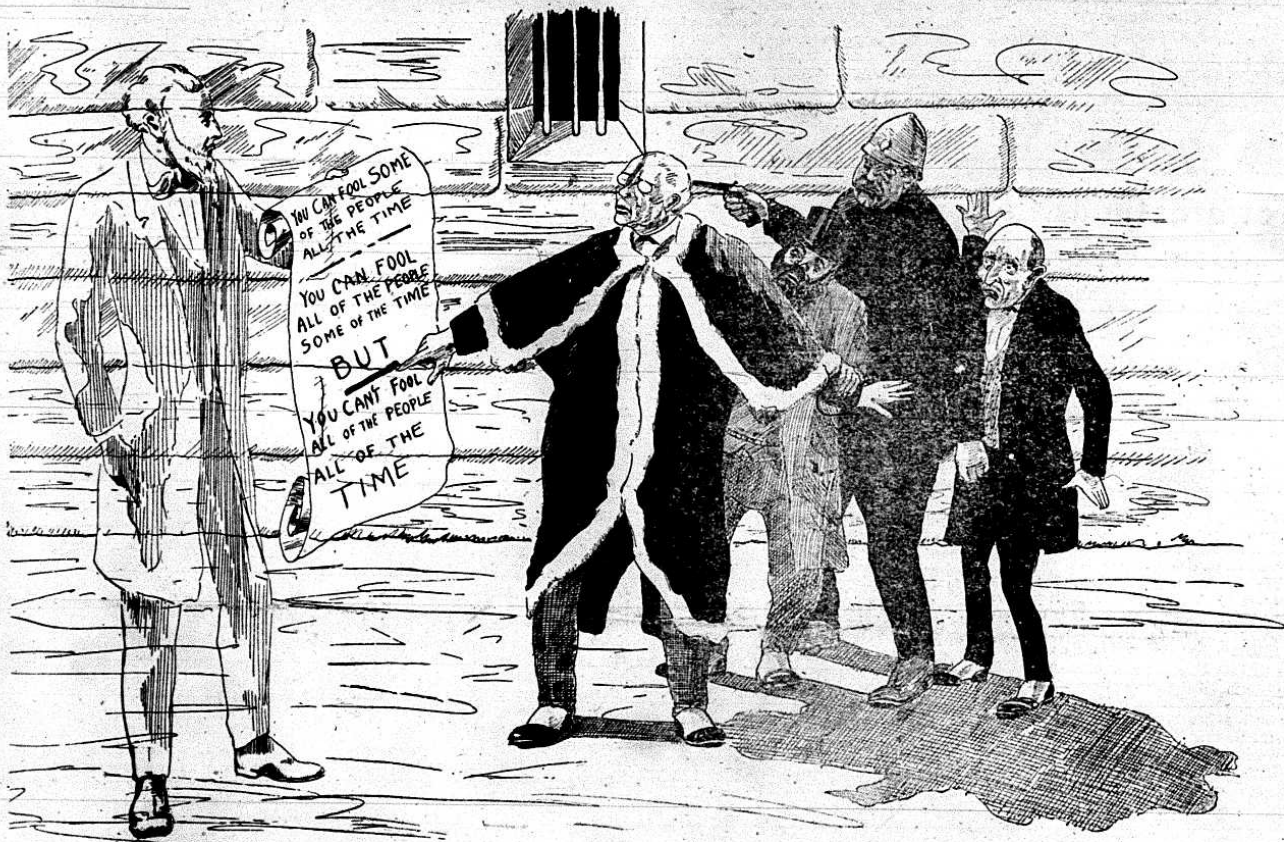


One Union. One Label. One Enemy.



VOL. 4., NO. 122 Registered at the General Post-office, Sydney, for Transmission by Post as a Newspaper. SYDNEY, May 19th, 1917. ONE PENNY.



## The Spirit of Lincoln.

### WORKERS: ATTENTION!

Defence and Release Committee,  
403 Sussex St., Sydney,  
May 4th, 1917.

Fellow Workers,

We wish to draw your attention to the fact that at the last meeting of the above committee we decided to send a delegate to Central and North Queensland. The mission of the delegate is to place the case before the workers of Queensland the detailed account of the greatest outrage upon the working class of Australia. That is the gaoling of our twelve class brothers. We need funds, for this venture, will cover a large area, and include all the mining towns, sugar mills, wharves, and mines. The delegate will be one of our best organisers and a fluent speaker, who is thoroughly in touch with the facts of the case, the delegate will lecture on the "Conspiracy Charges," "Industrial Unionism," "The Class War" and other subjects of working class interest. He will leave Sydney for Townsville about the second week in June, and will lecture in available halls, and hold open air meetings, visit the meat works, wharves, railways, and then go north to visit all the sugar mills as far as Cairns, and inland sugar centres; he will then return to Townsville, and possibly go to Cloncurry mining centres, then to Ayr, Bowen, and Mackay, Rockhampton, Mt. Morgan and other districts, as funds roll in. As this tour cannot be carried out without the necessary cash, we are ap-

pealing to all rebels, members, and sympathisers with the I.W.W. to at once get busy to get out a subscription list and rake up as much cash as possible, and send the proceeds to the Sec. Defence and Release Committee, 403 Sussex St., Sydney, by the first week in June if possible. A collection will be taken up at each meeting, and the delegate will endeavour to form a Defence and Release Committee at each centre to help per medium of subscription lists on the job to collect what they possibly can in order to help financially towards the release of our fellow workers in jail, also to provide for the wives and children. This appeal, fellow workers, is to you; we hope you will get busy and let us hear from you by the first week in June. If you are not on the job by then do your best when you are there.

