

'An Injury to One an INJURY to All.'



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Attack on Free Speech.

LITHGOW MAKING HISTORY.

One is astounded on coming to Lithgow to find that the privilege of free speech, which has been accorded to practically every other faction in Australia, has been denied the Industrial Workers of the World, and it is as plain as daylight that the old struggle for free speech will have to be fought again before the mercenaries of capitalism will see the futility of trying to keep back the advancing working class with the bludgeon and the gaol. On Friday night I had been speaking on the corner leased by the Trades Hall Council from the Railway Department for about twenty minutes, when about six policemen came along to tell me that I was trespassing, and could not speak there. I told them that permission had been granted us by the unionists of the Trades Hall, who leased the corner, and persisted in speaking, with the result that I was arrested and marched off to the police station, where I was charged with "wilfully trespassing on railway property." There was quite a discussion in the charge room at the police station, and it was plainly visible to me that instructions have been issued to the effect that the propaganda of the I.W.W. must be stopped any way and every way. I had to appear next Tuesday, the 6th of March, to answer the charge. The crowd showed their disgust to the brand of "British Justice" handed out to me by following, three hundred strong the police station, and fully fifty citizens would have been found to put up the bail of forty pounds that was put on my head. Some value as I.W.W.'s. Saturday night saw ex-Senator Rae hustled by the police, but eventually allowed to speak off a box 20 yards from the main street. Believing that the same right would be accorded us, F.W.'s Lynn and Swift opened a meeting 20 yards from Main street in Bank street on Sunday evening, as the workers were in possession of Cook street, where Mr. Rae had spoken on the previous evening. I had spoken three or four minutes when the police moved me on, and told me that I could not speak there. The large crowd followed me to a vacant block near the Trades Hall, where, after an attentive hearing, good sales of literature, and a good collection was made. Things appear to be getting lively in Lithgow, and verily the philosopher was right when he said, "The iron jaw of privilege will not relax until it is broken." It is up to the workers of Lithgow to do their bit to break the jaw. On last Tuesday I appeared before the "bench," and was handed out one month hard, with the alternative of a five fine for daring to speak in Lithgow.

R. J. FARRELL.

APPEAL FAILS.

JUDGES REFUSE TO SCAB.

Men Sent Back to Durance Vile.

On Friday, March 9th, the 12 working class agitators once again heard their doom pronounced through the Law Courts.

Once again have the workers appealed to the Courts in vain. Once again has a lesson been taught as to the justice of the Law.

The judgment of the Court was delivered by Mr. Justice Gordon, who was supported by Sir Wm. Cullen, C.J., and Mr. Justice Sly.

The three judges refused to scab upon their fellow-worker, Mr. Pring.

The Appeal Court upheld the verdict of Pring in all save two, when in the overflowing benevolence of the three judges, they reduced the sentences of Glynn and McPherson from 15 years to 10. The sentences as they stand at present are Reeve, 10 years; Glynn, 10 years; Larkin, 10 years; Hamilton, 15 years; Besant, 10 years; Moore, 10 years; McPherson, 10 years; Teen, 15 years; Beatty, 10 years; Fagan, 15 years; Grant, 15 years; King, 5 years.

The question now rests with the working class whether they are going to allow these champions of their liberties to rot in the capitalist jails. Will the voice of the working class be raised on this matter, or will they allow this awful stain to remain upon their records that they refused to speak in defence of their tireless agitators and battlers for freedom?

For the sake of all that Labor and Democracy hold dear, those 12 men cannot be allowed to remain where they are.

Fellow Workers, let us hear from you. Your mates in jail are waiting. Will you help to set them free?

Further Appeal Condemned By the Imprisoned Men

Had Enough of BARRISTERS AND COURTS.

The views of the men upon a further appeal are as follows:—

GLYNN.—As far as I am concerned a further appeal is no good. Drop the Court.

McPHERSON.—I don't expect to get justice from the Courts. Useless to take the case any further.

MOORE.—I am quite satisfied now to get away to Bathurst. I have had enough of the Courts to satisfy me.

BESANT.—A further appeal would be useless. Spend the money in some other way. Use it for organising work.

GRANT.—Don't think about any more Courts for me. Had quite enough. Give the money to the poor. You would do more good.

FAGAN.—No, no, no. No more court for me. Waste of time and waste of money.

TEEN.—Further appeal would be useless. We have given them a good try. It is only a waste of money. Better spend it in literature.

LARKIN.—There might be a chance, but very little. I think it would cost

too much. I still have hopes that my class will not forget us.

KING.—Absolutely useless to go any further. Terrible waste of money. I did not go too much on having the last appeal.

HAMILTON.—Don't be mad and waste any more money on barristers. Let the idea of a further appeal drop. It will only be good money wasted.

REEVES.—I was against the last appeal. As for me, you can drop all idea of another try in the Courts.

The UNANIMOUS decision of the 12 men is, that a further appeal would be FRUITLESS and a TERRIBLE WASTE OF MONEY. They are now prepared to leave their destiny in the hands of the class to which they belong. They are now prepared to TRUST THE MEN AND WOMEN they have worked with, and fought for, for so many years. It is only the working class—THEIR CLASS—that can understand the wrongs they suffer and know the agonies they endure.

We CANNOT AFFORD to allow these champions of working class liberties to languish in silence. It would be an IN-

Dr. Maloney Speaks Out.

For the second time in two months Dr. Maloney has been unable to find a quorum of members of the House of Representatives, and the House has been adjourned when he desired to address it. On Wednesday, 14th inst., Dr. Maloney took his seat with the intention of talking on the motion that the House should adjourn, but only half a dozen members were in the Chamber to hear him, and the most violent ringing of the bells could not attract a quorum. Dr. Maloney then addressed the public in the galleries, when he said:—

"I want you men and women, to understand this fool game they call Parliament. The members are paid £12 a week, and the Prime Minister gets £48 a week, to do the business of the country. Where are they? Where is he? You are the people who pay for all this. Go outside and tell your friends what sort of a game is carried on here. You are all simpletons; you have not a voice."

