

Gaol is Not an Argument.



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News and Notes.

The miners showed their good sense by refusing to be bluffed by a ballot proposed by William Maltese 'Ouse. Having decided that arbitration was useless and a strike necessary to enforce their demands, it is asking too much to expect them to vote themselves back to arbitration, and resume work buoyed up with the vague hope that a capitalist court will give them justice. The capitalist press became very wrath at the rejection of the Premier's idea. Sydney "Sun," a conscientious sheet, raises the old bogey-phant of the community, and proceeds to vilify the miners. We had pointed out before that there is no dispute between the miners and the community; the latter are friendly to the former. The alleged dispute only exists in the minds of commercial sheet who, while hypocritically pretending to voice public opinion, are the scoundrels of the commercial community—a crowd whose interests are utterly antagonistic to the people. After the manner in which the "Sun" conducted the conscription campaign, perhaps one could not expect anything better.

Granny S'Merald, in a long-winded leader, entitled "the workers and the nation," heaves bricks at the I.W.W. With hyperbolic howls, the old hag implores Australia to set its face against the "go slow" policy. Granny put up a plea for conservative Trades Unionism, and the interdependence of capital and labor. The I.W.W. is a monstrous excrescence on the industrial organism, and "thrift and brains" are the solution of industrialism according to Granny. Verily the old hag becomes more stupid and slanderous with age.

From correspondence to hand it appears that vested interests in San Francisco is trying to railroad five labor leaders on trumped up charges. We shall deal with this matter in a later issue.

The cable informs us that the Anglican Archbishops have appointed committees to report on spiritual matters, and the ways in which the Church may best commend the teaching of Christ to those seeking to solve the problems of industrial life.

The Church has been ages trying to solve these problems, but in spite of the assistance of Divine Guidance seems hopelessly incapable of solving industrial problems. Labor and Labor alone can cope with the industrial position. Surely it is hardly necessary to remind prelates that the workers want economic salvation, not spiritual blessings. The ethics of Christ are, moreover, incompatible with industrialism though possibly trading on his name saved a few wowers from work.

After all the bluff and bluster hurled at the heads of scolded defaulters, the Minister for murder climbed down somewhat, and we are informed that the State would be wiped clean. The press conveys this information in an article entitled "Forgiveness for the Unregistered." Considering that any such proclamation was illegal, and in any case was an attempt to introduce conscription irrespective of the referenda, the alleged clemency is open to question. The whole matter of the proclamation seems to have been a colossal blunder which cost the country considerable expense, greatly inconvenienced many people, and served no useful purpose. Knowing something about conscription blunders in other countries we could hardly expect them to manage things properly, here.

We are glad to hear that the charge against W. D. Barnett, publisher of "Barrier" Daily Truth, failed. The jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of not guilty. If "Barrier Daily Truth" had not been a militant working class paper we don't suppose the charge would have been brought.

The Conspiracy Charges.

I.W.W. MEN SENTENCED.

In the Central Criminal Court on Saturday morning, Mr. Justice Pring passed sentence on members of the I.W.W., found guilty, the preceding day, of conspiracy and other charges. The sentences were:—

THOMAS GLYNN, 35 years, Ireland; 15 years in Parramatta Gaol.
JOHN HAMILTON, 42 years, Victoria; 15 years in Parramatta Gaol.
DONALD M'PHERSON, 29 years, Scotland; 15 years in Parramatta Gaol.
WILLIAM BEATTY, 30 years, England; 15 years in Parramatta Gaol.
MORRIS JOSEPH PAGIN, 40 years, Russia; 15 years in Parramatta Gaol.
DONALD GRANT, 27 years, Scotland; 15 years in Parramatta Gaol.
WILLIAM TEEN, 30 years, Tasmania; 15 years in Parramatta Gaol.
CHARLES REEVE, 30 years, England; 10 years in Bathurst Gaol.
PETER LARKIN, 46 years, Ireland; 10 years in Bathurst Gaol.
BERNARD BOB BESANT, 25 years, England; 10 years in Bathurst Gaol.
THOMAS MOORE, 34 years, New Zealand; 10 years in Bathurst Gaol.
JOHN BENJAMIN KING, 46 years, Canada; 5 years in Bathurst Gaol.

FELLOW-WORKERS—

These vindictively sentenced men are men of our class; they lived among our class; worked with us and fought unceasingly for the uplift of our class. YOU KNOW THESE MEN! You know from the evidence you saw that THEY ARE NOT CONVICTED NOR SENTENCED on the strength of that evidence. THIS IS THE FIRST STAMP OF THE "IRON HEEL" IN THE FACE OF LABOR! You know that without men of their calibre the Labor movement would be crushed into the dirt.

We, the working class, cannot afford to lose their services, and we are going to fight like tigers to see that the capitalist class does not keep them from us.

CAN WE COUNT ON YOUR HELP? READ THE FOLLOWING EXTRACTS FROM THEIR SPEECHES FROM THE DOCK, AND THEN SAY WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT!

REEVE said that it was absolutely untrue that he had ever conspired with any of the prisoners or with anyone to commit arson. Of all charges in the category of crime which had his condemnation is was that of arson. His only crime, as he had conceived it, was that he belonged to the working class for whom he had consistently fought for many years.

"But," he added, "if I live for 200 years I would never associate myself with or be guilty of the foul crime of arson." His Honor would no doubt inflict upon him a severe sentence, but if that sentence was because he belonged to the working class he would say nothing.

GLYNN denied all complicity in the crime.

"I am not," he said, "a criminal, nor do I belong to the criminal classes. My whole crime is that I have advocated the interests and spoken in favor of the working class. We have been convicted by class hatred and class prejudice, assisted by Mr Hughes, the Prime Minister, and Mr. Hall, the Attorney-General, who prejudiced our cases many days before they came to hearing. We are the victims of the capitalist class, and the prejudiced capitalist press. If I were to receive 10 years and released to-morrow I would still propagate the ideas of the I.W.W. for the uplifting of the masses.

LARKIN, too, denied complicity in the crime.

"For 20 years," he said, "I have been a Labor agitator. I am proud of it. I have always been against the capitalist press. I would not change my place for that of a lord. If it is conspiracy to advocate the claims of the working class, and to fight for their uplifting against the capitalist class, then I am guilty, but I am not guilty of the diabolical charges preferred against me. I have no fear that the class to which I belong will not properly assess our condemnation. They know that it is in their interests that we have been condemned. For centuries past—in fact from the time of Jesus Christ—men have been fighting for the uplifting of humanity—that for which we are condemned to-day."

