

'An Injury to One an INJURY to All.'



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Defence Agitation.

LEST WE FORGET.

Defence Agitation.

REPORT OF DEFENCE AND RELEASE COMMITTEE.

Fellow workers, the above committee was formed on December 7th, 1916, and since formation has carried on active propaganda on behalf of the twelve I.W.W. men convicted after a trial, which all members of the organisation and an increasing number of the public regard as an outrage unequalled in the legal annals of any country. The committee have raised in cash from all sources over £1125, distributed 160,000 manifestoes, 10,000 pamphlets, "Speeches" from the Dock and "Solidarity Sentenced," and sent representatives to the various coal fields to explain on behalf of the men now in jail the trumped up evidence upon which they were so unjustly convicted and so savagely sentenced. Since the formation of the committee three conferences of trade union delegates have been called and held, and recommendations of an important character submitted to the membership of the unions represented for endorsement. The work of the committee has not, however, reached that stage when a halt can be called, the necessity for keeping the movement for the release of the men going is as great as ever. Further, this is all the more necessary when we take into consideration the fact that the powers that be are determined to place behind prison bars the very men who are conducting the campaign for their release, on behalf of right, as against wrong, justice as against injustice.

The committee also desire it to be understood that over £400 in loans has yet to be refunded, and that J. B. King has to be defended and the money found for his defence.

Especially is it necessary to carry on the propaganda on their behalf, as they have been refused a new trial before a new jury, which, it is generally admitted, was their only chance legally, and since only action on the part of their class can secure for them their freedom.

Another trade union conference has been called for April 7th at 2.30 p.m., and it is hoped that an increased number of unions will be represented. I may state the conference will be held at the I.W.W. Hall, 403 Sussex street, Sydney. Fellow workers in the various unions are asked to make certain that the correspondence inviting delegates to attend is brought before their union, and to insist upon a delegate being present. Funds are still required, money being wanted for the maintenance of the wives of the men, and the printing and distribution of literature putting the case for them. Also to enable the committee to send speakers to the various centres on their behalf.

All funds forwarded, for this purpose will be acknowledged by letter and receipt, also in "Direct Action."

Yours for the cause,

J. R. WILSON.

SYDNEY LOCAL.

Meetings, &c.

Street Propaganda at Bathurst and Liverpool Streets every Friday and Saturday Evenings, at 8 p.m.; also Sunday Evening, at 7.

Meetings in Hall.

Sunday, 8 p.m.—Propaganda.
Wednesday, 8 p.m.—Economic Class.
Thursday, 8 p.m.—Business Meeting.
Saturday Evening—Speakers' Class.

"Society can forgive murder, adultery and swindling, but it cannot forgive the preaching of a new gospel."

FELLOW WORKERS, REMEMBER THAT TWELVE LOYAL MEN OF YOUR CLASS ARE NOW LANGUISHING IN THE JAILS OF N.S.W. TO-DAY BECAUSE THEY DARED TO PREACH A NEW GOSPEL.

THEY ARE IN GAOL TO-NIGHT BECAUSE THEY DARED TO PREACH A DOCTRINE OF SCIENTIFIC ORGANISATION WHICH MEANT UNITY, SOLIDARITY, AND EMANCIPATION FOR THE TOILING MILLIONS. THEY SPOKE AGAINST THE RAPACIOUS, BLOOD-SUCKING, DEVOURING MONSTERS IN OUR MIDST AND PICTURED A WORLD OF PEACE, BEAUTY AND PLENTY FOR ALL.

WILL THESE APOSTLES OF THE NEW ORDER BE ALLOWED TO PAY THE TERRIBLE PRICE IMPOSED UPON THEM FOR WORK DONE IN THE INTEREST OF THEIR CLASS.

WORKERS, REMEMBER THE TORTURE AND PAIN ENDURED BY OUR FOREFATHERS IN ORDER THAT WE MIGHT BREATHE A LITTLE MORE FREELY! WILL YOU LET THESE MEN, WHO HAVE BEEN THE UNFLINCHING ADVOCATES OF YOUR LIBERTIES, ROT IN A COMMON FELONS' PRISON WITHOUT RAISING YOUR VOICE IN PROTEST?

REMEMBER, THEIR FIGHT IS YOUR FIGHT. THEIR CAUSE IS YOUR CAUSE. THEIR IDEALS ARE THE IDEALS OF ORGANISED LABOR.

IT IS EASY TO PRAISE MEN WHEN THEY ARE DEAD. IT IS EASY TO SING THE PRAISES OF PEOPLE THAT ARE NO MORE.

FELLOW WORKERS, DON'T WAIT UNTIL THE WHOLE WORLD IS ROCKING WITH APPLAUSE BEFORE YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH. DON'T WAIT UNTIL BOUQUETS ARE FLYING AROUND BEFORE YOU DO YOUR BIT. NOW IS THE TIME TO SPEAK, NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT.

IF YOU HAVE A HEART THAT BEATS TRUE; IF YOU HAVE A SPIRIT THAT IS WORTHY OF A MAN; IF YOU HAVE A MIND THAT REVOLTS AT OUTRAGE, THEN IT IS UP TO YOU TO ENQUIRE INTO, AND STUDY THE EVIDENCE AGAINST THESE MEN, AND IF YOU DO SO YOU WILL AT ONCE RAISE YOUR VOICES IN A MIGHTY PROTEST IN AN ATTEMPT TO SEE JUSTICE DONE.

FELLOW WORKERS, DO YOUR DUTY TO YOUR CLASS.

An Unrefuted Item of Defence and Defiance.

BY EUREKA.
FROM CRIMINAL DOCK.

Your Honor and Gentlemen of the Jury—The learned Counsel for the prosecution, Mr. R. R. Pilkington, K.C., told you in the opening of his speech to you that we—the accused men in this criminal dock—"have been tried by the law of the land." Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, that is incorrect; it is untrue—a false statement. We, the accused, HAVE NOT been tried by the law of the land, in the law of the Commonwealth or this State, there is no law on the Statute that has emanated from the moral sentiment of the Australian people, and been placed as legislative enactment on our Statute Books by the representatives of the people.

How then can the learned counsel say we have been tried by "Law of the Land?"