The Deputy Speaker: Order! Order! Dr. Maloney: I want you to name me, sir. I want to be named. (To the gallery): If you had the recall you could drag these men off that bench. You could make them go out and face the electors.

At this stage the Prime Minister entered the House, and took a seat on one of the Opposition cross benches.

Dr. Maloney (addressing Mr. Hughes and the interested public who were being moved out): "Here is this man looking at me. That is the Prime Minister. Here he is, smoking and polluting the atmosphere. He is the creature you have got to pay. (To the gallery): "Don't forget that, boys. Tell it wherever you go. That is the creature that is called Prime Minister."—"LABOR CALL."

The question is sometimes asked, "If Jesus were alive to-day where would he be found?" It is no flippancy that dictates the answer, "IN GAOL." After nineteen centuries in which the world has worshipped the conventional Christ, it has to be confessed that our society has NO OTHER PLACE FOR JESUS.

Rev. F. Sinclair, Melbourne.

The Creator, after making the world out of the formless void, is reported to have pronounced it "good." He ought to have a look at it now.

DELIBLE CRIME to say that we had forgotten the men who dared to speak out boldly in the teeth of the enemy. We should bow our heads in COWARDICE AND SHAME for ever and a day if we now refuse to help those who helped us.

The FEARLESS SPOKESMEN of the great Proletarian Army must not die in a common felons' prison. If this thing is allowed to continue, WHERE WILL IT END!

It is up to the working class to stand together and let their voice be heard on this GREAT INJUSTICE. Let us get together and VINDICATE THE PRINCIPLES AND IDEALS these men so ably taught.

Fellow workers, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? What is your answer? Let us hear from you.

"Though the heel of the strong oppressor, May grind the weak in the dust, And the voices of fame with one acclaim, May call him great and just, Let those who applaud take warning, And keep the motto in sight—No question is ever settled, 'Till it is settled right."

The result of the Appeal on behalf of the 12 imprisoned I.W.W. men came as a great surprise to some people, but most members of the I.W.W. were prepared for the worst, and expressed surprise that the Court even went so far as it did in reducing the sentences of Glynn and McPherson from 15 years to 10 years.

The barristers are anxious for a FURTHER APPEAL THROUGH THE COURTS, and some members have expressed the same wish.

The Defence and Release Committee held a meeting last Saturday morning, and decided that it would be USELESS to carry the case any further through the courts, but before determining upon any action, the Committee decided to see the boys in jail and get their opinion upon a further appeal.

A special permit was got from the Superintendent of Prisons, and three members of the Committee visited Long Bay last Saturday afternoon and saw the 12 prisoners.

We were not allowed to see the men collectively, so we saw them individually, one after the other.

Direct Action



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THE REAL GOVERNMENT.

For the next few weeks, the people of Australia will have their ears tested by the loud howlings of a heterogeneous collection of beings scrambling for a position at the parliamentary pie counter.

Seven or eight different brands of law-makers are taking part in the present mix-up.

Nostrums of all shades and colours, are being handed out to the general public. Dope of all descriptions is being peddled. Each and every "saver" claims to have the real goods.

What with all this wind and noise, skite and bombast, hate and abuse, insinuations and personalities, one would think that these aspiring legislators really thought more about saving the Empire than place and pay, and that serving the people was placed before personal aggrandisement and comfort. But is it so? Experience answers "No".

The disgraceful scramble for a place at the pie-counter which is now on in all its fury, is an AWFUL EXPOSURE OF PARLIAMENT AND POLITICIANS.

The recent goings on in both Houses has added to the "Smell" which surrounds all politicians.

Every day that goes by more and more people are beginning to WAKE UP TO THIS HUGE PARLIAMENTARY JOKE.

One time, the things which are now done in the House, would have been looked upon as criminal acts, and the perpetrators made to answer for their deeds, but to-day, in the nineteenth hundred and seventeenth year of our Lord, it is looked upon as "POLITICAL EXPEDIENTY."

The politician will say anything or deny anything so long as he can hold on to his meal-ticket.

While all this verbiage is being poured out upon the heads of patient and suffering people it is well for the working class to remember that INDUSTRIAL ORGANISATION IS FAR MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY PARLIAMENT.

Be not carried away by the eloquence, funny jokes, or glorious promises of any politician.

All political parties when they first launched out were radical and made great promises, but as they began to get into office they became respectable, and when they got into power they became conservative.

It is not always to the politician's liking that he does certain things, but it is by compulsion. The men who hold the meal-tickets demand certain things, and they must be done.

Once upon a time—in the early history of the capitalist system—the politician really did have a chance to speak honestly and help to pass laws unclouded by outside influence. But that day is no more.

In all capitalist countries in the world to-day, the politician is only a mere puppet and a tool controlled by a power far greater than the voting public.

The coming into being of the huge trusts and combines, the mammoth corporations and industries, has marked a

new era in capitalism and ESTABLISHED A NEW GOVERNMENT.

Behind all legislative halls to-day sits the REAL GOVERNMENT—the industrial oligarchy, better known as the INDUSTRIAL PLUTOCRACY.

It is this Industrial Plutocracy—the real Government—which sways and dictates to Parliament.

The only time that Parliament will legislate for the workers is when the workers have a powerful industrial organisation which can enforce their demands.

The workers to-day are not fighting any particular set of politicians, but are in a bitter struggle with the real Government—the industrial magnates.

It is this foe the toilers must face, and the battle ground is the INDUSTRIAL FIELD.

The working class can possess a mighty weapon if they wish. It can defeat all governments, all principalities, all powers.