Yours fraternally,

A. SINCLAIR,

Hon. Sec. Defence and Release Committee

Though we break our father's promise,  
We have nobler duties first;  
The traitor to Humanity is the  
Traitor most accurst:  
Man is more than Constitutions; better  
Not beneath the sod,  
Than be true to Church and State while  
We are doubly false to God!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

### Emancipation.

"It's a long way to Emancipation.  
It's a long way to go."

There is only one class in the world. That is—the working-class. The rest are merely hangers on or dependents. Capitalists talk about "the nation," "the people," and "the community" is designed to prevent the working-class recognising its importance. In all countries the working-class is the real, true, and only "nation." The working-class performs the useful, necessary work of the world, and does a good deal, in addition, that is neither necessary nor useful.

It is the working-class that needs emancipation. That class is at present in a position and condition of economic dependence, subjection, and uncertainty. This must be changed. It is not meet nor seemly that Labor (the source of all wealth) should continue in a state of vassalage.

The question now arises: How can the working-class achieve its emancipation? It is not a political emancipation that is necessary, mark you, but an economic or industrial one.

Can the working-class achieve its emancipation individually? No. Some few members of the working-class may rise out of the ranks of wage slavery, but not the working-class as a whole. Mass-action is necessary; for only the mass can raise the mass.

Can the working-class achieve its emancipation by Parliamentary means? No. Experience shows that economic emancipation cannot be achieved by political means. Parliament is an academic institution extraneous to working-class welfare. Plute does not derive his power from Parliament, but from his control of industry.

How, then can the working-class achieve its emancipation?

Now, about this question of organisation? You say, we are organised already; yet our emancipation is not secure. Ah, but that implies, you see, that you are not already organised; or not organised scientifically. If you are not yet emancipated, there must be a defect in your method of organisation. Now, how are you organised? In craft unions, relying on representation in capitalist parliaments? Well, there you are! There's the rub, as Shakespeare says. Really, what can you expect? Craft unionism, as a method of working-class organisation is out of-date. No wonder your emancipation is not yet achieved!

What you need to do is to organise industrially. Let your industry determine your form of organisation. To be successful in this new organisation, you will need One Big Union of all industries—a union of your unions. What are you to do with your craft unions? Do with it as the boss does with his old machine. Scrap it. Remember, you are out for emancipation, and cannot afford to use old and obsolete methods of organisation. The boss wants you to be efficient, so start with an efficient form of organisation. If you don't know how to organise Industrial Unions, the I.W.W. exists for the purpose of helping you. What's that you say? You'll do it? Square dinkum? Good for you! Well, here's luck!

A. E. BROWN.

A great city is that which has the greatest men and women,  
If it be a few ragged huts it is still the greatest city in the world.

WALT. WHITMAN.



# Direct Action



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## Towards Industrial Democracy.

The I.W.W., in organising the working-class according to industry, on the job, and linking up into One Big Union, is not only building up a powerful organisation which can successfully grapple with the industrial might of the master-class, but it is also laying the foundation of the Industrial Republic within the framework of Capitalism.

That Capitalism is destined to pass away all sensible people are agreed; that Industrial Democracy will be the next stage in evolution many toilers are convinced. How to speedily bring about this New Age and avert disaster, is the work of the I.W.W.

The I.W.W. is preparing the way, clearing the track and making it possible for a better time on earth. It is the forerunner of Industrial Democracy.

In educating and organising the workers so that they may be able to emancipate themselves without waiting for some political Moses or new Messiah to come to their aid, the I.W.W. is performing a useful and noble work.

We have now reached that stage of development, when the working class, through industrial organisation, is capable of accomplishing anything it desires.

It is not the soap-boxer, the polished orator, the politician, or any other individual who can lay the foundation of the New Society, but it is the Industrial Union.

Since the manner in which men get their living determine their actions, they must, in order to control their destinies, get control of the industrial forces which control their lives.

We are living under a system in which a few industrial magnates not only control the lives of the working class, but also dictate to Parliament and decide the lives and destinies of politicians.

It is this Industrial Oligarchy which is the real government; it is the real power in the land, and it is this mighty force which the workers have to face.

The battles of the working class cannot be fought in Parliament, which is a capitalist institution, but must be waged upon the industrial field where profits exist and exploitation takes place.

With a sound industrial organisation the workers could afford to smile at all the kaisers, czars, and despots of all lands.

The I.W.W. concentrates all its attention to the industrial arena, as that is the only place that matters. In fighting for the control of industry no other battle ground is of any use. In struggling towards Industrial Democracy, job organisation is imperative.

The toilers may dabble in politics for ages, and eventually may be successful in getting a few small reforms put upon the Statute Book, but the bosses' profits remain the same, and the exploitation of Labor goes on as vigorous as ever. After a hundred years of successful politics the toilers would still find that poverty, hunger, and wants roam the land, and they are not one step nearer to emancipation.

The I.W.W. aims at the basis of exploitation; it centres its attack at the root of the profit making system. Where else, but at the point of production, does

this robbery take place? Surely no one would suggest that the workers are exploited in Parliament?

The I.W.W. is wholly and solely an Industrial Organisation, which lays down a scientific plan whereby the workers will be able to carry on production when capitalism disappears.

The I.W.W. does not wish to destroy anything but the vested wrongs and existing evils. We wish to build up a society where the mighty forces of production will be utilised for the benefit of all. We wish to see misery and crime banished from our midst, and that can only be done by the worker getting the full product of his toil.

