

ONE UNION. ONE LABEL. ONE ENEMY.



VOL. 4, NO. 130

SYDNEY.

July 14th, 1917. ONE PENNY

Queensland for the I.W.W.

CLONCURRY.

Gordon Brown and O'Shannessy last week proceeded to Charters' Towers and there held two meetings. One in the park at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and the other one at 8 p.m. next to the Miners' Hall.

F. W. O'Shannessy spoke for half an hour in fine style. His language was direct, simple and convincing. Every word was clearly spoken, and was hardly at a loss during the whole of his talk. I am convinced by his showing he will make a very capable propagandist. Gordon Brown ably outlined the conspiracy charges—the case for the 12 men in gaol—during the afternoon, and dealt mostly with Industrial Unionism during the evening. No collection was taken at either meeting. Sales of literature, £2 4s 6d.

While Brown and O'Shannessy were making a frontal attack on the enemy's position at Charters' Towers, Jackson made a wide detour of 542 miles west from Townsville, and made a surprise attack at Kiridala (Friesland) mining camp. The meeting was a great success from every standpoint. Collection, £9 0s 7d. Sales of literature splendid.

The following Thursday a meeting was held by Jackson at Selwyn, which is 552 miles west from Townsville, and the Bush Bonaheads who rolled up to the meeting have not got over the effects of the \$6,000 volt shock. Collection, £3 17s 6d. Literature sold, 35s. The weather was very cold at Selwyn, which place is very small, and the meeting was held in a local hall. Jackson arrived back in Cloncurry on Friday, and will open out on Sunday night. The local rebels endeavored to secure a hall, but failed, and the meeting will be held in West's large circus tent, and it will be "Circus Day in Dixie" in Cloncurry on Sunday next. Dodgers have been circulated freely, and a big roll up is expected. Jackson leaves Mt. Cuthbert on Monday morning at 6 a.m., and will receive the best welcome there, as there is plenty of rebels up that way. Enclosed you will find list of names collected to date. Please acknowledge same in the columns of "Direct Action." Subscription lists have been sent out to seven shearing sheds, and good results are expected.

W. J.

TOWNSVILLE.

F. W. Jackson has drawn the bandage of prejudice from the workers' eyes, which was a fashionable ornament prior to his arrival. There is now a burning desire for literature dealing on the I.W.W.

At a meeting on Alligator Creek. Meat Works of well-nigh a thousand slaves, a resolution censuring the local Mayor for not allowing Jackson and Brown free speech. In Townsville, and demanding it as a right, was carried. Of course, we know the Mayor will smile on receiving it, but however, it goes to prove the sympathy of the Creek workers towards the I.W.W.

On Jackson's return from Cloncurry, it is almost a certainty that a Local will be organised here.

There is now a fierce demand for "Direct Action," and all that arrive are snapped up like hot cakes. Don't miss sending the paper or there will be hell to play.

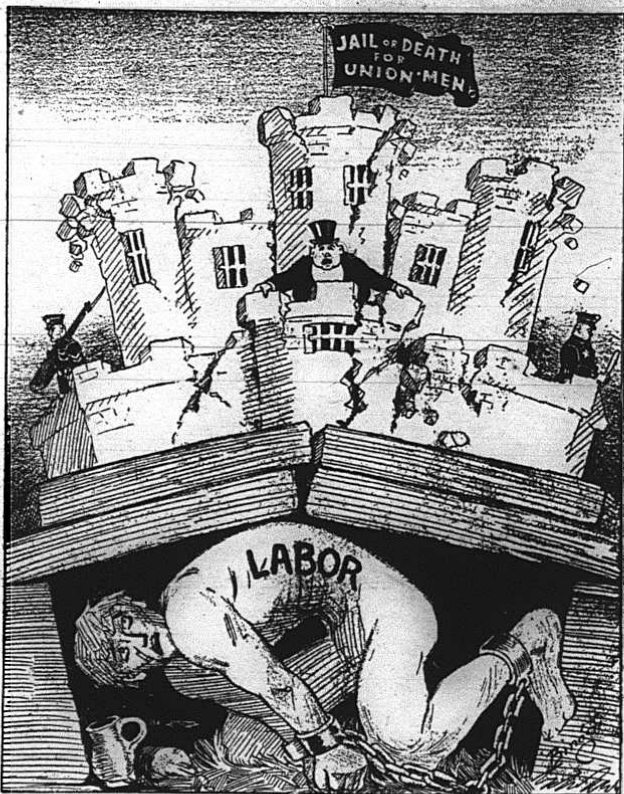
E. O'SHANNESY.

Telegrams.

Melbourne.—Increase, "Direct Action" order to sixty dozen each week.—STEVENS.

Adelaide.—All "Direct Actions" sold out. Send twenty dozen extra next week.—GILLIGAN.

Mt. Cuthbert.—Collections this week nearly seventy pounds. Sold thousand song books, and forty literature. Increase "Direct Action" bundle.—JACKSON.



When the Sleeper Awakes.

Thanks.

The exceedingly good turn which the Federal Executive Council and Mr. Webster, P.M.G., had done "Direct Action" in prohibiting it through the post should not be allowed to pass without some word of thanks. We would be ungrateful and heartless things if we did not recognise the value of a free advertisement, and the splendid boost which these gentlemen have given to our little paper. We therefore give thanks where it is due. We wish the gentlemen all sorts of good luck in their endeavours to bring before the general public the little paper known as "Direct Action." It is good to know that we have such eminent men on our side, and that they are anxious to push the sales of that militant journal of the working class.

Since these gentlemen have been acting as advertising agents the sales of our paper have almost doubled. Almost every bundle order has been increased, and individual sales are leaping upward. Go to it, boys, the paper is the thing that counts, keep the circulation rising, and before long we will have a daily. Hooray for Mr. Webster!

Bold is the task when subjects grown too wise,
Instruct a tyrant where his error lies.

