

DIRECT ACTION

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ONE PENNY

A Summary and an Appeal. Barker Discharged. The Zig-Zags of the New Napoleon

By A. VAL.

Notwithstanding that man is the most superior animal on earth he yet enjoys the least peace of all living things. Sets of men are constantly fighting each other, in the sphere of industry, and also on the battlefield, the latter really being but a critical phase of the former. In the earth there exists a superabundance of all men's needs, yet there are millions who have less than they need, and despite the unprecedented degree of scientific development, have to work as hard as they can excessive hours of the best years of their lives. On all manner of things warfare is waged, and the upshot is misery of the most intense order. Now, why is this?

It is invariably said such is due to the people's lack of interest in their own welfare. Very well, then. Take the next step deeper towards the root. Why are the people lax in this regard? Because the upper class has such a hold on them, that, being forced to ward off immediate starvation by long hours of hard effort, their energies are sapped; they lack the time and energy to study their position. Thus they are easily imposed on by the class that, owning all the means of existence, can buy clever brains to hoodwink the people.

Now, in seeking more of the good things of this world that he is morally entitled to, the worker must be made to understand his true position and strength. He must be educated. There are several means of education. Most people learn economics from written matter, others by word of mouth, some by cartoons, and many learn from bitter experience. As no two men think exactly alike on all things, it naturally follows all cannot have their own way. Action on a collective basis can only be effected by surrender on many points in order to come together with a common standing. There are numerous established parties bidding for support, and it falls to the most easily understood party that vigorously applies itself to win the most support.

Having supported the Labor party since prior to its election to office in 1910, and seeing no apparent material good arising from it, I am reaching the conclusion I have been trusting to a party that denies its own policy. Furthermore, I am developing the belief that the policy itself is only composed of mere palliatives, only fit for a superficial disease, while Society's disease is deeply rooted. I want to see an entire abolition of slums, ugly and dirty streets; and I want to see less hours of labor, easier work and greater returns to the workers. Also, I want to see co-operation success competition, education defeat prevailing superstitions, love supersede hate, and greed give place to regard for others.

It is because mankind is so ground down that ignorance, vice, poverty, hate, misery, and war with one another are so dominant in our midst. I believe my wishes obtain as the objective of the I.W.W., and thus it behooves those who also desire these things to enter that organization. The mere desire, however great the number so desiring may be, will not effect its achievement. Action must be taken, not mere words, but material efforts. Verbosity and wisdom in the form of Acts of Parliament seem to be ineffective, their administration being neglected owing to bribery by those whom they aim against, and because of loop-holes (known legally as technicalities).

To effect a better living, the workers must act for themselves and not delegate others to act for them, for experience has shown these others to be either false or incapable. If workers will band together in industrial unions, and these unions all cement together, what is to prevent the workers, then united, demanding their rights—lower rents, better houses, purer food, and more of it? Without Might, which is only obtainable by the workers joining together, rights count for nothing. What freedom we have has had to be wrested by organized might. Like the coral reefs of the Pacific, built by dead bodies of myriads of insects that lived but a day, so has our present measure of liberty been gained over the bodies of men who fought for us in the past. The I.W.W. is an

The charge against Fellow-Worker Barker, of publishing matter likely to prejudice recruiting, was withdrawn at the Central Summons Court on Monday last.

Permission, it appears, had been obtained from the Federal authorities to prosecute J. Hamilton as publisher of "Direct Action," and on the point being raised by Barker's solicitor, P. K. White, the prosecutor withdrew the summons.

It was learnt subsequently from the detectives in charge of the case that a fresh summons would be issued.

Meanwhile, however, a temporary victory has been achieved, and if the authorities return to the fray, no stone should be left unturned in order to make the victory a lasting one. The so-called crime with which Barker is charged is cartooning a fact which the labor press of the whole world has been continuously pointing out ever since the war started, namely, that capitalists who profit by this war are interested in perpetuating it.

The howl raised by the plute press at any suggestion of peace is proof of the statement.

Let it ever be remembered by the working class that it is a Labor Government which is endeavoring to imprison a worker for attacking the vultures who are literally fattening on the death and devastation which this war has brought about.

JOE SKURRIE'S CASE.

Advices from Melbourne inform us that an active agitation is being carried on there for the release of Joe Skurrie, a member of the Socialist Party, who was recently sentenced to three months' imprisonment for a "prejudicial to recruiting" speech.

Skurrie was convicted on a report of his speech which appeared in the Melbourne "Age," though the reporter, when examined in the witness box was not prepared to swear that the published report was correct.

If the War Precautions' Act was administered impartially, the members of the Labor Cabinet responsible for this prosecution should be placed behind prison bars, for no thinking worker is likely to be encouraged to go twelve thousand miles to fight Prussianism by such splendid examples of that kind of tyranny at home.

Already the agitation on Skurrie's behalf has caused his jail treatment to be somewhat relaxed, and his release in the near future is confidently expected.

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.

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.

army—an industrial army. Its fight is against merciless and tyrannical capitalism, and it wants recruits. It does not offer the change from the monotony of existence immediately, as the military army; but when, by your efforts, it does affect your position, it will be a more lasting and profitable change for the better than any other thing offering.

We hear of shirkers and the Huns. Because of the industrial fighters who did not shirk in the past, are men physically fit for war to-day? It's up to every man and woman who is civilized to join this I.W.W. army right now and help to win a lasting victory against our many enemies, such as Want, Disease, Exploitation, and Misery, all thriving because of your inactivity. Will you join this army? Millions need you?

