



A Weekly Paper S'African Elections The Agitator.

By Ajax.

The progress of "Direct Action" has been phenomenal. Nearly two years ago the Sydney local decided to foot the bill for the paper. "Direct Action" started out a monthly, and then then it has never looked behind him since he has again.

The first six issues were printed on portable printers, and the cost was somewhat heavy, too heavy, in fact, for the slender resources of the local at the time. It was then determined that we should purchase a press. We had no money, but plenty of optimism, no printing knowledge, but lots of aptitude for hard work.

A good Samaritan was discovered, and the Press became a fact. In August, 1915, we came to the conclusion, that we could make the paper a reality. We did so. We had some fight all along the line. There were some who thought we were going to lose for seven days in October of the same year between issues. The subscribers tried to bar the sale of "Direct Action" on the Domain. They were a usual.

We struggled along with a debt around our necks like a milestone. The subscribers began to roll in when a people recognised what kind of a paper we were. Members of the press began to flock to our stand, and we began to knock spots off the milestone.

The organisation has had to fight in every inch, the paper has had to fight every hundredth part of an inch. Boys of the rebel class are led to dig into their almost empty pockets to make sure that "Direct Action" continued on its way.

We have utilised the press to good purpose in reprinting several pamphlets dealing with the methods and principles of the organisation. Well as the time went on, the more active members of the working class got in touch with the paper, and they found the philosophy of the One Big Union. More fights came on, and more victories were added to the list.

The fights advertised the paper, the paper again advertised the organisation. "Direct Action" was made possible by the Industrial Workers of the World, and the widespread leadership of Industrials. It has not been made possible by the paper. The two things go hand in hand like the two sides of a coin.

Early in September, the editor was taken away. The printers were made masquerade as ministers of the law, and they wanted a scapegoat to cover their own shortcomings. They thought that when they captured the editor, "Direct Action" would be the paper would die. And they were right, the paper did die.

Editors blew in from all parts of the country. It was decided that "Direct Action" should continue the second goaling of the editor by getting into short clothes and making a weekly. The publishers were put into operation. We are a weekly paper. We have even a weekly struggle that the previous years and omitted optimism. We hope that a weekly paper will be greater than ever. The working class of Australia need a paper that stands out from the sludge and generalities of capitalist so-

ciety, and places before the workers methods and principles that must ultimately triumph in the battles, straggling days of the future.

We may not be a big paper. We don't desire to be big. We want the to be understood. We want the working class to reach us, to understand our message. The message of virility, strength, and unquenchable optimism. We have never, and never will, sell our pages by the advertisements of the class we are out to destroy. We will not allow our pages to become a medium for personal adulation or hero worship. The One Big Union movement is too great a movement to slobber over individuals or their frailties.

Our army of subscribers becomes greater every day. We want to cover even more country. We want to reach more workers with our philosophy. We are the "old guard", who battle all over the country with the sub. cards in their hands. A weekly "Direct Action" is largely their work. Their work is the "old guard", who battle all over the country with the sub. cards in their hands. The Editor and Manager of "Direct Action" want to see over 5,000 subscribers on the books. Think of the value of the working class movement in Australia, with five thousand of working class minds coming in contact with this paper of the Coming Change. We are optimistic enough to believe that our army of subscribers will grow in numbers and results. Now, Mr. Reader, I am talking to you. Write to me personally, and I will send you the sub. card. And do the evil work today. Make "Direct Action" the most influential working class paper in Australia. It's up to you, Mr. Reader. Are you some dynamite, or drift-wood? See the beginning.

TOM BARKER.

ACTIVITIES OF LOCAL No. 6, HALL, LANE ST., BOULDER, W.A.

- Wednesday Evenings, in Hall—Class Meeting.
- Friday Evening, Boulder Post Office—Propaganda Meeting.
- Saturday Evening, Kalgoorlie—Propaganda Meeting.
- Sunday Morning, 10.30 a.m., Hall—Business Meeting.
- Sunday Afternoon, Keane's Goldfields Hotel, Athletic Club, at 2.30—Lecture.
- Sunday Evening, Boulder—Propaganda Meeting.
- Good Friday at Hall All Reds are invited to dig in and make Industrial Unions the Top of the Day.

