

DIRECT ACTION



VOL. 1

NO 21.

Registered at G.P.O.

Sydney.

SYDNEY, JAN. 15, 1915.

ONE PENNY.

Sydney Newsboys' Strike. The Working Class. Dean Inge's Pessimism:

'Crafties' Scabbing Again.

THE MAN WHO SELLS PAPERS IS A SCAB.

The men and boys who get a scanty livelihood by selling evening papers are on strike. In the past, two Sydney evening papers, the "Sun" and "Evening News," have wholesaled the papers to the sellers at the rate of fourteen for eightpence. Now, they have decided to give them to retailers at the rate of twelve for eightpence.

Hence, the strike.

As soon as the boys came out, the Trades Hall gathered them in to form a News Vendors' Union, probably with the intention of citing a dispute at the Arbitration Court in the sweet by-and-bye.

The boys up to the present have established an organisation that has completely tied the papers up as far as street sales are concerned. A few shopkeepers are scabbing, which has resulted in a few windows being broken.

The "Sydney Morning Herald" has published a most flagrantly untrue account of the earnings of news vendor, in which it states that some vendor make as much as £10 and £12 per week, which means that he will have to sell between 5,600 and 7,200 papers per week. The average news vendor cannot sell more than the per day or 700 per week.

The "Herald," like its contemporaries, are such accomplished prevaricators that their lies haven't even got the semblance of possibility. In some future issue, no doubt, we shall hear of the news vendor's motor car, his seaside home at Bondi, and his summer vacation at Koscisko. The boys are putting up a splendid fight, and they have undoubtedly got the public sympathy behind them, to a very great extent. Whether they will win the fight, however, is rather doubtful, as those aristocrats of Labour, the Typographical Association, not having any in common with the despised newsboy, are carrying on their old familiar Trades Hall business of "union scabbing."

Not only are they working, but they are composing and setting up lines of the most abominable nature to defeat the boys on strike against the exactions of the "octopus evening papers."

The Trades Hall way of fighting with legs and one arm tied, may appeal to job-grafting secretaries, but it is scarcely beneficial to the workers who are defeated.

In Chicago, 1913, the Typographical Union went on strike, and when scabs were brought in, the newsboys struck, and not a paper was sold, with the result that both the printer and the news seller gained a victory. But in Sydney when the shoe is on the other foot, the highly-skilled and eminently respectable craft union type forgets his humbler and less important fellow worker of the kerbstone.

One or two scabs have been procured, but it is so unhealthy that only ten second men will take it on. The most contemptible thing that crawls, and disgraces the face of the earth, is a scab. And the man who sells papers is bringing himself down to the level of the Typographical Association and the Trades Hall.

THE MAN WHO BUYS PAPERS IS A SCAB.

Don't be a scab, don't do the dirty work of the newspaper kings who have grown wealthy through the dissemination of lies, and "cooked news."

Don't patronise business people who buy the papers, don't patronise business people who advertise in the papers. Cut them right out.

The newsboys have built up the enormous circulation of those papers. When the dividend drawers are asleep in their eiderdown, the barefooted boys are shivering in the streets, risking their lives on the footboards of the tram, making a penny for themselves and twopenny for the parasites.

The I.W.W. will help them in make the boys win. The Trades Hall will not. There is more solidarity in the newsboys of Sydney, than there is in the whole of the Trades Unions. They didn't need a union to tell them of their common interest, they didn't wait for an official to call them out on strike, they didn't tell the proprietors of the "Sun" and "News" that they would strike in three weeks' time, so that they could get scabs ready to take their places.

They took "Direct Action," and given the proprietors the shock of their lives. They have got stamina, principles; they are worthy of our assistance and support.

The I.W.W. will help them in every way, and they can take this paper at the price of production in order to help beat the newspaper octopus.

DON'T BUY THE "SUN" OR "NEWS."

Boulder Notes.

The I.W.W. is on the job—F. W. MacLoughlin has been "fired" for refusing to pay into Murder Fund-free country.

Local Trades Hall has a membership of 6616, in fifty (50) different organisations, and forty-five (45) paid officials—how is that for "organised scabbery!"

The Boulder I.W.W. has sold more scientific economic literature in five weeks than the local unions have ever distributed in twenty-five years.

The I.W.W. wants an intelligent and thinking working class. The "Crafties" want an ignorant working class, so that a few ignorant and arrogant officials can use the unions as a stepping-stone to Parliament or well-paid jobs.

Every paid union official who does not give the workers better or nobler ideas is a parasite.

There is a hell of a row in the local miners' union. The gen. sec., H. Glance, Mayor of Boulder, has been defeated in the ballot for gen. sec., he now protests that the ballot is unconstitutional. This is a concrete example of the I.W.W. argument—officials squabbling over jobs.

Where do the wage-slaves come in?

So far the Crafties have not taken up the I.W.W. challenge to debate. However, the position will be forced upon when the I.W.W. members pull out from "Organised Scabbery."

Another example of the universal doctrine of evolution: "The new forms growing up in spite of the old."

The Class Struggle every Sunday afternoon at 3 p.m., Theatre Royal, Boulder.

MICK SAWTELL

The working class means many things, it means long hours, dull, dreary, brutalising and monotonous toil; it means out of work, poverty, and a second class civilisation. But in spite of all these appearances, the working class is the joy and hope of civilisation.

We have reached that stage in our social evolution, when the workers have the greatest of functions to perform, that is, the abolition of capitalism and the establishment of an industrial democracy by the means of ONE BIG UNION.

Most of the workers believe to-day in some form of unionism. If the union of twenty workers is right, then the union of twenty million is right. The ultimate and logical conclusion of unionism is the union of the entire working class.

"The industrial union shall be the human race."

Labour produces all wealth. If the working class does not produce all wealth, then who does? The working class does not receive all it produces, because of its faulty organisation, which is traced to ignorance.

The propagandists of the ONE BIG UNION, the I.W.W., is the only way to dispel this ignorance. Organisation to the I.W.W. does not mean paying dues and voting. It means study, enthusiasm. It means greater conscious effort, activity, which is Life. The more we struggle, the more we LIVE.

The fiercer the class struggle, the more the working class learn; the clearer they see their historical mission. The active conscious rebels are always the most able, courageous and intelligent of the working class. The future is the working class, they alone will and can stop war.

When the workers refuse to butch other members of the ONE BIG UNION, then what of war? The workers only can and will feed all. The ONE BIG UNION will own all jobs, and will manage all industries.

The boss will be organised out of his job.

The class war is a means not an end, it will be the means of organising the working class. The working class of to-day do not learn by theoretical discussion, but by the logic of events, by bumps, by hard knocks.