Nobody knows how it came or when, or why. It came—the public were so told. It fell like a bolt from the blue. His Majesty, so it was said, called the great Pilly. He wanted not Borden or Botha, not one in all the world but Pilly, the new Napoleon.

The call, however it came, not by letter or cable or wireless or word of mouth or note of hand or special messenger. But it came—he got it.

When Pilly got the call he knew his life was in danger. He knew the Kaiser was hungry for his gore. He knew that, if the submarines got him, he not only lost his life, but the Empire was lost with him. His courage was unlimited. For death he had no fear, but he would not risk the Empire by losing his life.

So Pilly took every precaution. The censor took charge of the press. Fire and brimstone was the portion of every journal that gave any news of Pilly other than that which was given to it. It was given out that Napoleon would leave on a liner of the Orient, and on a given date he left Sydney amidst lamentations, to which he responded in felicitous language and glowing periods. He might not live to see his King, but he would fly by the quickest route to answer the call of Empire. The whistle blew, gongs sounded, hands clapped and cheers went up as the train moved out. Towards his destiny went the new Napoleon.

Far out from Sydney, in the dead of night, when all slept, the train stopped, and Napoleon, with his retinue disguised as rabbits, stealthily descended, crept into the bush where waited motor cars to hurry them away.

In the train slept the baffled villains and a dummy Pilly. In Melbourne and all parts of Australia the dummy is received with great ovations, but the secretary speaks because the dummy has got a severe cold, and is bowed down with the weight of Empire.

In the meantime, the disguised Pilly, cleverly dodging the German spies and the hundreds paid to take his life, flies to the Murrumbidgee, floats down its bosom, motors to Nyngan. At this place disaster nearly occurred. A group of shearers in a pub asked Pilly to shout. Thereupon Pilly wrapped his arms across his chest and sternly answered, "No!"

"Christ!" said one of the shearers. "This must be O'Malley's Napoleon!"

Pilly at once uncircled his arms and, donning once more the rollicking manners of the rabbit, attempted to disarm suspicion. As soon as possible they fled once more into the bush, and speeded away into the dark and dismal night.

At Sydney Pilly and his retinue surreptitiously slipped aboard a ship bound for Frisco. The assumed names and occupations were as numerous as the party. For two nights all went well, but on the third night the wireless buzzed. Shortly afterwards a man with a German look passed him in the alley-way. Pilly could sleep no more. He made arrangements to be placed on the first steamer going the other way. It drove in sight, and Pilly passed on board of it disguised as a Queenslander squatter. He was landed at Newcastle, blacked his face, went to Maitland. There he washed, dressed himself as a missionary from the South Seas, went to Port Stephens, and boarded a ship loaded with piles for Panama. At Samoa he went ashore, became an island trader, and in that guise took passage for Vancouver.

At Vancouver he sent wires to the Canadian Government, saying, "Send me a special train and guard the lines from here to Ottawa with troops three deep. Send an engine ahead to try the lines for dynamite." To this Borden replied,

"You'll get a special train and no more. The troops are wanted for the front. The Empire is in danger." Pilly retorted on the wire, "You fool. If I am lost the Empire is lost." Thereupon the astute Pilly proceeded to outwit the villains in his path. He got a substitute, guised him, muffled him from the icy cold, sent him to the special train with the retinue, while he, the essential of the Empire, garbed himself as a lumberman from Oregon, and went by the ordinary.

At Ottawa he suddenly dropped on Borden. "I am here." The effect was instantaneous and paralytic. In the presence of the really great, the really inferior tremble. The great Pilly at once proceeded to his task. He moved in a mysterious way, his wonders performing. They are unknown, but it is blasphemy not to believe. He moved with lightning rapidity. He spoke but seldom. Boston, Baltimore, New York, Montreal, and a dozen other places passed quickly beneath his contemptuous feet. Everywhere he became known as "Pilly the Great" or "Pilly the Silent," the "Man of Mystery," the "Cerebral Celebrity," the "Chewing Manchu," or the "Marvellous Mannikin."

Cables were sent: "I am here. Send the British fleet to escort me." To which the Lord High Admiral replied: "Who the hell are you? Get across like everybody else—the best way you can."

Everything seemed to check the Mystery, but he conquered every difficulty. He knew the Empire must be saved, and that he alone could do it. It was given out in the press that this wondrous man would leave New York in a Cunarder. The dummy did duty. The Master sped rapidly northward and joined a Norwegian barque off St. John's, Newfoundland. He was landed safely on the west coast of Ireland. He walked to Dublin, crossed to Liverpool, and landed in London after perils and dangers that none, but the brave would risk.

JOHN SOVEREIGN, in "Labor Call."

SYDNEY PROPAGANDA.

Week end propaganda in Sydney was exceptionally successful. The meeting in the Domain was addressed by Fellow-workers Grant, Barker, and Larkin, and a collection amounting to over £4 was taken up. Over 50 dozen "Direct Actions" were sold at this meeting alone. Though the weather was trying, the hall was packed on Sunday evening, Fellow-worker Barker being the speaker for the occasion.

It is evident that Sydney slaves are waking up to the fact that the I.W.W. has a message to deliver. Our best thanks are due to the plute press for the amount of attention it has drawn in our direction of late by its attacks on the I.W.W. gospel. The authorities, too, by their second attempt in six months to gaol Barker, have very evidently caused the thinking section of the workers to believe that there must be something in an organization that the "powers that be" are so active in trying to down.

BROKEN HILL LOCAL.

The above Local wishes it to be announced through "Direct Action," that there is room for one or two good "soap-boxers" at the Hill. Jobs are plentiful, and I.W.W. propaganda at the present time can be sent ahead by a couple of efficient speakers.

