

SPECIAL MAY DAY ISSUE



VOL. 4., NO. 120 Registered at the General Post-office, Sydney, for Transmission by Post as a Newspaper. SYDNEY, May 5th. 1917. Two Pence.

“An Injury to One an Injury to All.”



"DIRECT ACTION."**ONE LABEL.****ONE UNION.****ONE ENEMY.****OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE
Industrial Workers of the World.**

Editor **N. RANCIE**
 Manager **T. BARKER**

(Australian Administration)

Office: 403 Sussex Street, Sydney, Australia.

Subscriptions: 4/ per year; New Zealand, 6/ per year; Foreign, 8/ per year.

HEADQUARTERS, I.W.W. (Australia): 403 SUSSEX STREET, SYDNEY.

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

The I.W.W. AND MAY DAY.

Once again "the merry month of May" is with us. The first of this month is the one day in all the year that holds out great hopes and promises to the international working class.

It is on the first of May—May Day—that the workers throughout the world meet at the different rostrums to celebrate the only working class international holiday. It is on this day that the workers in the European countries leave the mines, the mills, the factories, and the workshops, and gather in their hosts to make merry and re-dedicate their lives to the service of the international working-class movement.

For many years the first of May has been celebrated throughout Europe. Men, women, and children used to gather in the fields to welcome the summer and the coming harvests. May poles used to be erected and the children decorated with flowers would go through the different dances. A May Queen used to be elected and crowned with a garland of flowers. Laughter, merriment and song used to be the order of the day.

In the year 1890 the "International" decided to adopt the first of May as the international Labor Day. Since then, in all the principal countries in the world, labor organisations have held demonstrations on May Day.

The purpose of these meetings is to point out the international character of the working class movement and help to cement the workers of the world together with the idea that their interests are identical with each other, and they have only one enemy, the employing class.

Capitalism is international, the master class is internationally organised, and the working class must be internationally organised also. The cry amongst the workers should be: "What are you, worker or parasite?" and not that inane cry of "where do you come from?" The bosses never worry themselves where each other comes from.

It is the object of May Day to wipe out the bitterness, bigotry and prejudice existing amongst the workers of different countries and unite them in the bonds of universal brotherhood.

The month of May is pregnant with working class happenings. It has been during this month that many a solid stand has been made against the "masters, lords, and rulers in all lands."

The month of May can tell of many revolts of the working class against their masters. In this fight to free themselves from the galling chains of slavery and cut the fangs of the ruling class, the toilers have suffered many casualties. Many noble and heroic lives have gone out in the fight, and scores of unknown martyrs have gone to their last sleep, but valiantly giving their lives for the cause of the working class.

Every country in the world has its working class martyrs; every nation on the globe has its champions of the working class who have suffered persecution and torture for their activity amongst the toilers.

The international working class movement is cemented with the blood and tears of its butchered comrades. The cries and groans from the women and children of the revolution that have periodically rent the air, should be the rallying call of all workers to unite. That women and juveniles have suffered in the fights of Labor against tyranny, no one can deny. The annals of the working class tell of many of "the weaker sex" who have become martyrs in the cause of Labor.

The price the workers have paid for the few flimsy liberties they enjoy to-day, has been very heavy indeed. The toll has been immense. These brutalities can never be forgotten, and it is May Day—the workers' international holiday—that these tragedies are discussed and arrangements made to avenge our comrades.

There are Eight Hour Days, and Labor Days of different kinds held in different parts of the world, but they all fade into insignificance when compared with May Day.

The old "International" has collapsed. It fell on account of its Parliamentary nature. When the test came, this huge Parliamentary lay out was found to be weak, petty, and narrow.

A political organisation cannot be otherwise. Anything Parliamentary cannot operate internationally. The working class has had some valuable lessons lately in Parliamentary action, and they will not be forgotten.

But a new International is being built. An industrial International where all politicians will be excluded, and all Parliamentary aspirants will be treated with the cold icy stare of suspicion.

We have been sold and betrayed too often by the traitorous M's P., that we trust them no longer.

Once an international industrial organisation is established, the working class will be on the sure road to victory and emancipation. All the mandates of kings, czars, kaisers, emperors, and monarchs will be so many scraps of paper.

Once organised industrially the working class is all powerful! We could then issue our ultimatum to the hereditary rulers and dictate terms to the captains of industry.

It is imperative that all workers should realise the importance of May Day, and start right away, helping to build the international industrial union which will make possible the time when May Day will be celebrated in all its glory amidst a world set free.

N.R.

Revolutionary Calendar for May.

May 1st, 1890, Inauguration of May Day celebration as an international event. On the other hand, we must recollect that on May Day, 1906, the reactionary savages shot down workers in the streets of Chicago, May 4, 1886. The Haymarket bomb, thrown by an unknown, and, probably anti-labor hand, which cost the lives of five innocent men, whose names shall live for ever in the history of the international labour movement. The victims were Parsons, Spies, Fischer, Engel, and last, but not least, Louis Lingg.

May 4th, 1798. Outbreak of the famous Irish rebellion.

May 6, 1882. The Phoenix Park Tragedy. Some day, when the true history of this occurrence is written, a different complexion will be placed upon it.

May 8, 1838. People's Charter, granted in England.

May 8th, 1878. John Stuart Mill, great libertarian died.

May 9th, 1877. The famous "Internationale" met at Geneva.

May 10th, 1906. Russian Duma opened.

May 11th, 1817. Kaiser William I. fired on by Hodel, a boy of 19. For this action the boy was murdered by the authorities and the German Socialists hounded through the country.

May 15. Daniel O'Connell died.

May 16, 1902. For removing the tyrant Minister, Sipagun, Balmashoff was executed.

May 19, 1825. St. Simon, the first Utopian Socialist, died.

May 21, 1358. "Jacquerie," or peasants' revolt, in France.

May 22nd, 1885. Victor Hugo died.

May 23, 1905. Kalayeff executed for punishing the Grand Duke Sergius, for his instigation of the massacre of thousands of innocent people on "Red Sunday."

May 23, 1498. Savonarola burnt at the stake.

May 25, 1871. Delescluze, Communeard shot.

May 26, 1879. Ossinsky, Russian revolutionary hanged.

May 27th, 1797. Frances Noel Babeuf executed. Babeuf, who was a revolutionist far in advance of any other of his time certainly deserves further mention. He was a writer of some distinction, and at the outbreak of the great French revolution he ardently supported its principles, which he propagated in his journal at Amiens. But he was too advanced for the Bourgeois rebels of his time, and soon advocated a communistic system of society.

He afterwards assumed the name of Grachus Babeuf and under his able management a journal was issued called "The Tribune of the People." He originated the celebrated secret directory in Paris, which circulated songs and manifestoes to soldiers and people. And so often has happened, the traitor appeared in the ranks, and he was taken and condemned to the guillotine.

He attempted to cut his throat, but was dragged, bleeding and dying to the scaffold.

May 28, 1871. The atrocious event occurred.

red, which is probably without parallel in the history of legalised murder. The cruel massacre at Pete le Chaise, where the communards were rounded up, and, without distinction for either sex or age, brutally slaughtered.

May 30th, 1906. Michael Davitt, rebel, patriot and orator, died.

May 30, 1842. John Francis fired at Queen Victoria.

May 30, 1431. Joan of Arc burnt by the English.

May 31'. Matilo Morale attempts to chase Alfonso of Spain on his wedding day by throwing a bomb, concealed in a bouquet, at him.

The revival of the old system of torture at Montjuich was directly and solely responsible for this, as it was for the killing of Canovas by Angiolillo a few years before.

To the action of some of the above-mentioned, objection may be made on the ground that they savoured of violence. It may be said in reply that for these, as for most others of a like kind extenuating circumstances can be pleaded. But it must be admitted that any of those who, like "Valiant, Santo," Morale or Bresci, committed deed of violence, were at least self-sacrificing and wholehearted in their belief. But no man while pleading justification for their behaviour would say, "go and do likewise."

They were all creatures of circumstances. Cruel fate, if one likes to call it so, decided for them their destiny. Crude and blundering were their methods, unscientific and mistaken were their theories, and practice. But they stand to-day as landmarks in the history of the international labour movement.

While not regarding them as "Saints," we can at least give them the credit which is due, and cease to regard such men as "criminals" in the ordinary sense of the word. The time is not far distant now when organised labor in every country shall be forced to take a determined stand against the tyrannical host which is threatening it. We can do without (as the pioneers have done at odd occasions) having recourse to violent measures. All must do something to bring about the new age.

Sloth and idleness have got to go. Happy the man who is conscious of having done something towards bringing about the reign of peace prayed for and talked of by "prophets" of old.

Speed the day, which is gradually approaching when our class, united and firm in un conquerable solidarity, shall turn to the dominating and parasitical faction and address to them two small words, "Get Out." And get out, they must. When or how, we little care. This world must be for the workers—the producers. Let the idle have the other one, the nether portion at that. Until that day comes, let us all by tongue and pen, in street, factory or shop, do our utmost to inaugurate the great industrial republic, where each can enjoy the fruit of his labour, and where the pimp, the parasite, the idlers, and sycophant shall have faded from our vision.

Compiled and written by J. P. Q. Victoria.

Unlawful Associations.**Go Slow Cases.**

WELLINGTON (N.Z.), Thursday.

Interesting evidence continues to be given at Auckland in the cases against the miners on the go-slow charges. In the case against John Jones, president of the Federated Coalminers' Association, a letter was read to accused from Wesley, who is also under arrest. After urging the shortening of the hours of labour, he says, "I hope the Federation will not cut the feet from under the coal kings. May you men stand and fight them. Let them try and gao about 150 men out of each mine. That will soon bring things up. If you men let this slip then down we go, like slaves of old."

A telegram from Greymouth states that all work in the State coal mines has been suspended as a protest against the new regulations in regard to the workers' railway tickets which are only available for the week after issue, instead of for a fortnight, as previously.

Since on this occasion distinguished clerics have shown a more than ordinary interest, the following quotation from a recent address by Archbishop Redwood, of New Zealand, may excite some interest. That well-known prelate said: "Industrialism is ripe and aggressive; its aim is the ultimate absorption of labour unions. This is its ambition and its object. Its interest in trades unions is to change them into revolutionary centres. They evidently have some I.W.W. influence in the island dominion, too. And it did not take the thinkers of that country long to find out in whose ranks they had taken up their abode, either."

—S.M. Herald.

A Bill has been introduced by the Prime Minister called "The Unlawful Associations Bill," to deal "mainly with the association known as the I.W.W."