With the weapon of INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM the working class IS ALL POWERFUL. With One Big Union of the working class we need not worry what particular twisting dead-beat of a politician is going to get a place at the pie counter.

The union hall will be where the laws are passed and on the job is where they will be enforced. The workers will then be their own law-makers and their united voice will say what shall be.

The I.W.W. is the only scientific organisation of the working class. Join it and work for it. It is the only way out. It is superior to all parliaments. It is the track that leads to final emancipation.

—N.R.

COOMBS' CASE Jury Disagree.

W. H. Coombs, who was arrested in Broken Hill on November 26th and charged with inciting to arson, was tried in Albury last week.

The authorities, being afraid that a Broken Hill jury would not convict Coombs, changed the venue of trial to Albury, where they believed that a cocky jury would be prejudiced against an agitator and bring in a verdict of "guilty."

The evidence was so strong on Coombs' side, and so weak on the side of the Crown that even the cocky jury could not agree.

Information has been received that Coombs is now going to be carted off to Deniliquin to stand another trial before a cocky jury. In the event of this jury disagreeing we have not the slightest doubt that Coombs will be given another country tour to some staunch conservative hamlet where a conviction will be almost certain. But if weight of evidence counts for anything, Bill Coombs will soon be amongst us again carrying on the fight for freedom.

Aftermath of Everett Fight.

A lawyer who recently resigned from the Commercial Club of Everett, has issued a challenge to debate publicly with any advocate of the open shop, in which debate he would affirm that the Commercial Club of Everett and not the I.W.W. is directly responsible for the death toll of November 5th.

An Everett labor paper gives the names of over one hundred members of the Commercial Club who have resigned rather than be parties to open thuggery. Many of these business men are now advertising through the press that they are no longer connected with the infamy of Everett's organised slaughterers.—"Industrial Worker."

The above is a totally different story to the one told by the daily press of Australia.

The I.W.W. was pictured in the Everett affair as everything that was bad and hideous. No language was too strong to use against the I.W.W. They were blamed for everything.

We now have it coming from official commercial quarters that the massacre of working people on November 5th at Everett was organised by the Commercial Club.

The heads of this large commercial lay-out must have gone their hardest when members of the old club are now resigning and openly advertising through the press that they had nothing to do with the slaughter of innocent people on Nov. 5th.

We are waiting to see the daily papers in Australia make this correction, and deny the lies they published about the I.W.W. at Everett.

THE

Life of the Wage Slave.

(By W. Jackson).

It is just about time the working class of this and every other country under capitalism rose against this system of exploitation which makes a few wealthy and affluent and the great majority it enslaves, brutalises and degrades. We of the working class, in order to live, are obliged to work, and it is not so much our antagonism in this direction, it is the fact that we are robbed of the product of our labor.

The working class produce all wealth and receive only 1-5th and the master class who perform no useful function receive 4-5ths of the wealth we produce. Seems strange. Something wrong somewhere. Surely it is contemptible enough for us, obliged to slave, grind, toil and sweat out our very existence for the aggrandisement of a few well-fed loafers. But there is a sense of insecurity that exists, that makes a dog's life of it at the best, and that is the fear of losing "our jobs." We wake up on Monday morning, the shrieking emblem of capitalism warns the workers it is necessary for them to start "work." The workers at the factories, mills, workshops, and mines convert themselves into "human oxen," and toil till 12 noon, then the proverbial hoofs blazes forth. The slaves feed, and recuperate for an hour. At 1 p.m. the wheels begin to fly round again, and the workers return to slavery for the rest of the day. A mad rush takes place about 5 or 5.30 p.m. in the direction of the outskirts of the cities to the little tenements. (Hessian shacks and galvanised hovels the workers are pleased to call homes. They further lubricate at 6 p.m. During the evening they throw their exhausted bodies on mattresses of straw in order to recuperate so they will be enabled to return to slavery the following day. The same mechanical procedure is gone through each day during the week until Saturday at 1 p.m., when the dear kind boss, "full of patriotism and benevolence" turns out his worn out human draught horses, the same as the brewer will turn out his Clydesdales till Monday morning.

This fiasco is gone through each week, month, year in and year out. The working class, who comprise 83 per cent. of the population, must be sadly lacking organisation and stupid to spend their lifetime working for the capitalist class, who are comprised of only 17 per cent. of the population. This small section of people have the legal power of taking over to themselves as their inalienable property, theirs to enjoy, hoard and squander, bury or throw in the ocean, if their fancy so dictated, the revenue produced by us workers, as human as they are, with the same born capacity for eating, drinking, breathing, sleeping and dying. Many of us workers have a better digestive apparatus, and we are obliged to put up with inferior food, and at times no food at all. They can eat no more than three meals a day, but their daily incomes are enough to provide each of them with ten thousand sumptuous daily meals. In the sweating hells of capitalism we are compelled to work for wages, which, in a large number of cases, are totally inadequate even for a bare existence. Large numbers of workers are driven to herding in foul tenements or evil dwellings, the inducements of which is the rent, a little cheaper than can be had elsewhere. If you will investigate and observe them and follow them to "their" wretched homes after their day's work you will learn of these conditions. Their food is circumscribed and coarse, the cheapest forms of meat; the morning meal is made up of a plate of porridge and a chunk of