HAMILTON was brief. "I know absolutely nothing about this crime, your Honor," was the only sentence he spoke.

BESANT said that this was a conspiracy not on the part of the members of the I.W.W. who were in the dock, but on the part of the police who were outside the dock. "That is all I have to say about it, your Honor."

MOORE said that he knew absolutely nothing about the charge. "Many of the men in the dock are to me strangers. I am a victim of circumstances."

M'PHERSON said: "I have no knowledge of the crime, your Honor."

TEEN said he had been found guilty of a crime which the evidence did not support. He had no knowledge whatever of it. He had taken no part in it. In fact he knew nothing at all about it. With regard to the charge of arson he could solemnly declare he was not guilty.

BEATTY said he was neither guilty of arson nor of conspiracy, and he was certain he was not guilty of seditious conspiracy. He and his friends in the dock had been convicted upon the evidence of a man who was nothing more than a diabolical liar. He said he was born about 30 years ago, and was then sentenced to penal servitude for life; his only crime now was that he had fought for the working class.

PAGIN said he was absolutely innocent of the crime. The only thing he was guilty of was speaking in favor of the masses.

GRANT declared he was not guilty of seditious conspiracy, nor was he guilty of any of the crimes which had been preferred against him. All he had been guilty of was that in the interests of the workers he had been disrespectful to the powers that be. But his conscience told him he was guilty of no crime and it was a lie to say that he had been associated with the fiendish and diabolical crimes set out in the indictment. He had no fear as to the sentences, and he trusted that the propaganda of the I.W.W. would go on.

KING asserted this was a fight between the classes and the masses. For hundreds of years the classes had endeavored to enslave the masses. That had been the cause of all the great uprisings throughout the world, and the only crime of which he was guilty was that of fighting against capital and asking that the workers should get fair wages, and be allowed to live in tolerable decency. He did not see why the capitalist class who, in the sight of God, were the same as the masses, should have access to and covet all the available wealth of the world.

(A. MACK).

S p a s m s.

(By TOM BARKER.)

At the Hawthorn Police Court on the 21st November, Norman Gordon Grant and Malcolm Alexander Grant two active and sturdy members of the Victorian Anti-Conscription Fellowship, were sentenced to six months imprisonment for refusing to register under the Home Service Proclamation. Jack Curtin, Secretary of the Trades Union Congress, was also sent along for three months for the same offence. Several other prominent single men have been dealt with in a similar fashion.

Senator Pearce has now climbed down, and the Governor-General has issued a warrant releasing all these fighters for human freedom. Congratulations!

A gang of cold-footed and husky young hoodlums at cow-ockey district of Kamaitie in Victoria gave an exhibition of their valour when they rotten-egged Miss Pankhurst recently, and spoiled her dress by smearing the seats of her conveyance with the same article. When these cubs get into khaki (which is most unlikely) we can rest assured that they will respect and treat every woman with the same courtesy that the Germans are supposed to have employed in Belgium. The local legal luminary (who possesses as many war medals as the cubs) let these heroes off, for their horseplay, with a contribution to the Patriotic Fund. A liberal horsewhipping might have the effect of making the cubs respect women, but it is a moral certainty that it would never make men of them.

William the Frantic is an optimist. After getting a constitutional thrashing over the referendum, he expected the miners—whom he sold in the last big strike—to take a ballot for resumption of work. The miners turned the Frantic person down. William seems to be nobody's dog nowadays. Even the duchesses and dowagers of old England seem to have forgotten their puggle-wuggle since the Referendum. For once the duchess and the coal-getters seem to have something in common.

Detectives swore that Charles Thomas Reeves was seen in front of the I.W.W. Hall in Sussex Street on a date and hour when he was in Long Bay Gaol. Suppose we can put it down to Mrs. Foster Turner, or bad whisky.

Big Biny and Bow Window are working on apoplexy since the lifts have stopped, through the miners' strike. The I.W.W. has a sincere and wholesome desire to see them continuing their exercise, which is only a forerunner of other and more useful labor.

Several persons, including a social parasite and stay at home patriot, were rendered insensible by benzine vapour at the "Sunday Crimes" office on Sunday last. The wonder is that any healthy decent organism can live in such an environment apart from the effects of benzine.

The Victorian Railways Union is contemplating a holiday, to the shocked surprise of Big Biny and Company. The seaman and firemen (who recently farewelled Conscriptionist, Hard Labour Senator Guthrie), are clamoring for a piece of the millenium right here and now. If things go on like this, all self-respecting bosses will leave the country, and take their capital, consisting of railways, factories, mines, ships, etc. away in their hip-pockets. So the workers had better be careful.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F.A.G.—M.S.S. should be written in ink, not pencil; anyhow the M.S.S. is hardly suitable for "D.A."

T. Kelly.—File forwarded.

H. Levey.—Next issue.

Reliot.—Article held over.

H. George, T. Mooney.—Received.

H. Melrose.—Good stuff, but a bit lengthy.

Direct Action The I. W. W. and Syphilis



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Castiron Unionism

The following paragraph appears in the "Daily Telegraph" of Nov. 22nd:—"Cast-iron unionism" was held responsible for the dismissal last night by the North Sydney aldermen of a workman who had grown old and "slow" in the service of the council. The works committee recommended that his services be no longer retained, "as his work was now of little value, even as a slow worker." Ald. Clark said it was a crying shame that a man who had grown old in the employ of the council should be stunted in this way. He considered that there should be some system of municipal assurance to provide for a case like this.

It seems somewhat ironical to call a unionism that allows special rates for boys and slow workers cast-iron. The workman referred to has evidently in the opinion of the works committee outlived his usefulness and consequently should be thrown on the scrap heap. It is a truism that "there is no sentiment in business." Alderman Clark may deprecate the thing as "a crying shame," but the fact remains that as long as the workers as a class have no industrial organisation with sufficient intelligence and economic power to rectify these matters the workers as units are simply cogs in the industrial machine of capitalism. This soulless profit grinding machine knows no sentiment, cares nothing for age, sex or colour and treats the old worker as a piece of worn-out machinery. Although trade unionism has done a little to check the ravages of capitalism it cannot cope with the fearful havoc capitalism has caused in the ranks of the workers. Sometimes it helps a few of the wounded, but it cannot save those who are slain on the industrial field. While the wages system lasts there will always be workers ruthlessly thrown on the industrial scrap heap. The I.W.W. has a clear conception of these facts, and endeavours to teach and organise the workers in such a manner that they will control industry, and once they do that there will be no necessity for the workers to worry about old age pensions and assurance, because they will be in a position to assure to every worker a maximum of economic security that a cast-iron capitalism cannot give.

