

America's Message.

(By "GAVAH THE BLACKSMITH," in the "Socialist.")

OUR manlier spirits hear and will obey
The Word YOU sent Australia o'er the sea—
"Be true, be brave, be merciful, be free!"
Not you, who, braggart, sent this wan array
Of hell-ships vomiting their Will-to-Slay,
These armored Hates and pallid Envies we,
'Mid rattled mobs and flags hysteric, see
Tarnish the chaste horizon of our Bay:

But YOU we hear, our Comrades of the Cause,
Who face hyæna Mammon in his den:
And YOU, who dared your seas of blood to
spill
To drag the swooning slave from vampire jaws:
Yea, YOU who made the world your debtor,
when
You singed King George's beard at Bunker's
Hill.

Will the Council be Chloroformed?

LAST Thursday's meeting of Sydney Labor Council was remarkable for the somewhat impudent attempt made by the Deputy-Leader of the Labor Party to chloroform the Council delegates.

Will the Council succumb to the chloroforming process?

The president of the Council (Mr. Marshall) opened fire with a statement concerning Mr. Holman's "interview" with the S.M. "Herald" and his own reply thereto. He wanted to make it clear to the Labor Party that the Council intended to deal with union matters in its own way. But he repudiated the idea that there was any split between the Labor Council and the P.L.L. movement. Their quarrel was with individual Labor members, and these they would deal with at the P.L.L. Conference. To such a course the Council would be loyal.

The meeting was inclined to give Mr. Holman a hostile reception, but a "conciliation" policy prevailed, and the volatile mouther of middle-class platitudes told of his utter astonishment (his alarm was visibly betrayed) when he read

Mr. Marshall's rejoinder to his "Herald" interview. He repeated certain statements concerning the I.W.W., and once more unblushingly betrayed his unpardonable ignorance concerning the Industrial Union movement. It was not the Council he had attacked, he almost wailed, but those delegates who belonged to the I.W.W. (The fact that there is no I.W.W. in Australia, and that there are less than half-a-dozen I.W.W. Club members on the Council, was too small a matter for Mr. Holman to worry about.)

Challenged by the Wharf Laborers' delegate, Mr. Maguire, to name the particular delegates against whom he had levelled his charges, Mr. Holman floundered in a hopeless bog.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, wildly, "what has that got to do with me!" (The politician evidently reckons its a dastardly thing to be asked to furnish the names of individuals against whom he directs all sorts of reckless charges.)

With unconvincing weakness Mr. Holman proceeded to reiterate his protest that he had never attacked the Council. In order not to create friction, the Labor members had kept their mouths shut, and for that reason had even refrained from defending

themselves from the malicious attacks which had been made on them.

"You didn't keep your mouth shut at the Centenary Hall," shouted the irrepressible Maguire—an interjection that was cheered by many with a lively recollection of a broken strike and victimised strikers; while it was resented by Mr. Holman's friends.

When the uproar had subsided, the deputy leader went on to say that he wasn't there to champion the Labor Party re the Sledgehammer Law and the breaking of the strike; elsewhere he would be willing to do that. [The Internationals have offered him an excellent opportunity. Will he take it?] With regard to the strike, at the worst the party had been guilty of an error of judgment. They should not worry over the past, but should so arrange matters that in the future no such clash as had recently occurred could take place. He invited the Council to appoint six delegates to meet six members of the Labor Party to discuss the situation, and to endeavor to draw up a scheme that would recommend itself to both sides. But he wanted to meet them privately, with the press excluded.

Mr. Holman believes in the

efficacy of the secret meeting.

At this stage Mr. Keegan asked to be allowed to make a personal explanation re the I.W.W., of which he was an advocate, but his application was voted down. The diversion caused by this incident gave Mr. Holman an opportunity (which he was swift to seize) to back away from an ugly situation.

A Councillor angrily—and rightly—protested that it was a disgrace that a delegate should be refused a hearing, after having listened to Holman, who was responsible for a mass of trouble.

Keegan and other aggrieved delegates should have insisted on their right to speak to the motion for a vote of thanks to the Strike Breaker—and the things they had to say should then have been served up with something stronger than cayenne.

Will the Council succumb to the chloroforming process?

Every "Review" reader will await for the record of events to furnish the answer.

Of course, the Labor Party has a carefully-planned scheme ready—just as it had a scheme when it held the midnight conspiracy in the turret room at the Trades Hall on that eventful night of the Tram Strike period; just as it had a scheme when its

members poured their terror-tales, their coward-pleadings into the ears of the bewildered strikers on that historical and tragic Wednesday.

Then the Chloroform worked. Then the Scheme prevailed. Then the Schemers, victorious, justified to the last degree the claim of their misnamed Labor Party to rank as the conscious expression of the industrial desires and political objectives of the slave-driving, sweating Middle Class.

It is not true that "history and past experience show" that the Socialist organisation "must result in a revival of despotism." Neither history nor past experience can show any such thing for the reason that Socialist organisation never existed before, or could be contemplated.

Man does not move from one social system into another because he likes to, but because he must. Social development forces him to. Man now stands where the roads fork. One road leads to the total enslavement of the workers, the other to the Socialist Commonwealth. Co-operative production compels organisation. Despotism is out of the question when the choice of officers lies with the masses.—N.Y. "People."

An absolute monarchy is a State where the people are controlled.

A constitutional monarchy is a State where the people are cajoled.

A bourgeois republic is a State where the people are sold.—PAUL KRUGER.

The capitalised value of the land privately owned in Great Britain is estimated at the enormous sum of £2500,000,000. And every penny of it stolen by the class that makes laws to punish petty thieves with imprisonment.

What does it matter to the capitalist whose flag flies, so long as he owns the fools who fly it? He hates the Red Flag only because he knows that when it floats triumphant man ownership will be at an end.

Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving to be called a failure.—George Eliot.

Sydney "Worker" prints a half-column eulogy of the catering firm of Sargents, Ltd. Will the "Worker" now furnish a detailed statement of the wages paid to Sargents' employees and the hours and conditions of employment?

WANDERINGS & WONDERINGS

(By "Super.")

My feelings, I presume, are my own. That is the reason, evidently, why feelings have a way of getting hurt. In which there's a moral if you wish it. Whatever my preemptive right to my feelings, it is a fact that my personal appearance was everybody's business. In which there's another moral, an you please to search.

My invasion of "The Heights" was on Local Superintendency matters. The male section of the Heights population was almost invisible. Business was big at the football grounds, no doubt. Sundry members of the feminine half hung over other folks' verandah rails, and wondered "what the man was selling." The young hopefuls, at marbles in the gutters, were confident that the bundles of red-covered "Review's" were patent medicine almanacs, and their requests of "Give us one, mister," were frequent and free.

I gazed pensively at the grimy door, whereon several generations of children and other destructive people had left their marks. While I pondered over the mysterious initials, and little sums in addition, which decorated this ready reckoner sort of a door, and gazed with awe and admiration at the Chinese hawk's hieroglyphic signs of warning to his compatriots, a gentle voice from heavenward intimated itself—like a steamer's siren—into my meditations. It said, "Well, what do you want?" As a musical movement, it would have either delighted—or killed—our worthy bandmaster. It was something like a suspension bridge. Starting with a shriek, it

did the diminuendo trick till half-way over, then shot upward again—and paused for a reply. In the course of time it came home to my feeble understanding that the melody aforesaid rippled from the lips of a lady of uncertain age; also, of uncertain complexion—one-and-six a box post free, with a "Beautiful-for-ever" guide book gratis. At the risk of a vertebral dislocation I discovered the lady trying to balance herself on the first-floor balcony rail. While the complexion rained into my glass eye, I humbly enquired if Comrade Donaguy were at home. The peroxidised lady didn't know him, never did know him, and didn't want to ever know him.

Apologising for having interfered with her beauty sleep, I wiped the rouge from my eye lashes, and moved on.

At the next house, a grimy little article, which disdained to disclose its sex, produced a voice of stentorian volume in informing its mother, "M—m—m, there's a m—a—n at the daw—r—r." The weary mother plodded up from a subterranean region, and politely thanked me, and smiled as I handed her a "Review," told her my business, and expressed the hope that she would, with her husband, attend the Sunday lecture at Winston Hall, and send her little ones to Sunday school also held at Winston Hall. A short talk disclosed the same old story, "The poor ye the same old story," Slackness have always with you." Rackness of work, sickness, rack renting! The same old story! The same damned old story!!! Would there were a Hell to receive the human—or inhuman—causes of the same old story. The old story that is written in letters o

blood, in brands of shame, in the most awful characters in which it is possible to depict the facts. The story of pestilence, of famine, of murder, of infamy, of debauchery—the story of *Hell*.

And at Pott's Point and Government House they cry, "On with the dance! Let us turn night into day. Why need we care? The proletarian fools will give us the wherewithal for another dance, another riot, another orgy of shame, for to-morrow, and again to-morrow, and still to-morrow. Rot! Pooh! Nonsense! It's the same old story. Why don't they work? What! can't get work? We know. They don't want work. They want us to keep them. Who keeps us, did you say? How dare you, insolent! Are we not of the upper classes? Do we not own everything, and do we not kindly give the lower classes a little work now and again? Ah, well, as to pay; you see, labor is worth only what it will bring in the open market, and, er—capital, of course, must be recompensed. There, run away, my man; my neighbor's wife is awaiting me, in a quiet spot."

My spirits are depressed by my experience on the Heights, and the soul within me cries, "How long, oh man, how long." Oh, the sordidness, the poverty, the broken lives, the unsexed men and women, the tainted children, the dismal tenements, the reeking walls, the horrors of the Heights. Yet all is not weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. The resuscitatory powers of resistance to evil, the mutual helplessness, the unpublished charity, the depths of filial affection, and the slow—but sure—moving of the revolutionary propaganda, among the workers of the Heights. The position has its

humors. To the loving student of humanity, each individual is a human document worthy of his close perusal.

Withal, my spirits are depressed, knowing that, as I know, the people have the power to change the face of affairs now. What should be said of the thirsty man who feared to drink of the sparkling stream? Yet the people's problem is just as easy of solution, and with as little need for fear.

It is not necessary to cite any more individual cases. These little experiences on the Heights drive still further home that one great necessity, Organisation. It must be Organise, Organise, and still Organise. Individuals may do good work outside of Group membership, but the power and knowledge of the individual increase when he or she joins the body. Personal feelings must not be allowed to interfere with the scope of the Socialist propaganda. Every Socialist must sink self and submit to the great disciplinary organisation. Our cause does not sink or swim upon the merits or demerits of any individual, either inside or outside of its ranks. The great principle of Socialism is well established and must prevail. There is no conceivable force that can combat its progress, with the remotest hope of success. Socialism is not based upon sensationalism or sentimentalism. It is built upon pure cold logic. It is not upheld by rhetorical rhapsodies or frenzied phraseology, but by cogent arguments. So logical, so cogent, is the reasoning of Socialism that the capitalist counsel have assumed the pettifogging methods of "No case. Abuse the other side."

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A Country Paper's Views.

The following, from Molong "Argus," is interesting:—"Mr. Holman and Mr. Beeby are being severely handled by a large number of unionists in Sydney, owing to their attitude during the late tramway strike. The Socialist Party are organising with a view to ousting certain Labor members at next election. As on many occasions the "Argus" has pointed out, there is but little in common between the Socialist and Labor Party ideals. The Socialists and the Labor Party are at daggers drawn, and the former are putting forth such an amount of propaganda work that the additions to their ranks are becoming very numerous. The aggressiveness of the Socialists will, ere many years have gone by, force the more liberal men in both the present Labor and Reform Parties to unite on a common basis. The extremists of the former party will go over to the Socialists, whilst those of the latter will quietly drop out of the public arena. The Socialist Party is a growing one, and only a person blinded with prejudice would deny that it is a virile party which is making converts every day. It is an aggressive party that is using both pen and platform in a most effective manner to propagate its opinion and ideals, and its attack upon the Labor Party will do much to open the eyes of the people to the fact that the brand of Socialism for which the Labor Party at present stands cannot hope for anything but hostility from the International Socialists. The growth of the Party will compel all but the extremists in the old parties to

unite ere many years have passed away. We notice that the "Daily Telegraph" has at last recognised the fact that the Labor and Socialist parties have nothing but hostility for each other." The "brand of Socialism" the Labor Party stands for is ownership of certain public utilities by the Class State, as against ownership and control of the means of life by the people—advocated by the Socialists.

King Edward recently paid an official visit to Bristol. The local loyalists celebrated the occasion by distributing "alms to the aged poor," the said alms consisting of eighteen pence worth of groceries. Bristol isn't a very big town, as towns go in England, but over 11,000 old people were found poverty stricken enough to claim the dole. Opponents of royalty will please consider themselves crushed again. If Great Britain didn't keep a king, and pay him £500,000 a year, those poor old folks wouldn't have had that eighteen penn'orth of joy and bacon to brighten their declining days.—"Clarion."

According to the "International Socialist Review," an attack will shortly be made on working-class constituencies at present "misrepresented by the bogus Labor Party." Seems as though there's a hot time ahead, politically.—Molong "Argus."

A hiss is what you always hear when the waters of truth drop on the fires of Hell.—Henry Clay.

Indecision is indeed a solitude; you have not even your will to keep you company.—Victor Hugo.

The Passing of the Brute.

(From Q. "Worker.")

LONG long ago Man was a perfect Brute. He possessed no faculties save such as belonged to the brute species.

Yet within the range of the beasts his career had been one of progressive development. He had fought his way with tooth and claw from low down in the scale of power to the very top.

Physically handicapped by nature in the battle for supremacy, this deficiency had been more than made up to him by a gift of cunning not shared by his beast competitors.

One after another he vanquished them. The war was incessant and merciless. Often, hard pressed, Man strove for his life, and only after many a desperate struggle on the verge of defeat was his superiority established.

Under this fierce pressure cunning crystallised into intellect. Man began to invent. The stone axe and knife rendered him tenfold more formidable. Then the discovery of fire made victory sure. From that momentous hour the subjugation of the beasts was inevitable. Man

the brute, with creation under his feet, was ready, flame in hand, to climb upward and give battle to the gods.

Yet many ages passed before the old beast instincts in him subsided sufficiently to enable him to become much more than a particularly dangerous kind of animal.

During thousands of years he fought with unabated ferocity, though now his enemies were chiefly of his own kin, the beasts having drawn back snarling and beaten from human haunts to the fastnesses of forest and mountain.

He fought as fiercely and pitilessly as before, but now the fever of war was alternated with spasms of hatred of war—the earliest system of a germinating soul.

His weapons improved. The flint gave way to bronze, the bronze to iron. The spear evolved from the knife; the bow was devised, to fling the spear, and stab from afar. Then came the firearm, and Man's power of slaughter was terribly multiplied. Murder, from a passion, became a science, and devastation boasted its text books.

But presently a new struggle began. The germ soul in Man flourished amazingly, and the time arrived when it was strong enough to issue

commands. "Thou shalt not do this," it said. The spiritual in him declared war against the brute in him.

They strove together, the Soul and the Brute, as light and darkness strive, merging their beings into each other at the point of conflict, as though they loved each other, while nevertheless the battle was to the death.

That was so long ago that history, old as she is, cannot recollect. And the fight has continued right down to our day, with varying fortunes, sometimes the Soul in the ascendant, sometimes the Brute.

It is going on now, that battle in Man, and it would appear, from many indications, that at present the Brute is more than holding its own.

Never was physical force more shamelessly paraded and appealed to as the highest law. The man ape is with us still, only now he wears a uniform, and his club is changed for a gun that kills at ten miles, and shakes the heavens with its vengeful discharges.

The visit of the American Fleet is interesting from this standpoint. It is a striking object lesson in what a gorilla can do.

The monstrous military

and naval armament of the nations is the modern expression of the Brute. The furore caused in Australia by the visitation of Yankee Boodle, triple-pated, is the old brute nature breaking out at the pores.

A curious feature of the situation is, that the official representatives of the soul side of Man are now in league with the brute side of him. All over the world the church and the army fraternise.

One result of this unholy alliance is the prominence of the Christian Powers which have most cultivated the murder science: It is the Christian Powers which, when differences arise, let loose the going to decide.

In Christian temples, dedicated to the Soul, the Brute is honored, and prayers are offered up from the altars that OUR Brute may triumph over the Brutes of other nations.

Generations hence, when time has straightened out the complications a bit, the why and wherefore of this unnatural state of things will constitute an absorbing study. Some of us are ready with an answer now,—but in this article we have something else to say.

Readers who have contracted the habit of reflection may ponder over it on their own. Why are the banners of war blessed by the ministers of the "Prince of Peace"? How comes it that the apostles of the God who said, "He that taketh up the sword shall perish," now stand arrayed in the robes of His Service and sanction the sword in God's name?