bread washed down with adulterated stuff with just a faint odor of real tea. At noon bread with slices of cheap cheese often composes their dinner with perhaps a dash of dessert in the shape of a sweetened substance, artificially colored and sold as cake. For supper, cheap meat or a soup bone garnished occasionally, in the season, by stale vegetables and accompanied by a concoction resembling tea. It is now we come to a sinister result of the methods of exploiting wage-working girls and women. We charge the capitalist class employing their workers at such desperately low wages as to drive large numbers of girls and women by the terrifying force of poverty into the alternate of prostitution. Official investigations have probed into many phases of capitalist fraud, but shops, stores, factories, workshops and mills have been exceptions. Why this partiality? Because the workers are never allowed to get agitated over the methods and practices of the capitalist class. Hence the politicians are neither forced for the sake of appearance to investigate. Nor can they make political capital from a thing over which the public are not aroused. Not a line of the horrors taking place in department stores is ever reported in the newspapers, not a mention of the treatment of girls and women. Wherefore this silence? Because unsophisticated reader, these department stores are the largest and steadiest advertisers. The newspapers, which solemnly set themselves up as the moral, ethical and political instructors to the public, sell all the space desired to advertise goods, many of which are fraudulent in many ways. Not a line objectionable to these department stores ever gets into newspaper print; on the contrary, the owners of these stores, by the bludgeon of their immense advertising, have the power within certain limitations of virtually acting as censors. The newspapers, whatever their pretensions, make no attempt to antagonise the powers from whom so large a portion of their revenue comes. It is a standing rule in newspaper offices in the cities that not a specific mention of any unfavorable or discreditable matter occurring or affecting the interests of the proprietors of those stores is allowed to get into print. Thus it is the workers are studiously kept in ignorance of the abominations incessantly going on under capitalism. When you strut through the main thoroughfares, alleys and byways of our cities you will clearly understand that the cause of the wretched conditions of the working class which culminates in prostitution is "economic." This system of capitalism brutalises, degrades and starves the workers and forces women and girls on the streets to sell their bodies in order to gain the wherewithal to live.

The I.W.W. is an organisation composed of wage workers who are out to overthrow this system of capitalism which contains within itself the forces that produce slavery and prostitution, and will substitute in place thereof a system of industrialism whereby each working man and working woman will enjoy the full fruits of their own labor, where each shall work for all and all for each. This can only be attained through industrial organisation, by the working class organising into One Big Union on the lines outlined by the I.W.W. We appeal to you, fellow workers, to join the I.W.W. and help in this great fight for ECONOMIC freedom, and do your fair share to educate and organise your class and help them to understand their true position in society, and not until then will slavery with its baneful influence ever be abolished. Will you help us in this fight!

THE SOCIAL.

A very pleasurable evening was the outcome of the social and dance organised by the Women's Committee which took place last week.

For four hours the Southern Cross hall was the scene of merriment and conviviality. But the boys in jail were not forgotten, and at 10 p.m. a speech of 10 minutes was delivered which resulted in a substantial collection. Several musical items were rendered, which were highly appreciated. Besides having a "night-out" a few score quids were netted for the Defence Fund.

By Order-in-Council gazetted the importation of the following publications are prohibited into New Zealand: "Atlanta American," "Atlanta Georgian," "Boston American," "Chicago American," "Chicago Examiner," "Los Angeles Herald," "Morgan Journal," "New York American," "New York Deutsches Journal," "New York Evening Journal," "San Francisco Examiner," "San Francisco Sunday American," "Sunday Georgian," "Cosmopolitan Magazine," "Good Housekeeping Magazine," "Harper's Bazaar," "Hearst's Magazine," "Motor Magazine," "Motor Boating Magazine," "Solidarity," "Industrial Worker," "International Socialist Review," (Australian) "Ross's Magazine," "Direct Action," "Los Angeles Examiner."

NEUTRAL.

Paternalism of Government.

More Persecution.

You've taken sides and sympathised
With this or that beyond the sea;
You've raised your voice against the wrong
Of each poor Belgian deportee.
Yet here your masters work their will—
The new-made gods of gold and steel—
While you stand neutral in the face
Of labor broken on the wheel.

The black hyenas of the law
Feed on the corpse of Liberty,
The hungry jackals of the State
Tear down the men who would be free—
Beaten and bound, still Labor treads
The white-hot plow-shares of their hate,
Feeling the gallows and the cell
Asks—Are you neutral to her fate?

Are you so blind you cannot see,
Are you so deaf you cannot hear,
The smile upon your master's face?
The thugs and gun-men's drunken cheer?
Have you no tongues that you are still?
Have you no souls that you forget
Your fellow workers crucified?

We do not ask that you should give
Where rebel children give their dime,
You'll need it for some saw-dust trail
Where roads crawl backward to the slime.
We do not ask that you should act
To help your fellows in their need,
But words cost nothing—can't you speak,
Poor, speechless servitors of Greed?

We do not ask that you should walk
The steelribbed corridors we tread;
We do not ask that you should face
The sacred gallows of our Dead.
But, by the pailry rights you own—
The rights we've rescued from your loss—
Lift up your toil-bent heads and speak:
Are you for Labor or the Boss?

GERALD J. LIVELY.

A SHORTER WORK DAY.

One of the best things the working class can organise for is a shorter work day. It will mean more time for recreation, and rest from the machines of industry which benumb our bodies and minds.

The advantages of a six-hour day would be innumerable. The unemployed would be absorbed and less competition would take place in the labor market.

A reduction in the working hours means a reduction in the out-of-works.

The less unemployed there are the better chance of getting more wages and better working conditions.

There are some workers who say: "You can never get a six-hour day." But the question is, are the workers willing to organize and try to get a reduction in the hours of toil? If we never attempt anything, we will never get anything. It is only by fighting that we have got the conditions we have to-day.

If the workers have the will there is always a way. The way is by organizing in the I.W.W., which is a scientific organization. Study the class struggle, and join the One Big Union, and the way out will be plain.

J. WILSON.

NOTHING IN COMMON.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. It is the object of the employers to pen the workers up in smelly factories or foul mines as long as possible, and in that time to squeeze out of them as much as they can.

Luxury, pleasure and freedom are only for the master class; the slave class, who create everything, are so ignorant and divided that they are forced to subsist on the cheapest of food and must apply to the master for the right to live.