AJAX.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK For "DIRECT ACTION."

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

Name

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FILL IT IN NOW!

IMPORTANT.

Correspondents sending all important communications, or monies, should register their letters. The use of sealing wax is recommended on ordinary occasions.

This master class campaign against syphilis would be highly humorous were it not so tragically hopeless and childishly futile. There is but one class on this earth who can rid it of syphilis—the workers—and they must first get at the riot and cause of the terrible disease—capitalism.

Some time ago I listened to a prominent N.S.W. politician giving an alleged lecture upon this subject before a mixed audience in Melbourne.

During the course of that lecture this party said, among other things, "that many young girls deliberately adopted a life of prostitution in preference to one of honest toil." I am pleased to state that the answer came back swift from one of his audience, "like a politician."

Another statement by this mountain of intelligence, "The belief in, and worship of, the Virgin Mary tended to keep girls pure and virtuous." Just here I laughed, and, of course, at once became the object of attack from all the old prudes of both sexes in the hall.

Yes, my masters, I laughed, and I'll continue to laugh at your hypocritical pretence of veneration for virginity and purity.

I was born in an overcrowded tenement in a filthy slum of a large city, where nature's pure air and sunshine never penetrate; my parents, creatures of their environment, were neither virtuous nor sober; my companions, like myself, the stunted victims of capitalistic greed and exploitation. In that horrible home of disease and vice, what knew we of purity or chastity? What chance had we to learn of the nobler and purer things of nature; the wonders and joys of procreation? Our sexual knowledge was imparted to us by foul words and fouler deeds. As we grew up most of us became active agents in the spreading of venereal disease. But, in that stum environment, I learned to know ye, and to hate ye, too, ye capitalistic parasites.

In my slum I have seen wretches of your class come and purchase young virgins of my class for a few pieces of silver. Yes; I have seen pure young maidens sold to rich, syphilitic old delerlets, for the sum of five shillings. Ye prate of purity!

Living in your fine mansions, surrounded by luxury and ease, happy wives, healthy children, earth's finest products yours; art, science, literature, all at your command. Ye buy and ye sell us, and then ye have the cheek to preach to us of the beauties of a pure life.

But I know ye, ye hypocrites. On vice, on impurity, on the traffic in maidens' bodies and souls, ye batten and live. Ye turn purity and virginity into marketable commodities; buying and selling them ye grow rich. Ye make the prostitute, that the young men of to-day may remain single, and remaining single return mere profits to your evil coffers. And ye despise and persecute the whore.

Ye perverts of the medical profession, on disease and ignorance ye fatten and grow rich. Ye respectables in the parliamentary halls, ye would legislate the female harlot into jail.

Across the ages comes the answer and the echo—force, oppression, persecution. Ye would jail the whore and her working class victim. Ye would take us out of our slums and throw us into your jails, cure us of venereal disease—innoculate us with a worse—the disease of broken spirit and beast servility; then back to our slums to become again infected; it is but another endless chain ye are preparing for us.

No, my capitalistic masters; prisons, force and oppression will not cure syphilis, any more than it will cure any of the other ills of this rotten system. We, the workers, alone can stamp out that; and we will have to stamp out your first.

Given freedom, production for use instead of for profit; the right of birth alone to ensure every member of society the right to live; then life and love will be free; no maiden shall sell her body, and no man shall want to buy it. Education, enlightenment, intelligence, clean living, natural sexual relations, will soon wipe out this awful scourge. The I.W.W. is destined to lead and point the way to the eradication of the Red Plague, as to the abolition of all the other mental and physical diseases traceable to the economic conditions of this hellish system of exploitation.

Come, fellow-workers, male and female, join us in this as well as all the other fights we have to wage in "the making of the dream come true." Help us to win

out to that goal—visioned by that great thinker, Bob Ingersol.

"I see a world without a slave, man at last is free. . . I see a race without disease of flesh or brain, shapely and fair. Married harmony of form and function. And as I look, life lengthens, joy deepens, love canopies the earth, and over all, in the great dome, shines the eternal star of human hope."

T. O'CONNOR.

Perth News

From the men in gaol comes the glad assurance that they are doing more propaganda now than ever. Everyone is wanting to know what is this I.W.W.? Every thinking man and woman can see what a trumped up charge this conspiracy is. I am sending newspaper accounts of the trial I was called for a witness, but not wanted, nor the one that searched my belongings. You will, think no doubt, that we are cowards. Well, I was so stunned at first, and afraid to do anything that might injure those in gaol, and did not want to get married men with little children in that I kept very quiet. I have got all the papers. Am getting a defence committee formed. Will leave wage slavery for a time and get to the fields on a tour. The city council have made it necessary to get a permit to speak on the Esplanade Fancy, after all these years. We'll see about that when I come back from the goldfields. To have attended meetings here would only mean a prosecution, and I am the only one out.

The Grand Old Man refused bail—I knew it—while others could not get out. This is just what he has wished for all his life. A band of rebel young men round him. They are getting the education that will fit them better than years at college for the best of all fights—the fight against tyranny and oppression. He has in years past had many promising young men, but they fell short of his goal. They were tied to the political flesh pots, he almost despaired of casting the mantle of his rebellion on any young shoulders, but the powers that be in their wisdom have given him the opportunity of his life. Hundreds are saying "Poor old man." No; he is not a poor old man at all. He glories in the fact that the masters think him dangerous enough at 84 to put him behind bars. The man is still strong, save for a little fading of the memory. Of course, the physical, though wonderful for his age is wearing out, but you know it is the mind that makes the body rich. Wait till I get going. Then we'll see what this means to the I.W.W. Could you send some pamphlets—G. Flynn's, for preference. I have no funds at present, but am convinced that there will be a great demand for them. If you could get a speaker to come West, there is a big field ripe for harvest. I do not agree with those who think a speaker ought to work and give his life for industrial unionism also. It is too much to expect of any one. Surely a good organiser is worthy of his bread and butter. I am sure it could be done easy. Many thanks for your offer of help. We will let you know how things go, but I am confident that the workers of W.A. will stand to the I.W.W. and the old warriors enough to pay legal expenses. If you could, let me have some literature. I shall do the very best I can to sell it. There is one thing I must say in favor of Perth police—that not a man of them volunteered any evidence. Head Maurr had to go to the Esplanade to get it himself. The men in gaol get a mental puding now and again; so they have an idea of how things are flourishing in Sydney. This has made rebels of two women—one who was always pining and sighing for better times, has quite woke up to the fact that a fighting life is the best. If we could only make rebels of the women, the game is ours, and let me say that I am compelled to think the I.W.W. of Australia has neglected the woman factor much in the past.