With Industrial Organisation, the workers will understand their power and what they are capable of accomplishing.

The I.W.W. is the only scientific and constructive working class organisation in existence to-day. It is the herald of the NEW TIME. It is the harbinger of Better Days. It is the emancipator of the working class. Work for it and fight for it, and help to speed the day of the Industrial Democracy.

N.R.

## A Shorter Work Day.

The development of the modern machine and the inauguration of speeding up devices, together with the cry for industrial efficiency, make the adoption of a shorter work day imperative.

The advantages of the latter are innumerable.

In the first place, a shorter work day will mean a Big Reduction in the amount of surplus value produced. The capitalist class in consequence will have less to spend on luxuries. Large standing armies, navies and police forces will be less needed.

2nd.—A short work day will absorb the unemployed. Permanent capital (such as buildings, etc.), needs labor chiefly for maintenance and renewal; and the demands of capital, in the production of articles quickly consumed, are amply provided for by the machine. Consequently, with the number of hours worked at the present, there is not enough work to go round. Hence unemployment is rife. This in itself calls for a reduction of hours.

3rd.—A shorter work day will mean a Big Increase in wages. The absorbing into industry of the unemployed will make the working class masters of the industrial situation. When labor is scarce, wages are high. The competition of the unemployed tends to lower wages.

4th.—Better working conditions will result from a shorter working day. The status of the worker will be raised. With a sufficiency of men engaged in production work can proceed more leisurely and overtime be abolished.

5th.—A short work day will mean a Big Gain in Health to the toilers. Excessive hours of labour sap the vital forces. Fast workers die young. The duration of life in the working class is far below that of the capitalist class. Along with a gain in health will also come a gain in organising power and ability. A shorter work day will give workers more time and opportunity to study their class interests. They will also be enabled to keep women and children out of the workshop. A woman's proper sphere is not the workshop or office, but in the promotion of social well-being.

7th.—A shorter work day will be a big step towards ownership and control of industry. This must be the final objective of the working class. Private ownership and control is wasteful, inconvenient and unjust.

How to Get it.—Organisation is necessary. In every union there are a number of militant members. These, together will form a nucleus for agitation, education, and organisation. The time is ripe. All that is necessary is that a start will be made. The I.W.W. will lend a helping hand. Let our slogan be: "A Shorter Work Day!" and success is assured.

A. E. BROWN.

They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak:  
They are slaves who will not choose,  
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think.  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Actions speak louder than words. Let us act.

## THE POLITICAL SCRAMBLE.

By Tom Barker.

For quite a long period, let us hope, we are to be spared the caterwaulings of the political infallibles, who have been shadow sparring for the amusement of those who have emancipated themselves from the pipe dreams of a ballot born utopia. They are both thoroughly fagged out for at least two and a half years. Incidental mare's nests will be periodically discovered by the successful pie-counter experts. The unsuccessful ones will look round for a chopping block. The I.W.W. will be disembowelled and hung out to dry. Brother Brookfield will be appointed his due share of the blame. Labor (God help them!) Leader Storey has already, after four weeks' careful research, discovered that the big brother from Broken Hill has lost his party six seats. It may break the fragile hearts of the guys who lost the pie tickets, but why should Brother Brookfield worry?

Mr. Bowling, candidate for the Senate, did some zig-zagging stunts during his struggle for a saddle and bridle. Once upon a time Peter got crossways of the authorities and received from that eminent humanitarian, Mr. Justice Pring, a fine piece of legal smash, which resulted in Peter getting an enforced sojourn in one of His Majesty's hotels. Now the other day Peter was at Manly, a suburb that abounds with the blue blood of one generation, and in order to make his alley good, he called for three cheers for His Majesty. How Peter must have appreciated H.M.'s hospitality. I've had some, but I'm hanged if ever I felt enthusiastic about it.

All the wiseacres are finding excuses for their failure. The reasons are not very hard to find, seeing that from indications that only about 57 per cent. of the "sovereign" people considered it worth while voting for either party. The party that would naturally suffer from both apathy and sheer anti-political feeling would be the Labour party. The Liberals among the workers worship the ballot to a far greater extent than the Laborites, and, consequently, although numerically weaker, would poll stronger.

The Australian workers are undoubtedly getting thoroughly sick of the whole business of electing political bell-wethers, and getting in return a good deal of cheek, and no results worth considering. The political bunco business smells as high as a guano deposit, and there is little need to wonder why thousands are turning their attention to weapons of a more practical nature. Twenty years of successful politics have altered nothing for the betterment of the working class. Exploitation is more intense to-day, the security of employment is less, and all the general conditions of the working class are worse to-day than they were in the old days. Politics has altered nothing, and by its very nature, cannot. It has emancipated ex-umbrella peddlers, third-rate miners and refined swagmen, both financially and intellectually. The opera-

tions of environment works wonders in days, and weeks, and years. When Brookfield, M.L.A., took the oath one of the confidence men took umbrage at it. "Leave him alone," says Premier Holman, "He'll be all right when he draws his first salary." Holman KNEW.

Politicians will put their defeat down to apathy. To a certain extent they are right. But the anti-political feeling is a growing factor. Now that politics is proved conclusively to be a marionette show rigged by the master class, to dupe and fool the crowd, while the business of systematic exploitation proceeds, the workers are being roused to the question of new weapons and new philosophies. The political superstition (the most damnable excepting patriotism) exists upon the credulity of the masses. If the masses abstain from participation, the whole structure begins to shake. Another capitalist side issue is hurled aside, another fool story exposed.