After every arbitration award, after every election it becomes easier for the I.W.W. to point out the futility of these efforts. The working class must break all laws and flout all awards.

The goal, the bread-line and the black-list are part of our glorious function in fulfilling the sublime responsibility of the working class.

MICHAEL SAWTELL.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

To Direct Action is 2s. per year, within Australia; New Zealand 3s.; and foreign, 4s. Bundles, 9d. per dozen posted.

Fellow-worker Reeve has held several meetings down in the Newcastle district. I.W.W. propaganda is badly needed among the coal-miners.

A BAND.

Efforts are going to be made in the near future to form an I.W.W. band.

Men who are willing to play are requested to leave their addresses with the Secretary, Local No. 2.

"Strikes are Civil War."

(The following article appeared in the "Manchester Guardian" from the pen of Dean Inge, of St. Paul's, London. The author is known as the "Gloomy Dean," and draws enormous dividends from his investments in armament firms. There is profit in the Gospel of Goodwill by the means, and civilising influence of the Maxim Gun. His means of life are derived from instilling the germs of superstition and subservience into the minds of children, and from the sweating slaves of the Armament Trust, who have plunged Europe into a horrid nightmare of barbarism.

In condemning the Industrial Workers of the World (of which there are now fourteen branches in the United Kingdom), he states that a hundred years ago, revolutionary movements were promptly suppressed by the execution of the ringleaders. Let us hope that in ten years' time, the Industrial Workers of the World will be powerful enough to root out the whole monstrous, hideous brood of war makers, and black-coated, foul-hearted hypocrites, and exact in the terms of the Scripture, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," for the foul slaughter of millions of hypnotised and mentally enslaved men on the bloody fields of Europe. That the transport workers have earned the enmity of the "Gloomy Dean" is but natural. The moment the working class interfere with the bloodstained profits, or the unctuous comfort of this "pillar of Society," he howls for the rope and the bullet.

"The bludgeon and bomb," are too good to use on such pestiferous offal. — A loughanded shovel, and its manipulation would probably carry the twilight of horse-sense into the stygian brain of the Dean of St. Paul's. And the Industrial Workers of the World are making one for him. "Let us prey."—Editor).

MY VIEWS.

"STRIKES ARE CIVIL WARS."

My views are those of an outsider who has never been brought into personal contact with strikes and lockouts. Like most others who have thought about the subject, I have been impressed by the great change which has come over these quarrels within the last few years. Formerly, the strike was a contest of endurance between the masters and the men in a particular firm, or at widest in a particular industry. The general public was only indirectly concerned. But lately we have seen wealthy associations of workmen commanding large corporate funds, levying what is really a private war against the community, and basing their hopes of success not on the exhaustion of their own employers but on the intolerable loss and suffering which a continuance of the strike must inflict upon the nation at large. In the case of the London transport strike, where there was no accumulation of funds in the hands of the strikers, a deliberate attempt was made to blockade the capital by depriving it of the necessities of life.

WEAKENING OF AUTHORITY.

These strikes are civil wars, and in my opinion no civilised State can afford to tolerate them. The fact that they are tolerated seems to me a matter of sinister significance. The historian of the future will probably find no phenomenon of our time more remarkable than the weakening of the powers of the State. A hundred years ago revolutionary movements were promptly suppressed by the execution of the ringleaders. Now the Government is reduced to the degrading position of bargaining with any group of persons, however contemptible, who have shown themselves ready to resort to terrorism and violence. Justice is afraid to draw her sword, anarchy is ready to use the bludgeon and the bomb. If the criminal association called the Industrial Workers of the World carries out its threatened invasion of this country (and I hear on very good authority that a certain notorious agitator was sent to prepare the way for them), we shall find out whether the forces of law and order have still any coercive power in England.

OUTLOOK FOR DEMOCRACY AND SOCIALISM.

If the present shilly-shally policy which has brought all authority into contempt is due to the pusillanimity of individual Ministers, there is a hope that it may cease when their places are filled by stronger men. But if it means that the forces of the Executive are paralysed, then it seems to me that both democracy and Socialism are lost causes. The justification of democracy is not that its rule is very intelligent, which is seldom the case, but that, since it rests its hypothesis on the will of the majority, it can act firmly and fearlessly in the interests of the common weal. And Socialism as a possible organisation of society presupposes an almost omnipotent executive, and rests on the theory of the State which can only tolerate subordinate associations, such as churches and trade unions, if they are impotent to raise a hand against the central authority. At present the servants of the State are as ready to strike as the employees of a private company. The sectional anarchism of the last few years seems to me to have wrecked the calculations and annihilated the prospects of the Socialists.

Between Syndicalism and Socialism there can be no reconciliation; one or the other must perish. Nor do the signs seem much more hopeful for a long continuance of democracy. A democracy that cannot keep the peace among its citizens is doomed. The people of this country are not doctrinaire democrats, and they will not long tolerate a system under which their supplies of food or coal may be cut off every year and their houses burnt without redress."—Manchester Guardian.

A Russian fellow-worker, who can hardly speak English, got thirty subs. for the paper in the cocky country. Wake up, you stiffs.

Do you want a weekly "Direct Action"? Do you believe that it is necessary? Is it worth making into a weekly!

Moses never read "Direct Action," and look what he done to Pharaoh. If he had, he would never have left Egypt for the wilderness. Stop on the job.

One "Direct Action" in the hands of a man who has paid for it, will do more good than fourteen philosophers discussing the referenda and Michael Bakunin.

Direct Action



OFFICIAL ORGAN

Of the

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF
THE WORLD.

(Australian Administration).

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Australia.

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Matter for publication only should be
addressed to the Editor. Other matter
to the Manager.Subscription, 2/- per year. Special
Terms on Bundle Orders.HEADQUARTERS I.W.W. (AUSTRALIA):
330 CASTLEREAGH ST., SYDNEY.GENERAL HEADQUARTERS—
164 W. Washington St., Chicago,
Ill., U.S.A.The Old Year and
the New.

The I.W.W. have every reason to be proud of the progress made during the past year. Twelve months ago the organisation was small and comparatively unimportant, to-day at the beginning of 1915 we are becoming the greatest factor for working class progress in Australasia.

New locals have been formed during the past year in Port Pirie, Fremantle, Boulder and Brisbane. Port Pirie local was born during a free speech fight, and the membership of all the new locals are men and women who have been ever in the van of militant labor, who have seen the inside of the gaols of the ruling class, who have felt the whip of vagrancy, and who are willing and cheerful to spread the red hot gospel of the New Unionism.

