

One Union. One Label. One Enemy.



VOL. 4., NO. 125

SYDNEY.

June 9th 1917. ONE PENNY.



MELBOURNE.

Then scatter, wobblies, scatter,
Australia's cruel laws;
And let the whole world understand
Humanity's our cause."

—Casey.

Melbourne activities have been well up to the usual standard. On the 27th F. W. Laidler lectured to a crowded hall on "The Case for the I.W.W." Extra seating accommodation was borrowed, and many were turned away. Good crowds are the rule on the Yarra Bank; and the "wobblies" put the song book to good use. The demand for "D.A." is increasing, as a result of the postal prohibition, and literature sales are good. Three or four open-air meetings are held during the week. A great future awaits the I.W.W. here.

A.E.B.

QUEENSLAND.

Great work is being done for the I.W.W. in Queensland. There is an ever-increasing desire on the part of the slaves to hear all they can about this much maligned organisation. Owing to the continual call for speakers from all parts of the Northern State, Fellow-Workers Bill Jackson and Gordon Brown, are now travelling Queensland as the paid organisers of the I.W.W.

Great results are being obtained, and tremendous enthusiasm exists among the actual wage-slaves for the I.W.W. teachings.

The first meeting addressed by our organisers at the Alligator Creek Meat Works was a great success. Over £50 was collected for the Defence and Release Committee, and nearly a score of quids' worth of literature sold.

The prospects are highly encouraging, and before long we hope to hear Queensland ringing from end to end with the I.W.W. songs, and see the slaves forming up into the One Big Union for the purpose of putting an end to exploitation.

The walls of the Queensland politicians is a sure sign of our progress, and the louder the "pollies" yell you can reckon that the stronger we are growing.

"Oh! pollie, we can't use you, dear.
To lead us into clover.
This fight is OURS, and as for you,
Clear out and get run over."

SYDNEY.

The continual persecution of the I.W.W. in Sydney by the authorities is having a great stimulating effect upon the Organisation.

Our propaganda meetings are large and full of enthusiasm. The large crowd that marches down George street on its way to the Hall every Sunday night, singing our songs, is a sight to inspire even the most pessimistic.

Our hall, which seats five hundred, can never hold one quarter of crowd that rolls up to our Sunday night lectures, and as a result an overflow meeting has to be held in Sussex street, outside the Hall.

On Sunday night, May 27th, F. W. Bill Coombes lectures in the Hall, and for over an hour held his audience interested. F. W. Coombes lectured last Sunday, June 3rd, upon the subject of the "Martyrdom of Joe Hill." Great interest was manifested in the subject. The I.W.W. has got a hold in Sydney, and the Kaiser and all his imps could not crush us.

It is impossible to stop a progressive movement. It is impossible to kill an inspiring ideal. The I.W.W. is only a product of the time, and no power on earth can stop its onward march.

DRUMMER BOY.

FIFTEEN YEARS For Speaking the TRUTH!

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1916 to 1931

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Fellow Workers: We are in jail for you. What are you going to do about it?

A DREAM.

She was a dear old Scotch lady, and was saying:

"My son Donald! I mind but as yesterday when he used to put his little bag of school-books over his shoulder and trudge through the snow. After a warm plate of porridge, with scene and butter, he would cry, 'Good-bye, mum,' and away he'd go to school, light hearted and bright. Ay! I thought the sun shone for Donald. And when he would return home in the evening, tired but happy, he would have his tea and prattle his little happiness and joys into my willing ear. How I used to put him to bed and kiss his golden curls, as his head lay on his pillow. I would think of the future of my little boy, and of the time when he would be facing the cruel world which was grinding the life out of his father. I was grudging the life out of me, his thought of him bringing home to me, his mother, a few shillings weekly from that horrible big factory up the street. I said to myself, 'Those early years of slavery will soon pass, and when he is a man, surely he will have a chance.'

"When he grew to manhood, he said, 'Mum, I must go away across yon sea, where it is

said, men are not slaves like they are in Scotland. I will write often.'

"His letters came often, and he said that he was keeping up the traditions, and that he was 'agitating.' He also said that it seemed to him that Burns was right when he said that 'man was made to mourn.' Nevertheless, he spoke of a fine time to come, when poverty and shuns would be no more and when no longer—

"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn."

"He spoke of a time when the organised workers would be the Parliament of the world, one big union making laws based on the rights of humanity and I said, 'Donald, surely that will be the land of the leal!'

"But my poor boy! Where are his letters, lately? I have read of a Donald Grant having been gaoled for 15 years, for saying fifteen words. Surely, they would not do that to my boy. My son was upright! Tell me, was that Donald? Did they—

"I awoke. That dream seemed awfully real."

A. S.

Workers: Attention!

