

One Big Union For the International Working Class



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ONE PENNY

Spasms.

By Tom Barker.

Billy Hughes, the Labor Prime Minister, who has cleared off to London, evidently thought that the Germans considered him of some importance, when he changed his passage from the "Osterley" to the "Makura." In spite of all the secrecy adopted by little Billee, it was common knowledge all over Sydney, the day after the "Makura" sailed for Vancouver, that he had funked on the Suez passage. Although Billee has been bellying all along for men to risk their lives on the transports and in the trenches, he is too wise to risk his own parasitical carcase. It is evident, too, that ordinary courage, and "the ferocity of the Bengal tiger" are two things widely separate and apart.

The recent gyrations of the Sydney Trades and Labor Council on the subject of the Broken Hill Strike, are remarkable for their logic. First the Council endorses financial assistance for the strikers. Then it turns down the miner's fight from a moral standpoint. Thereby the Council finances a strike that they would not endorse. The Council had to turn down the Broken Hill men in order to show their profound respect for the Arbitration Court and its sycophantic circles. And yet the basis of arbitration does not exist according to Justice Higgins himself. And Ald. Guihen, President of the Council, and prospective member of the House of Pissis, admits that arbitration is not satisfactory. Truly prodigious are the conclusions reached by the representatives of organised Labour.

Mr. Guihen wants to see more legislative activity done in Macquarie Street. He is evidently anxious to participate in the solemn business of helping the working class to get the basis of arbitration back to the living wage. Why not start a campaign to supply our labor and other politicians, arrived and prospective, with marbles tops and pop-guns to amuse themselves after their increased legislative activity. Because some people have reached an age of social senility is no reason why we should neglect them.

Some Belgian youth a while back, infringing the rules of warfare and was condemned to death by his German captors. Owing to his not being eighteen years of age he was confined until he arrived at that age and then executed. Our bleeding press wall "Hunnism." And it smells like it. In Auckland, N.Z., in the piping times of peace, in the year 1911, a Maori boy of sixteen years of age was found guilty of killing an old gum-digger in the Northern gum-fields. He was sentenced to death, and in spite of all efforts to save him from the gallows on account of his youth, he was strangled to death with a rope on his neck in Mt. Eden Gaol. "Hunnism," my dear brothers! Nay, British Justice!

A few issues ago, the editor of the "Worker," in his editorial referred, during a criticism of Billee Hughes, to the I.W.W. and syndicalists as of little account in the Labor movement in Australia. At the A.W.U. Convention, however, "Pa" Spence went to considerable length in showing up the "weaknesses" and "illegality" of the I.W.W. Now we find that the "Worker" has published a three-column report of "Pa's" speech. Between "Pa," Billee, and the Trades Council, the I.W.W. is certainly getting plenty of limelight which is quite unwarranted.

The Wellington waterside workers have obtained rises in wages to the extent of £70,000 per annum. That divid-

ed between the 1,700 workers there, means roughly an increase of 15 shillings per man. And the rise was obtained without the medium of an arbitration court. If the workers of N.S.W. with their democratic Labour Party obtained a rise of ten bob through the Court, they would think that the millennium had arrived, while the Trades Hall in Sydney would recall their own little Billee so that they could lick a little more dust off his boots. Good on you, Wellington wharfers. Direct Action gets the goods.

Mr. P. C. Webb, the M.P. for Grey, N.Z., dropped up to Broken Hill to tell the workers there what he had done for the working class. The worst thing that one can say about Paddy is that he is a politician. On arriving in the N.Z. Parliament, just after the Waihi strike, Paddy's first work for his class was to ask for a monument for Sir Arthur Guinness, who had so kindly died and left his seat to Paddy. When Paddy arrived there, "The Vag," Maoriland's smartest labour journalist said in one of his "Letters to Henry Dubb": "Yes, Henry, Paddy Webb has got into Parliament for the Grey. But Henry, you and I are still outside." And Paddy is still inside, and Henry is still very much outside.

A recent cable states that a sympathizer of the I.W.W. has poisoned about a hundred prelates of the church. They are recovering. My word, they ought to. They have God on their side, and capacious tummies. Everyone knows how hard it is to poison porkers. An I.W.W. man ought to be wise to that. Yet there is a tremendous howl about these devout gentry and their indigestion. Chicago is a noted place for poisoned meat, and thousands of working men, and soldiers have been murdered from the meat works there. Surely it is indiscreet of the people higher up to allow an I.W.W. to feed prelates, archbishops and other extremely useful humans, with the home made article.

The strike on the Melbourne wharves, on which the wharfers refuse to handle wheat until the price of bread is reduced is a good sign. The workers have it in their own hands all the time when they start to do a little thinking. Under our blessed arbitration system, you ship the stuff out, and then cry to the judge about the high prices. It is time to quit that kind of nonsense and rely upon common sense and Direct Action. Truly we are moving towards healthier and better times.

The 44-hour week is practically assured in Broken Hill. If the courts fail to grant it then there will be another strike. The court and the politician will want the credit, but a blind man can see that Direct Action gets the goods. And why in the name of horse sense should the Broken Hill men have the monopoly of the 44-hour week. Let's get busy everywhere to enforce it. Let our cry be always "The Shorter Work Day."

The boys in the Clifton colliery in the South Coast are getting very cheeky. When a mate gets sacked they all stop work. Consequently, their seniors, who have been carefully raised on arbitration unionism, have to do the work of the boys in the mine. As the boys get about 4 bob a day, and the miners and other workers about 11 bob a day, the management is not quite sure whether it is winning the strike or not. Anyway, here's luck to the lads, they will be better men than their fathers, for they know what solidarity means.

