many others pray to a God (their particular God) whose existence cannot be proved and who (even if existing) has historically been proved deaf, stone deaf, for many centuries.

There are many people professedly in search of truth. Truth, or what can be demonstrated to be a fact, as far as our limited knowledge goes, is out of place in capitalist society. This is essentially the epoch of the vindication of lies. The church preaches them, politicians expound lies which they designate "terminological inaccuracies," and lawyers live on them. The rich hate the truth, for they live by lies. The poor being sophisticated, do not appreciate a new truth, any old lie supposed to be the truth is good enough for them! The slave class are ever looking for a saviour, but steadfastly refuse to reason or accept the truth, unmindful of the fact that there is no saviour in the world except the truth. "Know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

In ancient societies, despite the difficulties of raising food and the limited production, rulers contrived to feed the people. Even in ancient Egypt when the Nile failed and necessities and work were scarce, the slaves were fed. Feudalism, despite its petty wars, crude agriculture, and mode of production, never failed to feed the population. Christian Capitalism produces in such abundance that the markets are glutted and thus we see the spectacle of thousands of discharged workmen walking the streets, many of them with hungry, haggard faces, looking at the vast warehouses stacked to the top storey with all the good things of life that the workers produced.

Mind you, these derelicts of competition don't want any of the nice things on view in the shops (however much they and their families need them). They only want work. Not life, only W-o-r-k!

There are three species of idiots one should beware of. The political imbecile, the militarist maniac, and the religious bigot. They represent faith, homiletics and credulity, but the greatest of these three is the Christian.

The reason why many do not understand things industrial is because they are unconsciously mentally sophisticated with things metaphysical.

Consider the prostitute on the street. Signs are not wanting that, consequent on the war, some women at least, who are capable of better things, are economically forced into the profession. Notice the new recruits to the army of lust, parading Sydney in all their finery, to the disgust of venerable clerics. Verily, verily, I say unto you (that for social utility) a cardinal in an ermine cloak is not equal to one of these!

Here endeth the fourth epistle of Asitticklethmyfancy, the scribe to Hardheaded Hobnalls.

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.

(GENERAL EXECUTIVE BOARD.)

BROKEN HILL STRIKE.

The Broken Hill workers (with the exception of a few small unions who attempt to cover their scabbiness with the cloak of the Arbitration Court) are out on strike to the extent of 6,000 for the purpose of enforcing the 44-hour week.

The Industrial Workers of the World endorse every struggle of the working class for shorter hours. Therefore, we issue an appeal to all locals of the Industrial Workers of the World, all members-at-large, and the working class generally for funds to carry on the strike.

All monies should be sent through the General Secretary-Treasurer, Box 98, Haymarket, Sydney, who will forward the cash on to the Secretary of the Strike Committee at Broken Hill.

All monies enclosed will be acknowledged through the pages of "Direct Action." Remember that sympathy is of no use unless it is of a practical nature. "He who gives quickly, gives twice."

Yours for the One Big Union,

TOM BARKER,
General Secretary-Treasurer.

There is a good deal of discontent at present among the members of the Russian Political Society with their form of organisation, in Brisbane, and it is more than likely that many of the Russians, once they understand the I.W.W., will follow their compatriots of Cairns and Mount Morgan into the One Big Union. They will be invaluable when the Russian I.W.W. paper gets going.

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 under the necessity of working for their benefit.—John Stuart Mill.

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

"GOOD BUSINESS."

It is safe to say that there is no country in any part of the world that the war has commercially affected less than Australia. When we take into consideration that Britain over the seas is to-day facing a serious and dramatic problem, it seems almost miraculous that trade in Australia is almost normal. There certainly is disruption in certain lines of merchandise, but generally speaking, it would be no exaggeration to assert that business is good. In particular lines trade is even better than it was before the war. As an instance of that fact we quote the words of Mr. James Chalmers, managing director of Farmer and Co., Ltd. That gentleman says:—"Last year has been the most successful one the firm has ever had."

The above is an extract from the "Australian Traders' Weekly" of last issue, the weekly organ of the Australian Traders' Association, which is published, by the way, at one shilling a copy—presumably to prevent its getting into the hands of the "working stiff."

If one compares these little confidential chats of the bosses, one with another, with their public utterances about "business," especially at a time when their employees may be demanding higher wages, and with the recent declaration of Judge Heydon that Australian industrial and commercial enterprises can't afford to pay a living wage on account of the war, it does not require much powers of perception to see that the bosses of this country, their penny press, their politicians and their courts, are pulling off a game of bluff on the workers which only capitalist hypocrisy could be guilty of.

"It goes without saying," the article continues, "that in a country where the machinery in the factories is going without an idle moment during working hours that such a condition spells prosperity to a great extent."

My oath! But prosperity for whom? Certainly not for the worker whose labor is keeping "the machinery in the factories going without an idle moment." He "don't count." HE has been told that it is the very height of patriotism and loyalty to keep the factories going so that others may grow rich. HE struggles along on a wage which, with the present high cost of living, makes him wonder at the meaning of the word prosperity. HE is supposed to be grateful, as Archbishop Kelly said recently, to the kind employers who provide him with—work; and if he does not appreciate the condition of affairs which condemns him to a perpetual struggle for a crust, to perpetual toil in the interests of parasites, he is to be attacked "with the ferocity of a Bengal tiger," and forbidden to associate with his unfortunate fellow-slaves.