The fact is gentlemen, of the jury, we have been tried under an Old Law of past times—a law no longer in accord with our times and the prevailing thought of the people of the country—this Conspiracy Act, under which we have been tried is one of the many laws known under the legal technical term of "mort main" law, a compound term of French derivation—mort—dead, and manus the hand—the law of the dead hand, gentlemen, the brain which conceived and the hand which wrote this law, have passed back into the dust from which they came. The record of this conspiracy law as originally written, has passed out of all legitimacy by the ravages of time. Aye! and the flow of time and the elements have erased even the epitaphs from the tomb stones of those who were the authors of this law.

Gentlemen, under all persecutive prosecutions, the laws used are invariably of the "dead-hand" order. We are governed and ruled, and our fate decided by ghosts out of graveyards—by laws exempted from the dust of cemeteries; by that greatest of all majorities—the majority of the DEAD, speaking out of the dead past.

How, then, gentlemen of the jury, can the learned counsel for the prosecution state, in the face of these legal facts, that "we have been tried by the law of THIS LAND."

A Capitalistic Suppressed Item.

(To the Editor "D.A.")

In a clear and distinct voice that filled the court, one of the band of Westralia's I.W.W. braves in his defence and defiant speech, said, inter alia:

"Gentlemen of the Jury,
"The learned counsel for the prosecution, in his speech to you, has said 'that the law has to be taken as on the Statute Book, and the case, according to the evidence, must be decided thereby,' and His Honor in his direction to you has further extended on that remark by stating that 'the law may be good or bad, right or wrong, but that is no concern of his, yours, or the court's; that the law must be administered as it stands.' Gentlemen, there is an alternative recourse for a man of strict honesty in principle and integrity in action. And that course would be, if the law is not good, but bad, not right, but wrong, to refuse the responsibility of its administration rather than inflict its injustice on innocent men, charged under it. (Sensation in court)."

This strange talk did not appear to antagonise the Judge (Mr. Justice Burnside) in his final decision in sentencing the whole of the prisoners.

Anyhow, the I.W.W. principle was adopted rather to LOSE in a red hot fight for principle's sake, than to WIN in a blue funk on a cow-down policy.

One point that has caused this scribe much thought is: that under the same Conspiracy Act as the trial in Sydney were under, Judge Burnside stated the maximum sentence was three (3) years. How comes it that the reincarnate spirit of Cromwell's hanging judge, now shrined in the cruel, flesh of Monster Pring, made the minimum sentence 5 years, for those of the accused who were not indicted on any criminal charge—over and above conspiracy?

"Is there a soul dismayed,
Was there a man afraid,
Not one in ten hundred.

MILDURA.

On Saturday night, 17th inst., the live wires in Mildura held a meeting for the purpose of putting before the public the true facts concerning the infamous trial, condemnation, and inhuman sentences passed upon our fellow-workers.

Fellow-Workers O'Connor and Gower reviewed the trial, and pointed out the danger to the working-class of Australia, of this monstrous conspiracy to silence the voice of labor.

The speakers were well received and given a good hearing. When the utility of appealing to class biased judges—and capitalistic courts generally, was mentioned, and an appeal to the workers to use all their strength to obtain the release of our fighters, was made, the crowd cheered to the echo. Especially noticeable was the sympathy of the women in the audience. The women of the working class recognise the fine fights put up by the I.W.W. against Conscription, and cheap, coloured labor—and their sympathy is with the men, now laying behind the prison bars. The men, whose only crime is that they one and all fought fearlessly for the class to which they belong.

At the end of the addresses, a collection was taken up, which, including sale of "D.A." amounted to £2 12s, which sum is being forwarded on to the W. D. and R. Committee in Melbourne.

We hope to hold another meeting before the end of the fiscal season, and make another appeal for funds.

Wherever our members go, they should take every opportunity to place before the workers, the true facts of this case. Remember, "they fought for us." It is up to us "to stand by them." And the gaol gates shall, nay, MUST, yet open for our boys.

THOMAS O'CONNOR.

The Child Slaves.

(By Richard Brazier):

The masters' children are bonny, in the sunshine long they play,
The workers' children are hungry, for the light of day.
No time for them to play, in the sunshine warm and gay;
For the sake of Capitalist dollars, they must wear their lives away.

Their little forms are stunted, their faces white and wan,
From working in the sweatshops, the slaves of cruel man,
Unkempt, unfed and forlorn, crippled, maimed and torn,
For the sake of greedy Mammon, are these little children born.

They never hear the birds sing,—or stroll through meadows green,
The flowers that bloom in springtime, are by them never seen.
In the dark depths of the earth, amid the roar of countless mills,
These little slaves are working at a dreadful pace that kills.

But the day is surely coming when the workers will awake,
And free the little children, and the yoke of slavery break,
In One Big Union grand, organised the world o'er,
We will do away with slave and master, for evermore.

Forward the I.W.W.—Labor's hope for the future; the wage slaves' joy promise of the present.

EUREKA.

Direct Action



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The I.W.W. and Religion.

A well-known battler in the cause of the working class, recently gave expression to the following sentence: "The Church is the greatest obstacle in the road of working-class progress, and must be attacked on all sides." However enthusiastic the individual in question may be for the cause of the toilers, he nevertheless HAS NOT GOT A GRIP OF THE REAL FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

The Labor movement should always strive to maintain SOLIDARITY AND HARMONY amongst its members. Without this, we cannot progress, and we will never realise the ideals for which our movement aims.

If we were to start an attack upon the Church—which would not get the working class a softer bunk or a larger "crib"—it would mean that dissension, division and disruption would be introduced into our ranks, and before long the labor movement would be WRECKED AND RUINED, and the master-class have complete and absolute sway over the lives of the toilers.

We believe that no man has a right to try and force anyone to believe in a certain way about things spiritual. The moment anyone usurps that position, he becomes a tyrant and should not be trusted.

Religion is a question for the individual. It rests with the individual as to what religion he or she will adopt. Religion should never be introduced into any public meeting, which is discussing great working class reforms; neither should any God-killing fanatic be allowed to recriminate Christ and the audience by getting off a lot of mouldy "arguments" that have AS MUCH CONNECTION WITH THE WORKING CLASS MOVEMENT AS THE MAN IN THE MOON.