The days of alleged representative governments are almost over. The industrial state, or master class dictatorship, with international affiliations, stands today as the Supreme, the All-Powerful. Politics is merely the shadow of the industrial hierarchy. Tinkering with shadows leads nowhere, not even to a six-hour day. The days of Government by Commission are with us. The days of highly paid mediocrities and sheer nonentities in the political sphere are going for ever. Changes of form of government are inevitable during these days of the greater Industrial Revolution. The Labor movement is subject to the same clarifying processes, and the tendency is towards Labor as an organic factor operating upon the field of industry.

Old women in trousers with the fog-bound ossified ideas of a quarter of a century ago bawl denunciation of the I.W.W. Their caterwauls are as ludicrous as their ideas are stagnant. Nevertheless, the day of the ignorant cockroach business man as the dominant factor in Labor political circles is going. These bourgeois minded waybacks can have their conferences and their resolutions, and their ballot box can be well dispensed with. They can play with them till the cows come home.

Political parties are the dustbins of the working class movements. That is the only service they perform, although a necessary one. They keep the movement clear of the drifters and the hindrances to progress.

The I.W.W. does not care who gets into the pie shops. The economic fight is the only one. We are after the substance, the shadow (poor old blind-eyed thing!) can look after itself. One Big Union is THE thing, the rest is the imagination of an opium fiend. There is only one way to Power, and that is by concrete tangible organisation on the lines of industry for the control of the jobs.

And the politicians, successful and otherwise, John Storey included, can GET WORK!

## REVOLUTION & EVOLUTION.

Many people to-day look upon the word revolution as meaning something connected with blood-shed and chaos, and if spoken to on the subject, will quickly answer, "You can advocate revolutionary tactics if you like, but I pin my faith to evolution."

This I have heard many times, and I have often wondered if they really understood the meaning of the terms they used. Revolution and evolution are words which mean practically the same thing, the only difference being in degree. To put it more plainly, or in a more understandable form, REVOLUTION IS WHOLESALE EVOLUTION, AND EVOLUTION RETAIL REVOLUTION. To speak of evolution without revolution is almost as bad as postulating effects without causes. Revolutions are generally the PRIMARY FACTORS IN THE EVOLUTIONARY PROCESS.

It was the revolutionary changes in the machinery of the 18th century that compelled the people to evolve from the simple to the complex; compelled them to educate in order to control the new modes of production. The revolutionary change created by this war is bound to give a stimulus to the evolution of our class, inasmuch as it has caused all classes of men to be brought into close contact with one another, caused an interchange of ideas between the advanced section of the community and the backward rural section, and IDEAS BEING THE ADVANCE GUARD OF ACTIONS, we may look forward to happenings which otherwise might have been delayed another century. The Russian revolution will have played a great part in the evolution of the Russian peoples. The fact that it has been the means of liberating its most capable

working class advocates, would alone be a sufficient guarantee for that. Moreover, these people who were passive serfs, who were reconciled to their slavery, who thought that SUCH CONDITIONS ALWAYS WAS, AND ALWAYS WOULD BE (many good Australians believe this). When they feel the breath of freedom, when they realise the liberties they have gained, it must inevitably awaken the desire for greater liberties and in so doing accelerate the evolutionary process.

Rebel, too, is a term that is generally misunderstood. Men speak of rebels to-day as being something of a human monster; the very association of ideas connects the name with the hangman's rope or the firing squad.

They do not realise THAT REBELS HAVE BEEN, AND ARE, THE MAKERS OF HISTORY. Right down through the pages of history, we trace the changes, and just as sure as an effect is preceded by a cause, just as sure is a change preceded by a rebel or rebels. These history makers have at all times had to bear the brunt of persecution, not only from the class they rebelled against, BUT ALSO FROM THE CLASS THEY WERE FIGHTING FOR. Still, they persisted in preaching their glorious gospel of discontent.

Why do you not take these lessons from history, Mr. Wage Slave? Why do you not help, instead of hindering the INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD? These men are fighting for you, and if you stand passive, or assist your masters most assuredly will your children and the future generations condemn you, just as you condemn the actions of your forebears, who helped to persecute the men who fought for the few privileges you men enjoy.

J.H.R.



## The Daily Ration.

## SOMETHING NOW.

## Only Suppose.

Arbitration! What a howling farce—what a pious fraud. Arbitration! the coward's refuge, the fool's hope, the bonehead's grave!

What is arbitration? It is the Government systematising the agreements between masters and men—agreements which in many other countries are fixed up by the companies and trusts. It is, in short, the Government doing the work for the Boss.

Let us consider the procedure adopted by this piece of "machinery." In direct contradistinction to the objective of the Labor platform, namely, "To secure to the worker all that he produces," the arbitration court finds out how LITTLE a worker can live on. He is then awarded that niggardly share of the results of his toil and has to face a lawyer's bill and other bills too numerous to mention to compensate for the luxury of being told on good authority how cheaply he can live if he sets his mind to it. Talk about "Terrible Bill" rationing the German workers! He is only a big mug ranged alongside "Us and Co." Pass the nosebag, Horace, and let us see the wonderful contents thereof! There's tough meat and artificial bread and shoddy stuff of various kinds for the wage plugs. If they can live on 5/ per week, verily, I say unto you, 5/ shall be the wage! To live decently these times one would require £10 per week, but since workers are content to exist on less per week, then £2/17/6 is considered enough. Thus wages are based on the cost of a certain standard of living. An ox grazing in the field also gets a living! The workers are on the same level as a machine. The machine requires oiling three times per day to keep it in running order. The worker requires light refreshments—three times per day also. But while the machine costs money, the workers on the other hand are the cheapest of all things that are cheap, and go begging everywhere. The machine is therefore of more value than many workers, and gets overhauled and cleaned up occasionally, while Mr. Block turns up his toes to the daisies "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

Arbitration will never overthrow the capitalist system. The securing of "a fair day's pay for a fair day's work" is an objective which should be given the boot. Industrial organisation is the way out, because it is based on the class struggle, and aims at the complete overthrow of the capitalist system.