Readers of "Direct Action" are no doubt aware of the fact the Defence and Release Committee decided a few weeks ago to send a delegate to Central and North Queensland to visit the sugar centres, meat works, mines and wharves to place before the workers of those centres the case for our 12 working class agitators now confined in the Human Hells of Capitalism. It was first decided to appeal for funds per medium of circulars to all subscribers to "Direct Action," also to publish in "Direct Action" an appeal to all subscribers, rebels and sympathisers in Central and North Queensland, and to allow about one month to lapse in order that funds may come in to help pay the expenses of the delegate. We are aware of the fact that the sugar mills will start crushing about the end of June, and the meat works are already in full swing, and there was no time to be lost. Altogether 32 centres will be visited, and should the delegate stay one week in each centre this will mean 71 months before the tour is complete. The sugar season will be over in about five months' time, and in order to visit all the centres we decided to send the delegate at once. Fellow Worker Jackson, delegate representing the Defence and Release Committee, left per Canberra on Saturday, 19th May, and will arrive in Townsville the following Friday. He will organise meetings at that centre and address the meat industry employees at Ross River and Alligator Creek meat works, also hold open air meetings. From there he will go to Charters Towers and visit the mines and from there to Cloncurry, and all north-western mining towns, also Hughenden on his return to Townsville. From there he will visit all the cane centres as far north as Cairns, returning to Townsville, then to Ayr, Bowen, Proserpine, Mackay, Rockhampton and Mt. Morgan. Fellow workers, funds are needed badly in order to help defray the expenses of the visiting delegate, and it behoves each and every sympathiser, subscriber, and all rebels to help make this tour a success. Fellow Worker Jackson will lecture on the "Conspiracy Charges," "What is the I.W.W.?" "The Class War," and "The War and the Workers." This appeal, fellow workers, is for you, and we want your active support. So get out a subscription list, collect all you can, and send the proceeds direct to the Secretary Defence and Release Committee, 403 Sussex street, Sydney.

Labor must open the door of Nature's storehouse before it can be free.

Common sense is very uncommon.—Herbert Greeley.

Czar Cheerful, Shovels Snow.—Headline. But he doesn't cut any ice.—N.Y. American.

He who commends the brutalities of the past sows the seeds of future crime.—Ingersoll.

The man who will not investigate both sides of a question is dishonest.—Abraham Lincoln.

The expropriation of the peasant from the soil was the basis of the capitalist system.—Marx.

Justice should remove the bandage from her eyes long enough to distinguish between the vicious and the unfortunate.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Direct Action



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Conspiracies, Contrasts, and Conclusions.

In a country claiming to be democratic, calling itself a Commonwealth, and boasting of its freedom, one would hardly think that glaring class distinctions could exist, a class war be in evidence, and justice be perverted.

But in the best governed countries, irregularities are sure to happen from time to time. Sometimes things do happen which make one furiously think.

A little light was let in on this subject in Sydney last week when Richard Denis Meagher made application to be reinstated on the solicitors' rolls.

Some very damning evidence was brought against Meagher, and Mr. Justice Pring added: "That the applicant, after committing the gravest possible conspiracy, for which he was struck off the roll, several years later entered into two of the grossest conspiracies with Willis."

One would naturally think that anyone with the above record, would be a sure candidate for a few years' gaol. But in this case, what do we find? Instead of gaol, "Dick" gets elected to the Legislative Council.

Here we have a man who on several occasions has dislocated the law of the country, and has also been found guilty of "three of the grossest conspiracies," and he still walks the streets free and un molested, and the only action taken against him is to strike his name off the solicitors' roll.

Contrast this case of Richard Denis Meagher with the I.W.W. cases.

A few months ago, during the heat of the conscription fight, twelve members of the I.W.W. were arrested and charged with conspiracy, and upon very doubtful, flimsy and tainted evidence they were outrageously sentenced.

Mr. Justice Pring, who said he would rather lean to the side of mercy than that of vengeance, handed these apostles of liberty ten to fifteen years' gaol.

What a glaring and hideous contrast? But Richard Denis Meagher is a big gun politician, is now Lord Mayor of Sydney, and is late Speaker of the N.S.W. Legislative Assembly, and the I.W.W. men all worked for their living, and were all labor agitators. This makes all the difference.

In the light of reason, logic and justice, either one of two things should be done.

It must be plain to all that, in common fairness, the I.W.W. men should be immediately released, or Mr. R. D. Meagher get sent along for fifteen years.

No one can honestly object to the above line of reasoning. It is logical all through. It is sound philosophy.

We are not anxious to see our Lord Mayor in gaol, but we are extremely anxious, to see our boys out of gaol, who are guilty of no crime at all, unless it be that of loyalty to their class.

Why is it that the Prime Minister of Australia, the capitalist politicians, and the masters' press were allowed to condemn the I.W.W. and declare its members criminals, before ever an I.W.W. man appeared in court? They were condemned before they were tried! They were convicted before they were seen!

Why is it, that the Lord Mayor of Sydney, who on several occasions has broken the law, and has been found guilty of "three of the grossest conspiracies," is praised and admired by all the mouthpieces and penny journals of Plutocracy, and is also elevated to one of the highest positions in the State?

Is this what is called British Justice? Why this discrimination between persons?

No one denies that Meagher was guilty of "three of the grossest conspiracies," but there are thousands who do not believe that the I.W.W. men are guilty. But still Meagher gets elected to the Upper House, and the I.W.W. men get fifteen years!

It would be no violation of the truth to say that if Meagher had been an I.W.W. man instead of one of the heads of society, he would now be doing a long term of imprisonment, and if Tom Glynn were Lord Mayor of Sydney and the other boys members of the Upper House, they would not be in gaol to-day. This is so apparent that even a blind man could see the argument.

It must be obvious to all that when such glaring contrasts exist side by side in the same city, and such class distinctions are exposed every day, there must be something wrong somewhere.

The whole cause of the trouble is to be found in the structure of modern society.

The social standing of an individual largely determines whether he shall go to Parliament or go to gaol.

A working class agitator is right for gaol at any time, but a member of the Chamber of Commerce or the Legislative Council is ready for a knighthood at any moment.