Never were armies and navies so mighty for evil as today. Never was the burden for their maintenance so crushing. Inquire the reason for this, and you will not have far to seek. It is due to the enormous development of private property held upon a competitive basis.

Life for the individual is a struggle with his fellows for food, and whatever in addition he is strong enough to take. From this fratricidal fray a few emerge with great possessions. Immediately, because they are the cunningest and keenest sighted, they perceive that they have one concern in common; namely, the preservation of what they have won, the driving back of the surging crowd from their gains.

Thus springs the property interest into existence.

Others, more numerous have gained, but a little, yet are as anxious as their more wealthy neighbors to safeguard it. All these are drawn together. And by reason of their superior strength and cunning, and the prestige which their possessions give them, they become rulers in their territory.

Laws are made by them for the protection of their goods and the many accept the laws because the lust for property and the hope of gratifying it are in all, and there is just a prospective inducement to submit to the ordinances of the property owners.

Gradually a social order is built up on this foundation, and in course of time custom, operating through the social institution, confirms the system.

Once this historical nucleus is grasped it is easy to trace the beginnings of militarism.

Property originated in force. It was, however, individual force only. What the strong man seized by his own strength he had to hold by his own strength. But when the property owners drew together as an organized class, then force was organized. And before long they bought into their service many of the propertyless, and so in the lapse

of the generations armies and navies were formed.

Quite early in this evolution of militarism it was perceived that the organized force which had been called into being for the defence of property could just as well be utilised for the seizure of property. And raids upon other clans and peoples became common, and patriotism was curved like a halo round the brow of theft.

The communities that were strong swept down upon those that were weak, and robbed them of their lands, their homes, their liberty.

Empires were lost and won on the battlefield. The foot of the conqueror trod millions into the dust.

All the arts and sciences were pressed into the warrior's service. The poet prostituted the gifts of heaven to sing the praises of the Brute. The painter flattered him, the historian lifted him up to heroic heights. The inventor labored to increase his powers of destruction. The churchman washed the blood from his hands and consecrated his crimes.

Civilisation prostrated itself and worshipped the Gorrilla.

When, in this twentieth century, a whole continent can go mad over the visit of a

fleet of murder ships, it would almost seem that the triumph of the Brute is complete.

Yet there is a great and growing sentiment in the world against militarism today. Never has its like existed before. Observant eyes can see its everywhere manifesting itself. Alert ears can detect the note of deepening firmness and insistence in its demand for peace.

The fraternal spirit of the Socialist movement, penetrating into every sphere of life, is waging war on war.

The workers of the nations, long taught to regard one another as enemies, are coming to recognise that they have no cause for quarrel, and many grounds for mutual aid. Millions now understand that the glory of war is but a blind for plunder, and that men who have much to hope from each other living are sent out to slay and be slain for the profit of Greed. And in that understanding is the doom of war.

The newspapers that wax fat on blood pretend to see in the parade of power the promise of peace. Never has it been so. Challenge provokes challenge, and it is where coats are trailed most that heads are oftentimes broken.

War will be ended, not by

increasing the facilities of war but by the growing perception of the truth that the highest welfare of the human race is rooted in the Brotherhood that all the great Teachers of the earth have inculcated.

It is in the international congresses of the Socialists, where the workers of all countries meet as comrades to discuss modern problems from the point of view of humanity, and not of nationalism, that the peace of the future is developing.

Capitalism is the last stage of the Brute. And mighty though that power appears it is riddled with rottenness, and ready to be shaken to its fall. The signs of its impending destruction evidence themselves in the very atmosphere we breathe. To the quickened intelligence its doom is written across the sky.

The pomp of military and naval demonstrations does not deceive us. They are only the convulsive activities that precede death.

The world still bows to the Brute, because the world still lives in the hour. But the Socialist stands aloof in the calm confidence of one who has prescience of what the morrow will bring forth.

The time is very near when the Brute will be driven to his lair to die.

Labor Party Challenged

A Chance for Mr. Holman to justify the Breaking of the Strike.

THE following letter was forwarded to the Secretary of the Parliamentary Labor Party, Sydney, on Tuesday last, Sep. 1:—

Dear Sir,—Speaking before Sydney Labor Council last Thursday evening, Mr. W. A. Holman, M.L.A., deputy leader of your party, declared that "elsewhere he would be prepared to defend the actions of the Labor Party in connection with the Industrial Disputes Act and the Tramway Strike." I am instructed to forward, through you, a challenge to Mr. Holman, as representing your party, to meet a representative from the International Socialists (Mr. Scott Bennett) in debate, in Sydney Protestant Hall (or any other suitable building), within the next 10 days, the subject of debate to be the Labor Party's actions in connection with the Industrial Disputes Act and the strike; a vote to be taken at conclusion of debate. Expenses of meeting to be equally shared by your party and ours.

Kindly favor me with a reply early this week, and oblige,

Yours very faithfully,
H. E. HOLLAND,
Gen. Sec.

The Stuart-Robertson-Holland debate on the Industrial Disputes Act is still undecided, Mr. Stuart-Robertson not yet having found it possible to fix dates for the two meetings.

GROUP MEMBERS are notified that in future the "Review" will only be sent to Financial Members. Where a member's subscription is one month in arrears, the magazine will be discontinued. This rule will not, of course, apply to members who are infirmal through illness or unemployment.

Other Lands.

AMERICA.

For daring to display a Socialist Flag in the "land of the free, and home of the brave" two Socialists were arrested last month!

The American Socialist Party is about to enter upon a vigorous campaign in connection with the presidential election. In Eugene Debs, candidate for presidency, and Ben Hanford, vice-president candidate, the American Socialists have two of the finest fighters in the American working class movement.

FRANCE.

M. Flassieres, Socialist member of the Senate, boldly challenged the President's recent visit to the Czar of Russia, but was voted down by 282 votes to one.

INDIA.

The editor of the "Swaraj" has been sentenced to 3½ years imprisonment for alleged "sedition."

Paranjpe, editor of the "Khall" of Poona, also received nineteen months for the same offence.

Only a few people in the colonies are aware of the brutal methods adopted by the British Government towards India's millions. That there

is soon to be a serious day of reckoning for England in the near future is very certain.

At Circular Quay, on Tuesday, Mr. W. H. Paice, a member of the Sydney Coal Lumpers' Union, fell between the sides of the R.M.S. India and the collier Mount Kembla, while passing from the India to the collier by means of the boat's falls, and sustained fatal injuries, death resulting almost immediately. Both Mr. and Mrs. Paice were active and earnest workers on the Socialist side in the Darling Harbor campaign; and at Wednesday night's International Socialist meeting a motion of condolence was carried unanimously, and ordered to be forwarded to Mrs. Paice.

The Municipal Council of Rome decided last month to abolish religious teaching in public schools by 57 votes to 3.

Comrades and friends are reminded that tea is served from 4.30 p.m. to 6 p.m. every Sunday at Winston Hall, Sydney.

No political party, past or present, had or has the numerical or intellectual strength possessed by the International Socialist movement. No party has such a glorious ideal to stir it on to deeds of valor, nor has any party the certainty of victory possessed by the Socialist movement of the Twentieth Century.

Children fed from a pig trough! Not in London or New York slums, but right here in N.S.W. That's what Capitalism does for the children of the workers.

Under the Red Flag

SYDNEY JOTTINGS.

THERE was the usual large attendance at Winston Hall on Sunday evening when Scott Bennett lectured on "The Economic, Ethical, and Political Significance of Modern Socialism." In addition to some excellent selections by the band, Mr. Ridgway obliged with a cornet solo, and Mr. Barnett, Miss Alice Williamson, and Miss Bettie Stevenson sang some pleasing solos. The reading for the evening was taken from Snyder's "Science and Progress."

A number have requested that the lecture entitled "Karl Marx and Jesus Christ" should be re-delivered. This, accordingly, will be the subject for next Sunday.

The attendance at the Sunday School, although satisfactory, could be much larger. We again invite parents to send their children to the Sunday School.

The speakers' class meets regularly every Thursday at the Club rooms at 8. Intending members should join at once.

Socialists will learn with regret that Comrade Tillich is lying ill at the Royal Hospital, North Sydney. Our comrade is suffering from appendicitis.

Sunday's Domain meeting was, as usual, splendidly attended. P. J. O'Meara was in the chair, Considine and Scott Bennett being the speakers.

H. E. Holland is about again, and wishes to thank the various comrades and friends, in both city and country districts, for their kindly messages of sympathy and goodwill.

PROPAGANDA FUND.

IMPORTANT—International Socialist Club and Group members are notified that, in future, the Local Superintendents will make weekly calls on Members living in the Metropolitan Area, for the purpose of collecting Subscriptions and Contributions towards the Propaganda Fund, and delivering the "I. S. Review."

Contributions for week ending Saturday, Aug. 29 :

Collector : H. Borax.—M.S. 3d, M.S. 3d, H.U. 3d, C.G. 3d, H.F. 3d, T.S. 3d, T.M. 3d, H.G. 6d, H.M. 3d, E.D. 3d, A.D. 6d, A.S. 6d, E.B. 6d, H.B. 6d, F.M. 6d, L.M. 3d, J.M. 3d, A.B. 6d, H.P. 3d, A.D. 3d, J.B. 3d, P.K. 3d, O.N. 3d, J.P. 6d, M.S. 2 6d, A.Th. 6d, Al. Th. 6d, J.Th. 6d, G.O. 3d, G.D. 6d, K.W. 6d, R.W. 6d, P.W. 6d, R.W. 6d, H.D. 2 6d, O.M. 1/, S.P. 3d.

In future all Propaganda Fund collections will be acknowledged weekly in the "Review."

The International Socialists have sent another large order to America and Great Britain for Socialist literature. There is still a fine collection on hand, and comrades should see that it is well circulated.

Jack London, novelist and Socialist, may pay a visit to the colonies earlier than has been expected. In a letter to the Group secretary a month or two ago, the celebrated writer declared that he was doubtful of being able to pay a visit for a year or more; now, however, there is a possibility that he may be with us a few months hence.

Never forget that to vote for what you want and not get it, is far better than to vote for what you don't want and get it.

At the International Socialist meeting in the Domain on Sunday afternoon, Scott Bennett will speak on "A Parade of Fools."

Socialism at Helensburgh

The "South Coast Times" of Aug. 22 reports:—"A lecture on 'Revolutionary Socialism' had been arranged for last Saturday night at the Helensburgh Workmen's Club. Mr. H. E. Holland, General Secretary of the Socialist Federation of Australasia, was to have been the lecturer, but unfortunately he became seriously ill during the week and wired 'Postponement of lecture inevitable.'" The president of the club (Mr. W. P. Mitchell) filled the breach, and briefly criticised Mr. G. H. Reid's definition of, and arguments against, Socialism. Mr. F. Mawson was in the chair and there was a large attendance. After the address a banquet and social function was held."

The Helensburgh Workmen's Club have since forwarded a message of sympathy to the S.F.A. secretary, and also an intimation that they would be glad to arrange for the delivery of his address at a future date. It is probable that this will take place at an early date.

Will Holman fulfil his promise to defend the Labor Party re the Shaghammer Law and the Breaking of the Strike, by meeting Scott Bennett in debate? That's the question every second unionist is asking himself this week.

By 54 votes to 20 Sydney Labor Council has consented to allow itself to be made a cat's-paw for the Evangelical Council—a crowd of collectively champions the slave-driver and sweater every time.

H. E. Holland has received an invitation from the Barrier Socialist Group to pay a visit to the silver city for propaganda purposes.

The tendency to annex something that doesn't belong to them is so strong in our "upper class" people that when they get aboard the Connecticut they couldn't resist the temptation to steal the silver spoons.

At Newcastle there is a good deal of amused surprise at the fact that the promised debate on the Industrial Disputes Act between Stuart-Robertson and Holland hasn't yet taken place. Well, the fault is not with the Socialists.

The recent elections in Finland resulted in a great victory for the Socialists. Up to the present their vote is 231,072. The Swestomenen got 80,048, the Young Finland Party 82,760, the Finn Party 156,805. The Socialists not merely hold the 80 seats already obtained, but it is probable that many more will be gained as a result of the polling.

R. S. Ross and A. K. Wallace are Broken Hill's representatives on the new S.F.A. Executive. Sydney has appointed Mrs. Lynch and E. Raps.

We desire to draw the attention of readers to the fact that the Rev. Geo. Walters will give a Dickens' Recital in Winston Hall, Sydney, on Friday of this week at 8 p.m. We feel sure that a very large number will avail themselves of the opportunity of spending a very pleasant evening.

Tom Mann has been getting in great work for Socialism at Balarat, Vic.

Thought Seeds.

THE Labor of the mechanical factory puts the wage slave in touch with terrible natural forces unknown to the peasant; but, instead of being mastered by them, he controls them. The practice of the modern workshop teaches the wage-worker scientific determinism, without his needing to pass through the theoretical study of the sciences.—PAUL LAFARGUE.

Socialism may be defined as the application of the Theory of Evolution to the Phenomena of Society. This is what Marx and Engels accomplished, and this is why their work is so thoroughly opposed to the conventional theories current in their time, and so fully in harmony with all the latest achievements in the scientific world.—ARTHUR M. LEWIS.

Ideas do not fall from heaven, and nothing comes to us in a dream.—PROF. LABRIOLA.

When work is assured, when living is certain, then want, cruel want, is in the distance, and every good sentiment can germinate and develop in the heart.

Calmly and coolly we proclaim the doom of the Capitalist System and the Capitalist Class. Firmly and unflinchingly we herald the coming of the Co-operative Commonwealth of economically equal workers. Our voice is the voice of conscious history itself.—FREDERICH UTERMANN.

Revolution is an every day occurrence with the industrial proletarian. He sees processes transformed in the twinkling of an eye.

He wakes one morning to find that the trade which he has learned laboriously has overnight become a drug on the market.—FREDERICH ENGELS.

The great strikes and upheavals of the working people of the Ancient World are almost unknown to the Living Age. It matters little how accounts of five immense strike wars, involving destruction of property and mutual slaughter of millions of people, have been suppressed, or have otherwise failed to reach us; the fact remains that people are absolutely ignorant of those great events.—OSBORN WARD.

If we examine attentively the societies developing at the present day in civilized countries, the present, we find, one common phenomenon. All of them fall into two distinct and separate classes: one class accumulates in utter idleness enormous and ever-increasing revenues; the other, by far more numerous, labors lifelong for miserable wages; one class lives without working, the other works without living—without living a life at least, worthy of the name.—PROF. LORIA.

For our party, and for our party tactics, there is but one valid basis—the basis of the class struggle, of which the Social Democratic Party has sprung up, and out of which it can alone draw the necessary strength to bid defiance every storm and to all its enemies.—WILHELM LIEBKNECHT.

The worker who has a knowledge of the ancient esoteric history of Christianity is not likely to fasten the cross on Golgotha.—USMANN.

LIGHT BEARERS.

By ANNIE WINSOR ALLEN.

BRINGERS of hope to men,
Bearers of light,
Eager and radiant,
Clad in the right,
'Tis from the souls aglow,
Man learns his path to know.
They as they onward go
Bear on the light.

What though they fight to lose,
Facing the night!
Morning will find them still
Seeking the height.
What though this stress and strain
Makes all their hopes seem vain!
They through the bitter pain

Bear on the light.
Brothers of all that live,
They aid us all.
May our hearts, touched with fire,
Leap to their call.
Their voices, clear and strong,
Ring like a rallying song
"Upward against the wrong!
Bear on the light!"

A Simple Statement.

SOCIALISM is a system of human society, based on the common ownership of the means of production and the carrying on of the work of production by all for the benefit of all. In other words, Socialism means that railways, the shipping, the mines, the factories and all such things are necessary for the production of the necessaries and comforts of life should be social property, so that all these things should be used by the whole people to produce the goods that the whole of the people require.

That is no Utopian dream, but the necessary outcome of the development of society. It used to be supposed that anything like the collective carrying on an enterprise was impossible because the personal supervision and control of the owner was necessary to the success of any such enterprise. But we see to-day that the greatest undertakings are those which are owned by joint-stock companies, in which the personal supervision of the proprietors and in which the business is managed and carried on by paid officials, who might just as well be paid by the community to carry on the enter-

prise of the general body of the people as be paid by a few wealthy men to carry it on for their profit.

To-day goods are not produced to satisfy human needs; they are simply produced to provide profit for the class that owns these means of production. It is only for the sake of this profit that the property owning class owns these means of production. As a consequence, we have shoddy and adulterated goods produced. Also, as this profit is simply the difference between the value of the work which the working people do and the amount they receive in wages, the actual producers receive the equivalent of what they produce, and therefore are never able to buy it back again. It happens therefore that, as the machinery of production increases and workmen are able to turn out more goods, they are thrown out of work, and they, with their wives and children, are in want and misery, not because there is any scarcity of things they need, but because there is more of them than those who produced them can buy. Under the present system, therefore, the very increase of wealth is too often a curse to the wealth producers, simply because those

who produce have no ownership in the means of production, and no control over the wealth produced.