The recent fight against the D. main authorities for the right to sell literature on Sundays was successful after one member had been gaoled. The Sydney local has made phenomenal progress, and the installation of the printing press and the inauguration of "DIRECT ACTION" have largely been made possible by the efforts and self-sacrifice of this local.

The recent closing down of some of the Broken Hill mines has resulted in a diminution in the number of active members in that part of Australia, but it has scattered them on to the railway works and into other mining camps with great advantage to the One Big Union propaganda.

Mount Morgan in Queensland is being to be a great field in the near future owing to the dissatisfaction with the local branch of the A.W.U. Active members called at the office on their visit to Sydney, and took back supplies of literature, etc.

In Brisbane, many active Socialists and "Direct Actionists" have formed a local, and are beginning to make an organised start to spread the One Big Union. A strong and active membership is assured.

In West Australia a strong bunch of rebels have got two locals under way at Fremantle and Boulder. The Italians and Austrians are going to be big factors in bringing about the realisation of working class power in the fields of the West. Fellow worker King has gone over to the West under credentials from the G. E. B. to organise and further the I.W.W. propaganda. We call upon

the fellow-workers in the West to make his trip far-reaching and educational as possible by giving assistance in literature selling and sub-getting, etc.

F. W. Reeve has gone down to the Newcastle district to speak on Industrialism, and to explain to the sadly-divided and misled miners the philosophy of economic control.

In Tasmania, South Australia, and Victoria, boys of the rebel clan are driving home the lessons of Direct Action and laying the foundation for an organisation that will be as universal as the air, a world-wide embodiment and expression of working-class solidarity.

The future is rosy. Conditions are helping us along. Let the rebels get to work, let them lay themselves out for a year's hard and solid propaganda. There is work for everybody.

Education—education is the need of the moment. Let the I.W.W. flood the country with its literature, widen the influence of our paper. Put sentiment on one side, as it settles no questions. Organisation is the only factor, tangible and concrete, in the plants of production.

The aim of the I.W.W. is the CONTROL of the job. It is the control of all jobs, it means the control of earth. It has arrived in Australia and it is going to stay in spite of gaols, judges, and injunctions.

Let us make 1915 historical. Let the membership work as it never worked before. When the call to action comes, let the migratory Industrialists flock to their banner to maintain their organisation and its principles. The spirit of freedom can never be conquered, never be silenced, never be strangled.

Let us be optimistic, for the dawn follows the darkest night. Don't antagonise the man you are going to convert. To-day he may laugh at you, to-morrow he will agree.

Craft Unionism is already dead, its demoralising half-brother Parliamentarianism is lingering half dead upon the rocks of middle-class respectability. Let the I.W.W. end and bury this the nauseous and monstrous twins.

Australia for the I.W.W. Go to it, boys!

TOM BARKER.

More Carmichaelisms.

Mr. Simple sit up and take notice. Your master is applying to have set aside awards on the grounds that Australian industries are being badly affected by the present Capitalistic War. They lie like logs, and their own press and prostitutes prove it.

Carmichael and the educator of labor (for the boss) is telling us to-day that our industries are flourishing, and goes on to prove it. He takes, for instance, the Banks, and goes on to show that the shares in ten of our principal Banks stand higher to-day than they did a year ago, in spite of the war; six leading insurance companies show a rise in share values of 7 per cent.; five of our leading shipping companies show an increase of over 5 per cent. and even in industrial undertakings the same stability is apparent.

Yet the master is discharging hands on every side. Master and Michael can afford to do as the latter suggests, and keep a stiff upper lip owing to the fact that the modern machine, coupled with the ignorance of the worker, is going to continue piling up surplus value in spite of the war. Yet the worker must starve. "Wake up Worker! Go slow on the job, it is against your own interests that you are producing profits to-day, and as long as the boss can control them, you yourselves are providing him with the means to keep you in subjection. Go slow! Make room for the man outside, and remember that sabotage, scientifically applied, is the finest weapon that the workers have to-day.

—C.E.L.

Encouraging reports come in from F. W. Dobbins, who is in the Mornington district, where he has been shaking up the timber workers for the I.W.W. A visit from King will have a very good effect in that part of the country. Go it boys.

Extracts from the
Metropolitan Press.

The first session of the ninth Parliament was opened with due solemnity to-day, by His Excellency the Governor, Major-General Sir Harry Barron. The members of the Legislative Assembly met shortly before 12 o'clock, and the clerk read the proclamation. Then the folding-doors at the end of the Chamber opened, and the Usher of the Black Rod approached the Bar of the House and delivered a message from His Excellency's Commissioners. Chief Justice McMillan and His Honor Justice Burnside then read the proclamation, and Mr. Justice Burnside swore at, or rather, for the members, four at a time.

On the Opposition benches the Country Party sat apart from the Liberals.

The leader of the Country Party then read the proclamation.

Amidst applause from all sides of the House, the Speaker was escorted to the chair by the Premier and the leader of the Opposition.

The leader of the Opposition then read the proclamation. Lieutenant Governor Sir Edward Stone was on the floor of the Chamber. A blowfly buzzed in through an open window, and the sergeant-at-arms then read the proclamation.

By motor and carriage spring-costumed ladies and frock-costed gentlemen arrived to witness the ceremonies. The dresses of the ladies made a very bright spectacle in the otherwise sombre Chamber. A small army of unemployed paraded outside. They were orderly in bearing, and cried out, "Don't forget us, we are starving." The blowfly buzzed out through the same window, and then Head Rain-maker then read the proclamation.

A representative gathering of the highest civic, military and clerical life of the community made a brave display within the sumptuous Chambers. The president then vacated the chair, leaving the commissioners seated on the dais.

Another blowfly buzzed in through another window, and the Chief Nocturnancer then read the proclamation.

A boom of 19 guns by the Royal Australian Garrison Artillery signalled the fact that the Governor had left Government House with his suite and an escort of mounted police. A detachment of the depot infantry formed an inspiring guard of honor.

His Excellency then read the proclamation and the blowfly buzzed out through a window, but not the same window he buzzed through when he came in.

The Commissioners then vacated the dais and the President resumed his accustomed seat and announced that he would leave the chair till 2.55 p.m.

The Speaker, accompanied by the sergeant-at-arms, bearing the mace, took up their allotted positions. Another blowfly buzzed through another window, and the Senior Wizard then read the proclamation. The Deputy-leader and the Whip occupied the first and second cross benches, and the Archbishop of Perth was on the floor of the House.

