

'An Injury to One an INJURY to All.'



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I.W.W. in Cobar

Due, no doubt, to the grand advertisement given to the Industrial Workers of the World, free gratis, by the capitalist press, politicians and pulpsters, in every part of the country, keener interest and a general desire to understand its ideals, principles, and tactics, is easily discernable. In Cobar, because of the sincerity and pluck of a few individuals, a live local will soon appear, impelled by the desire for a greater and fuller freedom to carry on the work of education and organisation, so ably grounded by a few. January, the 1st saw the first I.W.W. man mount the box publicly to proclaim the rights of the working class, and the I.W.W. policy for dealing with vested interests, and Pat O'Connell himself saw with some surprise that the young spirits of Cobar were willing and eager to listen and learn what this organisation—which had so often been declared by capitalist crawlers, and scabs, and lying newspapers, "a criminal organisation"—had to say in their own defence, and were satisfied that the I.W.W. stood for the best interest of the working class.

But this was not to be stood for by the mine managers and pannikan bosses, who decided that between themselves, the police, and the Mayor, not to say anything of a J.P. or two, that the I.W.W. must be brutally beaten and bludgeoned out of town. Picking a night when about half a dozen of the boys were about to start a peaceful meeting, they commenced their American tactics. Dare, one of the speakers, was knocked to the ground, and either with a boot or "knuckleduster" given a broken jaw. Another attacked by the mob of boss-lovers, ran for shelter into a chemist's shop; from there he was pulled by one of the N.S.W. police force, and thrown into the hands of the mob again. A certain rag shop keeper near handy to the scene of the brutal assault, was urging, in company with the police, that the mob should do for these peaceful educators of the working class. Good unionists in Cobar will probably know after this, that wearing apparel can be procured cheaper elsewhere. It has been asserted that members of the F.M.E.A. were connected with the brutal business, but to that the Secretary has publicly given an emphatic denial, and proof is forthcoming that the affair originated in the office of the Great Cobar Mine, and it will be well for the originators to remember that one of the mottoes of the I.W.W. is "We never forget." If those who don't agree with the arguments of the Industrial Workers of the World would reflect and try and combat them, I am certain that the platform is always open to them. However, due to matters coming to a head, I was sent as delegate from headquarters to find out why the trouble started, and am pleased to be able to report that the boys are now more determined than ever to carry on the good fight against any odds, and plant the flag of Industrial Unionism in the far West. Saturday night in Cobar saw a large and enthusiastic audience roll up to hear myself and George Kerr, the Broken Hill delegate, on the Defence and Release Committee, put the case for the I.W.W. and the D. and R. Com.

A collection of over £4 and good sales of pamphlets and papers was made. In response to the call for a meeting of members and intending members, over fifty young bloods put in an appearance, where it was decided to form a propaganda local of the I.W.W., and application was made to the G.E.B. for a charter. Fellow Worker Jack Hamilton was appointed Secretary-Treasurer, and L. Dare to the position of Literature Secretary.

Stuck to the good work you have so well started, boys of Cobar, and you will, with the rest of the workers of the world, live to see the parasites on the backs of the workers go to work, and true happiness, with a social system that is sane, in the Industrial Democracy.

R. J. FARRALL.

FELLOW WORKERS!

Members of Your Class

are still Lying in JAIL.

Shall Virile Fighters ROT IN SILENCE ?

What is Your Answer ?

THE WARNING.

Unionists should particularly remember that it is likely Australia is now going to feel the financial and economic effects of the war.

—Mr. Beeby.

There's a look of horror on the faces of the poor,
And a spectre looming in the days ahead,
Another load of misery the workers must endure,
A round of sleepless nights and nameless dread.

Overhead the dark clouds gather, and evil signs portend
The coming days of woe and care,
When bloodless lips shall whisper, "Will the horror never end?"
And loving souls shall perish in despair.

Is the dismal days approaching, as the gruesome monster nears
And trembling workers feel its cold embrace,
You will see their fond hopes dying in the crush of haunting fears,
And the look of anguish on each pallid face.

Yet above the laugh of madness, as the struggle grows intense,
A voice in protest will arise,
You will heed its blessed teachings in the long days of suspense,
And ever more as WORKERS, ORGANISE!

PETE.

I PROTEST.

To sit in silence when we should protest
Makes cowards out of men. The human race
Has climbed on protest. Had no voice been raised

Against injustice, ignorance and lust,
The inquisition yet would set the law,
And guillotines decide our least disputes.
The few who dare must speak, and speak again.

To right the wrongs of many. Speech, thank God,

No vested power in this great day and land
Can gag or throttle. Press and voice may cry

Loud disapproval of existing ills;
May criticise oppression and condemn
The lawlessness of wealth-protecting laws,
That let the children and child-bearers toil
To purchase ease for idle millionaires.
Therefore, I do protest against the boast
Of independence in this mighty land,
Call no chain strong which holds one rusted link,

Call no land free that holds one fettered slave,
Until the manacled slim wrists of babes
Are loosed to toss in childish sport and glee.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror;
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need for arsenals and forts.

—Longfellow.

Mildura.

Mildura, Victoria, is a picturesque township, situated on the banks of the Murray river. Here the exploiter, having grabbed all the land, plants every year a prolific crop of grape vines. About the middle of February the fruit, being ripe, anywhere in the vicinity of 2,000 slaves gather here from all parts of the continent. They come on foot, with heavy swags on back, on bikes, over long, dry, sandy roads; in boats up and down the river, or the railways. The cheap boarding and lodging houses of the town gather them in; the banks of the river are lined with them; men, women and children, living under a few feet of tallies; and all are patiently waiting for one object—the harvesting of the ripe fruit crop.

Our great A.W.U., the boss cum officary controlled A.W.U. last year, entered into an agreement with the boss, binding the slaves to serve their masters for the magnificent wage of 9s 4d per day for the period of the war, and 6 months after. Well, the slaves are on the point of revolt. Everywhere, one hears outspoken condemnation of the "honorable agreement" and A.W.U. officialdom.