Under Socialism, as the means of production would belong to the whole people, the whole people would have control of the things produced. Every increase of wealth then would benefit the whole community. Under the present system increased wealth means increased penury and suffering for the many. Under Socialism increased production would mean more leisure, more wealth, more means of enjoying life, more opportunities for recreation for everybody.

By the discoveries of science, the inventions of genius, the application of industry, man has acquired such power over nature that he can now produce wealth as plentifully as water. There is no sound reason why poverty and want should exist anywhere on this earth. All that is needed is to establish a more equitable method of distributing the wealth already produced in such profusion. That is what Socialists propose to do. The work of production is organised, socialised; it is necessary to socialise distribution as well.

What is to be done to sup-

plant the present system by Socialism; to substitute fraternal co-operation for the cutthroat competition of to-day? The first thing necessary is to organise the workers into a class conscious party; that is, a party recognising that as a class the workers are enslaved through the possession of the means of production by another class; recognising, too, that between these two classes there is an antagonism of interest, a perpetual struggle, a constant class war, which must go on until the workers become possessed of political power, and use that power to become masters of the whole means of production. When that has been achieved, the war of classes will be at an end, because the division of mankind into classes will have disappeared, the emancipation of the working class will have been accomplished, and Socialism will be here.—Socialist "Standard."

There's a light about to gleam,
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight darkness changing

ing
Into grey;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!
—Chas. Mackay.

Under the Red Flag
 *
BROKEN HILL.

Having secured a renewal of its lease of the Hippodrome for Sunday evenings, the Barrier Socialist Group is determined to hold public support to its project. During the week it has had the Hippodrome renovated, and the seats within the enclosure repaired and rearranged, also adding 100 chairs to the seating accommodation. The group is negotiating with several well-known speakers in the Socialist movement to visit Broken Hill for lecturing purpose, and hope that early visitors will be Messrs. H. E. Holland (Sydney), Frank Hyett (Melbourne). In the meantime, as part of the attractive Sunday nights' programmes, Mr. R. S. Ross is to deliver a series of addresses on "Ends of the World," the scenes of which will be respectively France, Turkey, Germany, and England.—"Barrier Miner."

SYDNEY JOTTINGS.

The International Socialist Group's meeting, notwithstanding unfavorable climatic conditions, was very well attended on Sunday afternoon in

the Domain. H. E. Holland (who made his first appearance on the platform after his severe illness), Considine, and Scott Bennett addressed the meeting.

Winston Hall, as usual, was crowded on Sunday when Scott Bennett spoke on "Karl Marx and Jesus Christ." The lecture was very well received by the large audience present. During the evening Miss Hodgson gave an excellent recitation and Messrs. Fisher, Fawl, and Burnett rendered some excellent musical items. Comrade Holland presided.

Group members are reminded that the business meetings of the Group will be held every alternate Wednesday at Winston Hall, 393 Pitt-street, Sydney, in future. The next Group meeting will be held on Wednesday next, and upon the following Wednesday the Group will hold a special in the same hall.

Comrades and friends are again reminded that an excellent light tea can be obtained every Sunday between the hours of 4.30 and 6 p.m.

Readings from the Pickwick Papers at Winston Hall on Friday, Sept. 8th, by Scott Bennett. The subject for next Sunday's lecture will be "Socialism, Nature and Man."

Last Friday evening the Rev. G. Walters favored the

International Socialists with a chicken's recital. All the readings were well chosen and those present thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Other Lands.

AMERICA.

New York "Socialist" appears in a new form, the familiar broad-sheet having made way for a folio production. The change is an improvement.

American S.L.P. has nominated Martin J. Preston (union official serving a long sentence for alleged manslaughter) as its candidate for President. Preston has declined the nomination for various reasons; but the S.L.P. declares that it will run him, in spite of his unwillingness. While doing picket duty for his union, Preston was murderously attacked by an employer, whom he shot in self-defence.

PROPAGANDA FUND.

IMPORTANT—International Socialist Club and Group members are notified that, in future, the Local Superintendents will make weekly calls on Members living in the Metropolitan Area, for the purpose of collecting Subscriptions and Contributions towards the Propaganda Fund, and delivering the "L.S. Review."

Collections for week ending September 5, 1908:

Collected by Comrades Beresford, Beck, and Treasurer:—W.B. 1s,

S.B. 6d, E.J. 1s, T.M. 6d, Mrs. O. 1s, O.E.J. 6d, Mrs. O. J. 6d.

Collected by H. Borax:—M.S. 3d, M.S. 3d, H.V. 3d, Ch. G. 3d, H.F. 3d, Th. S. 3d, H.G. 6d, H.M. 3d, E.D. 3d, A.D. 6d, A.S. 6d, E.B. 6d, H.B. 6d, Fr. M. 6d, J.M. 3d, A.B. 6d, V.U. 6d, H.P. 3d, A.D. 3d, J.B. 3d, P.K. 3d, P.K. 6d, P.N. 3d, J.P. 6d, M.S. 6d, F.S. 6d, Al. Th. 3d, J.Th. 3d, G.O. 3d, G.W. 6d, K.W. 6d, R.W. 6d, P.W. 6d, R.W. 6d, E.W. 1s 6d, H.D. 2s, O'M. 1s, P.D. 1s, J.K. 1s, C. 6d, L.M. 3d, L. 6d, E.R. 6d.

GROUP MEMBERS are notified that in future the "Review" will only be sent to Financial Members. Where a member's subscription is one month in arrears, the magazine will be discontinued. This rule will not, of course, affect members who are unfinancial through illness or unemployment.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST LECTURES.

WINSTON HALL,
 393 Pitt-street, Sydney.

SUNDAY NEXT.

H. Scott Bennett

LECTURES

Subject—Socialism, Nature, and Man.

Selections by the Socialist Brass Band.

Labor on its Knees.

By H.E.H.

AT last Sydney Labor Council meeting, it was announced that the Chief Railway Commissioner, Mr. Johnston, had been asked to receive a deputation from the Council with regard to the men victimised as a result of the collapse of the tram strike, and a curt note from the Commissioner was read in which that official declared that no good purpose could be served by such a deputation, and he would therefore decline to receive it.

The tone of the letter conveyed a snub that was loud enough to be heard all over the Chamber.

The Council, in a subdued sort of way, resented the Commissioner's note, and decided that it would seek an interview with the Premier, and further that it would request every member of the State Parliament to accompany the deputation to the Premier.

So Labor goes on its knees to its bitter class enemies. It is insulted and humiliated by the dictatorial boss who administers the class-controlled State Railways and Tramways—and, although it has some 30 alleged Labor representatives in the State Parlia-

ment, it can't guarantee the raising of a single honest voice of protest and demand on behalf of the victimised men.

And again, on its knees Labor is to plead with the unscrupulous Premier who ordered the mounted troopers out against the tram strikers—mounted troopers, armed, to enforce the pimp system and slavery on the trams—the insolent author of the abominable Industrial Disputes Act. And Labor is to ask the men who sold out the Tram Strikers—the men who raced to the side of Mr. Johnstone for the swifter breaking of the strike—to also plead with Mr. Wade for justice for the victims of Mr. Wade's brutality and their treachery!

The men who sledgehammered Labor to its knees are going to lead Labor—still on its knees—to the footstool of the State Cæsar.

And the result will be still further insult—still deeper humiliation.

Get up from your knees, O Labor!

Know that when you, the proletariat, organise into one great industrial union—when you break down all the barriers of trade and craft—when you write Revolutionary Socialism on your working-class

An Ominous Silence.

THE Labor Party is maintaining a silence that is loudly painful and ominous in connection with the Socialists' challenge to Mr. Holman to attempt to publicly justify the Labor Party's conduct in connection with the breaking of the Tramway Strike and the Industrial Disputes Act. The party evidently fears the result of a public appearance in the metropolis just now.

Two Telegrams.

THE following telegrams, dated September 7, 1908, speak their own message:—

Telegram from Broken Hill Station.—Addressed to Holland, Royal Arcade, Sydney.—Stuart-Robertson says you told him Price and Considine joined Tramway Union sole purpose create strike. Why no debate? Reply paid.—WALLACE.

Telegram from Sydney Station.—Addressed to Wallace, Broken Hill.—Statement re Price and Considine a lie. Can't get Stuart-Robertson agree definite dates debate.—HOLLAND.

To Correspondents.

J.S., Danneverk, N.Z.—Thanks for suggestions, which will be duly considered.

J.A.K., Sydney.—Article on "His Satanic Majesty" not suitable for the "Review." Thanks. The "Review" has no paid contributors—all of its writers do their work voluntarily.

W.R.S., Toronto, Canada.—Will print letter in next issue. Thanks for "copy."

C.O.B., Adelaide.—Forwarding literature as desired. Writing.

banners—the day of the seller-out will be gone, with the system that makes him possible, and the day of the useful, honest worker will have arrived.

Get into the ranks of the uncompromising Revolutionary Socialist movement—that fights for the working-class on every field and upon every occasion. This is the only way. There is no other movement, no other party, for the Working Class but that of International Socialism.

Get off your knees!

On Thursday evening of last week Sydney Labor Council spent the best part of 60 minutes in deciding that it had too much business on hand to spend an hour in listening to an I.W.W. Club speaker on Industrial Unionism. Some rather extraordinary statements were put forward during the debate. One speaker, supporting the amendment to hear the speaker, declared that it was not Industrial Unionism that the I.W.W. Club advocated, but something altogether different; while another urged that the address on Industrial Unionism would help the Council when it eventually reached the work of giving effect to recent Congress decisions in favor of a federation of craft unions!

THE COWARDICE OF POVERTY

By "Super."

Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs it head, and a' that;
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor, for a' that!

Quoth Bobby Burns, the cast-off plaything of a bored and weary aristocracy. He quickly became seized of the truth of the saying that "though poverty be no crime, it is mighty inconvenient." As for daring to be poor, poetic license, no doubt, was the limit of poor Bobbie's heroics.

All the imaginings of the poets, all the moralisings of the sages, all the mouthings of the poscurs, all the tinsel and rouge of a counterfeit stage cannot make a virtue of poverty. It is the common lot—ay, madam, it is common—and we feel shame of it, a cowardly shame, just because it is common. We feel the shame, not of the fact itself, but of others' knowledge of the fact. It is not the poverty that hurts, but its manifestation; and we know that there have been those who, to use a paradox, have bravely died of their own cowardice—have, in short, died of starvation rather than disclose their state to the charitably disposed.

There is the cowardice of the comparatively poor, which is the outcome of *caste*—the cowardice of the reacher-out for a step higher on the social ladder, of the pusher-in-the-crowd, who fears for to-morrow, who thinks that to-morrow will usher in his days of caste superiority, if he but force behind his compeers in the strite. The fool forgets that "to-morrow we die." Live in the present, for, verily, if to-day see battle and sudden death as the result of unequal conditions—to-day, when we

are vigorous and able, shall not to-morrow, becoming in turn the present, see a multiplication of the evils of to-day? Each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.

That is the cowardice of poverty. In comparison, *saute qui peut* speaks the mind of the brave, for, at least, in the hour of defeat on the field of battle, in the hour of threatened annihilation, the spirit of comradeship prevents the thrusting behind of the feeble, of the halt, the lame, and the blind.

There are the poor, the abjectly poor, and the comparatively poor. There are the comparatively poor on £5000 a year, castigated by Marie Corelli, denied Heaven by Jesus the Christ, held to scorn by the sincere souls of all the age. If it be permitted to interfere with the lordly diction of the immortal Will, we may say, "Thus, poverty makes cowards of us all, and thus, the native hue of resolution is sicklied with the pale cast of fear of our neighbors."

The wonder of it is, not that so many are rogues, but that any should be honest. Who shall say that honesty and kindness do not pervade the human spirit. The human spirit, warped and twisted and greyed though it be by the pressure and the screwing, and the muddy waters of environment. So arises the cowardice of the soul. It is the Ego in a fix.

The Way Out? Of what avail the human analysis of Thomas Carlyle, while his "Sartor Resartus" (The Tailor Mended) remains, uncut, upon the shelves, and be not used as a text book in the schools! Of what avail the beauties of the Bible, when the theologian claims the right of interpretation? Of what avail the lessons of History—the doings of our

The Master Paradox.

(By WILLIAM RESTELLE.)

Though it is the working class which makes all the world's clothing, it is the working class which goes shabby.

Though it is the working class which produces all the world's food, it is the working class which goes hungry.

Though it is the working class which builds all the world's houses, it is the working class which goes shelterless in these panicky times.

Though it is the working class which fights all the world's wars, it is not the working class which profits by them.

Though it is the working class which maintains all the world's colleges, it is not the working class who are taught in them.

Though it is the working class, which produces all the world's wealth, it is not the working class which enjoys most of it.

But this sort of talk promotes that evil called "class-consciousness."

The "Review" will probably deal with the subject matter of Mr. Holman's Cootamundra address in next issue.

"Pa, what is a political leader?"
—"A man who is able to see the way the crowd is going, and follows with loud whoops in that direction."
—"Home Herald."

The Industrial Workers of the World Club

Will hold a Public Meeting in the Trades Hall (Room 20), on TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1908, at 8 p.m., to explain Industrial Unionism. Working Men and Women cordially invited.

Others in their "present"—when Angloism, the worship of the Brute, be the teacher's theme. Of what avail the sacrifices of the martyrs, the Damiens, of the hospital nurses, of the X-ray heroes, whose names are nothing to-day, when the world is but a squared stone in an obscure churchyard, a line in the newspaper, or a paltry Civil List pension of a hundred pounds a year. Of what avail a successful strike for better conditions, when the workers be thrust aside by the mates for whose sakes they shared the boss. Of what avail the unions, when they blackleg upon one another. Of what avail anything, if the probable outcome be nothing.

The cowardice of Poverty! "We dare be poor for a' that." Ye gods and Karl Marx! The cowardice that makes the blackleg, that purchases a Sunday (!!) coat, that holds up its nose when it pays a rent, that speeds up its mates for a shilling a day extra wages, that touches its forelock to a silk hat, that says "Sir" to a man it despises, that refuses to allow its babies to play with the babies next door, where they pay a lower rent! MY!! "We dare to be poor for a' that." It's a lie, a double-distilled, diabolically-dyed lie.

How to be brave? Get into the Socialist ranks—that's all.

Let me whisper. It's the other fellows I have been banging at all this time. In the Socialist Groups we do dare be poor for a' that; and it's just because we know why you folks are afraid of one another. It's the fear of the future, the black spectre of a to-morrow that forces you upon the blood-soaked carnage-field of industrial strife.

Now ready—Conference Post Cards—1d.

Victimised Sulphide Workers.

RECENTLY the employees of the Sulphide Corporation at Cockle Creek formed themselves into a union, with the result that every official of the new organisation was promptly sacked, the reason given for dismissal being that the officials had attempted to intimidate the Company's employees into joining the Union. The manager, however, absolutely refused to confront the dismissed men with those against whom the methods of intimidation were alleged to have been employed. The president of the Sulphide Workers Union laid the case of the victimised men before Sydney Labor Council on Thursday evening of last week, and received a unanimous assurance of sympathy and support.

Apparently the employers are beginning to think that, since the breaking of the Tramway Strike by the Labor Party, and the unlimited and unchecked brutality of the victimising scheme of the Railway Commissioners—backed by the unionsmashing Industrial Disputes Act, any victimising outrage will be meekly endured.

It was hinted that the sul-

phide workers would appeal to the Industrial Court—but, after appealing to the Labor Council, which has declared against any appeal to the Court, it is surely not likely that the sulphide workers, suffering from the effects of Labor Party treachery, would be guilty of such an act of disloyalty to organised working-class interests.

S.A. Socialist Party is making arrangements to hold regular propaganda meetings.

Brier "Truth"—an official organ of the Labor Party—says:—"The N.S.W. Parliament did not require much persuasion to take a holiday during the visit of the American Fleet. As it is constituted at present, it would not matter if it adjourned sine die. Even the Labor members are wobblers and strike-breakers."

A fancy dress ball, under International Socialist auspices, will be held in Manchester Unity Hall, Sydney, on Friday evening, Oct. 2. Get ready for it.

Socialists will be pleased to learn that Comrade Tillich is now recovering from his dangerous illness. Tillich has been closer to death's door than few men manage to get without passing right through. And that is a door the Socialist movement can't afford to let Tillich go through just yet awhile.

Before elections Labor is raised upon a pedestal; after elections upon a cross.

SALMAGUNDI.