The I.W.W. is not a religious movement, neither is it atheistic. It is simply an INDUSTRIAL ORGANISATION which seeks to organise all who work for wages into ONE BIG UNION IRRESPECTIVE OF SEX, CREED OR COLOR.

The working class to-day is engaged in a stern and excruciating struggle for bread. The iron heel of oppression is sinking deeper and deeper into the backs of the toiling masses, and the gaunt and hideous spectre of starvation reaches out its clammy hands towards the poor.

In this age long struggle of the working class, we CANNOT AFFORD TO HAVE DIVISION; in this bitter battle for more life our cry must be UNITY. The evils are many and the foe is strong.

Amid the storm and strife of our daily life, we must never forget that the REAL EVIL is the capitalist system, and our REAL ENEMY is the master class.

The I.W.W. does not attack religion—it never did and it never intends to—it has something far more important to do.

There are some valuable members of the I.W.W. who are also members of different religious organisations, and some

of our best fighters have no religious belief at all, but, understanding the PRINCIPLE OF INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY, they all work harmoniously together for the attainment of their ideals.

In the I.W.W. will be found teetotallers and men who can "shift a pot"; smokers and non-smokers; vegetarians and men who are carnivorous; students of hygienics and others who think it a waste of time while capitalism exists; there are men and women interested in different social and philosophical subjects.

The I.W.W. as an organisation does not interfere with the private beliefs of any member, so long as they do not connect with the principles of industrial solidarity.

The battles of the working class will never be won under the banner of any religious sect, neither can victory be achieved under the flag of atheism.

This is a fight where all sections must be brought together; all divisions must be united into ONE MIGHTY ARMY OF THE WORKING CLASS. When we can present a solid phalanx, and march forward with system and organisation, then will the chains of slavery and the slums of the poor fade away like mist before the sunshine.

There is a tremendous amount of work to be done; there are scores of hard battles to be fought; there are many noble lives that will be lost in the struggle. Life is far too short, and the fight far too long to waste time arguing over questions that should play no part in the movement.

The I.W.W. is the only organisation that is wide enough to take in all who work for wages—provided their industrial record be clean—and narrow enough to exclude all who do not work. Our motto is "An injury to one an injury to all," irrespective of whether the individual concerned believes in a dozen religions or none at all.

Let us unite as a class—the working class—and fight as a class, and when that day comes we will hear no more the clank of slavery's chains, and see no more the festering slums.

—N.R.

Child Labor Day.

A special Sunday every year has been selected as a Child Labor Day in the United States. The object is to hold meetings and draw the attention of the public to the effect of child slavery in the factories and mills of America. It is said that over a million children work eleven, twelve and thirteen hours a day in the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

The daily procession of the little children, morning and night, is a sight that should shock and appal even the hardest heart.

The problem of child slavery is closely related to the question of unemployment. Through many and varied causes under this present system, the head of the family is unable to find a master, with the result that his children are dragged away from the school and sent into the mills, and thus we see the hideous sight of human beings "living upon their young."

Child slavery is a terrible thing from every angle it is looked at. Although it is well to keep this subject ever before the public eye, still, talk upon the subject alone will not result in much good. The only way to rescue these little children from the industrial hells and put them back into the play grounds and the schools, is to see that the fathers of these children get enough wages to live upon and keep their families. Let us fight for more pay, shorter hours, and good job conditions; then we will be on the only sure and certain road that will abolish child slavery.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—

Famine and plague and war;

Idleness, bigotry, cant and misrule.

Gather, and fall in the snare!

Hireling and Mammonite, Bigot and Knave,

Crawl to the battlefield, sneak to your grave,

In the day of the people at hand.

—Charles Kingsley.

Aye, it must come! the tyrant's throne

Is crumbling, with hot tears rusted;

The sword earth's mighty have leant on

Is cankered, with our best blood crusted.

Room for the men of mind! Make way

You robber rulers—pause no longer:

You cannot stay the opening day,

The world rolls on, the light grows stronger;

The People's Advent's coming!

—Gerald Massey.

THE REAL TROUBLE.

WHAT IS STOPPING INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM?

(To the Editor).

Sir,—In recent issues have appeared letters on "Industrialism," asking "what is the cause of delay, etc.,?"

My version of the delay, Sir, is as follows: I have stood by and listened to the hypocritical humbug and piffle of craft union officials for the past five, aye, 15 years, about their desires for industrial unity, and have heard the words, "amalgamation," and "linking up" toyed with in the most obnoxious manner, and I have decided that I can stand it no longer, and, as they and their band of satellites are only throwing dust in the eyes of the uneducated unionists of Queensland, as well as elsewhere, it is high time that this kind of business was exposed.

They have raised aunt sallies in their union meetings, have taken fine care at all times never to enter into a paper controversy that would be the means of exposing their reprehensible tactics—and all for what? This is the question I am bent on dealing with, and allow the unionists to know exactly what is going on. They, one and all, know that by "kidding" the members of their unions that they are in favor of the One Big Union principle; they are pulling the wool over their eyes, and I challenge any or everyone of them to deny any of the statements I am making in this epistle, which is written purely in the interest of industrial unionism and with a view to showing them in their true colors. Not one of them is game to state that they are "not in favor of industrial unionism," for they know what that would mean, and what the result of such an assertion would mean, but, on the other hand, they do in effect make this assertion by the fact that they are stemming the tide of industrial unity, by keeping the workers in the industry divided. Take, for instance, the building industry. They decided on linking up the 14 SMALL CRAFT UNIONS in that industry 18 MONTHS AGO; in fact they said they had everything in perfect order to bring the scheme into effect, but have they anything to perfect such a scheme? On the contrary, they have done all they could against it, as I will in a later letter prove, this letter being for the sole purpose of stirring the workers to action, and to let the workers know where they stand towards the craft officials on this great question; certainly, the greatest in the world to-day.