This dissatisfaction only needs directing into proper channels; and cocky's "sweet dream of peace" is o'er.

Keeping in mind our motto: "There should be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people," a few members of that "criminal organisation" (vide parasite Pring), the I.W.W. are doing their little best to arouse the slaves to demand a greater portion of the fruits of their labor.

To this end we are getting off some stickers calling upon the slaves to demand 12s 6d a day. We are getting among them, and quickening discussion. A bunch of I.W.W.-ites last year broke the ground in this town, so the fight should be easier this season.

But we are few in numbers (only three being here so far). Therefore, we call upon all foot-loose soapboxers and rebels generally, who love a scrap, to roll up their swags and make Mildura their object. Come on, fellow-workers, surely some of you must be tired of the city's grind and sweatshop; come join us among the grapes (they are good eating) and you will be well rewarded. It is worth coming a few hundred miles to see the look of dismay that will overspread the face of Mr. Cocky when he hears that his precious agreement is in danger.

The fare from Sydney to Melbourne is 25s; from Melbourne to Mildura per rail about 35s, if you pay it.

Roll up, comrades, and give us a hand; even if we lose the strike, the propaganda, and release agitation, we get in will repay us handsomely.

Yours, etc.,

TOM O'CONNOR.

Brisbane.

The Brisbane local is making itself felt again, and making headway. Headquarters have been procured in the Russian Association Rooms in Stanley Street in a comfortable well-seated room. Meetings take place on Tuesdays, business meeting one week, educational class the next.

On Friday last, a meeting was held in the Market Square. The speakers were Fellow-Workers Barker, Madorsky and Henry (chairman). There was a large audience, and "Direct Action" and literature sold freely. These meetings, if held regularly, will soon get good and effective results.

The literature sellers did good execution on Saturday night at a meeting of the Defence Committee in the Square, over nine dozen "D.A.s." and 40 copies of the "Speeches" being sold. Other matter was sold at the butchers' strike meeting, and at the Memorial Service to Mrs. Emma Miller in the Trades Hall on Sunday night. The I.W.W. will soon grow here.

"BUNTY."

Direct Action



WEEKLY
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of the
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF
THE WORLD.

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Office: 403 Sussex Street, Sydney,
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403 SUSSEX STREET, SYDNEY.

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

Unemployment.

A SHORTER WORK DAY.

THE REMEDY.

Once again, Australia is face to face with the very serious problem of unemployment. The out of work army has continued to grow, and the position is now very acute.

In this young country boundless natural resources are yawning to be exploited; stupendous wealth lies buried under the soil awaiting to be unearthed; climatic conditions and everything else that goes to facilitate production is at hand; yet, despite all, a large UNEMPLOYED ARMY roams the land, and hunger and want cry out in despair.

Strong, healthy, able-bodied men, with the blood of life coursing through their veins, yearning for activity, are now tramping the country in search of a master.

The Federal and State Governments having put into operation what they call "retrenchment," has had the effect of throwing THOUSANDS OF MEN OUT OF WORK.

A deputation from the Labor Council of Sydney waited upon Mr. Holman, Premier of N.S.W., a few weeks ago and produced statistics to show that there were no less than 10,000 men out of work in New South Wales.

The casual worker, who is never more than 24 HOURS AHEAD OF IT, has not too much time to think over his troubles before he is right "up against it."

If it were the men alone who suffered, things would not be so serious, but THOUSANDS OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN are forced to go hungry and shiver with cold through circumstances over which they have no control.

The student of political economy knows full well that unemployment can NEVER be permanently abolished while the present system of capitalism lasts, and even in so called prosperous times, an unemployed army exists.

But a great deal can be done to alleviate distress and keep the gnawing demon of hunger appeased.

The only PRACTICAL WAY of dealing with this very serious question was suggested by Mr. Holman a few weeks ago.

We do not wish to enquire what idea "Bill" had at the back of his mind, but amongst other things he said: "If the unions would accept a shortened week such as we had during the Broken Hill crisis, when the mines closed down, we would be prepared to ADOPT SUCH A SCHEME with a view to a more equitable distribution of work."

If the working class as a whole has any concern for the PRINCIPLES OF UNIONISM and believes in the idea of working class solidarity, it will get busy RIGHT AWAY and put into operation a SHORTER WORK WEEK which will help to absorb the hungry out of work unionists, and make things better for all.

The bringing into being of a shorter work day, will mean immeasurable benefits to the toilers, and bring them a step nearer the day of final emancipation.

By a shorter work day the toilers have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

Less hours of toil per day will mean a stronger, healthier, and better race.

But some wise economist or hoary headed individual will come forward with the time-worn argument: "If we work less hours we will get less pay." The foregoing argument is by no means uncommon, but the user of it shows himself to be a total blank upon working class economics, and very dull as regards history.

When the war started and several of the important mines in Broken Hill shut down, the miners adopted the system of working a week and spelling a week. It is a fact that most of the miners in Broken Hill made MORE MONEY when they were working week on and week off than they did when they were working constantly. The blunder they made was when they let themselves be dragged back to the old condition and hours.

The wages of the working class as a whole, are based upon the cost of subsistence. The working class get no more in wages than what will buy the bare necessities of life and allow them to reup a family. If the workers cannot get enough to buy the necessities of life, they will DETERIORATE and not be able to do their work as formerly.

The capitalists to-day want competent and expert workmen, and they will be unable to get them if they do not pay the workers enough on which to live.

If the working class were to take it into their heads to work no more than TWO HOURS A DAY, and the master class wanted their labor, the bosses would be forced to give their slaves enough to keep them mentally and physically fit, or they would be unable to perform their daily tasks.

Look where one will, go where one likes, and he will always find that the workers who work the longest hours are always the lowest paid and work under awful conditions. On the other hand, where the workers are found working the shortest hours, there will be found the highest wages, and, relatively speaking, good conditions.