LOUIS ALEXANDER sold himself into a life-marriage for £200 a year, and then went into court and admitted having committed adultery, and unblushingly declared that when he entered into the marriage contract he had no idea of being faithful to his wife, and further pleaded that the £200 a year settled on him by his wife should not be disturbed by reason of his having committed adultery. The lady who was Mr. Alexander's wife calmly acknowledged that she had bought her husband. And this represents the "morality" of our Australian "upper class"—the crowd that is always wailing and shrieking that if Socialism prevails the sanctity of the marriage tie will be destroyed, and the family and the home be sacrificed. Sanctity of the marriage tie! A husband for £200 a year!

A Problem to be Solved.—If Judas Iscariot received 30 pieces of silver for "selling out" Jesus, how many pieces of silver would it take to reward the politicians who sold out the Sydney tram strikers?

Speaking at a recent Charity gathering, J. S. Larke (Commissioner for Canada) declared that a thing "more beautiful than Sydney harbor" was the fact that one-seventh of the N.S.W. revenue was devoted to benevolent purposes. "It was greater than the prosperity of the State; it was nobler than the hospitality which was becoming a national characteristic. He thought it was the noblest feature in connection with the State." It must have been something of that kind Mr. O'Brien had in his

mind's eye when he told Peter Simple that "flapdoodle" was stuff they fed fools on. Canada should get a new Commissioner. A man who can jubilate over the fact that so many of our people are helpless and destitute that we are compelled to devote one-seventh of the State income to the "benevolent purposes" of modern capitalism, and who can see in it a thing "more beautiful than Sydney Harbor" is only wasting his time as High Commissioner. He ought to have charge of Canada's imbecility department.

Judas Iscariot sold Jesus for quite a large number of bits of silver; and the Sydney "loyalists" who sold themselves into scab slavery on the trams may get something less than £5 per head. There is this in Judas's favor, though: he did have enough self-respect left to go out and choke himself.

At Sydney Railway Refreshment Rooms, waitresses are worked up to 18 hours a day. Sometimes they become so tired that they go to sleep under the counter. And the only remedy that Capitalism can think of is a Wages Board made up of, say, six representatives of the sweated employees; and these are to make conditions that will abolish sweating and slave-driving and long hours and worn-out working girls who fall asleep under counters.

Those Labor members who helped Mr. Johnston to break the Tramway Strike will surely not refuse to contribute to the "scab" loyalty fund.

I.W.W. Club meeting, Trades Hall, Tuesday next, 8 p.m.



Holman, Beeby, & Co. : Their method of helping N.S.W. Workers to fight the Union-smashing Wade Government.

"This is my own, my native land!" "Keep off the grass!" "Trespassers will be prosecuted."—Exchange.

Robert Hollis, M.L.A., reckons Sydney Labor Council is afraid to receive him with the capitalist press present. Well, an easy way out of the difficulty is for Robert to call a public meeting—at which all the press could be represented—to explain his conduct re the breaking of the strike. But it's the public that Robert is afraid of.

Mr. Holman has been telling a pathetic tale re the tram strike to the Cootamundra railway workers.

Libels against the sold-out tramway unionists, Sydney Labor Council, and the International Socialists are safe things for a strike-breaker to utter in a bush town. But why do Mr. Holman and his fellow-conspirators so persistently dodge an appearance before the Sydney public? It is safe to say that they are positively afraid to get in front of a metropolitan working-class audience at this juncture.

Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, is scabbing it on the working class of America, by supporting Bryan the "Democratic" candidate.

The Tramway Strike.

The Labor Party's Action approved by "Barrier Miner."

THE Broken Hill organ of militant capitalism—"Barrier Miner"—has arisen to say a word (in fact, several words) of praise concerning the Labor Party's breaking of the Tramway Strike. The Labor Party should feel exceedingly elated accordingly. The "Miner" proclaims:—

"The issue of the tramway trouble is a striking exemplification of the practical capacity of industrial legislation. The strike of the dissatisfied tramwaymen had in it all the elements of a general upheaval. There was admittedly very much will for this. But the Industrial Disputes Act, with its strike-penalising clauses, effectually stood in the way of the expression of the will, and not only prevented the strike from spreading, as it was intended it should spread, but also quickly forced the tramwaymen themselves back to obedience, and restored the industrial and social peace insofar as it had been broken. It cannot be doubted that the sympathies of a great many, perhaps the majority of the unionists, were with the strikers, and the willingness of those with whom he is in sympathy, even at considerable personal sacrifice and risk, is proverbial. What made the unionist hesitate, and ultimately refuse, to extend the helping hand to the tramwaymen was the Industrial Disputes Act. It was the honest and law-abiding man's instinctive respect for the law, quite as much as his fear of legal consequences that made the "dare-not" of the

unionist wait upon his "would," and thus brought the strike tumbling about the ears of those who had unwisely provoked it, in despite of the law of which it was a breach, and in ignorance of the mind and spirit of their industrial comrades. The strike itself is now overpast, is a matter of history, whilst the grievances, real or imagined, which provoked it have been referred to the Industrial Court, to be dealt with as the law provides.

Then again the tramway strike and its issue and lessons are destined to have the very desirable effect of separating the moderates and practical and practicable men in the Labor ranks, from the extremists and irreconcilables, and of demonstrating the former to be in the immense majority in numbers and overwhelming in influence. The spectacle of a large section of the public servants, in organised and active opposition to the State, and deliberate breakers of its laws, and a responsible body of industrialists in the Trades and Labor Council in avowed sympathy with the disloyalists and anti-Socialists, quickly drew the Labor Party in Parliament, and ranged it definitely on the side of law and social order. In a sense the Parliamentary Labor Party could not do other than it did, yet it is to their credit that the members of the party scarcely hesitated as to their attitude, but at once and distinctly placed themselves in opposition to those who had been seduced into the anarchism, and declared that the first law of a democracy was to obey the law which it itself made, and that, under no circumstances that could arise in a country under democratic government, were State

servants justified in the disloyalty of arraying themselves truculently against the community. . . . It [the Labor Party] has learnt that those who fiercely assailed it when it refused to countenance treason to the State, treason to democracy, were capable of making a noise altogether disproportionate to their numbers and influence, and that the trade unionists, the rank and file of the party, who think rather than talk, and who if the pinch came would be those who would act, were with them in their stand for loyalty and common sense.

"But the Parliamentary Laborists when they repudiated the tramway strike were really building very much more wisely than they knew. Their action has precipitated that division of the moderates and the irreconcilables which must have come sooner or later, and that has come most auspiciously for the Labor Party and its Parliamentary delegation. The Parliamentarians have thrown down the gauntlet to the extremists and impossibles, only to find that there are but an insignificant few of these to take it up. The day goes almost by default to those reasonable men who are in the vast majority in the Labor ranks, and—despite what chagrined malcontents within the ranks and enemies outside may pretend to the contrary—the Labor Party, nor its representation in Parliament, never stood better with the community than they do to-day. The wise and righteous stand taken by the Labor members, its endorsement by the party outside of Parliament, and the assertion of reason and moderation and practicality, have given Labor a new lease of life. There may, there probably will be, something of a

cleavage, the extremists and irreconcilables will probably refuse to remain in a party their want of influence in which has been demonstrated; but their defection will be all to the advantage of the party, which it will make stronger and a greater power for necessary practical reform. . . . What is of importance and of value to the Labor party (there can, after all, really be only one Labor Party) is that it is to be relieved of embarrassing association with the dangerous element with which it has never really been in sympathy, but which it has had at times to placate, and thus given the opportunity of fulfilling its high political and social destiny and doing a great work for the masses and the State."

* * *

Seeing that no member of the N.S.W. State Labor Party can be got to face a Sydney audience in justification of the Party's strike-breaking tactics, the assertion that the Labor Party "never stood better with the community than they do to-day" is amusing. But then, of course, the "Miner" means the community of "slave-driving, pimp-employing, sweaters and profit-mongers who howl like the "wolf on Oonalaska's shore" at every honest working-class revolt against tyranny and economic theft.

The Labor Party finds its place side by side with the bitter class foes of the workers—and this fact alone should make every honest worker think hard.

Freedom (says an exchange) is something fearful and wonderful to behold when you see thousands of free citizens hunting for a master and doomed to want and misery unless they find him.

Why save Men's Souls.

ERRON, "Review,"—Right here, when the Churches are so concerned about losing their hold upon the masses, the following article under above heading—by Gaylor Wilshire—might be of interest. He begins by saying that it always occurred to him as rather foolish trying to save men's Souls, when their bodies gave so little evidence of containing Souls; however, he was faced with the fact that it was little use preserving the body, if there was no Soul. When he realised that it was mathematical certainty men's bodies would be saved, he commenced to look into the Soul. But then again why should he work for the emancipation of the workers of the world? Because the real pleasure rested in the work itself and not so much in the desire to participate, although he felt it might even occur in his day, for already the problem of supply had been solved for the earth under the improved methods of production and human ingenuity was yielding more than an abundance, but artificial dams were being erected by monopolists to dispossess the rightful inheritors. A dam in a creek had to have a by-wash as well as a fall, and was useful when there was only a certain quantity of water—when the banks were under water in flood time, the dam became submerged and of no value. Air is valueless for it can be had by breathing (unless an enterprising American corners it some day), but it is nevertheless necessary to sustain life. When food becomes as plentiful as air (that time is almost here) it also will be "valueless,"

but it will never be useless, for men will still continue to breathe and eat. On the day that food becomes valueless, men will become healthy, happy, and beautiful; illhealth and ugliness will disappear; it will be as impossible for the Race to be unhealthy and ugly under these conditions, as it would be for a herd of deer to be unhealthy and ugly in a beautiful park. Why do we Socialists say this? Simply because we know that there is a Rhythm in Life and Nature that all things attune to—not a flower that does not respond—the butterfly paints her wings in accord with the vibrations of nature; the lark tunes her lute in harmony with the symphony of life. All things work together in harmony—though the shade of undertone is harmonised decay; and what of man, is he alone the one thing vile? Not so! his poets sing with the music of the Spheres; the Artist paints from nature's light and shade; the Author writes from the heart of Life itself. We do it all unconsciously, just now feeling the symphony, not "knowing" what it all means, but men are rapidly developing Race consciousness—thus seeing the purpose of Life and holding the advantage that a Mozart has over a Nightingale, that a Raphael has over a butterfly. You may feel a symphony, but to hear it you must have ears—it may remain with the Soul for eternity—but the Soul must have a healthy body on sound material basis; we can never have great Souls in half-starved bodies.

Life is made of small vibrations being overtaken and absorbed in larger vibrations and still larger vibrations. See a storm rise at sea—first the little ripples, then

the short choppy waves, finally the great heavy swell absorbing all. The ships that are trim, and whose captains are ready, weather the storm, borne on the crest of the waves into a harbor of Peace—calm after storm. Humanity is even now in the ripples and choppy seas, with the great tide of human thought setting in and irresistibly carrying men and empires from their petty ripples into the great ocean of human thought and sympathy, where all must feel that "the world is their country, and to do good their religion." Surely if man is made in the likeness and image of God, all that the Socialists claim is more than possible, from a normal and material standpoint, here and now. The Churches would do well to look a little closer into the economic side of life and put some real effort into consummating "Thy will be done, Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven, Give us this day our daily bread." Here and there a clarion voice, in the wilderness of ignorance and churchdom, cries aloud for Justice to the People, but the Institutions ever stand for Capital, and the Individual preacher, pulsating with the heart throb of the people, who dares to step outside the Creed and Dogma, is very often "not wanted on the voyage" and has to leave the ship of Churchianity to struggle in the vortex of Life—where the fearless Truth-seeker finds it difficult to secure a place to lay his head.

I am, for Truth and Liberty,
FREDERICK ALLMAN.
Royal Chambers, Hunter-street,
1/9/08.

A new Post Card.—Holman and Beby helping the working-class to fight Wade and Co. One Penny.

Honey, yet gall of it!
There's the life lying,
And I see all of it,
Only I'm dying.—BROWNING.

The demand of India for the Indians is the natural and legitimate result of the awakening your country men to what British domination really means. From its first entrance into India until this hour, British rule has swept away Indian wealth, has manufactured Indian poverty, has destroyed Indian culture, has smothered Indian initiative, and has ruined Indian civilisation.—"Justice."

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from
the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him
lies
Upon the paths of men.
—Longfellow.

And now cherry-blossom Japan contributes its stone under which to bury the old "workingman pays the taxes" theory. Formerly the dispatches from Japan told of how "the whole people were groaning under the burden of taxation." Now popular unrest there has forced the admission that less than one million of the fifty million Japanese are entitled to vote—why?—because voting eligibility comes only with tax-paying ability." In other words, just because they are NOT taxpayers, forty-nine million out of fifty million inhabitants are actually disfranchised.—N.Y. "People."

LIBERTY.

By ERNEST JONES.

Thy birthplace—where, young Liberty?
In graves, 'mid heroes' ashes.
Thy dwelling—where, sweet Liberty?
In hearts, where free blood dashes.

Thy best hope—dear Liberty?
In fast unwinding time.
Thy first strength—where, proud Liberty?
In thine oppressor's crime.

Thy safety—where, stray Liberty?
In lands where discords cease.
Thy glory—where bright Liberty?
In universal Peace.

The Tramway Strike.

Stuart-Robertson's Wild Charges.

(From "Barrier Miner.")

MR. STUART-ROBERTSON was announced to deliver two addresses at the Trades Hall last night, the first at 8 o'clock on "Unionism," and the second at 9 o'clock on "The Saturday Half-holiday Movement and the Recent Sydney Tramway Strike." Apparently the expected audience knew all they wanted to know about unionism, as the attendance was so small that the meeting adjourned to the street, where Mr. Stuart-Robertson soon had a large assemblage of hearers, who gathered in front of the Grand Hotel, from the balcony of which the meeting was conducted. Mr. W. D. Barnett, secretary of the A.M.A., presided.

The speaker remarked that he had had a splendid opportunity of observing the arrangements made for the strike from their very commencement. It was essential that all matters in connection with a proposed strike should be discussed and plans drafted in secrecy. Strikers should not rush promiscuously into a fray. Such, however, had been the case in the tramway employees' strike. The intentions of the strikers had been advertised abroad five or six days before the strike actually occurred. Several of the Sydney unions had intimated that it was quite impossible for them to "strike," but, notwithstanding this fact, the tramway employees, led on by two men, were induced to come out. The object of the strike, as was well known, was to induce the Government to do away with the "pimp" system. The "pimps" were de-

partmental spies, who would board the trams and spy upon the conductors, who were afraid of being falsely convicted of theft through the agency of these men. The strike, said the speaker, had been organised by members of the International Socialist Group. These people had published a pamphlet on the strike designated "The Strike Breaker?" This leaflet contained nothing but falsehoods.

A voice: Hear, hear.

Mr. Stuart-Robertson: It is a pity these people should be called by the name of socialists. Two of these men entered the tram service with the one object in view that was to bring about the late strike. But no necessary arrangements as regards organising were made. Men of sound economic reasoning had declared that to organise for a strike is to organise for economic ruin. If you cut off the transport of the people of any city, you only hit the worker, and that makes for economic ruin. These men subsequently boasted that they had brought about a strike. Was that the proper thing to do?

A voice: No; certainly not.

Mr. Stuart-Robertson: A man who deliberately attempts to bring about a strike is little better than a murderer.

A squeaky voice: Hear, hear, every time. (Laughter.)

Mr. Stuart-Robertson: Probably the local Socialist Group have told you that your local tram drivers are blacklegs for not striking. In my opinion they are not. All unionists should not strike simply because one union does so. There are only four unions in the whole of New South Wales that could "strike" with good results. The International Socialists would not

agree with the majority—they would rule the roost. (Laughter.)

Such men brought about the strike.

A gruff voice: Must have been pretty good men?

Mr. Stuart-Robertson: Yes; one of them could speak a little. I promised to meet this one on the Newtown Bridge—

Another voice: If you do, throw him over. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Stuart-Robertson: He would not meet me, but I hope to meet him when I get back.

A voice: Did he not challenge you about six weeks ago?

Mr. Stuart-Robertson (heatedly): No, you ape; it happened over six months ago.

The chairman: Gentlemen kindly do not interject; give the speaker a hearing.

Continuing, Mr. Stuart-Robertson said that the strike was most unreasonable, and was—

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A voice: No; decidedly not.

Mr. Stuart-Robertson: Well, it was done.

A squeaky voice from the crowd: Yes, the reporters could have got the news from the Labor members.

Mr. Stuart-Robertson: The Labor members were not present, but were being denounced at every strike meeting. In my opinion the strike was inaugurated for "boodle," and the pamphlet I have already referred to was written for the same purpose. And it is full of inaccuracies, and was written sensationally to impose upon the peo-

A weak voice (pathetically): Poor people. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Stuart-Robertson: Yes, it was at first sold in Sydney for 3d; now it has been reduced to 2d; and I think one will soon be able to get it for a penny. (Laughter.)