The I.W.W., in attempting to organise the working class on lines that will eventually wipe out all social distinctions, abolish the class war, and establish an Industrial Republic where the toilers will enjoy the full product of their toil, has met with many obstacles and brought down the wrath of the master class upon its head.

Because there are gigantic wrongs to be righted, mammoth evils to overcome, and social sores to cure, we must continue to fight on in spite of persecution, victimisation and gaol.

Our only hope is Organisation. This Organisation must be sound and scientific. It must take in all who work for wages, and recognise the identity of interests between the working class throughout the world.

Such an Organisation is the I.W.W. With Industrial Solidarity we can surmount all barriers, put right all wrongs, cure all social diseases, and abolish the class struggle for ever.

This is the work of the I.W.W. Workers, what about it?

N.R.

Poor Boss!

Owing to workmen not doing their bit well at work the following notice was stuck up in a conspicuous place at Cleveland, Monumental Works, St. Leonard's. (Editor.)

"We say nothing.

"We watch your ticket and the quality of your work. We reckon that you know that we can't avoid bankruptcy, or meet competition, when you make our prices too high, and therefore, you don't expect us to tolerate such. What we ask is first-class work at reasonable speed. Please realise that we don't want quality sacrificed for speed. Quality is not the greatest consideration and speed is not without some. We have drawn up a list of times which are considered standard; they were taken on jobs by men who were in ignorance of our intentions in this regard; consequently, not records just average, and our costs have been made up accordingly. Your results are compared with these; there is no justification for thinking that too much is expected. Absence in the remedy or else where is given due consideration. If you think this job is working sticking too, and will show us by enabling us to meet our competitors on nearly equal footing, yours is a constant job, as long as we have sufficient work to keep you going, other things being equal. (The last man to come is the first man to go).

"Do you think the English tongue will ever become a dead language?" "Of course it will. It's being murdered every day."

Liberty is the air of the soul, the sunshine of life. Without it the world is a prison and the universe an infinite dungeon.—Ingersoll.

OUR GOVERNMENT.

The economic world is being transformed so quickly, that long inside another year should witness a new social edifice erected in this sunny continent.

We have been for long informed that the next social order would be built by the working class; but unfortunately the working class are not interested enough to bother about new forms, and consequently the coming change has to be worked by the bossocracy.

It is their deal, and naturally the new regime will be fashioned to their design—to expect otherwise is lunacy.

After all the warnings, the workers still remain unorganised on the only battle ground that counts—the industrial ground. On this ground ALONE they are invincible if thoroughly organised, and on this ground they are not organised at all.

The political element may refuse, but they undeniably have to shoulder the burden of this hopeless condition. Hitherto they have explained away disaster by heaping condemnation upon "ratting" members of the parliamentary group, and there is no doubt the same scientific excuses will be urged in the case of Labor's utter failure to combat its approaching doom. No attempt is being made in these lines to vindicate the character (?) of W. M. Hughes and his army of Labor politicians who walked over to the Liberal camp. They are unquestionably—as turned in political circles—"rats"; but it must be remembered that they did no more than is expected of politicians, and no more than probably ninety-nine per cent. of those who didn't do it, would do under similar conditions. Those of the workers who blame politicians for "ratting," evidently don't understand the psychology of the politician, and those who blame them for economic disasters apparently do so—because they are victims of the great delusion—they confound parliament with government.

Those who are unfortunate enough to suffer from this kind would do well to thoughtfully peruse the following illuminating passage from Frank Austey's "Kingdom of Shylock."

James Burns, Robert Philp, Adam and James Forsyth, J. T. Walker and J. R. Fairfax, of the Burns, Philp com-

bination; Levy, Cohen and Moses of the Sydney Gaslight Monopoly; W. C. Watt, Knox, Kater, MacKellar, Binnie, Buckland, Crowley, Reg. Black and Onslow Thompson, of the Sugar Squeeze, control the 250 branches of the Bank of N.S.W., the 200 branches of the Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney, the Bank of North Queensland, the A.M.P., and nine-tenths of the Life, Fire, Trustee and Loan Agencies that operate in the two States of New South Wales and Queensland.

The men who control the lead, tin, silver and copper output of the mines at Broken Hill, Mount Lyell, Cobarr, Cloncurry, Chillagoe, Moonta, Wallaroo and Mount Morgan; who control Tasmanian copper, Pioneer tin, and all smelting and refinery workers in connection with the metallic products of this continent are D. E. McBride, W. L. Baillieu, Harvey Patterson, F. C. Hughes, James Harvey, M. C. E. Mencke, Ed. Miller, Frank Snow, Kelso King, R. G. Casey, Edward Fanning, J. L. Wharton, Bowles Kell; and H. H. Schlapp.

These men either directly or through their associates and business dependents control every bank that has its headquarters in Melbourne, and nine-tenths of the Fire, Life, Loan and Trustee Agencies of the city.

They dominate every loan floated in this country and every institution that operates in "loans."

These are the men to whom the country is to be mortgaged.

In modern society finance is government; that is to say, they are the government, master class, and now used to gull and entertain the workers. Were it not for this latter reason, and the fact that the workers would angrily protest against any interference with their freedom (?) the swindle of parliament would be abolished to-morrow.

These men who control the finance—and not the politicians—are the real government; it is they who make laws, instruct judges and pronounce sentences on political prisoners who are held enough to throw aside the dummy and reveal the true enemy behind the scenes.

