

Direct Action



WEEKLY OFFICIAL ORGAN of the INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.

(Austrian Administration) Office: 403 Sussex Street, Sydney, Australia.

Subscriptions: 4 per year; New Zealand, 6 per year; Foreign, 8 per year.

HEADQUARTERS, I.W.W. (Australia): 403 SUSSEX STREET, SYDNEY.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS: 164 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

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Another Attack.

The Bengal Tigers Getting Hungry.

"Society can forgive murder, adultery, swindling, but it cannot forgive the preaching of a new gospel."

One can count on every crime in the calendar, and if he has good financial backing and influence HE CAN GET FREE, but once a person starts to preach a new doctrine, he is looked upon by society and those in authority either a criminal or a lunatic, and accordingly, is run off to the MAD HOUSE OR GAOL.

Chidley was the preacher of a new gospel, he spoke of a saner system of society, and the authorities clapped him in the mad house, where he died. The I.W.W. is advocating a new gospel, and the powers that be, put them in gaol.

Chidley wrote a book called, "The Answer." It told of the unnatural way people live, and as a result, the medical fraternity objected, and Chidley was declared insane.

The I.W.W. publish a paper called "Direct Action." It tells of the misery of the working class, and asks them to organise into One Big Union. The master class protest, and the I.W.W. is declared criminal.

Taking the British Constitution as our authority, Chidley not only had the right to demand protection in the advocacy of his teachings. The I.W.W., in publishing a working class paper, and advocating Industrial Unionism, is only acting within its Constitutional Rights. This being so, why this persecution?

It is well known to all students of history that the master class will BREAK ANY LAW, VIOLATE ANY CONSTITUTION, AND TRAMPLE UNDER-FOOT ANY SACRED PLEDGE in its endeavour to keep the toilers in ignorance and hold them in subjection.

The working class is fighting a bitter and unmerciful enemy, and while this wage system lasts, the workers will never be free from persecution.

Because the I.W.W. has continually exposed the tactics of the parasite class, spoke of the wrongs and the exploitation endured by the workers, and advocated INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM as the remedy for the ills which afflict the toiling millions; because the TEACHINGS OF THE I.W.W. HAS BEEN TAKING EFFECT, and the workers in ever increasing numbers are joining up in this fighting and virile union, the master class has become furious, and started a vicious and brutal attack upon this working organisation.

The latest attack of the Bengal tiger gang is the attempted suppression of "Direct Action."

Being satisfied with gaining our principle speakers, seizing our printing press, confiscating all our literature, victimising our members on the job, pouring oceans

of abuse on the Organisation, and declaring the I.W.W. unlawful, these Bengal tigers have now refused to allow "Direct Action" to pass through the post office.

Having discovered that the War Precautions Act, the Unlawful Association Act, and the Crimes Amendment Bill have not succeeded in stopping the propaganda of the One Big Union, and prevented the workers from thinking along industrial lines, the Federal Executive Council has now come to light with an order that "Direct Action" shall be removed from the register of newspapers kept under the Post and Telegraph Act. To anyone with an impartial mind will not have to think long before he will see that the attempt to strangle our paper is, from a political standpoint only, and if has only a political end to serve, "Direct Action" is a registered paper, printed on a registered press, and every word which appears in its columns passes the military censor. Everything connected with the paper, including compliance with the law of the country. This being so, why this attack?

The columns of "Direct Action" have never been given over to the advocacy of any criminal or seditious act, in fact, such a thing is impossible under the present laws governing newspapers.

We ask again, why this assault? and even those in authority refuse to answer. All men and women who are familiar with "Direct Action" will know the reason and have an answer.

It is well known that the master class will not worry over much about anything that does not affect the profit making process. It is not criminality or seditiousness that the master class fear so much, but it is the sound, scientific organisation of the working class. It is not the talk of violence or inflammatory speeches that cause the boss so much concern, it is the fact that the STEADY GROWTH OF INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM.

The launching of the One Big Union, with job control, will be a greater blow to capitalism than all the scintillating speeches that were ever delivered, and the criminal acts that were ever perpetrated. The industrial magnates—and they are the real power behind all governments—will not make any excuses for their attempt to stop "Direct Action," but they lie; the real cause, as all must know, is because our paper has been the PERSISTENT PROPAGANDIST OF THE ONE BIG UNION, the silent agitator on the job, and because it is the foundation of the capitalist system.