A.S.

Nicholls, M.H.R.. on  
Nicholls, Esq.

The following gem is from an election dodger. Hold us while we shriek!—Ed..

Mr. Nicholls entered the employ of the Cement Company, but was not destined to remain in that employ for any length of time. By his ability, perseverance and tact, Mr. Nicholls won for himself the respect and admiration of his comrades, with the result that he was elected secretary of the local union, a position he has held for six years. In that position Mr. Nicholls has indeed a splendid record. In the six years there has only been one stoppage of work, and on that occasion the men acted against his advice. However, Mr. Nicholls eventually won, and the men returned to work. Since then no trouble of any kind has occurred. The most cordial relations, thanks to Mr. Nicholls, have existed between the men and the management, a fact which will be verified by the manager of the company.

Blessed are the modest, for they shall have a lease of the pie-counter.

## WARNING.

FELLOW-WORKERS IN U.S.A. CANADA, AND AUSTRALIA.—Don't let the employing class fool you to go over to Norway any longer. The living conditions are terrible here, and no place to sleep, wherever you go here in Norway.

Only here in Bergen are there six hundred (600) workmen and women without a place to sleep.

There is supposed to be about five or six hundred men out of work in Bergen just now. (Bergen's Kommune), or the City of Bergen, will soon have an advertisement that men are wanted for to build up the City of Bergen, but now, Fellow-Worker, if you do not want to get fooled, stay away.

Don't ship to Norway any place. Don't let the crafters fool you any longer.

CJUS BJORKLUND, Organizer.

Bergen, Jan. 29th, 1917.

The I.W.W. in organising the workers along the lines of industry, is definitely carrying out the historic mission of the working-class in forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

Can the political Socialists, who from the lofty height of philosophy, decry the efforts of the "militant minority," as reformistic and palliative, claim as much? I do not think so. The cry of many of our rightly impatient critics of the Socialist movement, "But we want something NOW," has been misconstrued so as to indicate that such critics lacked revolutionary sentiments, and were but concerned with satisfying their present needs.

It has been constantly uttered, "Every society contains within itself the germ of its forces constantly operating which will eventually," etc., etc.

The "blind forces" and "the germ of destruction" seem to have been beneath the recognition of our comrades, who still philosophise with folded arms upon the inevitability of the revolution.

What definite plan of action have they embarked upon, to take over the means of production? Whilst they allowed the movement to stagnate into a debating society, spitting hairs upon abstruse points in Marxian economics and philosophy, the storms of the world gathered unheeded on the horizon, and, bursting, found the working-class unprepared to stay the advance of a master-class, bent on their more complete enslavement.

The trouble may be traced to the policy of advocating political, instead of class-conscious industrial action. In advocating the use of political action, Socialists propose to seize upon an institution peculiar to the capitalist class.

Parliaments and the organisations connected with it were the evolutionary outcome of the requirements, and were devised by the growing bourgeois class in feudal times, to further the interests of that class, toward the overthrow of feudalism. They were the natural outcome of the guilds of merchants.

The function of the State was to harmoniously adjust the differences arising from the clash of material interests amongst the various sections of the Property Owning Class.

To enforce obedience to their mandates an army and navy were parts of the administration. In their time and day they were all sufficient, and served their purpose well enough, but with the advent of the joint stock company in England, about 1830, and after the close of the civil war in America, the power of parliament and kindred organisations declined.

For the past fifty years Parliament and the legal institutions connected with it, in short the bourgeois State, has been gradually losing power, and instead of the Government dominating all sections and maintaining a balance, we have the spectacle in advanced capitalist countries of its subjugation so completely, that the bourgeois made laws are thrust aside by the plutocracy without a thought of consequences. Particularly is this the case in the United States, where the legislatures are dominated or ignored accordingly, as it suits the Trusts (Standard Oil, Steel, and other Trusts, flouts the laws with impunity) vile "America in Ferment," or any other recent bourgeois economist writings. Lawson in "Frenzied Finance," issued as long ago as 1905 (the year of the foundation of our organisation) describes how parliaments, courts, and administrative bodies are bought by the Standard, Oil and Copper Trusts. "Public opinion" and the feeble protests of the press, representing the smaller capitalists, regarding this bargaining and trafficking are disregarded, showing the enormous power which they had gained even twelve years ago.

On the day the working class won the right to vote, they lost their hold on the very weapons with which they had gained the "sacred right of manhood suffrage," and so weakened themselves. They fought for and gained a weapon, which served them no purpose and so achieved but a hollow victory. "But," I hear someone object, parrot-like, "we can't afford to leave political action alone, because it won't leave us alone." How pathetic! You forget that we have not achieved control of the means of production, which those who control the institutions possess.