It is true, Sir, they went so far as to call these in the building industry together a couple of years ago, but that is all they did, and now I want them all to answer this question: If, as they reported at the time, four of the unions in the building industry, namely Progressive Carpenters, Painters, Plumbers and Builders' Laborers, had decided on amalgamation by an overwhelming majority, how is it that these unions are still separated, after such a long period, in fact as wide apart as ever, if they are in favor of amalgamation? This will be a question which will be tough to answer, and although it may be side-stepped by some, I say that the only real argument that we on the outside can see, is that some of them are afraid of their jobs, and they one and all are forced to admit that ONE UNION means ONE SECRETARY, and NOT 16, in one industry, as at the present time, many receiving as high as £4 a week—at least half a dozen £4—and others receiving an honorarium for their services. I claim that this has everything to recommend itself as being the greatest factor of all for the back sliding they have done, and the sooner the workers wake up to their little jokes the better for the said workers.

They will in all probability have the "hide" to say that when the scheme came along or that when they brought it before the workers on September 16, 1915, that a few (about 49 in number) took the said scheme out of their hands, but surely this "dope" will not go down with the unionists of this State, and particularly with the thinking class of the building industry. The argument would not be short of silly and preposterous, and I refuse to believe that men will swallow such rot. No, they have installed themselves as Czars, with a certain number of satellites to keep them in their positions, and it will take a good deal of working-class education to shift them, lock, stock, and barrel. As soon as they are ready they will not stand them longer than they can help, and then I can see many a vacant chair, and they, one and all, again performing some useful task in society. Some eight months ago, they took upon themselves the onus of boycotting unionists in this city, who dared to differ with them on this great principle of industrial unionism as against the craft, and although their little children and their wives were on the verge of want, while they, the secretaries, lived in luxury, they still persisted in that victimisation whilst they sat back and drew their salaries,

The Outcast's Prayer.

Almighty God!

We come to Thee to-day and seek your assistance. We ask Thee to rectify some of the great evils that exist in this old world thou hast created, and to remove the causes of misery, starvation, privation, degradation, and poverty in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

For the life of a working man is burdened with many troubles and large rolls of blankets. Oh, Lord, deliver us from the greed and graft that exists in this nation, and from parasites who neither toil nor spin, but bedeck their persons with finery until they glitter in the gloaming like a rotten dog salmon float in the moonlight.

Verily, our institutions are badly mixed, for we have Bible houses, bawdy houses, barrel houses and breweries.

We have thieves, theologians, Christians and confidence men; also priests, prisons, politicians and poverty; convents, convicts, scabs and scallywags; traces of virtue and tons of vice.

We have trusts and tramps, money and misery. Homes and hunger, salvation and soup, and psalms sung by hypocrites in an organised humbug, who expect to pave their way into heaven by begging old pants, coats and hats, and in Thy name sell them to the poor.

Oh, Lord, we do not understand why we have bread lines and soup houses, while a lot of fat snobs eat sirloins, T-bones, porterhouse steaks and drink champagne until their noses shine like the headlight of a locomotive.

Protect us, Oh, Lord, and deliver us, for the Groceries Association holds us up, while poverty holds us down. Some of our butchers put embalming fluid on putrid beef, for they know then it would not stink, and the unsuspecting public would eat it without belching.

Deliver us from those who make canned beef out of sick cows, mules and horses, and corpses of those who eat it; and may the price of hamburger, beef steaks, waffles and "holy" dough-nuts come down and our wages come up to meet them.

And, oh, Lord, we do not understand why poodle dogs have private baths and are attended by maids and valets; are shampooed, manicured and kissed, fed on choice steaks and drink cream, while thousands of little children—made after Your own image—live out of garbage cans! Christ, never said: "Suffer little poodle dogs to come unto Me."

And, oh, Lord, we ask Thee to have mercy on the blanket stiffs, such as railroaders, loggers, nuckers and skinkers; and may they be permitted to make at least seven dollars and six bits before they get fired; and may their mulligan be of a better class and contain no more old shoes, gum boots and scrap iron; and may their blankets rest lightly on their blistered back and contain no insects that might discommode them.

May the farmer plant his spuds more closely to the railroad track, and his chickens roam close to the jungles, and we will ever be grateful to the all-powerful God, Amen.

Praise to the martyrs who died for the right; Nor ever bowed down at the bidding of might; Their ashes were cast all abroad on the wind, But more widely the blessings they won for mankind.

rics, and they, the fathers of starving children, marched the streets in search of bread.

Their name is up, their tales of "Two whole business being taken out of their hands," "Our Federal award would not be binding, if we were to go on with the amalgamation" and "Our federation must be consulted, must of necessity be considered as so much tripe" against the great principle of industrial unity. I am prepared to admit that their annual little "raids" to other capitals, with all expenses paid, would cease. In fact, the whole of craft union principles would have to go into the melting pot with their out-of-date ideas if industrialism is to be "too hot," but in so vacating it I am voicing the opinion of every worker who has given the matter of minutes thought. The days of craft unionism are done. We must combine to beat the common enemy, and their little jobs are not going to stand in the road any longer. The sooner the better, for the amelioration of the conditions of the workers is the first consideration, and they have got to get out, and the sooner the better, and make way for the One Big Union.—I am, etc.

A. E. WILLIAMS.

Hill Street, Kelvin Grove.

"Standard."

The Proletarian. The Russian Revolution. Effects of Overwork.

(By Tom Barker.)

Look, there he goes, homeward bound, back bent, limbs tired, and muscles exhausted, from his day's hard work. See his poor looking tumbledown, weather-beaten den. Ah, yes, and what a life he lives? Making hardly enough to keep body and soul together, and yet who is he? Why jump at conclusions so? For he is not of the proletariat (but of the middle class). Just a minute then, and I will tell you why he is not of the proletariat, although he be a poor hard working man. See that fence over there, running right down to the river along the right of the old mill, up past that crop of potatoes, around the back of the red hill, and down to the river again? The property inside that fence, instead of him owning it, it owns him, for his whole life's history lies around that bit of land, and occasionally when he leaves it to come into contact with the outside world, either to sell the commodities he has produced upon it, or to buy some for his own use and consumption, he imagines he is ill-treated, and at every hand's turn robbed. This in time develops in him a hatred for anything outside his own back yard, making him so reactionary and conservative that whenever a strike or industrial upheaval occurs, he is always amongst the first to flock to the assisting of the powers that be. Fearing someone may get in on him for that stone around his neck, namely, his bit of mud, he rushes in to scab. No, the proletariat is not only the poor working man or woman, but the poor worker belonging to a certain state of social conditions commonly known as capitalism, and distinguished by two peculiarities. Firstly, that of being separated from the land and means of production; secondly, that his only means of getting a livelihood is by the sale of the only commodity he possesses, namely, his laboring power, which comprises the total of those mental and physical powers necessary to be extended in the production of a commodity.