A. MACK.

What Is Democracy?

Some have an ideal, live for it, fight, and die for it. There are others who have no ideal, no noble aim in life, who complacently view the existing misery and suffering, and endeavor by all the means in their power to perpetuate the cruelest and bloodiest system that it has ever been the lot of struggling humanity to suffer under and do their utmost to assist in the manacning of the working-class with the chains of economic slavery.

These marionettes of the capitalist class exist merely for the plaudits and acclamations of their masters.

According to "Democrat," there are no gaols in Australia for political prisoners. It's all a myth of our imaginations that men get sentenced for fifteen years for fifteen words; that we are liable to six months' imprisonment for being members of an organisation which is striving to ameliorate the conditions of suffering and hear broken humanity. Poverty, hunger, misery, and degradation do not prevail. There are no industrial hells; children are not permitted to work in suffocating factories. There is no speeding up in industrial progress, except on opium and arsenic for rents for houses, that are totally unfit for human habitation.

"Democrat" says we have no constructive power, which proves that "Democrat" has not analysed those few lines of our preamble, which states: "By organising industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old." "Democrat" says "to go slow is a foolish and futile theory." Although the slowing down in production by the working-class is not likely to meet with the approbation of the master class and its mental tools, it is in every way beneficial to the workers themselves.

Labor Party democrats do not understand working-class ideas and working class prin-

ciples. The I.W.W. recognises there can be no democracy where capitalism exists.

CAPITALISM MEANS SLAVERY.
SLAVERY IS NOT DEMOCRACY.
DEMOCRACY MEANS LIBERTY.

And it is only a person with a capitalistically diseased and debased mentality who would try to say the two could exist together. It is very evident that "Democrat" does not understand the meaning of Democracy. If he did he would not have made such a ludicrous attempt at handling this abstraction. Democracy means EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL, AND PRIVILEGES TO NONE. Does this exist to-day? No. Can it exist under capitalism? No. Why? Because the economic foundation upon which the superstructure of Capitalism is erected will not permit it. Why will not the present economic foundations of society permit it? Because the means of production, distribution and exchange, which are the economic foundations of society are owned and controlled by the capitalist class.

To live we must have food, clothing and shelter, and to-day the workers are denied access to them, on account of them being the private property of individuals. It is here right at the foundations that we have a brutal economic inequality, WITH ECONOMIC INEQUALITY CAN NEVER BE ATTAINED. Social distinctions arise out of economic conditions.

As Democracy means Equality, and it is impossible under Capitalism to have equality. Therefore, there can be no Democracy under Capitalism. The I.W.W. aims at the economic reconstruction of society, the total overthrow of the parasitical capitalist class from the position they have usurped, and the establishment of economic Liberty. Social Equality, and a bright and happy world-wide fraternity.

SHIMA HILL.

As long as the workers hear the clink,

Of base ignoble chains,

As long as one detested link

Of capitalist rule remains:

As long as of our frightful debt

One smallest fraction's due,

So long, my friends, there's something yet,

For Working-Men to do.—Ex.

In this old world, the funniest thing
Ever seen outside of a circus ring
Is the man who strikes for a little more pay
And votes for oppression the very next day.
—Exchange.

He loves his country best who strives to
make it best.—Ingersoll.

Arbitration.

Compulsory arbitration arises out of the perversion of the working-class movement to politics. Long ago Labor fakirs saw in the political arena rosy prospects ahead. Fat bills, easy jobs, snug, sinecures, power; all to be gained by perverting the movement which they had in charge to politics. One sequence resulting is arbitration for the "settlement" of industrial disputes.

The gain to the master-class from arbitration is the securing of a certain measure of industrial peace. The loss to the working-class is initiative, self-reliance and industrial solidarity.

As an outcome of twenty years of political action, the working-class is in less of a position to wage a struggle for economic emancipation.

Many of her leaders—men whom she trusted—have ranged themselves boldly and unashamed under the employers' banner. They have been bought at a price; and that price has been paid out of the surplus value created by the working class.

That industrial arbitration pays the employing class is to be proved by the fact that they will not consent to settle by arbitration any one of their own international disputes that promises a sufficiency of boodle.

They know that they can trust their highly-paid officials (arbitration court judges) to give them the winning cards in every deal. The latter have stated openly that they grant a minimum wage only when a strike will otherwise eventuate. Justice Higgins states: "I must not create more disputes than I settle. My function is to prevent, as well as to settle disputes."

The futility of arbitration is shown by the fact that workers have still to strike for improved conditions, in spite of the fact that strikes have been declared "illegal" in every State, except Victoria. The Hard Labor Party have jailed men for striking.

Arbitration, then, is a device on the part of the master-class, and acquiesced in by the union officialdom, to prevent strikes which experience shows hurt the interests of both. All the arbitration in the world cannot alter the fact that conditions are determined by the state of the labor market.

One union in each industry, and each industry in one union, will guarantee a labor market in which workers can get the full product for their labor.

This is what the I.W.W. stands for—INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM. The I.W.W. provides the necessary organization for working-class solidarity.

When you get fed up with Arbitration Court futilities, try the I.W.W. way. You will be surprised at the success in result-getting.

A. E. BROWN.

A Dying Wail.

Speaking at a meeting in Brisbane, a politician attributed the defeat of the Labor Party in the recent Federal Elections to the I.W.W.

I weep, I rave, I fear my hair,
I scream aloud in anger's heat,
From perks and pay to cold despair,
From victory to cruel defeat.