We have heard the self-same Socialists till we grew tired, beseech the worker to "stop boring from within." Recognising that craft unionism is an already obsolete WORKING-CLASS weapon, they are yet so inconsistent as to advocate the use of an already out-of-date MASTER-CLASS weapon with which to combat the advance of the master-class.

Even at its best, political action in the shape of initiative and referendum is but a useless move, because of the inherent weaknesses.

In cases where the direct vote has spemingly triumphed, it will be found on analysis that the vote has been an expression on a clear-cut class issue with a threat of economic power behind it. Of such a nature was the recent referendum, which our political friends hail with satisfaction, as a proof of the value

of political action. It is not, however, proving the complete success it was anticipated it would be. Already there are signs that it will be disregarded "when the necessity arises" by the powers that be.

There are, however, other aspects to be taken into consideration.

First of all, it seems taken for granted that the electoral system is pure. The honesty of the master class bureaucrats is likewise taken for granted. Disfranchisement is a common trick in this and other countries. I cannot do better than quote my own case as an instance.

An objection was lodged against my name on the rolls, by some person (not named) on the grounds that I had been absent from the electorate one month. I had been working in the country, earning my living, and had been absent one month and five days. I was graciously given twenty days in which to make explanation. Here is the point. The objection was lodged against me on the 9th of February, but the paper was not posted till the 27th March. The rolls had been closed the previous day. The paper had taken six weeks to reach my address one and a half miles away.

Granted, where Parliament is still the power, that a candidate is returned to Parliament, that his undated resignation is in the hands of a popular committee, that the power of recall hangs over his head—he must take an oath of allegiance to the present regime. On his entrance into a legislative chamber, where he speedily recognises his inability to vote the present scheme out of existence. So that Socialists, when returned to Parliament, becoming conservative, have been automatically compelled to carry on the work of a Capitalist Government, nay, have helped the power of the masters to assume gigantic proportions, and have considerably hindered working-class progress. They have lulled the workers into a sense of security, an attitude of passivism till the storm woke them to realisation of their impotency.

Seeing the uselessness of attempting to capture the political machine by a majority of votes, or else tiring of waiting for the capitalists to voluntarily abdicate, many enthusiasts have been disgusted with the whole business, and have estranged themselves from all movements.

Then clearly to attempt to revolutionise politics would be as logical as attempting to revolutionise any other master-class institution—the Chambers of Commerce, for instance.

Thus, we come to the conclusion that those not in favor of "doing something now," are political reformers, or else must be in favor of doing NOTHING now, but wait for "blind economic forces" to attain for the workers "such a pitch of misery" that something must happen.

This is the class of Socialist we all know, the man who is content to mouth platitudes while the working-class sinks ever deeper into the mire of capitalist equality, losing the spirit of revolt all the while. He is a revolutionist by reaction, a man who is rapidly philosophising himself out of existence, who, in an attitude of fatalistic inertness, waits for the revolution to accomplish itself about the year 2040, by a miracle. He is akin to his brother Socialist, who expects by a preponderance of votes to capture the machine about the year 2000, and who expects the plutocracy to graciously retire before the popular demand, and allow itself to be legislated out of existence. Both accuse us of reform, because we advocate a six hours' work-day, etc., and yet have the inconsistency to advocate the use of a weapon of a past time, which never belonged to their class. Both are "borders from within," if there ever were.

On the other hand, let us turn to something more virile than the philosophers and DO NOTHINGs.

The I.W.W. has for its first object, the organisation of the working-class into such a manner as will enable it to carry on the everyday fight against the capitalist class, that is along the lines of industry.

Secondly, by virtue of the form of organisation necessary to combat the advances of modern capitalism toward complete oligarchic industrial control; the working-class is receiving a training in the manner in which industry will be carried on when capitalism and its awful villainies are things of the past. When poverty, crime, degradation, are forgotten, where paupers, criminals, degenerates are vanished, where a noble mankind lives noble lives and rejoices in new-found freedom.

STEVE.

One Big Union is more powerful than any Parliament, Kaiser, or Czar. What about it, toilers?

"By organising industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

We are all of us, looking forward creatures. But there are times when we are more particularly keen on it. The present moment is one of these keen moments AS OUR EYES LOOK ACROSS SPACE AT THE "TWELVE" in THERE for our sakes. Men and women are never more energetic in imagining the future than when it is UNCERTAIN.

"Oh, yes, I feel sure they're innocent men," he told me, "but er—suppose—er." I felt my lips tighten, for a hard reply, but I relaxed again, and swallowed my "suppose—hell!" and I listened patiently.

"You see, if I sign that protest, or if I joined the organisation, I 'suppose' I'd get the sack—How do I know I wouldn't?"

And I didn't. I couldn't guarantee that those things he "supposed" might not occur, and in reality they were fearfully probable.

"I see—you're one of those chaps who do not believe in facing a thing squarely, and dealing with it in the concrete; you just whiz around it, 'supposing and supposing.'"

Then I told him about a man who visited a friend for dinner, and heard there was to be pheasant on the menu, and he liked pheasant, too. But the newspapers had been warning the people not to eat pheasant, for it was dangerous, for the birds in that neighbourhood had been eating poison berries. He brought with him a bottle of emetic from the chemist and sat down and ate the pheasant heroically like a man, facing death with each mouthful. However, there happened to be no use for the emetic; but you see he was not one of those "supposing" kind of chaps, he faced things prepared.

"You know Grant well," I ventured. "Yes," he replied, "more than well—and the whitest man that ever breathed!"

"And yet, you'd not risk a paltry job for him—that, whitest man that ever breathed." "You'd just whiz, whiz, around 'supposing'!"