The men come up again to-morrow. Will be in court, and wire result. I am delighted to read in this morning's paper of the expressions of the miners in Sydney Domain. Even if they do go back on the majority ballot, that even will work and bring out the right result sooner or later.

"D.A." is, if anything, better than ever. It is a tonic and an inspiration to—

Yours for the O.B.U., A. WESTBROOK.

WAGGA NOTES.

The harvest will soon be in full swing now. Then the cockies will want men to garner the golden grain. At present we are having wet weather, but a few fine hot days will ripen the crops, and they must come off.

The A.W.U. has drawn up a "rural workers' log" fixing a minimum of ten shillings per day. Mr. Cocky, however, has decided to ignore the said log, alleging that there is no dispute with the slaves.

But we intend to make a dignite with the "backbone," and maybe get a little more than 10s. So we would like to see any foot loose rebels who intend taking in the harvest, come along to this district. There will be plenty of wheat for all; in fact a wobble who wants more of it than grows in and around here, would be a glutton indeed.

So roll up, all ye migratory slaves to Wagga Wagga or the Murrumbidgee, and see the cockies smile. You will meet some good company at the Bushman's Home in this town; and together we may be able to extract some more of the good things of life from the exploiting class.

Remember that the shearers won their demands from the squatters by solidarity in their various centres this year.

And what the shearers did we can accomplish likewise.

Let us see and hear from you, rebels.

T. O'CONNOR.

Bushman's Home, Wagga.

From the Barrier.

Now that the conscription referendum campaign has been practically terminated, the local has resolved to carry on the propaganda for working-class education and industrial organisation with renewed vigor, because it is realised that job control is nothing but a dream unless effective industrial organisation and solidarity exist among the world's workers. A propaganda committee has been formed, whose work shall consist in the organisation and conduct of meetings, etc.

The literature secretaryship has changed hands. D.A. is eagerly looked for by the workers in this centre; that is, by those of them who have a taste for good dope, and discrimination as well.

Several functions in commemoration of the death of Joe Hill were held last week. At the Trades Hall on Sunday night, F. W. Coombs dealt in a masterly manner with the tragic story of the brutal treatment and murder of Joe Hill. He said that Nature went out of her way to produce a man when she produced Joe Hill. The lecturer was the more interesting, because, apart from his ability to deal with the subject, he also had the advantage of being personally acquainted with our late F.W., as well as with the men and the conditions of which Joe Hill wrote and sang. He concluded his remarks by repeating Joe Hill's final message to the world worker:—"Don't waste time mourning. ORGANISE!" During the evening several other speeches were delivered, and a choir, composed of Russian F.W.'s, rendered the "Marseillaise," and a revolutionary song in the Russian language.

Several wobblies have left this district of late to recuperate their health in Australia's vast and verdant expanses, or, in more crude vernacular, to look for a master.

The usual street meetings have been carried on, and with the advent of more settled weather, this department of the local's industry will receive more attention.

BERT DAVIES.

Apropos Chidley.

The Editor "Direct Action."

Dear Sir—I am forming a society to promote the adoption of Chidley's doctrines. I am myself a firm believer in the truth and importance of the teaching contained in the "Answer." I have studied the matter, and have come to the conclusion that Chidley is right; what is more, I have practised his teaching, as far as possible, with much benefit to my health. But I desire to go further and I also desire to bring to my fellow-men the blessings of natural living.

These ends, however, can only be attained through co-operation with others, and believing that there ARE others of the same mind as myself, I am seeking to bring them to gether in a society. When that is accomplished we can discuss and determine what can be done to further realise Chidley's ideals in our own lives, and in the life of the community as a whole.

I should like to emphasise that the society I contemplate will mean business. There has been plenty of discussion of Chidley's doctrines; what is now needed is that a start be made in practising them and that is what this Society is going to encourage.

I shall be glad if sympathisers with this object will communicate with me at once.

Yours faithfully,

J. S. SHIRLAW.

115 Palmer Street, East Sydney.

"Direct Action" at the time of Chidley's trial, pointed out that he was condemned, not that there was any proof of insanity, nor that any scientific evidence was produced in relation of his doctrine, but for the reason that his ideas conflicted with the economic interests of certain people.—Ed.)

WANTED

A file of Volume I. of "Direct Action" is wanted at this office. Forward price of same.

Melbourne News

The propaganda meetings of this and other locals and the sales of "Direct Action" have got the scabbers of the boss working overtime. Every morning and evening in Melbourne, when we pick up the daily rags, we find that some lickspittle ignoramus has been having a try to lure the wastegiffler back into the tolls of capitalist morality, and the skeleton in the cupboard that they trot out is the I.W.W. The "Argus," of the 14/10/16, in referring to the effect of I.W.W. propaganda on the wage-slaves during the conscription frame up, says: "These people seem to have determined to establish something in the reign of terror" in our midst. The time has arrived, they think, to dethrone the reign of Law, and establish the dominion of force. This is the type they dish for the consumption of the worker—when every block knows that capitalist law is backed up by the policeman's club, the soldier's bayonet and the prison walls. Capitalist laws are ineffective until the police or military are told to enforce them. When they want to shake any property of the I.W.W. they don't come and ask our permission. They simply grab with one hand, whilst the other hand is on a club or gun. Their hypocritical moral codes are so rotten, unnatural and silly that they have to force you into obeying them or you wouldn't have them on your mind for five minutes.

The I.W.W. is out to organize the industrial might of the workers. When we have that might we will use it to force the boss to do some useful work.

The scribes who write such piffle for the daily press are forced to do it or else freeze on to the business-end of a pick, and they have no great liking for a pick.