Now, it is well known that the Labor Movement of Australia is as distant in methods from the I.W.W. movement as the North Pole is from the South. And nobody knows this better than Mr. Hughes.

But when he frames a Bill to deal with "unlawful" associations he is initiating something that may act in a direction least undreamed of.

The Bill introduced is not a measure to deal exclusively with that organisation—since it does not specifically set that object. Then who can tell how it will act? Suppose Hughes had the powers of such an Act to use when the coal miners were in strike recently, is there any so credulous as to believe that he would have hesitated to declare their organisation "unlawful"?

Suppose some future Parliament should decide that the Anti-Conscription movement is "unlawful"? And in passing it might be mentioned that the "S. M. Herald" in a leading article on the Bill hints at some such possible action.

And suppose, on the other hand, some future Parliament should decide that the Conscriptio movement is "unlawful," what then? And arguing along the same place, suppose a Trade Union is declared an unlawful association?

For by this Bill any association can be declared unlawful that is opposed to the present epidemic of Prussianism.

Is this really the purpose behind the Bill? —Townsville Federal.

THE BENGAL TIGERS AND THEIR VICTIMS.

The preamble of the Unlawful Associations Act reads thus:

"Whereas an Association known as the Industrial Workers of the World and members thereof have been concerned in advocating and inciting to the commission of divers crimes and offences," and so on.

This Act was passed by the Conscript Government after the conviction of a number of I.W.W. men. In defence of its action that Government made use of the plausible assumption that it was their duty to make war on the I.W.W., because that organisation had been proved to be a criminal one. But the facts of the case say loudly that when they gave this as their reason they were not telling the truth.

Is it not a fact that on the eve of his departure for England Mr. Hughes devoted the greater part of a long public speech to a raucous attack on the I.W.W., which he concluded by suggesting that the Labor movement should attack that organisation WITH THE FEROCITY OF BENGAL TIGERS

Is it not a fact, also, that J. D. Fitzgerald, M.L.C., of N.S.W., invited one meeting he was addressing to BOOT THE I.W.W. OFF THE STREETS?

And, further, is it not a fact that during the past three years in Sydney and Newcastle and Port Pirie and elsewhere a large number of I.W.W. men have been gaoled for speaking in the streets, while at the same time religious sects were allowed to hold their meetings in the same part of the same streets without molestation.

All these things occurred long before the I.W.W. men, who are now in gaol, were charged with any civil crime. And all of these things were only incidents in a systematic policy of abuse and oppression, which has been directed at the I.W.W. for years by politicians such as Hughes, Holman and Co., who haven't yet begun to think of the meaning of Constitutional Liberty of Action and Speech.

And now at the eleventh hour, the Hughes Government has the amazing effrontery to say that their reason in seeking to suppress the organisation is that it and its members have recently been held guilty of certain offences against the civil law. And probably they think there's a chance of reasonable men taking such utter nonsense seriously.

Hughes and his equals have watched a bigger and bolder unionism assert itself here of recent years, and they have known that the propaganda of the same came from the hated I.W.W., and such union spokesmen as have imbibed its ideals. Accordingly, as has been made abundantly clear to date, they set out to crucify the organisation and those unionists of its creed. To the extent that they have been successful unionism has lost power. At the present rate of progress unionism with the right to speak for itself will soon be squashed for many years to come.

When the "Unlawful Associations Bill" was before the House someone asked why it was necessary; couldn't all of the offences tabulated therein be dealt with by existing statutes? The answer is that the Government that passed it wanted to provide not merely punishment but GAOL FOR MILITANT INDUSTRIALISTS. The penalty for each offence it names is six months without a fine. And to conclusively prove the object of it, it is only necessary to cite the case of Melrose, who has been sentenced to six months under it for the alleged advocacy of a strike, though it was proved that he was not a member of the organisation, but only of the A.M.A.

In the face of these facts do you believe now that the twelve men charged with conspiracy are rotting in prison because they were guilty of the charge. When considered along with events before and after, doesn't that case look like a part of the now open and unashamed conspiracy to stifle, by means of prison walls, the cry of working-class revolt wherever it may be heard. Just reflect upon the following to understand what the ferocity of the Hughes and the Holman and the Bengal Tigers really means.

Before the conspiracy "case was heard,

Reeves, Larkin, and Grant were each sentenced to six months because they had used "abusive" language about certain politicians. Consider the language of the House as it often is reported in the press. "The hon. member is a liar." Answer: "You're a damned, unmitigated scoundrel." The Speaker: "Order, gentlemen, please." A repetition of the first assertion, then a withdrawal; and the honorable members go and "have one" at the Parliamentary canteen. But in this case three honorable members of the I.W.W. And even after that the Bengal Tiger the men who are in gaol are not doomed to stay there till 1931.

They didn't see why they should—and good luck to them. They were tried later for conspiracy, and sentenced to 5 years, 10 years, and 15 years, respectively, on such utterly valueless evidence that H. E. Bootle, editor of "The Worker," felt it his duty to chance Contempt of Court to say what he thought about it.

And even after that the Bengal Tiger wasn't satisfied. These three men were in gaol. Two to stay there till 1926, and one till 1931. And they were dragged from their cells and tried again over the abusive language sentences against which they had previously appealed. One was acquitted on the charge, but the two others were convicted, and in the year 1926 when they have had 10 years of the hell of modern prison life, when we are getting old men, when our young children have married and have children of their own, when the war is nearly forgotten, just about Xmas time in the year 1926, when men are wishing the world peace and goodwill, what will happen. The two men will start a six months' sentence for saying a thing that was probably true, but which, anyway, everybody has forgotten, and which in any case was only fair criticism of public men.

But, after all, this conspiracy is not new, and it has always been taken up with the FEROCITY OF BENGAL TIGERS. It began with the early struggle for the right to organise, when capitalism was new, nearly a hundred years ago. It is a mistake to think that the

crucifixion of advanced thinkers and speakers belongs to distant lands and the ages of long ago. Since classes first appeared in society, away back in the times of the higher barbarians, the moral code of the time has dictated that it is a crime for the subject class to organise to cope with the oppression of their rulers, and since that barbarian age up till now there has always been a Hughes to suggest that the rebellious subject-class be treated with Bengal Tiger ferocity, and there has always been Privilege, Legality, and Force to act upon his suggestion.

And you who bear the heat and burden of the day and carry parasites of every description on your weary backs, tell us this. Have you thoughts, voices, courage enough to help us call a halt to the perpetration of these iniquities on our class. Because, if you have, sufficient powers are ours; indeed, all power is ours, though perhaps some of us don't know it. Do you want the twelve Labor agitators to stay in gaol without yourselves knowing why they should be there. Do you want to see the men sent there for saying that if we are not satisfied with things we must alter them. Listen, comrades of the working class. Whether you be our friends or our enemies, this much is true. That when the spokesmen of labor solidarity are all in gaol the Bengal Tiger of Hughes and capitalism will assail your conditions with more confidence than ever. And the men that rise up among you to resist will be treated to its ferocity the same as these men have been. So if you are not prepared to fight with us now, we feel sure that the time will come when you will be compelled to in your own defence.

But while we write this we know that the men who are in gaol are not doomed to stay there till 1931.

The press, if you read it, can no longer conceal the fact that a mighty agitation is sweeping through the land against this big outrage.

We ask you, in the name of the working class, to do what you can, and we will do the same—we always have done so. The whole question is: Is this persecution a fair thing? If not, how about it?

Revolution.

Revolution simply means that the evolution of society has reached the point where a complete transformation, both external and internal, has become immediately inevitable. No man and no body of men can make such a revolution before the time is ripe for it; though, as men become conscious instead of unconscious agents in the development of the society in which they live and of which they form a part, they may themselves help to bring about this revolution.

A successful revolution, whether effected in one way or the other, merely gives legal expression to the new form which, for the most part unobserved or disregarded, have developed in the womb of the old society.

Force may be used at the end of the period as during the incubative and full growth.

It is true, as Marx said, that force is the midwife of progress, delivering the old society pregnant with the new; but on the other hand, force is also the abortionist of reaction, doing its utmost to strangle the new society in the womb of the old.

Force itself is merely a detail in that inevitable growth which none can very rapidly advance or seriously hinder.—H. M. Hyndham.

There's Something Wrong.

There's something wrong when few can feast
On viands dainty and vintage red;
When many shiver by fireless hearths,
And clamorous thousands cry for bread.

There's something wrong when the rich can wear
Silks and laces and jewels fine,
While the poor to rags and husks are heir
And feed as the prodigal did with swine.

There's something wrong when a few can dwell
In mansions of marble carved fair,
While housed in hovels with rotting roofs,
The toilers struggle with life's despair.

There's something wrong when the children spin,
Their small lives into the thread they make,
Or weave their hopes by the shuttles din,
Till the small hands ache and the small hearts break.

ARTHUR GOODENOUGH.



If He Only Knew?

THE VOTER.

Into the polling place, and why not knowing,
Nor whence like water, willy-nilly, flowing,
And out again, when he has made the Cross,
Back to his fruitless, ill-paid labor going.

He, in his youth, did eagerly frequent
Old party rallies, heard great argument,
About the Robber Tariff, and the Trusts,
And come away, no wiser than he went.

With them the seed of Piffle did he sow,
In hopes of some cheap job, helper raze: it
grow.

And this is all the Working class has
reaped—
Their efforts help their leaders get the
Dough.

Proud was I, when I was a child,
To be of English birth;
For I surely thought the English born
Had not a care on earth.
That was my creed when I was young,
It is my creed no more;
For I know, wo'e me! the difference now
Betwixt the rich and poor.

MARY HOWITT.

It ought to be sufficient indictment of our present kind of civilisation that it can stand only upon the degradation of labor, the servility of the intellect, the prostitution of the State, and the hypocrisy of religion.—Prof. Geo. Herron.

The Passing of Earth's Kings.

By Oscar H. Roesner.

No more o'er gory fields shall vultures soar,
Forever stilled shall be war-eagles' screams,
Night's silent sky shall see no missile pour
To end in agony a mother's dreams;
No armored car shall hurt its hail of death,
No maiden cringe at horror wild war brings—
These are dread curses, drawing their last
breath.

For soon shall come the passing of earth's
kings.
Shah, Emperor and Kaiser, King and Czar,
Will follow Caesars to oblivion's night,
Never again must they have power to war,
And fill the world with clamor and affright.
People's must sweep the age-old mists from
eyes.