—Pope's "Homer."

Instead of being crushed by the machines, life should be made fairer and happier and nobler by them.—Jack London.

Every heart contains perfection's gem.
The wisest of the sages of the earth
That ever from the stores of reason drew,
Science, and truth and virtue's dreadless
tone,

Were once but weak and inexperienced boys.

—SHELLEY.

Not Guilty.

BILL COOMBS ACQUITTED.

After three unsuccessful attempts to put Fellow-Worker Coombes behind the bars on a trumped-up charge, the Minister for Justice (?) has at last decided that Coombes is not guilty, and he (Coombs) has been notified by the "Department of Justice" to that effect.

This case has been commented upon several times already in "Direct Action," and no doubt readers are familiar with the facts of the case. It is pleasing to know that while the Authorities are still sending men to jail on political charges, that now and again one escapes through their fingers.

The Pimp.

You dirty, stinking, low-lived guy;
You yellow skunk, with weazel eye;
I know you'll get you when you die,
You'll never go to live on high,
Where little cherubs spread their wings,
And angel chorus nightly sing,
And twang the harpsites' golden strings.

You cringing, filthy, pie-faced mut;
It's plain to see you lack a gut;
You spineless, slinking, witless nut,
Down to a place below you'll sink,
Where dogs and dicks and P.'s, stink,
In a pit of hell as black as ink;
You loathsome, shameless, weak-kneed
glak.

J. S. D.

Oppression makes a poor country and a
desperate people.

Melbourne.

The week's activities at Melbourne have been very successful. On Saturday, June 30, a social evening was held to welcome the arrival of F. W. Miller. F. W. Alf. Wilson occupied the chair, and in a few felicitous remarks introduced "Monty" to the audience. A varied programme was then rendered as follows: Opening chorus, "Workers of the World, Awaken!"; song, "Where the Yarra River Flows"; F. W. Williams; cornet solo, F. W. Farrell; address, F. W. N. Jeffries; speech, Percy Brunt, an old time friend of "Monty"; chorus, "Long Haired Preachers"; violin solo, F. W. V. Crisp; address, F. W. Miller; quartette, "Organise, O, Toller!"; "Wobbly Darkies" (encored); banjo solo, F. W. J. Pope; recitation, "St. Peter," F. W. W. Buffham; address, F. W. Laidler; chorus "Solidarity."

During the evening refreshments were dispensed by lady fellow-workers, who also were responsible for decorations. A very enjoyable evening was spent. On Sunday afternoon a big crowd assembled at the "Bank" to hear our veteran Labor agitator relate his reminiscences of a long and active life, with special reference to incidents of the Eureka Stockade. In the hall at night, F. W. N. Jeffries lectured to a good audience on "The Sure Path." The lecturer dealt with statements made by Comrade M. Finberg on the previous Sunday, during the course of a debate on Political Action, wherein the latter postulated a necessity for a revolutionary political party. In advocating industrial organisation, our fellow-worker charged the capitalist class with mis-ruling society. He also dealt trenchantly with certain criticisms of the I.W.W., that have appeared recently in socialist publications. Questions and discussion followed, and elicited a somewhat novel view from a political "barracker" present that political and economic organisations were both necessary, the first to deal with "sexual matters" and "affairs of honor," and the latter with economics of industry. Special meetings have been arranged for F. W. Miller, and Melbourne Local is looking forward to a good time. Literature sales and collections are satisfactory.

A. E. B.

LITHGOW.

We are going ahead in this township. We meet every Tuesday night at the Trades Hall, where we have some very good times. After business we throw the meeting open to anyone who cares to come along, to listen to our orators debating all phases of the class struggle. The result is that visitors being unable to refute the I.W.W. logic, come to the penitence form and are saved. Owing to the great boost given to "D.A." by P. M. G. Webster, we are compelled to increase our weekly order. I think that the next general meeting ought to recognise this assistance rendered to our movement by the P.M.G., and ought to (in consideration of this benevolent action) make him honorary member of the I.W.W.

J. RAWSTRONG.

Before man made us citizens great Nature made us men.

—LOWELL.

Art thou a statesman,
And canst not be a hypocrite? Impossible!
Do not mistrust thy virtues.

—DRYDEN.

Whoever will overturn the liberty of a nation must begin by subduing freedom of speech.

—GORDON.

Ignorance is the curse of God;
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Direct Action



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Democratic Unionism.

During the last few years in Australia, many changes have taken place in the industrial world, but one of the most notable is the growth, spread and influence of the I.W.W.

[This militant organisation of the working class has been subject to much comment and debate. From press, platform, and pulpit, the I.W.W. has been the subject of much animated discussion.]

Some individuals have spoken about "falling upon the I.W.W. with the ferocity of a Bengal tiger," and others have been just as determined to defend its principles. An organisation which can command so much time and attention from all sections of the community, must be of some importance.

The real cause of all this acrimonious discussion is because the I.W.W. rejects the morality of capitalism, and refuses to fall in with the conventional and conservative ideas of trade unionism.

If the I.W.W. would only "trust and obey," and listen to the advice handed out by "trusted labor leaders," all would be well, but the "wobbly" bucks against the orthodox institutions of capitalism, and believes in thinking and acting for himself. That, forsooth, is the cause of all the trouble.

The I.W.W. is organised and constructed on totally different lines to the trade union movement. It is very different in its ideals and aspirations to the Trades Hall fraternity. Its methods of conducting the class war are vastly different to all other labor bodies.

The I.W.W. is the product of modern capitalism, and its ideals are of the New Age. The trade unions are the product of early capitalism, and their aspirations are confined within this profit making system.

The I.W.W. claims to be the only democratic union in existence, and the only union which is striving to get democracy applied to industry. As in complete contradiction to the trade union movement the I.W.W. organises from the bottom up. It carries on its agitation principally amongst the unskilled workers. By organising the lowest paid workers and gaining better conditions for them, it has the tendency to force the higher paid grades and "aristocrats of labor" to get busy and fight for more concessions if they would keep ahead of the "common laborer."