Fight for "your" country if you wish, but what about owning your job?

Subscribers who do not receive their "Direct Action" regularly and promptly are requested to write to the Manager, and give particulars, so that he may take steps to get the matter remedied.

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The 'Cost' of Living.

WHAT IT MEANS.

The so-called cost of living problem is once more engaging the attention of our labour politicians. Of course there is a reason why. On the eve of elections politicians have always been shrewd enough to raise some cry that will appeal to the popular mind, which, so far as the workers are concerned, is mostly unenlightened.

"Organised" labor as represented by the trade unions is also taking up the discussion, partly because of the aspirants to political "honors," with whom the union movement is infested, and partly to appease the clamour and the ever increasing discontent of their followers.

Such questions as whether bread should be sold at 6d. or 7d. a loaf are the most important of those now engaging the attention of this type of "economist," and to judge from the amount of publicity given to the matter, one would imagine that this was the be-all and end-all of working-class economics.

While profits are accumulating at a rate unprecedented in the whole gormandizing career of capitalism; while the capitalist class is loudly boasting of its intention to sweep aside all working-class restriction on exploitation; while adult males are being daily and hourly supplanted by cheap female and juvenile labor; and while the capitalist press itself is predicting a war of extermination between the sexes in the coming struggle for jobs, all political laborism and trade union officialdom can think of by way of amelioration, is "an inquiry into the cost of living."

Our alleged labor movement has certainly reached a queer pass.

A little reflection on the industrial history of capitalism, combined with a careful study of the utterances of Arbitration Court Judges, to whose benign care the labor movement, so-called, has left the future of the working class, ought to convince even middle-headed craft union leadership that the worker's "cost of living" is in reality measured by eight, nine, or ten hours daily toil. At no stage in the history of capitalism in this or any other country, whether the cost of living were "high" or "low," did the working class as a whole get more than the bare means of subsistence; and where, in isolated cases, sections of the workers have been able to exceed this limit, it has not been due to the so-called low cost of living, but to the fact that the organization of the workers concerned was temporarily enabled, through a comparative absence of competition in the labor market, to wring something over and above the value of their laborpower from their exploiters.

This perpetual wail about the cost of living can therefore serve no purpose. High prices on the whole, are brought about by economic influences, international in their scope, influences which are inherent in the system itself, and with which individual capitalists, or even combinations of capitalists, have very little to do.

A little consideration will go to show that it is obviously in the interests of that set of capitalists who are not engaged in producing the necessities of life, that those necessities should be as cheap as possible, for with the cheapening of the means of the means of subsistence, the value of labor-power, or, in other words, wages, has a tendency to fall,—which means, of course, increased profits in those spheres of industry.

This was the economic basis for the agitation for the Repeal of the Corn Laws in England, the manufacturing capitalists, who supported the agitation being aware that with the cheapening of the necessities of life it would be possible to reduce the wages of their employees.

The conception, therefore, of turbid-brained union leaders, and labor politicians, that "cheap" bread, "cheap" fish, "cheap" meat, etc., will be a material gain to the workers is absurdly erroneous. As already indicated the word "cheap" is ridiculous in this connection, for, irrespective of prices, the workers pay for their means of subsistence by the whole of their day's toil.

The solution of the labor problem is not to be found in rainbow-chasing endeavors to cheapen commodities, but rather in a concerted endeavor by the workers to appropriate more and more of the commodities they produce, with the ultimate object in view, as the strength of their organization grows, to appropriate the lot, and the means by which they are manufactured.

This can not be done by either craft unionism or Labor Governments. The brainy section in these institutions are perfectly well aware of this; but their material welfare is bound up in keeping the workers divided and in inculcating false economic ideas.

The capitalist press and the straight-out capitalist politicians are not loath to encourage such controversy. They know that while the workers are side-tracked, and bamboozled by the economic slush dished up by both sides in this matter, the real source of exploitation is lost sight of.

All robbery of the worker begins on the job, where he works. All working-class education and agitation should be directed towards minimising this robbery by shorter hours of labor, slowing down, sabotage, and increased wages, with the end in view of putting the boss to work.

The kind of "economics" which does not touch this question, or evades it, is merely a bourgeois slough of metaphysics. Because the workers have been unable to understand this in the past is why they are up to their necks in the economic mire to-day.

One Big Union, eternally concentrating its efforts at the real point of exploitation, is the only hope for their redemption.

ARBITRATION, ITS "REAL OBJECT."

Sydney "Daily Telegraph" says: "The real object of this class of legislation (arbitration) was to stop strikes." Open confession is good for the soul. How often have we been told by arbitration advocates that the object of such legislation is to better the condition of the workers.

As far as this country is concerned," says the "D.T.," "it is the big unions which are able to inflict most damage on industry, for which arbitration laws, if they are of value, are most necessary." We recommend a careful study of this opinion to the union arbitrationist. The more powerful a union is, that is the greater its potentialities for "inflicting damage on industry,"—which, translated, means hitting the boss's profits—the greater is the necessity for shackling it by means of arbitration laws.

Does not this admission of the capitalist press fully bear out the I.W.W. contention, that the real object of arbitration is to compel the workers to put up with economic conditions which they would otherwise rebel against.

The "Telegraph," in effect, says: "Big unions, when they strike, have a nasty habit of getting their own way and damaging the boss's interests, therefore the object of Arbitration was to prevent strikes—more especially by big unions."

Those who run may read, but the arbitration-loving unionist is blinder than the proverbial bat.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

In future all communications to the Literary Secretary, and Secretary of Sydney Local No. 2, the General Secretary-Treasurer, the Editor and Manager of "Direct Action" should be addressed to Box 98, Haymarket P.O.