Who is going to be in terror in this reign of terror? There is no one to be terrified only the boss at having to go to work. There is no doubt that he is likely to lose more sweat thinking of having to do a bit than in doing it. We should not worry over the boss and his terror.

Anyhow this organization is out to put the boss and all of his mental prostitutes to some useful toil, and if it is a terror to them, it shows what canting hypocrites they are when they are letting off a stream of hot air on the dignity of labor. He needn't fear there will be a dignified worker, but there is nothing grand in being a wage slave. So with labor organizing its might on the lines of the I.W.W., we'll force him to become a useful member of society instead of a loafer.

JAMES POPE.

A Girl's Viewpoint.

This is a working girl's view of the economic position, as it stands to-day. The workers have to look for a master or starve, and in order to work they have to place their labor power on the market that is regulated by supply and demand the same as any other commodity. At a very young age they are sent to compete in this market for work in factories and sweatshops in order that they might earn a few shillings to help to keep the home going. They could not get enough to keep themselves till they are of a certain age, and then the boss is forced by certain economic forces to give them enough to live in a measly way, but still enough to give them strength to go to work, and perpetuate their species.

While being employed by the master class we are wage slaves. That is to say, we work all day to manufacture commodities in which the master class make their pile. Labor power is bought by the boss just as any article on an open market. Well, then, if your labor power provides profits for your masters, they must pay you enough wages per week to live on. He does pay you enough—he thinks—but when you have clothed and fed yourselves in a half starved manner, you will find out that your week's wages have gone. Your child, whether it be boy or girl, is sent to work early in the morning, and remains in the dirty, stuffy factories amongst bad gases and the roar of the machinery till a late hour in the evening. They did not even enjoy the sunshine. They go to work from beginning of the week to the end, and then on Saturday your master is so kind that he gives you a half holiday. Mind, it's a half holiday, but no sooner do you get free from the factories than another portion of the ruling class is ready to grab you. That being the military, your son has to attend military training on Saturday afternoons; if not he is sent to a lousy camp full of bugs and diseases, as punishment. The girl has to attend to a knitting league or is sent to some other portion of the Red Cross Society.

Then comes Sunday. All the workers, male and female, flock to church to pray to God to give them strength so that they may return to work in the morning and keep well all the week. What chance has the young working class to become strong and healthy, when this sort of things is going on? Until capitalism is swept away there will be no hope of child-

ren enjoying life in the beautiful way that they ought to. There will be no hope of boys and girls building up strong and healthy bodies. These things are existing at the present day, and will exist until the workers wake up and organize in One Big Union and fight the Capitalist Society which compels workers to live the lives of slaves, not the lives of proper human beings. I have come to the conclusion that the only way in which to form a One Big Union is for women to join hand in hand with the men, and so fight down the tools of capitalism. The only way in which you can organize into One Big Union is to join in with the Industrial Workers of the World, which is an organization that stands for the abolition of the wage system and the emancipation of the workers through the working class control of industry.

E. DOLEHUEY.

UNDER THE BLACK FLAG ON THE MESABA RANGE.

(By Harrison George.)

The train from Chicago halted close to that narrow part of Lake Superior separating Wisconsin from Minnesota. Duluth lay across the bay at the foot of bare brown hills, while to the left the greatest ore docks in the nation lay low upon the water; slate-grey in color—like battleships with war-paint on, riding at anchor.

Suddenly my attention was attracted to a thing of peculiar significance. A Steel Trust ore boat steamed by, close in, and as the engine astern; which once in the dim past might have been the U.S. flag before its corruption by soot and smoke, waved out in line with the smoke blowing from the funnel—it appeared as a flag of uniform practical black. Not a stripe nor a star discernible. A flag Captain Kidd, the famous pirate, could add no improvements to.

I was entering Northern Minnesota, where the black flag of the Steel Trust and its blacker hearted hirelings hold full dominion. I was being introduced to the Mesaba Range, where Steel Trust slaves are driven to exhaustion, where they recently went on strike and organized into the I.W.W. Northern Minnesota, where the miners' women are ravished by foremen, where sucking babies are sent to prison, where John Alar—unarmed and fleeing—was shot to death by gunmen in sight of his humble home; where to-day, fellow-workers, good Montenegro strikers, together with our organizers, Sam Scarlet, Joe Schmidt and Carlo Tresca, lie in small steel cells awaiting your answer to the unspoken appeal of their prison pallored faces.

Nothing that you can do will be too great, nothing that you can give will be too much to aid in freeing these brave men, these true men, whose only crime is loyalty to your class; yet who await trial for murder December 5th. "Do you want these men freed? You do, of course, but you must do something AT ONCE to aid in their defence.

Organize local Defence Committees and put our plea before all labor bodies, hold special protest meetings and entertainments for the defence, cry out the justice of our cause in every city and remember Schmidt, Scarlet, and Tresca on your pay day. These men are in the clutch of the Steel Trust, whose black flag of piracy and murder waves in the icy air of the Mesaba Iron Range. IT IS UP TO YOU!

Send funds to Wm D. Haywood, 161 West Washington St., Chicago, Illinois, United States of America.

EDUCATING THE CRAFT UNIONIST

Generally speaking, the craft unionist is an enigma to rebels. Through years of class war he has not had sufficient sapience to determine his own status upon the planet. The beaten tracks of craft unionist warfare appear to him as the one and only way to accomplish his ends, however indefinite. Permeated through and through with the logic of paid secretaries, boss's advocates, arbitration judges, with no desire to broaden his economic horizon, he presents to the propagandist a most difficult problem. When the newer unionism is advocated he turns away, and, though apparently interested, he proceeds to forget as quickly as he can such an infringement upon his ideas of unionism. Environment, traditions and prejudice are the greatest enemies of the propagandist of the One Big Union gospel. By reason of his environment the craft unionist has an insular prejudice to anything new. Old standards to him are things to reverence. He is not conscious of his class, and judges things from the standard of the capitalist. Like religion this method of judgment has been instilled into his being, and forms one of the greatest, if not the greatest difficulty to be overcome, if he be, bordering upon the sere and yellow, the best plan is to tolerate him, because his stay and influence upon the industrial field is of a negligible quality. But what of the young artisan? Through his superior education, his mind is more open than that of his elderly