With less unemployed competing for jobs, the workers are in a position to force MORE WAGES AND BETTER CONDITIONS from the boss. When there is a large hungry horde looking for toil, wages are kept down to the LOWEST POSSIBLE STANDARD, and working conditions are generally rotten.

The working class in helping to reduce the number of out of works, by reducing the hours of toil, is performing a VALUABLE service to the whole of the toiling millions.

With long hours goes short pay and bad conditions; with short hours goes long pay and good conditions.

In face of the foregoing facts, it behoves the working class to WASTE NO TIME, but get BUSY RIGHT AWAY, working and agitating for A SHORTER WORK DAY.

—N.R.

DEFIANT
GIRL STRIKERS.

When Judge Collingwood of Detroit, Mich., passed sentence on Martha Bain, Anna Hoffman and Celia Okrey, three striking cigarmakers who had been guilty of violating an injunction that restrained them from picketing a cigar shop where they had been previously employed, he was astonished at the nonchalant and indifferent manner in which they accepted the sentence he imposed. At the conclusion of the judge's imposition of prison sentences, Miss Hoffman said, "I thank you, judge, for your sentence of 15 days."

"If I am guilty on the testimony of these 'scabbers,' I am willing to take my fifteen days," was Miss Okrey's challenge to the judge.

"So I get thirty days for striking for a living wage, eh?" was Miss Bain's defiant response to the announcement of the judge.

Judge Collingwood had been brought in from Lansing to try the strikers and impose sentence, quite a common practice that has been introduced lately, probably to shift the responsibility that might follow a local judge when he should appeal to the workers for re-election.

Five others were brought into court, and found guilty of picketing.

It is alleged that the bosses have instructed the sluggers they have employed to intimidate the strikers that it is necessary for them to see that the two general organisers who represent the International Cigar Makers' Union are forced to leave the city if the strikers are ever driven back to work.

Freedom's Martyrs.

During the past couple of years the I.W.W. in Australia has been subjected to a great deal of persecution. It seems that its members can do nothing right. Statements have been made and cartoons published by other members of the community which were quite as severe in their condemnation of existing conditions as any made or published by I.W.W., but these people are still at large—have never, in fact, been molested in the slightest way.

Right down the ages, those who advocated or supported any movement which was considered by the ruling classes as unorthodox, have always been persecuted with a greater or less degree of severity. When men first discovered signs that this planet was not exactly as it was described in the Bible; when they first began to have suspicions that the origin of life and the laws of the universe were not as stated in that book, which was supposed to be the last word in science and morality there was always the danger that anyone expressing such views would be punished most severely in the highly humane way they had in those days of proving most conclusively to a man that he was entirely wrong.

Their methods in this respect have not yet changed. In this age of reason and enlightenment they still use GAOL AND THE HANGMAN'S ROPE AS ARGUMENTS.

Unorthodoxy consists of those things which tend to diminish the power of the ruling classes. The teachings of Christ were not considered in that light until it was thought that he wished to establish himself King of the Jews, whom the Romans had then recently conquered. This, among other reasons, was why He was disposed of, and then it was that His followers and also the enthusiasm increased. In their endeavors to establish Christianity as the religion of that portion of the world known to them, they met with the opposition of the pagan priests, who added still more to the list of Christian martyrs, until the Christians, in their turn, became

powerful enough to persecute the Pagans, or anyone else who opposed them. Their greatest enemies were the scientists who sought to disprove certain statements in the Bible. Many of these, like Bruno and Galileo, were tortured and put to death in order to prove that the Bible was right. In commenting on the "arguments" (prison and torture) used against Galileo, Professor Draper asks: "Must not that be false which requires for its support so much barbarity." This can easily be applied to events of the last year or two. Scientists to-day are the most respected of men. Their work is international, and, therefore, great.

But, despite the fact that martyrdom seems inevitable for those who engage in the fight for freedom, this is no reason why we should stand by and see mouth-pieces of working class organisations subjected to this treatment. If it were wrong in the past, it is still wrong, and it is our duty to do whatever we can to abolish a condition of affairs which permits of these wrongs being done. If we persist in this passivity in the face of such injustice, it is only a matter of time, and a very short time, when it will be our turn. We are not yet out of the wood as has been amply proved, even to the most dense of minds since this war began, and the working class cannot afford to lose sight of this for a moment. Their enemies are always alert. They are compelled to be just as we are compelled to fight them. The class struggle is not a thing of yesterday. It was already in existence when, in the beginning of the 14th century, John Bull said "By what right are they, whom we call lords, greater than we? It is of us and our toil that these men hold their estate." They were fighting and dying for the working class then, and here, in the 20th century, similar things occurring. This fight must go on. It is impossible to stop it until our object has been attained.

E. P.

"WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE"

What is the State? In theory it means: a Commonwealth! But in practice it means: a ruling class, a small number of dominant individuals. The different institutions of the State are used by this dominant class to keep themselves where they are, and to keep those who are not of their class subordinate.

Some of the institutions develop in the uninitiated the desire, and others force the rebellious to look up to, and obey this class. In the present state the workers have renounced the right of thinking with their own brains, and passing judgment on what is right or wrong. They let the pedagogues of the ruling class dictate to them a moral and ethical code, hence, we have the spectacle in Australia of working class champions rotting in prison with long terms of imprisonment for trying to get the workers to think for themselves.

Thousands of workers give up their intellectual freedom, and all their thoughts and actions are put under the guardianship of the capitalist press, to whose tyranny they are blind and dumb. Their thoughts are pattern-thoughts of the class State. Woe to them that think and act differently. Their appeals are lost on these animated phonographs.

Any protest against the State, which is the agent of the ruling class, is a disgrace in the eyes of these State worshipping boneheads. All they want to make them happy is a smile from those in authority. But then, "a smile from a lord is a breakfast for a fool."