F. H. LUNN.

The capitalist press is making venomous attacks on King O'Malley's position in the Labor Cabinet. O'Malley is one of those spoken-actors in a thousand who so plain-spoken a capitalist system in general that the stipulation of the press can be easily understood. Talk, however, is not enough. O'Malley is not even, won't remedy conditions or abolish the system, so O'Malley is his more discreet brotherhood in the political Labor movement.

"Herald" puts One More Nail in Coffin of I.W.W.

The "Sydney Morning Herald" has discovered something. The route of the Labor Party at the South African elections, we are told, is attributable to the fact that I.W.W. extremists were prominent in its propaganda. "The I.W.W. preach German Socialism... which is nothing more or less than pure anarchy," is the conclusion arrived at by the "Herald" scribe. As I.W.W. propaganda, German Socialism, and Anarchism are three different schools of thought, each of which is irreconcilably opposed to the others, the leader writer on the "Herald" staff, who embosoms all news as I.W.W. exclusively, is to be commended for his genius.

The Labor Party in South Africa is on a par with the Labor Party in Australia. For the most part it is composed of men who believe that the easiest way to get a livelihood is to get on the backs of their own class and remain loyal to it. For the most part their personal reputation. Niceties of thought on particular phases of the working class movement are altogether without their intellectual sphere. The only things that matter are votes and the job; the first as a means, the latter as the end; and it is a little task to endeavor to stir up the sluggish conscience and mentality of the average Labor politician, even in office, to the fact that he owes a duty to those to whom he owes his job.

The workers in South Africa, as in Australia, are beginning to recognise the truth of this, and the Labor Party's defeat at the polls in Australia, and at the fact that "you may fool some of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

The question most vitally concerning the workers of South Africa is not the numbers of votes they cast for this or that candidate, but the amount of conscious power they can exercise by organisation on the job.

Perhaps the toilers in that country have learnt something from the history of Labor Party in Australia, and at the "Herald's" remarks with regard to I.W.W. propaganda is not so much beside the mark after all.

The politicians will soon be in each other's hair now on the question of the Referendum proposal. When all is over and "the Constitution is gained," what do the workers stand to gain? Assuming that the Government will then be in a position to fix Capital, prove that the standard of comfort for the working class is not determined by high or low prices, but upon the power of their organisation on the job to write down the master on a larger proportion of their product.

Make the job last, if you don't want to join the unemployed.

Push the ass of "Direct Action." The boss loves it.

Every copy of "Direct Action" sold is a kick at the boss. Get subs.

Think truly—and try thoughts
"Shall the world's famine feed?"
Speak truly—and each word of thine
"Shall be a fruitful seed."
Live truly—and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—G.W.

At various periods in history and on the advent of every social change, and more especially at the break up of any given civilisation, persons mostly of obscure birth have boldly stepped upon the stage of public life by their zeal and self sacrifice to a cause have ushered in new ideas and sometimes overturned established institutions that have outlived their usefulness; and are a stumbling block on the path of progress. The agitator is the product of his age. There are economic and psychic forces silently at work in society that lead inevitably towards the ideas and ideals of the reformer. Being gifted with higher intelligence than others, the agitator is the pioneer of every new movement. Agitators are rarely thoroughly understood in their generation. Their ideas are necessary in advance of public opinion, or rather one should say mental apathy of the herd. Moreover, the agitator is usually a unique type of individual whose ideas are unorthodox, whose habits are Bohemian, and his tastes unconventional. The chief charge against the agitator is that he is against the existing order. As a witty writer once put it, "English society can forgive crime, and even murder, but it cannot tolerate a new idea." The agitator directly or indirectly threatens retrogressive institutions by the exposure of fallacy and quackery, and the denunciation of corruption and fraud. Parasites, priests, politicians and other syco-phants recognise the agitator as the personification of discontent and agitation for radical change. Education of the masses is the one thing above all others christianity dreads. Our civilisation to-day is essentially based upon ignorance and perversion of the past. In spite of its glamour and show, most of its venerated institutions rest upon metaphysical ideas, and either the acceptance of the proposition of discontinuance of the people. Knowing this, hypocrites in high places loathe the agitator. Especially is this the case when around his doctrine find the hopes of the oppressed.

Amongst the great agitators who have left their footprints on the sands of time are Confucius, Christ, Savonarola, Bruno, Darwin, Ferrer, and many other lesser lights, including the world's best and bravest. Most of these men paid the price of their life for their ideas. When alive they were bitterly denounced, persecuted and murdered. When dead a more educated generation recognises the greatness of the agitator, and erects statues and monuments to the memory of the men their forefathers murdered.