The superstitions that so long have blurred,
And hail as brothers those whom they de-
spise,
And bend serene to tasks too long deferred.

And swift, sweet Liberty's clear dawn shall
glow.

Upon the face of a determined world;
The long heritage of hate shall fade and go
As King-blessed battle flags are ever furled,
And soft o'er still uncounted graves a beam
Shall shine, where now dread carnage chokes
dregs.

To those who made the way for dream,
And taught the need for passing of earth's
kings.

Thus saith the Lord: You weary me
With prayers, and waste your own short
years.

Eternal Truth you cannot see,
Who weep and shed your sight in tears,
In vain you wait and watch the skies,
No better fortune thus will fall:
Up from your knees I bid you rise,
And claim the earth for all.

GERALD MASSEY.

Don't waste time mourning. Organise.—
Joe Hill.

If you would be up-to-date in the working-
class movement, read "Direct Action."

Self-Reliance.

Politicians have been ever posing as the friends of the working-class; deluding them into the belief that the only effective weapon is political action. "Rely on us." We are better educated, and understand matters better than you, is their cry.

Your emancipation, they persist in telling you, lies in their hands. Depend entirely on them, and on no account place any reliance upon yourselves.

It is pathetic to relate that despite the lessons these so-called deliverers have taught us in the past, per medium of the inefficiency of political action, a great percentage of the working-class still place unbounded faith in political action, and reliance on the politician.

So firmly has this political superstition become embedded in their minds, that to destroy this worthless idol, which scheming politicians have erected to the ignorance of the working-class is one of the most difficult tasks we have to overcome.

Belief in political action has not improved the mentality of those workers who believe in it, but utterly degraded it.

Can one imagine anything more despicable than political servility.

To imagine even for one moment that the politician is capable of emancipating anyone other than himself is to display the intelligence of a child, and to sap initiative away from those who worship at its shrine. To rely on the politician is to become economically damned.

It means the aggravation of economic slavery and the sacrificing of their individuality on the altar of political action. The placing of reliance on some other person, when that reliance should be placed on ourselves. To rely on someone else, to think and act for you is to manifest gross ignorance, brutal indifference, pitiful stupidity and wretched incapability. Relying on the politician is a positive admission that you are unable to rely on yourself. How then can you expect anyone to rely on you?

Self-reliance is the birth of manhood, the awakening from callous indifference and dependence on others, to the realisation of one's power as an intelligent unit of the one big union of the working-class.

The I.W.W. teaches its members to be self-reliant, to depend entirely upon themselves.

The I.W.W. motto is: rely on yourself—not on anyone else.

FELLOW-MEMBERS OF THE WORKING-CLASS! Do not make men GREAT. Make yourselves greater by inculcating a spirit of self-reliance.

The I.W.W. organisation is self-reliant.

WORKERS, ASSERT YOUR MANHOOD: BECOME SELF-RELIANT. JOIN THE I.W.W.

SHIMA HILL.

The Call of the Colors.

On the blood-watered soil of the Balkans
A Bulgarian lies clenched with a Turk,
And the task of the cannon and rifle,
Will be finished by fist and by dirk.
And the last word of hate ere the rattle
Of death bids their enmity cease—
Is it call to the banners of battle
Or a call to the colors of Peace?

In the purlieus of sin-befogged cities,
Slow food of neglect and of pest,
How many a mother lies dying,
With to-morrow's pale corpse at her breast!
And the bread-cry that serves for the prattle
Of orphans—(Oh, when shall it cease?)—
Does it call to the banners of battle,
Or a call to the colors of Peace?

I hear from my window this morning,
The shout of a soldiering boy;
And a note in his proud pleasure wounds me
With the grief that is presaged of joy.
I hear not the drum's noisy rattle
For the groan of one hero's release;
Is it call to the banners of battle,
Or a call to the colors of Peace?

O ye of the God-given voices,
My poets, of whom I am proud,
Who sing of the true and the real
When illusions are dazzling the crowd;
Go, turn men from wolves and from cattle,
Till Love be the one Golden Fleece,
Oh, call us no more unto battle,
But call to the colors of Peace.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

What of the Twelve?

A Call from the Cells.

A Word with Militants.

(By "Scorpio.")

The appeal against the bitter sentences imposed on the Twelve has taken place, with the not unexpected result. The unfortunate men are to remain in prison, if the will of the capitalists' court is to obtain. "Not unexpected" that is, by those with a knowledge of the class struggle, and what it means to present controllers, not only of this, but of all countries. Right down through the ages, wherever and whenever a movement has arisen with sufficient economic knowledge and force within its constitution to assail the profit-mongering interests of the exploiter, it has invariably felt foul of the "courts," and under some pretext or other, its principal advocates have been either imprisoned, deported, or murdered. If the I.W.W., the most militant organisation that has yet arisen in this country, had escaped the common fate of persecution, it could only have been by a miracle. And the days of miracles, we are assured, have passed.

A good deal of latitude was certainly accorded to the propagandists for a time, just so long as the profiteers hoped that the only effect would be to cause disintegration and discontent in other working-class institutions, and thus fortify his position as a purveyor of surplus values. But immediately it was discovered that the Workers of the World were making headway and converts, it was determined to crush it and its advocates. It had been realised, you see, that the doctrine preached was destined in a short time to shake to their very foundations the system of production for profit, as against production for use. Then a hue and cry was raised. The leaders and advocates were denounced. They were foreigners, pro-Germans, anarchists, assassins—everything that was vile. Every evil device known to conscienceless capitalist ingenuity was soon employed to blacken the character of those of its advocates who were most proficient in promulgating its glorious gospel of discontent. The authorities did not scruple to avail themselves of the evidence of the vilest of mankind to press the charges home. How they succeeded in their dastardly work is now a matter of history.

In such circumstances it is to be wondered that the victims were thrown into prison, and can it reasonably be expected that a well-set of politicians will make any endeavour to set at liberty men who strike at the parasitical existence of the politicians? A great deal has been said of the Prime Minister's abuse of his high office in condemning the victims before trial, and thus inflaming public opinion against them. Hughes, in his anxiety to carry conspiracy, no doubt overstepped the bounds of common decency, but it must be remembered that the I.W.W. men were already "sent for," the bloodhounds of Capitalism were on their trail. And Billy Hughes, or no Billy Hughes, conscription campaign or no conscription campaign, they would have been right where they are to-day, because they had attacked class privilege and preached the go-slow doctrine, which necessarily means decreased profits to the boss, besides placing in the hands of the producers the ultimate control of industry. And with the hundreds of thousands of millions of pounds of vested interests involved, is it to be wondered that from a sense of self-preservation the whole forces of a system a thousand years old is found arraigned against an institution and its advocates found preaching such an economic revolution. I have

I do not believe that the weapons of liberty ever have been, or ever can be, the weapons of despotism. I know that those of despotism are the sword, the revolver, the cannon, the bomb shell; and therefore, the weapons to which tyrants cling, and upon which they depend, are not the weapons for me, as a friend of liberty. I will not trust the war spirit anywhere in the universe of God.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Even the grim murderous struggle in Europe has its humor. An English exchange says "British mothers go down into the jaws of death giving birth to children for the Empire. Men should be willing to do the same."

made this somewhat lengthy point, in order to show that to expect alleviation from either courts or parliaments under present circumstances is sheer folly, and is largely denying the very doctrine preached and allegedly practised by the prisoners.

A few weeks ago it appeared that there was a slight chance of securing their release through the intervention of Parliament, in the hoped-for advent of John Storey and his followers to the Treasury Benches. That, however, is now quite beside the question, as the Storey crowd are not likely to see the much-coveted "benches" for many a long day, and perhaps it is better for the great mass at the present juncture that it is so. Political action has its place and part in working-class evolution, but it must be backed up, and to a large extent, controlled by class-conscious industrialists, and not as at present, with a beggarly few of its members, realising the economic positions, and the majority concerned only about place and pay.

Many craft unions, and even political organisations controlled by the workers, were prepared to render assistance, both moral and financial, while the Courts or a Royal Commission were in sight. But the courts having now failed, and the Commission being never likely to materialise, many of these are sure to retire from the firing-line, leaving future efforts to the few—very few—militants in a very few associations. And to counteract this slump it will be necessary for I.W.W. men to increase their efforts and make much greater sacrifices, in order that workingmen and women throughout the length and breadth of Australia shall know the position. The agitator must get busy, and must not confine his efforts to centres where the most militant craft organisations exist, such as Broken Hill, Brisbane, Mount Morgan, Colbar, etc. It is the unorganised thousands in the outlying districts that must be reached and awakened. To do this it is incumbent upon the younger men of the movement to deny themselves the dubious pleasures of city life for a time and get into the backblocks, there to declare the gospel that sent their comrades to gaol. How many young men to-day in Sydney, Newcastle, on the Barrier, in Brisbane, and many other places owe to Jack King, Donald Grant and others of the imprisoned men the knowledge they possess. Surely the movement boasts sufficient young patriots to go forth, even though it mean inconvenience, loss, peril, in the endeavour to stir up working-class thought and inspire working-class action, not to cease until the gaol gates swing open, and the men who have done so much to build up the movement, are able once again to enjoy the sunshine and such freedom as we have won. It must be plain to all who face the position squarely that present tactics are only calculated to render inactive all the best battlers of the movement. Those who are out to crush the workers would prefer to continue to "snipe" the advance pickets while they remain in the open and unprotected by the great army moving slowly behind them. You have either to admit defeat and retreat humiliated, or you must place in the field an army of agitators who will overwhelm your enemies and cause such industrial unrest that those most vitally effected will find it cheaper to liberate the imprisoned men than to attempt to "pick up" all others who similarly offend.

There is a word in the English tongue,
Where I'd rather it were not,
For shame and lies from it have sprung,
And heart-burns fierce and hot,
'Tis a sanctuary base,
Where the fool and the knave themselves may save,
From justice and disgrace.

'Tis a curse to the land—deny it who can?
That self-same boast, "I'm a gentleman."

ROBERT BARNABAS BROUGH.

Revolution always begins with the populace; never with the leaders. They argue they resolve, they organise; it is the populace that, like the edge of the cloud, shows lightning first.

Rebels.

How many scented ladies with cameo nails and bella donna eyes who squeak in shrill disapproval at any mention of the movement to protest against capital punishment in New South Wales, or criticism of the brutal sentences inflicted by the machine made Justice Pring on the I.W.W. men, have even the least glimmering of what rebels have done for the development of men?