It is the master class who, by their system of brute force and wholesale robbery, have chained the workers down to wage slavery. We, the workers, who produce all, who even manufacture the coin with which we are paid our meagre pittance, are being robbed by a cunning enemy, who profess brotherhood for us.

The capitalist class have killed us in thousands in their mad lust for gold. Hygienic conditions for employees are sought to the boss—slaves are cheap, but comfortable, healthy factories are dear. Workers, your greatest enemy is the master class, who lives in luxury, while you live in poverty.

Therefore, the workers cannot have interests in common with their exploiters. We must make it our mission to do away with capitalism. "The army of workers must be organized, not only for the every day struggle, but also to carry on production when capitalism is overthrown."

SEJAM.

Monty Miller's Review of Perth Trial.

After an arduous and protracted campaign on the Perth Esplanade, with only the result of a small but slowly growing attendance of interested and thinking men and women, the I.W.W. propaganda has, like a variable star, burst out into the first magnitude, brilliancy of a canopus of Sirius—and has diffused an incandescent glow and heat of active thought into the most remote and mentally twilight corners of this somnolent quarter of the Australian's private wealth.

But at last, our patient and heroic efforts to fulfil the working class mission—"to overthrow capitalism"—has met with the admiring approval of those who sit in high places, clothed in the purple pride of power—and the hand full of invincibles have been thrust on the broadest stage of publicity by the generous patronage of a paternal government who has subsidised our propaganda work by an outlay of thousands of pounds, and free passages by boats and trains from all the outlying mining districts—farming areas, cattle and sheep runs—with the splendid result that every man who could do propaganda on the job, in the camp, or on the stump have been landed in the capital city on the Swan. And after a brief period of perfect rest, 24-days of tranquil seclusion, each I.W.W. man by the modus operandi, prepared himself for the great carnival of propaganda arranged for at enormous cost by the tender paternalism of government, which had secured fine buildings in the most central parts of the "Fair City of Perth." The most influential gentleman of high public positions, and of distinguished social rank consented to preside over the long series of propaganda meetings which absorbed the main attention of the mercantile and manufacturing magnates. And the institutions of press, parliament, and pulpit were all most deeply interested with a miraculously sudden zeal of concentration on the principles of industrial organisation—a common base of unity in action.

A spirit of emulation seized upon the local authorities of the State Departments, and many of the most intelligent and thoughtful officials were prohibited from the pursuance of their arduous and important duties in order to permit them to concentrate their attention on the great event that had eclipsed and transcended the minor interests of statistics, education, and the like, which for the time had gone below zero in the scale of popular feeling.

During the first days of the carnival at the Beaufort Street Temple of Forensic Wisdom, the cult of the One Big Union seemed likely to attain to its apotheosis—as one Dalton swore by all the gods that Mick Sawtell had achieved the most miraculous ubiquity of being in two places at the same time, said places being 150 miles apart. It has been stated that the same form of hard and fast swearing can demonstrate the absolute fact that two bodies can occupy the same place at the same time.

After the splendid series of morning and afternoon meetings, extending over 7 days, the presiding chairman adjourned the continuation for a fortnight. Next meetings to be held in a noble pile of buildings.

The meetings on the north side of the city, in the large hall in front of the Beaufort St. Bastille—were of the athletic order of dialogue form—and gave rich opportunities of unfolding the scientific nature of the Industrial Organisation of The One Big Union, and a clear-cut revelation of the esoteric meaning of the as yet abstruse and occult term, sabotage—the etymology of which is as yet in its early stage.

The members of the legal fraternity took an active interest in the meetings, and entered into the questions with a vivacity that induces the belief that they held a golden interest in the proceedings.

The continuation of the mammoth propaganda meetings of the O.B.U. were resumed on the morning of December 5th. The well-known industrial expert, the Hon. Burnside, presided over the gathering. After a committee of 12 apostles of Solon like sagacity had been appointed to settle any matters of doubt as to the merits of the I.W.W. propagandists on the score of truth, justice and logic, the President opened the business, and at once the white-headed boy of the Industrial Workers of the World—so dubbed because of the fire of enthusiasm they impart to their advocacy of the O.B.U. Indeed the intellectual fire of the movement fully warrants the old-time declaration of an ancient Asiatic alien agitator, who also gave propaganda at the expense of the government, to wit, one Jesus, who said, "I am the light of the world."

Well, the White Head asked the president to adjourn the whole of the second course of the propaganda meetings for 12 months on the ground that there was such an exaggerated feeling of respect and admiration for the I.W.W. throughout the whole of Australia

consequent on the fulsome flattery and inordinate appreciation of leading politicians—that a fair and impartial criticism and valuation of their principles was absolutely impossible, while such superstitious adoration filled the public mind at large—more especially the churches, capitalists, journalists, socialists, craft unionists, conscriptionists, militarists, etc., and in 12 months a possible reaction of feeling would enable the general public after the period of calmer reflection to modify their at present too highly inflated idea of the high mental, moral and virtuous worth of the noble order of the I.W.W.

The President curtly informed "Old Monty" that any adjournment was impossible after the committee of Decision had performed the sacred rite of licking an antique volume—alleged to be a compilation of the principal of the aforesaid Asiatic Alien Agitator.