The biased and nincompoopish behaviour of the authorities postal and military in Melbourne, towards Bob Ross and his papers, "Ross's Magazine,"

Strikes.

One of the ape-like traits still retained by man is a strong tendency to imitate others.

It being the custom of our capitalistic masters to borrow and lend large sums to aid each other in their speculative efforts, it is not surprising to see our unions endeavouring to do likewise.

The imitativeness shown by the unions in this is certainly the outcome of instinct and not of reason. The vital feature of up-to-date intelligent tactics, being to remain at work and make the masters pay the expenses of the strike, intelligent sabotage being the means of success. The collecting of contributions from one section of workers to supply the funds to keep another section of workers who are carrying on a stop work strike, cannot be approved by any who believe in the necessity of, and efficiency of, sabotage, on the job.

If sabotage is the effective weapon we believe it to be, it is surely absurd and retrogressive to assist in any way the attempt to oppose the funds possessed by the workers to those at command of the bosses. Success for the workers can only be assured by throwing aside the old method and fallacies that have handicapped the workers in their past conflicts with the masters, and conducting our efforts on up-to-date lines.

J. Z. JONES.

A TESTIMONIAL TO THE WOODEN SHOE.

The Editor, "Direct Action"

It is with pleasure I take up my pen to write you of my satisfaction with the wooden shoe. For many years I used other makes of shoes, and how I suffered! What a snare they were to my feet, as they are yet for many others; how their promise of progress proved a delusion and their rottenness and inefficiency left me even deeper embedded in the slough of despond.

In the absence of any other, and deluded by promises of improvement, I endeavored to ignore the rottenness of the craft union brand, which, providing fat billets for the manufacturers and agents, left the unfortunate buyer stranded when the inevitable rapid disintegration set in. But enough of past troubles.

For some time now I have been wearing your wooden shoe, and am delighted with it, for though a man of few inches your shoe seems to elevate me and make me feel the equal of any millionaire on earth, and when it becomes necessary to kick an obstacle aside the wooden shoe is the article to do it with. I feel I will now make some progress towards the goal that has so long eluded me, and if I fail in accomplishing much for my fellows, I am at least sure of personal satisfaction, for I intend to remain a lifelong wearer of the only shoe of any use to the worker.

J.Z.J.

and the "Socialist," are creating a good deal of comment. Hardly an issue of the "Socialist" comes out without the censor's smudge across it. "Ross's Magazine" has been held up in the mail on the last two occasions by the postal authorities. Therefore subscribers who have not received the magazine will understand what has become of it. Bracken evidently had these authority josses in mind when he wrote "Poor narrow souls with stunted vision, often measure giants by their narrow gauge." He pitted them. But Shakespeare said, "Oh, man dressed in a brief authority, would make the very angels weep."

The "Mirror" Mirrored.

The jingo rag published in Sydney which goes by the name of *The Mirror* wants I.W.W.'s and socialists interned. We are credited with being responsible for the recent soldiers' riot and with being in the pay of the Germans. We expect shortly to hear that it is really the I.W.W. which was responsible for the retreat from Mons, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the recent departure of the King from the strict path of sobriety, and other Empire disasters.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that *The Mirror* is printed by *The Worker* printing establishment. As *The Worker* is the official organ of that much boomed "one big union," the A.W.U., we have another illustration of the consistency of present day "unionism." *The Mirror* being the most rabidly jingoistic and anti-labor paper in Australia.

It howls for Conscription, rants and raves at the mention of the word-strike, bleats nauseatingly about its own loyalty, and wants condign punishment administered to all and sundry who in its distorted vision are "endangering the existence of the Empire." Only recently it poured its fulsome adulation over the Governor-General because that gent believes in fighting the Germans by staying away from face meetings, and in the same column the week's turf topics were discussed at length!

The Mirror, in a word, is one of those odious repulsive things, which only comes to light with war. Like the vulture which fattens on the corpses of war's victims it thrives on feeding those passions which war inevitably brings forth.

The Mirror was born with the war; it knows that its fate is death and eternal damnation when the war is over, and as self-preservation is the first law of nature, its undying hatred and poisonous venom towards those who would shorten its life and prevent its resurrection by making wars impossible, can be well understood.

Meanwhile, we congratulate the dues-paying members of the A.W.U. for being indirectly responsible for such a journalistic abortion.

BAND FUND.

We have to acknowledge on the behalf of the Band Committee the receipt of £1 9s., which was collected at the Interlocking Department of the Railway Workshops in Sydney last week. Many thanks, fellow-workers,

J. SMITHERS,

PRESS FUND.

S. W. Brown	0 10 0
A. George	0 2 6
K. Willson	0 4 0

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."

DIRECT ACTION

Fitzgerald and

I. W. W. in Mildura.

In the Days That Yet
Shall Be.

WEEKLY
OFFICIAL ORGAN
of the
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF
THE WORLD.
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Washington-Street, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

Billy's Bunco Game Exposed.

The proclamation issued by the Federal Government under the War Precautions' Act closing liquor bars at 6 p.m., shows the value of Billy Hughes' Referendum stunts for the past few years. Billy posed as the great foe of the trusts and big exploiters, and told the people that his inability to deal with them was due to the fact that the Commonwealth Government did not have the necessary powers.

When the war broke out and prices leaped skywards, the workers instead of seeing the true solution of the matter,—that is, concentrating their attention on the real point of exploitation and wresting more of their products from the boss—naturally turned to saviour Billy, who had all along been telling them that the passing of the Referendum proposals would solve the problem of high prices.