War, always did mean prosperity for the exploiting class. "Times of war," remarks "Sydney Herald," in its financial columns on 31st ult., "are times when money is more easily made and lost than usual. It is the time in excess for the man of imagination, of pluck, of decided opinions, with courage to carry out a fixed policy, and not to be moved by every wind that blows. War is no time for the man who depends upon the opinion of others, and is most influenced by the last view he has heard."

This last remark, of course, is not

intended to apply to those who gather round recruiting platforms to listen to the profiteering patriots whose prosperity is increased by war. The workers are expected, particularly in this case, to be "influenced by the last view they have heard," or any other views except views pertaining to their own economic welfare.

The financial columns of the "Herald" are written to catch the eyes of the "business men, the investor, the exploiter, the profit monger. The worker is so interested in WORK, in keeping the wheels of industry going without "an idle moment," that he has neither time nor inclination for the "Herald's" financial columns and its shrewd calculation that "times of war are times when money is easily made." These remarks are only intended for the "patriot" who prospers at home while the worker abroad gives his life, and the worker at home a life of toll, in his interests.

It is more than time the workers called a halt to this gigantic game of bluff. Their condition is growing rapidly worse while profits are being accumulated to an unprecedented degree. They allow themselves to be fooled by Arbitration Courts, and even their own leaders, into the belief that any demand upon those profits are "unpatriotic" and "disloyal."

And the day is surely coming when they will emerge from this fools' paradise. When they do, the death knell of Arbitration, Craft Union misleadership, and the treachery of politicians, can be heard in the distance.

BAND FUND.

We publish below a list of subscribers to this fund to date. Many more players are turning up than we have instruments for, and if the band is to be the success we hope to make it, funds must be forthcoming for the purchase of instruments. Most of the readers around Sydney have "done their bit" towards the band, so this appeal is addressed more particularly to country members, and any others who may have not yet heard that the nucleus of a promising turn-out has already been formed.

The following is the amount of subscriptions to date:—

	£	s.	d.
Amount received up to 27/1/16	17	12	6
J. Burke		5	0
J. G. Smith		1	0
Randwick Workshops		17	0
Total	34	14	6

J. SMITHERS,
Band Secretary.

BOOK OF POEMS.

It is the intention of the Press Committee to print a booklet of revolutionary poems within the next few weeks. Most of the poems that have appeared since the inception of "Direct Action" will be included. The contents will include:—"Man With the Hoe," "The Dishwasher," "Evolution," "The Cry of Toll," "Born For What?," "Might is Right," "Mask of Anarchy," "The Way of Kings, Crowned and Uncrowned," etc.

In all probability the booklet will run to 32 pages, and sell at 3d. per copy, with the usual reduction for quantities. Orders will be booked right away.

DIRECT ACTION



WEEKLY
OFFICIAL ORGAN
Of the
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF
THE WORLD.
(Australian Administration).

Office: 330 Castlereagh St., Sydney,
Australia.

Editor: Thos. Glynn.
Manager: Tom Barker.

Subscriptions: 4/ per year; New
Zealand, 6/ per year; Foreign,
8/ per year.

HEADQUARTERS I.W.W. (Australia)
330 CASTLEREAGH ST., SYDNEY.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS:
164 W. Washington St., Chicago,
Ill., U.S.A.

Pleaders and Bleeders.

The "Australian Worker" seems to be waking up to the idea that the Federal Labor Government differs but little from any other kind of government after all.

A front page article in its issue of last week takes the Federal Ministry to task for its sins of omission and commission, and then pathetically inquires, "Is it any wonder that Labor papers are not pleased with Labor politicians?"

To have said anything nasty about the Labor Government or Labor politicians but a short time ago would have been the blackest of crimes in the "Workers' eyes, but events move rapidly in these days, and perhaps in another decade or so the "Worker" will be prepared to admit, after a little more experience with its political pets, that all governments are much in the nature of a Punch and Judy affair: the man behind the screen pulls the strings.

The crimes which the Labor Government has committed against the workers of this country are not so much due to the traitorous instinct of the politician, though that has certainly exhibited itself in many cases, as to the fact that there is a power stronger than any government in this country, as in every other, and that is the Economic Power which the lords of industry and finance wield. This is a fact, however, that the canny politicians who run the Labor show will not publicly admit. To do so would remove any reasons for their existence as politicians, and the "Workers' tardy recognition of the Labor Government's subservience to that power only comes at a time when the fact can scarcely be much longer concealed from those who pay their hard-earned shillings to keep the "Worker" and the Labor politicians going.

The "Worker" wants the industrial organisations to shake up their "Parliamentary delegates." This is hardly consistent, seeing that the Arbitration policy which the "Worker" supports and advocates, has bound the workers to the masters' treadmill, and pains and penalties for any infringement of the law are promptly enforced by the said "Parliamentary delegates."

Any action by the industrial organisations which does not disturb profits is not likely to be of much use in getting the politician active on their behalf.

It appears that the "Worker" has so long and consistently telling its supporters to look to their political saviours for economic salvation, that it cannot get over the idea that a little extra special pleading, a few more petitions and prayers, might have the desired effect. It has not

To Mildura.

WOBLIES ON TOUR.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, and keep on tramping!" was experienced in all its grim-reptilly by a bunch of woblies who left Broken Hill lately en route for Mildura.

Owing to the many and varied troubles which I.W.W.-ites bump at, times in large industrial centres, several militants were forced to leave the Silver City for the time being and seek fresh fields and pastures new.

The fruit cookies at Mildura, Victoria, have been talking of extra heavy crops and extra shortage of labor, so in order to help them out of their trouble, and assist the poor chaps in their fruit shearing, a band of sturdy diggers from the drought-stricken desert of Broken Hill armed with all the necessary ammunition for the industrial battle, have swooped down upon the fertile fields of Victoria, and are casting hungry-looking eyes at the luscious-looking fruits.