What we call public opinion—that is, the ideas that sway the masses—are ideas specially manufactured for them, and in no way express the opinion of the class conscious worker. Public opinion invariably reflects the opinions of the ruling class. The public lets one set of men think for it and confirm the habit of electing and allowing the Government to think and act for it, and honor the opinions advanced as infallible revelations. All, therefore, who have the confidence of the masses, will be used by the ruling class to suppress any attempt by the workers to dislodge them from their dominant position.

A class which allows this, finds itself unprepared and defenceless in a crisis, and finds their slavery intensified, unless it contains some rebellious elements whose invincible powers of resistance will force an imbecile Government to pay in some respect.

ELASTIC.

Magistrate (who) has taken a dislike to prisoner: "Six months at hard labor. Counsel (astounded): "But the statute doesn't permit more than 60 days." Magistrate: "The prisoner broke the law—I'll stretch it!"

The I.W.W., being the watch-dog of the working class, is being persecuted by the class State, and most influential members thrown into gaol for trying to show the workers the impending dangers. The working-class must wake up, think for themselves, and demand their release.

The I.W.W. is the part of the working class that is alive and awake, and form that rebellious element that is going to resist, whilst the class it belongs to remains in slavery. It recognises that the workers have a full right to the good things of life, and tries to organise them so that they may reach for them, and get them. The way to fight does not conform to the ruling class laws laid down for the working class to follow.

The ruling class laws are founded on the fact that "Might is Right," the rules laid down for the subservient class is "be content and resist not evil."

One of the institutions of the State, the University, is for the sons of the ruling class; therein they get instruction in the higher branches of art, science, etc. The science of robbing the workers, and the art of keeping the plunder within their class being the most popular.

This institution let loose on the workers such men as parsons who keep before them a moral and ethical code based on a slave philosophy. Physicians who charge excessive rates for curing people from diseases, which 90 per cent. are preventable and directly traceable to the rottenness of the capitalist system, and the legal profession, which is responsible for lawyers, politicians, judges, etc., try and hammer home the fact that the boss is entitled to keep the plunder. As lawyers, they charge like Hell for interpreting laws manufactured by their brethren, the politician, "which has as many loop-holes as there are legs on a centipede." As the workers have no large fees, the boss gets all the law. The rest of them learn the most efficient way to exploit the workers industrially, politically and socially.

That working men should be thrown into jail for pointing out that "might is right" under the present system, and that an industrially organised working class would be the strongest class in society, with all the might to pull down the rotten institutions of the State, both military and civil, seems to be the most prominent indictment of working class apathy.

JAMES POPE.

The human race is divided into two classes: those who go ahead, and do something, and those who sit and ask, "Why wasn't it done the other way?"—Holmes.

A PARABLE.

"Now, Jesus spoke unto the people, saying
(New Testament).

There was once a very rich capitalist, who had many fine houses, temples, motor cars, mines, vineyards, and corn fields. He had much costly living, good clothes, music and wine. He was surrounded by many priests, soothsayers, counsellors, wives and dancing girls. The capitalist's heart was glad within him, and he spoke unto those around him: "Take thy ease, eat drink, and be merry, for my slaves will produce much wealth, whereby we can live."

Now, the lives of the slaves were exceedingly sore. They toiled all day in the fields under cruel bosses and task masters. Each day when even tide was come, the slaves delivered up all the fruits of their labor to the capitalist; and the capitalist lord saw it was good. Each day the bosses gave the slaves just enough food to live upon, and to toil again in the fields. At times the slaves refused to work. Then, great fear and trembling would come upon the lord and those about him, saying, "If the slaves produce not, how can we eat?" Then in great wrath would speak the over lord, unto the bosses: "Go, many of ye, into the fields, armed with the lash and spare not man, woman or child; use ye the scourge well."

In great haste the over lord's words were obeyed, and the slaves were flogged back to work, with much bloodshed and lamentation. Then the capitalist and those about him would rejoice much, saying: "The strike is over." One day in the capitalist council hall rose up a man with much cunning and spoke thus: "Oh, masters, strikes sometimes are dangerous to us, capitalists. In the next strike let the slaves make unto themselves a graven image called a politician, and the slaves will keep the agreement to even like unto the covenant in the Ark; for I know these people, and they are without guile." And the masters took council among themselves, and saw that it was good.

And this came to pass in the year 1891. So the slaves sent politicians to confer in the capitalist council hall, and to make awards; and the awards became most sacred things in the eyes of the slaves. The rich capitalist treated the politician with much kindness, spoke soft words unto him, and did eat at the same table. After much feasting, the politician's hearts grew at ease, and they saw that the dancing girls were fair to look upon. Also much gold passed between the capitalist and the politician, when no man looked. The rich capitalist said to his harsh bosses: "Spare ye not the slaves in the field, for we now have the law and agreement." The slaves groaned much, but no man heeded them.

But it came to pass, new slaves came into the field and spoke many strange things. The slaves listened, and marvelled much, concerning this new unionism. After much talk the slaves grew wise and "slowed down," and at eventide each day they delivered up less wealth. At first the taskmasters spoke unto their lord concerning this matter. The lord's heart was merry with wine; he heeded them not, saying: "Use ye the lash well." More slaves grew wise, and when the bosses used the lash, the slaves rose up and slew a few taskmasters, and they that were left flew into the capitalist, crying, "The slaves revolt." Then the politicians took the awards and went down into the field, crying "Peace, peace," but wise slaves laughed much; they rent the fine garment of the politicians, spat upon them and tore up the award, and no slave suffered hurt. Then there was a great joy among the slaves; at eventide they delivered up no more wealth to the capitalist, but kept it for themselves. Then a great fear and trembling fell upon the rich lord, and they that were with him; a weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. "Woe, woe, unto us; for our infamy is known."

But the slaves said that it was good, and there was much laughter and song; and they said unto the rich capitalist and they that were his: "Remember ye the words of thy own priests: 'Let ye work ye shall not eat'; come now, if ye hunger, into the field with us and work for all. And it was so, and all saw that it was good.