The I.W.W. is organising from the bottom up, and giving full power to the general membership to transact the business of the organisation is laying the foundation of a real democracy.

It is impossible for the officers of the I.W.W. to dominate or side-track the organisation, as they have no more say than the humblest member. Our paid officials receive no more than the average wage existing in the place they are working, so it is impossible for them to rise superior to the rank and file. Our organisers may speak, but they have no vote in the conduct of industrial troubles.

It should now be plain to all that the

I.W.W. is truly democratic and free from all officialdom.

Most of the trade unions are organised from the top down, and the officials run the union, while the rank and file have very little say. The trade union movement being dominated by the "heads," who always smother any progressive move, cannot possibly be democratic.

It might be contended that the ballot is conducted on democratic lines, and the members have the opportunity to "out" the officials at the half yearly election. But is that so? The manipulation of the ballot is no uncommon thing in trade union circles. Graft and corruption is a common thing, and is very hard for the ordinary members to clean up.

The officialdom of the trade union movement is an old and firmly established institution, and the only way to shift it is by cutting off the supplies.

So long as the trade union movement has respect for leaders and wants some political god, it can never be democratic. The leaders always have, and always will, use the movement for their own personal ends and self aggrandisement.

In the I.W.W. there are no leaders, no "great superior men," no gods. Hero worship is a thing that is discouraged, and the limelight gets a very poor reception. It will be argued that if the trade union movement is so backward, why do the I.W.W. members not get in and push it forward? This is the old old story. It will never cease while there is the slightest semblance of a trade union in existence. There will always be found some one who will hold on to a sinking rotten obsolete institution and cry: "Come and help me keep this afloat," when a well equipped and modern institution shows him the way of escape.

The I.W.W., with its soundness of principle, its honesty of purpose, and the loftiness of its ideals should recommend itself to all progressive unionists. When we see its scientific structure, its modern tactics, and the solidarity of its membership, we ask, How can we neglect this most advanced and progressive organisation for the purpose of working within a played out institution and trying to perpetuate a union which has served its purpose and outlived its usefulness? The very idea is suicidal.

Those who talk of boring from within are either personally interested in the continuation of the craft union idea, or they are not familiar with the growth, work and influence of the I.W.W.

To attempt to fight the boss through the craft unions with their obsolete methods and cumbrous machinery, when a well equipped, modern and scientific organisation like the I.W.W. is at hand, is like waiting to wade through a quagmire when a solid metal road is provided.

These are the days of science. If we would progress we must adopt scientific methods. The I.W.W. is the best thing in working class organisation. Therefore, we want it. Speed the day of the One Big Union.

N.R.

There is only one cure for evils which newly-acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day, he is unable to discriminate colors, or recognise faces. The remedy is, to accustom him to the rays of the sun.

The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free until they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait for ever.

—MACAULEY.

Despotism is to me the worst and most abominable of all bad governments, man is perpetually crushed, debased and degraded by it. Both ancient and modern history prove that there never was one which was not an insult to mankind, and the disgrace of human nature.

—MONTESQUIEU.

Liberty with danger is to be preferred to slavery with security. —SALLUST.

Unlawful Associations.

Unlawful Association!

What a group of criminals must the I.W.W. people be!

How the stupid fill with fear at the mention of the magic letters!

Yet a one-time unlawful association now counts its adherents in hundreds of millions.

Reading the historical advance of the human race warns us that the I.W.W., in being classed as Unlawful, does not occupy a lofty pedestal.

Wherever and whenever arose an organisation that threatened the power of the ruling class, that class lost no time in declaring such organisation unlawful. Long ago we explained that the I.W.W., whose Preamble declares for the overthrow of the wages system, was an illegal body, and long ago we pointed out that an organisation which declined to rely on the machinery which capitalism had generously placed at the command of the workers for bettering their position in life, would some day have to face all the engines of repression which the masters of the world control.

Nothing is lawful. Nothing is respectable in capitalist society which threatens the power and privilege of the master class; the I.W.W. is a serious menace to the supremacy of the ruling faction—the political satraps of boodles have been admitting this quite freely during the last few years—and hence it has to carry the direful stigma of criminality.

But we are not worried over the extra label; we are going right on—unlawful or otherwise—until we achieve our objective of welding into a solid fighting body the downtrodden of the earth, and we firmly believe that less than a quarter century will consummate our purpose.

The I.W.W. must go on; it must grow; it cannot be killed! Its roots are in the economic soil of the wages system, and neither the stake, the rack, nor the dungeon can stay its progress; nothing short of the disappearance of the capitalist system itself can bring about the passing of the I.W.W. organisation!

At this age a short history of another Unlawful Association, separated from our own time by nearly 2000 years of glorious civilisation, should prove of interest to an awakening proletariat. Although not commonly known, it is nevertheless a fact that the now great Christian movement took its rise from the economic soil of Palestine. That country had for years been buffeted through slavery by various conquering nations, and 2000 years ago found the people the abject slaves of Rome. Being somewhat similar to the modern working class, who depend on politicians to rescue them, the Jews were ever watching for a God to appear who would lead them out of bondage and destroy their oppressors. That God has not, so far, "turned up," and, like the political saviours we have been watching for so anxiously never will "turn up."