The march from the Hill, although a bit rough at times on the industrial soldiers, was indeed a great success from an I.W.W. propaganda standpoint.

At every fair-sized camp along the road, animated discussions took place upon the I.W.W., its methods, principles, and objective, and many wise guys, of many years' standing in many unions, freely expressed their disapproval of the A.W.U. and labor politicians and endorsed the direct-action policy of the I.W.W.

All along the route, in prominent places, strikers, and favorite I.W.W. mottoes came under one's notice as he passed by. The I.W.W. has sure got some live supporters and barrackers in the back country. Every hut and camping place tells the story of visits from I.W.W. men. There is a sad time coming for the lazy politician and the parasitical £6 a week union organiser. The slaves are taking a tumble to paying fat, well-fed loafing secretaries and organisers three times more in wages than they receive themselves.

On Sunday night, January 23rd, the I.W.W. held a highly successful propaganda meeting at Pinky Bend, on the Murray River. Mr. James O'Connor a very old time A.W.U. member, acted as chairman, and in opening the meeting said that the A.W.U. was now out of date and something organised on more modern lines must take its place. From what he had seen and heard of the I.W.W. he believed it was going to be the union of the future. Fellow-workers Carlington, Treanwith, and Rancie then addressed the meeting, and dealt out the straight, unadulterated I.W.W. dope.

The audience was made up mostly of old-time A.W.U. men, and at the close of the meeting not one dissident voice against the I.W.W. was raised, but much approval was expressed.

During the fruit season, the I.W.W. will hold propaganda meetings every Saturday evening at corner of Langtree Avenue and Eighth Street, where the One Big Union dope will be expounded.

The Mildura fruit cookies are sure going to have some sleepless nights if they do not behave themselves properly. The I.W.W. will be a well-known factor in Mildura before the grape-snatching season is over.

N.R.

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.

yet raised itself above the conception of keeping labor on its knees.

To hell with pleaders and bleeders alike. Both have been the bane of the working class movement. It is time the workers got off their knees and shook themselves free from the saviour superstition.

They must build an organisation that will rest the sceptre of power from the industrial and financial pirates. It will not then be a question of the worker begging for doles from the politician and his master. Politicians and all other parasites will be on their knees to labor.

Scenes from the Asiatic War Zone.

By FRANK E. DANIELS, in
"Solidarity."

Dillman, Persia, October 25.
Let me tell you a few things about conditions as they are in these parts of the globe.

When I left the United States last year, I travelled seventeen days on the ocean and finally reached Archangel, Russia. From there I went to Tiflis, Caucasus, and now I am in Dillman, Persia.

The conditions everywhere are terrible. Small boys and girls of 8 and 9 years are compelled to work and fill the places of the grown-ups. Every man from 16 to 50 years was called to the army to fill the reserve lines. The children of Russia work for a pittance of 25 to 50 kopeks a day (12 to 25 cents U. S. money).

In Persia it is still worse. There are no wages here at all. Just the other day I met a boy of 17 years, who is working for 12 dollars a year—remember, a year!

Every house in this section has been destroyed. Hundreds of thousands of men, women and children are starving in the streets. They literally have no bread and are begging and begging from early morning until late at night. Eight hundred thousand Armenian civilians have been murdered by the Turks in Armenia, and almost one million refugees have reached here from Turkey. Of course all this murderous work has been done by our bloody masters. Needless to say, hardly any of the bourgeois class have suffered through this.

Fellow workers, it is very hard for me to explain to you all I see here, as my English vocabulary is limited; but I am sure you will understand when I tell you that a worker's life here is cheaper than peanuts in America.

People are being killed by the hundreds every hour. Women and children are being outraged almost publicly. Hundreds are dying of hunger every day. Even today, 271 bodies have been found in the streets of the town between 6 a.m. and 7.35 p.m., as I am writing this, and more being picked up.

Imagine—this is the life here. Very often it is quite dangerous to go out in the street. The few telegrams from the Russian-Turkish frontier explain the conditions there as follows: "Every house is destroyed and every Armenian is killed in Turkish Armenia."

The conditions of the Syrians are the same. Their crime is being a Christian. And our friends (?) the priests and ministers tell us that there is a God, whose son Jesus "will save us" if we only come to him. Just look how he is saving them in this hell of war, hunger and death, that is going on every day in the year, due to their Christian system of exploitation.

How long will the workers of the world stand for these unbearable conditions, that exist everywhere? It is high time we start the real fight—the fight that is ours, the class fight for our liberty, for our freedom!

With best wishes to all comrades and fellow workers, I am, yours for Industrial Freedom.

SPEAKERS' CLASS.

The Speakers' Class has been re-started 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.

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.

Joe Hill.

By Ralph Chaplin.

High head and back unbending—rebel "true-blue,"
Into the night unending; why was it you?

Heart that was quick with song, torn with their lead;
Life that was young and strong, shattered and dead.

Singer of many songs, laughter and tears;
Singer of Labor's wrongs, joys, hopes and fears.

"Though you were one of us, what could we do?
Joe, there were none of us needed like you.

We gave, however small, what life could give;
We would have given all that you might live.

Your death you held as naught, slander and shame;
We from the awful thought shrink as from flame.

Each of us held his breath, tense with despair,
You who were close to death seemed not to care.

White-handed loathsome Power, knowing no pause,
Sinking in Labor's flower, murderous claws.