Of course, there are many kinds of agitators. Strictly speaking, any person advocating certain ideas and actions is an agitator. A recruiting officer, parson, or politician is really an agitator. Statesmen, editors, preachers, and so forth, are really agitators, but are not treated as such. The abstract press treat the word as a term of opprobrium. Any licensed public man who is advocat-

ing something detrimental to society as a whole, but useful to the ruling class, is not designated an agitator. He is a most important individual, whose identity is above suspicion. On the other hand, if the ideas are detrimental to exploitation, then he is a despicable agitator. Recently in England, Kitchener received thousands of pounds for advocating the murder of Boer farmers, while Tom Mann got six months jail for telling soldiers not to shoot strikers. In the former case the important personage was advancing something conducive to plutocratic interests, therefore he was loaded with honors and titles; in the latter case it was the reverse, therefore the agitator was prosecuted. The presence of the agitator is not a sinister sign, except to a limited few. The more agitators, the better for society. If it were not for the agitator, the world would sink to a state of mental torpor; indeed, the masses are perishing near that condition, and require more agitators to wake them up.

Whatever may be his faults, and no matter how erroneous his ideas, the agitator is a being who in the long run works for the mental health of society. The agitator is really a ruffian in the leader of thought, and stimulator of intellectual progress. A man who can give the world a new idea, beneficial to the community, is of more value than all the generals, popes, and notable personages. Apart from their ideas we have to remember that the agitator in all ages has carried the banner of free speech onward and upward past crosses, altars and dungeons. In the words of an agitator whom our respect. The agitator is a necessary and inevitable factor in human progress, a biological necessity, whose importance we cannot afford to ignore.

Thought is changing fast, and is infinite in its variety. What is feared at today becomes an established fact tomorrow, and in its turn gives place to something better in the near future. Amid the fall of dynasties, the crumbling of creeds, the crash of empires, the new rapidly displaces the old. In the realm of thought and ideas it stands. In the words of an agitator: "This generation shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away."

Last century saw science tread the sceptre from superstition. Today the sceptre is being a similar a similar fight against orthodox political economy. They are the agitators of this age who understand the realities of life and the hopes of the future. They carry the torch of progress on past the dems of ignorance and faith, the power of privilege and poll, towards the goal that the agitators in the past have dreamed "The Kingdom of heaven on earth."

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The Coal Strike.

Plute Press Hypecopy.

The hysterical shrieks of the capitalist press is the most remarkable thing about the coal-mine strike. The dictionaries have searched and re-searched for adjectives of a sufficiently vituperative nature to hurl at the unfortunate mine workers, but the latest concoction finds its limit and its climax in one word—"Pro-Germans."
Before the war occurred such a link as a strike of coalies, or strikes in general, were things that were altogether unknown in Australia. It is, therefore, the most logical thing in the world to conclude that when these phenomena take place, they can only be attributable to German agents, German spies, or German sympathisers.

The Sydney "Evening News" is the only capitalist newspaper that seems to touch the underlying cause of the strike as being that put forward by its contemporaries. A leading article in its issue of October 23, which strangely enough, is headed "Industrial Anarchy," says inter alia, that "it is not quite clear why the Germans who have a great deal to attend to just at present should try to foment industrial trouble in New South Wales, when they know that it is a disease endemic in this glorious country."

The "News" however, apparently afraid of offending the susceptible nerves of rich patrons and advertisers, further on leaves out for fear by saying that in so far as the strike "hamstrings the efforts of the British and our Allies, these industrial revolutionists are pro-Germans, and the Government and the community should deal with them as such."

The strike who wrote that screed could find perhaps a fuller explanation of the strike by noting the headline, "Industrial Anarchy," and leaving it at that.

And the word anarchy, in its popular acceptation, means disorder or chaos, and that is more disorderly and chaotic than the economic system which compels men to resort to starvation today. In order that they may have an extra crust in the cupboard tomorrow.
Anarchists are popularly supposed to be people who have no respect for the rights of other individuals who would establish and unconquidly in murder, stay, starve, and torture, in order to achieve their own purposes. It is this the meaning of anarchism

Listen to the mellifluous voice of the angel who records working class misdemeanours in Sydney; that assure but upright and just persons. Archival Court, Judge Heydon. When Nemesis, in the shape of a so-called Labor Government, got after the coalies and hauled them before the Court, "The Honour" in granting a postponement with that love of justice for which he is famous, remarked, "I do not want to say anything about the merits of this controversy between the men and their employers. It would be the wrong time to do so."