Proceeding, the speaker said that the leaflet had been written by a man—

One of the crowd (excitedly): "Ah, don't call him a man."

Mr. Stuart-Robertson: Well, he had a man's body. (Applause.)

At this stage a squeaky voice was raised to ask a question, but was completely drowned by the crowd.

Mr. Stuart-Robertson: Ah! another person trying to advertise himself. Well, the Americans say: "If you want to rise, you must either burst or advertise." (Laughter.) He thanked them for their attention.

The customary votes of thanks terminated the proceedings.

Barrier "Truth" reports Mr. Stuart-Robertson as having said that: "Price and Considine, members of the International Socialist Party, were the two who had boasted that they would engineer a strike. The former had been a member of the Shop Assistants' Union for nine months, and had only paid his entrance fee. Nothing was known of Considine, who had come from 'God knows where.'"

The Labor Party had been falsely accused of proposing to negotiate terms of surrender, when as a matter of fact the proposal came from the tramway men themselves, Price and Considine being present, and only making the feeblest efforts in opposition. . . . It [the strike] was led by asses, who could not think for three days ahead, and who rushed the men into a strike in a moment of excitement."

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A Challenge Declined.

The following letter appeared in a subsequent issue of the "Miner":—

Sir,—On Sunday night, Mr. Stuart-Robertson charged International Socialists with being in the pay of capitalists. This is a sensational charge, and one likely to considerably injure the propaganda and reputation of myself and associates. I therefore, ask Mr. Stuart-Robertson to either prove or withdraw his aspersion before he leaves Broken Hill. If he prove it, he will deal the newer party of Socialism a death blow; if he withdraw it, he will escape the infamy of cowardice and slander. In either case, manhood will be vindicated. Mr. Stuart-Robertson will, no doubt, realise how keenly his insults may justly be resented by the revolutionary Socialists he would ridicule and blacken. May I add that the Barrier Socialist Group has approached our visitor quite half-a-dozen times in the hope of inducing him to debate the general position of Laborism to Socialism, and especially towards the Industrial Disputes Act and the tramway strike. Regrettably—for Mr. Stuart-Robertson has a lot to explain in respect to the last named items—the member for Camperdown has not seen fit to accept the challenge.—I am, etc., R. S. ROSS.

Debate Dates Fixed by the Socialists.

The following communication was forwarded to Mr. Stuart-Robertson on Wednesday:—

"Dear Sir,—In the "Barrier Miner's" report of one of your meetings at Broken Hill, you are credited with having stated in effect

that you wished to meet Mr. Holland in debate, but that you had not been able to get him to agree to meet you. In view of that statement, and also because of the fact that Mr. Holland has repeatedly appealed to you to fix dates for the two proposed debates, the International Socialists have now decided to engage Newtown Town Hall for Monday evening next, and the Federation Hall, West Sydney, for Friday evening of next week, and to invite you to be present on each occasion to debate the Industrial Disputes Act with Mr. Holland as arranged. We propose to proceed immediately with the advertising of the debates, and sincerely hope that you will agree to be present, and thus fulfil the promise made at Newcastle two months ago when you accepted Mr. Holland's challenge.—Yours, etc., H. SCOTT BENNETT, secretary, International Socialist Group."

On Sunday night at Broken Hill, R. S. Ross lectured on "R. J. Stuart-Robertson—the man and his madness."

LABOR PARTY WON'T LET HOLMAN DEBATE.

THE Labor Party's reply to the Socialist challenge:—"Sep. 15, '08.—The Secretary, Socialist Federation of Australasia.—Dear Sir,—Your request that Mr. W. A. Holman should meet Mr. Scott Bennett in public debate was considered by the Party to-day, and I have been directed to reply stating that the Party cannot see that any valuable result will accrue from such a debate to the workers of our community in general, nor to any section thereof; and that we consider that much more good would result from a general and united attack upon the common enemy by all workers' political organisations, than by public discussions on matters of detail by various sections of the political labor movement.—Yours truly, NIEL NIELSEN."

Willainies of Adulteration

AN EPISTLE.

A CERTAIN man, having had bestowed upon him a goodly quantity of this world's riches, did decide to build himself a place wherein he might manufacture an article, by name leather, to serve as a covering for the feet of his brethren.

He thereupon hired unto himself certain toilers of the earth to dig pits and erect buildings in which to forward his work. In these pits, he did place infusions and liquors made from the barks and berries of trees, which did stain the hides that were placed in them and gradually transformed them into a substance resembling leather.

Now had this man lived amongst an honest condition of society, he would doubtless have continued to produce leather which was good to wear.

But his brother tanners, putting their heads together, and being withal an avaricious set of men did devise a way by which they could produce leather quicker by means of strong and fiery waters, called by some by the name of acids. These same waters did sometimes injure the eyes and hands of the leather workers, but caused larger

and quicker profits to come into the hands of the masters.

And so this man, who once was honest, did fall into the corrupt and evil practices of his brethren, and not being satisfied by going this far, he did begin to put false weight into his leather by means of sugar and a salt which is called by the name of Barium.

And so with the addition of one or two mechanical processes his leather was delivered to the makers of coverings for the feet, called in these days "Shoes" and "Boots."

Now as time went on a certain man and his spouse did take their only child to the market place, where the seller of boots had a store.

They did thereupon close a bargain with this man for which he was to give this child of the best boots his store contained. For these were good people, and thought highly of this their only child; so that, knowing the dangers which one who is not properly shod is under in the wet seasons, they desired that their child should have of the best.

And so events carry us until the child one day has occasion to go out into the city with its parents once again; and, whilst there the heavens darken and the rain cometh down.

And it comes to pass that

there is in this child's boots some of the leather which is corrupt; and the sugar and the salts, they dissolve, and the water soaketh through. This reaching the child's feet brings upon him a chill. Then the aid of Physicians is called, but the fever has him in its grip, and he soon passes away.

Then did his parents bewail his loss, and their sorrow was grievous to see.

This, O people, is but one of the evils to which mankind is subject. And why is this? say you. It is because there is corruption and roguery in synagogues and high places of the land, where they bow down to and worship the God of Trade.

But the voice of the people is heard, crying aloud for justice. The time is coming, oh, my brethren; the roll of the drum sounds in the distance, and I hear the voices of happy children and see the earnest and brave looks of the multitude of men and women who carry on high the scarlet banner of Liberty and the Emancipation of the World.

There is the hoary castle of "Capitalism." The crowd is at its gate, they break down the doors and rushing up to the topmost battlement, drag down the flag of robbery and deceit, and place in its stead

their own beloved, blood-red emblem of peace and goodwill to all men.

Selah! I have spoken.

Honor Among Thieves.

"THE nerviest individual that ever I encountered," says Senator Mason, of Illinois, "was a chap that dashed into an accommodation train running from Chicago to Evansville on an occasion when I was occupying a seat near the door.

"Just before the person appeared in my car the other passenger or two and myself had heard a yelling in the train shed, in the confusion of which we heard some one shout "Stop thief!"

"Well, when this person did scamper into my car he looked about for an instant with every appearance of a hunted animal. Then he dived under my seat, exclaiming:

"Sir, I rely upon your honor!"—Amalgamated Journal.

Those who assert that Socialism would destroy human society make the mistake of confusing human society with the inhuman society resulting from the operation of the capitalist system. —Exchange.

to Compensation."

is but one point on which I like to be a little more informed. When the nation took possession absolutely of all the lands, the perpetuity of all the lands, and capital after the collapse of private capitalism, must have been doubtless a matter of final settling and balancing of accounts between the people and the capitalists whose properties had been nationalized. How was that managed? Was the basis of final settle-

ment the people waived a settlement? replied the doctor. "The guillotine, the gallows, and the guano played no part in the consummation of the great Revolution. During the previous century there had indeed been much talk of the reckoning which would be demanded of the capitalists in the hour of their triumph; but when the hour of triumph came, the enthusiasm of humanity which glorified in the Revolution extinguished the fires of vengeance. No, there was no reckoning demanded; the people were content to leave the past."

What I meant was to ask what compensation the people would demand of the capitalists for the unjust things that had been their right."

Do you not see that if private property was right, then the Revolution was wrong; but on the other hand, if the Revolution was right, then private capitalism was wrong; and the greatest wrong that was done was that the capitalists who owed reparation to the people they had

wronged, rather than the people who owed compensation to the capitalists for taking from them the means of that wrong? For the people to have consented on any terms to buy their freedom from their former masters would have been to admit the justice of their former bondage. When insurgent slaves triumph, they are not in the habit of paying their former masters the price of the shackles and fetters they have broken; the masters usually consider themselves fortunate if they do not have their heads broken with them. Had the question of compensating the capitalists been raised at the time we are speaking of, it would have been an unfortunate issue for them. To their question, "Who was to pay them for what the people had taken from them?" the response would have been, Who was to pay the people for what the capitalist system had taken from them and their ancestors, the light of life and liberty and happiness which it had shut off from unnumbered generations. In taking possession of the earth and all the works of man that stood upon it, the people were but reclaiming their own inheritance and the work of their own hands, kept back from them by fraud. When the rightful heirs come to their own, the unjust stewards who kept them out of their inheritance may deem themselves mercifully dealt with if the new masters are willing to let by-gones be by-gones."—Edward Bailamy, in "Equality."

Not until the working class, which is the only necessary and useful class in society, gets control of the means of life, will its status be raised from that of inferiority to one of dignity and respect.

The Bourgeoisie.

THE bourgeoisie cannot exist without incessantly revolutionising the instruments of production, and thereby the methods of production, and consequently all social relations. The preservation of the old methods of production was, on the contrary, the first condition of existence for all previous industrial classes. This continual revolutionising of the methods of production, constant disturbance of the whole social system, perpetual agitation and uncertainty, distinguish the bourgeois epoch from all others. All fixed and deeply rooted social relations, with their train of established and venerated beliefs and ideas, are dissolved; all that replaces them grows old before it can crystallise. All that was solid and established crumbles away, all that was holy was profaned, and man is at last compelled to look with open eyes upon his condition of life and true social relations.

The need of a constantly expanding market for its products chases the bourgeoisie over the whole globe. Everywhere it must make its nest, everywhere settle, and everywhere establish its connections.

The bourgeoisie has, by the exploitation of the world market, given a cosmopolitan character to the production and consumption of all countries. It has, to the despair of reactionaries, cut from under the feet of industry its national basis. Old established industries have been destroyed, and are daily being destroyed. They are dislodged by new industries, whose introduction becomes a vital question for all civilised nations; by industries which no longer use native raw material, but raw material bought from the furthest zone, and whose products are consumed not only in their own countries, but in every quarter of the globe. Instead of the old wants, satisfied by the products of the country, new wants arise, demanding for their satisfaction the products of the most distant lands and climes. Instead of the old local and national isolation, self-efficiency, universal trade has developed and the interdependence of nations. And as in material, so also in intellectual production. The intellectual productions of one nation become the common property of all. National narrowness and exclusiveness become daily more and more impossible, and out of the many national and local liter-

atures a world literature arises. The bourgeoisie, by the rapid improvement of all the instruments of production, and by constantly facilitating communication, draws into civilisation even the most barbarian nations. The cheapness of its commodities is its heavy artillery with which it lays low all Chinese walls, with which it compels the most obstinately hostile barbarians to capitulate. It forces all nations, on pain of extinction, to adopt the bourgeois mode of production; it forces them to adopt so-called civilisation, i.e., to become bourgeois. In one word, it creates a world after its own image.

The bourgeoisie has subjected the country to the rule of the town. It has created enormous cities; it has prodigiously augmented the numbers in the towns as compared with the rural districts, and thus has severed a great part of the population from the idiocy of country life. Just as it has made the country dependent on the town, so has it made barbaric or semi-barbaric countries dependent on civilised countries, nations of peasants on bourgeois nations, the Orient on the Occident. The bourgeoisie ever more and more arrests the disper-

sion of the means of production, property, and population. It has agglomerated population, centralised the means of production, and concentrated property in the hands of a few. The necessary consequence of this was political centralisation. Independent, or loosely connected provinces having separate interests, laws, governments, and tariffs, were lumped together into a single nation, with one government, one constitution, one national class interest, one customs tariff.

The bourgeoisie, during its class rule of scarce one hundred years, has created more powerful and colossal productive forces than all past generations together. Subjection of the forces of nature, machinery, application of chemistry to industry and agriculture, steamships, railways, electric telegraphs, clearing of rivers, whole populations conjured out of the ground—what previous century even suspected that such productive forces slumbered in the lap of social labor?—Karl Marx.

A parliamentary policy is infinitely more revolutionary than the tactics of talk. He who does nothing at all except to mouth revolutionary phrases is at his ease to judge and condemn; he who does nothing can make no mistakes.—
W. LIEBKNECHT.

Why Working - Men Should be Contented.

(By WILLIAM RESTELLE.)

1. BECAUSE they are altruistically making money for others.
2. Because they can read in the daily papers about the "swell" times the rich people have.
3. Because they are Sovereigns at least one day in the year (voting day), even though they are beggars all other days.
4. Because if they are out of work in this period of depression, they may get a job during the next wave of prosperity—that is, if they are sober, thrifty, humble, and contented.
5. Because they can always get shoddy clothing, stale bread, and a sermon on the evils of drink, by applying to the proper authorities.
6. Because if they don't like this country and the way it is being run, they can get out of it.
7. Because in the next life all their sorrows will be washed away, and they can look with Lazarus over the parapets of Heaven at Dives squirming in the awful Pit beneath.

A Mere Tyro.—"One of my ancestor was a noted pirate.

"That's nothing. I'm the direct descendant of a corporation lawyer."—"Life."

"Why do they cry for bread?" asked the innocent French princess, as the roar of the fierce, hungry mob resounded through the courtyard of Versailles, "if they have no bread why don't they eat cake?"

What is good enough to believe in private is good enough to announce in public.

If you don't believe in Socialism, you believe in capitalism; you believe that the few should continue to own the means by which the many must live, that labor should continue to yield up three-fourths of its product to capital, that competition is better than co-operation; that slavery and strife are better than freedom and brotherhood.

Under capitalism labor is simply merchandise that is bought and sold in the markets of the world.

Progress is the realisation of Utopias.

Why should they? Foreign investors are rushing to buy American securities. Why shouldn't they? The semi-feudal conditions of Europe, coupled with traditional customs, deprive the European exploiters of the power to squeeze the proletariat to the extent there are squeezed in America. The European proletarians are truly productive to the European exploiter only when they are in America. There is no proletariat that yields the fleece yielded by the proletariat in America. Why shouldn't European inventors rush to American securities? Where the carcass is thither fly the vultures.—N.Y. "People."

Starks from the Flame.

The rolling stone gathers no moss"—and couldn't eat it if it did.

Charity is the whitewash of the charnel-house of greed.

Sentimentalism is the Gag of the mouth of Justice.

Hesitancy in Judgment denotes weakness. Hesitancy in strength. Hesitancy in battle denotes weakness.

The pleasures of honest work are more often eulogised than pursued.

Childless marriages are the natural outcome of unnatural times.

Lead thou me on," said the Blind Believer to the blind man.

Death is the Tragedy in fiction. In fact the Tragedy is in Life.

"Do stop your tickling!" said Morality to the Creed.

The commonest thing about common sense is its uncommonness.

The individual not self-reliant may be sold by another. The class without self-reliance sells itself.—Khan Dhul Ite.

MEMBERS are notified that in future the "Review" will only be sent to Financial Members. Where a member's subscription is one month in arrears, the magazine will be discontinued. This rule will not, of course, affect members who are unfinancial through illness or unemployment.

"Heroic" Conditions.

WITH about one exception, local tug-boats carry no certificated mate. This, of course, for profit-making reasons; and so, in the captain's absence, the work of navigating the vessel devolves upon a member of the crew.

The "Review" is informed that when the Hero-Suva collision occurred, the man at the wheel had been on duty for 21 hours with only one break—apart from meals—of 1½ hours. On the day previous to the accident, he went on duty at 5.45 a.m. and worked till 10.30 p.m.—nearly 17 hours—with a total of 40 minutes for meals. The Hero left port at 10.30, and the sailor had a respite of 1½ hours, resuming duty at 12 midnight. The accident occurred at 3 a.m. As already stated, he had then been on duty more than 21 hours. He worked on till 5 p.m., when the vessel arrived at Mort's Dock; had 20 minutes for tea, then resumed work, which lasted till midnight; kept all night watch till 7.30 a.m. next day. Was then ordered to interview solicitors, said interview lasting till 1 p.m. This gave him practically 60 hours' "duty," with one break of 1½ hours. This is how how Britons "never, never" etc., under Capitalism and its Merchant Shipping Act.

The men who go down to the sea in tug-boats and other creaking coffins need not be envied their jobs.