Thus, no doubt, thought Jesus the carpenter, and he straightway began an agitation with the object of organising the people for an attempt to overthrow the Roman rule. Realising the subjection of the working class of Palestine he threw down the tools of trade and became henceforth a revolutionary agitator. For a couple of years he travelled the high-ways and byways of the country districts, and endeavoured to arouse his inert, ignorant countrymen into action against

the powers of Rome. So superior to themselves did his stupid countrymen deem the new agitator that they declared him to be the very God they had been watching for. He at first stoutly denied the honor, and, although many recognised him as the carpenter from Nazareth, they persisted in calling him the God of the Jews. But vanity eventually proved his undoing, and with an apparently enthusiastic multitude of followers, he consented to the title of "God," entered Jerusalem—the stronghold of the ruling class—and began to preach his revolutionary tenets. At first he excited only curiosity, but eventually the rulers realised the extent and purpose for which he was "stirring up the people" that they decided he must be got rid of. Accordingly they induced one named Judas—who did him live to-day would probably be a politician—to betray the hiding place of the mob orator. Arrested by the detectives, deserted by his cheering multitudes, much as were the arrested I.W.W. men deserted by the cheering drawing room revolutionaries of Sydney, he was crucified on a charge of sedition. But the fight still went on, thousands of the Christians were carried into Roman slavery, and ere long Rome itself was aflame with the "new hope."

So dangerous did the Christian revolutionary movement become that the Roman rulers decided on a savage crusade against it with the hope of suppression; about the middle of the third century a Roman magistrate found Thraseus Christian guilty of being a leading Christian, and sentenced him to death in the following words:—

"That Thraseus, Cyprinus should be immediately beheaded as an enemy of the gods of Rome, and as the chief and ringleader of a criminal organisation, which he had seduced into a resistance against the laws of the most holy emperors, Valerian and Galienus."

Sentences of this class by the thousands did not kill the idea, and a later Emperor—Constantine—being wise in his generation, determined to use strategy; he embraced the Christian doctrine, which had been somewhat toned down from its incipient revolutionary nature, and by a liberal distribution of "posts of honor" to the leaders, bought over the movement. Eventually the movement for which the carpenter of Nazareth had given his life became, instead of a working class force making for emancipation, the chief buttress of the rulers of society; so it remains to this day—a neutralised relic of an early working class organisation.

Many militant movements have met the same fate as the Christian; all that rely on leaders will meet that fate. We of the I.W.W. realise the inherent danger and are hoping to guard against it by the education of all. All must be ready to bear the brunt.

Our fight has not yet started, as we develop our strength we must be prepared to fight down the brutal savagery of the master class. There are many ways to fight, but we are out to win, and there's only one way to fight to win—that is by scientific organisation on the economic field; a conscious determination backed by solidarity can alone overthrow the working class. Let us get busy!

A. MACK.

'Tis the Neva Tearing Loose.

By VICTOR HUGO.

(A PREDICTION OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION).

We are in Russia. The Neva is frozen. Heavy carriage-roll upon its surface. They improvise a city. They lay out streets. They build houses. They buy. They sell. They laugh. They dance. They permit themselves anything. They even light fires on this water become granite.

There is winter, there is ice, and they shall last forever. A gleam pale and wan spreads over the sky, and one would say that the sun is dead.

But no, thou art not dead, O Liberty! At an hour when they have most profoundly forgotten thee, thou shalt shoot bright and shiniest rays, thy heat, thy life, on all this mass of ice become hideous and dead.

Do you hear that dull thud, that crackling, deep and dreadful? 'Tis the Neva tearing loose. You said it was granite. See, it splits like glass! 'Tis the breaking of the ice, I

tell you: 'Tis the water alive, joyous and terrible. Progress recommences. 'Tis humanity again beginning its march. 'Tis the river which retakes its course, uproots, mangles, strikes together, crushes and drowns in its waves not only the empire of upstart Czar Nicholas, but of relics, of ancient and modern despotism.

The trestle work floating away? It is the throne. That other trestle? It is a scaffold. That old book, half sunk? It is the old code of capitalist laws and morals. That old rookery just sinking? It is a tenement house in which working people lived.

See these all passing by, never more to return, and for this immense engulfing, for this supreme victory of life over death, what has been the power necessary?

One of thy looks, O Sun!
One stroke of thy strong arm, O Labor!

Chartist Chaunt.

Truth is growing—hearts are glowing,
With the flame of Liberty:
Light is breaking—Thrones are quaking—
Hark! the trumpet of the Free!
Long, in lowly whispers breathing,
Freedom Wandered drearily—
Still, in faith, her laurel wreathing,
For the day when there shall be
Freemen shouting—"Victory!"

Now, she seeketh him that speaketh,
Fearlessly of lawless might;
And she speedeth him that leadeth
Brethren on to win the Right.
Soon the slave shall cease to sorrow—
Cease to toll in agony;
Yea, the cry may swell to-morrow,
Over land and over sea—
"Brethren, shout—ye all are free!"

Freedom bringeth joy that singeth
All day long and never tires;
No more sadness—all is gladness
In the heart that she inspires:
For she breathes a soft compassion
Where the tyrant kindled rage;
And she saith to every nation—
"Brethren, cease wild war to wage:
Earth is your blest heritage."

Though kings render their defender,
Titles, gold and splendours gay—
Lo, thy glory, warrior gory,
Like a dream shall fade away!
Gentle peace her balm of healing
On the bleeding world shall pour;
Brethren, love for brethren feeling,
Shall proclaim, from shore to shore,
"Shout—the sword shall slay no more!"

Capital.

I am the Golden Calf, thy present God.
Law and state are mine, for I created them.
Mine are the gorgeous temples, the brothels
and the jails.

Mine are the marble mansions and the
hovels mean and bleak.

Mine are the lively marts, the mines and
smoky factories.

And mine the mighty forests and yellow
fields of grain, resplendent as a hillside bay
upon a summer eve.

Each morn the shrill-toned whistles shriek
to rouse my slaves, and they roll to cook
my food, make my clothes, plow my fields,
fire my ships, move my trains, paint my pictures,
sing my songs, pray my prayers.

And yet 'twas I who brought thee forth
from savagery, delivered thee from superstition,
endowed thee with a comic vision.
Therefore,

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
Thou shalt make for me graven images of
all things beautiful that are in the heavens
above, or on the earth beneath, or that thou
conceivest in thy marvellous mind.