workmate at a corresponding age. His vista, heretofore, has been bounded by the daily papers, and such action as his fancy dictates. As these means of education are part and parcel of the capitalistic system, he has no opportunity to enlarge his mind upon economic, the newer unionism, or in fact, anything that does not suit master. The usual craft unionist accepts the standard laid down by these means of propaganda, and naturally views the world through the spectacles so generously supplied to him by his loving master. As one who has been through the mill, and as one upon whom the dawning light of a splendid ideal has recently broken, it behoves me to point out to the best of my humble ability the best way to my thinking to sow the seed the best place to sow the seed, so that the harvest shall be of a permanent and lasting benefit to all concerned. Heretofore I have dilated upon the environment, prejudices and general outlines of the craft unionist make-up, and to overcome those perplexing difficulties the propagandist should arm himself with such fact and figures that logically expounded, will bear the light of days and resist any adverse criticisms. For criticism will be met in all shapes and forms. The facts and figures of the organization will stand the acid test. Moreover, from an intellectual point of view, you have behind you the vast array of philosophers, reformers, and Marxian literature from which, when confronted by a more than ordinary intellectual, you can meet fact with fact, logic with logic, and the best argument of all "class" consciousness. Use that argument unsparringly. It will stand all the wear and tear, and be as good as ever, no matter what criticism may be brought to bear upon it. Some may cavil at the suggestion I wish to make at this juncture. Do not use the argument of the boot except when you have gauged the intellectual capacity of your condition to be of a standard incompatible with the higher teachings which will be food for an average educated toiler. To some the argument of the boot does not appeal; they instinctively feel that the boot is a most repellent idea, and using this line of argument does one much to hinder the progress of that which all have at heart—the ultimate success of the I.W.W. To the coarser moulded minds of the proletarian class, the boot appeals at once to be the one and only weapon, and so the propagandist should make himself proficient in the art of gauging human nature. My own experience proved to me the efficacy of the intellectual propaganda. The first time I heard of the I.W.W. I connected it with the Black Hand, and the idea remained in my mind after meeting one of the members. This member, with the best intentions possible, broached the subject to me, and through his neglect to properly arm himself with the facts and essential points to place before a mind such as mine, moulded in the manner it has been, he failed, suffice to say his arguments lacked that most necessary item—logic. By using the boot argument on a raw mind, he prejudiced his cause. Later, I met a philosopher in dungarees, who put an altogether different view of the matter, and by dint of persistent and logical propaganda he righted the wrong created by his enthusiastic, though unconvincing comrade. Therefore, take this to heart, and be guided by a craft unionist, who knows his kind, knows their disabilities, prejudices and idiosyncrasies from Alpha to Omega. Intellectual propaganda, properly applied, will convert the most insular craft unionist, and will result in untold benefit to the great work we all have at heart, and will result in Karl Marx' famous message being a reality instead of a visionary ideal.

"RELIOU."

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A NEW SONG BOOK.

Is under consideration by the Press Committee. It will contain 60 songs, and sell at 6d. wholesale, 4s 6d per dozen, and £16 a thousand. Orders should be placed now.

Our Growing Press

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English. Weekly, 4s. per year. Published by the I.W.W., 403 Sussex Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

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

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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.

IMPORTANT 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 of the Newcastle free speech fight, the posters and stickers' case, the hundred and one strikes of the year, are contained within the volume.

It also includes "Cresset's" satire, Nicholl's cartoons, West's "Ballad of Maitland Gaol," "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 volumes left.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to limited space, we are holding over some articles. Writers should send in manuscript by Friday if they wish their matter to appear the following week.

A Fireside Reverie.

A cold winter's night. Without the forces of Nature are at play. Lightnings flash, thunders crash, the winds roar with ironical laughter, hurling their awful strength against the puny structures of man, lashing the waves into ungodly fury, making of the night a veritable hell for those who are homeless.

I sit by the fireside, and as I watch the glowing coals, fall asleep, and sleeping, dream about them. I see the miner, yawning, sleepy, and ill-refreshed, rise from his bed, snatch a hasty meagre breakfast, pick up his crib and billy, and hurry to the pit. I see him joined by others, dozens, scores, hundreds. I see old men, men in the prime of life, youths and boys of tender age, puny, wan, sad. The whistle blows, it is the voice of the master, who snugly ensconced in his downy bed, snores in oblivion, blissfully ignorant of his surroundings. I see the miners descend in the cage, and repair to their respective working places, evil, foul-smelling bell-holes, where the dread phantom of Death awaits them at every turn. I see them toiling, molling, sweating, swearing, exerting themselves to their utmost to increase the output. Hark, what is that! An awful roar, an ear-splitting crash, tongues of flame leap forth, as if all the furies of an inferno were suddenly loosed. Mangled bodies are flung in all directions, the roofs collapse, a nauseous odor fills the atmosphere, the mutilated, scorched and broken bodies lie in all positions, the cries and groans of the dying add to the awful din. The whole population scurry to the mine, knowing instinctively what to expect when they get there. I see mothers, wives, sweethearts clinging to each other in paroxysms of dread. I hear their soul-stirring cries of anguish, for they realise that each and every one of them may have a loved one to mourn; that each may have lost a bread-winner. Amidst that awful heart-rending scene the coal baron moves, issuing instructions here, giving orders there; so much of his property has been destroyed, the rest must be saved. And my mind flew to Whitehaven, where hundreds of miners' lives were destroyed while the British Government was spending nearly £2,000,000 on the coronation of King George V. I see the rescue parties descend. I see them return with unrecognisable masses of humanity; some living, some dead. I witness the grief of the women and children who have been left widows and orphans. All their hopes in life are blighted, making them shudder with appalling dread at the hidden terrors of an unknown future.

The scene changes! I see the miners again at work, eagerly discussing, a combined action on their part, which will better their conditions. I catch a glimpse of several homes, and I see the womenfolk as they also discuss the situation, some enthusiastic, some fearful of the future, for some of these women know what a strike means. The men went their way to the Union Hall, where they in meeting assembled will decide what their action will be. The president announces that they will there and then decide their answer to the masters' refusal for better conditions. One moves that it be referred to Arbitration. He gets poor support. Another man rises and says, "Comrades for years we have been willing slaves; we have been patient and subservient; we have adopted every legal method; we have elected representatives to Parliament for a quarter of a century, and what is our position to-day. Are we better off? Shall we continue sending deputations to the boss, sending men to parliament, praying for better conditions, waiting for some industrial Moses to lead us out of the wilderness, or shall we adopt direct action? You know if we withhold our labor power the wheels of industry stand still. Coal is urgently needed. The company's order books are full. The prevailing economic laws have determined that the price of coal must rise, hence increased profits. Shall we give the boss notice that he may fill his orders from abroad, or shall we let him unexpectedly and so shorten the struggle and secure an economic victory? I say "hit now."