When the guard of honor wheeled to the left, and to the tune of "Tipperary," marched back to the city, the unemployed following in procession behind. The Chief Sorcerer then read the proclamation, and the blowfly buzzed out of the window that the first blowfly buzzed through when he came in.

FLANEUR

FODDER FOR CANNON.

Bodies glad, erect,
Beautiful with youth,
Life's elect,
Nature's truth,
Marching host on host,
Those bright, unblemished ones,
Manhood's boast,
Feed them to the guns.

Hearts and brains that team
With blessing for the race,
Thought and dream,
Vision, grace,
Bridegrooms, brothers, sons,
Host on host,
Oh, love's best and most,
Feed them to the guns.
—Katherine Lee Bates, in Life.

The New Zealand Elections

Sir,—Yesterday, Dec. 10th, in "God's Own," was, according to Dooley's latest to Hinnissy "an inevitable toime indeade, in the annals of Noo Zealand's peeltikil history." Dooley refers to the great triennial tussle for 1914 A.D. (Annie Lominy), which has resulted in a narrow defeat for Sir Josef Jingo Ward, P.C.K.C.M.G., A.B.C. The saddest feature about the elections lies in the fact that there are so many deluded bone-heads in the wage slave rank's still as eager as ever to swallow any and every kind of political gull-dope peddled by wily politicians and other garrulous saw gaws.

Tweedledee has superseded Tweedidum and the Tweedledoms, known as Social Democrats, have been badly turned down.

The numbskulls of the working classes do not seem capable of grasping what ought to be obvious even to a mule, namely, that if governments, whether branded Labor, Liberal, or Socialist, are in the last analysis simply puppets in the hands of Fat Finance Rothschild and Co.—simply a committee of guardians of private property privileges.

Needless to say, under Sir Joseph Ward as under Batao Bill Massey; under Andrew Fisher as under Tory Governments, the employers in their Federations are as strongly entrenched and protected under the one as under the other form of Government.

When will economic idiots realise that so long as the land and the machinery used to work up raw materials are owned and controlled by rent interest and profit gentlemen, so long and no longer will bone-headed humans continue to be arrogant, ill-treated and spat upon by bosses' pimps and vulgar snobs—and beaten back to slavery by ignorant and brutal law and authority ruffians.

Even if Parliamentary action were necessary for working class emancipation (which it is not), it is practically impossible to bring the workers together on the political field on any particular issue.

At the N. Z. elections just decided as at all elections in the past all sorts of side issues and petty prejudices and jealousies were brought into play by the crafty plutocratic press and other dollar souled hirelings of Rob. Bung, Plunder and Co., for no other reason than to divide the wage-earning classes and to put them at one another's throats. Much sectarian bitterness was evinced, and the followers of St. Pat, backed Joey Ward, while the Yellow Pups stood by Massey.

Many workers would not support Social Democratic candidates because there is a strong feeling abroad that the Rum and Jesuit party have a big controlling influence in the S.D. parties.

Then again the Bible in Schools Party, composed of booze busting parsons, as well as sky pilots, who stand by the saloon, at the elections stood shoulder to shoulder, for

"Jesus' sake," and so were responsible for a split in the ranks of prohibition politicians who refused to entertain the Bible in Schools proposition. It was indeed funny to see a Massey candidate in a number of instances standing for the tote, the tangle, the Bookies, and the Boozie thereby securing support from bookies, welschers, tote men, publicans, and others of the "unregenerate" as well as from churchianly klutians.

Mr. Editor, isn't the whole game sufficiently hypocritical to make His Satanic Majesty turn somersaults in Hell?

Single Tax, Freetrade versus Protection, and scores of other side issues, were used to bewilder the workers, not forgetting scores of figure jugglers, word jugglers and peregrinating gasometers of the S.D. type. Is it any wonder that the none too brainy wage plug becomes so bewildered, that he fails to see the wood for the trees?

Is it not easy to realise why the fool worker has become a political shadow sparrer instead of keeping his eye on the substance which alone matters?

One of the most dastardly electioneering tactics of the Liberal Party's press in this country was the use of the editors made of the murder of nearly 50 miners at Huntly. Of course in order to strengthen Ward politically, the Lib-Lab editors put all the blame on to Bill Massey's Government as "tools" of the Huntly Coal Pioneers, oblivious of the fact that they, when the Huntly miners were on strike, and their blood dipped pens to assist the Huntly Coal Barons. At a matter of fact "Yours, etc." has been sojourning among special constables and farmers in the country, and has found many of them real good fellows and intelligent, but chloroformed with and misled by Tory dope from Tory and Liberal newspapers alike.

I held economic classes and engaged in discussions on "Divine" versus "man-made" laws, which resulted, I believe, in doing some good. I also had the pleasure of an economic tussle with a visiting politician on Marx versus Year Book, and the results of my propaganda proved to my mind that the farmers are real good material from the propagandist's standpoint.

The Social Democratic middle-class snobs, small landlords and S.D. "State-ownership" dope fiends and official fakirs have been busy disseminating lies as to the alleged virtues of the Australian hard-labor Governments, but many of the real rebels here have been putting the economically ignorant mugs wise to the game through the columns of the press—thereby dispelling ignorance. "State ownership, class Capitalism, and the 'Relative Wage' questions cannot be analysed too often.

But we keep on smiling.

W. J. BELL.

The I.W.W. Preamble.

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 interest 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 wages 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 capitalism, 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.

The Advancing Proletariat.

By Abner Woodruff, C. E.

Continued from last issue.

The development of the steam engine stimulated invention and, within the last hundred years, machinery has so vastly supplanted hand labor, that the average proletarian attending the machine turns out a product about twenty times greater than the product of the old time journeyman. yet, with all these great modern aids to his productivity, the average proletarian finds himself in a state of poverty many removes below the journeyman. The small factory of the earliest capitalist has become the great industrial plant of group of plutocrats, and the small group of fairly skilled mechanics has become a veritable army of industry. Where formerly the individual touch might be seen upon an article, now the raw material passes in at one end of the machine and the finished article pours out at the other. Everything is thoroughly standardized and no man can say, "I did this—I did that." The individual effort is completely swallowed up—obliterated in the process of production. The workers themselves are grouped according to their peculiar mental or physical characteristics, and guided in their tasks by "scientific" bosses, who prescribe by a fixed rule even the notions of their limbs and their bodies. During the hours of their labor they are no longer thinking men, but mere automatons, performing their functions mechanically and completely dominated by the will of another. By group effort of scientific team work about the machines, the Proletariat earns its bread.