Beastful, with glaring eyes—blood dripping jaws . . .
Accursed be the cowardice hidden in laws!

Utah has drained your blood; white hands are wet;
We of the "surging flood" NEVER FORGET!

Our songster! have your laws now had their fill?
Know, ye, his songs and Cause ye cannot kill.

High head and back unbending—such men are few,
Into the night unending; why was it you?

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 centring 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.

BON VOYAGE, BILLY.

TOOLS.

Billy Hughes has made a scurrilous attack on the I.W.W. (calling us anarchists, parasites, etc.), and then run away. We are invited to heave a few bricks after him, but why should we trouble? Billy Hughes has done us a good turn.

Never before in the history of the I.W.W. has the Prime Minister of an important country devoted three consecutive public speeches to advertising the I.W.W.; never before has such striking evidence been put before the workers (as by these speeches of Billy Hughes) of the fear in the hearts of the capitalists of the I.W.W., its policy and tactics; never before has the I.W.W. been gratified with such signal proof that the workers are at last beginning to appreciate at their true respective worths, the I.W.W. man and the politician—the "parasite" who relieves them of darkness and despair, and the political saviour who cheats them of light and liberty in order to earn from his capitalist masters, values (in the form of large salary, commissions, and emoluments), robbed from the workers.

And so we send after Billy, not bricks, but—Bon Voyage.

J.W.

Carlyle said that "without tools man is nothing; with tools he is everything."

In the manufacture of pins by hand it takes 140 hours to manufacture twelve packages of 1lb. each, while the machine does the same amount of work in one hour and a half.

To make 100 pairs of shoes of a certain grade takes 1800 hours by hand and 200 hours by machine, and the cost of the machine-made shoes is one-fifth of the hand-made.

When gingham-cloth was made by hand it took 5,800 hours to make 500 yards. It takes 72 hours by machine.

In agriculture the same thing is true. A good man with a scythe could formerly reap one acre a day. A god reaper and binder can do it in twenty minutes.

The increased effectiveness, according to United States reports, of man labor when aided by the use of machinery, as indicated by these figures, varies from 150 per cent. in some cases to 2244 per cent. in others.—"World's Work."

Every new truth which has ever been propounded has for a time caused mischief.—Buckle.

Broken Hill & Waihi--A Comparison.

Chaos.

Labor Betrayed by Craft Union
It's Judas God. Treachery.

By TOM BARKER.

Although the Barrier strike for the 44-hour week has only been in progress a few weeks, there has already developed features that are strongly reminiscent of the Waihi strike of 1912 in New Zealand.

The workers of Waihi prior to 1912 had by using Industrial Unionist organization, been able to abolish the old competitive contract system and inaugurate the co-operative (or all-in-the-job system). Their success was due to the fact that everyone on the mining field were in the one organization, the Waihi Workers' Union.

The bosses were anxious to force the old bad system on to the workers but could not prevail against the miners' organization. So the bosses with their characteristic unscrupulousness, fostered a scab engineering union, consisting of about twenty-five (a minority) scabs, and later a scab miners' union, which were registered by the Arbitration Court.

The engine-drivers in Broken Hill are evidently just as eager as the scabs of Waihi to use their power against the interests of the men who are fighting for the finest principle that ever the workers of Australia fought for. The scab engine-drivers of Waihi tried to cover their vile, treacherous act with the Union Jack, in the same way as the scab section of the A.M.A. in Port Pirie hoisted the same flag over their office.

During the Waihi strike, the New Zealand Labor Party, led by Walter Thomas Mills, the bunkum Milwaukee professor, served the ruling class of New Zealand by carrying on a campaign against the Waihi Workers' Union. Mills and his confederates came forth to the New Zealand working class world that the fight was not a fight between capitalists and workers, but a struggle between the very "red-raggers" and the law-abiding, sane, unionjack loving "Arbitrationists." Mills and his Labor party were aided by the Trades and Labor Councils of Auckland, Christchurch, and Wellington, in New Zealand and the Trades and Labor Council in Sydney.

The present Labor Party in Australia, led by that howling wailing merryandrew, Wm. M. Hughes, are following in the footsteps of the Milwaukee midget, and attempting by their lying insinuations and hostile acts to drive the Barrier workers back to the mines to work under the conditions imposed by the gang of British and German plutocrats and magnates, known by the name of the Broken Hill Proprietary Company.

I presume one of these days, the workers of Broken Hill with their fellows all over Australia, will take their political saviours and wring their political necks by staying away from the polling booth and refusing to acquiesce further in the game of ballot-box emancipation, which emancipates charlatans and rooks of the type of Hughes.

The Sydney Trades and Labor Council has certainly got plenty of room for improvement on its attitude during the Waihi crisis, for after hearing the president of the Barrier miners, it decided to postpone discussion of the Barrier case for a week. One would think that time was of no consequence at all, that women and children can exist in the meantime upon fresh air and water. And one antediluvian representative of the Cokeworkers stated that the foremost unionist in Australia, Wm. M. Hughes, was against the strike.

It seems to me that it doesn't take two minutes to decide whether the Barrier men are right or not? There are only two positions—For or Against. Any ordinary worker can pick whether the Broken Hill men are right or wrong the moment the plutocrat press start to howl them down.

The Port Pirie men, with their old Union Jack covering their scabby sets, are only emulating the railway men in New Zealand who carried police and scabs to break the strike. But then, the Union Jack has flown in such questionable places during strike time that it is falling into disrepute from an industrial standpoint altogether. Still, it is interesting to remember that the Southern Cross flew for the first time over the rebel camp at Eureka, Ballarat, in 1854. "To what base uses—"
The Waihi strike failed. Finance

cannot win strikes, and it is well for the Broken Hill workers to remember that. The Waihi strike lasted twenty-eight weeks, and over £35,000 was poured into the coffers of the miners. When the strike was broken, over £3,600 was still left.