Dead silence for a few seconds, and then a storm of applause shook the hall. His words had hit home; the strike was on. The wheels stand still; no coal was hewn that day. The boss is furious, the law has been violated, law and order must be maintained, he wires and telephones the authorities. Scores of police and a regiment of soldiers are despatched to the scene, ostensibly to uphold the law and protect the masters' property, but also to intimidate the strikers. The men remain solid, and their only weapon is the weapon of folded arms. Within a week the masters realise they are defeated. Frantic efforts to obtain coal are met with failure. The miners of other districts, of other countries refuse to scab upon their comrades on strike. The law of the masters is disregarded by the men, who realise that all laws are rendered inoperative by the disobedience of the masses. The coal barons concede all the demands. The men, by concerted action, have gained in a few days what years of parliament-

ary action failed to do. They return to work, industrial peace reigns. Presently the cry of victimisation arises, angry growls of indignation are heard, the men threaten another strike. Immediately the place is flooded with police and military. Labor fakirs arrive on the scene and howl and rave at the "unpatriotic" action of the miners. They tell the men it is their duty to humbly submit to these indignities, as their country, of which they own not a clod, is in danger. These fakirs are now, at the instigation of the boss, telling the workers to drop all differences, that there is an identity of interest between master and man, despite the fact that the lot of the worker has decreased 50 per cent. while that of the boss has increased 300 per cent.

I awake with a start, horrified, bewildered, and as I collect my scattered thoughts I realise that what I dreamt is but what is taking place to-day.

I see miners on the South Coast find for striking, and I see coal by which we warm ourselves, dripping red with the blood of the millions of our fellow-wage-slaves, sacrificed upon the altars of Moloch. I picture to myself a vision of the future when the workers shall have torn the scales of ignorance from their eyes, when territorial boundaries shall be removed, when fratricidal struggles shall be unknown, when the workers realise that their position in society is determined by the economic position of their class, when wars shall become impossible, and, with industrial solidarity, the watchword, our aim shall be: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

The Coalition Government has decided, after all, not to declare the I.W.W. a criminal or illegal organisation, not because they have any more love for us than the capitalist press has, but simply because of the difficulty in discriminating between the legal and illegal purpose of other organisations. The Minister thinks the I.W.W. can be combated by "a short Bill," making it more dangerous to speak the truth. There is no doubt that this WILL affect the I.W.W. more than it affects any other organisation!

The Trials.

At the moment when I write the Judge is summing up the evidence for and against the boys on trial. The case has been conspicuous in my mind by the manifest fear that the master class have shown to the increasing popularity of the I.W.W. Thousands have eagerly bought papers to watch the progress of the case. The Capitalist Press, the numerous daily liars, have nearly obliterated all evidence as to what has gone on in the court. This, no doubt, is part of a carefully laid conspiracy on the part of the master class. They are afraid of the public interest manifested in the I.W.W. In the "summing up" of the prosecution, Lamb stated this affected not only the whole of Australia, but the Empire. This is significant, and demonstrates what I say, that the case is of almost world-wide interest; yet, mark this, the papers have suppressed it. No proof could be better given of the growing power and the growing fear of Capitalism to the wage workers.

Also significant to the observant reader is the last report of the Employers' Federation Conference. It was stated then that the hopelessness of the employers' position was apparent, as these awful wage-workers had no limit to their demands, and were organising to put the master class where they belong—on the bum. This, of course, is a terrible position from their plutocratic profit making exploiting position.

And now they have received another blow, Henry Dubb, meaning the rank and file of the coal miners, has dominated the position, dominated their delegates, dominated Billy Hughes and Co., dominated the capitalists. Instead of going cap in hand with a "please, sir, we are your humble servant," etc., they made demands and then never yielded. The master class, threatened, cajoled and bullied, the delegates did just what they liked with them, and then got a bump from the rank and file, ignorant, deluded and duped no longer, but standing firm.

Well, this is the situation as I see it. That while those boys lie in Long Bay Gaol, condemned by the master class or not, no hand ought to turn a single tool of production, no machine should move, everything that moves and floats, and has its being in the industrial hells of the master class should stop. Why? Because those boys belong to the working class, and that is sufficient, because they are victimised for representing the working class, and because an enlightened organised working class should demand and enforce their release at once. Out of the hells of capitalism has come their experience, and their condemnation of capitalism. The miners have shown that the rank and file, the real democracy, are the power, and in them lies the salvation of the future.

WYATT JONES.

Broken Hill Fight.

BARRIER APPEAL CASES

At the Quarter Sessions on Saturday Judge Bevan gave his decision in the appeal cases against the convictions recorded in the police court during the disturbed period of August and September. In most of the cases the Judge upheld the convictions. The results were:—W. H. COOMBS, fine of £100, or six months, confirmed; E. McLAUGHLIN, fine of £5, or one month, confirmed; E. A. SINCLAIR, fine of £5, or one month, conviction quashed; J. BROOKFIELD, fine of £50, or three months, conviction quashed; second case, fine of £5, or one month, confirmed; CHARLES MARTINSON, two convictions, three months, each confirmed; W. H. JEWELL, fine of £5, or one month, quashed; T. J. OATES, three months in gaol, sentence reduced to fine of £5, or one month; J. F. SMITH, fine of £10, or two months, confirmed; J. S. FLYNN, fine of £5 or one month, quashed; W. D. BARNETT, fine of £50, or three months, decision deferred.

Most of the applicants were members of the I.W.W.

JUDGE BEVAN, in the course of his judgment, said: "I have looked through the I.W.W. constitution and the hymn book. I DISAGREE WITH THE STATEMENT THAT THE WORKING CLASS AND THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON. 'There should be no people who are hungry and no people unemployed,' it is said; 'BUT THAT APPLIES MORE TO OTHER COUNTRIES. This country is tending to bring about an improvement. The I.W.W. is of foreign origin, and some of the things suggested are repulsive to the British. I have given the matter careful consideration. There is one song in the book which is outrageous. THIS ORGANISATION IS STRIVING AT THE MILLENNIUM, BUT DOES NOT GO THE RIGHT WAY ABOUT IT. The man who aims at the millennium should start by doing unto others as he would have them to do unto him. I hope these decisions will be a lesson. I have exercised my judgment as fairly as possible, and I hope that in each case I have done what is just and right."