The Proletarians necessarily touch the world at the point of production—their very lives depend upon gaining access to the machinery and processes of production—hence they think in terms of industry. Grouped about the machines they soon come to realize that the bulk of their product goes to the owners of the machines. Any increase in productive capacity does not redound to their advantage, but merely means the displacement of a portion of their number from industry and a consequent effort on the part of those so displaced to return to the machines on any terms that will prevent starvation. The workers yet employed view this event with alarm because they find themselves threatened from two directions: on the one hand, by a possible further improvement of the machines with the subsequent displacement of yet another portion of their numbers; and on the other hand by the displacement of themselves through the return to industry of those previously displaced, whose stomachs have compelled them to agree to yield up a greater portion of the product of toil for the privilege of working. They see a vicious spiral of displacements on which the wage scale constantly descends and, down which they are plunged to ever greater physical exertions, to ever increasing privations, to ever more revolting degradations.

The war amongst the capitalists themselves thrusts large numbers of the defeated into the ranks of the proletariat; the invention of new processes and machines deprives whole sections of the craftsmen of their skill; standardization and improved methods of accountancy and management dump numerous intellectual workers into the limbo of the unskilled. All of which means an absolute increase in the numbers of the absolutely dislocated—the "army of the unemployed." Machine production, the great levelling influence of the age, looms fierce and gaunt. It is master and decides all things for all men.

Property—either material, or in the form of a specialized skill—has ceased to exist for the Proletarian; access to the machine is the sole basis of his life; and following the loss of the property idea comes a complete revolution in the

mental attitude of the worker. Man becomes the dominant factor and all his problems are again translated in terms of Human Rights. He denies the right of the machine or the owner of the machine to longer hold him in subjection. He seeks a way to seize the means whereby he lives and turn it to his own uses and purposes. He thinks in the terms of a class, for he now realizes his class position and knows that only as such can he hope to survive. He finds that he must attack the structure of a society based on private property and his point of attack is at the point of production, the point where he daily meets his enemy. His whole attitude is one of opposition—opposition to the master class—an attitude utterly subversive of all modern ethics, morals, religions and laws, an utterly Revolutionary attitude.

"The Proletarian is a Revolutionary because he is a Proletarian" and, in order to secure unity and efficiency, he organizes at the machine, the only place where he appreciably functions in the scheme of modern life.

THE PROLETARIAT AND POLITICS.

Any force in society that lacks a constructive program is a useless—a futile force. If it merely defends a set position and does not keep pace with the progress of the age by means of a positive policy of its own, it cannot function for the proletariat; for the proletariat is fundamentally revolutionary; therefore aggressively progressive. An alien class in modern society, it finds itself unable to function agreeably, even tolerably, in conjunction with any other class. Its whole attitude is one of uncompromising antagonism. With the loss of the property idea it also lost the idea of "contract," which is an inseparable feature of the craft unionist property foundation. Clearly then, the craft union, with its circumscribed property and contractual notions, its acceptance of capitalistic proprietorship, its lack of a constructive policy, cannot function for the proletariat.

Political parties, with their method of nose counting, are not acceptable to the proletariat; not only because the economically powerful are prone to disregard the noses of slaves, but because the methods of the ballot box are too much the methods of the mob; and the Proletariat realizes its forces must be marshalled, drilled and disciplined for the duties of production and industrial administration. It realizes that the modern "government" is but a shadow and not a substance—that it is merely a committee acting for the economically powerful—and that it will dissolve of its own motion whenever its economic support is withdrawn. Representation in such a government has no value to the proletariat, since it does not care to trade or traffic with the other classes, for whom it possesses only hatred and contempt.

Furthermore, the Political Party is merely an artificial grouping of people of all classes, united by a temporary agreement of opinion—fickle, uncertain, undisciplined, irresponsible, catering to votes and evaporating its sympathy whenever its popularity is threatened; while the class is an organic division of the people, composed of those subjected to the same economic influences, those who live and work on the same plane of material interest—therefore, constant, stable, harmonious, and capable of discipline and responsibility. These facts appeal with irresistible force to the proletariat, which finds itself in the midst of a continuous and cumulative economic warfare, requiring the constant and harmonious efforts of all its units. Back of the political skirmishes lies a vast economic power. Organization on the field of production is therefore the proletariat's means of expression—there is where it functions—there is where it daily meets its enemy.

That Apocalyptic vision of a future condition known as the Socialist State, or Co-operative Commonwealth, is rather too vague a notion to convey much to the minds of the proletarians, who, living at the base of modern society and functioning at the machinery of production, deal constantly with the concrete. They have neither time nor inclination for speculation, and the usual cry of the Socialist Politician, "Vote the Co-operative Commonwealth into existence at the polls" lacks practicality, so far as they can see, because they, who need that commonwealth, are in a sad minority at the polls through lack of the electoral qualifications, and it

is quite unbelievable that the privileged classes would abate one jot or tittle the power and privilege they now enjoy. The retention of the territorial "State" in the Socialist scheme of social regeneration marks it as a middle class conception, quite in keeping with middle class psychology, and, therefore, largely out of harmony with any conception the proletariat may evolve from its own experience. The representative character of the territorial State does very well for a class engaged in trade and which has heretofore used the state as a medium for adjusting trade frictions, but to a class functioning directly in production and at the mechanical end of distribution, such a State is utterly out of date and useless. The Proletariat proposes the Industrial Democracy—a society based primarily upon production—equality in production coupled with equality in distribution—each necessary industry the equal of every other necessary industry—and it is quite evident that territorial representatives cannot legislate intelligently for the industries. Bureaucratic administration would necessarily result in the Socialistic "State"—democratic participation and control by the people would beset aside—a new slavery would ensue, for bureaucrats are inherently despotic. Further—the State (the primary function of which has always been to protect private property) as an entity set over and above the people, has so long represented the proletarian idea of despotism that any scheme retaining it must surely meet with proletarian opposition.

The machine dominates the lives of the proletariat; therefore the proletarian conception is that, in a society based on universal participation in industry and the benefits of industry, the machine must beneficially influence the lives of all men. Indeed, the major portion of the questions arising in such a society would be automatically settled by the machines, and, among a people living on the same plane of material interest and subjected to the same economic influences, there must arise such a similarity of psychology, such a singleness of viewpoint and unity of purpose, that the moral and religious lives of the people would all rise to the same high and noble standard. In fact, administration in such a society would most probably resolve itself into the collection, classification and dissemination of industrial statistics, and the enforcement of the moral code would be a function of the Industry of Public Health and Sanitation.