True to their bloodthirsty, and profit-loving instincts, the bosses of New Zealand spared neither cash nor scabs to defeat the Waihi workers. Fred. Evans was killed, and the responsibility lay not so much upon the police and drink-maddened scabs as it did upon the shoulders of Walter Thomas Mills, and the scab Trades and Labor Councils, who glorified the scab workers, and foully attacked the men who fought the half year's battle in the Waihi Hills.

Let the Barrier workers take lessons from the fight I have just quoted. Let them remember that if things get bad that there is a weapon that can be utilised on the job every minute of the hour, every hour of the day, every day of the 48-hours week. It is better to strike and let the boss pay the strike pay.

The moment that cash gets scarce, or the scab comes in, go back to work on any terms. Remember that the boss can win one strike in twenty-eight weeks, but he can't win ten strikes in the same period.

The irritation and intermittent strikes have won momentous strikes in the past. Such a militant body as the Barrier miners studying methods and tactics can COMPEL the boss to grant the forty-four hour week.

We greet you miners of the Barrier for we recognise that you are fighting for a glorious principle, for a shorter work-day, which means a step in the acquisition of working class control. A step towards that glorious future time, when the plunder-bounds of England and Germany have ceased to exact profit from the bodies of lead-poisoned workers, when the vile and treacherous Jackals like Hughes and the rest of the political offal have perished from the earth.

The success of the Barrier miners means that the forty-four hour week will be established in this country. The 44-hour week is a greater stride to ultimate freedom than a million docile voters or an aeon of Referendum and Arbitration Courts.

We of the Industrial Workers of the World stand for the reduction of the work-day. Any organisation that is fighting for a shorter work-day is for us. Therefore, we are for them. And we can decide in less than a week, and without the expert advice of the "foremost unionist in the Commonwealth."

In conclusion, militant workers of Australia, dig down for money for your fight. Also remember that you can do your bit on the job. And workers of Broken Hill, remember the mistakes of Waihi. Profit by it, and if it is necessary, go back to the job and use your brains. Don't forget YOU MUST WIN.

But you have to use tactics and methods. Keep believing.

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.

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.

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

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

BOULDER, W.A.

Their agreement having expired, somewhere in the vicinity of five or six hundred men ceased wood-cutting for the companies that have been supplying the belt known as the Golden Mile, with fuel. They have not resumed operations since the Christmas holidays, and are at the present time awaiting in their "six by eights," waiting for the secretary of the union with the "magician's wand, to lead them out of bondage; but, like all Craft Unions, here and elsewhere, remain in a violent state of inactivity.

The conditions are deplorable. One of the chief shareholders was, up till recently, a politician, and had lucrative railway contracts in the early boom days of this State, now has large interests in the agricultural line, and is known for his kerosene language.

Those that have been engaged in wood-cutting for any length of time, know the numerous difficulties that the toiler is up against. The chief of these are the excessive price of food-stuffs, inferior brands, and the constant shifting of camp. It is also a rule of the companies that they have an excess of value from the cutter of what they supply in groceries.

The strike is for sixpence a ton rise, and a readjustment of the price of necessities, not much, when the average earnings hardly amount to ten shillings a day, and the cost of existence runs into very nearly £2 a week. Four and sixpence was the previous price. Those that are acquainted with the conditions of jungle work in this State will be surprised at the modest demands. The trouble has necessarily drawn other unions into it; consequently, a large number of mine workers are idle, there being only one large mine systematically working, and a smaller one being supplied with wood from some other direction, a case of scabbing on those already out.

The former mine, the Ivanhoe, has been successful in obtaining a supply of coal, and on trying to investigate its place of origin at the union near the mine, the official was ignorant of the matter. The position resolves itself into this: Unionist scabbing on Unionist; those that loaded, those that unloaded, those that bring it, and the engine-drivers that are using the steam, and all connected with it are helping to defeat the strikers.

This community prides itself that it has had no strike since it has been a goldfield. Well, it is nothing to be proud about.

The cessation of work on most of the mines, has given a start again to recruiting and the Trans-line, which was supposed to be proceeding so vigorously, has been partly hung up, to aid in this. It is a good lesson that should be learnt by all wage slaves. While they remain in the unorganised and chaotic state which exists at the present time, they can't expect anything better.

As St. McMillan says:—

"You live in a shack that shames you,
You starve with your wife and kids;
You stifle the germs of manhood,
And do as your master bids."

E. H.

STICKERS.

The Press Committee have plenty of I.W.W. stickers on hand. They are in large type, smart, and to the point. Each sticker has an imprint on it, in accordance with the boss's law. We will send along 1,000 to any address in Australia for 2/9, 5,000 for 12/, and 10,000 for £1/2/6. 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.

We are pleased to note that "Solidarity," the Polish I.W.W. paper, published in Chicago, has come to life again. It will continue to be a weekly, and subs. at 6s 6d per annum can be sent through "Direct Action."

A. MACK.

It is not conceivable that the world can ever witness anything meaner or more disgusting than the man who poses as the friend and champion of the down-trodden, and yet who takes advantage of the confidence placed in him by his ignorantly helpless victims, and deliberately fastens himself as a parasite upon their organisations and sucks therefrom a life of luxury and ease, for himself, while they fester in the abuses he pretends he was out to destroy.