—S. M. HERALD.

Judge Bevan's opinion of this organisation, and its purpose for existence, is particularly interesting at a time when Judge Pring, who sentenced the Sydney boys, has just finished his tirade of abuse and condemnation of the same organisation and its members.

IT IS SAFE TO SAY THAT HAD JUDGE BEVAN CHARGE OF THE SO CALLED CONSPIRACY CASES THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN NO CONVICTIONS.

The New National Party knew what they were about when they insisted upon Judge Pring—Labor's sworn and life-long enemy—trying the advocates of One Big Union.

In contradistinction to Judge Bevan's conviction that the organisation known as the I.W.W. is striving at the millennium, but were going the wrong way about it, we have Judge Pring's woefully prejudiced and frothy outburst that the same organisation is an association of criminals of the very worst type, and is a hotbed of crime. All this in face of the fact that only one of the men had any previous conviction against him. To condemn an organisation because some of the members have been sent to gaol is queer reasoning, and followed to its logical conclusion, would class every church body and every craft union as hotbeds of crime. The position is plain, capital is developing a "matted fist," with which to give the "knock-out" blow to every working class organisation that threatens its world control.

YOU, WORKING-CLASS MEN, BEWARE!

From Judge Pring's past and recent attitude towards working men who have had the audacity and the misfortune to be brought before him, it is apparent that class hatred largely dominates his reason, for he always acts towards them as though he were pleased of the chance to wreak a wild revenge on them for being working men.

Yet he says we manufacture class hatred. Where did he cultivate his?

A MACK.

I.W.W. NOTES.

Mr. Young, Counsel for the Barrier boys during the appeal cases, stated that he certainly believed in the preamble of the I.W.W.

And yet the men tried on the conspiracy charges were searchingly questioned and cross-questioned on the preamble, as though it were a heinous offence to believe in it.

During the hearing of the Barrier appeal cases, Judge Bevan, in reply to Mr. Young's question, whether he was not class biased, said, "I doubt if any man brought up in one class is ever capable of getting out of that class. We can only do our best and try." This is precisely what we have been telling the workers for years, and is largely now responsible for the conviction and outrageous

sentences passed on our fellow-workers in Sydney.

During the week the daily papers published a letter—taken from the I.W.W. hall by the police—from a Chicago I.W.W. man to a Sydney friend, commenting on the tactics of the authorities during the Mesaba steel strike. The local press were of the opinion that it afforded a good insight into the workings of the I.W.W. in Chicago and elsewhere.

In reality it afforded a better insight into the brutal method adopted by the capitalist class in America towards the workers, and should serve as a warning to organised Labor in Australia.

It is almost impossible to pick up a capitalist paper these days without finding some reference to the I.W.W. as being "a gang of incendiaries," "an association of criminals," "a group of anarchists and murderers," etc. etc.

What is the reason for this perpetual stream of slander?

Is there some black conspiracy at the back of it? Have the "powers that be" some scheme afoot to smash labor to the ground?

The capitalist papers, we know, are but the agents of the capitalist class!

Sydney "Sun" publishes a report alleged to be the result of an interview with a leading union secretary, who is supposed to have said that the I.W.W. was trying to gain the assistance of the Trades Unions to secure a new trial for the men lying under sentence for conspiracy, but that he had no time for the I.W.W. and consequently his union would have nothing to do with securing a re-trial. We don't believe—reactionary as some union secretaries are—that there is one in the State who would pass those remarks, but we have a shrewd suspicion that this particular person has a desk in the "Sun" office.

If the "Sun" persists in defaming the I.W.W. there is a big possibility that the working people of this country will develop a distinct dislike for it.

(A.M.)

WOBBLES ON THE TRACK.

The writer and nine other fellow-workers left Broken Hill on November 26th for South Australia, to help John Farmer to harvest the wheat crop. We arrived in Jamestown the next day, but we were a fortnight too early; so we departed in many directions—some to Port Augusta, some to Melbourne, and some to Adelaide and four came on to Port Pirie. We started work on the business end of a No. 5 banjo, and the pace was a real stinger. However, we soon got the slaves thinking. The loss informed us that slaves were scarce, so we took advantage of that point. We pointed out to the "banjo" experts that by digging a hole and standing in it we could work much easier, which we did. The boss started to squeal. We all told him to go to hell. So he left us in peace. We also demanded a half hour for crib instead of 20 minutes. If the boss is not too hard on us we will soon have Locat No. 4 going in good form. We have sent to Broken Hill for a few dozen "Direct Action." If they sell all right we will send to headquarters for a bundle order. There is a chance for a good healthy local here with a little propaganda. If we can hold our job for a few weeks we will have the Port Pirie local placed on the I.W.W. map of the world once again. We will send weekly reports while here. Good luck to all the boys!

Yours for the O.B.U.,

MICK TRIFFET.

PUBLIC MEETING.

On Monday, November 20th, another successful meeting was held in the Protestant Hall, Sydney, for the purpose of raising funds for the defence of the men on trial. The I.W.W. band ably rendered selections in the street prior to the meeting. The basement of the hall was full before the Chairman, T. Barker, opened the meeting punctually at 8 p.m. The band played "The Rosary" and "Sweet Bye and Bye," and the bandmaster rendered "The Red Flag" on the cornet. Mrs. F. Johnston gave two recitations, and Mrs. Jewiss and Miss Parker obliged with two songs each. The musical part of the programme was greatly appreciated by the audience, all the ladies receiving encores. J. W. Jeffrey briefly outlined the growth of the I. W. W. in Melbourne. Owing to the absence of F. W. Laidler, J. Wilson gave an interesting address, in which he showed up the political reasons underlying the charges against the men on trial. The lecture was well received. The sale of tickets and collection shows a profit of nearly forty pounds. The meeting was more successful than the one held a fortnight previously in the same hall.

Published by Tom Barker of 25 Francis St., Sydney, for the Industrial Workers of the World, at 403 Sussex St., Sydney, and printed by H. Cook and Co., 200 Castlereagh St., Sydney.