All rebels have not been wise and no rebels have been good in the judgment of their contemporaries. But all rebels have caused things to happen, and when things happen, there is at least a chance for some good to result.

Stagnation means decay. Stagnant soils will not produce vegetation, stagnant water is dangerous, as well as unpleasant, and stagnant man is useless.

Man rebelled when he ceased to use his hands and arms as well as his feet and legs to run on.

He rebelled when he ceased to kill with his bare hands and invented weapons.

He rebelled when he quit the trees and caves and built himself the first hut to live in.

He rebelled when he ceased to wear skirts and long hair, and whiskers, and—in some climates—tall hats and frock coats.

Man rebelled when he ceased to collect his food from the bush and began to grow things in his own garden patch.

Man rebelled when he began to eat food cooked instead of raw—and there are men among us to-day who are rebelling against eating cooked food; and spend their time trying to persuade people to eat their food raw.

Many men have had to rebel persistently and repeatedly against authority in order to educate themselves to paint pictures instead of growing turnips, or make excellent music instead of washing soap.

It is no exaggeration to say that every step made by humanity has been taken by a rebel against accepted conditions.



I have mentioned small things in the hope of setting some reluctant mind to thinking of these things. All reformers of all kinds which the world has benefitted by have begun by rebels.

By smashing old gods the rebels and iconoclasts make room for the introduction of new gods and new ideals.

Yet to-day the same punishment is meted out to the rebels which the herd of all time has meted out to all rebels.

The soldier who kills, and kills, and kills in Europe is a hero (until he asks for a better job), but the man who kills a policeman in New South Wales is a murderer and must be murdered by the community.

The man who dares to say: "I am a rebel against the present system of society and wish to persuade all other workers to join with me in this rebellion in order to make it successful," brings upon himself all the combined forces of that society against which he has ranged himself, and such power as he possesses.

If enough people join together in a rebellion, the rebellion succeeds rapidly. If a few rebels make a good fight the seed so sown produces in time the desired changes. But even one rebel alone is never wasted. And whether the rebellion is progressive or reactionary the result is always a change, and by change alone can anything be accomplished.

The world can only benefit by the fearlessness and the courage to be different inherent in its rebels.

When the world has ceased to punish rebellion we may hope to succeed in building some sort of social condition worth possessing.

J. S. G.

Star of Emancipation.

Gleaming in the distance,
Piercing through the Stygian night,
How your charms enthralled me,
Golden, wondrous charm of Right.

Waking millions hail thee,
Thou, Emancipation's Star,
Dream of all the toilers,
Everywhere the masters are.

Hark, the tumult raging,
Born of tyrants' selfish fears,
Apprehending Justice
From the progress of the years.

But serene, unswayed,
Far beyond their puny sway,
Constant reigns thy beaming;
Lighting, stumbling Progress' way.

Every thought and effort,
Ever since the first thought came,
Urging on to better,
Fanned and fed, O Star, thy flame.

Beacon light of splendour,
From a glimmer burst to flame,
Guiding mankind onward,
Brightly shining everywhere.

Beck'ning, luring saviour,
Hailing strugglers through the gloom,
Flashing o'er the Heavens,
Signal fires of slavery's doom.

Workers' Star of Fortune,
Fixed in Heaven's zenith high,
Paling all thy rivals,
Till their fitful twinkles die.

Gently, gently creeping,
Ever wider spread your rays,
Bringing light where darkness
Ruled in human alley-ways.

Universal token,
Of abiding hope in Man;
Love's concentric wisdom,
Since the thought of love began.

Nascent gleam of triumph,
Ending Man's abuse of power,
Wretched lives of struggling,
Wait, expectant, Star, thy hour.

Hour the Truth revealing,
Ransomed from despoiling Night,
Now in naked beauty,
Might's not Right, but Right is Might.
W. H. LEVEY.

Lincoln on Labor.

"Inasmuch as most good things are produced by labor, it follows that all such things ought to belong to those whose labor has produced them. But it has happened in all ages of the world that some have labored, and others, without labor, have enjoyed a large proportion of the fruits. This is wrong, and should not continue. To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor as nearly as possible is a worthy object of any good government.

"It continues to develop that the insurrection is largely, if not exclusively, a war upon the first principles of popular government—the rights of people. . . . Monarchy, itself is sometimes hinted at as a possible refuge from the power of the people.

"In my present position I could scarcely be justified were I to omit raising a warning voice against this approach of returning despotism.

"It is not deemed not fitting here that a general argument should be made in favor of popular institutions, but there is one point, with its connections, not so hackneyed as most others, to which I ask a brief attention. It is the effort to place capital on an equal footing with, if not above, labor in the structure of government. It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless somebody else owning capital, somehow by the use of it, induces him to labor. This assumed, it is next considered whether it is best that capital shall hire laborers, and thus induce them to work by their own consent, or buy them and drive them to do it without their consent. Having proceeded so far, it is naturally concluded that all laborers are either hired laborers or what we call slaves.

"Now, there is no such relation between capital and labor as assumed. . . . Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration.

"These capitalists generally act harmoniously and in concert to fleece the people."

From Revolution to Revolution.

While all the nations of the earth are at war in a life and death struggle, events have happened in all the principal countries that go to show that the established autocracies and the commercial class have something more to face than the enemy across the frontier.

The Russian Revolution came as a surprise even to the student of history.

Much has been said and written about this uprising against the autocrats. The prevailing idea with some members of the working class is that the Russian proletariat has emancipated himself. Such, however, is not the case. They have merely in the last analysis brought about a change of masters. True, they now have what they call a Provisional Government. The franchise has been granted, the Red Flag has flown. The soldiers have revolted against their domineering "superiors." Political prisoners have been liberated. But does this mean EMANCIPATION? The members of the new Government can, and in all probability will, prove themselves just as autocratic as their predecessors, the Romanoffs. If the Russian Revolution has not gained freedom from wage slavery, it should, at least, prove to the working class what can be gained by sudden concerted action.

A few hundred lives have been lost in this struggle, but a revolution can be bloodless, as witness the revolution in Portugal a few years ago.

France, England, America, China have all bled through the throes of Revolution, but are the workers in these countries any better off? Ireland has been losing her life's blood for centuries in the struggle against outside oppression, and what is the condition of the Irish worker to-day?

Australia for years has had a Government elected by, and from, the PEOPLE, yet we are subservient to the Privy Council of Britain. The power and vaunted holiness of kings may be declining, but a rose by any other name smells just as sweet, and call them Presidents or Governors, the fundamental truth remains, they are but the mouthpiece and official heads of the powers that be.

The working class can gain, or retain, no lasting economic freedom while King Capital holds the reins of power. The revolutions in England, France, America, and, in fact, all revolutions prove this.

While rejoicing at the overthrow of Czardom, the world's workers are clinging tenaciously to life, per medium of producing profits for the employer. Their position remains unchanged. They still remain the lower stratum of society. Kropotkin says: "We have all been studying the dramatic side of the revolution too much, and the practical side of revolution too little, that we are apt to see only the stage effects, so to speak, of these great movements; the fight of the first days; the barricades. But this fight, this skirmish, is soon ended, and it is only after the overthrow of the old constitution,

that the real work of revolution can be said to begin." The Revolution that shook France in 1848 certainly hurled the King from power. Yet in 1871 the Government that displaced the Capets was itself displaced in short time. Monarchical government disappears, and its supporters scurry to safety, there to plot and plan to retrieve their temporary loss. The people remain unorganised and helpless. They have hurled the figurehead from his pedestal! What is their next move? Ambitious individuals push to the front. Committees are formed with high sounding titles, Provisional Government, Guardians of the Common Weal, Committees of Public Safety. They take the seats of government, hurriedly vacated by the Royalists. They begin to operate the national industries, discuss things absolutely irrelevant to the case in hand, draw their salaries, and tell the people to wait and all will be well. Meanwhile the workers are living on the verge of starvation. In France in 1848 the officials, from the highest to the lowest, drew their salaries, while relief works were started, at which the workers toiled for one and eightpence per day. The former power of kings has now been vested in Parliament. The name has changed, but the administration is the same. In spite of the fatuous fulminations and mendacious mouthings of the Governmental heads, the workers have realised too late that what they fought for to wrest from their former oppressors, has in turn been siphoned by their so-called representatives.

All the machinery of the former Government, is put into operation by their successful competitors. Any attempt on the part of the people to better their conditions of living, is just as ruthlessly suppressed as on former occasions. These things must be. These things will be as long as capitalism holds sway. The workers have got to look to some other form of revolution to ameliorate their suffering. They have got to realise that the overthrow of some particular king does not mean economic freedom. The machinations of capitalism are INTERNATIONAL, and the workers must make their organisation INDUSTRIALLY INTERNATIONAL, before any lasting benefit can accrue.

Political organisation counts for nothing, while the class struggle lasts. The most it can do is to legalise what the workers demand.

It is the duty of the working class to realise these things. There is only one revolution they should participate in, and that is, not to depose some despot in one particular country, but to organise industrially, and prepare for the final struggle, the aim of which shall be the ECONOMIC DEATH of the capitalist system; and this can only come about as the result of SCIENTIFIC, INDUSTRIAL INTERNATIONAL ORGANISATION.

HARRY MELROSE.



When the Worker Awakes.

To-day the liberty of the working-class consists of the liberty to change from one master to another. If jails, bayonets, lashes, clubs, torches, lice and bed bugs are emblems of liberty, we in the United States are getting lots of liberty.—Alexander.

A shorter work-day would mean that thousands of unemployed would get a job. What about it?

Do you subscribe to "Direct Action"? If not, what about it?

The Trust and the Toiler.

The Trust flourishes in Australia.

The C.S.R. Co. owns one-third of the cane crushing mills, and fixes the price to be paid to the grower. The company's original capital was £150,000; this was increased later to £3,250,000. How much of this was watered stock it is difficult to say, but huge reserves of profits were capitalised by issuing new shares to shareholders. This was done in order to try and hide the huge profits made by the company, and to still keep paying only a 10 per cent. dividend.

The Tobacco Trust controls the distribution of practically all tobacco consumed in the Commonwealth. Australia is absolutely at its mercy as regards price and quality. The high price of tobacco to-day is mostly watered profit. In New Zealand the Trust, shortly after its inception, captured 95 per cent. of the entire tobacco business, and proceeded to raise the price of tobacco 2d. per lb., yielding a profit of £30,000 to the Trust. In 1902, 27 1/2 per cent. of Australian-grown tobacco was taken by the Trust; in 1913, only 10.6 per cent. Any worker discharged for any reason from a Trust-owned factory has little chance of getting any further employment at his trade in Australia. The Trust is making huge but unascertainable profits, and has fixed the price and quality of tobacco, etc., at standards to give a maximum of profit.