Tramway "Unionism" The Voice of Freedom

By FRED HENDERSON.

The dismissal of A. W. Buckley, by the Chief Commissioner, vice-president of the Tramway Union, for his alleged advocacy of sabotage has caused considerable stir in Tramway Union circles.

Officialdom, however, has got such a grip of the union that it prevents any effective protest being made. At the annual delegate meeting of the union last week a motion moved by the militant section, that Buckley's re-instatement be demanded, failing which a "stop-work" meeting be called to discuss further action, was turned down. The fact that Buckley was dismissed by the Commissioner on no evidence whatever, but merely on the assumption that he was responsible for a certain speech published in the "Tramway Record," apparently carried no weight with the Departmental crawlers. They allow an official of their union to be victimised by the Department, and rave and howl at any attempt to get the rank and file to protest in the only manner left to them.

These tactics have so disgusted the militant section that a large percentage have withdrawn from the union, and on last Friday night, at the Protestant Hall a meeting was held for the purpose of forming a new organisation.

The fact that the rank and file of the workers are waking up to the reactionary tendencies of those officials whom they have allowed to lord it over them for so long is an interesting sign of the times, but we fear the tramway-men will yet have to learn that sectional unionism, no matter how militant, is of little use in the struggles of to-day.

MR. BLOCK ATTENDS AN I.W.W. MEETING.

Being in Sydney on Sunday I wandered on to a common (Query: The Domain?—Ed.) A great variety of meetings were in progress. An earnest, red-faced preacher asked me to give my heart to Jesus, which I did, also my money. I then caught sight of a large banner, bearing the inscription: "Industrial Workers of the World."

Thinking this referred to my employer, I sat down on the grass, which was very green. Besides myself there were some five or six hundred people. A man came along and asked me to buy a copy of a paper called "Direct Action," which I did. I do not know what Direct Action is. A man then got on a platform and said that the employing class and the producing class had nothing in common. I was much upset by this, as I consider my boss to be my best friend, because he finds me work. The man then referred to Sabotage. I do not know what Sabotage is. He said that the master-class constantly practised Sabotage on the workers. I will ask my boss if he practises sabotage on me. The man also spoke of Industrial Unionism, and said that the workers must organise into One Big Union, for the purpose of overthrowing the capitalist system. If the capitalist system is overthrown, how will my boss be able to find me work? He also referred to Direct Action on the job. My boss believes in direct action on the job. He likes me always to be quick and lively about my work. The speaker said that if workers were properly organised, the masters would have to go to work. I do not think my boss would like this. I was much upset by all I heard, and after tea I am going to a meeting in a hall, where a man is going to speak on "Class Consciousness." I do not know what Class Consciousness means.

P.S.—I asked my boss if he practised Sabotage on me, and he gave me the sack.

A.E.B.

THE CASE OF CHIDLEY.

To the Editor:
Sir,—Mr. Chidley desires me to thank you for printing an article "Insane or Otherwise," by "Ajax," in a recent issue of "D.A." He also thanks the writer of the article, which he says, puts his case more fairly than he has yet seen it presented. Quoting from that article Mr. Chidley said to me, "Why don't they answer 'The Answer,' is good," and added, "No, it is easier to say a man is mad, and gaol him."

Yours, etc.,

J.S.S.

13/3/16.

ADELAIDE READERS.

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

Loud across the world it ringeth, we have heard it in our sleep. We have heard and we have wakened, though our slumbering was deep. Many a man whose heart nigh failed him in the long and weary night Now with soul aglow is watching for the dawning of the light.

And the voice o'er all the nations has gone forth upon the wind, Bearing hope to those despairing, sight to those who wandered blind.

"Wake, oh men," the loud voice crieth, "wake, if ye be men indeed; Will ye sleep and slumber ever, bound to serve a tyrant's greed?

Surely all too long, oh toilers, have ye been the slaves of gold; Are ye men, or have ye quite forgotten of your sires of old?

Hope not Freedom from the masters who reap pleasure from your pain; All the freedom they would give you is but lengthening of the chain.

When they see ye pale and restless, they may lengthen it a whit, Soothing ye the while to slumber, that ye be content with it.

Shake it from you altogether; come, clasp hands, the night is late, And the golden dawn is flushing round about the eastern gate.

And we rise, our chains upon us at the voice that thrills us through. Lo, the piteous sight that greets us: we are but a weakened few.

And around us lie our comrades, knowing not the bonds they wear, Seeing not the light we gaze at, feeling not the hope we bear.

Loudly, loudly let us call them. See them rising one by one, Till our little band grows stronger underneath the rising sun.

Free we must be. In our souls the seraph voice of Liberty Thrills till every chord is trembling as a harp-string's melody.

See, the clouds begin to scatter; brighter, brighter grows the day; Happy we to see the morning hold the long, long night at bay!

We, the toilers, shall no longer be the passive driven slaves; We have seen a nobler future. What though pierced with many graves

Be the way that leads to freedom? Shall we shun the glorious day Though our very names should perish in the eagerness of fray?

Lo, our hearts are set upon it, and our feet are on the road; Burn the bridge, and let us forward,—on to Liberty's abode!

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 allow 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.

Railway Workers and Mr. Milne

(A. MACK.)

Mr. Milne, an assistant Railway Commissioner, also a transparent candidate for limelight and shoddy praise, recently visited Goulburn accompanied by a soiree of servile cajolers. Ostensibly he visited the town to honor with his presence some function of the Railway Institute, but the wily old chap saw in the gathering an opportunity to achieve a cheap advertisement and some cheap flattery through the pages of *The Daily (kept) Press*.