A little over three years ago "Direct Action" first saw the light. Ever since the day of its birth it has been a head back to the capitalist, has continued to increase, and its influence has continued to grow. It makes itself felt where ever it goes. It is now a real power in the hands of thousands of copies scattered around the continent, are doing great service for the One Big Union, and the twelve thousand special May Day issues that have spread around Australia, and are constantly agitating for the Industrial Republic.

The Bengal Tigers have made their run too late. The good work has already been done, and the principles of the I.W.W. have already got a hold. We intend to carry on until the last ditch. While we have breath we will never surrender. And in the end, if "Direct Action" and we are to be strangled, we will die with our hands raised in defiance, and we can take consolation in the fact that the One Big Union idea can never be killed, the grand old thing for freedom never will die, and although they may kill papers, gang men, THEY CANNOT KILL PRINCIPLES OR GAOL IDEAS.

N.R.

Between employers and workers there is never, nor ever will be made, a binding and lasting understanding, a contract in the true sense of the word.

Between them, there can and can be only armistices which, by suspending the hostilities for a time to time, introduce a momentary truce in the incessant warfare.

Capital and labor are two worlds that violently clash together!

Good men refuse to govern. I think that if ever there should exist a State exclusively composed of good men, they would seek as much not to govern as there are some now known to govern— (The Republic).

Every hour we can take away from the lives of our slaves, every minute we can take away from the lives of ourselves and our families. Every shilling more we get in wages means more for ourselves and our families. Every hour and more wages are things worth fighting for.

The most remarkable development of the nineteenth century, particularly in England, was the introduction of the machine into industry, whereby the muscles and sinews of man were replaced by a structure of iron and steel. So great was the misery caused by the use of machinery, that the whole system of production was revolutionized, the relations between the different classes of the nation were altered, and all the prevailing ideas of morality, legality, and religion, etc., were thrown into the melting pot.

Viewed through the eyes of the capitalist, the results of this industrial revolution were highly beneficial, but to the working-class it was the reverse. So great was their misery that many attempts were made to smash, and destroy the machines, and return to the old hand-labor methods of manufacture. This was the cause of the uprisings of the Luddites and outbreaks of a similar nature that raged throughout England during the last century. These attempts to hold back progress were, of course, useless. The machine had to come, and of all obstacles to the rest of the world.

The first result of the new methods was to increase the number of unemployed—"the industrial reserve army." The reason for this is plain. The number of workers needed by the employing class is determined by the demand for the things which the labor of those workers produces. If the demand increases more workers will be needed to supply the demand. But the use of machinery, however, the worker becomes more productive, by using up the same amount of his energy, or laboring power, he can turn out a much greater number of the useful articles, called commodities, that are required by the employing class. The number of workers will be necessary to supply the market of the rest of the world on the scrap-heap, until they are wanted once again.

More unemployment means increased competition for jobs, and this, in turn, has a tendency to reduce the wages of those fortunate enough to be employed, causes them to speed up, and become more servile than they otherwise would. The opposite is also the case. A smaller number of out-of-works means more pay, and more demands generally, for the rest of the working-class.

Another way in which the capitalist has benefited by the use of machinery, is that it has enabled him to increase his profits to an extent which, to the capitalist of the pre-machine era, would seem almost incredible.

The explanation of this is to be found in the law of the capitalist system of production, by which the workday is divided into two parts. The first is the time which it takes the worker to produce his wages, or commodities to the value of his wages. This is known as necessary labor time. It must be remembered that wages must always be enough to cover the workers' healthy and well and in fit condition to go toiling day after day. Were wages to fall below this level the workers' power to create profits would fall, because they would be slowly starving to death, and would be unable to work as well as before. The rest of the work-day,

Hunger Knows No Law.

When women, carrying their babes and dragging older children by the hand, stormed the Mayor's office in New York, mobbed the more fortunate who were buying food at the extortionate prices charged by the dealers, upset the grocer's carts, healthy and well, and smother the stocks in the stores; when similar scenes were enacted in Philadelphia and other cities, and when there were threats of raids on the wholesalers' places and cold storage depots even in our own city of San Francisco, when all these things occurred within the space of a few days, the response was prompt.

Congress, which has been silly-dallying along, suddenly realised it was expected to do something to relieve the situation, and promptly devoted \$100,000,000 for a thorough investigation of the cause of high prices and to assist in the prosecution of such persons, firms, and corporations, as might be found guilty of gouging the people. The grocer's shortage to extort unreasonable profits. Mayors, Councilmen, and supervisors restricted themselves to relieve local conditions, and many were taken to release freight cars and rush them with foodstuffs to the centre of populations.