The Shipping Combine also is doing very nicely, thank you. In 1910, the average rate of profit "earned" on the capital subscribed was about 30 per cent. The associated companies have the absolute power of fixing rates. Before the combine was formed, freight was carried from Melbourne to Sydney (and to other ports in like proportion) at an average of 5/ per ton; the combine raised the rate to 12/ per ton. Before the combination, it was possible to travel from Melbourne to Sydney or Adelaide for £1/10/ saloon, and 10/ steerage. The combine raised the fares to £2/10/ saloon, and £1 steerage.

During the coal strike the shipping combine made at least £100,000 profit. After cornering the supply, the combine used the (alleged) high price of coal as an excuse for raising freight and fares all over Australia from 15 per cent. to 25 per cent. during the strike, and for some time afterwards.

The Jam Combine fixes the price of fruit to growers at a figure that makes it "just worth while," and no more, to grow fruit.

The Brewery Combine fixes the price of beer at a high level, and establishes in many cities virtual monopolies.

The inauguration of the Nail and Barbed Wire Combine was accompanied by a rise in selling price.

When competition prevailed in the manufacture of artificial manure, superphosphates were quoted at £3/12/6 to £3/17/6 per ton. After the combine was formed, the ruling rate became £4/7/6 per ton.

Associations and combines controlling food supplies are successful also in fixing the various prices of products to be sold for Australian consumption.

Brother Toiler, don't you think that YOU need a Trust also, to regulate the selling price of your commodity—Labor? Why compete for jobs, when competition lowers prices? Take a hint from the boss, who, by the power of combination and monopoly, makes blood-money out of even your strikes. If you are scientifically organised, as the boss is, you can control absolutely the output of your labor-power. You can say how much labor is to be used; when and where; under what conditions and at what prices. You can at any time (if you find it necessary) make labor extremely "scarce" upon the market.

What about the unemployed, you say? A short working-day will absorb all unemployed.

You can enforce a short working-day by organising in industrial unions on a class-conscious basis—that is, a basis which says that labor is entitled to all it produces. Let your industry, not your craft, govern your form of organisation. Your "combine" is the local industrial union; your "trust" is the One Big Union.

The I.W.W. will help you to organise it.

A. E. BROWN.

Employers always glory in result producing competitions, but they see red when anyone suggests a little organisation for the workers to make the employers show results.

The Way of Kings.

(By Covington Hall.)

Ye are prating of your power, but the sky of time is grey,
And the fullness of your madness it shall ripen with the day.
Ye shall waken in a moment when the great world shakes and reels,
When the mad brute host of hunger from the slums and darkness steals:
Ye shall waken to the reaping of the fruits your hands have sown,
And the measure ye have meted to the race shall be your own.
Think ye not that fate is idle and your own the Supreme Will,
For the wrecks that strew the aeons tell that right is reigning still.
Dream ye not that mammon conquers, trust ye not too much to gold,
For the shell is not the substance, and the flesh is not the soul,
If ye doubt it, pause and listen; lift aside the veil of time:
Where is Rome and all her splendour? Where is Athens the sublime?
Where are all the Persian millions? Where the proud Egyptian host?
Tell me, does imperial Carthage still adorn the Afric coast?
Where the Empire of the Incas? Where is Montezuma's throne?
What is Spain and Spanish glory in the world once called her own?
Where are India's mighty princes? Where the Babylonian kings
Tell me, ye who kneel in worship at the shrine of earthly things!
Proud ye are, and will not answer—ye are swelled with folly vast—
Neither will ye heed the lesson that is taught by ages past,
Like the scribes of ancient Judah, ye depend on Roman might,
But the buried Christ is risen and faith still lives to-night.
There be some ye cannot silence; there be some ye cannot kill;
And the blood of martyred spirit is the seed of progress still:
Love and freedom still are powers in the human heart and soul,
And the great, eternal truth is marching onward to the goal!
But all the worlds are worse than useless—Reason, self would deride—
Ye are but sons of folly and the slaves of purse-born pride:
Ye are strangers unto mercy; ye are deaf and dumb and blind;
Ye have never paused to listen to the human heart and mind,
Justice, honour, hope and virtue, ye as evil things disdain.
Lo! I hear the workers coming over hill and dale and plain,
And the Marseillaise is ringing round a rebel world again!

One of the Bums.

The masters' press is never at a loss for names and insults to aim at the I.W.W.—both collectively and individually.

Hums, bums, hoboes, wasters, won't works, etc., etc., have been hurled around indiscriminately.

When the Everett free speech fight took place and the police fired on to the boat which was taking the I.W.W. fighters to Everett to exert their constitutional rights of freedom of speech a great yell went up from the capitalist press and one sheet said that "these dunderheads" should not be allowed to expose their ignorance openly in the public street.

That very same crowd of I.W.W. men held a big percentage of deep students and masters of different economic and commercial subjects.

One of the I.W.W. men killed in the massacre was Abe Joseph Rabinowitz, and his record will show the class of men to which the I.W.W. makes its strongest appeal.

His history is as follows:—Fellow Worker Rabinowitz was 23 years and 10 months old at the time of his murder. He graduated from the Public School of New York City, No. 147, in June of 1907. He graduated from Harris Hall in 1910, after two years in the City College of New York. After this he studied at New York University School of Journalism, Commerce, Accounts and Finance and was given the degree of Bachelor of Commercial Science in June of 1914. Later he was on the staff of the Patterson (New Jersey) "Daily Call." A little over a year ago he passed the examination for High School teacher in the Philippine Islands, with a high average.

THE RED FLAG.

"The workers' flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft, our martyred dead;
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold,
Their life blood dyed its every fold."

It is not so very long ago, when the Red Flag was spoken of by the advocates of the master class as being the emblem of anarchy, riot, bloodshed, and destruction; but now, forsooth, we see the sight of the capitalist press speaking favourably of it during the Russian Revolution.

One is likely to get suspicious, and doubt the significance of the Red Flag to the working class, when he sees the plutocratic press speaking of it in kindly terms. One knows what reply he would get if he dared to take the press at its own word, and suggest that the Red Flag be unfurled above all the public buildings in Australia. One almost trembles when he thinks of the reply.

But we know that this is only another scheme of the master-class to try and bamboozle the toilers as to the true meaning of the Red Flag. They vain would have the workers to forget that such a flag existed, but seeing that this is impossible, the parasites endeavour to depreciate its value and distort its meaning.

During the past year, the Red Flag has been prominent in many lands. In Russia, Spain, Poland, Finland, Bulgaria, and different parts of Germany, the national flags have been hauled down and the Red Flag of Freedom unfurled.

The sight of the people's flag enthused the masses on to great feats in the cause of Freedom, but the sight of the national

emblem spoke of commercialism and slavery, and failed to rouse the rebellious workers.

The national flags of all countries represents the interests of plutocracy, and keeps the people divided, petty and narrow.

The Red Flag is the flag of Humanity. It represents the oneness of the human race. It is the banner of the international working class. It symbolises the Brotherhood of Man. It is emblematical of peace, prosperity, and plenty for the working class.

It is the only flag that can honestly represent the toiling millions throughout the world. No other colour; no other symbol would do. It is red because the same red blood flows through the veins of all workers in all lands, irrespective of nationality, creed, sex or colour.

From all points of the compass, from all corners of the globe; from the polar regions to the torrid zone, the same red blood gives life to the toilers, hence the Red Flag is the emblem of the international working class movement.

Down with all flags of Prussianism and oppression: unfurl the Red Banner of Freedom and Joy. Speed the day when the Red Flags of the people will float merrily in the breeze in all countries on the earth, and the world will be wrapped in universal peace and gladness.

"Then raise the scarlet standard high,
Beneath its shade we'll live and die,
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the Red Flag flying here."

N.R.

Us, the Under Dogs.

By Cash M. Stevens.

We have borne your sneers and insults all the bitter ages through,
While we fed you, housed and clothed you—you, the murderous coyote crew,
YOU, the fiends that lit the spook lights that lured us to the bogs,
And kept our clan in bondage, Us, Us the Under Dogs.

O, you've tortured, skinned and burned us, if we ever dared rebel,
You have kept our eyes on Heaven while you seared us with your Hell.
But your kingdom's almost finished, and your thrones of Gold must fall.
And your cup that brimmed with nectar shall be filled with bitterest gall.

Through the bloody, bitter ages you have kept us from our own,
While you fattened on the harvest that we, alone, had sown.
You, the sleek and well-fed wolf pack, you, the murderous coyote crew,
You, who feasted on our misery ate the quarry others slew.

Dark the night and long and bitter, that we've fought and shivered through,
Cursed and robbed and starved and beaten by your lying, soulless crew.
But the rising sun of reason soon will drive the wolves away,
For the birds of hope are singing and the East is red with day.

You have crucified our leaders on your golden cross of greed;
Your gold may buy a traitor of the slimy viper breed.
But there's some with souls so splendid that your gold's of no avail;
Men, who stood for right and justice, like our boys now in your gaol.

They, the ones who dared defy you—they, the ones who would not sell,
Glynn and Larkin, King and Besant, you would hound them into hell.
In the bitter fight at Sydney, they stood bravely by my side,
Suffering heartaches, cold and hunger till the last hope chilled and died.

Oh, you sweating slavey toilers; you, whose eyes have seen the light,
Will you see them stricken, hounded by the mere wolves of the night.
They, who held at bay the wolf pack—they who dared the wrath of might,
Will you hasten to their rescue, will you aid them in the fight.

We, the Underdogs unnumbered; We, who toil in heat and cold;
We must stand and fight together as the clansmen fought of old.
We must rally to the rescue of our fighters tried and true.

And sink or swim together—UNDERDOGS, IT'S UP TO YOU!

WHAT WAR LEAVES.

The following dramatic little picture is taken from a book of stories issued by "Life," which conducted a contest last year, with the result that many interesting specimens of this form of literature were presented to the public.

The war was over, and he was back in his native city. He was walking rapidly through the dimly lit quarter. A woman touched his arm and accosted him in muddled accents.

"Where are you going, M'alen? With mp. hein?"

He laughed.

"No, not with you old girl. I'm going to find my sweetheart."

He looked down at her. They were near a street lamp. She screamed. He seized her by the shoulders and dragged her close to the light. His fingers dug her flesh, and his eyes gleamed.