M. SAWTELL.

LIBERTY.

For the Lords and Liars are quaking
At the Peoples stern awaking,
From the slumber of the ages; and the
Peoples slowly rise,
And with hands locked tight together,
One in heart and soul for ever,
Watch the sun of Light and Liberty leap
upward to the skies.

—Francis Adams.

Towards Freedom.

UNITY.

"O, why should truest worth and genius pine
Beneath the iron grasp of want and woe;
While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
In all the splendour fortune can bestow?"
—Robert Burns.

FELLOW WORKER!

Can you answer the above question asked by Robert Burns at a time when poverty was pinching him rather acutely? Do you not think that it is a very lamentable reflection on man's so often boasted superiority to the brute that those of truest worth in the human family should "pine beneath the iron grasp of want and woe"? How unwise our idiosyncrasy would appear to the ants and the bees if those small creatures were possessed of the faculty of comparing our lot with theirs!

Why is it that the men who "drag out their protracted death in the mines" in quest of rich and useful ores with which to fashion many of the things that make civilisation so convenient, are permitted to indulge only to a minimum extent in the conveniences of civilisation?

The men who tend the sheep—do they wear the warmest clothing in winter?

Do all the men eat the pure, wholesome, and unadulterated foods that man with his skill and ingenuity can produce in such abundance?

The men who build the palaces—is it not a fact that most of them live in insanitary houses in over-crowded areas?

Just so. And the reason is simply because the world's workers have not yet got control of the economic forces of society. The master-class understands what economic power means. Their control of economic forces is the key to their mastery of the world. And it is over this control of economic forces that the class struggle wages. This class struggle has been going on ever since the days when one set of men first struck on the mischievous idea of living on the labor of another set of men. The interests of these two sets of men immediately ceased to be identical. And herein lies the explanation of the poignant query that prefaces this article. Not until this system of economic slavery has been supplanted by a system demanding social service for social benefits will anything like identity of interests obtain in the ranks of mankind. This struggle must go on until the workers wrest from their masters the control of economic forces; that is, the machinery of social production, distribution, and exchange; and carry on the work of providing society's necessities for the use of the whole of society, instead of, as now, for the profit of individuals, and small coteries of individuals known as companies, combines and co-operations.

This is what must be done. How to do it is another question. Man, full of devices! Surely stratagem hath he for all that comes. —Sophocles.

How to end social inequalities has been a subject that has had the consideration of mankind for countless generations. Reformers and deliverers have cropped up like mushrooms all through history to expound their respective panaceas, and then pass out; and the working-class still suffer hideous and unfeeling misery as a result of their oppression, until one almost begins to doubt the words of Sophocles, and wonders if man's strategy would ever find him a way out. And the future of the working-class would look very black indeed, but for the fact that discoveries in the realm of sociology in recent years have unfolded the cause of society's ills. The cause, as has been stated in the preceding article, is economic. The master-class.

THROUGH THEIR CONTROL OF INDUSTRY, are enabled to hold the working-class in their

FUTILITY OF POLITICAL ACTION.

A favorite argument of the Socialist is to say that if we only endeavor to organize industrially the capitalist will use his political power to blast our efforts. That our masters can and do blast and destroy attempts to gain political power is amply shown by present happenings. The extension of the life of Parliament, Coalition Government, and the proposal to federate the—ah, hemphre—being examples of how it may be done. But what is political power? Political power is one of the outward and most visible signs of the capitalist's economic power and the ignorance of the masses. If, then, we concentrate on, and succeed in educating and organizing the workers, we remove the twin foundation of political power rendering it null and void, and of no value even to an aspiring Socialist. Whether the master-class can prevent us from organizing industrially remains yet to be seen. If they can, then there is no hope for us.

J. Z. J.

present position of economic servitude. Once the working-class take control of the industries of society, they will have practically gained control of the key that will set them at liberty. And the first thing essential if the workers would gain control of industry is organization. Effective, not pseudo industrial organization, but a class organization definitely aiming at the overthrow of the capitalist system of exploitation. This may not be all that will be necessary, but WITHOUT THIS the working-class will achieve no victory, because upon this organization on the industrial field the success of the workers in the class war depends. It is primarily in the industries that the class war wages; therefore, the first necessity is organization on the industrial field.

And now we come to consider the structure of this organization. It will, doubtless, be immediately recognised that if our industrial organization is to be effective, it will have to conform to the development of the machinery of production, because, as one writer has tersely put it, "unless the structure of the organization keeps step with the development of industry it will be impossible to secure the solidarity so necessary to success in the struggle with the employing class." While it may be said that great strides have been made in recent years, yet finally has not been reached in the evolution of industrial organization. Another step must now be taken forward. The banding together of the workers according to the INDUSTRIES in which they work, instead of, as now, according to their respective crafts, and the linking up of these industrial unions into ONE BIG UNION is the task that now confronts us. To do this a different form of organization than at present exists will be necessary, because the present form of craft organization is out of keeping with the development of industry. A structure which will conform more to the times, and be of infinitely greater use to the workers in their struggle with the employing class is as follows:—

- (1) The unit of organization to be the Local Industrial Union. The Local Industrial Union to embrace all of the workers of a given industry in a given city, town or district.
- (2) All local industrial unions to be combined into a National Industrial Union with jurisdiction over the entire industry.
- (3) National industrial unions of closely allied industries to be combined into the Industrial Departments, to be designated as follows:—
Department of Agricultural, Land, Fisheries and Water Products.
Department of Mining.
Department of Transportation and Communication.
Department of Manufacturing and General Production.
Department of Construction.
Department of Public Service.
- (4) The Industrial Department to be combined into the General Organization, which in turn is to be an integral part of a like International Organization, and through the International Organization establish solidarity and co-operation between the workers of all countries.

This is a general outline of the organization proposed by the Industrial Workers of the World. This is what is meant by the One Big Union.