Who roused the workers from their trance,
And turned my honeyed cup to gall,
To tear the veil of ignorance,
Was the unkindest cut of all.

Tis not alone my job I mourn,
But I alas, am sore dismayed,
For on a breeze the note is borne,
Past idols are now all decayed.

How cruel it was to criticise,
And shamefully grow wise to me,
And all your forces organise
Along the lines of industry.

PETE.

Spain

Bad labour conditions in Spain have led to preparations for a general strike. An appeal to the people was pronounced seditious by the government and a decree issued suspending constitutional guarantees in all the Provinces. Headquarters of trade unions have been closed by the government, and all steps taken to maintain order. No outbreaks have been reported. A circular addressed to the governors of the Provinces concluded:

"If our situation is difficult, we must not forget that economic conditions here vary less from normal than in any other country. The attitude of the workmen, therefore, in threatening the country with a general strike without valid reason cannot be excused by the situation."

Nobility is a question of character, not of birth.—Ingersoll.

REV. F. SINCLAIR ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

"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 possession of the other side." Writing these words a month ago, one was nevertheless most reluctant to admit their truth. Now that the elections have come and gone, and Labor has suffered a crushing and ignominious defeat, it may seem unkind, or at least unnecessary to repeat them. But now is the very time to cry them from the house-tops, and the worst service that can be rendered to Labor at the present moment is to extenuate its defeat, or attempt to explain it away. The fact which must be faced is that Labor has not gone down with its flag flying; it has perished in the attempt to exploit the flag of its enemies, and with their battle-cry on its lips. Let no one pretend that the enormous anti-Labor majorities can be whittled away by accumulating a number of trivial or secondary causes, any more than the anti-conscription majority of six months ago. Conscription was not defeated by the Catholic or the German vote, or by the machinations of a handful of "extremists." Nor was Labor defeated by the ultra-Protestant vote or the machinations of Mr. Hughes. It was defeated by itself, or rather by its political leaders. It has not been true to itself. It has shamefully neglected the magnificent opportunity of six months ago. Last October there passed through this country a wave of enthusiasm like the like of which few of us had ever experienced in our lives. Labor had scored the greatest and most real victory in the history of Australia, and had scored it in the face of overwhelming odds. After six months, what has become of that enthusiasm, that it has apparently issued in such complete disaster? The true answer is that it has been diverted by Labor politicians into all sorts of pools and puddles of their own. Once again, as so often before, the amateur Machiavellis who are the curse of the Labor movement, have preferred tactics and strategy and underhand policy to the strength of Labor principles, and once again their wisdom has brought their party to ignominious defeat. So it has been before, and so it will be again, as often as our strategists are allowed to have their way. To them, apparently, the Labor movement is a big game of blind man's buff. Happily, it is impossible for them, with all their talk, to kill democracy or quench the idealism of their followers, but the experience of the last few months proves how potent they can be in exercising the soul of the people, and turning us for a time into a soulless rabble.

For this very reason, there is no occasion to waste time in lamenting the defeat of the political Labor Party. The real disaster would have been a political victory bought at the expense of principles. That is what our politicians sought, and what they failed to obtain. We ought to be ashamed, not of our defeat, but of the tactics adopted in trying to win. Even if Labor could win by lying and trickery, what sort of victory would it achieve? The cause of the people is not advanced by electing one set of liars in place of another. It is advanced by slow pressure and permeative power of truth. As often as Labor forgets this, it moves to disaster, however many so-called Labor Governments it may elect. The Labor movement is threatened, not so much by the forces of wealth and privilege which oppose it, as by the steady encroachment, within its own ranks, of policy upon principle. There are, to put it bluntly, too many people living on the movements instead of for it, and far more concerned about their seats in Parliament—actual or in prospect—than about the triumph of Labor principles. What Duse said of the drama—that it could not be saved until the actors and actresses had been exterminated—might well be applied to the democracy: it is being corrupted and polluted by its politicians.

The hope of Labor lies just in that latent idealism in the souls of the people, which survives even the harangues of the politician, and is at all times pathetically ready to respond to the call of an ideal. In the recent elections it happened that the idealism—that there was of it—was on the side of the Fusionists. Their ideal may have been false and mischievous, but we had nothing better to put in its place. They appealed to the false idealism which centres round war. We had put courage to meet them with an appeal to the nobler idealism which centres round peace. We did not believe sufficiently in the power of our principles, and the people supported the side which did. It is for this reason that our very defeat should point us the way to victory. If we have any faith in democracy, we must believe that the people are as ready to respond to a flimsy appeal as to a low one. We have made the low appeal and failed. It remains to take the higher ground. The Labor movement is sometimes accused by the church of lacking spirituality. The charge is too vague to be either true or false, but in so far as it is true, what Labor needs is not to learn from the churches, a lesson they cannot teach, but to develop the

spiritual resources latent in itself. It must learn that it is strong exactly in so far as it is true to its own foundations in the spirit of man, and weak just in proportion as it compromises. The great lesson of the elections is that Labor must make a return upon itself, and realise that the Labor movement is too grand a stream to be allowed to perish in the sands of petty politics when its mission was to overspread and fertilise the world.