This is the smirch that twentieth century history in Australia will lend to a later victorious proletarian world; and the horrible example will be William Morris Hughes. This unscrupulous fellow has, during twenty-five years, protested his love for the working masses, and has pledged himself again and again to make their emancipation from wage slavery his life work.

This canting opportunist has of late been forced by the pressure of economic circumstances, to reveal himself, and his shrunken and craven soul stands naked to the gaze of his wretched victims.

The truth has come out; Hughes was interested in the workers only because they had votes, and through these votes he saw the vision of a life of ease and luxury. His ideal has been reached; what matter that in the pursuit of it he had to say goodbye to his honor?

The excuse, that he found after winning, to power he was unable to do anything for the worker, will hold no water, for Hughes knew for years past that the workers could expect nothing from the manipulation of the Parliamentary machine; he knew that only when they organised on industrial lines and were prepared to take what they wanted, would they get what they desired. Every revolutionist knows the position, and so did Hughes, and the one worry of his career has been a fear that his simple vote-yielding followers would come to know the truth.

Unionism to be effective must be a reflex of the industrial growth, yet the champions of efficient industrial organisation have had no bitterer opponent than this self-styled friend of Labor.

The anomalous position occupied by this man Hughes in the Labor movement is evidenced by the fact that he has for years been signing the Labor pledge which definitely states that "our objective is to secure to the worker the full value of his product," while in his "Case for Labor" he unblushingly expresses the opinion that every man should receive a fair wage for his work. Now, William Morris Hughes knows very well that were the workers to receive the full social value of their product, they would not be receiving wages, since this latter is but an economic term meaning the value of labor power and can only persist under the capitalist mode of production. How, then, does he harmonise his two positions—the one to abolish the wage system, and the other (his private one) to perpetuate the wages-bait form of society?

Knowing him as we do, we are not surprised that he should become the pet of the capitalist group in the British Empire; and hurl from his chest cargoes of noisy, savage diatribes against the workers who understand the interests of their class and refuse to become the tools of this Labor faker. "He doesn't care how advanced a man is in his political opinions," so long as he suppresses those opinions; of course he doesn't, neither does any of the other capitalist flunkies; even the Czar of Russia respects the men who have advanced opinions as long as they don't let anyone know what they are. The curse of the world-to-day is Militarism, the force that has for years, year for centuries, held the workers in subjection and propped the capitalist state has been Militarism, yet alleged Labor friend Hughes saw fit to unload on Australia the most deadly form of militarism—the conscription for 14 years of working class boys—extant in any country of the world; and how this arch-chevise is appealing to Australia's working class per medium of the empty stomach to

Casual writes:—

Another instance of the treachery of Craft Union Officialdom is illustrated in the case of the tramway-men of Sydney.

It was decided by a majority vote of the tramway-men, a majority of 551 to 6, to take a ballot on the question of holding an all-day "stop-work" meeting for the purpose of discussing the grievances in the service.

One would think that a majority of this kind should outweigh the conscientious (?) scruples of any Union official, irrespective of his zeal one way or another.

Not so, however, with Mr. James McCarthy, president of the Tramway Employees' Union.

James was so seriously disturbed about the business that he appealed to the capitalist press to take up his case, and his case, briefly, amounts to this: That the tram employees should NOT have a ballot on the question; that, if they do, they should vote the proposition down; that, because scabbing characterised the tram strike of 1908, there is no reason to expect a different result in future strikes if they should occur.

Now, what occurs to the ordinary tramway man is why the elected servant of the organisation should take upon himself the responsibility of telling those to whom he owes his position, through the columns of the capitalist press, the advisability or otherwise of a certain course of action after that action had been decided upon. It would also be of interest to know if there were any special reasons for James's effusion appearing on the morning of the 27th inst., when men were just considering the pros and cons of the case, and when it was absolutely too late, even if the capitalist dailies were willing (which is doubtful) to put the anti-McCarthy side of the question. Members of the Tramway Union would also like to hear from McCarthy his reasons for assuming that the majority of his organisation are scabby souls, kindred to his own, in face of the resolution above referred to.

McCarthy is evidently one of those people who believe that the chief duty of a Union official is to discourage every attempt made by the workers to better their conditions.

Since the above was written McCarthy's little stunt in the capitalist press has accomplished the work it was intended for. The fearful consequences of an all-day strike has so frightened McCarthy's timid followers that the proposition has been turned down, with a majority.

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.

All interested in the above are reminded that band practice takes place every Monday evening, at 7.30 o'clock. It is essential that all players should turn up if the band is to be a success.

hurry away 12,000 miles and help put down German militarism. What cant! What humbug! If militarism is to be quashed the united workers must do it. The plutes have no more desire for the end of militarism than they have for the workers to demand another penny a day wages.

The workers of this continent, and of every other country, are having their eyes opened; they are beginning to see the light, and are flocking to the banner of Industrial Unionism.

The days of the parliamentary dope-peddler are numbered; never again will the workers suffer the disgrace of 25 years of treachery. What they want in future will NOT be Fair Wages, and they intend to take it themselves.

Labor and The I. W. W.

The Need for the Our Standpoint.

Literature List.

I.W.W.

(By F.H.)

A real Labor Movement can aim at nothing less than Emancipation, and the securing to Labor of Labor's full product.

The historical facts of social evolution and of present-day industrial and social life tell us that whoever has economic power—whoever controls industry—controls the distribution of the product of industry, and therefore dictates the conditions of life for the great bulk of the people.

The organised fight of the Working Class must therefore be carried right into the industries. There we are away from the side-tracks, illusions, and false issues of politics, and are face to face with concrete issues and definite possibilities of rapid advancement.