The funny side of the thing, however, is when solemn old chaps sit as Courts of Inquiry to discover why vessels bump into one another, and tear each other's sides, and drown human lives out, and—WORST OF ALL—sacrifice the pot-bellied interests of the Profit Maker.

Mr. Stuart-Robertson went all the way to Broken Hill to curse the International Socialists. He might have done the job much more cheaply in either Camperdown electorate or West Sydney "where the political scabs are."

Louis Gross and family write from Richmond, Vic., regretting comrade Tillich's illness, and wishing him a speedy recovery. The members of the Melbourne Verein-Vorwaerts also send greetings; and similar wishes to our sick comrade.

Under the Red Flag

SYDNEY JOTTINGS.

SCOTT BENNETT spoke on Sunday even at Winston Hall to a large and appreciative audience on "Socialism, Nature and Man." In addition to the lecture Messrs. Manuel and Barnard contributed solos and Comrade Wuetke favored with some excellent pianoforte selections! Comrade H. E. Holland presided.

The subject for next Sunday will be "The History of the Red Flag in Ancient and Modern Times."

Comrades are reminded that a social will be held on Wednesday, Sept. 23rd, in Winston Hall, under Group auspices. Tickets, sixpence each, are now obtainable!

In future business meetings of the Group will be held in Winston Hall every alternate Wednesday. The Socialist Band will thus be enabled to practise in the Club rooms every Wednesday!

Tea at Winston Hall every Sunday from 4.30 to 6 p.m. Will comrades and friends bear this in mind?

Many complaints regarding the non-delivery of the "Review" are due to the fact that some members have changed

their address without notifying the organisation. Members are therefore specially requested to notify a change of address as soon as possible.

The Socialist Sunday School continues to be successfully conducted. We are still anxious, however, to receive the names of additional scholars!

At Winston Hall on Friday last Scott Bennett gave a number of readings from the Pickwick Papers before an appreciative audience.

Commencing from Sunday next the International Socialist Club Liedertafel will sing at Winston Hall meetings once a month.

The attention of comrades is directed to the fact that the speakers' class is commencing a study of Frederick Engels' "Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State." This excellent work is a popular exposition of Morgan's celebrated work "Ancient Society." Non-members of the speakers' class are warmly invited to attend. A thorough knowledge of Engels' work is essential to a correct appreciation of Socialist philosophy.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—The attention of comrades is specially directed to the teas that are served every Sunday evening at Winston Hall from 4.30 p.m. to 6 p.m. We

are anxious to have at least two hundred comrades to tea next Sunday!

The attention of comrades is also directed to the Propaganda Fund. Elsewhere the initials of those who have subscribed this week appear! Are your initials there? The propaganda fund is an important fund, and every comrade is invited to become a subscriber. If every comrade would subscribe but threepence per week quite a large amount would be collected weekly.

BROKEN HILL.

Tuesday's "Telegraph" contained the following wire from Broken Hill:—"Mr. R. Ross, a prominent member of the Barrier Socialist Group, addressed an audience at the Hippodrome last night on the recent tramway strike in Sydney. In the course of his remarks he said Mr. Stuart Robertson's statements concerning the strike, made here last week, were both uncalled for and unjust. Mr. Ross demanded the truth of the allegations made by Mr. Robertson against the strike leaders. Mr. Ross also asserted that no connection did exist between the Barrier and the Sydney Labor Council, in spite of a statement to

the contrary by Mr. Robertson. A telegram was read, showing that Mr. H. E. Holland was willing to meet Mr. Robertson in debate, but could not get the latter to fix the date."

The "Flame" says that Barrer Socialist Group is "righter" than it ever was, more hopeful, more determined, more cheerful even than hitherto in respect to the need and outcome of its work.

Literature sales have been fairly large. 50 copies of "The Tramway Spy" were sold in a few days.

PROPAGANDA FUND.

IMPORTANT—International Socialist Club and Group members are notified that, in future, the Local Superintendents will make weekly calls on Members living in the Metropolitan Area, for the purpose of collecting Subscriptions and Contributions towards the Propaganda Fund, and delivering the "I. S. Review."

Collections for week ending September 12, 1908:

Per H. Borax—M.S. 3d, M.S. 3d, H. V. 3d, Ch.G. 3d, H.F. 3d, K. S. 3d, H.G. 6d, H.M. 3d, E.D. 3d, A.D. 6d, A.S. 6d, E.B. 6d, H.B. 6d, F.M. 6d, L.M. 3d, J.M. 3d, A.B. 6d, V.V. 3d, H.P. 3d, E.R. 6d, J.B. 3d, P.K. 3d, P.K. 3d, J.P. 6d, M.S. 6d, F.S. 3d, Ad. Th. 6d, J.Th. 3d, G.W. 6d, K.W. 1/, R.W. 6d, P.W. 6d, R.W. 3d, H.D. 1/, S.P. 6d, C. 6d.
Per Comrade Beresford—W.B. 1/, S.B. 6d, E.M. 3d, J.M. 3d.
Per Comrade Lind—J.P. 2/6.
Per Comrade Beck—T.M. 6d.
Per Treasurer—Mrs. McC. 6d.

After the Betrayal.

The Workers against the Politicians.

RECENTLY a citizens' meeting was called to devise methods of assisting the tramway workers victimised by the recent sold-out strike. Said meeting was practically taken charge of by the Labor Party. Andy Kelly, M.L.A., was elected president, with Trefle, M.L.A., as one of the vice-presidents, and other members of the party as Executive Committeemen.

It was announced that the Party would give £25 to the Victimised Fund, and it was arranged that a public meeting should be held on Sydney Domain on Sunday to place the case of the men before the public.

Speakers' list for Sunday's meeting was announced to include Andy Kelly, R. D. Meagher, Trefle, and Peters, Ms.L.A., John Haynes, ex-M.L.A., and others.

The meeting was held—and thereby hangs a tale.

Everybody was in sympathy with the victimised men, and it also appeared as if nearly everybody was in antagonism to the parliamentary party guilty of the gross betrayal

which made the victimising possible.

The chairman appeared to be especially uncomfortable. Terror gripped him at the seat of his chicken-heartedness; and frequent angry demands to know why the Labor Party had betrayed the strikers, and further occasional demands as to what steps the party would take in Parliament to see that the victims were given justice, with desultory intimations to the effect that "Kelly is a rat," "Holman is a strike-breaker," etc., caused the florid countenance of the presiding genius to change alternately from sickly grey to furious red.

"How much have you given to the Fund?" he screeched at one of his working-class tormentors. "I've given a pound note," came the swift reply; and all the member for Wyalong could think of in his dire confusion was an invitation to the working-man to come up to Wyalong, and try whether he could unseat him (the chairman).

Trefle moved the first resolution, to the effect that the meeting expressed its sympathy with the victims. He refused to be "side-tracked" by interjections concerning the Labor Party's action. The motion was supported by

Messrs. Campbell and Bryant; and H. E. Holland and Scott Bennett submitted the following addendum:—

And that this meeting demands that all members of Parliament claiming to represent working-class interests shall refuse to allow any further Parliamentary business to be transacted until justice has been done to the victimised men.

The chairman quivered with indignation when—as he read the proposal to the meeting—the first demonstration of approval was made. He declared that the proposal was preposterous—and impossible. The Labor Party really couldn't do it because they were in the minority.

He was told that all of that was for the meeting to decide.

The chairman, recognising that the meeting was overwhelmingly in favor of the addendum, pleaded that it should be allowed to go as a separate motion, and promised the mover that he would see that it was put to the meeting as soon as the two formal motions were disposed of.

On the strength of that promise, the addendum was withdrawn for the time being, and the motion was carried.

A second resolution, in favor of practical assistance, was moved by Messrs. Peters and Haynes, and others, and also carried.

By ringing in a couple of speakers not on the programme, the meeting was spun out; and when the time arrived to submit Holland's proposal, Kelly—apparently fearing that the wrath of the crowd might be awakened by the two Socialists—announced that he would not consent to further occupy the chair, and asked Holland to nominate some one in his stead. In the meantime whispered instructions had been given to the driver

of the lorry, and while Holland was telling Kelly that the breaking of his promise was an insult to the meeting the horses were being harnessed up; and when subsequently Peters, M.L.A., arose to assume the chairmanship, the lorry was driven off, while the indignation of the audience was intense.

However, with a spirit of fairness that was fully appreciated by the audience, Mr. Peters fulfilled his promise to preside, and a platform having been procured, the proposal was moved and seconded by Holland and Scott Bennett, in stirring speeches, and was enthusiastically carried by the meeting—a forest of hands going up in its favor, with—as the chairman put it—two hands and an umbrella to the contrary.

A hearty vote of thanks to the member for Deniliquin for having filled the vacant chair concluded the meeting.

The September "Flame" is an excellent issue. Ross's editorial on "The Coming Cleavage" should be read by every Socialist and non-Socialist. "Khan Dhul It," writing re Hughes, Holman, and Beeby, parcels up some solid goods which those strike-breaking politicians should not fail to take delivery of. A. K. Wallace writes interestingly of the Hawthorn Socialist Group, and E. H. Gray says a whole lot of pleasant things concerning the International Socialist Club.

Crowded out: "Strike at your Peril," by H.E.H.; letter from H. J. Hawkins, re Socialist Conference and I.W.W.; a critical report of Sydney Labor Council meeting; and a number of other items. Next issue.

Stuart Robertson-Holland debate, Newtown Town Hall, Monday evening next.

Open Column.

EDITOR, The "Review,"—For some time past I have been cudgelling my brains for a method of bringing the radical thinkers of all countries into personal touch with each other. The plan I have hit upon is that of an International Correspondence Club, which would promote epistolary intercourse among kindred souls all over the world, and introduce to each other persons of like tastes who are separated by continents and oceans.

Such a club would prove useful in many ways. It would open up a world of new friendships to many persons who are suffering intellectual isolation from one cause or another. It would afford an opportunity to the comrades to exchange socialist books, pamphlets and newspapers with fellow socialists in distant cities and lands. It would also make it possible for reformers of all stripes to get first-named information about their respective movements in foreign lands from sympathetic correspondents. Then, too, it would train us to set our ideas intelligently down on paper and discuss them with others, make us more proficient in debate, deepen our interests in sociology and political economy, and tend to promote the international solidarity of the labor movement.

I may say that I have already got the club partly under way, having heard from liberal thinkers in Australia, Great Britain, Japan, Germany, France, Canada, and the United States, and hoping soon to hear from other countries. It seems to me that a club of this kind ought to welcome within its fold persons with all kinds of beliefs, all kinds of hobbies, all kinds of interests of the members, the

more successful it will be. But I am especially anxious to get socialists, trade unionists, single taxers, women suffragists and radical thinkers into the club, and hoping that a goodly number of such persons, men and women, will send me their names and addresses for full information about my project. Sincerely yours,

WILL R. SHIER.

314 Wellesley-street,
Toronto, Canada,
July 9, 1908.

Who is the cheapest wage worker among the civilised toilers of the world.

The following figures represent the percentage of wealth as divided between capital and labor in the countries named :

Country	Capital	Labor
Italy	51	49
Austria	63.4	36.6
Switzerland	65.4	34.6
Spain	67.4	32.6
Russia	68.8	31.2
France	67.9	32.1
Germany	73.2	26.8
Britain	73.2	26.8
Belgium	72.5	27.5
United States	82.2	17.8

—“Industrial Bulletin.”

Multi-millionaire Jinks—“Our outlook for the future is rather gloomy!”

Multi-millionaire Blinks—“How?”

Multi-millionaire Jinks—“You know Scripture says it is easier for a camel to get through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven?”

Multi-millionaire Blinks—“My dear fellow, don't let that worry you. Our lawyer will easily get us through on a technical point.”

THE TORTURED MILLIONS.

By FLORENCE WILKINSON.

The cry of the tortured millions rises to me
Like the cry of a glacial river in its gorge,
And the smoke of their suffering surges upward to me
Like the mighty clouds of the twilight valley lands.
I shut my lids in the dark and I see them toiling,
The burdened backs and the glazing eyes and the fettered hands.

They are dying that I may live, the tortured millions,
By the Ohio river, the Euphrates, the Rhone.
They wring from the rocks my gold, the tortured millions;
Sleepless all night they mix my daily bread;
With heavy feet they are trampling out my vintage;
They go to a hungry grave that I may be fed.

They do not know my face from a million faces,
Nor have I ever beheld those poor oppressed.
I only hear the sounds of their groans in the valley,
The hiss and the grind and the heat of their torture-wheels,
Engine and oven and murderous flying loom,
Poison of dust and faces sheet-white in the gloom.

I do not demand their service, no not I.
They are my slaves whom I wish to be free and happy
But I may not free them or thank them or mercy cry.
Hunger and thirst and cold and aching bodies,
This is the priceless price that buys my health.
Emptiness, hopelessness, pitiful wickedness, this,
This is the stuff I sew for the purse of my wealth.

What shall I do for my slaves who work without hire.
What shall I do, I who have asked them not?
Shall I fold my hands on my mountain-peak in silence?
This is the natural order, this the common lot.
I will call to them, I who am one but they are many,
To ease their toil; but no, they hear me not.

I warm my hands at the fires of ruining houses;
On a dying mother's breast I sink my head;
Last night my feet were faint from idleness,
I bathed my feet in blood her children shed.
Oh thou eternal Law, I wish this not to be.
Nay, raise them from the dust and punish me.
—In “McClure's Magazine.”

R. J. Stuart-Robertson

And the Tramway Strike.

(By R. S. ROSS.)

It was inevitable that the first Labor member to visit Broken Hill subsequent to the tramway strike should be assailed with questions as to the attitude of the Parliamentarians to the strike. Stuart-Robertson happened to be that member, and though he came to the Hill to organise the Shop Assistants, he very reluctantly found himself compelled to stand forth as apologist for his party. Palpably annoyed at the intrusion of this question, and angry on account of the poor attendances at his meetings, the member for Camperdown vented his venom upon the International Socialists, and evidently thought he hit them hardest by fiercely denouncing the tramway strike and its leaders. And he put his foot in it! For if the Labor Party and Labor Council do not repudiate his championship, then each is willing to be the cat's paw of an ignoramus.

At Stuart-Robertson's opening meeting it was certain militant Laborites who jumped on his corns with interjections and remarks anent the Indus-

trial Disputes Act, the Labor Party, and the strike. Assuming these to be "revolutionary Socialists," Mr. S. R. retorted, villifying the Socialists, and deliberately charged the latter with being in the pay of the capitalists, also saying what the wires in "Review" have already made public. Then the Group took a hand and asked the visitor to meet one of its members in debate. Next appeared a letter from this writer in the "Miner," inviting Mr. Stuart-Robertson to prove his charges and deal a death blow to the Internationalists, or withdraw and escape the infamy of besmirching and cowardice. The "honorable member's" reply took the shape of advertising an address on the Tramway Strike at the Trades Hall, but at the appointed hour, and 20 minutes later, the attendance was so sparse, outside the Groupians, that a move was made to the Grand Hotel balcony, from which coign of vantage Mr. S. R. "let himself go" in emphatic endorsement of previous prevarication and misrepresentation. He slung off at Price about having no home for his wife, and said Price had once been a member of the Shop Assistants' Union, and had only paid a shilling in contribu-

Considine had come from "God knows where" and was selling a pamphlet of 3d produced at the length of a penny. Holland and Scott Bennett had taken a part in the strike meetings to increase the sale of their paper and pamphlets. Repeated personalities aside, the speaker alleged that the strike was inaugurated for Boodle, and was led by asses. The men were rarrackers for the Deform crowd, and had been worked up to a frenzy in order that the International Socialists should sell their wares. These Socialists knew at the outset that the strike would end in a stampede, and had allowed the capitalist press to attend the union meetings so that they could get the names of tramway employees who spoke. The promoters of the strike were "little better than rarrackers." The motion to continue the strike was "carried by coal-lumpers and Socialists." He had said the proposal of other unions was "absolute rot," and he knew his union wouldn't come out to the call! (Parenthetically, one might ask "his union," how it likes its representative's estimate?) "These rarrackers" (the Socialists) brought about this strike; they were

there for a set purpose, and if he (the speaker) was not mistaken it was for Boodle. And so on, and so on. Incidentally, our Group was "godless" and "dying"—but plainly the speaker was infuriated because we were selling Considine's "The Strike-Breakers," and Holland's "Labor Sledgehammered." Now, as to what Mr. Stuart-Robertson said the reports in the local daily and weekly papers are in substantial agreement, while the writer took his own report of the unique deliverance.