"Joan!" he gasped.

That which is unjust can really profit no one; that which is just can really harm no one.—Henry George.

But the great war is the class war, the class struggle—the war between the capitalist employer class and the wage-earning class—between the exploiting class who own the industrial foundations of society and live on profits, and the exploited class who productively use the industrial foundations of society and live on wages—the industrial war, in which the employers struggle to beat down the price of labor power and the workers struggle to force up the price of labor power. This is the fundamental war, the source of war, the war without an end—while capitalism last. In this war of clashing class interests, other wars originate.

The I.W.W. is organising industrially to control the foundations of society for the benefit of all who are willing to work—to give to all who are willing to work equality of opportunity to work and give the worker the value of his applied labor power, undiminished by rent, interest and profits.

"DIRECT-ACTION."

English. Weekly. 4/ per year, 2/ per half year, 1d copy. 403 Sussex St., Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

The Iron Heel.

ITS OPERATIONS IN AUSTRALIA.

On Monday, April 23rd, another act of British justice (?) was administered at Sydney.

Mr. Harry Melrose, delegate from the A.M.A. on the Release and Defence Committee, was sentenced on March 5th, to six months' hard labor for the alleged advocacy of a strike, and also being a member of an unlawful association. An appeal was lodged, and it came up for hearing before Judge Scholes on Monday, April 23rd.

After a whole day's deliberation, the Judge finally decided not to sear upon his legal pals in the lower Court.

The sentence was upheld, and Melrose was sent along for six months for the awful crime of being a labor agitator.

Evidence in abundance was produced to prove that Melrose did not advocate a strike, but simply spoke to the wheat lumpers upon the advisability of sending a delegate to the next trade union conference which was called for the purpose of discussing the cases of the imprisoned I.W.W. men.

One hundred wheat lumpers could have been brought into court to give evidence on Melrose's behalf, but it cut no ice with the "beak." Melrose was a labor agitator, and that was quite enough evidence to convict him.



Mr. W. D. Barnett, secretary of the A.M.A., gave evidence, and proved that Melrose was a paid official of the A.M.A., and therefore he could not be a member of the I.W.W. It was shown where the I.W.W. constitution forbids any of its members to accept an official position in any craft union.

The appellant denied being a member of an unlawful association, and brought tons of evidence to confirm his statements, but His Honor remained deaf.

Melrose had spoken against the hoodlums and profiteers, and advocated the cause of the down-trodden and oppressed. Was that not enough to condemn him?

It is very apparent that an attempt is being made to strangle the voice of the labor agitator and silence the preachers of the new order.

It should now be plain to all that the "Unlawful Associations Bill" is not aimed specially at the I.W.W., but at any organisation of any description that does not conform to the mandates of the conscription crew.

The gaoing of Melrose proves this, and also shows that any trade unionist who has the courage to honestly speak his thoughts and criticise those in power will see himself pulled up under the Unlawful Associations Act.

This persecution is beginning to go a bit too far.—It is time it ceased. We cannot afford to lay down on this. This huge injustice must be exposed, and the liberties of the working-class protected. If these infamous acts of persecution are allowed to go on without any protest, the working class will soon find itself chafing under the chains of Prussianism.

It behooves the toilers of this land to be aware of the net which is closing around them, and not drop this fight until all labor agitators are free.

N.R.

THE CONCERT AND DANCE.

The Euchre Party and Dance, organised by the Women's Committee, which took place in the Southern Cross Hall on Monday, April 23rd, was a huge success.

What with the card tables, the refreshment, the dance hall and the musical items, a very enjoyable evening was spent. Financial results are good, and a few score quids were roped in for the Defence Fund.

I.W.W. IN AMERICA.

Official Monthly Bulletin.

MARCH 16, 1917.

On March 5th, Thomas H. Tracey went to trial at Seattle, Washington, under charge of first degree murder. Every member is urged to watch this and the other Everett cases carefully. Already the prosecution has purchased evidence. There will be perjured testimony, and more than likely, confessions of stool pigeons who have been planted in our ranks by the Lumber Trust. The authorities of the State of Washington must be made to understand the attention of the entire membership is centered on the trials of the Everett prisoners. These men must have the best possible defence in the courts, and, if through the iniquitous methods of the prosecution, any of them are convicted, we will remember that an injury to one is an injury to all, and fight for these men to the last ditch.

A striking fellow-worker has been killed at Philadelphia, and many others badly wounded. How long does the master class expect this organisation to stand for the murderous methods they have adopted? Some thousands of sugar workers went on strike in Philadelphia, demanding just a little better conditions. Their cry for bread has been met with lead from the guns of the murderous gunmen and police. On receipt of this news, I sent the following telegram:—

"Governor N. G. Brumbaugh, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, February 22nd, 1917.

"Thousands of members of the Industrial Workers of the World are on strike against the Sugar Trust for a small increase in wages and better living conditions. Some strikers have been killed; others wounded by the police at Philadelphia. These outrages must be stopped.

"WM. D. HAYWOOD."

To which I received the following reply:—

"Wm. D. Haywood,
Chicago, Ill.

"Dear Sir:—I desire to acknowledge the receipt of your telegram of the 22nd inst., and to say that as the situation now exists in Philadelphia, the matter is one that is wholly under the control of the local authorities.

"Yours very truly,

"W. H. BALL,
"Private Secretary."

The Governor, in this instance, shoulders the responsibility upon the local authorities. But suppose it had been a policeman killed by a striker, it is more than likely that the militia or the State Constabulary would have been on the scene just as soon as the Governor's orders could have been given. The Industrial Workers of the World ask for no more than even-handed justice. This we are entitled to—are organised for.

We realise that it cannot be secured through armed resistance, but it will be brought about through organisation.

The postal authorities of the United States are camping on the trail of the Foreign I.W.W. papers. The Russian paper "Rabochoy" has been suppressed. Among other things that the Postal authorities take exception to is the translation of the Preamble of the I.W.W. in the Russian language.

Chas. Rothfiser, editor of "A Bermunkas," the Hungarian paper, was called to Washington, D.C., and given a hearing before one of the moguls there. This gentleman pointed out to Fellow-Worker Rothfiser these words, "To hell with war," which were embodied in an article published in an issue of "A Bermunkas." Fellow Worker Rothfiser asked if the hearing was not held under a certain article which charged that the paper was inciting to arson, murder, conspiracy, etc., and if being against war was inciting to murder. The Russianised censor said: "Mr. Rothfiser, the Government wants you to understand, and understand good, that not only these articles which were read, and to which objections have been made, but objections are held against all issues of 'A Bermunkas'—object against every tendency of your paper, and does not want to give you a chance to implant these ideas and impressions of these articles in the minds of the masses." Fellow Worker Rothfiser was given eight days to cite the sources of certain translations he had made, some from "Solidarity," and the "Industrial Worker." Trouble is brewing for the I.W.W. press.

The legislators of Washington and Idaho have passed laws directed against the I.W.W. If these laws are enacted and signed by the Governor, they will be a temporary stumbling block to the organisation, but in the end cannot prevail against the workers.

Marine Transport Workers held a Convention at New York City, February 22nd, 1917, endorsed Marine Transport Workers' Indus-

trial Union 100, elected Walter T. Nef Secretary-Treasurer. Branches have been organised in many Atlantic Coast ports, and nearly all existing M. T. W. Unions have been transferred as branches. "The I.L.A. will have a real nice burial." The dirge will be sung by white and black men, employed on the docks and boats—a mighty chorus, singing "Workers of the World, Awaken." Men who sing together can fight and work together.

M. T. W. 200 will hold a convention at Cleveland, Ohio, March 25th, 1917. This Industrial Union only awaits the opening of the Great Lakes, when a real effort will be made to line up the entire industry.

Metal and Machinery Workers' Industrial Union 300 is showing life. In Detroit, a branch charter has been granted. Russian speaking workers are taking an active interest. Live delegates are at work in Toledo, Kenosha, and many other places. Branches of this union have been established at Schenectady, N.Y., Cincinnati, and Dayton, Ohio.

A meeting of the Organisation Committee of Agricultural Workers 400 was held on February 28th at Minneapolis. Chairman James Riley resigned, and Peter Dailey was elected to fill the vacancy. Minutes of this meeting have not yet been received, but reports show steady progress has been made during the winter months.

Lumber Workers' Industrial Union 500 has been granted a charter, headquarters at Spokane, Don Sheridan, Secretary-Treasurer, 421 Lindelle Block. Due stamps, supplies, and literature to the amount of over four thousand dollars have been advanced to this union. The Lumberjacks are starting for a big drive this spring. Men employed at any vocation in the Lumber Industry—Shingle Weavers, Sawmill Workers—are requested to write to the address given.

Metal Mine Workers' Industrial Union 490 reports that miners on the Mesaba Range never enjoyed better conditions than now. Wages are higher than ever, and hours not so long. The branches are all active, and every miner is thinking of the boys in prison at Stillwater.

Construction Workers' Union 573 will hold a conference at Omaha, April 29th, 1917, to organize an Industrial Union to which branches can be formed; elect a permanent secretary-treasurer and organisation committee. Also to outline plans for organisation.

Railroad Workers' Industrial Union 600 is on the upgrade, and making steady progress. The General Office has advanced due stamps, supplies, literature, and financial assistance to properly equip M. T. W. 700 headquarters at Seattle, C. A. Johnson, Secretary-Treasurer, Room 78, Union Block. They have live organizers on the job, branches with delegates in different ports.

Good reports are received from Metal Mine Workers' Industrial Union, 809. This Union has a hard field to work in, and much opposition, but many old-timers, men of sterling manhood, members of the old W.F.M., have put their shoulders to the wheel, determined to revive the militant spirit of labor's great champion.

Ed. Rowan, Secretary-Treasurer, Coal Mine Workers' Industrial Union 900, Scranton, Penna. Coal miners everywhere are eligible to membership in this Union, and are requested to write and learn what a Union for Coal Miners means—no check-off, no contracts, no contractors, a committee of the Union on the job to protect the lives, health and limbs of the membership from explosions, caves and the usual bad management.

An Industrial Union of Textile Workers will be formed at an early date. Also a Clothing Workers' Industrial Union.

Arthur Roach, Card No. 289165, has had his card stolen. All Secretaries please take notice.

Members have been thrown in jail at Rockford, Kenosha, Milwaukee and Des Moines for organisation work.

STICKERETTE DAY, SUNDAY, APRIL 29th, 1917.