Billy and his friends who were looking for the plums of office at the time were not slow in encouraging the workers' credulity.

On pledging their "words of honor" that the Referendum would be submitted at the first favorable opportunity, they were returned to power and attained their real object—fat ministerial salaries. To have gone back on their promises immediately would have been too palpable a "sell," so the joke was kept up for months, and the Referendum proposals which were to solve all social ills were definitely promised for December last.

Meanwhile the workers' standard of living continued to deteriorate. Dominated as the unions are by aspiring politicians, efforts to keep pace with the increased cost of living by demanding higher wages were promptly discouraged. The workers must be loyal and patriotic.

Had they not the word of "the foremost unionist in Australia," that all the Commonwealth Government required were the powers which the Referendum conferred, and "the cost of living problem" would be solved as if by magic.

Then all of a sudden Billy's patriotism (!) got the better of his anxiety about the workers. In deference to the wishes of the mouthpieces of the trust, who did not want contentious political matter introduced during the war, Billy dropped the Referendum with a thud, and the workers, for the nine hundred and ninety ninth time, again found themselves left in the lurch by their political labor gods.

And, as a matter of fact, the Referendum was only contentious politically. It served its purpose for a number of years in diverting the workers' attention from the real cause of their exploitation, thus benefiting the political vampires who thrive on their ignorance.

The economic justification which the Labor Party sought to give the Referendum is ridiculously fallacious. The trusts are the product of modern capi-

"Civic Rights."

Referring to the soldiers' riot in Sydney, J. D. Fitzgerald, M.L.C., says, in an interview with the press, that his view is "that all the agencies of the State, public and private, the Government, the police, the press, and each individual citizen, should combine at a time of trial . . . to assert the civic rights of the whole nation as against the temporary passions and impulses of a few misguided men in uniform."

Cant about the "civic rights" of the nation looks doubly hypocritical coming from an individual such as Fitzgerald. It was Fitzgerald who was prime mover in the prosecution of Tom Barker for asserting his ordinary civic rights in calling upon capitalists and parasites of the Fitzgerald type to set an example to the "misguided men in uniform" and take a turn in the trenches.

It was Fitzgerald and his pals in the Labor Government who for the past three years gaol'd dozens of men in N.S.W. for asserting their rights as citizens to freedom of speech.

It was Fitzgerald who first publicly called upon the soldiers to ignore all military and civil law, to come specially from Liverpool to Sydney, and "boot I.W.W. men off the street"; and it is Fitzgerald who, true to his functions as a politician, is now squealing because his "misguided" followers in uniform, in their law-breaking expeditions, are paying as much, or more attention to capitalist property than to interference with the civic rights of the I.W.W. or others.

If the "misguided men in uniform," who were shot down in cold blood at Central Railway Station, after first being locked behind iron gates, happened to be I.W.W. members instead, possibly Mr. Fitzgerald and his sycophantic brood in press and pulpit would have hailed the soldiers' riot as a splendid example of the Australian soldiers' zeal to put down what is called "Hunhsut."

"The Government, the police, the press," and "the individual citizens" of the type to whom Fitzgerald appeals, are now reaping the harvest of their frequently expressed approval of the actions of those soldiers who, for the past sixteen months, in Melbourne, Sydney and elsewhere, have made a mockery of those civic rights over which so much zeal is now manifested.

Verily, the way of the transgressor is hard.

talism, and that a Parliament "representing" five million people could, under any circumstances stop their natural development, or have any material effect in the fixing of prices where the commodity market is not alone regulated by local but by international influences, is surely the most absurd proposition that was ever placed before a glib work-

Of course Hughes and his ilk knew the Referendum was but a "bunco" game. Billy's promises to the workers couldn't be kept if he would, and wouldn't if he could. And, in any case, high prices or low prices are no criterion of working class progress.

Under the War Precautions' Act, as shown by the Federal authorities stepping over the heads of the State Governments in the matter of early closing the Federal Government has all those "powers" which it pretended to seek by the Referendum, and more. But those powers are not used in the interests of the workers because the Labor Government in Australia, like all Governments under modern Capitalism, must function in the interests of the dominant economic class.

Hughes and his political coppers, like their prototypes in all countries, are but the tools of the financial, industrial and commercial pirates who are the real rulers and law-makers in the capitalistic world.

Their power may manifest itself through Parliament by the aid of political-scoundrels, but it is acquired through job control.

Which is why the workers should take the lesson to heart, and learn once for all that not until they assert their right to ownership and control of the job, can the real cause of their exploitation be removed.

The I.W.W. stands for power on the job by and through scientific Industrial Unionism: That is the only power which should concern the worker of to-day.

The I.W.W. is now the most discussed institution in Mildura. Its propaganda has been met with much joy and much pain by different sections of the community: It is surprising to some how a little I.W.W. agitation can cause so much excitement. But the time is not far distant when our agitation will take effect, and then bosses and union parasites, beware!

The boss cockies and their hangers on have become quite disturbed at the interest manifested in the I.W.W. and our methods of warfare. The A.W.U. officials have also become very angry that the I.W.W. should come out and disturb the peaceful atmosphere and cause them the pain of justifying their existence.

At the corner of Langtree Avenue and Eighth Street on Saturday, February 12, our meeting became the centre of attraction.

Several fruit cookies gravitated towards our meeting and urged some of the local lads on to interject and indulge in insane behaviour, but as it had no effect upon the meeting, and things began to look somewhat dangerous to the town boys that sort of play stopped.