How impartial. How just. And then that there may be no mistake about his uprightness and impartiality "The Honour" tells us forthwith that "It looks as if they (the strikers) wanted to intimidate the Germans first by treating their agreement as a scrap of paper; only to be observed as it truly themselves."

Really and truly one would have thought that such a thing was impossible in time of war, and the fact that we are living under a free Constitution." Perturbed at such a state of affairs, "His Honor" scratches his head, and adds, "It does suggest a doubt whether a free Constitution is a free one."

This dirty, low-down, parasitical lickspittle has not a word to say about the employers who hold up transports because they would see King George, the Kaiser, and all their satellites, slaves, and soldiers in the furthest corner of hell, rather than pain with one cent of their ill-gotten gains unless compelled to do

This is the kind of institution to which the workers are driven by the Labor Party to secure "Justice." Before any evidence is tendered, and before any word has been uttered on the strikers' behalf, this dock, staffed, sixty-four a week hypocrite, has the impudence to talk to the workers as if they were beholden to him and his class for the few strands of liberty they possess, and as if freedom were something to be taken away or bestowed according to the whims of tyrants and despots.

At the time writing the coal strike was not yet over, but if the coalition tolerates the Heydon sample of justice being dished out to them, and remains quiet without putting forward as a condition that they be kicked out of his job, they deserve what is coming to them from the bosses and their courts.

the system for which the "Shoozes" stands, and the bosses for whom he speaks, may be styled anarchy and anarchists.

We have these bosses, as represented by the Colliery Owners and Coal Stevedores' Association, shedding Peckinham tears over the unparliamentary attitude of workers who refuse to coal transports. With the unbecoming characteristics of a Peck sniff tribe, they pretend to be shocked and amazed because men refuse to coal ships that will carry human beings to scenes of murder and slaughter, while all the while their bond for hell? Did not an Almighty Providence ordain that men should toil and sweat and murder so that profits may be accumulated by the chosen few whom it is our duty to benefit wisdom placed over us. Why should heaven slaves dare worship at the shrine of any other deity but him whom their masters worship as the God of God, the God of Profit, the God of Greed? Why should our children starve? Why should their parents' tears their souls when their last loaf has disappeared and wages are not yet due? Who dare say that a well-ordered system of this kind should be disturbed by industrial revolutionists? Treasonous trouble makers, Turbulent Anarchists, get back into your slums, go down into your infernal hell-holes, show your faces to the sun only in contempt for does not the voice of the capitalist god proclaim, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

It would appear that the economic and financial chaos inevitably arising out of the war is beginning to scare even the most extreme innocents. The "Sunday Times" of October 31st goes so far as to predict complete financial ruin for Great Britain and the Allies if the war should last longer than another twelve months. There is one sure, safe and certain guarantee against financial ruin, and that is the development of industry within the Empire to its greatest extent, and a rigid economy.

Workers interested in the fate of the Empire should note that the financial position of any country, in the last analysis, depends upon the willingness of its slaves to put up with exploitation, and how the capitalist class to practice "a rigid economy" at their expense, so that this class may be able to meet its obligations and once more enhance its credit.

The "Times" knows that the interest on the huge war debts which Great Britain and her overseas possessions are building up cannot be met by any magic juggling with finance even by her most powerful financiers. That interest, if it is to be met, must come out of the surplus value which the workers produce, and the larger the surplus they are willing to create, the easier the solution of the problem.

The "development of industry to its greatest extent," with the aid of a "rigid economy," is only another way for saying that ways and means must be found for keeping the worker's nose to the grinding stone, and for keeping the screw generally on labor's neck. So, after all, even according to the "Times," is the wage-slave of Great Britain and her Allies—and the same applies to Germany—have not a very rosy future in front of them, irrespective of which side wins or loses.

There is just another alternative which the "Times" did not hint at. That is, Revolution. It may occur to the wage-slaves of the capitalists to think, round whose necks this burden is going to be tied, that if they organise to appropriate the surplus they produce for themselves, it won't much matter to them whether they are the tyrants and exploiters are "financially ruined" or not.

The financial ruin of the capitalists, by depriving them of the surplus product of labor, is what all intelligent workers should aim at.

MELBOURNE ACTIVITIES.