Two facts stand out prominently in an examination of modern society: 1st, the Proletariat is the Subject Class, and 2nd, the special function of the State is to keep the Proletariat in subjection. Therefore, any organization of the proletariat as a class must therefore be considered a menace to the privileged classes and be declared illegal. All the activities of the proletariat furthering its program for a new society must necessarily be revolutionary and be beyond the "Law." Therefore, the Socialist Politician's "legal revolution" idea is regarded as absurd by the proletariat; and since the proletariat realizes that all its forces must be closely coordinated and drilled in production and co-operation in order to function in the new society, the idea that the whole economic structure of this present society can be changed by going to the polls once every two or four years is especially absurd.

The proletariat makes no appeal to any but the wage-earning class, though it realizes that the growth of the Social Consciousness among all classes must bring thousands to its standard, whose immediate personal interests would be conserved by an opposite course. It realizes how great a task it is to persuade men against their material interests, and how small the chance is to secure a majority at the polls—a majority, helpless in its strength because undisciplined in co-operation and composed of potentially discordant elements. But more it realizes that the proletariat, operating the machinery of production and really in possession of the wealth of the world is in a position to dictate the terms of life to all society, if it merely secures the consent and co-operation of the members of its own class. It proposes that the ballot box shall repose first in the Union hall, and then in the shop; and one needs only to function in industry to be a voter there. The recently arrived immigrant, who has a "job," is equal to the descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers, who also work for bread.

To be continued.

Comparisons.

It is generally supposed that prostitutes, thieves, policemen and politicians acknowledge their profession to be evil, and are ashamed of it. This is not so. A complete absence of the ethical sense enables these pervers to adopt a view of life which makes their place in the scheme of things seem admissible. To sustain this view they instinctively keep to the circle of those who share their ideas of life and of their own place in it. When we hear a policeman boasting of the people he has been instrumental in goading, irrespective of their innocence or guilt, a politician gloating over some successful chicanery, a thief bragging of his dexterity, or a prostitute priding herself on her success in allurement, we are surprised and revolted, but it is only because the environment of these bye-products of society is limited, and we are outside it.

When our naval or military forces boast of a victory—legalised murder; when the rich boast of their wealth—robbery; when the churches boast of the good they are doing the poor—lying; we do not detect the paradox because these people have a wider environment and we move in it ourselves.

The prostitute and the policeman are economically inseparable, and both are actuated by the same motive, the profitable disposal of their animal perfection. No one selects

a prostitute for her mental endowments, physical perfection is a sine qua non in her profession. Neither are police recruits selected for their mental or moral excellencies, a certain standard of physical development is the determining factor. A deformed prostitute or policeman is as rare as a defunct donkey. And both prostitute and policeman trade on Nature's prodigal gifts of the physical attributes of manhood and womanhood. Both sell their body, and both sell their ethereal substance, their soul, for gain. Both pander to the lust of mankind, the lust of power and the lust of the flesh. Both have the fewest real characteristics of their respective sexes, and both wonder what people mean when they talk of conscience.

The moral aspect of life is unknown to them, and the sense of honor is merely an undeveloped instinct in their souls.

Between the thief and the politician the community of interests is even closer. Both live on the labor of others. Both have the faculty of acquisitiveness abnormally developed, and both are shameless and audacious liars. Congenital kleptomaniacs, their itching fingers lead them incessantly into positions from which, at times, even their rhetorical sophistry fails to extricate them. The genesis of both can be traced to Calvary, where the thief was crucified beside the Saviour, the politician having claimed the right of precedence per medium of a rope. Deception, effrontery and cunning are their most

noticeable qualities, they do not know the meaning of moral responsibility, and the remorse that dogs the path of weaker wrong-doers is to them unknown. A genius for prevarication that strikes the gods of the nether regions dumb with envy enables these parasitical excrecences to exist in comparative affluence on the fruits of the labour of others.

Following the same useless routine of existence without knowing, or caring why, or whether it is bound, a mere satisfying of the elementary needs of the body, their mental outlook unpleasantly suggestive of the anthropoid ape, and grouping together in brothels, barracks, gaols and legislative halls, they are a disagreeable reminder that the processes of evolution tend towards the development of the predominant instinct of any type irrespective of the ethical value of that instinct.

PLANEUR.

Fellow-workers J. B. King, M. McGurn and Steve Viaks left Sydney with £60 of literature, on the 2nd of January, for the West. Locals requiring King's services, are requested to get in touch with the Fremantle Local, who will supply information, etc.

F. W. McMillan, in a letter to the Editor, says that he is at Laverton, getting the needful, to go back to Kalgoolie to do some more propaganda for the O.B.U.

Kalgoolie's Line of Lode

The wealthy class they often say,
There is work for those who try,
And repeat the phrase so often,
Till they believe the ancient lie.
To all of you who disbelieve,
Their doubts will soon explode.
If they will only take a walk
Along Kalgoolie's line of lode.
From north and south they come in scores,
And search through mill and mine.
It don't require a Sherlock Holmes
To know that they are on the hunger line.
And as they beg the right to work,
The boss looks real annoyed.
He gruffy mutters, "Not to-day,"
To the starving unemployed.
And you who work below the ground,
Two thousand feet or so,
When your tired limbs are aching,
And your strength is getting low,
Across your brain will flash a picture,
Of a large and hungry mob,
Who, with eager lynx-eyed movements,
Are looking for your job.

Then you ply your hammer quick-ly,
And you blindly sweat and moan.
You consign the boss to blazes,
And curse the hardness of the stone.
You weakly wish that you were dead,
You humble servile toad,

You fear the mighty multitude,
Who tramp Kalgoolie's line of lode.

When you've been toiling all the month,
And you find you've earned a cut,
You call the boss some filthy names.
But, ah! your lips are shut.
You daren't let him hear you,
No matter how you feel.
You know the fellow out of work,
Is right upon your heel.
Each day your task grows harder,
Still in your brain will lurk,
A manly thought, that you'll rebel
But you dread the getting-out-of-work.
Then you crush the rebel spirit,
You cringe and force a smile,
And kiss the hands that wield the whips,
In Kalgoolie's Golden Mile.

You profit-grinding sweaters,
You have had us down for years
We will exact a heavy penalty,
For all the blood and tears.
When the toilers own the earth,
And rule from sea to sea,
We will pay you out with interest,
In the days that are to be.

Red commercial war is raging,
Far across the fleecy foam,
There is one wanta badly waging,
A damned sight nearer home.
Workers, kill your silly hatred,
For the German or the Turk,
Fight for shorter hours and better wages,
And the right to live and work.

TOM McMILLAN.

"The Clarion Call."

AN OPEN LETTER TO ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

(By W. A. Kennedy, in The Spur.)