"Yes, I'll sign your Protest," he said, "and I'll join up, and throw in my lot with the fighters."

As he signed it, he seemed to breathe more freely, and over his face grew a mantle of determination.

As I left him to tackle some other men who were "whiz, whiz, whizzing and supposing," I said as a parting advice.

"Mind you take an emetic with you on the job, and let them all have a 'swig' at it, if it is required."

BETSY H. MATTHIAS.

## What We Want.

If ev'rywhere the land was bare,  
And not a blade would grow,  
We'd bear it fair, content to share,  
A universal woe.

What God denies dependent Man,  
Perforce must Man endure;  
But what a man denies to Man,  
Admits of Man to cure.

But fools would starve, on ev'ry hand,  
Abounding ample store.  
Then swear, my fellow-workmen,  
To be such fools no more.

We want the spirit of a man,  
Developed in your breast;  
No slave's ideal, but one demand  
"The best for us, the best."

The best for us, the working bees,  
Of busy human hives:  
We want the tools of industry;  
We want to own our lives.

We want a billion throats to yell,  
In soul impassioned strain,  
"We've starved and hungered heretofore,  
By Hell, we won't again."

O, Custom's fetters that bind our lives,  
And make a Hell of Earth:  
How easily we could make K. friends,  
A smiling hour of mirth.

We want your help, we want your thought,  
We want the sense of right,  
To galvanise your latent strength,  
To re-constructive might.

The sands of life are running fast;  
The chains won't WEAR away;  
How soon we start to shatter them,  
It rests with you to say.

W. H. LEVEY.



# Rev. F. Sinclair on Politics.

Politics and politicians are our equivalent for the games of the circus by means of which the Roman rabble were kept in a good humor and out of mischief. As a nation, we Australians, with our seven Parliaments, suffer from politics on the brain. We take our politics more seriously than our cricket and football, and at least as seriously as our horse racing. This state of affairs must be immensely gratifying, not only to the vanity of our politicians, but to the conservative and reactionary elements in our midst. If I were a capitalist of the worst kind, there is nothing I would more willingly encourage, and endow than these various sports, which make people forget their wrongs and the wrongs of the world. But desiring as I do to see the world changed, and knowing that it cannot be changed by the crowds who shout on racecourses and at political meetings, I cannot but regard our preoccupation with sport, and particularly with politics, as the greatest obstacle to the progress of Australia.

Even considered as sport, our politics at the present moment will not bear much talking about. The sport is particularly dirty. For months the air has been thick with accusations bandied to and fro by prominent members of both parties. Violent partisans on either side may make up their minds to believe all the bad that is said of the other side, and none that is said of their own. But any attempt at dispassionate criticism leads very speedily to the conclusion that there is not much to choose between one side and the other. It is not at all edifying or reassuring, for example, to hear denunciations of Mr. Hughes from those who a few months ago were his thick-and-thin supporters. It may be true, and I for one believe it to be true, that Mr. Hughes has done more than any one man in Australia to lower the standards of public decency and destroy our national self-respect. For that reason it is essential that he should be deprived of office. But except that Mr. Hughes is more capable, more determined, and more cunning than his opponents, is there anything to choose between them? But, it may be said, we have to choose, not between persons, but between policies. Well, but what is the policy of the Federal Labor party? Mr. Tudor's ridiculous "manifesto" may, by courtesy, be regarded as containing a "policy." But a more feeble and disingenuous document could hardly have been written. So conscious is Labor of its own feebleness that it is practically staking its hope of success at the polls on the fear of conscription.

Conscription, it may be said, is still a real danger, but if it is so, whose fault is it? Five months ago we were being told by these same Labor politicians that conscription was dead, and we have been celebrating its funeral and applauding ourselves for having killed it any time since the end of October. If conscription is once again threatening us, it is entirely the fault of the party which failed to follow up its victory last year. The intervening months have been wasted in post-mortems and self-congratulations, when they should have been devoted to the elaboration of a constructive policy. The

Labor party, which is now roaring as gently as a sucking dove about winning the war, ought to have been placing before the people a peace policy. Whatever official Labor may say, that is what the great majority of the rank and file desire. The fact is that our Labor politicians are rapidly becoming as completely out of touch with the real feeling of the country on this subject as Mr. Hughes was when he imagined he could carry conscription. Labor has lost its opportunity, and if it is defeated at the polls, it will not even have the consolation of having been defeated for a principle. The principle, such as it is, is in the possession of the other side.

The action of the Central Executive of the P.L.C. in forbidding its branches to send delegates to the Easter Peace Conference is a pretty illustration of the hopeless position to which officialdom has reduced the Labor movement. No doubt the Executive's action was dictated mainly by the alleged necessities of electioneering strategy. But these necessities are themselves nothing but the consequence of losing the opportunity of last October. There is, however, another aspect of the matter which is, if possible, just a little more discreditable to the Central Executive. The Peace movement is their preserve, and in the true spirit of Bumbledom, which characterises the courses of Labor officials, they are annoyed to think that outsiders should meddle with it. In their own good time—when Europe has been soaked with blood. . . . when the Russian revolutionaries and the German socialists have done their work, when the war is just about over, and peace is being talked openly in Europe, when, in a word, it is late enough to move safely and too late to move honorably—when all these conditions are fulfilled, we may expect the Labor Vatican of Carlton to make a momentous pronouncement. They will just be in time to dispute with the churches the glory of having been martyrs in the cause of peace, even as they are now disputing with the Women's National League the glory of winning the war. But, in the meanwhile, it matters nothing though a cry for help should go up from all the democracies of the world. The essential thing is that the destinies of Australia should be in the hands of Central Executives and Labor politicians. Whatever else happens, their safety is too precious to be endangered. Posterity must not be allowed to doubt that the Australian Labor movement was for "winning the war." No one in the years to come must be given a handle for accusing the Australian democracy of having desired to bring the war to a speedy termination. Aspersions of that kind may be directed against Russia, or Germany, or France, or Italy, or England, but against Australia, never! Poor Australia, once the hope of democracy, now waiting for its leaders to give the signal that it may safely join the rear of the procession! To such a pass have we been brought by our politicians that our only hope of defeating Mr. Hughes is to support Mr. Tudor and his "Win the War" party. What more is there to say?—"Fellowship."