Again, the legal brigade rallied to the rescue of the time-cherished traditions that constitute the codes, social, moral and legal, all of which reflects itself on the society of to-day. These scribes of the law called many persons of opaque intellect, many of whom seemed not to have arrived at the age of perception. These labored under an inverted idea of the general principles of I.W.W.-ism, and all and sundry of them refuse to accept any light and leading from Mick Sawtell, Monty Miller, or one "Thomas," one of the legal scribes who in the first series of the propaganda meetings had stoutly stood for the I.W.W.—Thomas—

surnamed Walker, had been a champion runner in the interests of certain industrialists, and had on their behalf battled well and generously against the Wise Men of the East— assembled in state at Sydney, and he, in accord with his old time custom, made superhuman efforts to lighten the darkness of the witless ones called forward by his legal conferees. But all in vain. It was a clear case of "none so blind as those who won't see." This dull and profitless questioning of those whose replies were—"Don't know, can't say, haven't heard," got on the nerves of men accustomed to a full and clear answer to all interrogations, and "Old Monty," on asking a question would put it in sections and fill in the gaps with concrete propaganda speeches to the court and committee of decision. But the president of the meeting called him to order, and the dull reiteration of ignorance of the questioned ones went on day after day till Mick Sawtell went into the question pillory and subjected himself to all attacks of one Pilkington, who was the great man of law for the capitalists. This was a combat of "foeman worthy of each other's steel." The wily Michael, like his great nameake, repeated history by baffling and defeating the Lucifer of the Devils' Brigade—to the delight of the minor devils of the law, who are as jealous of the great legal autocrat as the devils in Hell. Old Monty's questions to his F. W. W. Mick, and the clear and copious answers thereto, was the leading feature of how to educate the crowd—and there is no doubt that the habits of a court of law, the whole staff are no exception to the natural order of fact, that the insect partakes of the color of the leaf on which it feeds—and the insect seems homo feeding on the most conservatism of all institutions, the Law—becomes the very crystallisation of conservatism and to such; truth, justice, logic, rationalism have no power of appeal, any more than they have in a court of law to judge, counsel or jury, and the result is that the mass—the insensate crowd—are not so impervious to the appeal of common sense as are the legal section of the great ignorant public, but, despite this condition, there was an educational effect made itself felt in the exchange of thoughts between the old and the young apostle of economic science. Such terms as force, revolution, sabotage, lost their misconstruction as given by law, and stripped of bogey terrors, became pleasant pictures to the average man and woman, and at the termination of the proceedings the judge declared there was "no evidence gone through the court to prove that these men were not of good character." "That they were all the victims of circumstances," "that they were not of criminal type," etc.

When the fifth day closed the committee of decision gave their report to the judge, and he awarded to each of the I.W.W. propagandists a rest cure for the period of two years as a mark of appreciation from a grateful society of their long and arduous labors in the noble endeavor "to raise the genius, and to mend the heart of the working class humanity." But at this stage the elements of true manhood and the instincts of human brotherhood broke through the thick encrustations of legal environment, and the man arose superior to the judge and gave the eight gladiators the alternative of open liberty on the pledge not to make their revolutionary

A. M. A. DELEGATE CHARGED.

On Monday, March 5th, 1917, F. W. Harry Melrose, delegate from the A.M.A. on the Defence and Release Committee, had to appear before the "beak" at the Central Police Court, Sydney, to answer the charge "that on the 19th day of February, 1917, at Darling Island, Pyrmont, Sydney, in the said State, being then a member of an unlawful association, to wit, the I.W.W., did advocate a certain action calculated to hinder the transport, for purposes connected with the war, of foodstuffs, to wit, a strike."

Melrose denied that he was a member of an unlawful association, and that he did advocate a strike. He said that he was a paid official of the A.M.A., Broken Hill, and was in Sydney with his co-delegate, Mr. Kerr, to help to put the case before the various labor bodies of the imprisoned members of the working class in Sydney, Broken Hill, West Australia and New Zealand. He said that he went to Pyrmont on the day in question at the invitation of several wharf labourers, and spoke to them upon the advisability of their union being represented at the next trades' union conference, which was being called to deal with the imprisoned men.

Several witnesses were called in support of Melrose's evidence, but it was wasted effort.

Despite the very crude evidence given by the police and the overwhelming evidence given on Melrose's behalf, it counted for nothing.

His Worship, Mr. Macfarlane, at last woke up and said: "I convict. Six months' hard labor."

Notice of appeal was lodged, and the Broken Hill delegate was let loose on bail in two securities of £200.

The Appeal is to be heard at Darlinghurst on April 2nd, 1917.

And so ended, for the time being, another skirmish in the history of Labor's wars, and another lesson in the justice of the Law Courts.

The following resolution was carried at a meeting of combined unions at Broken Hill on March 4th, "That it be a recommendation to the A.M.A. to wire G. Kerr immediately to brief a leading barrister for the defence of Melrose, and, in the event of Melrose being found guilty a mass meeting of unions be called within seven days of a conviction to discuss further action."

SPEAKERS' CLASS.

Attention of members is drawn to the fact that the speakers' class has been re-organised and is now in full swing.

All members desirous of voicing the principles of the One Big Union per medium of the platform would do well to trot along to headquarters on Tuesday nights at 8 p.m. and receive the necessary instruction and encouragement which goes to make able soap-boxers.

As our organisation grows and spreads we need an ever increasing supply of speakers to cope with the increased activities.

We hope to see as many as possible present next Tuesday night, all anxious to be mouthpieces of the only cause worth fighting for—Industrial Democracy.

"Immortal Jove, high heaven's superior lord,
On lofty Ida's holy mount adored!
Who e'er involved us in this dire debate,
O give that author of the war to fate,
And shades eternal! let division cease,
And joyful nations join in leagues of peace."

Homer, Book III. The Iliad.

A LITERAL PERSON.

The Sheriff: "Have you anything to say before you are hanged?"
Prisoner: "You don't expect me to talk afterwards, do you?"

More Frightfulness.—Old Dame—"Tinpence a pound for candles. That's very dear, ain't it?"

Grocer—"Yes, but you see, they are dearer now on account of the war."