To him, life is one, in which he carts his labor power from town to town, and from country to country, in search of a master. So his whole life, then, under capitalism, centres around the sale of his laboring power, and he, like every other seller upon the market, wants the highest price possible for the commodity he has for sale, and into the bargain wants to refrain from all foolish use of it.

On the other hand, we have the master-class, who, owning the land and means of production and living upon the unpaid wages of the proletariat, are interested in him using all the energy possible within the limit of the work day, and into the bargain expects the proletariat to do this for the least possible payment. This produces a bitter struggle between the two, in which the master, through press and pulpit is constantly howling about the sacredness of private property.

The proletariat, being the dispossessed, has long lost his feelings for property, and goes on with the fight, looking at it from his, and his side alone. As capitalism develops, the struggle becomes keener and keener, until ultimately the proletariat, by means of its strong industrial organisation, gets the upper hand and takes control of the land and means of production, and although in doing this they become victorious, they, at the same time as proletarians cease to exist, having gone outside their limits—that of the property-less workers.

It is not the proletariat that is the enemy of the propertyless workers, it is the master class, who, owning the land and means of production and living upon the unpaid wages of the proletariat, are interested in him using all the energy possible within the limit of the work day, and into the bargain expects the proletariat to do this for the least possible payment. This produces a bitter struggle between the two, in which the master, through press and pulpit is constantly howling about the sacredness of private property.

MATADE..

BARRISTER GOES ON STRIKE.

Barristers, unlike the workers, demand their pay before they make a start, and some nice little says they are, too.

If one could only get an eye-full of all the cash that goes into the legal fraternity in Sydney every week, he would think that there is enough money in Australia to carry on the war for another 50 years.

When Mr. Ralston, K.C., was engaged by the I.W.W. to conduct the appeal case, he promised to do the job for £2277-10s. He of course, had as his co-plaintiffs, Barristers Mack and Young, who also had to be paid.

When Ralston went into the court on the first day of the Appeal, he was holding £220, which had been paid him. He put in two (2) days in the court, and on the third day he struck and refused to pull on his legal gown or enter the court until he was paid the remainder of his pay, which was £257-10s.

Funds were very low, and we had some difficulty in floating a loan, but in the end we dug up the cash, and handed it over to our legal "friend."

When his hands closed over his "screw," he then went on with his job, which, as all know, ended in disaster.

The working class of life have had some valuable lessons in law and the legal fraternity, and it is to be hoped that in the future such a tremendous amount of hard earned cash will not be wasted in the directions that have brought no results, but that we will find some other way of getting over our troubles.

In the long and bitter fight for the Industrial Commonwealth, at times, the clouds become so black and lowering, that even the most optimistic of us become afraid that our slavery is perpetual and non-ending. We brood for a while, and wonder whether the seemingly thankless fight is worth the risk, and the danger. Suddenly, the long years of patient teaching and consistent work break through the black crust of age-long tyranny; and the red lava of revolution illumines the blackest hill top, and the gloomiest valley. The pioneers in the foul prisons hear the growing clamor of the rising tide of human brotherhood rushing to throw down the gates, that have proclaimed to the forerunners of the New Time "Abandon hope, all ye who enter herein."

The great proletarian movement never abandons hope; and slavery, like the overthrown obelisks of Karnak and Thebes, will, in its day, pass into oblivion, carrying with it the gaunt and gloomy prison fortresses, with their vile and fetid surroundings. The moujik of Holy Russia, with the example of the prisoner exiles of the frozen tundras of the North before them, have spontaneously arisen from the Crimean steppes to Spitzbergen, and thrown the double-eagle ensign of Muscovite absolutism into the limbo land of Nineveh and Atlantis. The old ever dies before the new. And the blackest hours of night are just before the dawn. A single night may divide the gloomy eve of Wrong, and the rosy dawn of Right. The Red Flag of the Proletariat has supplanted the ensign of despotism on the ivory tinted towers of the Winter Palace. From the icy dungeons of the Siberian tundras, comes cries of joyous deliverance from the nightmare of lives that have been almost hopeless vigils. The venerable Catherine Breschkoffsky, the "mother of revolution," is on her way from Saghalien to her people. Twenty-three long, long winters have gone past in that Arctic land since she was taken, Cossack guarded, to the fringe of the world. Three parts of a life, given to the education of her people, has been spent in the prisons of the Czar. And at 75, the mother of the Russian people possesses children who have toppled over the vile, crime-enured regime of the Romanovs. The blind, unreasoning adoration of the crude ikon has given way to the ideas of human betterment. The industrial revolution has swept away the once undisputed sway of the sensual and ignorant padres of the Orthodox Church. The ancient Communes of the villages have been swept, like the guilds of medieval Europe, into the past, by the Stephensons, the Edisons, the Arkwrights and the Deicels. With the advent of the railway's came the new conditions. Men and students of the middle class acquired the ideas of the West. Czarism stood in the way of progress. The result of the struggle between Reaction and Progress is termed Revolution, and the forces that plunged the head of the first Charles into the sword at Whitehall operate still.

For years and years the Russian people fought out their fight with the powers of darkness and corruption. Like the jacquerie of France they failed again and again. Russian history teems with massacre and murder, outrage and knout. Within the past few years we have heard, in spite of a rigid censorship, the story of the slaughter of thousands on the Nevsky Prospekt in bloody 1905 at the behest of the Little Father. We have heard of the glorious fight of the miners of the Lena, which was put down in a welter of proletarian blood. The failure of the jacquerie terminated in the generation starved people of France trampling the fleur-de-lis in the dirt, and cheering the tumbrils as they carried the proud and arrogant to the knife. The double eagle of the Romanovs, and all that it represents, has disappeared before the rising tide of a working class that thinks, or at least intuitively feels, that the world can be made a better place.