The next episode was a prosperous looking guy standing up in his buggy in the middle of the road waving both arms and shouting loudly about being a "good labour man," "agitators not wanted," and the "freedom of the British Empire," etc.

This interruption lasted about 15 minutes, when the old mug, thinking its master had made a big enough fool of himself and was getting too lively a time, made off down the road, taking the "good labor man" with it.

Things then began to sober up a bit, and the meeting got going well. A large audience was attentively listening to the case for the One Big Union. Fellow-worker Randle then began to deal with the A.W.U. agreement, and put the position of the I.W.W. This caused great consternation amongst the A.W.U. officials present. Three organisers, McPherson, Robertson, and Norris, and the local agent, J. J. Dwyer, were in attendance, and it was very annoying to them to hear their position challenged and the validity of the A.W.U. questioned.

It got, without a doubt, too warm for the £1 a day union officials, and at the close of the meeting their heavy-weight organiser, McPherson, mounted the platform and began to peddle the old A.W.U. dope of "constitutional methods." He next made a few lying statements about Broken Hill, and when questioned about them later, refused to answer. He finished by making a boast which was all in the interest of the boss, to the effect that "the A.W.U. had never broken an agreement."

Out of the four paid officials present, several ex-officials, and a few old time speakers and workers of the A.W.U. they were unable to bring one argument forward against the organisation of the I.W.W. Several individuals were attacked, many suppositions were discussed, but not one ounce of logic was advanced against the structure, methods, or any of the doings of the I.W.W. The "heads" of the A.W.U. were then challenged to debate the position but it was not accepted.

It appears that the A.W.U. is in a bad way. The officials attended our meeting last Saturday night in full force. After bringing all their big guns into action and opening fire upon the I.W.W. position not one inch of ground was lost, and a few new recruits were enrolled.

The I.W.W. has something far more important to do than to waste time in dealing with personalities, or rushing off on side issues of no import. We believe that industrial organisation with the use of scientific weapons is the most powerful force in the world, hence we concentrate our attention upon building up the One Big Union of the working class.

STICKERS.

The Press Committee have plenty of I.W.W. stickers on hand. They are in large type, smart, and to the point. Each sticker has an imprint on it, in accordance with the boss's law. We will send along 1,000 to any address in Australia for 2/9, 5,000 for 12/, and 10,000 for £12/6. Please send cash with order. Orders will be sent to New Zealand, provided 3d extra is enclosed per thousand for additional postage. Address: Manager, Box 98, Haymarket, N.S.W.

Ah, it may be! Oft meseemeth, in the days that yet shall be,
When no slave of gold abideth 'twixt the breadth of sea to sea,

Oft, when men and maids are merry, ere the sunlight leaves the earth,
And they bless the day beloved, all too short for all their mirth.

Some shall pause awhile and ponder on the bitter days of old,
Ere the toil of strife and battle over-throw the curse of gold;

Then, 'twixt lips of loved and lover, solemn thoughts of us shall rise;
We who once were fools and dreamers then shall be the brave and wise.

There, amidst the world new-built, shall our earthly deeds abide,
Though our names be all forgotten, and the tale of how we died.

Life or Death, then, who shall heed it, what we gain or what we lose?
Fair lies life amid the struggle, and the Cause for each shall choose!

—WILLIAM MORRIS.

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.

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

I.W.W. and the Law of Progress.

"Every force produces more than one change—every cause produces more than one effect."—Herbert Spencer.

Nowhere is the great and vast genius of Spencer shown to better advantage than in his essay, "Progress, its Law and Cause." This admirable essay shows with great clearness that progress consists not necessarily in a movement from bad to better social conditions, but in a never-ceasing process from the simple to the complex in all things in life. Nothing in life is exempt from this law. It concerns the industrial unionist immediately at the point of production; for there we can see a further philosophical justification for the basis and structure of the I.W.W. This is a fact that must force itself upon all serious students of Sociology.

Science is the description and relation of facts. Philosophy is their interpretation. Science is seeing in parts. Philosophy is seeing as a whole.

The science of Sociology is just a cold, formal, accurate and impersonal description of the history of social customs and necessary social relationships.

A social philosophy is an interpretation of the purpose and meaning of these facts, and is, to a certain extent, personal.

The philosophy of the I.W.W. is the Class Struggle.

The class struggle is the industrial unionists' interpretation of social events. To us the class struggle is the great search light of ancient and modern civilisation, the meaning and purpose of which is so well expressed in the Preamble, "It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism."

Watch the evolution of society from the simple to the complex. Primitive society in savagery was comparatively simple; the next step, barbarism, was more complex, and in civilisation we have the beginning of the great differentiation.

The class struggle was begun. During each period of civilisation, serfdom, feudalism and present day capitalism, our social relationships are becoming more and more complex. Thus it will be seen that the I.W.W. is perfectly scientific in its programme of national departments, and further subdivisions, right down to shop branches in the management of industries.

Some folk claim that this is only a matter of opinion. But we industrialists say it is a matter of science, of knowledge. If a man persists in his flat-earth theory, people shrug their shoulders, and say, "Oh, well—you are wrong, that is all."

Science is always impersonal. We create science on uniformities. For instance everyone has to eat to live; that is a very necessary human want and experience. But not so with other human experiences, such as sex or religion, etc. Some people (from different causes) are celibates all their lives.

Many of us never need religion. Everybody, we have ever known, seen, or heard of, needs food, clothing, and shelter. If these were not forthcoming, the people died, that is all—as millions have in this world from want. Out of this universal economic experience or relationship, because it is the great experience that we all have in common, we create the science of Sociology.