Thou shalt not speak my name with contempt,
for he shall be adjudged insane, who
holdeth me in contempt.

Thou shalt mock at Charity, and Kindness,
Compassion and Love; thou shalt not let the
specious offerings of Truth and Honor beguile
thee to worship them for their own sake, for
I am a jealous god, visiting the poverty of the
parents upon the children of those who flout me.

Thou shalt not shirk on the job, for the
boss loves a willing slave.

Thou shalt not strike, nor bear witness to
thy fellow fool that the wage is low, the
hours long, the task arduous.

Thou shalt not covet thine overseer's mansion,
nor his music, his feed, warm, soft
raiment, his yacht, and limousine, nor shalt
thou ponder why hath he them.

For my sake thou shalt sacrifice thyself,
thy brother, and thy sister, thy son and thy
daughter, thy people and thy Christ, for verily
I say unto thee, no man doeth wrong who
obeys me.

But woe unto him, perverse and stubborn,
who denieth me my lawful dues, for he shall
be cast unto dungeons of steel, and delivered
unto tortures searching and keen, and woe to
his wife, and woe to his children, for they
shall be scorned and mocked at by the millions
who obey and serve me.

Then shall there be wailing and gnashing
of teeth.
Selah.

Various are the causes which contribute to
the factitious depravity of man. Defective
and erroneous education corrupt him; the
prevalent examples of a degenerate community corrupt him; but Governments corrupt
him more than all other causes combined—

—KNOX.

The Shorter Work Day.

A motion was put to a meeting of the
Trades and Labor Council in Sydney a few
evenings ago, with a view to fighting for a
six hour day. The mover, in speaking for
his motion, proved beyond doubt the need
for the workers taking up a higher status in
civilization.

But I fear his thinking has advanced along
the visionary track, and he has, therefore,
overlooked the material obstructions that im-
pede the workers' advance to a higher civil-
ization. The material obstruction to the craft
form of organisation with which the working
class movement is blighted.

It may be contended that now the crafts
are linked up by federations, they are in a
position to combat the masters, but there is
no ground for the contention. The basis of
the unions remain the same, and the functions
of the unions remain the same. They are
based on primitive tool production, their func-
tion to vote the "brainy" councillors into
Parliament, and thereby limit the scope of
the workers' activities against the boss.

The reduction of the hours of labor is
positively a revolutionary move; hence must
emane from a working class that is organised
upon a revolutionary basis. There is no dis-
puting the formidable dimensions of the ob-
struction. Moreover, all the trades and
labor councils are not only non-revolutionary,
but they attack the revolutionary, advocate
with a greater display of ignorance and brut-
ality than the most violent boss.

Was it not from the Trades and Labor
Managers that the Bengal Tigers sprang?
The object of the Tigers was to devour the
Revolutionary Unionist! The mover of the
six hour day seems to have overlooked these
points.

The Industrial Unionist is not opposed to
a six hour day. That goes without saying;
but he is opposed to a ten hour day, which
is the minimum of hours worked in Australia
up to the present.

The capitalists annually display their wares
(in Australia) and to do so utilise that in-
stitution known as the eight hours' demon-
stration. — But intelligent workers are no
longer deceived by the shadowy glimmer.
The stern reality of the "nine and ten hour
day" has undeceived them.

The most deplorable aspect from the work-
ers' point of view is, that it is CHILD LABOR
that is consumed in those departments of
industry where the long hours are recognised
as fair hours by both the kind masters and
"intelligent" councillors of labor. This ques-
tion of child labor, the emancipation of the
children from the industrial struggle, must
take precedence to every other effort to im-
prove the social status of the working class.

While the emancipation of the children from
industry is not a revolutionary move, never-
theless, the detrimental effect it would have
upon the masters' interests would cause the
masters to oppose it with all the force born
of the INTERNATIONAL CHARACTERS OF
THEIR ORGANISATION.

Seeing that the OFFICERS AND COUN-
CILLORS of the thousand and one little
trades unions that are only united by the
chains of slavery, are giving up service to re-
volution, while deliberately ignoring the re-
volutionary movement that is permanently
established in Australia, we are forced to the
conclusion that they are lime lighters.

To fully understand the importance of the
six hour day, it is necessary to have due re-
gard to the three phrases of the wage ques-
tion, viz, the MONEY, the REAL, and the

RELATIVE WAGE; without going to too
great a length here we will agree that the re-
lative wage is the all important phrase. This
is the bone of contention over which the class
struggle is being waged. The payment of the
workers in the MONEY FORM blinds the
workers to the fact that what they are really
working for is food, clothing, and shelter;
"that these necessities are the real wage."
They are also deceived into believing that if
the amount of money received has increased,
that their real wage, their standard of living,
has gone up. But this is not so. We have
the statistics of the masters to prove that
while the cost of the needs of life, "the real
wage" has gone up something over 48 per
cent, the price of labor, the money wage, has
gone up only 35 per cent, during the same
period. Proof that actually the real wage
had fallen—12 per cent, during the period.
The important point for us to consider is that
even though the money wage had kept pace
with the cost of living, and had, therefore,
gone up 48 per cent, during a given period,
that nevertheless the relative wage (the all
important phrase of the wage question) could
have fallen 100 per cent, during the same
period. Be it understood that the relative
wage expresses the relative economic stand-
ing between the working class and the em-
ploying class and the class struggle is the
contention over the economic interests of the
two opposing classes.

According to "Mr. Knibbs, the Common-
wealth Statistician," the workers in Australia
in the first two hours of their day's work will
reproduce the equivalent of what they will
receive for their whole day's work, whatever
the number of hours. Now to simplify mat-
ters, let us agree that the workers are pro-
ducing money. Again let us suppose that
wages on an average is 9/- per day. Then
according to Mr. Knibbs, the workers in two
hours will produce 9/-. If the hours are eight
per day he will produce 36/-; if the hours are
ten, 45/-.