Every little sticker has a meaning all its own. Stick them up! A million of these noisy little agitators have been printed. Put them to work.

With best wishes, I am,

Yours for Industrial Freedom,

WM. D. HAYWOOD,

General Secretary-Treasurer.

I.W.W.

THE CLASS STRUGGLE.

Wherever and whenever society is divided into classes, one the slave of the other, there we find an endless and bitter struggle between the two, the slaves fighting for freedom and the masters fighting to keep the slaves in subjection. For it is an historic fact that any form of oppression breeds among the oppressed a spirit of revolt, which results ultimately in revolution.

The pages of history are red with the blood of unknown thousands of slaves who have striven unsuccessfully to throw off the shackles. Many have suffered torture, imprisonment and death in the struggle. Innumerable rebellions have arisen and been suppressed in a welter of blood, for the ruling class have always proven themselves to be ruthless in dealing with rebellious slaves.

But in spite of past defeats, the class-war still goes on. It can neither be stopped, postponed, or averted, much thought the capitalists and their henchmen may prate of the identity of interests between capital and labor, and then give the lie to their words by jailing members of the working-class for preaching enlightenment to the slaves.

The oldest form of slavery is that known as Chattel-Slavery. The slave was the absolute property of the master, bought and sold on the market, to work wherever and under any conditions the master desired. Tolling and sweating for terribly long hours and receiving only enough food to keep them alive, while the ruling class rioted in luxury, debauchery, and idleness.

With the development of the methods of production, the slaves system grew, and expanded, until it reached its culminating point in the great Roman Empire, which was hailed as the highest form of civilisation possible for the Human Race to achieve. A comparison of the economic position of the two classes will show how much that civilisation was really worth. The Aristocracy, on the one hand, enjoyed great wealth, all of the comforts which it was possible for the ingenuity of the slaves to conceive. Knowledge, art, and all the sciences flourished and prospered, while every form of debauchery gave proof of the moral deterioration to which an idle class is always prone.

But for the slaves there existed only misery and degradation. Liable to be separated from wife and children at the mere whim of his master, his daughters the prey of the patrician debauchee, revolt against such conditions was inevitable.

The natural result of such a system was those bloody rebellions that have proven time and again how impossible it is to reconcile the class antagonism which existed at that time, and must continue to exist so long as class distinctions remain.

The chattel-slave system reached its zenith and then began to crumble before the onward march of evolution. It was followed by feudalism. The chattel-slave then became the serf. He was bound to the land and could not be sold apart from it. Still an abject slave, his conditions were such as to rapidly foster that spirit of discontent which found expression in the innumerable peasant uprisings that soaked the soil of Europe with the blood of the rebellious serfs.

Every social system, just as all organic things, contains within itself the germ of its

own destruction. So we find growing up inside the social organism a class which was finally to become the dominant class. Towns began to spring up, composed chiefly of serfs who had escaped from bondage, trading and manufacture began. As the industries evolved, the number and powers of the traders and manufacturers, known as the bourgeoisie, increased in proportion, until the time came when they clashed with Feudal Lords and challenged their right to be the controlling factor in society.

Then began a fierce and merciless struggle of the old against the new. There could be no doubt of the result. Progress cannot be stopped either by the legislative enactments or military power of a decaying class. They may hold it back for a time, but when the obstacle is overcome it sweeps on with increased velocity. The struggle ended in the overthrow of Feudalism and the bourgeoisie, who afterwards developed into the capitalist class, then assumed control.

The serf was now the wage-worker, free in greatly from the two preceding ones. Production was previously mainly agricultural; it now became distinctly industrial in character.

The serf was now the wage-worker, free in the sense that he could not be sold at will, as before, and that he could leave his employer at any time. Still, because the capitalists own all the machines and implements required to produce the necessities of life and the worker does not, and has, therefore, to work for an employer in order to live; he is consequently a slave—a wage-slave—not to one individual, but to the capitalist-class, as a whole.

With the invention of machines to replace the old hand methods, the productivity of the workers increased enormously, and yet their position became steadily worse. This is due to the fact that the worker, when exchanging his labouring energy, which, when applied to the machines and raw materials, produces commodities, receives in return only sufficient food, clothing and shelter to maintain him in a normal state of health. As a result, if his productivity is increased by the introduction of more efficient machines, scientific management, etc., he can produce these things in less time; so that that part of the product of his labour, which goes to the capitalist as profit, increases while the workers' share decreases. In other words, the less wages the worker gets, the greater is the profit of the employer, and the greater wages the less is the profit.

As the interests of the two classes are opposed, there is a continuous struggle. The class war is still on with unabated vigor. From all countries come the news of huge industrial upheavals, revolutions, and threats of revolution fill the air. The blood of the working class is being split in many conflicts with the industrial powers that be. Everywhere the capitalists are organising and centralising their control of industry. And the workers, realising the futility of obsolete forms of organisation and tactics are beginning to unite industrially. The time is not far distant, when the next great fight will have to be fought, to overthrow Capitalism, and establish the industrial republic, the next revolution in the cycle of progress.

FRANK CALLANAN.

Cobar.

The I.W.W. has been doing splendid work in Cobar, of late, and everything is pointing in our favor.

The plute press can no longer dope the minds of the slaves, and they are anxious to hear the gospel of Industrial Solidarity.

The Capitalist press endeavored to make much capital out of the recent mix-up which took place in Cobar, but as will be seen, we have proceeded to kick ourselves out of Cobar in the following way:

The Great Cobar Co., Ltd., refused to recognise the Eight Hour Day from bank to bank. Deputations, letters of appeals, etc., were of no avail. So we decided to use some other method.

Instead of going below to stoop, we decided to stoop (e) on top. This method quickly impressed the company. The day was won. The men returned to work. Now, we, underground slaves, breathe the pure air for forty more minutes a day.

The bosses exploded lately, and attempted to victimise one of our fellow-workers, but the slaves rose and shouted, "An injury to one, an injury to all," and immediately the dismissed slave was reinstated without any financial loss.

The I.W.W. asked for the use of the F.M.E.A. Hall for a lecture. The Acting-Secretary stated that the owners would not allow us to use it, whereupon the members of the said organisation became very indignant, and some very heated speeches were made at the meeting.

It was then put to the meeting, "that the I.W.W. should have the use of the Hall." The voting was 200 in favor of the motion, and one (blue whiskers) against.

Good Friday and Easter Monday can be worked alternately at the management's pleasure, according to our agreement. A notice was posted that "work as usual on Good Friday," but the miners were anxious to commemorate the crucifixion of their working-class agitators, who are now suffering agony for our cause, so not one miner turned up to work.

The next meeting of the union, the members were asked to appoint a committee for the Eight Hour Day demonstration, but a motion was put and carried, "that this union withdraw from the demonstration, as we consider it a huge joke, and it is time we were working a six hour day."

When the F.M.E.A. was asked to appoint delegates to the Release and Defence Committee, it was unanimously decided that the Secretary should represent that body.

It looks very much as if the I.W.W. was kicked out of Cobar—don't it?

The unionists here recognise the fight they are up against, and are only waiting for the signal to start things moving to bring about the release of the I.W.W. men in jail.

THE LONG-HAIRED PREACHER.

Remember that there is only one working-class; there should be only one union.

The iron jaws of privilege will never relax until they are broken.—Ridpath.

Give me liberty or give me death.—Patrick Henry.

Read DIRECT ACTION, and learn how to put the boss to work.

THE INNOCENT MAN.

By Tom Barker.

I was lying overnight in the police cells at Darlinghurst, awaiting transference to Long Bay Gaol to undergo the sentence imposed on me by Judge Murray. At six a.m. I was aroused from my slumber by a station official, who told me to hurry up and get dressed, as the prison tram was waiting outside.

A few minutes later I was seated, in company with a defalcating union official, in a tiny enclosed compartment that reeked with a vigorous disinfectant. A brief conversation resulted between the new acquaintance and myself. We were both going out of public life for some where about twelve months, he for misappropriation, and I for, well—never mind.

Presently a slight scuffle was heard, followed by a shrill remonstrance. A gruff voice, evidently that of a constable, said, "Come along, Little Willie." The person thus addressed expostulated: "How dare you speak to me like that, constable? You'll hear more about this! I'll write to the newspapers about this! How dare you treat an innocent man in such a manner!" From the spasmodic manner in which the sentences left the lips of the speaker it was more than evident that he had a distinct and definite objection to boarding the prison conveyance.

A few seconds later, a lanky individual was hustled into the compartment occupied by the embezzler and myself. While the constable re-locked the door the new arrival, in a shrill voice, threatened him with all kinds of dire consequences. On the constable disappearing, the lanky person sat down and regarded us with a baleful glare. I noticed that his nose was unnaturally red. Not a red that spoke of many beers, but a color that is usually the corollary of a disordered stomach and a highly nervous excitable temperament.

After regarding us for a few seconds he started to tell us the story of all his woes. It appeared that he had, the day before, taken action against two men for using insulting words to him in a public street. The magistrate, after hearing the case, said that the charge was frivolous. In addition to dismissing the two accused he gave costs against the complainant, and refused time to pay. The complainant having little cash with him at the time, had the satisfaction of seeing his insulters getting off scot-free, while he—the insulted—had to go to gaol for fourteen days, in default of paying the cost. So no one need wonder at the state of mind of our companion to Durance Vile.

After relieving himself of the story of his woes, he snapped out at me, "What sentence did you get?" I replied, "Twelve months." "What for?" "Oh, just for a political offence over a newspaper." "Ah." Then he turned his attention to the third prisoner, and in answer to similar questions he elicited the facts already stated. The last arrival then rose to his feet, and placing his right hand dramatically upon his chest, he said, "You men are going to gaol, because you deserve to go to gaol, but I AM AN INNOCENT MAN."

By this time the tram had started, which resulted in the Innocent Man taking his seat rather abruptly. This was followed by a few moments of silence. Then suddenly the Innocent Man got an idea. He would get off the tram. The police had no right to take him against his will. He shrilly called for the constable, who came along to see what the matter was.

"Constable, stop the tram, I wish to alight. You know, constable, I am an innocent man." The constable laughed, so I took a turn and said, "Yes, that's right, constable, this gentleman took this tram by mistake. He thought that it was going to Coogee, but now that he hears that it is going to Long Bay he naturally wants to get off."

The Innocent Man indignantly shouted, "How dare you say that. I DID NOT want to go to Coogee." The constable again retired, followed by alternate threats and pleadings from the Innocent Man.