This economic want is the basis of all social life. We find on further study that it is related, that it influences our whole lives.

Again the I.W.W. steps in with its scientific view point of life, and says, change the economic basis of life for the better, and as a natural sequence all other social activities must be changed for the better. Again, let us turn to the dictum of Spencer, "Every active force produces more than one change." Is the I.W.W. an active force in Australia? Events will prove. With the help of every intelligent fellow-worker, we will strive to interest our mates on the wharves, in the factories and mines, in the vast store house of human knowledge, science, that they may become conscious of the glorious mission of the working class, and not be led away by tales of Moses and the Burning Bush, or of Mary, that remarkable Jewish maiden, whom, it is alleged, produced a child without the aid of a male consort, nor led into perpetual misery by the religious dictum, "The poor, ye shall have always with ye." No, we hope to inspire some of the toilers to read and reflect, that they may study the growth of man from primitive savage to an intelligent citizen, and to watch this old world of ours continually giving forth new forms of social life.

M. SAWTELL.

Our Growing Press A Lesson in Surplus Value

"DIRECT ACTION."
English. Weekly, 4s. per year. Published by the I.W.W., 330 Castlereagh-Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

"SOLIDARITY."
English. Weekly, 6s. 6d. per year. Published by the I.W.W. Publishing Bureau, 112 Hamilton Avenue Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

"A BERMUNKAS."
(The Wage Worker.)
Hungarian. Semi-Monthly, 6s. 6d. per year. 350 East 81st St., New York, N.Y., U.S.A.

"ALLARM."
(The Alarm.)
Swedish-Norwegian-Danish. Monthly. 4s. per year. 164 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

"SOLIDARNOSCI."
(Solidarity.)
Polish. Weekly, 6s. 6d. per year. 164 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

"DARBININKU BALSAS."
(The Voice of the Workers.)
Lithuanian. Weekly, 6s. 6d. per year. 869 Hollis St., Baltimore, U.S.A.

"HET LIGHT."
Flemish. Monthly, 4s. per year. Franco-Belgian Hall, 9 Mason St., Lawrence, Mass., U.S.A.

"IL PROLETARIO."
(The Proletariat.)
Italian. Weekly, 6s. 6d. per year. Gen. Del. Hanover Sta Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

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ADDRESSES OF I.W.W. LOCALS.

Adelaide Local 1.—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, Wooloon-Gabba, 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.

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.

A Demonstration in Direct Action.

By W. Jackson.

I recently made the acquaintance of a good and faithful slave who just recently completed a term of four years hard labor working for a caramel crook, half-penny hawk, and loafing, lollie lickspittle little leech in Sydney. The unfortunate victim in his ignorance did not tumble to this great bunco game of exploitation until recently. When he became wise to the game the dear kind benevolent, philanthropic, Christian, Patriotic boss dispensed with his services, not because he was unable to perform his daily task, but for fear he should make the other slaves wise to the fact that the boss had his prize-steel-game cock spurs full length into his ribs and extracting the very life blood out of his body.

Now, you good and faithful working bullocks, who pride yourselves in working hard for a class of howling scoundrels and well-fed snobs, who see nothing in you but food for exploitation, kindly focus your eyes on the figures that are quoted below, and see for yourselves, if you are exploited, and that at the point of production, where you receive your wages, and not where you spend them. This fellow-worker informs me that in one department in this factory where he was working there are employed

2 men at 10/- per day.
1 girl at 2/6 per day.

They produce 4,400 lbs. of boiled lollies each week. Materials cost 3d lb. Value in all, £55.

	£	s	d
Materials cost, per week	55	10	0
Gas, etc.	1	10	0
Wages, per week	6	15	0
Net profit	46	15	0

These deluded, hard-working, thrifty industrious slaves and members of our class in one department pay their kind master for permission to toil them sum of £46 15s. per week.

We have another department where the slaves are busy making 1d. toffees, lollie sticks, and "Wee Mac's."

3 men and one boy are employed. They produce 1400 gross of 3d lines per week, sold wholesale at 4/6 per gross. Materials cost half.

The girls receive the munificent sum of 1d. per gross for wrapping, just to prove that the interests of the working class and the capitalist class are identical.

	£	s	d
Materials cost, per week	175	0	0
Gas, etc.	1	10	0
Wages, 3 men	9	0	0
Net profit	163	12	0

For every 100 gross produced over the 1400 gross, the three men receive 6/8 each. Oh, ye Gods!

Still another department where the slaves are anxious that the Boss should not miss his summer fishing cruise.

3 men and one boy produce 2000lb. of honey kisses per week. Materials cost 5d. lb. Sold at 10d. lb., wholesale.

	£	s	d
Materials, cost per week	41	13	4
Gas, etc.	1	10	0
Wages, 3 men	9	0	0
Wages, 1 boy	0	18	0
Net profit per week	30	5	4

Girls receive 1d. lb. for wrapping, and 80 goes to the lb. Same applies to caramels, etc.

Unpaid wages from 3 departments, £241 10s. 4d.

The workers produce the above amount for which they receive no equivalent.

Eight men, the boy and the girl received £26 11s. for doing all the work.

The cove the workers cannot do without, "The Boss," for his generosity in allowing us the use of "his factory," while he himself had his heels in the air on the windscreen of a 60 h.p. motor, for doing no work at all receives the sum of £241 per week in order that he may live in comfort and ease, so as to enable him to rear his children to become "successful liars in the business world," and bury their parasitic beaks into the industrial flesh of the workers.