It was not time for hesitation and procrastination. A HUNGRY PEOPLE WILL NOT BE DENIED. Bread riots are uncommon in America—but when the spectre of death, titillation and hunger, the scenes enacted in other countries will have their counterparts here.

There is a serious food shortage in the world at this time. With millions of producers withdrawn from the fields and

THE MACHINE.

after the necessary labor is finished, is called surplus labor. It is the bosses' share, and is the biggest part.

When, therefore, machines are invented which make it possible to produce commodities in greater quantities, the necessary labor time is shortened. An illustration will make this clear. We will suppose that an eight-hour day is in operation, of which four hours is necessary labor, and four hours surplus labor. If the employer introduced a machine which doubles the output of each worker, the result is, that whereas before it took him four hours to turn out the value of his wages, now it can be done by two hours' labor. Then one division of the working-day becomes two hours of necessary labor and six hours' surplus labor. The worker's share has fallen by 50 per cent, and the employer's has fallen by the same proportion. This explains why it is that the capitalist is always anxious to discover new machines.

Until the coming of the machine, women and children could not be utilised in a large number of trades. The work was either too hard and strenuous, or the conditions were such as to make it unprofitable to employ them. This was changed, however, when the machine was perfected which wiped out these objections, and made it possible to fill the factories with cheaper wage-slaves. Women and children are, usually, less militant and less liable to organise and rebel than men are. In short, they are better slaves, another cause of gratification to our philanthropic masters.

"It is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lighted the days' toil," says the famous English statesman, Sir James Mill. "All the marvellous inventions of the past have only served to enrich the ruling class of the world."

It is up to the working-class to get some of the benefits that have accrued from the use of machinery. We have lost touch with many of the privileges and liberties that we once enjoyed, because we have been blind to the changes that were taking place. As long as the present system lasts we cannot take full advantage of the discovery of science, but we can, at least, have some of the benefits.

The best way in which we can profit by the new form of industry is by shortening the hours of labor. As each new machine enters the workshop, it swells the mass of unemployed, but by reducing the working hours this effect could be counter-balanced. The shorter work-day would absorb all the unemployed, and would be followed by an all-round rise in wages, and improvement of industrial conditions.

The shorter work-day has got to come. The army of unemployed is becoming so huge and its effect so disastrous to the workers as a whole that it must be forced, before long, to take action in the matter, or sink to a depth of degradation hitherto unknown.

The I.W.W. stands out as the only organisation capable of dealing with the difficulty. Trade-unionism has proven its uselessness, it has no means for the One Big Union, and now remains for the fight for the international working-class. FRANK CALLANAN.

factories, for upwards of three years, it could not be otherwise. But that there is not enough and to spare in America, though it may be badly distributed, is not believed by the masses of the people. Rightly or wrongly, they have reached the conclusion that they are being victimised by rapacious dealers. A thorough investigation will go far to straighten out matters. Rightly or wrongly (and determined) if combines and conspiracies exist: or to satisfy the consumers if a real shortage is shown and steps are taken to conserve the raw materials, the products of this country, rather than to depend on foreign supplies abroad to relieve the necessities of those whom improvident governments have forewarned from the peaceful tactics of lifting the lid from the fire-draw of slaughtering their fellow-men.

If a real food shortage exists, it would appear that it is the duty of the authorities to take possession of all foodstuffs, at reasonable prices, and distribute them as equally as possible, that all may be fed with a minimum of waste. Governments do no higher duty than the care of its people, and when ordinary means and methods of supply break down, there should not be any hesitancy in following the example of the United States Government in conserving and distributing the necessities of life—San Francisco "Sun."

All governments are essentially immoral, there is nothing about them that is worthy of marks of its parentage. Violence is employed to maintain it, and all violence is criminal. State slavery exists, and the state is a substitute evil. No morality can be taught, it can give no countenance to anything growing out of it.—Herbert Spencer.

Prison Facies.

(By Ernest Jones, Charities.)

Somehow facies benee me,
 Somehow I sit in my cell,
 And comrades and friends may forget me,
 And foes may remember to well.

That plans that I thought well digested,
 May prove to be bubbles of air,
 And hopes when they come to be tested,
 May turn to the seed of despair.