As the tram trailed its way through Randwick with its cargo of human misery, the Innocent Man became confidential. Hearing that I was doing occasional newspaper work, he questioned me about the laws of libel. "You see, I have been slandered by a newspaper in a country town," said he. "They said in their columns that I had left England for England's good. Isn't that libel?" I said "Certainly."

He then said that he intended to take action as soon as possible, but I reminded him that his suit over the article might be as conspicuously successful as the ac-

tion he had taken against the men for using insulting language. He exclaimed that he was a Britisher, and that he was determined to get justice, even if he had to appeal to the King's Majesty in person.

The Innocent Man then intimated that he was going to write to all the newspapers about the gross injustice that had been done to him. The tram slowed down, then a clang of heavy iron gates was heard, and we crawled into the huge iron cage of Long Bay Gaol.

Within a couple of minutes we were in the gaol proper. A huge be-braided person stood there. The Innocent Man tore across with his tale of woe. He was summarily half dragged, half pushed back into the line of prisoners. A few seconds later he hurled himself up on a senior warder, and announced his utter and absolute innocence. Again he was jerked back into position.

We were quickly marched into the reception room, where civilian clothes are farewelled, and acquaintance is made with brogans and drabs. Meanwhile the Innocent Man kept his weather eye open for a victim. The warder-clerk took our particulars, and an harangue upon the innocence of one of our number. The warder snapped back to the Innocent Man to get into a bath and change his clothes.

The Innocent Man retorted that "I won't take orders from a corporal; I will only take orders from a sergeant." "You get into that bath, my lad, and be blooming slippery," bawled the warder. The Innocent ceased the story of his woes promptly. In a stage whisper to me over the partition he asked, "Do I have to obey?" "You bet."

After some manoeuvring he managed to get some of his clothes off. He then dipped his big toe carefully in the water and wiped it dry. He then donned the prison clothing on the outside of his own underclothing. The warder came along to see how he was getting on, and discovered that he had not discarded his civilian underclothing. So the warder had to undress him like other people—undress overgrown babies, and after much sweating and swearing made him presentable for the governor's inspection.

The governor heard the first ten words of the tale of woe, and tired promptly. From there we marched to the cook-house, where breakfast consisting of hominy and bread was handed to us by a prisoner cook. He was not interested in the Innocent Man's woes.

The Innocent Man was dubious about the uses of hominy. It might be all right for cleaning buttons, or greasing boots with, but eating—oh, no, for he tasted a little on the tip of his finger. He was convinced that it was not to be eaten.

Another march back to the reception room for breakfast. The Innocent Man made a meal of his innocence, and satisfied all his audience with his woes. After a while twenty prisoners were marched in to change their clothes, and don the gaol attire. They were the usual extremes of prosperity and adversity. Two or three well-clad, and the rest shabbily to worse. Eighty per cent. of prisoners have less than a shilling in their possession when they go into gaol. Fifty per cent. have less than twopenny. Poverty is the driving force of crime—and policemen.

The Innocent Man hailed the new arrivals with joy. Here at least was an audience that would appreciate his story and his innocence. He started on the first man in the line. He found out the man's sentence and crime, and then, folding his arms across his chest, concluded with "You are in gaol because you deserve to be in gaol, but I am an INNOCENT MAN."

He worked his way along the line. Burglar, drunk and vagrant, flash, shabby and unkempt, heard him and wondered. He proclaimed his innocence in a shrill voice.

And as I was leaving for my cell, the Innocent Man had reached the end of the line. An ancient derelict, sodden with the effects of drinking methylated spirits, gazed vacantly at the Innocent Man as he recounted the story of his wrongs. Dull with the vile stuff that he had been drinking, the old vagrant did not remember either his offence or his conviction. But what worried the Innocent Man of that? And as he declaimed his innocence passionately, the methylated spirit fiend placed his head upon the Innocent Man's shoulder and sobbed.

The door clanged behind me, and I saw the last of that man of sorrows and woes, the Innocent Man. But what is twelve months, anyway, compared with fourteen days?

Broken Hill.

The spirit of revolt is surely spreading amongst the toilers up here. A few years ago to be designated a "red-ragger" signified that the possessor of that title was a person to be somewhat pitted on account of his mental shortcomings, but, nevertheless, an individual who at all costs, must not be allowed to propagate his ideas. Hence, the rebel of a few years ago had a strenuous time, and on many occasions was howled down when attempting to speak. In the event of failing to effectively silence his oratory in this manner, physical force was at times resorted to, often with disastrous results to the rebel's facial adornments, but more often these encounters resulted in the bone-heads paying additional respect to the rebel movement. Many have still cause to remember the raid on the Socialist Hall.

But apparently such days are over! Nowadays, 'tis the wobbly who is forefront in the crime-time argument, and the opposition has perforce to take second place. In some of the mines one can hear the strains of the Red Flag and other working-class songs, sung as the slaves await the charge to go to the surface.

Your humble scribe till recently, joined in the said "singing" with great gusto, along with fourteen other joyful slaves, and great was the merriment prevailing in the underground hell. Master listened with wrathful indignation, secretly vowing vengeance. Faster and greater waxed the melodies, and rebellious spirit, and slower and slower we "pusha da truck," until Master in great wrath descended as a chariot of fire upon us and bade us in a loud voice—begone. We went. And peace prevaileth once more in the British mine.

Much education and organisation remains to be done as yet, and the day must come when the I.W.W. reigns supreme, and all craft unions are relegated into oblivion. Still, there is no denying the great progress of the militant movement on the Barrier.

The Local is actively engaged in spreading the doctrine of industrialism. Large out-door meetings are held weekly, and F.W. Carter, Anthony and Cherrington address large crowds. Sunday night lectures are re-started, the last lecture being delivered by F.W. Bruschnikoff. The lecturer gave an interesting outline and history of the Russian revolution. Our present hall, with a seating accommodation of 200, refuses to hold all who seek admission to the lectures.

Education and speakers' classes are held weekly. The local requires new bloods on the box. Already two new speakers, F.W.'s Sheridan and Bradwell, have made their debut.

The I.W.W. is undoubtedly here to stay, and grow; it's up to all members to buck in and help in the only cause worth spilling a drop of blood for; that is, the workers' cause—the cause of humanity.

HARRY MEATHERINGHAM.
Press Correspondent.

Give us Industrial Solidarity, and we are all powerful.

One Big Union is the one thing needful. Let us work for it and fight for it.

SYDNEY LOCAL

— No. 2 —
403 SUSSEX STREET, CITY.

— ACTIVITIES —

TUESDAY, 8 p.m.—SPEAKERS' CLASS.
WEDNESDAY, 8 p.m.—ECONOMIC CLASS.
THURSDAY, 8 p.m.—BUSINESS MEETING.
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY—PROPAGANDA MEETINGS IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF CITY.
SUNDAY, 3 p.m.—PROPAGANDA MEETING IN DOMAIN.
SUNDAY, 7 p.m.—PROPAGANDA MEETINGS BATHURST STREET AND OTHER PARTS OF THE CITY.
SUNDAY, 8 p.m.—LECTURE IN HALL.
BEST WORKING-CLASS LIBRARY IN SYDNEY.

ALL SLAVES WELCOME.

BOSS NOT ADMITTED.

TOM BARKER.

Sec. Treas.

SONG BOOKS.

NEW AUSTRALIAN EDITION.

All the Old Favourites and some new airs.
64 Pages of Proletarian Minstrelsy.

Orders booked now. Send cash if possible.

DEDICATED TO THE CLAN BEHIND THE BARS

Single copies 6d. 6 copies 2/6. 12 copies 4/6.

100 copies 11/13.

—Manager, Press, Box 98, Haymarket, N.S.W.

**NOW READY,
Fire in Your Orders.**

THE NUMBER OF THIS PAPER IS

120.

DEFENCE AND RELEASE COMMITTEE. INCOME.

	£	s	d
Carried forward	1120	9	4
J. McNamara	0	3	0
E. Callard	1	0	0
"Railway Boy"	0	1	0
Brother Holman	0	4	5
E. Toohy	0	1	0
Lithgow D. and R. Committee	13	15	0
Lithgow Miners' Lodge	1	11	6
Gus Ed.	0	2	0
Literature (Adelaide)	0	13	6
Pulley, Cargello	0	5	0
Mrs. Prichard (Sub. Form)	1	0	0
Coledale Lodge (per J. Hosking)	2	9	0
T. McColl	0	3	7

F. W. Jackson (Subs.)	1,141	18	4
J. Arbutnot (Powella Station)	0	6	0
J. R. Wilson (Collection, Lithgow)	5	11	0
	0	19	6

To April 26th, 1917. 1,148 19 9

A. SINCLAIR,
Hon. Secretary.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "D.A."

TO APRIL 27, 1917.

W. Wright, 1s; A. T. Walter, 1s; Mrs. Lucas, 2s; V. Reid, 2s; D. Wells, 2s; W. Shields, 2s; W. Carlson, 2s; H. Trewen, 2s; J. McGarry, 1s; A. S. Graham, 2s; B. Foley, 2s; H. Burgess, 4s; J. Maloney, 1s; A. Sheelah, 1s; M. Maloney, 1s; Mrs. Harper, 4s; J. Richards, 4s; B. McCabe, 4s.

PRESS FUND.

Geo. Washington, 6s 6d; Russian Local, Cairns, Q., per Peter Petroff, 27.

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.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

— TO —

"DIRECT ACTION."

The subscription to "Direct Action" to any address in the Commonwealth, including postage, is as follows:

4/- Yearly — 2/- Half-Yearly.

Apply, The Manager.

Box 98 Haymarket P.O., Sydney.

BRISBANE LOCAL.
ROOMS, (VER POST OFFICE.
STANLEY ST.—STH. BRISBANE.
MEETINGS.

Alternate Tuesdays—Business Meeting.
Alternate Tuesdays—Educational Class.
Friday, 8 p.m.—Outdoor Meeting. Market Square.

Sunday, 8 p.m.—Trades Hall, Lecture:

Literature Secretary;

W. TREMBATH.

Financial Secretary,

G. E. BRIGHT.

REDFERN ST., WOOLLOONGABBA.

BRISBANE.

ALL MEMBERS PASSING THROUGH ARE

INVITED TO LOOK IN. GOOD LIBRARY.

— SLAVES WELCOME —

Published by Tom Barker, of 28 Francis Street, Sydney, for the Workers' Defence and Release Committee, at 403 Sussex Street, Sydney, and printed by H. Cook and Co., 200 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.