Old Dame (in surprise)—"Lor! a massy! You don't say so. An' be they a-fightin' by candle-light now?"

movement of the Bengal tiger ferocity and the blood-stained dye—attributed to it by the learned Pilkington during his fulminations for the capitalist class and their interests. Thus ended the greatest propaganda ever known in the I.W.W. of this cave land, where the cave men dwell.

EUREKA.

Spasms

By Tom Barker.

I have landed in Mount Morgan. The prettiest place in Mount Morgan is the cemetery. Mount Morgan has the advantage of Broken Hill. The ugliest place in B.H. is Block 20, the next worse is the cemetery. When the Mount Morgan wealth producer has had his last breath coined into dividends, they plant him with much ceremony. And he sleeps within sight of the most unsightly dump that I ever saw in my life. And Fat only makes about three-quarters a million a year out of the hides and muscle and sinew of the wage workers in that town. Every quid is reddened with a human sacrifice, and the verdant cemetery is a tragedy, a tragedy of broken bodies, and crushed limbs, of miners' complaint, and of young and vigorous manhood murdered by the plundering profit-gouls, at the portals of manhood. Mount Morgan is hell. It is hell, so that Park Lane may be heaven. But the I.W.W. is also here.

Yes, the I.W.W. is in Mount Morgan. The A.W.U. is in Mount Morgan. The new and the old are going to clash. The old lives partly on the reputation of the fighters of the early nineties, and partly upon the philosophy of Packerism, that of "independent unionism." Still time brings strange bedfellows, and perhaps it is a case of straws showing how the wind blows. Even the stomach of Mr. Blakey must revolt at the reputations of some of his fellow officials in the middle north. And from indications the I.W.W. is not so uncomplaining, will take all the vile spirits in Mount Morgan within a few short months.

I should have arrived in the town at 6.50 p.m., but A.W.U. Railway Minister Coyne's trains manage to scorch at the phenomenal rate of 24 miles in 4½ hours. Consequently I arrived at 11 p.m. The meeting that had been arranged had to be abandoned. Anyway, on Sunday I had the opportunity of addressing a large and interested audience on the treason charges. Between the collection and the list taken round by our energetic fellow-worker, Hugh Clark, we were enabled to despatch £18/10/ to the Release Committee in Sydney. With the exception of a few A.W.U. officials, and a discarded straw boss, the meeting was ours. There was no opposition, and all the questions were extremely sympathetic, or inquiring. On Friday next, I am going to show the difference between senile decay and youth, and one of the largest meetings ever held here is assured.

I am also going to the ballast pit, on the construction lines out from Rannes, and will get to the butchers and sugar-workers around Rockhampton and Bundaberg. Then I am due again at Gympie, Brisbane, and then to Warwick down to the N.S.W. border. Good work should result, and the One Big Union is going to get a bigger hold.

The Brisbane "Telegraph" pats the A.W.U. on the trousers, and hopes that the constitutionalists will prevail against the awful I.W.W. We congratulate the A.W.U. on its boosters. The "Telly" terminates in effect with the following sage remark, "That in revolutions, like the French revolution, the dregs come to the top."

We agree, "Telly," and the scum sometimes goes to the bottom.

Magistrate Bishop, when sentencing Bob Semple in Christchurch in New Zealand said, "I am a Socialist, but not the same kind of Socialist that you are." Campbell Bannerman, the deceased British Prime Minister, once said, "We are all Socialists now-a-days." Prince Edward, the heir-apparent, according to the yellow press, has leanings towards Socialism. We are extremely glad that this line of bunk peddlers don't claim any connection with the I.W.W. And they never will.

Last Tuesday I inspected the plant, works and mine at present owned by the Mount Morgan Company on behalf of the I.W.W., who are going to commandeer the concern in a few short years. The management were too busy to show me round, but every one seemed to be anxious to explain everything. Fat has got a rare meat ticket here, but his life will be short. The I.W.W. is after the works.

Any worker who toils at the Mount Morgan furnaces, smelters, etc., need not dread going to hell when he dies. He will stand the climate alright. And Fat, philanthropic and charitable, pays the surface hands the munificent sum of 11/ a day. These men are preparing a log to be sub-

mitted to the Arbitration Court, in which they ask for 14/ a day. The local A.W.U. officials are attempting to get this demand modified, as they say, no one in Queensland on similar work has asked for so much. The work would be hard, at a quid a day, and the workers should ignore the duck-shovers, who want to keep the workers down on the bare existence wage. The motto of the union officials is "Work, boys, work, and be contented." The I.W.W. will change things on the Mount shortly.

"Honest" John Adamson and Mat Reid (one time A.W.U. organiser) visited this town last Tuesday. They are forming branches of the Gnashional Fakirisation, and trying to obtain recruits for the war. Being solid unionists and anti-conscriptists, they visited the A.W.U. office to see the secretary, who performed mighty deeds (for the boss) in historic 1912. In the evening, at the Protestant Hall, John and Mat performed before a bored audience of old-age pensioners, local straw-bosses, twenty I.W.W. men, and a terrier bitch. John's stunt was an elaboration of the platform of the National Ass. He condemned "Direct Action," and belabored darkly about the "Prussians of the industrial field." He is a very poor bunk peddler, but no better than Mat, whose main squabble was about the rising generation who didn't pay the necessary respect to the phenomenal ability of the Gnashional Federation. In fact, anything that hasn't got a nanny-goat whisker is a juvenile who might pull the dresser over on to himself. Mat blew off querulously about responsible government, which would be guaranteed by the Ass. After Mat finished, the chairman woke up the audience, and they elected officials. The National Fakirisation has already got twelve members, and the I.W.W. is sagging at the knees.

John Storey, the leader of the Fairdinkums, repudiates the I.W.W. Many thanks. We may have some bad men in the I.W.W., but thank God, we have no politicians.