Dear Robert—Of late years you have surprised us. Your influence is great and far-spread. You have used it to the extent of war-fever. You have gone military-mad. In recent numbers of the Clarion—to put aside your Daily Mail and Weekly Dispatch contributions—we read such sentiments as follows:

"We are engaged in a life and death struggle. If we are defeated there is an end of the England of Shakespeare, Cromwell, Nelson, and Dickens. But, of course, we are not defeated. The race is sound. Britain is not degenerate. . . . to prevent the unthinkable world—calamity of the Empires' break up, the entire manhood of the nation will rise in arms. Ere our beautiful land is laid waste, and our heritage of liberty lost, come Freeman, come."

The above is culled from the Clarion of August 28th last. In your issue of September 4th, the article on the front page, opens as follows:—

"It is the duty of every British citizen during these days of trial, to support the Government, and especially Lord Kitchener and Mr. Winston Churchill."

In the same article occurs the passage:—
"Were the majority of our young men slackers, and afraid to fight, the Empire would not be worth fighting for. But it is worth fighting for, and the people will fight, and win."

Which prepares us for the following conclusion:—

"Speak to them in plain and naked words. Tell them, Germany is out to boss them, and they must fight or be bossed. Tell them the war is here, and it is not a thing to talk about, but a thing to tackle. Tell them what the Tommies are doing, and what the fellows the Tommies are. But that is too difficult. What words could do justice to Tommy Atkins? There never were better soldiers, nor better men."

Thus you sound the "Clarion" call to battle. Thus you urge us to take up arms; to use these arms to kill, and to slay—not our oppressors: not the tyrants who take away our freedom; rob us of our wealth; condemn us, and our beloved ones, to everlasting slavery and the continual torture of semi-starvation; who herd us into hovels, stifle our aspirations, laugh at our efforts to climb from out of the pit, and who kick us down again, aye, and keep kicking us when we are down, lest we dare to rise again.

It is not to wage war on such tyrants as these, that you sound your present call. No; it is to shoot and to kill our poor fellow-slaves, our brothers and sisters in misery, who live across the sea, and to whom we have sworn—sworn by the blood of the martyrs of our common cause—an everlasting bond of brotherhood and comradeship. Why should we fight?

"To save the England of Shakespeare, Cromwell, Nelson and Dickens." Man, you are playing with names. Since when has the land of Dickens been that of Nelson? Do you know nothing of the misery of the people under the rule of the borough-mongers whom Nelson served? Have you not heard of the press-gauged crews, the suppression of the press, the riots and the Clerical vice-societies? If you mean a land of freedom and culture, we know naught of this land. We know but little more of Nelson and Cromwell. We have been too busy seeking bread, to know aught of our national literature or historical characters.

"To prevent the unthinkable world-calamity of the Empire's break up."

The Empire is nothing to us. The Empire does not give us food. The Empire does not give us clothing or shelter. The Empire is less than nothing to us.

"Ere our beautiful land is laid waste, and our heritage of liberty lost. Come, Freeman, come."

We do not know if our land is beautiful. We have not seen our land. We have no land. We have no Freeman. It was mockery to call us Freeman. It was an insult to call us Freeman. We are slaves; born in slavery; reared in slavery; and will die in slavery.

We have no duty towards the Government that betrayed our miners; that mobilised its soldiers to blacken on our railwaymen; that shot us down at Belfast, Liverpool, and Dublin. This, and much more such as this, the Government has done for us. We have no duty towards the Government. The Empire is based on murder and robbery. The Empire is based on slavery. We have heard of India. We have heard of strike-breaking in Australia. We remember South Africa. The Empire is not worth fighting for.

These are our beliefs. These are the truths you have taught us. In former times, you were wont too state in simple yet eloquent language, that:

"There is no way for the body to be healthy, no room for the soul to breathe and expand, in the slums, in the factories, in the markets, and exchanges, and drinking-pans, and casinos, the political clubs and Bethells of our great industrial towns have not only ceased to possess their own thinking room. It is of the English people. Over all is the shadow of fear—the fear of failure and the workhouse."

Again you wrote:

"A populace singing 'Britons never, never, never shall be slaves,' yet not so much as daring to put their thoughts into words for fear lest they should lose their jobs."

And finally, the following, to give the lie to your present references to "our beautiful and":

"At present the people of the manufacturing towns have not only ceased to possess their own country; they have ceased to know it. They never see England. They see only back walls, chimneys, smoke, and cinder heaps. They are unable to so much as conceive the fairness and sweetness of England. They are strangers and aliens in their own land."

These words, Robert, are equally as true to-day, as on the day they were written. Our bodies have no way to be healthy; our souls have no room to expand. We remain in continual fear, and dread, and misery. We are slaves, and strangers, and aliens, in this, our land.

FREMANTLE ACTIVITIES.

Things are proceeding along merrily. New members are being enrolled slowly, but surely—which means that the gospel is spreading. We are at present negotiating for a room, for a permanent headquarters, in this town of blissful ignorance. The boys are eagerly awaiting the arrival of fellow worker King.

On Tuesday, the 17th December, fellow-worker Giffney read a paper on the "Church and Labor," after which there was a very interesting discussion. The general consensus of opinion being that the views expressed, in the present juncture, our energies

should be directed on to the oppressed were right, but that at the same time, which would provide a more fertile field for sowing the seeds of discontent, than on the barren wastes of Labor's age-long enemy, the Church.

The workers in Fremantle are displaying their ignorance by refusing to work with German and Austrian unionists. But the same workers may be converted into militant industrialists by sufficient I.W.W. propaganda.

The revolutionists in Fremantle send their fraternal greetings to the fellow-workers who are carrying the banner of Industrial Union in other parts of Australia.

N.G.

Price of Commodities the Price of Ignorance.

The prices of all commodities are soaring skywards with increasing regularity rendering the position of wage-workers ever more acute. The one commodity, the price of which, however, far from increasing, has rapidly declined, is labour-power. While the war serves as a convenient excuse for the general rise in prices, the master class seizes upon this same excuse to reduce the price of labour to the lowest possible minimum. This is the one commodity for which no section of the master class will tolerate a rise. Increased prices during the past few years in Australia have been credited by the capitalist press to the higher wages which the workers were supposedly receiving. Now that there has been a wholesale reduction in wages, both relatively and absolutely, one would think that the "cause" being removed, prices would immediately fall. The capitalist economic spokesmen are, however, dumb on this point. Indeed, only a few days ago the "Telegraph" trotted out the same hoary old chestnut of high wages meaning high prices, in a leading article on the price of fruit. Tons of fruit is yearly wasted because, according to the "Telegraph," the grower cannot afford the high wages and other charges "necessary to placing it on the market. If the air we breathe were cornered by the capitalist class and sold at so much per bottle to a half suffocated world, the "Telegraph" would assuredly say that the whole trouble was attributed to the high wages demanded by the "air-bottlers." This capitalist scribe, who appears to be much troubled because the people of Australia do not eat as much fruit as is good for them, overlooks a few facts of economic history, one of which is that thousands of tons of fruit are yearly destroyed in Australia and elsewhere for the express purpose of raising prices or preventing a decrease. Once more is illustrated the baneful effects of the profit system in which the workers starve in the midst of plenty—not because of decreased efficiency, as we are sometimes told, but because by their industry they have produced more than their masters can profitably market.