There is one great service which we can render to the cause of Labor, and that is, to keep clear of politics in the narrow sense and give our help in the educational work which must be done before Labor can score a useful victory. By education is not meant, of course, the instruction which enables people to read the "Argus" or even the latest French novel, but education towards revolution. Next to the lowering of spiritual tone through compromise, the main cause of Labor's failure in Australia has been the neglect of education. If the Labor Party has spent in fundamental propaganda some of the energy it has wasted so lavishly in small political victories, we should not have witnessed, at the outbreak of war, the shameful spectacle of unionists persecuting their fellow-unionists, nor would Labor have had to fear, in the recent elections, the reactionary influences of militarism. Even of those who have been organised and drilled to the extent of voting, "The Labor ticket," what proportion has been taught to understand anything of the class conflict, of the necessity, not of reforming, but of destroying, the wage-system, of the economic causes of war, or any of the matters an understanding of which is most vital to the success of their movement? Probably not one per cent. Among the "leaders" the percentage of those who can give any coherent account of the faith that is in them is probably not much greater. We have among us hundreds of politicians, actual and potential, who are able to reel off a few glib platitudes at election meetings, but the number of those who can expound Labor principles, economic, political, or ethical, may be pretty well counted on the fingers. But we have it on the highest authority that when the blind lead the blind, both fall into the ditch. It would be an excellent thing if some of the young and enthusiastic orators of the Labor movement would join together in a self-denying ordinance first to forswear public speaking altogether, say, for twelve months, and in the meanwhile devote themselves to some hard study, and secondly, at the end of this period to forswear political ambitions and devote themselves disinterestedly to propaganda. They need not fear lest their action should weaken the immediate effectiveness of political Labor. Politically, Labor is and will be ineffective until it has an educated majority behind it. And as for the winning of seats, there will always be plenty of people to attend to that. The brains and spirit of the movement are needed for better work. A few small education groups are worth infinitely more than any number of enthusiastic public meetings composed of people who do not know what they want, let alone what they ought to want, and how they are to get to it.

While Australia has been proceeding with her elections, Russia has been proceeding with her revolution. The contrast is humiliating, and should lead us to re-evaluate some of our most cherished possessions. At one stride the subjects of the most despotic government in the world would seem likely to become the leaders of the world's democracy. Without compulsory "education," without experience of democratizing institutions, almost untouched by the scientific enlightenment of the West, the Russian people have said and done things which make us blush for our selves and our "democratic" leaders. A few weeks ago, when our Federal Labor Party was announcing its intention of holding the German colonies in the Pacific, the Russian people were repudiating the desire for annexations and indemnities. On May Day, when our Labor leaders were trying to convince us of their earnest desire to win the war, hundreds of thousands of people in the Russian cities were listening to addresses on the text, "Peace without profit." Three years ago, perhaps even three months ago, most people in Australia would have laughed to scorn the idea that they should take a leaf out of Russia's book. Had we not a democratic government, free schools, a free press, trade unions, freedom and enlightenment galore? Well, Ivan the Fool, unenlightened, illiterate, superstitious, undemocratic, unscientific, has at last become articulate, and has spoken throughout the whole course of the war. How did he do it? His strength lay partly in the things he lacked, and partly in the things he possessed. He was strong, because he had no Labor politicians to advise him, and none of our pseudo-enlightenment to confuse him, and strong because he had a firm hold of a few great principles. For the foundations of democracy, we cannot repeat it too often, are laid not in this or that institution or theory, but in the spirit of man.

—Fellowship.

Work and Wages.

The workers, watching the price of commodities continually soaring upward, and seeing their wages gradually buying less and less of the necessities of life—even though they have just got a rise in wages—are often misled into the idea that a rise in wages is of no benefit to the working class. A rise in wages, say they, is soon swallowed up by a rise in prices. But is it so?

If the workers had allowed their wages to remain at £2 8s per week from the time when Justice Hayden pronounced that as a living wage, until the present moment, the prices of commodities would not have remained constant. Such a thing would be impossible.

The big increase in the demand for, and the decreased supply of commodities, owing to thousands of workers being taken away from production and placed in the battlefield, has caused a temporary increase in the price of commodities.

Owing to the new and improved manner of producing gold, the same amount of socially necessary labor time is not required, as was formerly the case. Owing to the time necessary to produce gold rapidly decreasing, one ounce of gold to-day has not the value as formerly.

The mint price of gold being fixed at £3 18s 10½d per ounce, cannot be altered by the decrease in the value of gold, because one sovereign is still equal to 20s after as before the decrease in the value of gold. Thus, gold, in relation to itself, has not changed its value or price, because no matter what the actual value may be, one ounce of gold is still equal to one ounce of gold, of £3 18s 10½d.

But in its relation to other commodities, its value has fallen, consequently we have to give more gold in exchange for other commodities than previously.

In proportion as the social necessary labor time required to produce gold decreases, so the prices of commodities go up.

The truth is, that the cost of living is continually rising and wages are forced to chase the increased prices of commodities.

Unless the workers demand more wages, they cannot buy back as much in commodities as they did previously, so every increase in wages secured from the boss is a permanent benefit to the working class.

We can always buy more with 9s than we can with 8s per day, so, fellow-workers, do not be misled into the fallacy that a rise in wages is of no benefit to the working-class.

Listen not to politicians, who would sidetrack you, but join up into One Big Union and help to bring about the day when we will no longer need to fight for more wages, but that the workers will get the full product of their toil.

MAFADE.

The Sheep.

A political supporter of the Labor Party, writing in a Brisbane daily, says: "We are too prone to question the bona fides of our leaders."