Now to bear out my earlier contention that
owing to the craft nature of our organisation
an effort to establish a six hour day at this
juncture would mean much work. We have
only to note that the workers have not suffi-
ciently organised power to send up their wages
even 20 per cent. in the one effort. Yet in
the act of reducing the hours of labor to six,
allowing that the eight hour day was a fact
that the workers would be sending their re-
lative wages up just 100 per cent, and since
that the eight hour day is only recorded on
calico banners and that ten hours is the
minimum, the effort to reduce the hours to
six would be an effort to increase the relative
wage 200 per cent, or, in other words, it
would be an effort to decrease the master's
profits 200 per cent. Now, while we will not
shed tears over the fall in masters' profits,
we must have due regard, however, for the
determined united effort of the masters in
combating such an advance of the working-
class, and in regarding the united force op-
posing us, we must regretfully regard the
disorganised state of the workers. The im-
mediate business of the militant working-
class agitator and advanced thinker is to con-
centrate their efforts for the purpose of em-
ancipation of the children from the workshops,
but to accomplish this education and organisa-
tion towards the ONE BIG UNION is abso-
lutely necessary. The I.W.W. is the One
Big Union in embryo.

THOMAS RILEY.

A Vision of the Future.

(By Robert G. Ingersoll.)

I see a world where thrones have crumbled
and where kings are dust. The aristocracy
of idleness has perished from the earth. I
see a world without a slave. Man at last is
free. Nature's forces have by science been
enslaved. Lightning and light, wind and wave,
frost and flame, and all the subtle powers of
the earth and air are the tireless toilers for
the human race.

I see a world at peace, adorned with every
form of art, with music's myriad voices, thrill-
ed, while lips are rich with words of love and
truth; a world in which no exile sighs; no
prisoner mourns; a world in which the gib-
bet's shadow does not fall; a world where
work and worth go hand in hand, where the
poor girl, trying to win bread with a needle—
the needle that has been called "the spear
of the breast of the poor"—is not driven to the
desperate choice of crime or death, of suicide
or shame.

I see a world without the beggar's out-
stretched palm, the miser's heartless, stony
stare, the piteous wail of want, the vivid life
lies, the cruel eyes of scorn.

I see a race without disease of flesh or brain
—shapely and fair, married harmony of form
and function—and, as I look, life lengthens,
joy deepens, love canopies the earth; and
over all in the great dome shines the eternal
star of human hope.

The Glorious Day.

FINTAN O'MALLEY.

The glad hour comes when the tocsin drums
Shall pierce the slumberous air,
And a wild alarm, calling us to arm
Shall sound out everywhere.
Over hills and lakes, as morning breaks
And the black of the night speeds past
A shout shall rise to the startled skies,
That the day has come at last—
The crimson day when the masters pay
The wage of a thousand years.

And the life and the limb that they look at
whim.

And the cold and the want and the tears,
Shall be paid for then to the working man
As they rise up in their ire
To seize the lands from the grasping hands
That have clutched the world entire,
These men shall fight for their own birth-
right.

And the barricades be manned,
The red flag fly in the morning sky
For the Brotherhood God planned.
And the reign of gold, enthroned of old
By the trickery of knaves
Shall at last give way to the glorious day
When none shall live as slaves.

Every wanton and causeless restraint of the
will of the subject, whether practised by a
monarch, a nobility or a popular assembly,
is a degree of tyranny.

—BLACKSTONE.

The Worker.

(By Berton Braley.)

I have broken my hands on your granite,
I have broken my strength on your steel;
I have sweated through years for your plea-
sure,

I have worked like a slave for your wealth,
And what is the wage you have paid me?
You masters and drivers of men—
Enough so I come in my hunger,
To beg more labor again!

I have given my manhood to serve you,
I have given my gladness of youth;
You have used me, and spent me, and crush-
ed me;

And thrown me aside without ruth;
You have shut my eyes off from sunlight,
My lungs from the untainted air,
You have housed me in horrible places,
Surrounded by squalor and care.

I have built you the world in its beauty,
I have brought you the glory and spoil,
You have blighted my sons and my daughters,
You have scourged me again to my toll,
Yet I suffer it all in my patience,
For somehow I dimly have known,
That some day the Worker will conquer,
In a world that was meant for his own!

Hypocrisy.

One day we read in our journals how an
enemy Socialist or Pacifist had raised his
voice against the mob passion and war spite
of his country, and we think, "What an en-
lightened man!"

And the next day, in the same journals, that
So-and-So has done the same thing in his
own country, and we think, "My God! He
ought to be hung!"

To-day we listen with enthusiasm to the
orations of our statesmen about our last drop
of blood and the last pennies in our purses,
and we think, "That is patriotism!"

To-morrow we read utterances by enemy
notables about arming cats and dogs, and ex-
claim, "What truculent insanity!"

We learn on Monday that some disguised
fellow-country man has risked his life to se-
cure information from the heart of the
enemy's country, and we think, "That is real
courage."

And on Tuesday our bile rises at the dis-
covery that an enemy has been arrested in
our midst, for espionage, and we think, "The
dirty spy!"

Our blood boils on Wednesday at hearing
of the scurvy treatment of one of ourselves
resident in the enemy's country, and on
Thursday we read of the wrecking by our
mob allies' shops, and we think, "Well, what
can you expect, belonging to that nation!"

Our enemies use a hymn of hate, and we
despise them for it.

We do our hate in silence, and feel our-
selves the better for the practice. Shall we
not rather fight our fight, and win it, without
these little kneries?—John Galsworthy, in
"Scribner's Magazine."