High prices, low wages, unemployment, and other evils of a like nature, are evils inherent in the capitalist system, the system which places profit before human welfare, and while that system exists there can be no permanent remedy. It is to the interests of Profit and Co., their economists and politicians, to mislead the workers as to the true cause of their economic ills. Their welfare depends upon how long the workers remain economically blind. All kinds of side issues are raised for the purpose of throwing dust in the eyes of the working class to conceal from them their real status in capitalist society. Their economic welfare, in the last resort, does not depend upon high prices or low prices, Tariffs or Taxes, Commodity Commissions or Courts, but upon the power of their industrial organisation to wrest from the master class more of the wealth which their labor produces. With the methods of Craft Unionism, and the cringing spirit underlying it, that power to-day may be set down at zero; and while it remains so all the paraphernalia of capitalism, abovementioned, will be used in the interests of the economically powerful as opposed to the economically weak. All the institutions of society are mere puppets in the hands of the dominant Economic Power. Does not the war prove that, you workers? Where were Parliaments, where was "Democracy," here were the Arbitration Courts and Peace Tribunals when the Armament Trust and the competing capitalist interests of Germany and Great Britain let loose the dogs of war? The mere possession of wealth gave them power to drown a continent in blood. Do you not recognise, you toilers, that it is you, and you alone, who have something more powerful than Wealth, that is, THE POWER TO PRODUCE IT. Until you learn to organise that Power scientifically, your lives, socially, economically, and physically, are at the disposal of the Master Class. Study Industrial Unionism, and be masters of your own lives.

T. GLYNN.

Sydney Activities.

The economic and speakers' class are well attended, and everything generally good.

Christmas has been very busy for the Press Committee, who have turned out, exclusive of paper, 16,000 pamphlets.

Several of our more active speakers have left for other fields, but other speakers are coming along that will be able to hand out the goods.

The activities have been well sustained during the holiday season, and many old members have called in, to square up their cards, and talk over the questions of organisation, etc.

The shop meeting will be conducted in future as usual, as this mode of propaganda is very successful in getting the workers wise to their position.

LITERATURE OFFER.

The Press Committee has been very busy lately, and have on stock several new and interesting pamphlets.

"Revolution and the I.W.W.," by Frank Chester Pease, is one of the clearest and most convincing pieces yet issued by the advanced movement. Price, 3d.

"I.W.W. Song Book," containing 32 songs, including all the favorites that are sung all over the world. A great thing for breaking new ground. Price, 3d.

"Sabotage," by W. C. Smith, is a remarkably simple and convincing pamphlet, which deals with Sabotage and its philosophy and application. All should read it. Price, 3d.

"The Advancing Proletariat," by Abner Woodruff, is a well-written history of the genesis, and development of the proletariat. It describes the effect of the machine on the trades unions and crafts, and shows the rise of that modern day phenomenon, the unskilled, propertyless working class. Price, 3d.

"Industrial Unionism," by Vincent St. John, is a splendid primer for a beginner. It describes in simple language the structure of the I.W.W. Price, 1d.

These five pamphlets, which are all printed in Sydney, will be forwarded post free, on receipt of a postal order for one shilling. Send now, and help build up the press of the I.W.W.

Adelaide Activities.

Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at Oddfellows' Hall, Mooltas street, off Flinders-street.

Educational classes are held each alternate Wednesday, and all workers are requested to attend.

The fee for membership is 2/6. Dues 1s. per month.

Slaves interested in bettering their conditions should attend our open-air meetings, which are held opposite Coopers, Victoria Square every Saturday night.

Any further information desired will be furnished on request by Secretary-Treasurer.

R. M. ROSE,

64 Angus-street,

Adelaide, S.A.

Up-to-date Library and Reading-Room

Important.

Fellow workers and locals are invited to send in reports of activities, news items, and short snappy articles. Above all, don't send long, windy articles about nothing in particular, as the writers are bound to be disappointed. Anything of a personal nature will not be entertained, although criticism is always welcomed. The first idea of the organisation is to propagate the tactics and structure of the I.W.W., and, therefore, necessarily, this paper will express those ideas primarily.

Should any subscribers fail to receive acknowledgement of their subscriptions the receipt of "DIRECT ACTION" will be equivalent to such.

Should any subscriber not receive his paper he should immediately notify Manager, 330 Castlereagh-street.

On the expiration of subscriptions the number of the last issue due subscribers will appear on the wrapper of the paper.

List of Locals in Australia.

Adelaide Local No. 1.—Secretary: Treasurer, S. Drummond, 43 Charles-street, Unley, S.A.

Sydney Local No. 2.—Secretary: Treasurer, Reg. McDonald, 330 Castlereagh-street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Broken Hill Local No. 3.—E. J. KIELY, Secretary and Treasurer, Palace Buildings, Sulphide-street, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Port Pirie Local No. 4.—T. Cherrington, Secy. Treasurer, Ellen St., Port Pirie, S.A.

Fremantle Local No. 5.—Secretary: Treasurer J. O'Neill, Hubbard-street, Fremantle, W.A.

Boulder City Local, No. 6.—Secretary: Treasurer, M. Sawtell, 17 Wittenoom Street, Boulder City, W.A.

Brishane Local, No. 7.—Secretary: Treasurer, C. H. Anlezark, "Mimi," Cribb street, Milton, Brisbane, Q.

N. Z. LOCALS.

Auckland Local No. 1.—G. Phillips, Secy. Treasurer, Kings Chambers; Queen St., Auckland.

Christchurch Local No. 2.—E. Keat, Secy. Treasurer, Madras St., Christchurch.

Dunedin Local No. 3.—Wellington Local No. 4.—H. F. Wrixon, Secretary-Treasurer, c/o P. Josephs, 2 Willis-street, Wellington, N.Z.

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Printed and Published on behalf of the Industrial Workers of the World, by John Hamilton, Chairman of Press Committee, 330 Castlereagh-street, Sydney, N.S.W.