Our struggle there must be for an even greater degree of industrial control, which means an ever-increasing share of the product.

The I.W.W. is the only organisation which recognises these truths, and lays down a definite revolutionary programme in accord with them. Its Preamble proclaims that only by organising industrially to "take possession of the earth and the machinery of production" can there be peace and freedom for the workers.

There are many workers who, though not members of the I.W.W., are in sympathy with its aims, but have not a clear idea of its methods of organising towards One Big Union. "What," is the frequent enquiry, "is the difference between the I.W.W. and the big federations and affiliations now existing?"

There is a very marked difference, in more than one respect. The labor federations of Australia are simply loose groups of local unions that have been formed on a craft basis, with ideas handed down through several generations. They were organised with a view to maintaining a "fair day's wage for a fair day's work," recognising in that very motto the right of the employers to take the product of Labor and give the workers a small portion of it, in the shape of a "fair" wage, to just live on and recoup their energy to make more profits.

These craft unions still retain to a large extent the feeling of "craft" jealousy—the feeling that no other workers outside their particular sectional union have a right to touch "their job." They still hold to the notion that they have nothing to do with the troubles of other sections of the working class, beyond, perhaps, passing a resolution of sympathy or sending a few pounds to men on strike. And they have no idea, as their motto indicates, of aiming to do away with the wage system by fighting for the full product.

The craft unions have long ago formed, and still stick to the habit of having officials to look after their interests, and see to the conducting of their struggles. The result is that in every industrial centre there exists a coterie of officials who make it their business to perpetuate the craft union system, in their own personal interests and against the interests of the members. The officials depend upon this for their easy living.

These labor officials, who are mostly the small fry of labor politics and are hand in glove with the prominent politicians, have usurped the control of the unions from the members, discouraged their interest and initiative, and misdirected their efforts with all kinds of false issues. True, they have in some instances played a part in bringing craft federations into existence, but only for the most part, in order to get more funds for their political ambitions, and in so far as pressure has been brought to bear by that section of the rank and file who demand closer organisation.

The net result of three-quarters of a century of such "effort" on the part of Labor in Australia is a great collection of disjointed federations, rickety affiliations, and disconnected craft unions, united only in their officials coming together to bleed the workers for their own paltry personal advancement. A ridiculously ineffectual hotch patch; incapable, incoherent, and serving only the interests of the employers by keeping the workers industrially divided; a "labor movement" that can show nothing only the same eight and

three-quarter-hour day we had twenty years ago, and an average real wage fully thirty per cent. lower than at that time. A remarkable achievement indeed!

The I.W.W., on the other hand, drives direct at the foundation of working class subjection, at the patent of Working Class progress—industrial power, or job control. It realises, it knows, it insists, that there is no other way to Working Class advancement; no royal road to freedom, except through the workshop. Its slogan is "organise on the job."

Its aim is to change the potential economic power of the Working Class into actual power by organising to carry on the struggle with the employing class in the industries—around the machines and implements of production, thus gradually acquiring control and possession of the industries from the masters as rapidly as the growth of our organised strength will permit.

Its conception of Working Class government is an industrial democracy, based on the industrial union, the producing unit. If we view the industries as they actually exist for the production and distribution of the necessities of life, and then make a study of the I.W.W. Constitution, we find that it is drafted out on the lines of industrial organisation. Men are grouped together by Capitalism for the purposes of production. They have formed themselves into these groupings unconsciously, involuntarily—by "economic determinism," and the I.W.W., recognising these evolutionary facts, proposes to turn these groupings into fighting units—the foundation of the One Big Union.

Its way of organising is to have every worker in any one industry in any one locality brought together into a unit—a local industrial union. Knowing the necessity for National action, it groups these local unions into National Industrial Unions.

These National Industrial Unions, which take in every single worker, entirely regardless of his particular occupation, so long as it is in a particular industry, are to be next connected up with other National Industrial Unions in the same department of industry. Thus, while there are several kinds of mining, each, for convenience and efficiency, requiring a national union, mining in general is one of the great departments of industry. The I.W.W. groups all branches of mining into the Industrial Department of Mining—one of the great "divisions" in the army of Labor.

Turn to the other industries, transportation for instance. Here too, we have different distinct industrial branches within the great Industrial Department of Transport. Marine transport and different kinds of land transport: railways and roads. An aerial transportation is also developing.

And so, on the same logical, sensible lines does the I.W.W. plan its organisation of all the departments of industry. The departments themselves combining, there is thus built up, from the simple unit to the complex whole, the One Big Union of all wage-workers.

The I.W.W. has also provisions for promoting inter-industrial solidarity—locally, nationally, and internationally, for dovetailing and firmly binding together the workers of all branches of industry; and for developing and giving expression to that which is greater than mere unity—Labor Solidarity.

This "form" of organisation is not the beginning and end of I.W.W. ideas and efforts; it is a means of breaking down the divisions in the ranks of labor and an instrument of efficiency in fighting the organised masters. It must have an educated membership infused, and welded together with the spirit of solidarity. Otherwise the "form" is not much to depend on.

The I.W.W. is the only labor movement in Australia that takes history as its teacher—all history in the fullest meaning of the word; that realises that Might is Right, and that the greatest might to-day is in the hands of those who control industry. It is the only organisation that acts

The arch-priest of the Labor Party, Billy Hughes, has levelled at the I.W.W. a tirade of abuse, and emphasises the fact that the same are a menace to him and also to the class he represents.