The crude anarchism, born of medievalism and the pre-capitalist village commune is gone. The ethics of Tolstoi avail but little against the landed aristocrat. The industrial revolution, hastened by

Armageddon, transforms the face of the country. Armageddon calls upon Ivan Ivanovich and Michael Michaelovich to lay aside the primitive plough and trudge to the nearest railway town to don once again the grey of the infantry of the line, to fight for Czarism against the German from the border. Absolutism creates the atmosphere for secrecy and secret organisation. The barrack and camp acts in Russia more than any other country, as a meeting ground for the educated revolutionary and the peasant from the country, who preserves, to a great extent, the old solidarity of the village commune.

A mismanaged and bungled war, a corrupt and careless bureaucracy, and a rapid revolution of industry for war purposes acted as tinder to the spark of the strong and fearless revolutionary committees. A general strike shows the profound nature of the Russian worker. The factories close. The people congregate in the streets. In the twinkling of an eye red favours and red flags appear everywhere as by magic. The rulers, trembling, send out the brutal police. Fighting commences. The police are driven from the streets. The rulers call out the military, who line the streets. The crowds call to the soldiers. The soldiers answer with smiles and assurances that they will not fire. The crowd advances and mingles with the troops. The stern lines break, and streamers of red mingle with the grey. Gloomy day indeed for the tyrant. The soldiers are of the people. They are with the people.

"To the goals!" "To the goals!" Soldier and artisan vie with one another to reach the walls which encompass the leaders of the people. The governor hears the clamor. For a moment he thinks of resistance and climbs the tower. Below he sees the people and the soldiers. The army has mutined. He trembles, and order the gates to be thrown open just as a section of artillery with red streamers gallops up to blow open the mighty gates. Frightened warders hurriedly unlock ponderous dungeon doors. Cheers of delight rend the air as one by one the prisoners join their friends. When all are released, the place is fired, and like the Bastille during the Terror, the flames of the vile hell rise to lick the sky.

Nicolai the Second, Czar of the Russias, crouches in his magnificent apartments. His attendants, courtiers and lackeys have gone, panic-stricken to hide. He looks beyond the wide sweep of the Neva. He knows that the gigantic blaze behind the turrets of the metropolitan church is the great political prison. A telephone message tells him that the Premier is in the hands of the Revolutionary Committee. A cossack orderly, over seven foot high, enters. "Excellency, Petropavlovsky is in the hands of the rebels." Yes, the troops have mutined at St. Peter and St. Paul, and the red flag flies on the ramparts. The fortress doors are open, and the nine hundred political prisoners are free, organising the revolution.

Next morning the world knows that Nicolai has abdicated. Nicolai Romanov is only a citizen now. His palace and undisputed power is gone. The red flag of the people waves proudly from the towers. Fortunate Nicolai! The people are forgiving. Their memory of their wrongs are lost in their new found freedom.

This century will see the last of Czarism. All goals and prison fortresses will go the way of the Bastille and St. Peter and St. Paul. The maudlin fairy tales of the pastor of the eternal Nirvana fades before the practical possibilities of Heaven on Earth. The Industrial Democracy grows and strengthens as the old political superstition of the State dies.

They say the Russian revolution was made by the simple peasant soldier. It is true. Moreover, it was inevitable. And THEIR debacle. The great days of '48 will be eclipsed as the great international movement sweeps over artificial boundary lines like a great rushing tide. Working class brotherhood has been damned long enough and those who have damned it, themselves will be damned.

There is only one working class; there can only be One Union. Vive La Revolution. Hail to the stirring days to come.

WHAT A ROSSES' JOURNAL HAS TO SAY.

Coincident with the report regarding juvenile workers, we visited several engineering shops and noted the prevailing conditions in order to compare these with the conclusions arrived at by the Committee, and with our own impressions of workshop employment on a number of other occasions. We were forced to the conclusion that frequently the arrangements were not properly adjusted to meet the end in view, with the result that the output during seven days a week was not proportionate—not even reasonably proportionate—to the output on five and a-half days per week. The manner in which the various operations were performed confirmed the physical aspect of the employee, who were suffering, not from muscular fatigue, but from the monotony of an almost unbroken programme. We estimated that many of them brought 75 per cent. or less of their normal energy to the works every day. Pay day—the big envelope—explains why they carry on when their work would be improved and their health better served by shorter shifts. The delinquency just noted was less evident where machinery in continuous operation regulated the worker, and it was most evident where the worker regulated the machinery. In the case of girls employed on skilled or semi-skilled engineering jobs of a light character we found that, practically without exception, they worked well, despite the fact that the continuity of the task during long periods is foreign to the usual inclination. But the best of them have a limit. It has taken the Government nearly 18 months to discover that excessive hours of labour, especially in the case of girls and women, diminish the output of work, and the Munitions Department has pressed the point home to employers in order that hours, after being lengthened, may be shortened. More workers must be found somehow. We hope that every employer of labour will digest the reports regarding industrial fatigue, welfare arrangements and hours for young workers of both sexes. A reference to the small boys who are working hard from 6 a.m. to 5 p.m. introduces another subject; the idea of asking these boys to attend evening classes, after their day's work, is something which no rational person can entertain for a moment.—"Page's Engineering Weekly."

More About Everett.

Every American mail brings reports from many sources justifying the I.W.W., and condemning the Commercial Club over the Everett mix up of last year. The capitalist press of Australia, although loud in their reports of the alleged atrocities committed by the I.W.W. in Everett, have not yet had the common fairness and decency to mention a word about the investigation that took place or the confession of some members of the Commercial Club who organised and planned the massacre.

One of the latest reports to come to hand is that of Mayor Gill, of Seattle. In concluding his report, Mayor Gill says:

"In the final analysis, it will be found these cowards in Everett who, without right or justification, shot into the crowd on the boat were the murderers and not the I.W.W's."

"The men who met the I.W.W.'s at the boat were a bunch of cowards. They outnumbered the I.W.W's five to one, and in spite of this they stood on the dock and fired into the boat, I.W.W's. Innocent passengers and all."