† † †

On the following Sunday night R. S. Ross spoke at the Hippodrome on "R. J. Stuart-Robertson, M.L.A.: the man and his madness." With a view to showing just how much reliance could be placed on Mr. S. R.'s judgment and observation, Ross quoted the reiterated remark of his subject to a "Miner" interviewer that between the Labor Council and the Parliamentary Labor party "no friction exists." Holman's, Beeby's, and Marshall's speeches, together with newspaper articles, were made to give evidence, after which Ross asked if a man who talked like S. R. could be expected to see a hole through a ladder! He must be the blindest man in the city of

Sydney! Further, the writer gave a history of the strike in order to show how before it actually took place the Sydney Labor Council accorded its unanimous support to the tramway men's union, and how the Labor Press was vigorously behind the men. But I have no wish here to parade all I said in defence of maligned comrades nor in refutation of awful misstatements. Next Sunday (20th) I am dealing with Labor Parliamentarians and their utterances re arbitration, strike, the State, and unionism. But if the tramway strike was "inaugurated for Boodle" and "led by asses"—and these things are said in Broken Hill at a time when workers should be made to feel determined against mines' encroachments—if such be the case, I ask, will the Labor Council, inferentially boodlers and asses, explain why one of its own members so violently "turns dog" on his associates? Or will the Sydney Labor Council do the straighter and wiser thing—fire-out Stuart-Robertson, M.L.A., humbug and betrayer of the working-class.

† † †

There's scope for much to be written on the Tramway strike and its momentous les-

sons. There's room to show how it was the Labor Press which said about the Labor Parliamentarians even severer things than Stuart-Robertson was indignant about as coming from the Socialists. As to S.R. on Socialists, that'll be attended to. What is needed is the Labor Council to attend to S.R. on IT. And, by the way, in the Sydney "Worker" editorial of August 27 mention is made of a compact between the Council and the P.L.P. of which I enquired was it true, Mr. Stuart-Robertson's answer being "No." Is the "Worker," then, the liar?

Broken Hill, Sept. 18, '08.

International Socialist LECTURES.

Winston Hall, 393 Pitt Street.
(Below Liverpool Street.)

EVERY SUNDAY, at 8 p.m.

SCOTT BENNETT

LECTURES

- SEP. 27.—"The Toilers: Past, Present, and Future."
- OCT. 4.—"Benjamin Kidd's Theory of Social Evolution."
- OCT. 11.—"A Socialist's View of the French Revolution."
- OCT. 18.—"Plutocracy, Democracy, and Socialism."

Socialist Sunday School, Sundays, 3 p.m.
Tea at Winston Hall, Sundays, 4.30 to 6 p.m.
Group Meetings, Winston Hall, alternate Wednesdays.

"Strike at Your Peril."

By H.E.H.

"Strike at your peril!" crows the Sydney "Daily Telegraph" at the head of its report of the prosecution of the South Bulli wheelers.

"If you engage in a strike you are worse than murderers," declared, in effect, Labor member Stuart-Robertson at Broken Hill.

And so the capitalist class judge and the middle-class Labor member join hands and blend voices.

For declining to work under conditions that didn't suit them, certain Bulli wheelers (sons of Britons who never, never, never shall be slaves) were dragged before the police-court, with a threat of dire punishment if they persisted in acting as if they were not the bond slaves of the South Bulli mine owners.

Some 50 of their comrades declared that they would stand by their comrades, and refused to work until the summonses against their mates had been withdrawn.

A number of these were prosecuted in the police court and fined for having deserted their owners, and then 43 of them were prosecuted against under Wade's infamous Sledgehammer Law, and charged with having committed a criminal offence by having ceased work, etc.

There was a likelihood that the miners would come out as a protest against the persecution of the wheelers.

But Mr. Holman—always Mr. Holman—was there to save the situation.

It was appropriate that the man who swung his arms before the panic-stricken tram men and

shrieked the lie of their defeat what time the war-drums had scarcely throbbed should come before the Court of the Classes on his stomach, metaphorically speaking, and tell a weary old Judge a pitiable story of the wrong-doing of his clients; that "the facts were beyond dispute; that the defendants had committed a grave error, and were anxious to make atonement; that he did not wish to defend his clients, neither did they wish to defend themselves; that it was an unfortunate error judgment, and that 'the men' had no doubt lost their heads in going on strike." Then Mr. Holman proceeded to ask that the principles of the First Offenders' Act might be applied to his clients—a first rate method of leg-ironing these workers to the interests of their masters—"and his Honor might at the same time point out to them the very serious position in which they had placed themselves, and THE SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES WHICH WOULD ENSUE IF EVER THERE WAS A REPETITION OF SUCH CONDUCT. Such a reprimand would, he felt sure, have great weight with the men, who had worked loyally for their masters, in the past." "He hoped His Honor would take the most lenient possible view of the occurrences."

"Khan Dhul Iti" knew something when he wrote in the "Flame":—"Holman is undoubtedly the finest living specimen of the genus Homo Prostrate. His abdominal epidermis is said to be harder and thicker than leather from continuous dragging along hard pavements. . . . Boot polish is his favorite nutriment. He licks it from the boots that spread beneath huge waistcoats and bloated bank balances."

That "His Honor"—whose wage pans out at about £2 an hour for time actually worked—should have then proceeded to lecture the seven-shillings-a-day workers was only to be expected. He told them, in substance, that it was a meritorious thing to stand by one's mate, but when the doing of it involved a breach of Mr. Wade's Act, and CAUSED SERIOUS INDUSTRIAL LOSS—in other words, caused loss to the South Bulli mine-owners—the meritorious thing became a sin and an abomination. He eulogised them for having crawled on their bellies to the Master Class by telling them that their whine of atonement and admission of wrong and promise to be good in the future was a manly proceeding, and finished up by fining them one shilling each (ostensibly as an act of leniency, but really because it was recognised that a severe fine would arouse the ire of the miners), and threatening them with all the tortures of the flames of the legal Gehenna if ever they dared to offend again.

The wheelers must be made to recognise that, even if they are Britons, they are the property of the Southern coal owners just as completely as ever the black slaves were the property of the brutal planters of the Southern States of America.

"It's fortunate," impudently declares the £2 an hour man from under his ugly wig to the 10d an hour slave—"it's fortunate that I am able to begin by showing I am glad to take advantage of the opportunity offered of showing leniency and mercy. WHEN I AM DRIVEN TO BE HARSH I MUST BE SO."

"Strike at your peril!" joyfully

shrieks the press organ of capitalism.

"Murderers—if you strike!" howls the alleged Labor member.

"Strike at your peril!"

And this is the depth of humiliation to which sectionalism in our industrial organisations and ignorance and traitorism in alleged Labor political organisations has dragged our Australia working-class. A depth from which the working-class will only rescue itself when it knows enough to come together on both the industrial and political field under the banner of International Socialism. And the workers will so come together, in spite of the disruptions and ignorances and infidelities that now divide them. Then such a derisive jibe as "Strike at your peril!" will be a dangerous thing for the robber class to hurl about; for when we then strike it will be to remove the robber class, and with the robber class will go the courts that exist to uphold economic theft, and the judges and lawyers and politicians (whether branded Labor or anything else) who are the paid servants of the capitalists, their apologists and their benchmen.

The long-delayed debate between Labor member Stuart-Robertson and H. E. Holland will take place at Newtown Bridge, this Saturday evening at 8. So far, Stuart-Robertson has not agreed to the amount of time to be occupied by each speaker. This will probably be arranged prior to debate commencing.

Under the Red Flag

* SYDNEY JOTTINGS.

Two splendid meetings were held by the International Socialists on Sunday last. Notwithstanding the somewhat boisterous weather there was a capital attendance at the Domain in the afternoon when Scott Bennett spoke on "Socialism and Its Critics." In the evening the same speaker spoke on "Count Tolstoi and Modern Russia." There was a scarcely standing room at the evening lecture, and judging from the enthusiastic applause at the conclusion of the speaker's remarks the lecture was much appreciated. Comrade Warner presided at the afternoon meeting, and Comrade Price at the evening lecture.

The feature of the musical program was the singing by our German comrades of the International Socialist Liedersaal. They favored the audience with three selections, all of them being loudly applauded by the audience. We are pleased to say that once a month we shall be favored with selections from our comrades. Comrade Wuitke, as usual, wielded the baton. There was also an excellent

recitation by Miss Hope, who upon more than one occasion has rendered excellent recitations in Winston Hall.

The lecture for next Sunday will be, "The Toilers: Past, Present, and Future." The lectures for October will be found in another page.

There was a good muster at the tea provided by our women comrades in Winston Hall on Sunday last. We could, however, easily accommodate another hundred or two.

The speakers' class is now studying Engels' "Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State." Comrades are invited to attend. The class is held every Thursday at the Club rooms.

The Sunday School teachers are anxious to obtain more scholars. Will parents who have not yet sent their children please bear this in mind?

Scott Bennett will address the scholars of the Socialist Sunday School on Sunday afternoon next on "Socialism for Children." Parents and sympathisers are cordially invited to attend.

We regret to learn that Comrade Mrs. Hillyer is still confined to her room as the result of a severe illness.

Socialists v. Labor Party

A One-Man Debate.

Only Mr. Holland Present.

(From Sydney "Daily Telegraph.")

Two months ago, before the Newcastle Labor Council, Mr. Stuart-Robertson, M.L.A. (as representing the Parliamentary Labor Party), agreed to meet Mr. H. E. Holland (representing the International Socialists) in debate on the subject of the Industrial Disputes Act in both Camperdown and West Sydney electorates. The debate was advertised by the Socialists' without the consent of Mr. Stuart-Robertson, and therefore Mr. Holland was obliged to fall back on making an *ex parte* statement. The Newtown Town Hall was crowded to the doors with an eager audience.

The chairman, Mr. Scott Bennett, explained that the debates had not taken place earlier on account of the failure of Mr. Stuart-Robertson to agree upon definite dates. Recently, however, at Broken Hill, Mr. Stuart-Robertson alleged that he could not get Mr. Holland to meet him. In view of this statement the International Socialists had secured the town hall at Newtown for that evening, and had invited Mr. Stuart-Robertson to attend and take part in the debate, to fulfill the promise given by him at Newcastle.

Mr. Holland said that notice of the meeting had been given to Mr. Stuart-Robertson, and he had replied that he would refuse to accept the date named, and that he would appoint a time that was convenient to him. He would leave it to the audience to put whatever interpretation they saw fit on Mr.

Stuart-Robertson's absence. (Laughter.) Mr. Stuart-Robertson had said, "I will meet you when the political scabs are," meaning the members of the Coal Lumpers Union, because they had taken a different view to that of his party. (Hoots.) Further, at Broken Hill Mr. Stuart-Robertson had said "The man who deliberately attempts to bring about a strike is little better than a murderer." That meant that if they rebelled against the dastardly condition under which they as tramway men worked, if they "downed the tools" and went out to get justice for their class, then they were as bad as a murderer in the opinion of Mr. Stuart-Robertson. (Hoots and yells.) Mr. Robertson had asserted that a certain pamphlet issued by the International Socialists at the time of the tramway strike was paid for by the capitalists. That pamphlet was printed and published by himself (Mr. Holland) and the stolen reports and documents reproduced therein were supplied to him by the Tramway Union. (Cheers.) The executive had handed to him the photographs. (Cheers.)

A voice: Who stole them?

Mr. Holland: Now you want to know too much. I would refer you to Mr. Kneeshaw himself for information on that matter.

Continuing, Mr. Holland said that if Mr. Stuart-Robertson could prove his statement that the Socialists were paid by the capitalists to produce that pamphlet he would go right out of the Socialist movement. If he could not prove it the Socialists would demand that Mr. Stuart-Robertson should resign his seat in Parliament, and allow himself to be branded as a liar. (Cheers.)

In concluding a fiery speech, Mr. Holland said that on Saturday night on the Newtown Bridge Mr. Stuart-Robertson had said that the Newtown Town Hall was too small for the debate. Notwithstanding that Mr. Stuart-Robertson had lodged the debate up to this time, the International Socialists would take any hall he might choose, and pay for the printing and advertising—they would even scrape up enough to pay for the Town Hall in Sydney—if only Mr. Stuart-Robertson would agree to meet him. (Cheers.) He wanted to bring Mr. Stuart-Robertson before his constituents.

A voice: Fight him at the elections. (Cheers.)

Mr. Holland: When the next State elections come along, I give you my word, speaking for the International Socialists, there will be an International Socialist in the field against Mr. Stuart-Robertson, and also in every constituency that we have the men and the money to fight.

Several Letters.

The following letter was received on Tuesday morning of this week:—
"41 Wellington-street, Newtown, Sept. 19, 1908.—Mr. H. E. Holland, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.—Dear Sir,—Yours of Sept. 1st I found awaiting me upon my arrival (last Tuesday) from Broken Hill. You will remember that I informed you that I had several engagements to fulfil, and did not think that I could fix a date to suit you until I had done so. I have decided to meet you on Newtown Bridge on Saturday night next. I will provide a stand, torch and chairman. I propose that each speaker shall have half an hour each for the purpose of ex-

plaining their views upon the questions debated. You, as the challenger, will open the debate; time of opening, 8 o'clock sharp, in Australia-street, off Newtown Bridge. Though I understand that you prefer some small hall to speak in, I must say that I must be also permitted to suit my convenience.—Yours in humanity's cause, R. J. STUART-ROBERTSON, Camperdown."

Reply forwarded to Mr. Stuart-Robertson:—"Sep. 22, 1908.—Mr. R. J. Stuart-Robertson, M.L.A., Sydney.—Dear Sir,—By this morning's post I received your letter, dated Sep. 19, and bearing yesterday's postmark. I have duly noted what you say, and shall be prepared to meet you on Saturday evening. You are altogether under a misapprehension re my preferring "some small hall." I am suffering with throat troubles to some extent, and for that reason would wish that the debate should take place in a building—the largest that can be secured; and if you will name any hall in either city or suburbs, the International Socialists will pay for same. Should you, however, still insist on the debate taking place in the open, I will fall in with your desires in this respect. I have no objection to your finding the chairman. I do not quite understand your proposal re each speaker occupying half-an-hour. If each speaker were permitted to speak twice, the debate would occupy two hours—much too lengthy a period for an out-door debate, while if only one speech each was allowed, it would not be a debate at all. I propose that I should have 20 minutes in which to open, you 20 minutes in reply, and then one speech each of 15 minutes, with 5 minutes for reply—no matter to be

dealt with in reply that has not been introduced into the debate. I should be quite willing to agree to the debate being opened by you, with the consequent right of reply. Kindly reply by return post, and at the same time please name a date for West Sydney debate.—Yours very faithfully, H. E. HOLLAND.

Another Letter:—"Sep. 22, 1908.—Dear Sir,—I am enclosing a clipping each from the "Daily Telegraph" and "The Star." Please let me know by return of post if they really represent what you said whilst speaking at Newtown last night. I trust that you will not fail to reply, as you have failed to send me the copies of the "International Review" that I have requested both you and Mr. Scott Bennett to send me.—Yours in humanity's cause, R.J. STUART-ROBERTSON. P.S.—Please return clippings in your reply.—R.J.S.R.

And the Reply:—"Sep. 23.—Mr. R. J. Stuart-Robertson, M.L.A., Sydney.—Dear Sir,—In reply to yours of yesterday: While the "Telegraph" report is substantially correct in respect to the portions of my speech which it printed, it does not by any means give the full strength of my utterances, especially when dealing with your allegations that the Socialists were in the pay of the capitalists. The delay in supplying you with the "Review" is no doubt due to difficulty of procuring back numbers. I will again ask Mr. Borax (press secretary) to endeavor to procure the numbers you ask for. In view of Saturday night's debate, we have decided to post, on the meeting arranged for Friday evening in West Sydney, and I should be glad if you would at once fix the date of meeting in that centre.—Yours, &c., H. E. HOLLAND.

"Concerning a Skunk," an article by "Khan Dhul Ite," of Broken Hill, is held over. Its publication at the present stage would be calculated to prejudice certain legal action which may be taken as a result of Mr. Stuart-Robertson's recent allegations.

Plain and fancy dress ball in Manchester Unity Hall, Castlereagh-street, Sydney, on Friday evening next, Oct. 2, under Socialist auspices. Get your tickets at once.

Holland's statement that an International Socialist would contest Camperdown next State election was enthusiastically cheered at Newtown on Monday night.

The "Rocks" area is practically the healthiest portion of working-class Sydney. By their system of demolishing old residences without erecting new ones, and the imposition of ridiculously high rents for such new buildings as are erected, it looks as if an attempt is being made to drive the waterside workers to the suburban fever spots in order that the heights of West Sydney might be utilised for the fashionable dwellings of a new generation of Potts-Pointers.

What incentive is there to work under capitalism, when if you are either a rich man or a tramp, you can live without work?

The San Francisco "Chronicle," a rabid capitalist paper, recently declared that more than 1200 children are annually killed in that city by the use of impure milk sold for profits.

The poorhouse and the soup-house are capitalism's boasts. They represent its virtue. But they will become unnecessary under the reign of justice that Socialism will inaugurate.—"Appeal to Reason."