These questions should be given first preference over the worker's thoughts and activities. There is no struggle so momentous and fraught with so much promise to the working-class as the class struggle, and the building up of One Big Union is destined to be one of the most important steps that the working class will have ever taken towards freedom.

BERT DAVIES.

GIRLS PAID LOW WAGES.

"The Worker," official newspaper of the Indiana Federation of Labor, explodes the claim that Fort Wayne offers unusual advantages for female labor. It is stated that most of the factories are working 10 hours and are exploiting the girls with a piecework system. "A number of these plants," continues the "Worker," "have a system of fines for this, and that and the other violation of office-made rules, and these fines are deducted from the amounts actually earned by the girls at piecework. Conditions both morally and financially are rotten. There is one salvation for the woman wage-workers—ORGANISATION. Tentative plans for several organizations of girls are now under way, and Fort Wayne may yet be relieved of the onus of low wages."

Women workers have for many long years been enslaved and sweated to an awful extent, but they are now beginning to see that they, too, must organize if they wish to get better conditions. Like the men, they only have one hope—that is, to join the One Big Union of the working class. The I.W.W. is the only way out for all who toil in the industrial hells of capitalism.

THE KEYNOTE FOR HUMANITY.

If the relation of man to man could be, even to a limited extent, grasped by the race as a whole, and gradually form a part of their outlook, the problems of capital and labor would soon disappear. If man stood side by side, and realised eye to eye each other's wants, we would not have to be continually fighting, or "striking," for just labor hours, for mutual considerations, for living wages, and so on.

If the absolute unity for life was realised, and if education was built on a solid rock, that taught absolute community of interests, much dualism of life would fade away, and the world would be very more comfortable to live in.

The heart of man to-day, in all the warring nations is torn with doubt and uncertainty. Whilst yearning for peace and good will (as shown by the events of Christmas Day, 1916, in the trenches, when enemies gazed through their rifles, and met in comradeship) men again resumed in a death conflict, brought about by capitalistic forces, which they, poor deluded dupes, do not understand, and of course, not understanding, cannot control it. It is safe to say that ninety-nine per cent. of the peoples of the nations at war can give no rational explanation of what it is all about. Each one, however, is convinced that it is NOT HIS FAULT, and so for SOME REASON the murdering conflicts must continue.

UNBROTHERLINESS IS THE INSANITY OF THE AGE, backed up by IGNORANCE, and soiled to its death by the cunning devices of trumped-up LOVE OF COUNTRY.

As a child, I was the daughter of the class who are termed "the well-off" or the "better class," and naturally my stomach had pure foods (not manufactured, adulterated foods), my body had nice soft clothing, and my living appointments were easy access to water, air, and sun, and plenty of time to indulge in same. So, of course, I was happy and kept young, but one day, unfortunately, misfortune came my way, and I was hurled amongst the working mass, and was caught in the web of hard labor and long hours, with starvation wages for recompense. I saw women about me, emaciated, with half-starved bodies, patiently suffering with forlorn, smiling faces; they were brought into the world, young, to drivel in the same conditions. And then I looked at the MAN, the working man, who, in his ignorant indifference, caused these women to suffer so. The woman in me tuned to sensitiveness as a female specie, put out its left hand in pity to its other woman-kind, and my right hand was lifted, ready to strike at the inhuman working ox, called working man, and a hatred in my being surged towards him. But he was dense to my contempt and flashing hatred; for he was beaten down to submission, to a density likened to some animals. He had struggled so for equality and was beaten back and back again. He elected men to Parliament and to Unions, with overwhelming expectancy, but the same old story—"sold again."

I could never go back to stay and be happy with that class "that takes all." I've seen and know the suffering and patience of the women belonging to the working mass, and while my body is nourished and my brain alert, I cannot go away to forget.

O, workmen, why are you so dense? Why do you lead so on your feminine specie that is drawn into the web, that your ignorance entangles her and you in?

Why do you build palaces and brown stone mansions for other women, while your own women live in hovels and even tents?

O, workman, who do you use her body for pleasure, and not even pay her the toll in return of decent food, and plenty of it, and comfortable raiment and sanitized shelter? Men! Down the long ages the laws of human solidarity have been broken. You are now facing the results of your idiotic party and reaping what you have sown.

Cannot the calamity and failure of your old ideals of "getting sound statesmen" to fight for your welfare, waken you up to a right conception? Can't you determine yourselves to unite in solidarity "off" yourselves and "for" yourselves?

The heritage of civilized humanity is to be free men, and have possession of that which they produce. So quit being horses and donkeys, owned and exploited for the benefit of the "few on top."

The keynote of humanity is unity. Workmen of the world, unite, and take possession of your heritage—the world and the fulness thereof. Why do you fill storehouses and allow surplus of materials go down in ships in the war gamble of the master class while your wives and little children's stomachs are skimped of proper nourishment?

BETSY H. MATTIAS.

PLAIN AND FANCY DRESS SOCIAL

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Economics.

MONOPOLY PRICES.

Now all through the preceding chapters I could hear, in imagination, the reformers crying, "But what about monopoly prices?" In the first place, there never was an absolute, permanent monopoly. There are steel mills in China, Japan, Mexico, England and Germany which supply the American market at less shipping steel rails into California at a lower price than the American mills supply them.

There are still many independent oil companies in many lands. Automobile service, electric car lines, aeroplanes, water courses, chutes and flumes all infringe upon the railroads. Whenever the railway charges become more than the traffic will bear the manufacturer removes to another city.

Men may hope to gain permanent complete monopolies, but there is always the danger of somebody coming forth with a substitute. Some one is always providing substitutes.

No man was ever able to raise the general price of a commodity at will, and get that price. If any man ever held such power, he would have charged an unlimited price for his commodity and immediately assumed the world's dictatorship.