True to his preconceived plan, he accordingly proceeded to lash and calumniate the tactics of the modern working class unions. Report says that he was loudly cheered for his remarks; if that be so it is rather astounding, for Mr. Milne's remarks surely do not reflect the intellectual status of the Goulburn railway men. They were not by any means learned criticisms nor even true to facts, and in several instances wandered dangerously near the border line of idiocy. Though he was accorded the best regards of the plutes, an honour that can be won by all who consent to slander the efforts of the workers for improved conditions—the general lack of knowledge displayed should militate against his chances when another choice is being made to fill the Chief Commissioner's chair.

Mr. Milne was apparently deeply concerned about the railway workers and their homes, although he bitterly condemned any scientific effort to better their conditions. The fact is that he "is out" to better his own conditions only, and care as much about the working class and their standard of existence as a hog does about hygiene; hence the great contradiction. He was sorry that certain influences were at work undermining the discipline (servility is the correct name) of the service. Of course Mr. Milne is sorry, but he is not alone in his sorrow; the toadies of Big Interests the world round are also sorry that the world's workers are commencing to think and organise and . . . act. He averred that "men must think and think hard." Surely he is not so stupid that he cannot see that it is just this thinking habit which is bringing about the changes that terrify him: The man who does not reason round his own class position is the best wage-slave.

Men are thinking to-day and when enough of them think hard, the death knell of the present exploiting system will have been sounded and the world will say good-bye to its swarm of parasitical flunkies.

The workers were warned that their efforts to hold a bigger part of the world's wealth led directly to the re-inauguration of the brutal "might is right" law. That noted Law has been the distinctive mark of so-called civilisation; every page of human history from the break up of the primitive communes in the last stage of barbarism to the year 1916 A.D. is, through its operation, splashed with the blood of the world's workers, and the world's advance agents of progress.

Ragner Redbeard very fittingly says:—
Might was Right when Christ was hanged.

Beside the Jordan's foam.
And Might was Right when Caesar bled
Upon the stones of Rome.

Might was Right when Spartacus
Went down in seas of blood,
And when the commune perished in
The self-same crimson flood.

Might was Right when Danton died,
When Emmett passed away—
'Tis the logic of the ancient world,
And the gospel of to-day.

Might is right, when children die
By thousands in the mills,
When jewelled hands reach down and
Take

The gold their blood distils.
Might is Right when maidens give
Their love-dreams up for pay,
'Tis the logic of the ancient world
And the gospel of to-day.

Mr. Milne condemned sabotage—that nightmare of the Master Class—and he positively could not agree with the advice, "Don't scab on the unemployed." "Don't be a slave," etc. Logically, he couldn't agree with it. He was advocating scabbery and slavery—so how could he?

The adulteration of food-stuffs, the manufacture of shoddy clothing and the sale of light-weight goods are all forms of sabotage and have been practised by the masters of the world and applauded as good business tactics for quite a long

while. Now that the workers have decided to return shoddy or adulterated work for shoddy wages, the plutes can find no words strong enough to condemn their former friend. Master class sabotage has killed millions of the working class since it is they who use the shoddy materials; working class sabotage, on the other hand aims, not at murder, but at a deduction of profits, but then profits always are more sacred than human life!

As for scabbing on the unemployed; it would be hard to find a railway man stupid enough to believe that with a big army of unemployed always on the Labor market his own job and his rate of wages would be safe. Given an army of unemployed and the boss will "sack" a man on the merest pretence; out-of-date craft unions are of no avail against the empty-belly men, and the man with a job to-day may be one of the unemployed to-morrow, so that by scabbing on the unemployed by working long hours and working extra hard a man is really scabbing on himself.

Mr. Milne completely annihilated modern methods of unionism; he made the men wise to the fact that modern union tactics were brought from a foreign land; this was reckoned to be the final indictment of the New Unionism. The crafty commissioner was playing on their White Australia prejudices or thought he was. He purposely forgot to explain—or maybe he didn't know—that ideas are based upon the economic facts and demands of progress; that union tactics like army tactics must conform to the changing conditions of the union or army will cease to be an effective force. Also he neglected to say whether there were any foreign made engines, etc., or motor cars in the railway service or enjoyed by the railway commissioners. If there are it may be no uncommon sight to see the logical railway workers smashing up their private motor cars and refusing to have one unless it is built in N.S. Wales; perhaps we may even hear that Mr. Milne has refused to take a trip round the foreign lands—at the expense of the public, in whom he is so deeply interested, and to receive whose plaudits he is prepared to squeeze the last drop of blood out of the railway employees—in search of new ideas re railway management.

Our Freedom was also once again mentioned; if that cant about freedom is repeated and eulogised some more we may begin to think we are free despite the fact that we have to hire ourselves out by the day, week or year, to get a few life-yielding crusts, and that we are compelled to stay in the country and go through life with our brains swathed in cocaine bandages or with our life padlocked. The fakery who prate of our freedom would have us understand that our dear, kind, liberal bosses gave it us out of their goodness of heart, whereas we have had to simply tear it from them; those who have ever asked for a penny a day rise in wages know that.

Mr. Milne must yet learn that the working class of the 20th century are after the world now, that we want it, and recognising that we have the Might we are going to take it, and when we have it will erect a structure of civilisation wherein those who do no useful work shall not eat, and where the best advertisers may not be recognised as the men best fitted for high positions.

How History Repeats Itself.

In these days when free speech and free press are practically non-existent, it is interesting to compare the methods adopted by "our" Labor Government for the suppression of popular liberties with those employed by the German King of England, George III., following the war against France declared in 1793, a war, which Buckle, in the Introduction to his great work, "Civilization in England," describes as "the most hateful, the most unjust, and the most atrocious, England has ever waged against any country."