"McRae and his deputies had no legal right to tell the I.W.W's, or anyone else that they could not land there. When the sheriff put his hand on the butt of his gun and told them they could not land; he fired the first shot, in the eyes of the law, and the I.W.W's can claim that they shot in self-defence."

We do not expect the Capitalist press of Australia to come out in justification of the I.W.W., but one might be excused if he thought that it would carry out its work as a newspaper and dish up dinkum news to the public from whom it gets its support.

SPEAKERS' CLASS.

Attention of members is drawn to the fact that the speakers' class has been reorganised 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.

The time shall come when the weavers' hand Shall hunger more in their fatherland—

When the factory child can sleep till day,

And smile when it dreams of sport and play; Till, brothers, till, till the world is free, Till Justice and Love hold jubilee!

The time shall come when the earth shall be A garden of joy from sea to sea,

When the slaughterous sword is drawn no more,

And goodness exalts from shore to shore; Till, brothers, till, till the world is free— Till goodness and right hold jubilee!

Prodding the Ants' Nest at Mildura.

As previously reported, a few toilers at Mildura, decided that it was time for the fruit cookies to come through with a few more of the good things of life, and with this end in view, we called a meeting of the fruit picking slaves on Tuesday night last.

Before the meeting was opened, it was noticed that A.W.U. officials to the number of five were present, having driven four miles in the wet to attend. The purpose of their attendance will be made apparent later.

At 8 p.m. the meeting was opened, F. W. O'Connor being elected chairman. Whilst putting the reason for the meeting, the chairman was interrupted by one of our A.W.U. organisers, who, nearly, bursting with indignation, demanded to be informed upon what authority the speaker convened a meeting; and what right he had to speak in the name of organised labour.

Being informed that the meeting was called by a few wage-slaves, who wanted to try and get a little more and better food and clothing for their wives and kiddies, this mountain of intelligence next asked, why a show of tickets was not called for. Having exhausted his stock of energy, or command of English, he lapsed into silence.

The business of the meeting was then gone along with, and a resolution moved that a meeting be called again on Thursday night next.

The slaves, in the meantime, to work up an agitation on the various blocks (fruit blocks, not A.W.U. organisers). On this being put to the meeting, a chorus of "ayes" was the result; for the contrary, two A.W.U. officials bawled "No" at the top of their voices. They were somewhat set back upon being asked where they were working.

Then these £1 a day parasites came out of their shells and made plain the reason for their four mile drive in the wet, the conveyance being charged up to the members of the Union.

One after the other, they mounted the box and trotted out the old tripe, with heavy whinkers on, "Abide loyally by the sacred agreement made with the boss." The A.W.U. could not support a strike, that being contrary to the boss and arbitration. "Wait till the terms of the agreement is up; then the A.W.U. will get you an increase," etc., etc.

One of the crowd referred to in the best Billy Hughes' style. We were a small clique of irresponsible, who were out to bust up the A.W.U.; and although we were out for higher wages, yet we were functioning in the interests of the bosses. Finally, with tears in his voice, he described the conditions ruling in some other place, unorganised by the A.W.U., and demanded to know why we did not go there and stir up strife.

Strife—truly, strife is an abomination to the well fed, well paid craft union official, and they all join heartily in wishing the militants in hell. But we ain't going to hell yet awhile; we want to see the outcome of next Thursday's meeting. It may be the track, but we are used to that; and we shall brave with the knowledge that once again this year, we have prodded the A.W.U. official ants' nest, and made them warm out, seeing they £1 a day in danger.

We hope to report next week a victory. God has taken a hand, and even as I write, the rain, which will damage cocky's fruit, is pelting on the roof. Thanks be to the rain; thanks be to God.

TOM O'CONNOR.

P.S.—It is rumoured that a wobble has arrived in heaven, and with the usual criminal instincts of such persons, turned on the taps.

NEW SONG BOOKS.

There has been a big demand recently from all over the country for a new and up-to-date song book. Two editions have previously been printed and disposed of, but the working class, like Oliver Twist, demand "more."

The new book will contain 64 pages. Features will be an art cover, a novel and appropriate cartoon, and a short essay upon the men now serving long sentences in gaol. All the popular airs are retained, and new ones introduced. Mr. Justice Devan considers the old book O.K., and this one is even more so.

The book will be off in about a fortnight, and is already on the press. It is the handy size for the pocket, and just the medicine for worry and misery. If the I.W.U. isn't to be permitted to talk, well, they can sing, and the song book will more than do its bit. Owing to the price of paper, etc., there is a big outlay, so we hope that the money will come in advance, and give us a chance of paying our way. You can see the terms elsewhere. Write to-day.

Economics.

(MARY MARCY).

VIII.

SHORTER HOURS OF LABOR.

In Lesson VII, we discussed a general increase in wages, and how and why they would benefit the working class. We discovered that a general increase in wages would ultimately result in a fall in the average rate of profit, but would not affect prices in general.

But now that we have seen the desirability of higher wages, how may we secure them?

It is true that the working class, as a class, has never been sufficiently well organised to demand a universally higher price for its labor power—a larger portion of the value of its product from the capitalist class.

It is equally true that when they shall become sufficiently organised and class-conscious to do so, they will not stop with asking higher wages, but will abolish the whole wage system itself.

But Capital makes continual war upon the workers. It reduces wages to the bare cost of living and lowers the standard of living whenever and wherever possible. It prolongs the hours of labor as far as the physical endurance of the workers themselves will allow. And the workers find themselves forced constantly to fight in order to hold the little they already have. So that, on every side, we see little groups of workers in an unending struggle to maintain working conditions, or to improve them where they become unendurable.

It is obvious that men or women working from ten to sixteen hours daily will have little strength or leisure for study, or activity in revolutionary work. It is also patent that wages are bound to be higher where men toil eight hours a day than where they work sixteen hours. It requires two shifts of men, working eight hours daily, to run a machine that one man runs sixteen hours.

It is only necessary, but it is a highly desirable matter, that we continue to resist and to advance and attack in our daily struggle with the capitalists. For it is through present defeats and victories that we learn our strength and our weaknesses. We learn to fight by fighting. New tactics are often evolved in struggles that seem to be total failures. And class solidarity becomes a living thing, a restless weapon, when we are fighting and acting more or less as a class.