John D. Rockefeller may be able to raise the price on oil in certain communities, but he cannot force men to buy at this price. So-called monopolists are subject to economic laws just as we are wage-workers. No monopolist was ever so great a philanthropist that he did not charge all the traffic would bear at all times. We, see, therefore, that they cannot raise prices at their own sweet will.

No man ever held a near monopoly but what other capitalists with money to invest turned over longing eyes upon the Golden Goose ready to produce a substitute that will relegate his rival's product.

But there are some very near monopolies in the United States. Some of these, doubtless, are able to see—or exchange—their commodities above their value. A few of these are engaged in the production of food, clothing or houses.

Now it does not mean because a monopolist holds temporary control of a commodity that he will raise the price of that commodity. He will surely seek to lower its value by closing down unnecessary factories and installing improved machinery that will lessen the labor contained in his product. Many "monopoly" owned commodities sell at a lower price than they did before they were monopoly produced.

If a monopoly produced commodity exchanges at its value, under the new method of production, its prices would be lower. Many friends assure me that oil is much cheaper to-day than it was twenty or thirty years ago, before John D. began to build the Octopus. If a monopolist continues to sell a commodity at the same price it exchanged for formerly, he will be able to appropriate greatly increased profits, for its value will have decreased—perhaps 50 per cent.

But we will take an extreme case to illustrate who pays the increased price where an imaginary Octopus doubles the price of the necessities of life.

Let us suppose that 500 miners are receiving 5 dollars a day working a copper mine in Alaska. Five dols. a day just affords them a comfortable or tolerable, living in Alaska. The man who owns the foods and clothing supply in Alaska at this time has the temporary monopoly—an absolute, temporary monopoly of these necessities.

This man finds he actually can double the prices on these necessities for one season. The cost of living in Alaska rises to 10 dols. a day.

The employer of the miners will be obliged to double their wages if the miners are to receive the value of their labor-power as formerly. He will need to pay 10 dols. a day if he expects to have them work for him to-morrow. If the mine owner finds 10 dols. in wages will leave no profits for him, he will refuse the increase and shut down the mine; the miners will return South and the Monopolist will find himself without a market. The possibility of such a contingency has always to be reckoned with by every monopolist.

There is always the danger of killing the Goose that Lays the Golden Egg. You see how if the price of necessities of life is doubled, wages will need to follow, and as wages are increased, there remains less surplus value for the employer to appropriate.

The monopolist, in this case, who has been able to double the price on the necessities of life and cause our wages to be doubled will have forced our mine-owning employer to divide this surplus value with him.

If the portion returned to us in wages is doubled, there will be just that much less unpaid labor for our employers to keep. The extra portion paid to us will be paid over to the monopolist.

Spasms.

(By TOM BARKER).

The Brisbane local of the I.W.W. is getting into harness, notwithstanding the Unlawful Associations Act. The Man of Destiny has as little chance of stopping the I.W.W. as he has of improving the solar system, or hurrying up Halley's Comet. And the Brisbane local will have a large, growing crowd of enthusiastic industrialists. As soon as a central headquarters are secured Bannaland will boom from the standpoint of the New Unionism.

Some country-loving Anzac-blaithering, shekel-gathering, soldier-feeding patriot sent a large quantity of rotten liver aboard a transport for the use of the soldiers. We suppose that it was put aboard, not for financial reasons, but in order to harden up the system and constitution of the men who are going to fight for their country. After they survive the poisoned tucker supplied them by ultra patriots, there will be little chance of the Germans succeeding where the home-made product has failed.

We are thankful, for the sake of the empire that the motive that pushed this catspaw on the transport was that of Good Business. And the contractors ought to be well pleased in knowing that it is only the I.W.W. that advocate sabotage. It may spare them fifteen years. But, surely, gentlemen, such business asmen ought to be rewarded. Messrs. Hughes and Pearce ought to be deputationed to appoint the gentleman to the Upper House immediately.

I suppose that if we suggested that the soldiers ought to buy a piece of rope and—well, we might commit a breach of both the Unlawful Associations Act, and the Crimes Amendment Act. And having had a taste of "stir" for criticising the bootlers, who were digging their hands in, on a former occasion, for selling sound stuff I will leave it on this occasion to the Recording Angel, and so will the Commonwealth Government.

Victor Grayson, the once-while Socialist, has enlisted. He is going to stop one of Europe's mad dogs. And he takes a sour sling-off at the anti-conscientious in New Zealand. Victor has taken two years and five months "getting his Irish up." He also moved in that period from a distance of 80 miles from the front to 13,000 further. He probably would have gone further, only the Antarctic expedition couldn't find room for him. Another fallen ideal with feet of clay.

Sydney Huguenot Fournier has landed 12 months in Maoriland. He is a born fighter, and I know him well. The sleuths found a rifle, cartridges, I.W.W. book, anarchist literature, a bludgeon, a machine gun manual, and a MAN in his premises. His crime is NOTHING. Fournier is of Irish and American extraction, and a cadet of one of the noblest (sic) families in Europe. He is a university trained man, a ripe scholar, and a virile, determined fighter. And by Hughes' top hat, the Wellington wage workers will soon be asking "Whafor?" And they can more than clamor.

Kelvin Byrne also got two months. It will revive old memories. "Slim" is a down Easter. Hobbed the States from Atlantic to Pacific, with Tom Glynn, before they slanted for this infernal piece of mud. Old Tom arrived decorously in the stoke hole. "Slim" stowed away, and got slung ashore at Wellington with a month's recreation to start with on the Terrace. A hundred "Slim" Byrnes would be enough for Wall Street and capitalism generally.

Old Bill Parker, also of Wellington, caught twelve months. If you ever came across a great big heart in a short-sighted, half doubled up wreckage of an under-sized soul case—well, Bill would go one better. I know. I was in gaol with Bill in '13. Bill wouldn't eat gaol tucker; he was a food reformer or something. So the authorities sat down, and Bill sat down. And on the twenty-second day they allowed Mrs. Bill to bring up the old fellow's fruit, olive oil and unleavened bread. Bill ate water for 22 days. And he was as earnest on the job as he was over his packing. He would fight the biggest man on the wharves who crawled to the boss, get licked, and come back till the fellow was worse than sick of him. If five per cent. of working bullocks were like Bill, capitalism would be a memory, and pretty dim and distant, too.