The comparison, indeed, would seem to be in favour of George, for the accused person in those days, it appears, had the right of trial by jury, a privilege which Kaiser William Hughes' War Precautions' Act denies him. Buckle remarks:—

"What distinguishes this sanguinary contest from all preceding ones, and what gives to it its worst feature, is, that it was eminently a war of opinions, a war which we carried on, not with a view to territorial acquisitions, but with the object of repressing that desire for reforms of every kind, which had now become the marked characteristics of the leading

countries of Europe. As soon, therefore, as hostilities began, the English government had a twofold duty to perform, it had to destroy a republic abroad, and it had to prevent improvement at home. The first of these duties it fulfilled by squandering the blood and the treasure of England, till it had thrown nearly every family into mourning, and reduced the country to the verge of national bankruptcy. The other duty it attempted to execute by enacting a series of laws intended to put an end to the free discussion of political questions, and stifle that spirit of inquiry which was every year becoming more active. These laws were so comprehensive, and so well calculated to effect their purpose, that if the energy of the nation had not prevented their being properly enforced, they would either have destroyed every vestige of popular liberty, or else have provoked a general rebellion. Indeed, during several years the danger was so imminent, that, in the opinion of some high authorities, nothing could have averted it, but the bold spirit with which our English juries, by their hostile verdicts, resisted the proceedings of government, and refused to sanction laws which the crown had proposed, and to which a timid and servile legislature had willingly consented.

We may form some idea of the magnitude of the crisis by considering the steps which were actually taken against the two most important of all our institutions, namely, the freedom of the public press, and the right of assembling in meetings for the purpose of public discussion. These are, in a political point of view, the two most striking peculiarities which distinguish us from every other European people. As long as they are preserved intact, and as long as they are fearlessly and frequently employed, there will always be ample protection against those encroachments on the part of government which cannot be too jealously watched, and to which the freest country is liable. To this may be added, that these institutions possess other advantages of the highest order. By encouraging political discussion, they increase the amount of intellect brought to bear upon the political business of the country. They also increase the total strength of the nation, by causing large classes of men to exercise faculties which would otherwise lie dormant, but which by these means are quickened to activity, and become available for other purposes of social interest.

But in the period we are now considering, it was deemed advisable that the influence of the people should be lessened; it was, therefore, thought improper that they should strengthen their abilities by exercising them. To relate the details of that bitter war, which, late in the eighteenth century, the English government carried on against every kind of free discussion, would lead me far beyond the limits of this Introduction; and I can only hastily refer to the vindictive prosecutions, and, whenever a verdict was obtained, the vindictive punishments, of men like Adams, Bonney, Crossfield, Frost, Gerald, Hardy, Holt, Hodson, Holcroft, Joyce, Kidd, Lambert, Margarot, Martin, Muir, Palmer, Perry, Skirving, Stannard, Thelwall, Tooker, Wakefield, Wardell, Winterbotham: all of whom were indicted, and many of whom were fined, imprisoned, or transported because they expressed their sentiments with freedom, and because they used language such as in our time is employed with perfect impunity, by speakers at public meetings, and by writers in the public press.

As, however, juries in several cases refused to convict men who were prosecuted for these offences, it was determined to recur to measures still more decisive.

Buckle then goes on to refer to enactments forbidding public meetings and the use of Halls or other public places for lectures or debates of any kind, as well as laws suppressing the publication of books, pamphlets, and newspapers, which came under the displeasure of the "powers that be,"—all little things we have become so familiar with more than a century later in a Labor-governed "democracy."

The historian goes on to say:—
"Strange, however, as this appears, it was, at all events, consistent, since it formed part of a regular plan for bringing not only the actions of men, but even their opinions, under the direct control of the executive government. . . . It is no exaggeration to say that for some years England was ruled by a system of absolute terror."

One wonders what the Buckles of the future will say about our Labor "democrats," who are responsible for measures and actions calculated to make George III. and his parasitical political flunkies turn in their graves from sheer envy.

Our Growing Press

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

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Portuguese. Semi-monthly. Subscription 4s. per year. Bundles of 50 1d. per copy. Address, 699 South First St., New Bedford, Mass., U.S.A.

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, 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, Woolloom-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 (Russell), 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.

'Sales', Sellers and The Goose and the Mildura. Correspondence

'Sold.' Golden Eggs.

This is the season of "Sales." It is the time when thrifty Mrs. Block has an opportunity to purchase for 4/6 an article previously priced as high as 4/9.

But why do storekeepers thus coyly tempt Mrs. Block to buy? Is it that they are smitten suddenly by philanthropic aspirations, or are they rendered reckless by remorse?

We know that stores and warehouses are never entirely denuded of their contents. When the last purchasing pennies of thrifty housewives like Mrs. Block have been laid out, a vast surplusage of goods remains in the various emporiums of trade.

Yet it is obvious that if working people had access to the goods they produce in reasonable accordance with their necessities and desires, each store, warehouse, and emporium would speedily be cleared of its contents.

Why, then, is not this the case? There, as the schoolboy said when he bent a pin on the teacher's chair, is the point. Storekeepers are hired agents of the capitalist class, and their function is to help prevent workers gaining full and free access to their own wealth.