Other departments in the same factory the same rate of exploitation exists, so it is useless making further quotations.

It is plainly evident to any member of the working class, who is not blind to facts, that this system of Capitalism is based on surplus value, or unpaid wages, that portion of wealth the worker produces and receives no equivalent for. Each new machine that is introduced, instead of making the working day shorter, is used to increase the output; fewer workers are employed, and the unemployed army grows large. This is the trend of modern capitalism. The workers

I had engaged a bed in a bush pub. Now, as everyone knows such a transaction is always of a speculative nature, for the bed may be stuffed with something resembling road metal, it may sag in the middle to such an extent that with a slight effort one could bite one's toes, an offensive attack by a myriad army of bugs may start with the darkness, or—but why enumerate further! There is usually something to detract from one's comfort or rather to add to one's discomfort.

To-night my luck was out—as usual; the person who was supposed to occupy the other bed in the room, was drunk; not half drunk nor yet dead drunk, but uproariously, argumentatively drunk. I retired, and had just dozed off to sleep when he entered on the run. He lurched against my bed, placed a grizzly hand over my mouth in an effort to retain his balance, then staggered into the middle of the room. He lit the candle with extreme difficulty, and the expenditure of about twenty matches, then turning towards me he thumped his fist in the palm of his hand and addressed me, apparently thinking that I was some recent boozing companion.

"Yes, me boy, I believe in ar-bit-ray-shun,"—stagger—"nothing like it, me boy,"—stagger—"Broken Hill men damn rogues,"—stagger—"thas whatthey are,"—stagger—"Stop the war, thas wathey do,"—stagger.

I listened to a reiteration of his beliefs in arbitration, etc., and witnessed further balancing feats for what I took to be about an hour, and by that time was in no pleasant humor. To several polite requests of mine to go to bed, he waxed more eloquent, and had grown more aggressive in his attitude, till I began to fear that his actions might not be in strict accordance with his opinions.

The door was open. I got up, manoeuvred skillfully without betraying my intentions till he was standing in front of it, then, looking at him sorrowfully, addressed him thus:

"With all deference to you as a drunk, I wish to point out that you exasperate me. Furthermore, that, unlike you, I believe in direct action. You are in no condition to discuss the matter logically so I will give you a slight demonstration of its possibilities." Thereupon I tackled him low down, lifted him upward and shoved him from me. He fell with a thud on the bricks outside. He did not wait to arbitrate—or strike, for that matter.

I slept in peace.

SLAVE FIFTY.

employed in these industries, if they are to safeguard themselves against the further encroachments of the capitalist class, must definitely make up their minds to reduce the surplus value. To bring about this result, not only the hours of labor must be reduced in order to absorb a big percentage of the unemployed who are a menace to those employed, but the workers must slow down on the job. We toil on an average of 10 hours daily, and receive payment for only two, so why should we work more than two hours per day, with the up-to-date wealth-producing machinery. There is not the slightest necessity for toiling any longer.

The average worker not only slaves during the 10 hours per day, but after he is finished toil, he talks toil with his fellow workers, and tries to impress on them the fact that he is a fine obedient, hard-working ox. In fact, when the time arrives for the slaves to throw their wretched bodies on an old stretcher, in order to recuperate, their minds are so absorbed in toil that they dream of cutting cane, swinging picks, driving trams, falling scrub, driving carts, and so forth.

We want our fellow workers to think along the same line as the boss. He thinks and dreams of extended tours, salmon fishing off the shores of Norway, deer stalking in the Scottish Highlands, and so on. He not only thinks and dreams in terms of enjoyment, but with the help of God and the ignorance of the workers, sees to it that it eventuates.

Now, fellow workers, it is up to you to fall into line and join in the fight. Attend the meetings; buy the literature; read "Direct Action"; join the I.W.W.; put the boot into the boss's bingy per medium of the One Big Union. When you catch him bending, just as a reminder, give him one of Chas. Chaplin's Keystone kicks with the wooden shoe, and make him vomit up some of our unpaid wages.

Insane or Otherwise.

THE PERSECUTION OF CHIDLEY.

By Ajax.

A long series of attempts to persecute an individual and stifle an idea, culminated last week in a verdict to the effect that Chidley was insane.

Chidley has been before the public for some time. He was formerly arrested on flimsy charges such as vagrancy, indecency, etc. His book was prosecuted; he was also stopped speaking in the open, and when he engaged a hall, the authorities prohibited the lecture. The police even went so far as to invade his lodgings, seize his lantern pictures and books. He has also been the subject of considerable abuse by people who declare his dress is indecent, yet view with the greatest equanimity the suggestive semi-nude clothes of ballet girls and society snobs.

It appears that medical men do not agree on the question of Chidley's sanity. Apparently he was condemned on the evidence of a medico who thought he was insane. As this person is the same party who quibbled on a former occasion when Chidley's sanity was questioned, and further happens to be a State official, and as such is doubtless more concerned to conserve certain conservative interests than to give justice to an individual whose ideas are detrimental to medical quacks and kindred harpies who live on the fruits of ignorance and sexual abuse.

In deciding the question of the sanity of an individual, we are treading on delicate and dangerous ground. No authority has yet been able to decide definitely where sanity ceases and insanity begins. In the first place we have to remember that this society inherits and still harbors many superstitions of the past, in spite of the advance of science. Further, our industrial system has a marked tendency to increase insanity; several mental maladies not previously known can be directly traced to commercialism. Our artificial living and sex abuse, as Chidley clearly shows, still further accentuate mental maladies. Indeed, so eminent a scientist as Professor Lombroso contends that the world is rapidly becoming insane.