Oh! lead me, lead me, I will blindly follow,
Anywhere, everywhere, I will follow on;
Curse me, klick me, I will walk behind thee,
Footsore, tired, and weary, I will follow on.

Lead me, lead me, to perdition lead me,
Through the mire of politics I will wallow on.
Bleed me, fleece me, never, never bleed me.

In despair and anguish I will wallow on,
Onward, onward, through a den of infamy,
Knave and politician I'm yours to command;
Downward, downward, through the vale of misery,
I will never question, nor ere demand.

Bounce me, rounce me, but don't renounce me,
In my utter blindness I will lend a hand;
Disarm me, betray me, but still I will obey thee,
I'm a grovelling, faithful slave that cannot understand.

PETE.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round,
To thoughtless youth its pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields;
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying goans,
And widows' tears and orphans' moans,
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

—Scott.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power,
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall,
Who sows a field or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree is more than all.

—J. W. Whittier.

Spasms.

By Tom Barker.

A wise old guy was Abraham Lincoln, who said that "Politicians are a body who are at least several stages removed from being honest men. I say this with a certain degree of freedom, being a politician myself." Now then, Sir William Cullen, Chief Justice, in hearing the appeal of Richard Denis Meagher for reinstatement as a solicitor, says that "Success in politics is no evidence of a trustworthiness of character." It would be interesting now to get the views of the rain-makers on the bewigged guardians of the accumulated rubbish of the centuries. We could just as easily say that "Success or failure in law is no evidence of useful citizenship, or general utility from the standpoint of society." Just as corruption and the politician are indissolubly mixed, so is crime and the judge.

Three sections of the community who are absolutely unnecessary to human progress are politicians, or official rain-makers, lawyers, solicitors, judges or third-rate antiquarians, and dreary sky-pilots, whose lives and speeches are taken up with making frantic guesses at so much per month, as to what is going to happen to the people when they are dead. It's up to the working class to say to the whole caboose of inepts, social failures, and third-rate boob-babs, "GET WORK." The meaneast scavenger on the streets has done more for the society than the past twenty generations of such undesirable citizens.

That fatherly old humanitarian, said by the sycophantic "Sun" to be the "fairest and yet the most severe judge upon the Bench," Mr. Justice Pring, in commenting upon Mr. Meagher's application, mentioned that the appellant had been guilty of conspiracy some years ago over an atrocious case. Mr. Meagher's "punishment," it seems, was to be struck off the rolls. Whereby we get a neat little comparison of the different kind of treatment dealt out to working men and solicitors by the same erudite wigs on the Bench. Jack Hamilton and four more working stiff got fifteen years for conspiring to defeat the ends of justice. Richard Denis Meagher got struck off the union books. Let us suggest that it is up to the Full Court now to be consistent, release the I.W.W. prisoners, and strike John Hamilton and Donald Grant off the books of the Ship Painters' and Dockers' Union, and Morris Joseph Egan and William Beatty off the Wharf Laborers' books, and Bill Teph off the books of the Railway and Tramway Association. Strike out the tragic note attendant upon High Court decisions, and you have a comedy that will make the Australian people shriek to high heaven with laughter.

On Monday morning Sergeant Moore of the Police Department came into the rooms and said that the police had received complaints from religious minded people, who objected to some of the I.W.W. songs, especially the one entitled "The Preacher and the Slave." Peculiar thing that we should be howling these songs for about three years before someone found something offensive in them. Expect that if we begin to sing "Polly, we can't use you, dear," and we don't need much provocation—that some politician will be squealing to the police department that we offend HIS susceptibilities. Anyway, if the police department or the Anglican Synod can satisfy the Full Court of Australia that we will not get pie in the sky when we die, we will give an undertaking that we will not offend any more.

Mr. Campbell representing the Farmers' and Settlers' Association before Mr. Justice Heydon: "We cannot discharge a man who is not doing a fair day's work. The men have the whole business in their own hands, and if we complain about a slacker they protect him. We thought the Court of Arbitration would help us in this matter." Hizzoner: "But I am not an angel from heaven. I can wake an award, but if you sack a man and the others go on strike how can I prevent it?" It is absolutely shameful the way the slaves are disturbing the wheat cookies and their hangers-on, especially at this time when they are all on the verge of the Bankruptcy Court.

The "Sun" wonders what the political opinions might be on the subject of legal sharks. I expect that it would tally with "Direct Action's" opinions on the patriotic leader writers and editors of the "Sun," who are taking such a frightfully

long time getting away to Flanders. And we have a kind of idea that the circulation of the "Sun" wouldn't slump either; if these patriotic conscriptionists and ink-slingers left with the next draft.

Now that systematic efforts have been made to get rid of the mice pest by the ton, it is now surely time for the Beef Trust or some other well-flagged firm with business instincts well developed, to go into the canning business. Mouse with plenty of preservative in it and bizarre seasoning would soon become a popular food with a little booming. Now here's a change for the guy that Senator Pearce mislaid who supplied the rotten liver to the troopships.

The "Win the War" Party have started. They have suppressed "Direct Action" in the mail. We are dashed sorry that we were in the way, and hope that the war will be won now that we are postally dead.

According to Mr. Knibbs the boss made approximately £20,000,000 more profit out of the Australian worker in 1916 than he did in 1913, after paying the toiler an additional two million in the form of wages. Well, considering that the Labor Party was in power in both the Federal and State Houses at the time while this increased exploitation was going on, will the "Worker," which published the figures inform us what the hell use getting political power is to the working class. If the rate of exploitation increases while the Labor Party is in, then logically the Labor Party is a capitalist party, which is amply proven by Mr. Knibbs' figures.