Depressions that put out of employment millions of men are inevitable features of capitalism.

From Jim Harrison.

The following letter came to hand this week:—"T.S.S. Marathon, at sea, west of Durban, 7th August, 1908.—Dear Comrade,—We are now 260 miles from Durban; expect to arrive about Tuesday next. The voyage so far has been quite uneventful. I called on the comrades in Melbourne and spent a pleasant time. I was much struck with the very excellent speakers' class, which I attended on the Tuesday evening, under the able tuition of Frank Hyett. About 30 young comrades assembled and took part in a discussion on the Theory of Value. Two of the comrades gave short papers—one, a young lady, gave a very excellent paper on "Woman and Socialism." I came away feeling that the most important phase of the movement was receiving the attention it requires. Long may it wave.

We next called at Freebantle, but only stayed a few hours, so I had not time to look up any of the comrades there. I hope, however, to come across some of them when we reach Durban.

I have taken part in one or two quiet talks while aboard. In the morning for the best part

of an hour I was fully engaged answering questions relative to Socialism. We have about 44 men in the third class saloon; although a few of them leaned towards Socialism, there was not one of them who understood what Scientific Socialism really was. Opponents of Socialism all asked the one question, the old gag, what are you going to divide, etc. I pointed out to them what we as Revolutionary Socialists believe; no question of dividing up, but a complete re-organisation of Society on strictly scientific lines. After hearing my side of the question, the majority of them were inclined to agree with me. At the same time, I am more than ever convinced of the great need of active propaganda.

Comrades, there is a splendid work to be done, but it requires all our energies and abilities to do it. When one comes to talk to the average man it is surprising to find what an amount of ignorance still exists with regard to our movement, and so I repeat we must go on forging ahead. For the sake of little children, for the sake of humanity, let us be determined not to relax one iota of our efforts, and so, I am sure, we will arrive.

In conclusion, kindly allow me to convey my fraternal

greetings to all the comrades, and to thank them for their hearty good wishes. My love to the children. I trust the Sunday School is going strong; may they grow up strong in the faith that is making for the uplifting of humanity.—Yours for the Revolution, J. A. HARRISON.

"Appeal to Reason" Pars

Child slavery belongs to capitalism. There will be none under Socialism.

My prayer: Don't let me rest complacent while there is a human unsheltered or unfed or a soul in misery.

Puppy parties, the waste of wealth, and the idiocies of rich society are features of capitalism.

Big navies and expensive armies belong to capitalism. They will be unnecessary under a sane social system.

Many talk about the "blessings of poverty," but it is one of the blessings that nobody prays for.

The only thing which the old party politician really "views with alarm" this year is the evident growth of Socialism.

A poor man has a fine chance in this world—to stay poor.—Byron Williams.

If you as a laborer don't want the full product of your labor, your head needs fixing.

Capitalistic influences upon the marriage institution are certain to prove fatal to it. The hearts of those united along commercialized lines are soon divided and their souls dwell apart. They may not be exposed to the stigma a divorce court places upon them, but their marriage is nevertheless a failure.

Socialism is the party which scares others into doing things. There would be no concessions to labor in either of the old party platforms if they were not afraid of Socialism in case they fail to do so.

Republicans nominated [as U.S. presidential candidate] the originator of the injunction on an injunction platform disguised as an anti-injunction statement. Socialism nominated a man who showed his fidelity to labor by languishing in prison in its behalf.

Debate—Stuart-Robertson v. H. E. Holland, Newtown Bridge, this Saturday evening, at 8.

Open Page.

Socialist Conference and I.W.W.

ERROR. "The Review,"—Words! words! Surely H. E. Holland must agree with the diplomatist who said that language was made to conceal thought. What else is the meaning of the long array of irrelevant allusions to Germany and America with which the secretary of the S.F.A. seeks to obscure the plain issues: (a) Should the industrial union—and, pending its formation in Australia, the I.W.W. clubs—be affiliated to the S.F.A.? (b) Is the preamble correct in its exposé of existing trade union conditions in Australia?

Instead of answering my arguments and contentions against the first and in favor of the second of these positions, Holland spends 12 columns of the "Review" in discussing amongst other unnecessary things the "no political action" creed—which is not a question—and he misquotes me by cutting in half a vital passage in my previous article, and then proceeding to discuss the half-truth which he thus formulates. Here follows the passage as I wrote it: "It may be that in the future the industrial will become also political, and take political action as a part of its organised activity, though, on the other hand, this may not be found either necessary or advisable, and it may happen that it will be found more convenient for the two functions to be in form separate, though animated by the same vital force of working-class interests."

Mr. Holland just quotes the first sentence of this passage, and proceeds to argue as if that was my position! As a matter of fact I think the opposite position is more likely to eventuate, and, in any case, the whole of my letter or article demands that the I.W.W. development shall not be hampered by useless speculation upon matters which we cannot settle now, but which will settle themselves as industrialism develops. Anyway, I strongly object to Mr. Holland's disingenuous attempt to associate me with views which are not mine, with bogies conjured up by his own imagination. And just here let me print out also that the endorsement of the preamble of the I.W.W. was a basis of Socialist unity at the 1907 Conference. Also, it is not my mere opinion, but a matter of fact that "this year's Conference resolution on the I.W.W. has caused consternation in every centre of S.F.A. organisation." Moreover, the proposition was voted down in each such centre.

Letters from Broken Hill in my possession,

my personal observation in Melbourne immediately after the Conference, and reports which reached me from Sydney, justify my statement.

Again, Mr. Holland says:—"It is argued by Hawkins that the Socialist movement is only a political organisation!" I wrote that the Socialist movement was not an "economic organisation" in the sense asserted by Holland in his Conference speech on this question. I distinctly differentiated between the "Socialist movement," and any specific party (political) organisation. The proposition I am opposed to is that the I.W.W. should be affiliated to this or that political Socialist (or other) organisation. The I.W.W. itself is a part of the Socialist movement. I hold that the movement is bigger than either its political or industrial conscious expressions, or even than both together, inasmuch as factors totally unorganised as yet belong to the movement. It is a movement of the Working Class—not of this or that faction thereof.

However, it is useless to endeavor to follow my antagonist through all the maze of sophistry by means of which he desires to shift the discussion from its essential and practical issues: (a) Should the I.W.W. in Australia be affiliated to the S.F.A., and meantime the I.W.W. clubs be disbanded? (b) Is the preamble correct re the trade unions? These are the points.

Now, if the industrial is to be affiliated to the Socialist political organisation—WHICH organisation? Is it to be the S.F.A.? Why? Why not the S.L.P.? Does Holland intend to allege that the S.L.P. does not exist, or is not a part of the Socialist movement?

The real more of that wrong-headed and ridiculous resolution to tamper with the preamble is exposed right here, as soon as this question is asked. The object is to prevent the S.F.A. and S.L.P. members working in unison on the common ground of industrialism. If this is denied as object, it certainly would be its practical effect, and those responsible should scarcely claim not to have known the consequences of their proposal. For, if the S.F.A. organisation had endorsed the proposed amendment, the S.F.A. members would have had to drop out of the I.W.W. clubs—or out of the S.F.A. If, to put a contrary case, on the other hand, the S.L.P. became recognised by affiliation as the political organ of the I.W.W.—again out drop the S.F.A. members.

There are one or two of Holland's contentions that, though having no particular (if any) bearing on the points at issue, are worth comment on because they show an apparent fundamental incapacity to understand the

true reason for our attitude as revolutionists to political action, and the principles that guide us in waging the class struggle generally. For instance, commenting on De Leon's attitude towards what he calls the "step-at-a-time" attitude, he draws the conclusion that those who take De Leon's attitude seem to believe that "politically the Socialist movement is revolutionary, whilst economically it is not."

Does not Mr. Holland know that any economic organisation is forced by the necessities of resisting aggression to make immediate demands and to struggle for immediate improvements and against retrogression in wages and working-conditions? Does he not know also that these fights, direct against the exploiters in their immediate capacity as exploiters, arouse class-feeling, weld the workers together, oftentimes draws the blackleg from his task of strike breaker into the bold attitude of manhood? Does he not know that these wage-wars, even when they end in defeat, widen the breach between the two classes, and help to dissipate the delusion that employer and employee have interests in common? Irresponsible outbursts of the class struggle, these battles drill and discipline the workers for the final victory. And these our theorists would have it are not revolutionary tactics!

How different is the effect of the "step-at-a-time" policy on the political field! Here the advocacy of "palliatives" so called, obscures the class issue; throws the workers into line with this or that bourgeoisie interest, renders its advocates timorous, compromising, often corrupt. There is simply no analogy between the effects of the two policies which our superficial thinker confounds as essentially one and the same, ignoring the vital differences imposed by the different conditions on the two battle-grounds of the class war.

Again, what a restricted view of the Socialist movement is responsible for the failure by my opponent to understand that men who are not conscious Socialists, but who join the I.W.W. because they grasp the importance of working-class solidarity against the exploiters, and believe in the possibility of taking hold of production by the workers themselves through a class union: which fails to understand that such men are taking Socialist action, and that errors in their theoretical conceptions politically don't practically matter a continental industrially, and will more or less speedily be removed by their further experiences. The men who join the I.W.W. but stand in politically with the Labor Party are in an illogical position. True enough, but the I.W.W. would be in a far more illogical position if it refused members in sympathy with its objects and methods, because

they cast a ballot wrong'y every three years owing to a lack of political education. As well might a trade union affiliated politically with the Labor Party refuse help in money by a sympathetic strike; from another union unaffiliated with the Labor fetish because they declined to stand politically with them.

Three and a half columns from the end of his epistle Holland asks the conundrum, "If the I.W.W. is not going to reflect itself politically in the existing Socialist movement, how is unity on the political field to be effected?"

Who says that the I.W.W. will not reflect itself politically by Socialist political action? Does unity imply uniformity? Must the industrial and political organisation necessarily be one, or be formally tied together, probably to the embarrassment of both organs, in order to complement one another's actions? The I.W.W. is part of the Socialist movement by virtue of the principles on which it is founded. Its membership, in their political capacity, will find the necessity of supporting the Socialist political action which is the necessary corollary of their own industrial position. Holland must get rid of the idea that the existing Socialist movement is confined to the political Socialist organisations. Still more must he cease to pretend to regard the particular Socialist body of which he is a member as "the (whole) Socialist movement"—even politically. For we are discussing not only the general proposition, should the industrial and political should be affiliated, but the particular particular proposition, should the I.W.W. be affiliated to the S.F.A.? It is no use howling for unity—in large type—and vociferating that it shall not be "bandy-legged" or "one-eyed," whilst advocating that it be crippled by endeavoring to attach the healthy body of industrialism on to one leg of the political Socialism of Australia. One-legged "unity" is only disunity worse confounded, industrial as well as political. We have failed, so far, to get complete unity of existing socialist political organisation. Let us be content to achieve industrial unity, sure that political unity must come also as its result and sure of this also that class unionism based on correct working-class principles must lead to working-class politics.—H. J. HAWKINS.

H. E. Holland will speak in the Domain on Sunday afternoon, his subject being "Germany's march towards the Socialist Revolution."

Comrades are reminded that there will be a special meeting of the Group on Wednesday week. All members are urged to attend.

SERVITUDE OF INTELLECTUALS

It is not in the circle of the intellectuals, degraded by centuries of capitalist oppression, that we must seek examples of civic courage and moral dignity. They have not even the sense of professional class-consciousness. At the time of the Dreyfus affair, a certain minister discharged, as if he had been a mere prison guard, one of the professors of chemistry in the Polytechnic school who had had the more courage to give public expression to his opinion. When in a factory the employer dismisses a workman in too arbitrary a fashion, his comrades grumble, and sometimes quit work, even though misery and hunger await them in the street.

All his colleagues in the Polytechnic school bowed their heads in silence; each one crouched in self-regarding fear, and what is still more characteristic, not a single partisan of Dreyfus in the Society of the Rights of Man or in the ranks of the press raised a voice to remind them of the idea of professional solidarity. The intellectuals, who on all occasions display their transcendental ethics, have still a long road to travel before they reach the moral plane of the working class and of the socialist party.

The scientists have not only sold themselves to the governments and financiers; they have also sold science itself to the capitalist-bourgeoisie. When in the eighteenth century there was need to prepare the minds of men for the Revolution by sapping the ideological foundations of aristocratic society, when science fulfilled its sublime mission of freedom; it was revolutionary; it furiously attacked

Christianity and the intuitional philosophy. But when the victorious bourgeoisie decided to base its new power on religion, its commanded its scientists, its philosophers and its men of letters to raise up what they had overthrown; they responded to the need with enthusiasm. They reconstructed what they had demolished; they proved by scientific, sentimental and romantic argument the existence of God the father, of Jesus the son, and of Mary the virgin mother. I do not believe history offers a spectacle equal to that presented in the first years of the nineteenth century by the philosophers, the scientists and the literary men, who from revolutionaries and materialists suddenly transformed themselves into reactionaries, and intuitionists.

This backward movement still continues; when Darwin published his "Origin of Species" which took away from God his role of creator in the organic world, as Franklin has despoiled him of his thunderbolt, we saw the scientists, big and little, university professors and members of the Institute, enrolling themselves under the orders of Flourens, who for his own part had a least his eighty years for an excuse, that they might demolish the Darwinian theory, which was displeasing to the government and hurtful to religious beliefs. The intellectuals exhibited that painful spectacle in the fatherland of Lanark and of Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire, the creators of the evolution theory, which Darwin completed and defended against criticism.

To-day, now that the clerical anxiety is somewhat appeased, the scientists venture to profess the evolution theory, which they never opposed without a protest from

their scientific conscience, but they turn it against socialism so as to keep in the good graces of the capitalists. Herbert Spencer, Haeckel, and the greatest men in the school of Darwinism demonstrate that the classification of individuals into rich and poor, idlers and laborers, capitalists and wage-earners, is the necessary result of the inevitable laws of nature, instead of being the fulfillment of the will and the justice of God. Natural selection, they say, which has differentiated the organs of the human body, has forever fixed the rank and the functions of the social body. They have, through servility, even lost the logical spirit. They are indignant against Aristotle because he, being unable to conceive of the abolition of slavery, declared that the slave was marked off by nature; but they fail to see that they are saying something equally monstrous when they affirm that natural selection assigns to each one his place in society.

Thus it is no longer God or religion which condemns the workers to wretchedness—it is science. Never was there an intellectual bankruptcy more fraudulent.

M. Brunetieres, one of those intellectuals who do not feel their degradation and who joyfully fulfil their servile task, was right when he proclaimed the failure of science. He does not suspect how colossal this bankruptcy is.

Science, the great emancipator, which has tamed the powers of nature, and might in so doing have freed man from toil so that he could develop freely his faculties of mind and body; science, become the slave of capital, has done nothing but supply means for capitalists to increase their wealth, and to intensify their exploitation of the work-

ing class. Its most wonderful applications to industrial technique have brought to the children, the women and the men of the working class nothing but overwork and misery!—"Socialism and the Intellectuals," by PAUL LAFARGUE.

PROPAGANDA FUND.

IMPORTANT—International Socialist Club and Group members are notified that, in the future, the Local Superintendents will make weekly calls on Members living in the Metropolitan Area, for the purpose of collecting Subscriptions and Contributions towards the Propaganda Fund, and delivering the "I. S. Review."

Collections for week ending September 19, 1908:

Per H. Borax:—P. Kurth 3d, O. Neumann 6d, J. Pohl 6d, M. Sievers 6d, Slavik 3d, Ad. Theiss 6d, Alt. Theiss 3d, G. Oppermann 3d, G. Wenzel 6, P. Welzel 6d, H. Dierks 1s, O. Martin 1s, S. 3d, A. Krueger 1s, Carlyle 6d, J. Allen 1s, Ch. J. Pierre Dumont 1s, T. F. Anselme 2s, Max Schoenberger 3d, Max Schoenberger jr. 3d, H. Voss 3d, Chr. Games 3d, H. Froellich 3d, H. Garlich 6d, J. Kahler 6d, H. Menzel 3d, E. Daube 3d, A. Dahm 6d, A. Sievers 6d, E. Borax 6d, H. Borax 6d, F. Meyer 6d, L. Meyer 3d, I. Meyer 3d, A. Borax 6d, H. Prien 3d, Aug. Dettmer 6d, H. Raps 6d, J. Baer 3d, Th. Sievers 3d.

Per S. Beresford.—S. Beresford 1s.

Per Treasurer.—V. Granquest 1s, S. Pike 2/6, J. Lee 9d.

Per C. Lird.—E. Saunders 6d, C. Lind 6d.

Per W. Beck.—Hulthen, 1s.
Per Miss Kerr.—Miss Kerr, 1s.

Winston Hall, Sunday night.

They out-talked thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee ?

Better men fared thus before thee ;
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb !
Let the victors when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall !

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.