The game begins with Mr. Block. Mr. Block sells his labour power to the capitalist for so much per week. Mr. Block weekly produces a certain amount of wealth. This wealth is appropriated by his master, and handed over to the storekeeper for distribution. With the wages that he receives from his employer, Mr. Block goes to the storekeeper to buy back his own goods. But Mr. Block can buy back only a small portion of his own goods. In the first place, in the absence of the One Big Union of industrial workers of the world, Mr. Block made a bad bargain with his employer. In the second place, while Mr. Block was going home from work, so to speak, various middlemen took the opportunity to add many intermediate profits and commissions.

Thus Mr. Block's wages are not sufficient to enable him to buy back all the goods he produced.

This is the reason why the world's markets are glutted with unsaleable goods. If Mrs. Block had full and free access to the wealth her husband collectively creates, there would be no left-over goods of any description. As fast as wealth was produced, it would be used and consumed by Mr. Block and family. Mr. Block would often be getting new suits and Mrs. Block new dresses; the children, too, would be dressed always in the height of comfortable luxury. In fact, Mr. Block's standard of living would be raised to one of affluence.

"We must make room for new season goods," says the storekeeper, in explaining why he reduces his prices. "What! Were not all the old season goods disposed of?" "No." "Were there no people needing those goods?" "Thousands." "Why, then, were not your shelves cleared?" "They could not afford to buy them."

Of course not. Mr. Block does not receive sufficient wages for that purpose.

Under craft unionism he never will do so. Wages as wages are no objective, for wages have to be considered in relation to prices. The full return of all the wealth we collectively create is the one supreme objective we as workers must hold ever in view.

This is the objective of the I.W.W. in advocating Industrial Unionism—the abolition of the wage-system and the overthrowing of capitalism.

If you, Mr. and Mrs. Block, were wise you would get into the One Big Union of the workers of the world, for "sale" time and every time alike you are always the ones who are "sold."

NOTICE.

Subscribers and members can now obtain a complete file of the 2nd volume of "Direct Action." The volume contains from number 21 to 55, inclusive, and dates from February 1st, 1915, to the same date in 1916.

The complete file will be forwarded to any part of Australia upon receipt of money order for 3s, which includes postage.

From an historical standpoint, as well as from an educational standpoint, the volume is essential. All the information re the Newcastle free speech fight, the poster and stickers case, the hundred and one strikes of the year, are contained within the volume.

It also includes "Cresset's" satires, Nicholl's cartoons, West's Ballad of Maitland Gail, "General Strike," "Arbitration Court," and "The Interrupted Snooze," as well as dozens of first-class articles and criticisms upon matters industrial and political.

An early application is necessary, as the supply of files are limited. There are no files of the first volume left.

The working class is the goose that lays the golden egg of profits for the factory owner and the mill owner to-day. Do you think the mine owners would ever be able to declare any dividends for themselves if it were not for the work of the miners who get out the copper, the coal and the silver? Do you imagine the profits of the railroad magnates come from the shippers or from the railroad men?

Profits are not made out of the people who buy the coal from the mine owners; nor are they made out of the "consumers" who buy meat from the packing house corporations.

As a rule, commodities sell at their values. Meat generally sells at its actual value; that is for the amount of necessary human labor which it represents, be it two hours of social labor, or one hour or three hours of necessary human labor. The packing companies rarely charge the consumers more than the value of the beef or pork or eggs and butter which they sell.

The railroad magnates do not make their profit out of the shippers, because nine times out of ten the freight rates they charge or the passenger rates they demand represent actual hours of service on the part of the railroad workers. They charge the shippers the value of the service rendered by the railroad men who make the haul.

It is not the "consumer," the buying public, that lays the golden egg of profits for the big capitalists, but the working class.

You are the goose and your labor power is the golden egg from which dividends are made. It is a fairly good illustration to say that the "consumer," the buying public, merely cashes that check of profits for your employer. The consumer gets what he pays for—he gets your product at its value and in this way your boss cashes the profits made on your products.

For example, say the railroad men put in twelve hours of work or service a day; the railroad magnates charge the shippers for this twelve hours of service, but the railroad magnates don't pay the railroad men the value of twelve hours of labor. Workmen rarely receive the value of half their product or half their service. The railroad owners make their dividends out of the hours of labor for which you are not paid. You may receive forty cents an hour when the value of your product or your service is two dollars an hour.

The shippers and travellers usually receive the full value of the service they buy. The "consumer" nearly always receives the value of the meat he pays for. It is the working class that is exploited. The railroad man receives the value of three or four hours of labor; the packing house employees receive one-fourth or one-fifth the value of their products.

Garment workers get 4.00 dol., or 10.00 dol., and 20.00 dol., a week for making things which have a value of from 20.00 dol., to 100.00 dol. Miners get 2.50 dol. a day for getting out coal valued at 10.00 dol. a day.

And all the value—the difference between the value of your product or your service, and your wages, goes to the capitalist class in one form or another.

All the lawyers, the judges, the soldiers, the police and bankers, the highly paid advertising men, the advertising itself, the mayors or governors, aldermen and congressmen, senators and presidents—all these are paid from the unpaid labor of the working class.

These high salaried men are not paid out of your pockets, because the money never goes into your pockets. But out of the money your employer makes from your unpaid labor.

Not from your pockets, but from the wealth made by you, and not paid for, will the war debt be paid.

You are the goose that lays the golden egg of profits, you are the men and women who make all the wheels go round. The proudest railroad president is drawing his huge salary from your unpaid labor.

Will you never wake up and cease to lay this golden egg for those who toil not? You have only to fold your arms and the whole world must stand still; you have only to organise with all working men and women over the whole world to be able to shake off these parasites who are riding on your back, and to seize the industries and run them for your own benefit—the benefit of the working class.

"You have nothing to lose but your chains."

—M.E.M. in "International Socialist Review."