In a society containing so many varied mental types and so many complex factors, it is almost impossible to decide who is sane. It is further highly dangerous to the community that a few men (who may represent certain interests or be biased) should have the power to put any person away on the plea of insanity. This is the more glaringly obvious when the person is a thinker and writer, a man whose sanity was never in doubt till he propounded unpopular theories. The public have a right to know the full facts of the case. It is not sufficient to say a doctor thinks a person is insane. Proof is wanting. Unfortunately, although there has been a plenitude of abuse and insinuation, there is a pronounced poverty of proof. Chidley has spoken scores of times and is always ready to answer questions. Critics have had plenty of time to examine his writings and give us something better. Why don't they answer "The Answer"? Especially is it up to the medicees who declared him mad to prove their case. Surely these monuments of medical learning should have no difficulty in answering a madman. As the authorities seem so anxious to put him away, one would think that the best and fairest way would be to disprove his theory. It can hardly be questioned even by Mother Grundy that we want more knowledge on this sex question, especially during war time when the organs of fowerism are preaching, "Increase, multiply, and replenish the earth." If Chidley had come forward with a theory for improving the breed of pigs, people would have welcomed him with open arms; but because he has an idea for improving the stocks of humans, especially the swinish, his name is anathema.

While on this question it might not be out of place to briefly consider the theory of celibacy and the working class. Long ago in ancient Greece the stoic philosophers maintained and practised a doctrine very similar to Chidley's. The fine physique of the Greeks was probably due in no small measure to their teaching. In later times the Catholic Church upheld the doctrine of celibacy as opposed to the licentiousness of the middle ages. Although there were black sheep in the fold, there can be no question that the stability of the church and the secret of its power was to a considerable extent due to a comparative lack of sex perversion among its adherents.

Recently such scholars as Edward Carpenter, Annie Besant, and Schoepenhauer, favoured these ideas. To-day the question of sex and celibacy is important for the labour movement, especially as the

old economic order is breaking up, such factors as the war, employment of women, the decay of the orthodox idea of marriage, and whatnot demand a readjustment of sex-relations. Bernard Shaw was right when he said, "Society is not quite sane on the question of sex." There is much to be said in favour of celibacy as opposed to the wholesale prostitution, licensed and unlicensed, that appertains to-day. Moreover, the entire anti-bug and sentimental slobber doled out to the public by the hired apostles of vested interest on this subject are nauseating in the extreme. If Chidley had published a suggestive love story calculated to excite morbid passions he would probably have been acclaimed a great novelist. Instead he has tried to prove a theory, and stuck to his guns in spite of the jeers of ignorance, the sneers of convention, and the persecution of legalised charlatanism. This conduct is indicative of a firm will and considerable intellect. Not so, think those who live on ignorance and disease who if they cannot refute an idea maliciously persecute the author. One would have thought that alleged intellectual men living in a so-called free and democratic country would be above the medieval and brutal attitude of trying to incarcerate an idea. Being afraid of the idea, like inquisitors they try to bludgeon the man.

Apart from the injustice and dangerous precedent set up, one questions if these people are quite sane. Still less is it advisable or desirable in the interests of the community that self-styled lunacy experts, whose motive is questionable, whose mental bias is pronounced, and who cling to the insane notion of gauging an idea, can be trusted with such power over the life of an individual, especially a thinker and writer, who at least is sincere, and whose ideas in the main are correct. Such men are rare in this degenerate age. For that reason, if no other, the public should see to it that Chidley is immediately released.

Fremantle I.W.W.

PRESS "UP IN THE AIR."

The I.W.W. Local in Fremantle has "got busy" and, as usual, has "stuck in the gills" of some cheap press writer who scents danger to the "Hempire" in the activities of its members. In this instance the pink press writer of "Fert Paragraphs" is alarmed at the advocacy of Sabotage by our stump speakers, says he—

"Fremantle (for its sins) has been afflicted with another scourge. The latest pest is a branch of the I.W.W. . . . Their motto, as far as can be gleaned, is 'Direct Action'. In other words this extraordinary body believes in curing the ills of the world by strikes, sabotage and other like gentle methods. They are out, they reckon, to put the boot into Fat and Plute in no unmeasured manner, while of their views of the war and enlistment the least said the better. This crowd has set up an office, and the window of their premises is decorated with all kind of extravagant posters such as 'Don't Seab on the Unemployed'; the fast worker dies young; someone must work slowest—let it be you!' . . . At least one leading figure in this organisation works on the wharfs. . . . I understand he has secured a few recruits and talks blatantly of 'big fights ahead.' This gentleman lectures on your esplanade (whose esplanade, the workers?) where he gets a better reception than, according to rumour, he got of a little while back (good biz!) . . . Of course the probability is that the Fremantle branch of the Independent (!) Workers of the World will die a natural death before long (the I.W.W. has died, according to the yellow press, as often as the German Army has been annihilated!) . . . On the other hand, however, if anything like a considerable proportion of the wharf lumps were even temporarily led away with the off-blown-out theories of these people, it would mean a big risk of industrial strife here!" (By Gosh! Fat, your profits are in danger!)

Proceeding further the penman foresees calamity, and says, "It is reasonable to issue a word of warning to our men here ('our' men!). A man who brags like this monthpiece of the I.W.W. has been doing can have very little idea of what the word patriotism means, and such a man is better out of the community. I am watching the progress of the whole business with interest, and will report you further developments." (Ah!)