## Even as You and I.

(By BERT LEACH).  
With Apologies to Kipling.

A fool there was and he cast his vote  
(Even as you and I),  
For ragged pants and tattered coat,  
And some grub on which he didn't dote,  
He voted Labor, you'll note,  
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the work we do for the favored few,  
And the miserable wage we get.  
We crack the nuts and they take the meat,  
They hand us chaff and they take the wheat,  
And to make our bonds a more complete,  
We vote for this system yet.

A fool there was and he goods had none,  
(Even as you and I),  
He worked like 'ell from sun to sun,  
He got no cash so he worked for fun,  
And he voted just as his dad had done  
(Even as you and I).

Oh, he worked like fun from sun to sun,  
And he plotted and schemed and planned,  
But he just could not make both ends meet,  
If his head kept warm then he froze his feet,  
And his kids hadn't half enough to eat,  
But he couldn't understand.

The fool was stripped 'tho' his foolish hide,  
(Even as you and I),  
They couldn't use that tho' they may have tried,  
And the poor old fool was kicked aside;  
And his legs lived on, though his head had died,  
(Even as you and I).

It isn't the shame and it isn't the blame  
That stings like a white hot brand,  
It's the cursed foolishness of a jay,  
Who'll work ten hours for two hours' pay,  
And vote for the thing on election day,  
And will not understand.

## Social and Dance.

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ON MAY 28th, 1917.

In aid of the Wives and Children of the  
I.W.W. men in gaol.  
GOOD MUSIC.

Tickets, 1/-  
MRS. WATERHOUSE, Sec.  
MISS E. SACHS, Treasurer.

MY SALARY.  
Some people have weird ideas. A freak,  
writing to a Brisbane Tory paper, commenting  
on the donation of the Q.R.U. to the De-  
fence and Release Fund, asks, "Is it to pay  
the high salaried I.W.W. officials?" Our office  
boy sends in the following from Long Bay:

I live beyond the pale of care,  
Rich tapestries adorn my cell,  
Signs of my wealth are everywhere,  
And in contentment here I dwell.

I eat when fancy bids me eat,  
My taste inclines to sumptuous fare,  
Some times the hominy is sweet,  
Sometimes my cell looks grim and bare.

My salary's regular (in my dreams),  
And waders envy my proud state,  
My fifteen quid a week, it seems  
Has earned me their undying hate.

And in my bed at ease I lay,  
A trifling matter, let it pass;  
Such benefits are conserved for they  
That ever fight the master class.

Should any mug kindly request,  
Some learned judge to raise my screw,  
I'd spare his Honor's rich bequest,  
And let him do a year or two.

PETE.

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The Manager, Box 98,  
Haymarket, N.S.W.

Politics is a dirty game. Workers, keep  
clean.

THE NUMBER OF THIS PAPER IS

122.

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To April 28th, 1917 .....

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To May 4th, 1917 .....

A. SINCLAIR, Hon. Sec.

## CORRECTION.

Date for next Trade Union Conference is  
June 2nd, and not August 2nd, as reported  
last week.

## STOCKS.

M. Gooler, 2s; J. F. Aarsen, 2s; Alf Smith,  
2s; J. Ostashenko, 2s; Adam Brewer, 4s; P.  
Lake, 4s; W. H. Ellis, 2s; T. Robertson, 2s.

## PRISON FUND.

Tom Baker, 10s.

## 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 manage-  
ment 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 an-  
other 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 em-  
ployers.

These conditions can be changed and the in-  
terests 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 indus-  
tries 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.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:

P. O'N. Wagga.—Don't worry about Mr.  
Cruikshank's honesty; the fact that he  
is a politician ought to be enough for the  
average working stiff.

"Jacko," Petersham.—Try the "Harbinger of  
Light," or the "Sunday Times" quack  
column with it.

J. L. Stanmore.—Yes, really—excellent. But  
why tell us so.

F.—Cut out the swear stuff; the censor is a  
Presbyterian.

J. Pope. Received. Thanks. Appear next week  
"Buster." Coalah.—Publish it by all means  
about 200 miles north of Oodnadatta.

They'll appreciate a swing tax up there.

"Planola!—Good. We like it.

J. McN. Redfern.—"Dreams" is out of "Night-  
mare," sired by "Methylated." Forget it.

Miss M. Granville.—The "Methodist Times" is  
the official organ of the Fire Escape As-  
sociation. We don't know the editor, but  
reckon he may be human, like Davey Hall  
and Joe Carruthers.

L.—They were NOT charged with making  
dres, but with CONSPIRING to start  
them. If you start them, you get 2 or 3  
years. If you "conspire," you get 15 or  
10 years. Get me?

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