But tho' I may doubt all beside me,
 And anchor and cable may part,
 Whether—whatever betide me,
 Peril me to dobet my own heart!

The sickness may wreck a brave spirit,
 And time wear the brain to a shade,
 And dastardly ease dishearten,
 Creations that manhood has made,

But, God! let me never cease to cherish,
 The truth I so fondly have hold!
 For sooner, at once let me perish,
 Ere firmness and courage are quelled.

My head in the dust may be lying,
 And had me exult o'er my fall,
 I shall smile at them—smile at them, dying,
 The Right is the Right after all.

Workers, Listen!

Whence did all these millions come now being
 devilled into the burning bill of the God of
 War?

They came from the labor of the people. They
 came from aching backs and anguished hearts,
 from broken lives and trampled opportunities,
 from hunger and suffering. From oppression
 and degradation.

The "National" Federation did not bring
 them into existence. The Stock Exchange
 did not toll to win them from the lands, and
 lift them from the mines, and wrest them from
 the sea.

To which you wish mind on us from the
 seats of their automobiles; who above us
 like the dirty backgrounds and the dirty seats
 while they sit in the front rows, resplendently
 habited; who eat the costliest foods and
 wear the costliest clothes, and appoint judges
 to fix pounds a week to fix the wages of
 a multitude at less than sixty shillings—
 have not sold a million or a strain of
 a race to produce the millions of which you
 speak so lightly, Joseph Cook.

No, the war is a cruel thing, not only
 because of its murdering and maiming, but also
 for the reason that the wealth wrung from the
 story of the workers is being squandered in
 the pursuit of a certain profit.

And when a traitor to his class, like Joseph
 Cook, comes along, and delivers what the
 capitalist papers call an "optimistic speech,"
 inspiring us to this extravagant reaction,
 we should not disturb our equanimity,
 there are no words in politic dictionaries to ex-
 press the disgust we feel.

Even after a nation is bankrupted, it still
 has the sunbathing and the soil, and the spirit
 of the people," said the saintly Joseph Cook,
 and the listening audience cheered.

Would they, I wonder, if they could have
 "smelled the grisly prospect lurking at the
 end of his cheerfulness?

For all that such "optimism" amounts to
 is this—that when the war is over, when the
 masses of the nations have been beguared by
 destruction on the one hand and exploitation
 on the other, they will trait back from the
 battlefield sick, wounded and weary, and take
 up the task of replacing the millions that the
 shambles Mars has consumed.

The soldier will doff the uniform of the King
 and the liver of the Capitalist. He will
 take aside the gun and take up the pick; and
 having fought for liberty abroad, subject him-
 self to slavery at home.

That, Joseph Cook, is the meaning of the
 horror there is in which you told us that
 national bankruptcy is nothing to worry over.
 If you had put it into the language of candor
 and truth, you should have said, "Never mind
 your mind about the workers who pro-
 ceed their leave off spilling their blood they'll
 wash the job of filling our purses."

But the language of candor is not popular
 here, nor elsewhere. In days gone by, there
 would have been no enmity between the na-
 tions, there would have been no war; and the
 people who thrive in the darkness of the
 night's ignorance would have perished in the
 light of an alert Democracy.

H. E. D.

Government is not reason; it is not also
 justice—it is force. Like fire, it is a danger-
 ous weapon, and the safest master—George
 Washington.

INDUSTRIAL ORGANISATION. What Shall It Be?

The One Thing Needful.

"Don't mourn, but organise." With these significant words uttered by Joe Hill, the great workman, looking on the eye of his murderer, will ring down through the corridors of time to immortal fame.

Organisation is the collective ability to achieve physical results.

To inaugurate industrial unionism or I.W.W. organisations is not necessary to know what result the I.W.W. is aiming at. Intelligent, industrial unionists all over the world, want a new civilisation, in fact members of the I.W.W. look upon their organisation as the germ, or the beginning of a new civilisation.

The spreading of this new idea is called Education. The striving to achieve it, Organisation, and the final consummation, Emancipation. This is the order in which the words appear on the I.W.W. label.

A glance at the statement of principles, wherein it says, "not only must the army of production be organised to fight the capitalist and the profiteer, but also to carry on production when capitalism has been overthrown," will make the meaning of industrial organisation clearer and simpler to any inquiring member of the working class.