Whatever "idea of Patriotism" the "port paragraphs" man (or old woman) may have, the I.W.W. speaker very likely has a truer one, and would probably give that good old definition, "The last refuge of a scoundrel." Perhaps the

Outcasts.

By Eleanor Wentworth.

Outside the Rotunda of the Fine Arts Building of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition is hunched a grapping, sorrowful figure—a figure that echoes back amidst the foliage as it humbly seeking to escape the eye of the passer. Meekly it bears the name of "Outcast." About it, fountains ripple; beyond, the sun joyfully sets agleam the sombre greens of olive; chuckling, sprightly Pans, with uplilt pipes, laugh to scorn the chill atmosphere of the sorrowful one, set so far into the shadows that the sun never reaches it, leaving its marble surface ghastly.

That figure, with arms clenched and head bowed—in its shadow seclusion indomitably symbolises the disowned of the ages—the iron-collared slave, the branded thief, the wandering disbeliever, the woman-scorned, the helpless debtor. It symbolises passive sufferers, who, after tilling and sowing the fields of life, so that they grow green and cool, wander beggared and thirstily in the waste desert stretches. Pitifully it speaks of those who confidently threw all their hearts' sweetest flowers to the world they loved, receiving no return, living forever more with barren hopes. It whispers of those who flung their cries of joy to the winds, and heard them wafted back as faints. It speaks of builders, of whose dream houses no cornerstone or cornice has been realised. Voicelessly it proclaims the "Slave of the Past."

And as I looked at it, so hopelessly resigned, I hated it, for all its powerful symbolism.

Did the world know no other Outcast than this shrinking, unapproachable figure? Was this symbolism the whole truth? Were there no Outcasts, who dared accuse—who dared fight for their inheritance? None to cry defiantly, "We will not be cast aside, we who have built and filled and dreamed!" Were there no Outcasts with hope—with fighting blood?

In the far recesses of the Japanese Section, where only a few errant footfalls echo solemnly through the spacious silence, I found that for which I searched. There I found the symbol of the Outcast I dared hope to see. A truly courageous figure it is, with Hope and the Spirit to be Free stamped large upon it. It is the very antithesis of that bowed figure out among the green vines and laughing Pans, which seem to beg forgiveness for its very existence. This other figure is called "Strike," and proudly it bears the insignia of rebellion. The gaunt outlines and the eyes overshadowed with a terrible fatigue brand this figure of a man, as the other, with the marks of the Outcast. A woman leans upon him and, in turn, a brood of young clings to her skirts. But this Outcast is no craven. He neither cringes nor sorrows. He stands erect, and through the shadows of fatigue, his eyes flash defiance out upon the world of the Self-Satisfied. He seems to cry aloud:

"I suffer, my mate suffers, and our young; but you shall pay—pay in full! You who stand between us and our inheritance, your Time is drawing near—prepare! For we declare that we, too, shall live, we the sufferers!"

This Outcast, springing from the depths flings a challenge where others have only wept; dares where others have covered in self-debasement. This man of courage, standing erect under the scourges of suffering and deprivation, gazing so steadfastly into the Beyond through overshadowed eyes—he dares aspire to walk in the green fields of his making; already he treads them in his imagination. He has sent a barely whispered hope of joy out upon the winds and it is rushing back to him a mighty symphony of realisation. He dreams of a beautiful world, and builds it as he dreams. He heralds the day when there will be no Outcasts, but all will be Well Beloved.

He is the Master of the Future.—
"International Socialist Review."

pink press guardian of the interests of the "community," however, would like those workers that he says are "too sensible to listen to this I.W.W. speaker's discourse," to have the idea that patriotism means: Work hard, never have "industrial strife" (for fear of checking the flow of profits in war time) or enlist and fight like hell for the Boss, and when you are ready for the scrap heap—soldier or worker—patriotically crawl into some hovel or hole and die—so as not to be a burden or a nuisance to the "community!"

However, we are only commenting on, not grumbling at this press "ad." for the I.W.W.

Literature List.

- Capital: Karl Marx, 3 vol., 8/- per vol.
Ancient Society: Morgan, Bound, 6/-
Value, Price and Profit: Marx, Bound 2/-
Paper, 6d.
Evolution of Property: Lafargue, Bound 2/-
The Militant Proletariat: Lewis, Bound, 2/-
The New Unionism: Tridon. Paper, 1/8
Sabotage: Pease, Bound, 2/-; paper, 1/-
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: Nilson. 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.

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 Horn," "The Dishwasher," "Evolution," "The Cry of Toil," "Born For What," "Might is Right," "Mask of Anarchy," "The Way of Kings, Crowned and Unrowned," etc.

In all probability the booklet will run to 48 pages, and sell at 6d. per copy, with the usual reduction for quantities. Orders will be booked right away.

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 Argents-street.

Good Library. Also good collection of literature for sale. All live rebels welcome.

E. J. KIBLY, Secretary,

Local No. 3, I.W.W.

FREMANTLE ACTIVITIES.

Hall, 35 Phillimore Street.

Wednesday, 8 p.m., at Hall: Lecture night.

Friday, 8 p.m., at Hall: Economic Class.

Saturday, 8 p.m., at Hall: Business Meeting.

Sunday Afternoon, 3 p.m., Esplanade, Perth: Propaganda.

Local 5 has now a library of up-to-date revolutionary economic working class literature at the Hall, and all rebels after some mental dynamite are invited to blow in and help swell the ranks of the rebel army.

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.

Saturday Evening—Speakers' Class.

Also Public Meeting every Sunday Afternoon in the Domain.

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