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Press Fund.—H. Rymer 1s.

The I.W.W. propaganda at Mildura is drawing to a close. Already the cockies have begun to slacken hands, and in about a fortnight the fruit harvest will be all over, and the slaves will scatter in all directions in search of masters new.

The persistent agitation which has been conducted here has not only brought forth results locally, but will have a very telling effect in different places in the days to come. Men have gravitated to Mildura from all parts of Australia; and when they scatter, in a week's time, the seeds of discontent and the ideals of the One Big Union, will be carried with them. Many a swag leaving Mildura next week will be increased in weight and size by the addition of I.W.W. literature.

The slaves are surely taking a tumble to the old methods of warfare and are showing an ever-increasing interest in job agitation and organisation. Direct action and sabotage are being looked to as something which can be used with effect against the boss and without hurt to themselves.

One big gun, an A.W.U. organiser, told the slaves at a "pleasant Sunday afternoon" concert last week that sabotage meant smashing windows, knocking down chimneys, and poisoning food! What profound wisdom! And these are the men who are paid £6 a week to educate the slaves. Better far would it be for the thinking minds to seek information from the nursery than trust their education to these violators of the truth and perverters of knowledge.

At last Saturday night's meeting the subject of sabotage was dealt with, and the arguments were received by the intelligent toilers with great approval. It suddenly dawned upon many in the crowd that they had unconsciously practised sabotage on many occasions without knowing what it was called. It got the goods, and that was what was wanted.

As a result of the interest stimulated in this important question, three dozen of Walker C. Smith's pamphlets on the subject were sold.

The next time "Mac" speaks to his members he will want to be more truthful, or he might get asked some awkward questions.

The I.W.W. has once more justified its existence. All the arguments possible to hurl against us have been used, but all have failed to upset the I.W.W. position. We still live, more solid and vigorous than ever, still defying all opposition.

We appeal to all wage-workers whose industrial records are clean to unite with us under the banner of One Big Union.

Industrial Unionism and the use of direct action will not only defeat the boss in wage wars, but will finally overthrow the present system of exploitation.

Echoes From the West.

By M.M.

Sunday, the 27th, the fellow-workers of Fremantle and Perth locals once more joined forces on the Perth Esplanade, and despite the fact that F.W. Reeves was unavoidably absent, and that a large meeting of the All-British Association was in full blast on the opposite side of the People's Forum, the I.W.W. had its regular audience.

The normal attendance was supplemented by quite a large section of the military forces who gave a most attentive and courteous hearing to the various speakers, and remained from start to finish of our proceedings, which were conducted by F.W. Mick McGurn, from Westonia (a mining centre with a sprinkling of the rebel element in its industrial ranks).

Our speakers were F.W.'s Monty Miller and Mrs. A. Westbrook, whose occasional articles in "Direct Action" serves as a criterion of her power as a fluent speaker with original ideas. F.W. McGurn filled the interim between speakers with vivid word pictures of the hardships and risks of the men who go down in cages to the perils of the deep of mother earth; decidedly perils of life, limb and lungs.

Delegate Speck, representative of the Barrier miners, was again present at our meeting, and outlined the position at the Broken Hill storm centre of industrial conflict, and made an appeal on behalf of the women and children of the miners. The result financially was a sum of £2 3s. 6d., for which Delegate Speck returned thanks.

Literature sales moderate. Re paper, no business doing, consequent on non-arrival per post. Hope to have two issues next week. Perth local has engaged good room in city centre for Sunday night meetings; will inaugurate same next Sunday.

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

JOE HILL ANNIVERSARY.

To the Editor.

Allow me the space to put a proposition before the members of I.W.W. In consideration of the fact that Joe Hill was murdered in U.S.A. for no other reason than being an agitator, and an active member of that much-hated and feared organisation, the Industrial Workers of the World, would it not be a wise move for every member of the I.W.W. in this country to take a holiday on the 19th November every year as a protest against the onslaughts of those human vultures, the capitalist class. We could make the anniversary of Joe Hill's murder a huge success by holding meetings and letting the master-class and the general public know that by killing individuals they cannot kill ideas; that such actions do not impede, but only add impetus, to our cause. Sooner or later we shall have to take a stand against such acts, so let us make a stand now.

MICK TRIFFITT.

Mildura, Vic.

IS CONSCRIPTION MERELY TEMPORARY.

Says London "Freedom":—It is because the Government well know that the Labor Party, etc., do not mean to back with deeds their words that they have dared to bring in Compulsory Service. That is all there is to it. Also, this is worth remembering: Carson and Co. armed themselves to oppose a law they did not like, and they went scot-free. If a Labor leader dared preach the doctrine of armed resistance to Compulsory Service—where would he be? Need we answer the question? One law for the ruler and another for the ruled so it has ever been. Here again there is a ray of light in the gloom; it may be that this Compulsory Service climb-down will awaken the workers to the fact to which they have so long been blind—that their leaders are the blind leading the blind. One other point concerning Compulsion. Does the worker believe the lie that it will be for the duration of the war only? Not a bit of it; the Tories have long been reaching out after this weapon against the worker; they will not drop it unless they are compelled to do so. Who will compel them? The workers, who will promptly be put under martial law if they dare to resist. When the war is over, we shall be told that Compulsory Service must be retained for some years to come, for the nation must be made so strong that those wicked Prussians will never dare to attack us again. Quite simple. Moreover, there are the armament firms and so on to be reckoned with; they do not want an unarmed nation or a prolonged peace—that would not pay dividends to the good Christians who hold their shares. Christians making profit out of war! Stupendous! Unspeakable!

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.

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, 5000 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.

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