Organisation is power—even the most serene and respectful workers recognise this. How often do we hear workers who are not members of the I.W.W. who are even opposed to it saying, "If the workers only stood together they could rule the world."

Trade unions after being fooled by the politicians and tricked by the Arbitration Courts, they must fall back on the only weapon the workers have got, their own collective action—the strike, in some form or other.

The trade unions are afraid to use their power because they are unable to concentrate their unions, and they lack that determination and courage that education lack.

Concentration is the main essential of Organisation. One Big Union of Workers, all concentrating their energy and

activity upon the ownership of industries, is going to change the whole of the present social institutions.

Arbitration and Political Action do not concentrate the workers upon the ownership of industries—it scatters their force, and is therefore useless to the working class.

The One Big Union organisation will have as many industrial departments and subdivisions as is found necessary for the workers to achieve the greatest results, with the least expenditure of human energy. The exact details of industrial unionism can only be made as the need arises, and the membership gains experience in their historic mission.

The General Executive Board in any given country would act as an information bureau to gather statistics of the people's material wants, and then hand this on to the industrial departments to be produced by the workers and under conditions decided upon by the membership of that industry.

Intelligent working class organisations would not produce haphazardly as is done under capitalism.

In the I.W.W. every opportunity is given for the voice of the individual. We want the assistance of every workers' knowledge, for there are geniuses in organisations, the same as there are geniuses in science, poetry or music.

The master class organisations conserve and concentrate wealth. The I.W.W. will concentrate the producer of all wealth, the power to create things on earth, labor power; and this always in keeping with the spirit of working class revolt, so aptly expressed by the ploughman poet, Bobby Burns, in a few lines—

If I am designed you lordling's slave,
 By nature's law designed,
 Why was an independent wish
 Ever planted in my mind?
 If not, why say the lord had taken
 His cruelty and scorn,
 Or why has man the will and power
 To make his fellow mourn.

M. SAWELL.

Nothing in Common.

Scene: A wagee plug has strolled along from the steerage to the saloon on board an ocean liner, and is engaged in conversation by a saloon passenger. "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common," remarked the wagee plug.

"Ah! no, my friend," exclaimed his capitalist counterpart, "the workers and employers have nothing in common: relations between employer and employed should be cordial, as this is in the best interests of both." He continued, "There should be no discord or hatred; these class distinctions you speak of do not exist. If the workers would only—"; but the conversation was abruptly interrupted, and an arrogant voice demanded of the wagee worker, "To what class do you belong?" Looking around, he saw an irate steward glaring wrathfully at him. "The wagee sir instinctively answered, "To the working class." Came the retort: "Well, get down to where your class belongs."

Slowly he wended his way down from amongst the gales and music, where his masters were making merry, as they drank of the choicest wines and smoked of the most fragrant of cigars. He sat on every bed of luxury and comfort; he consumed the rich and radiant with joy and happiness; he saw the peevish dogs of the idle somnolent ladies bedecked with diamond collars, sufficient in value to clothe a hundred starving children. He heard the sounds of merry-making, the joyous intoxicating music, the laughter and the strains of the stevedores' mad songs; joy which permeated the indulgent crews; it was the stevedores' feelings, the brilliant smile to the stewards' delight to and fro, subservient to their masters' bidding.

All this, and much more he observed, and as he reached the steerage another sight opened before him. He saw the wives of the workers huddled together, sick and weary, and the naked, exposed dogs. He saw the scantly clad, huddled-up children of the sailors; scanty clad, huddled-up people dogs. He saw the remorseless indifference stamped indelibly upon the features of the "bottom dogs," he noticed the grating din of the, herculean strength of the giant class.

He remembered the fat, sleek and pompous gentleman, seated at the table, and the ladies. Mentally, he contrasted them with the faces around him. And again, he looked

about, and descended into the vile, evil-smelling, over-crowded cabins into which the working class were banished as so many horses, among the bitterness of it all arose in his mind, and his soul revolved in horror, mingled with pity, at the social system that allows millions to exist in poverty, millions to be slaughtered on battle-fields, and millions to live in the hopelessness of agony and despair; whilst for workers out of town to get in some change for their three shillings. This is a good constructive work for the One Big Union. Write to-day, Song Book sent free to each sender of these Job for Direct Action in bundles of twelve.

MR. MEATHERINGHAM.

They are a quantity of May Day papers left. They are a quantity of May Day papers left.

PROFANADISTS!