Seeing that the Australian worker toils one hour and 35 minutes for himself and 6 hours and 25 minutes for the dead-beats and pot-bellied buzzards, it would be rather alarming the things that would happen if Mr. Block out working for the love of it, and reduced his actual hours to one and a half. Under those circumstances the toiler could pack all the work for the week into a nine-hour day on Monday. And on Tuesday he would pack up to go away rabbiting or surfing for the week-end. Gee, life would be some fun without a big fat boss.

Or calculate that when the boss had got a job on the deviation works and joined the I.W.W., that the worker would work for two and a half months, and then knock off. One's neighbour would come in next morning, and say, "Hello, Tom, not workin'." I would reply, "Oh, no, the missus and I are going on our annual leave." Then the galoot would say, "Where are you going, Bondi?" Says I, "Bondi, my foot, I'm going across to Fiji and Frisco. Going to see the Yosemite Canyon, the Rockies, and see Bill Haywood in West Washington street, Chicago. Then we'll see Noo York, do the Pond, and land alongside the Prince's Stage in Liverpool. We would be welcomed at the I.W.W. headquarters in the Town Hall.

We would then spend two months in England, and then away to the Continent, where we would visit Paris, and then to Berlin to see the place where Kaiser Bill was hanged. Then we would away to Petrograd to rub shoulders with some old acquaintances, and in peep the navy job that the ex-Czar is working on. Then we would pass through Siberia and note the gooks of the capitalistic period, where the barbarians used to imprison the fighters of the I.W.W. Then across the Yellow Sea to see Fuji-Yama and the new I.W.W. capital at Koto, where the label of the I.W.W. flies free on a gigantic crimson banner on the main building.

A brief stay and we are away for Singapore and Java, back to Australia to old Sydney town again. We arrive back in Sydney after our annual leave, refreshed physically and mentally. We have travelled the world around, and seen magnificent men, and glorious women, and well balanced children. The capitalist empire has vanished never to return, the nightmare of want has flown. Then back to work again for society for three brief months, then away again for our annual leave.

It looks like a pipe-dream, don't it, but ain't a bit far-fetched when Fat loses his pension and takes to being a useful, instead of an undesirable citizen and an eyesore.

The landlord produces nothing; he renders no service and is entitled to nothing, yet he is allowed to shut the door of Nature's storehouse.

H. G. Wells, speaking of Mr. Hughes in England, referred to him as "an effy—surrounded by touts."—American "Life."

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.

SYDNEY LOCAL

— No. 2 —

403 SUSSEX STREET, CITY.

— ACTIVITIES —

MONDAY, 7.30 p.m., SINGING CLASS.

TUESDAY, 8 p.m.—SPEAKERS' CLASS.

THURSDAY, 8 p.m.—BUSINESS MEETING.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY—PROPAGANDA

MEETINGS IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF

CITY.

SUNDAY, 10.30 a.m. ECONOMIC CLASS.

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.

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TOM BARKER.

Sec. Treas.

Economics

If the I.W.W. is ever to grow into a virile, militant organisation, able to wage successfully the struggle of the proletariat against their capitalist masters, the education of its membership upon matters that are of vital concern to the working-class is essential.

Every member of this organisation, if he is to be a member in fact as well as in name, must have a thorough grasp of Industrial Unionism, and must understand the class-struggle, and all that it portends.

In the past our propaganda has been hampered by the fact that many industrial unionists have not had sufficient knowledge of these subjects, and as a result could not scientifically deal with the present system of society and its institutions.

A study of political economy—the science of the means of producing wealth and its distribution is of the first importance to every revolutionist. We are seeking to destroy the capitalist system of production, but that is an impossibility until we first of all understand the structure and aims of that system.

Therefore, it is the intention of Sydney Local to hold regular economic classes to spread this knowledge among the working class, and thus help to speed the day when, by our knowledge, we will be able to abolish the wage-system and rear in its stead a newer and saner form of society.

ECONOMIC CLASS.

EVERY SUNDAY AT 11 a.m.

ALL REBELS ATTEND!

HUGH McCUE, Instructor.

I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to insignificances and dead institutions.—Emerson.

It is unendurable that great increments which have been formed by the industry of others should be absorbed by people who have contributed nothing to that increase.—John Morley.

It is easy to be independent when all behind you agree with you, but the difficulty comes when 999 of your friends think you wrong.—Wendell Phillips.

LIST OF LITERATURE.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sympathiser: Yes, sympathy is all right in its place, but a little practical help would be much better.

Laborite: Why object? Surely, Billy Hughes—the ex-umbrella mender—is at perfect liberty to wear a tall-hat, a frock coat and patent leather boots if he wants to? Never mind Billy. Fight for these things for yourself. If you only organise industrially you can get better "clobber" than even Billy wears.

P. O.L.: We do not discriminate between nationalities. We are cosmopolitans.

G.G.: Received. Will use when circumstances permit.

R. L.: Write to the Professor of Languages at the Sydney University. He will supply all information. The editor can only read English.

T.S.: Received. Thanks.

R.P.: Oh, Hell! Why talk to us about honest politicians? Might as well look for frozen fish in Hades.

J.J.: Received. Thanks. Appear next week. Articles on the same lines will always be welcome.

Industrialist: Very good. Keep plugging away. It is our only hope.

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