It shows conclusively we have his contempt, and demonstrates very forcibly the effect our propaganda is having on the system of exploitation, which he represents so well.

No end of anathema or venom will cause us to deviate one iota from this object we have in view, viz., the organisation of the world's workers; and the energy expended by Billy has effected a certain amount of good, in that we have achieved a certain amount of propaganda.

We have had columns of vituperation, and many cartoons lavished upon us, which in itself proves we are a factor in society to-day.

Considering our short life in this country, and the amount of notoriety we have received from the capitalist class, it augurs well for the movement in the near future.

A few short months ago, Mr. Holman, speaking in New Zealand, said "the I.W.W. was dead." It seems on the contrary, very far from being dead, if we judge by the events that have transpired during the past few days.

The I.W.W. are wise to all the moves of Hughes and his ilk, and the workers as a whole are also realising that the erstwhile agitator, Billy Hughes, now Prime Minister, is actually the spokesman of their enemy—the capitalist class.

It shows once again, and that very plainly, the impotence of the politicians, among the other quacks, of doing anything beneficial for the workers, seeing they represent their masters—the exploiters.

The need for organisation immediately presents itself to us, as the workers of a necessity will have to do their own fighting, instead of delegating that power to individuals, whose sole motive is a life of luxury and ease, at the expense of the toilers.

The Broken Hill strike affords an opportunity of witnessing the state of disorganisation that prevails, when after fifty years of craft unionism, we have the spectacle of a body of men who, fighting for a reduction of hours, are not only combatting the master class, but also their fellow-workmen—good craft unionists—who are diligently scabbing on them.

What a farce! What kind of organisation is this that countenances wholesale scabbing on their masters' "agreements" than their own well-being.

It's high time we cast aside this hellish and despicable form of unionism, which the master-class gloatingly exult over, and in its place rear an organisation that embraces every wage-worker, irrespective of creed, color, or nationality—thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

By organising in the industries in which we work, we are able to concentrate our efforts directly on the job, instead of being side-tracked elsewhere, knowing as we do that it is there we are robbed, and from thence arises all power.

Craft unionism has outlived its usefulness, and must, like all other things, conform to modern times and modern means of production, to be of any benefit to the workers.

Only by the workers trustfuling their labor power can they hope to wrest and make decent conditions possible, and thereby make life really worth living.

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

up to that teaching and strives to impel the working class towards an effort to wrest more and more of the control of industry from the masters with a view to ultimately placing the absolute control of industry into the hands of the Proletariat.

For these reasons the I.W.W. is the only Labor Movement in Australia.

According to the half-yearly report of the Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, a ten per cent. dividend has been declared, the total dividend being £12,500 more than the year 1913. We are all sure, "making sacrifices in this war."

The Labor Council of Sydney is rapidly justifying its existence as a strong boss's institution.

Following upon its action of a few weeks ago in condemning the action of the Engineers in Newcastle for asking for higher wages, and threatening to organise scabs to take their places, it has now placed another laurel on its brow in refusing at its meeting of the 27th inst. to endorse the action of the Barriers miners in going on strike.

Organised (?) Labor, as represented by the Sydney Labor Council has certainly some queer conceptions of unionism.

Labor Premier Vaughan, of South Australia, declares that the weekly loss in revenue to his State on account of the Broken Hill strike is £7,000, and expresses himself as concerned about "the financial resources of our country." It would become a Labor Premier, of course, to express any concern about the "financial resources" of the strikers and their starving families.

Rumour has it that Grandfather Stance, of the A.W.U., devoted half of his presidential address, at the opening of the annual conference of that organisation, to an attack on the I.W.W. and direct actionists. Why all this advertisement for a body which the Sydney organ of the A.W.U. only last week declared to be "insignificant" and "not a factor," etc.?

The Employers' Federation is perturbed over the demands of the workers for higher wages and better conditions. It has written to the Government requesting that sittings of Wages Boards should be discontinued for the duration of the war. In a statement to the press, Brooks, the president, tells us in one breath that employers cannot afford higher wages, and in another, that the worker doesn't really benefit as the increased cost is in most cases "passed on."

Brooks' logic is on a par with his economics. If the increased wages are passed on, then there can be no question of the bosses being unable to afford it, as it costs them nothing. The truth is, of course, that the employers power to increase prices to compensate for the higher wages paid exists only in a very limited degree.

If it were otherwise very little resistance would be offered to any demands for increased wages, and if prices were arbitrarily determined by individual employers, few of them would rest content with merely "passing on" the equivalent of such increases.

Brooks and his brother exploiters want to make hay while the sun shines. The even flow of the huge profits rolling in from the manufacture of war material must not be disturbed by impertinent demands for lighter wages by people who ought to recognise that wars are specially engineered so that exploiters may grow rich.

Such people ought to be proud to even work for nothing for these great benefactors of the race.

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ADDRESSES OF I.W.W. LOCALS.

Adelaide Local No. 1.—Secretary-Treasurer, S. G. Drummond, 43 Charles-street, Unley, Adelaide, S.A.

Sydney, Local No. 2.—Secretary-Treasurer, T. Glynn, 339 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, P. H. Lunn, Lane-street, Boulder, W.A.

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

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

Perth Local No. 10.—Secretary-Treasurer, A. Westbrook, Victoria Park East, Perth, W.A.

Mount Morgan Local, No. 11.—Secretary-Treasurer, A. Murphy, Queensland National Hotel, Mount Morgan, Queensland.

Cairns (Russian) Local No. 12.—Secretary-Treasurer, W. Yudaeff, Box 201, Cairns, N. Q.

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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.

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.