The Press Committee will forward twelve copies of "Direct Action" in any address for a few weeks out of town to get in some constructive work for the One Big Union. Write to-day, Song Book sent free to each sender of these Job for Direct Action in bundles of twelve.

If you order a bundle post, don't forget to put on when we are to terminate the sending of the order. Some members forget to let us know when they leave the district, and the result is "Direct Action" going in the P. O. destroyed. A letter saves us money; hence, do not forget.

THE MANAGER.

MR. READER: The best and most profitable getting subs for this paper. Let the present subscribers all get one each, every month, and in a very short time you can have a six page paper. Remember, they are a free song book attached to every four subs subscription or two two-sub ones. So do today! Get busy, and let's see your hoof marks on the sands of revolution.

The law has always been wrong—Wendell Phillips.

Without an economic organisation, and without a free song book attached to every subs, the workers may achieve will turn to ashes on their lips—E. V. Debs.

In exact ratio as working class organisations weaken or become obsolete, ruling class institutions grow in strength and cohesiveness.

As the present ruling class organisations, however, throw the workers of the world at each other's throats, thereby causing race hatred and dissension, and (for the time being) broken down the institutions of the ruling class, and aspirations (on the part of the workers), for a world-wide form of organisation, are feeling in good form.

It is hardly likely to watch their various laws and proposed measures, to see and understand to what length they would go if allowed to be the militant working-class unions.

We have seen the conception issue of last year and its terrible aftermath, which was of the most militant fighters against conception of human life, were sent to gas, thereby clearing the way for another attempt.

In Great Britain, under cover of the excuse that newspaper is a luxury, and not to be imported, our press is being slowly but surely strangled.

In all the warring countries, industrial, as well as militant conception is the grim reality of the day.

The ruling class of today have not even hesitated to invade the supposedly sacred rights of the workers, and they have scientifically bred horses and cattle, so now we propose to breed a race of slaves in accordance with their own ideas of fitness. In several states of America, they have laws providing for the power to declare "any" member of the working-class whom the police may drag before them; and order the sterilisation of each person. Of course, according to ruling-class ideas of progress, it will be the rebellious slaves who will be operated upon, and rendered stupid.

A prominent member of the capitalist class in America has publicly stated that it was the intention of his organization to make the physically fittest of the workers, and by giving them a living wage, encourage them to propagate their species, allowing the remainder to die out.

And so on throughout the capitalist world, as the workers have gradually lost their power slip from their grasp (through parliamentary action, arbitration courts, etc.), the ruling class has become more and more aggressive. And they have no intention of calling a halt yet for a while. In fact, they are but starting.

As Australia is the world's richest resource, especially from the world's markets than any of the warring countries in Europe, it naturally follows that she, like them, must have industrial conception, if her exploiters are to hold their own in the world's markets. It is not likely to follow this line. Already the cry of Imperialism is raised throughout the land.

Workers, beware, be warned; another attempt will be made to foster conception upon you.

What are you going to do about it? Your parliamentary machine has broken down. For ten years you have pinned your faith to parliament; now, it has failed, and you have no parliament to appeal to. Your life-long enemies, the advocates of cheap colored labor, are in possession of that institution. Faced with conception, and the same thing, they are a reduction of wages, or a lengthening of working hours (you know that the interest must be paid upon the enormous debts now being piled up), faced with the certainty of unemployment, and the possibility of an influx of cheap, colored labor, your out-look is, indeed, black as night.

But the I.W.W. puts before you a method whereby you can confound and defeat your enemies.

Will you listen to us? Or will you go on for ever, harkening to the siren voices of your oppressors and betrayers?

For several years now we have been trying to show you a way out of your mental and physical slavery. Not as the prostitute people has told you, by violence and treachery, but as the workers of the world, the industries wherein you work. In short, One Big Union, to include every man, woman and child that works for wages.

Think of us, that—can you not see that if we were so organised, we would be ALL-POWERFUL!

"The workers have in their hands a weapon more powerful than all the machine guns on earth."

Men and women of the working class, find out for yourselves what the I.W.W. is, and why we are so bold as not afraid to have our teachings and our methods investigated. We want them investigated by the workers. Join I.W.W. Hearings—Listen to Liberty and Democracy—I.W.W.

Join us in the coming fight for liberty, and life, against military oppression and death.

THOMAS O'CONNOR.

Parliament is a talking shop. If it were called a jobbery shop, the truth would not be violated—Carlyle.