Even group struggles—the isolated wars waged by craft unions against their employers—bear fruitful lessons in class solidarity. For craft wars are becoming more uniformly failures, and to show the vital need for a wider and ever broader organization of the workers of the world.

But craft union struggles have not always failed in that which they set out to accomplish, although victories are becoming increasingly difficult and impossible with the advance of productive machinery that abolishes the need of skilled laborers. Skilled workers have often been able to form skilled labor monopolies, or unions, where their particular skill has been in demand, and have forced their employers to give them shorter hours, higher wages or better working conditions. But these victories have been due to a monopoly of a particular kind of skill, and not at all to any class consciousness on the part of the workers.

Just at present workers all over the world in the countries where gold is the recognised standard of value are demanding, and generally securing higher wages. This is owing to the decreasing value of gold, which exchanges for fewer commodities than formerly and which has consequently caused a rise in prices, and an increase in the cost of living.

These workers are gaining higher wages from the employing capitalists, because it costs more to "keep" them, just as the man owning a horse has to pay a bigger bill when the price of "feed" goes up if he wants to keep the horse. They are not gaining higher wages through class conscious efforts, at

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THE NUMBER OF THIS PAPER IS

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Billionaires.

(By Scott Nearing).

We are billionaires!

The United States is the richest nation on earth.

When the war broke out the wealth of the British Isles, Germany and France combined was a little greater than the total wealth of the United States. After two years and a half of conflict the wealth of the European nations has decreased rather than increased, while the wealth of the United States has mounted to astounding proportions. Today the wealth of the United States is probably equal to the total wealth of Great Britain, France, Germany and Russia combined.

The Department of Commerce estimated the total wealth of the United States during the summer of 1916 at two hundred and twenty-eight billions of dollars. The sum is staggering. We are wholly unaccustomed to such figures. The ordinary man deals in hundreds; the well-to-do deal in thousands; the rich deal in hundreds of millions; the United States deals in hundreds of billions. Hundreds are written with three figures; thousands with four; millions with six; but the wealth of the United States is written in twelve figures, thus: 228,000,000,000 dollars.

These billions represent the wealth of the United States—the timber, coal, oil, railroads, machinery, land, houses—all of the things that we use and enjoy.

There are about one hundred million people in the United States. If each person had an equal share, he would own about 2,280 dollars worth of wealth.

There are about twenty million families in the United States. If each family had an equal share, it would own about 11,400 dollars of wealth.

Needless to remark, each family does not have a share. We are billionaires—some of us, but the rest are on a lower rung of the families enjoy incomes of a million dollars or over each year. At the same time six million families are living in poverty.

Send to the United Public Health Service at Washington and ask for Bulletin No. 76. Read carefully over the figures cited there, and you will be forced to the conclusion that in so far as the figures prove anything those brought together in that bulletin show that about thirty million persons in the United States are living in poverty.

Perhaps, we should hesitate to say it aloud, but if there was a family in which the father had a strong-box full of gold, and in which some of the children were milk-fed and furred, while others were naked and starving, we could consider the man a fit subject for the jail or the mad-house. How then shall we think of a nation which rates its wealth in twelve figures and permits millions of its citizens to live in poverty?

The situation is so grotesque that one might laugh were it not for the fact that its major aspects are so sinister as to make one draw back in terror from the abyss that yawns ahead.

though every struggle is a breeder of class consciousness, even though it is only in a negative way.

Modern machinery is eliminating the need of skilled labor and unskilled labor with ever-increasing speed. Skilled workers are thrown into the ranks of the unskilled, and unskilled workers are thrown into the ranks of the unemployed. And gradually all workers are being more and more forced to compete with each other for jobs upon a common level.

Nothing can stop the progress of the automatic machine, the most wonderful invention of man through all ages—the machine that will one day free mankind from ceaseless anxiety and degrading toil!

But struggle we must—to-day and to-morrow. And the fight will grow keener with the passing years.

Men and women are being hurled into the ranks of the unemployed by thousands and by hundreds of thousands. We must reduce the number of jobless workers.

We must organise along industrial lines to shorten the hours of labor. If an eight-hour day was inaugurated, it would mean the additional employment of millions of men and women in America to-morrow. It would insure us leisure for study and recreation; for work in the Army of Revolution, and it would mean higher wages in America generally. For the fewer men there are competing for jobs, the higher the wage they are able to demand.

To repeat: Modern machinery is throwing more and more men and women into the Army of the Unemployed. Shorter hours will employ more men and women, and will maintain and even increase wages to say nothing of the tremendous development of the fighting spirit, the solidarity and class consciousness of the workers.

The Human Slave.

The sparrow flits from bough to bough,
The cur that roves the streets is free;
The only slave is Mighty Man,
In a world of liberty.

The babbling brook, the sunshine,
The trees, the grass, the glinting sea,
All things enjoy, but as for Man
They might as well not be.

The beast that prowls the jungle,
The fish that swim the sea,
Enjoy their little span of life,
Because they're free, they're free.

They're free, ah, God, the meaner things,
Do they creep or crawl or climb,
'Twas left for man to forego the chains,
With his tow'ring mind sublime.

Oh, the clinging chain and the prison wall
Are the work of human minds,
'Tis the will of God that Earth is free,
'Tis the will of Man that binds.

The fool has fancied himself the lord
Of all inhabiting Earth,
While his grinding toil for the prime of day,
Despoils his life of mirth.

The birds are singing, the fishes flash,
The household cat's at play;
But Man is sweating between four walls,
Deprived of the joys of Day.

How long, O Slaves, will ye suffer this?
How long will ye still slave be?
When the master minds of the martyred past
Deliver ye Freedom's key.

O! the locksmith's work was truly done,
And your chains are riveted well;
But the might of a thinking working class
Could shatter the bonds of Hell.

With a soul of the things of Freedom,
Usurped by the lordly few,
You can open the doors of your natal gaol,
And fashion the world anew.

W. H. LEVY.

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

We find that the centring of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which 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 every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organising industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

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