Monopoly generally means that the monopolist is strong enough to force other employers to divide with him a portion of the value of our products formerly appropriated by them.

The real fight is between the monopolist and the mine-owning employer who will do all in his power to "smash the Trusts."

The mine owner in this instance may offer us 9 dollars a day, and we may try to live on 9 dollars for a few weeks. We will be unable to do it, because we will be receiving less than the value of our labor-power.

THE MUGWAMP'S UNION.

Scene: A Union Room full of grave, stern-visaged sons of toil; a few flushed with liquor, talkative and violent.

The chairman rises and raps the table for order.

Instantly a unionist rises to his feet, and commences talking about nothing in particular; others rise and endeavor to persuade him to sit down by shouting loudly at him. Up-roar and confusion, five or six on their feet, and everyone talking at once; it is merely the commencement of the meeting, and signifies nothing unusual.

The audience comprised largely of bosses (would-be bosses) and their numerous friends, interested in attending the meeting to uphold the sacred rights of private interests.

The chairman (after order has at last restored): "This meeting has been called to investigate a charge brought—"

A Unionist jumps excitedly to his feet, and begins talking.

Uproar and shouts of "Put him out; put him out!"

The chairman, above the din: "What's that—a point of order?"

First Unionist (on his feet): "A point of order; a point of order!"

Chairman: "What's your point of order?"

Unionist: "My point of order is that I want to know what the charge is about!"

More uproar, and shouts of "Put him out!"

Chairman: "I was going to explain—"

Another commotion. Several Unionists rise to their feet, gesticulating wildly.

The Chairman raps loudly on the table, and the general din goes on for some minutes.

At last order is restored.

Chairman (commencing again): "This meeting has been called to investigate a charge brought against a member. The charge is a very serious one. He is accused of holding up-to-date scientific view of unionism, and is a danger and a menace to this union, and the meeting has been called to find out whether the charge is true or false?"

The Chairman take a rule book and reads: Rule 303 says that "every member shall endeavor to maintain eight hours as a day's labor. The accused has been overheard to say that eight hours is too long to work."

Several bosses jump excitedly to their feet, shouting "Treason!" They are applauded by their numerous friends.

Chairman (above the din): "He is first accused of attempting to destroy the harmony and goodwill existing in this union between the workers and the bosses."

(Howls and execrations on all sides).

The Chairman: "I will now ask the accused to give his defence."

An individual with the bent shoulders of the student rises to his feet.

Dramatic silence in the room. He is gazed upon by the audience with great curiosity and fear, having the terrible reputation of trying to break up the union as it exists.

He commences speaking:—

"As a member of the 'Mugwamps Union,' I consider it my duty to point out that this union is not properly organized, and its members are not class conscious, believing as they do that they have interests in harmony with the boss, who daily exploits them."

Uproar.

Chairman (rapping for order): "I must ask you not to use the word 'exploit,' as it is offensive to the members of this union."

Accused re-commences. "The capitalist class—"

Violent uproar. Fists are shaken, and excited Mugwamps try to make themselves heard.

Chairman (after a lengthy interval of noise, table rapping and individuals calling points of order).

"I must ask you not to use the words, 'capitalist class'; it is not allowed in this union."

Accused: "I wish to point out to this union that it is being robbed. Rule 303 says that one of the objects of this union is to receive a 'fair day's wage for a day's work.'"

Dramatically, "I want to point out that members of the 'Mugwamps Union' are not."

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Alternate Tuesdays—Educational Class.

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receiving a fair wage for their toil; in fact, they are not receiving a third of what they are producing. Wealth is being produced to-day by the aid of machinery at an enormous rate—ten times in abundance to former times—yet, we, the working class, are no better off. We are receiving no more for our labor."

"The 'Sydney Morning Herald' says that the only way to improve the conditions of the working class is for them to produce more. Now production has increased enormously, and is likely to be greatly increased in the future. Is it that we, the working class, members of the Mugwamps Union, are no better off?"

Chairman (rising to his feet): "I cannot allow these remarks here; they are offensive to this union; they are really not union matters."

(Murmurs of approval from the audience).

"We are not here to listen to 'Socialism.' The Mugwamps are a highly respectable union. I must ask you to answer the charge."

Accused: "I have no harmony with the boss. There is no harmony between the spider and the fly. All the wealth of the country could be produced in an hour or two a day. We are held in slavery by an army of parasites—"

More uproar and confusion.

Chairman: "I cannot allow a member of this union to use the word 'parasites.' It is offensive to members of this union."

Cries of "Hear, hear," and stamping of feet.

Accused: "Very well. I will conclude by saying that this union, as it exists, is useless as a fighting weapon of the working class. It exists to uphold the present system—"

Uproar!

"(Loudly)—the present system of robbery and betrayal to uphold the greed of exploiters and to keep the working class in subjection. It—"

Loud uproar and violence.

Accused sits down.

Chairman (rising): "The accused has not exonerated himself. He has made charge against this union. This union that gets us so much work by preserving harmonious relations with the employers. It has always been the policy of this union to stand well with the employers. This union is highly respected. The 'Sydney Morning Herald' says that it is one of the sanest and soundest unions in the country. The accused is suspected of being a member of that notorious and violent organisation—the I.W.W."

"We must have harmony. (Hear, hear). I say harmony, at any price. (More applause). This meeting finds the accused guilty and sentences him to attend every business meeting of the 'Mugwamps Union' to hear how they conduct their business."

Accused: "Mercy."

Curtain.

WYATT JONES.

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

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 organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centring of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization 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, thus making an injury to one an injury to all. Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage 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 organized not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalists shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

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