Our friends—Harland, A.W.U. organiser and cockroach capitalist at the Mount, recently said, "WE (the A.W.U.) don't burn down buildings, print forged notes on our press, and pay to defend murderers." Suppose they will blame the burning of the "Rodney" on to the I.W.W. now. What did Bill Hamilton get three years for, Harland? And Mr. Harland, when are YOUR friends going to bring YOUR Mr. Brown back from Durban, South Africa? Don't say a word about the 28/ agreement.

Mr. Higgs, M.H.R., to a local business man, "Have nothing to do with the I.W.W. If you had one driving for you he'd break your horse's legs." And the labor leaders (?) have the check to charge the I.W.W. with sabotage. Prevarication is a form of master class sabotage.

Three National Industrial Unions of the Industrial Workers of the World will be brought into existence within the next few months. A.N.I.U. of metalliferous miners, one of waterside workers, and one in the pastoral industry, which will operate chiefly between middle N.S.W. and North Queensland. Millions of leaflets dealing with organisation and industrial unionism are to be printed and distributed. Propaganda must be concentrated on these three fronts. A paper devoted to the industrial requirements of the pastoral and agricultural department will be launched in due course. We have given the existing organisations two years to show their earnestness in the matter. They have either failed or not tried. The Industrial Workers of the World is out from now on for direct, tangible control. And to hell with our enemies.

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113.

Economics.

(MARY MARCY).

VII. WAGES.

There are several ways whereby wage-workers may try to improve their condition to-day. In Lesson V. we discussed Low Prices and their effect upon the condition of working class life. We discovered that as the prices on the necessities of life fall, wages fall proportionately, because of the competition among wage-workers for jobs.

It would be impossible for an employer of labor to arbitrarily lower wages, just as it is impossible for capitalists to arbitrarily raise the prices of commodities. The conditions must be favorable to such a rise or fall in prices. It is the Army of Unemployed men and women that force wages (or the price of labor-power) down when the cost of living falls. We were unable to find where low prices would benefit the working class.

In discussing prices in the last two lessons we have not said much about wages, or the price of labor-power. Labor-power is a commodity just as stoves, coats of flour are commodities. And the value and price of labor-power are determined exactly as the price and value of all other commodities are determined.

Wage workers are always trying to get higher wages, or a better price for their labor power.

It is easy to understand that the gold miner who secures a rise in wages from 2 dols. to 3 dols. a day, leaves less surplus value for the mine-owner. He receives back more of his product. And the aim of Socialists or revolutionary workers and women is to become owners of their entire product.

Confused economists have repeatedly claimed that a rise in wages was no benefit to the proletariat. They insisted that the capitalists would raise prices on the necessities of life, so that the workers would be just where they were before.

But in Value, Price and Profit, chapter II, page 17, Marx says: "How could that rise of wages affect the prices of commodities? Only by affecting the actual proportion between the demand for, and the supply of, these commodities."

"It is perfectly true, that considered as a whole, the working class spends, and must spend, its income upon necessities. A general rise in the rate of wages would, therefore, produce a rise in the demand for, and consequently (temporarily) in the market price of, necessities."

"The capitalists who produce these necessities would be compensated for the risen wages by the rising market prices of the commodities."

Note. Marx says that temporarily the prices on necessities would probably rise, owing to the increased demand for food, clothing and better houses, not because the capitalists decided to raise prices. And then note what begins to follow immediately:

"What would be the position of those capitalists who do not produce necessities? For the fall in the rate of profit, consequent upon the general rise in the price of wages, they could not compensate themselves by a rise in the price of their commodities, because the demand for their commodities would not have increased."

"Consequent upon this diminished demand, the price of their commodities would fall. In these branches of industry, therefore, the rate of profit would fall."

"What would be the consequence of this difference in the rates of profit for capitalists employed in the different branches of industry? Why, the consequences that generally obtains whenever, from whatever reason, the average rate of profit comes to differ in the different sphere of production."

"Capital and labor would be transferred from the less remunerative to the more remunerative branches; and this process of transfer would go on until the supply in one department of industry would have risen proportionately to the increased demand, and would have sunk in the other departments according to the decreased demand."

"This change effected, the general rate of profit would again be equalized in the different branches. As the whole derangement originally arose from a mere change in the proportion of the demand for, and supply of, different commodities, the cause ceasing, the effect would cease and prices would return to their former level and equilibrium."

"The general rise in the rate of wages would, therefore, after a temporary disturbance of market price, only result in a general fall in the rate of profit, without any permanent changes in the prices of commodities."

We will use a concrete illustration to explain Marx's point. In a mining camp the miners secured a gain of wages of from 2 dols. to 3 dols. a day. The man who ran the only restaurant in the camp thought he could raise the price of board from 4 dols. to 5 dols. a week. For a week or two the miners paid the advanced price, but the third week a new restaurant was opened by a man who heard

of the "prosperity" in this particular camp, and inside of two months there were four restaurants competing for trade in Golden Gulch. This competition among the restaurant keepers forced board down to 3 dols. a week. Some of them moved away until board fell to the average rate of board in that state.

As long as prices were better there new investors came to Golden Gulch, and when they fell below the average price for board investors went away.

Marx says that when workmen and women get higher wages, they spend this increase in better food, better homes and better clothing. This stimulates the demand for food, clothing and houses. More capitalists begin to invest in food production, in houses and in the manufacture of clothing. The competition among capitalists often brings the prices on these things below the rates charged before the workers received their increase, until these capitalists find they can make more money in other fields, when they invest in other industries and prices fall to what they were before the rise in wages.

On the very last page of Value, Price and Profit, Marx says again: "A general rise in the rate of wages would result in a fall of the general rate of profit, but, broadly speaking, not affect the prices of commodities."

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 organisation formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all. Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's 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 organised not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organising industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

SYDNEY LOCAL.

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