Recent remarks on the subject of politicians
and their function in the Commonwealth have
it appears, attracted some attention and pro-
voked some useful criticism. In particular, it
has been suggested that the object of attack
should be, not politicians, but politics. The
amendment is gladly accepted, in the hope
that those who propose it realise how deeply
it cuts into the complacency of political de-
mocracy. "Fellowship" has never attacked
politicians as individuals: it knows nothing
of them except as products of misguided pro-
letarian energy. No doubt, as Tennyson's
churchwarden maintained, that, so long as
there were churchwardens there must also be
parsons, so we cannot have politics without
politicians. But the point is that the politi-
cal zeal of Labour has been allowed to
swallow up almost all the energies which
should have been given to industrial organisa-
tion and to education. Hence its political
victories have been premature and barren. It
is not necessary to elaborate here any theory
as to the ultimate function of politics in the
New Order. The point which has to be em-
phasised is that the New Order will not be
brought about by political action. Politics of
some sort, since man is a political animal,
may be admitted to be an everlasting neces-
sity. But, if so, they may be trusted to take
care of themselves, and there is not the slight-
est danger that in Australia of all countries
they will be neglected. But, paradoxical as
it may seem, Labour in Australia will never
become politically effective until it has be-
come thoroughly sceptical about politics. At
the moment it is not sceptical, but credulous,
and its credulity must be shaken. The more
energy can be withdrawn from the political to
the industrial field, and from both to the edu-
cational field, the better for the New Order.

—Rev. F. Sinclair, in "Fellowship."

A Modern Paradise.

(BY FRANK ANSTEY.)

The persistent refusal of the Australian workers to be satisfied in that station in life in which it has pleased God to place them makes the true friends of Australia look round for a remedy. If we could only get in Australia those conditions which Mr. McPherson, M.L.A., describes in last Saturday's "Age," we should look with confidence to the future of our country. Mr. McPherson has returned from India, where labor is "cheerful, cheap and docile," and strikes and agitators are unknown.

But we think we can improve even upon India. We do not think it is necessary to go so far away from a model for our future Fiji is a capitalist heaven, well worthy of our emulation. Those who have read the Rev. T. W. Burton in his "Fiji of To-Day" will know about it. Those who have read the latest Indian reports will know the latest improvements.

The British Government took possession of Fiji in 1876. Shortly afterwards the Colonial Sugar Company appeared upon the scene and commenced industrial operations. The "Vancouver Fiji" and other companies followed, but the Colonial Sugar Co. is the dominant economic and political factor throughout the group.

The Fijians refused to be ground in the mills of civilised servitude.

The sugar companies, therefore, "made experiments with races from other parts of the Pacific, but even those proved too costly for the economical spirit of capitalist enterprise."

THE RECRUITER

So the recruiter went to India and imported some 40,000 coolies. For five years the coolies are bond slaves, herded in compounds—three men in a box, 10 x 7. The companies prefer men. The women lose too much time breeding. The Rev. Burton said that the conditions are productive of offences outside the decenties to describe. "The sins that brought down fire on the Cities of the Plain are rampant, and bestiality runs riot."

To cure this state of things, women were imported. One woman must serve a minimum of four men. She is called a "vassal." There is a process of free selection, and this gives rise to quarrels, murders and suicides. Some managers try to diminish this trouble by a system of apportionment. Mr. C. F. Andrews, speaking at Allahabad (India), January 23, 1917, said that one manager described the system on his estate thus:—

"I divide the women amongst the men, telling so many men that they must go to this or that woman. This eases the sexual quarrels."

In spite of the importation of women, the average to-day is only about one to six men. The Rev. Burton says that the coolie compound is "the most degrading sight on earth." It is a human pigsty—a cesspit of human obscenity. In this hell, children are reared. They run around naked, and when they reach 12 they go into the mills or fields and work.

SLAVERY.

Men, women and children work under the task system. It is slavery in everything but name. The hours are from 5.30 in the morning. The average wage is 11d per day for men and 5d for women. Out of this they have to buy their food and clothing. Rice is 3d per lb., so that a woman works half a day for a pound of rice. The only way the coolies can save is by a process of cultured self-starvation. If, through weakness, they cannot perform the allotted task, wages are correspondingly reduced, so that the average

earnings of some men fall as low as fourpence per day.

The Rev. Burton points out instances of Simon Gregeism. A mother and child are flogged with a horsewhip. A coolie spills some lime on his overseer standing beneath him in the mill. The overseer picks up a billet of wood and bashes in the face of the coolie.

The conditions are degrading. Murders are common. They are 80 times higher than in India; but, happily, owing to sexual or sectarian differences, the coolies mostly murder each other. They are divided by the differences of Brahmanism, Buddhism and Mahomedanism. As men of rival creeds are compelled to herd together, the differences are accentuated and unanimity of action is rendered next to impossible.

HELL.

The conditions are depressing, and suicides, especially amongst women, are of common occurrence. The Rev. Burton said: "The coolies laugh at our Christianity. They salute our flag and spit venomously on the ground the moment our backs are turned. They designate the conditions under which they live as 'Narek'—hell."

The year after this Rev. Burton wrote his book on "Fiji of To-Day," the Rev. George Brown, general secretary of the Methodist Mission, issued his report (1911). In it he describes how the Methodist Church has occupied Fiji for 83 years—how it now possesses in the Fiji group 800 churches, and has spiritual control of 99 per cent. of its population; and then he goes on to say:—

"One of the most marvellous facts which the historian will have to record is the wonderful work of God which has been done in Fiji, and the glorious success with which he has blessed the labor of His servants."

After we had read the Rev. Burton's "Fiji of To-Day," and the Rev. Brown's eulogy of "the wonderful work of God which has been done in Fiji"—and the Rev. Stephens' denunciation of the strikers and strikers whose standard of life must be reduced unless they toil harder in the brickyards of Pharaoh—we felt that the road to the salvation of Australia is still open.

And when we read McPherson's joyous description of the coolies, who strike not, who shirk not, but are cheerful and docile on next to nothing a day, we felt that McPherson is not alone; that the war may yet produce most excellent results, and that we may yet realise in Australia "the glorious success with which God has blessed the labor of His servants" in Fiji.

At the present time in Fiji, the coolies, after they have done their five years in "Hell" refuse to work any longer for the white man. They prefer to work for a Chow, a Jap, or a Fijian native. In India the recruiters are finding it impossible to get additional coolies to go to Fiji, owing to the reports sent back to India. Only a few hundred have been sent this year—not enough to fill one ship. Strong representations have been made to the British Government from India to not only prohibit this traffic, but to impose decent conditions of life in Fiji. The Colonial Sugar Company has now got its representatives in England seeking the maintenance of the system. Which side the Church is taking in this controversy is not yet known.

—In "Labor Call."

MILITARISM AGAINST DEMOCRACY.

"I oppose militarism because I believe it stands for the brute in human nature, and that if we adopt it, the democracy is doomed. I hold to the doctrine—"Peace on earth and good will among men," because I believe that only thus can the spirit of man be emancipated, and the human race be saved. They that take the sword shall perish with the sword. It is only those who are willing to overcome evil with good that can attain to the full promise of manhood."

"I revere the government that represents democracy. I honor the flag that stands for liberty and justice. So strong is my feeling on this point that I resent the government turned over to an irresponsible plutocracy or an irresponsible bureaucracy, just as I resent having the flag, which is the symbol of our democracy, used to cloak special privilege and shameless exploitation."

"Militarism is the madness of the past—dragging us down and destroying us. The spirit of brotherhood and good will among men is the voice of the future calling us to a higher plane of life than humanity has ever known. To that future I have dedicated my life, and so I purpose to continue to the end of the chapter."—Professor Scott Nearing.

A tyrant can never arrive at any sure knowledge of public opinion, for no one will venture to tell him an unpleasant truth.

—NECKER.

SOME "BERNARD SHAWISMS."

Every practical man (and woman) is a potential scoundrel and a potential good citizen.

The characteristics that ruin a man in one class make him eminent in another.

It is not killing and dying that degrades us, but base living, and accepting the wages of degradation.

Sexually woman is Nature's contrivance for perpetuating its highest achievement.

Even a stupid general can win battles when the enemy's general is a little stupider.

When the military man approaches the world looks up its spoons and packs off its womankind.

The stupid system of violence and robbery which we call Law and Industry.

We find the world full of a magnificent debris of artistic fossils.

Vitality is as common as humanity; but, like humanity, it sometimes rises to genius.

They made him a baronet for that. He gave half a million to the funds of his party. They made him a baronet for that.

Politics and the Proletariat.

Several interesting points were raised in a debate held in the I.W.W. Hall at Melbourne on June 24. The subject was: "Is Political Action Necessary for the Working Class?"

A battler for the Socialist Party, taking the affirmative, argued that the working class must have a revolutionary political organisation for the purpose of assuming control of the military and other powers of oppression. Once this political party gains control the capitalists can no longer exploit the working class, and thus the new order of society will come about peacefully. While admitting the necessity for industrial union organisation, he pleaded for the popularising of the political movement, so as to get the "crowd" or "mob" on the side of the revolutionists.

The argument showed clearly that the Socialist Party is a society and not exclusively working class organisation. The attempt to build up a revolutionary movement on the "mob," taking in exploiter and exploited alike, is one of the weaknesses of Socialism. A revolutionary political party is an impossibility, because the very fact of a Socialist Party getting into power will convince the capitalists that the older parties are no longer competent to protect business interests. Property owners must therefore transfer their support to the new party in power in order to protect themselves from the revolutionary movement which will continue to grow outside of the Socialist Party. The Socialist Party will, therefore, become the party of a united capitalism, and must protect the interests and solve the problems of capitalism. Whatever sympathy the Socialists may have for the workers must evaporate as soon as the latter repudiate the scientific Socialist plan of salvation—as soon as the non-political revolutionists attack capitalism in their own way.

Thus the organised solidarity of the working class, at the point of production, is seen to be the one essential factor, rendering political parties and political action futile and nugatory.

The one plea put forward by Socialists, the argument upon which they depend when all others fail, is but wind swallowing, rainbow-eating, shadow-chasing sophistry.

The I.W.W. is right when it says to the working class: "Organise upon the job for job control; for controlling the job you control all else."

The Socialist Party is a mere appendage of capitalism, destined to go the same way as the Labor Party. In admitting capitalists to its ranks, it practically denies the class struggle. It is destined to become the sport and plaything of middle class property owners and exploiters, and its "revolutionary" spirit will be smothered in reforms and palliatives.

A. E. BROWN.

WHY?

I walked along a street, and against a curb were drawn many cars, and from each peeped, oh! such a sweet little dog. No, my mistake; not from all the cars. Seated in one was a real nice little boy, and no dog. I knew he was a nice little boy, for I heard someone say so.

I walked along, and lo! I came to another street. Here were no cars, but a police-van passed me, as I turned the corner. Here were many little boys—and girls, too. Nice? Oh no! They played in the gutter, and they were dressed in rags. The real nice boy's fathers owed the street they lived in. One child was selling papers. What matter if I did go up the street in the police van. I bought the paper. With the cry of a starving infant in my ears, and the vision of those nice little dogs before me, I read "Revolution in ——" and I understood.

C. H. EIDORE.

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—SLAVES WELCOME—

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 controlling of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organisation formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword: "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organised not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organising industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

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Selwyn, Meeting	3	5	3
H. Bruce, Selwyn	0	10	0
Mrs. Horn, Selwyn	0	2	6

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. M., Adelaide.—Received. Thanks.
J. M., Cloncurry.—We know nothing about it. We are only concerned with the teaching of Industrial Unionism.

T.S.—Of course the labor politicians will go to the same as the rest. Haven't we always told you so. Why cry about it? Organise industrially and you can laugh at all politicians.

Shima Hill.—We tried to get your article in as written, but another power willed otherwise, and that is the reason for it appearing in its mutilated state.

J. R., Lithgow.—Received. Appear next week.

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