Local No. 8, 243 William Street—Monday, 8 p.m. Business Meeting. Tuesday, Propaganda Committee Meets. Friday, 8 p.m.—Propaganda Meeting at South Melbourne Market. Saturday, 8 p.m.—Educational Lecture at Hall. Saturday, 8 p.m.—Propaganda Meeting Flinders Park (Yarns Bank). Library and Reading Room Open every night. Working-class and poor all invited. Industrial Union Literature on sale. All replies are asked to blow along and make themselves known. All slaves will be welcome.

J. LAWRENCE, Secretary-Treasurer.

ADELAIDE READER.

Can obtain copies of "Direct Action" and Industrial Literature from Charles Russell, bookmaker, Gibson-street, Bowden, Adelaide, S.A.

NOTICE.

Any member knowing the whereabouts of R. J. (Dick) Weldon is requested to communicate with J. W. Welch, 134 Auburn-street, Goolburra.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground, The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world. Who made him dead to torture and despair, A thing that grieves not, and that never hopes
Stolid and stunned a brother to the ox? Who loosed and led down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow? Whose breath blew out the light within his brain?

(Republished by Request.)

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave To have dominion over sea and land; To trace the stars, and search the Heavens for power, To feel the passion of Eternity? Is this the dream, He dreamed Who shaped the suns And pillared the blue firmament with light? Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf, There is no form more terrible than this— More tongued with censure of the World's blind greed— More filled with signs and portents for the soul. More fraught with menace to the Universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim! Slave of the wheel of Labour woe to him Are Plato, and the swiving Pleiades? What are the long reaches of the peaks of song? The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose? Through the dream sleep the suffering ages look, Time's tragedy is in thataching spot, Through this dread shape, Humanity betrayed, Plundered, profaned and disinherited, Cries protest to the Judges of the World, A protest that is also prophecy.

O, masters, lords and rulers in all lands, Is this the handiwork you give to God, This monstrous thing, distorted and soul quenched? How will you ever straighten up this shape? Give back the upward looking and the light, Rebuild it in the music and the dreams, Touch it again with immortality. Make right the immemorial wrongs, Perfidious wrongs, immediate woes!

O, master, lords and rulers in all lands, How will the future reckon with the man? How answer his brute question in that hour When the whirlwinds of rebellion shake the World? How will it be with Kingdoms and with kings; With those who shape him to the thing he is, When the dumb Terror shall reply to God After the silence of the centuries?

EDWIN MARKHAM.

I. W. W. Preamble.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people, and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organise as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

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

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

Instead of the conservative motto: "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work" we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary and militant slogan of the working-class to do away with Capitalism. The army of production must be organised not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organising industrially, we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

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

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK SYDNEY LOCAL MEETINGS, etc.

Street Propaganda at Bathurst and Liverpool Streets Every Friday and Saturday Evenings, at 8 p.m.; also Sunday Evenings at 7.

Meetings in Hall: Sunday, 8 p.m. Propaganda. Wednesday, 8 p.m. Economic Class. Thursday, 8 p.m. Business Meeting. Also, Public Meeting Every Sunday Afternoon in the Domain.

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Enclosed please find P.O. for us, for which please send "Direct Action" for one year to the following address: _____

A Heavenly Discourse.

What is Black's Game ?

The Expansive Force of an Idea.

DIRECT ACTION.

God and Jesus are strolling through from star to star.
 Jesus: Father, I wish you had pleased the stars more regularly. This makes my legs tired. It's like walking on ties.
 God: On what?
 Jesus: Yes.
 God: What's that?
 Jesus: Oh, Father, you certainly know what ties are.
 God: Heavenly ties?
 Jesus: No, railroad ties.
 God: Never heard of them. Where are they?
 Jesus: On earth.
 God: O, that speak. You are always lugging the Earth into the conversation. Why are you so fond of it?
 Jesus: I don't know. Because they crucified me, I guess.
 God: Ha! Well, yes, if you like this sort of appreciation. Jesus: We never forget where we have suffered.
 God: No, I suppose not. I never suffered.

God: Couldn't they get any better without this certificate?
 Jesus: That's just the point. It doesn't seem to make any difference. A whole lot of young people quietly got a lot of babies without Jesus's leave.
 God: Well, aren't they just as good babies? What's the row then? Did the babies care about the certificate?
 Jesus: No.
 God: Well, won't they make just as good soldiers and mothers of soldiers?
 Jesus: O yes.
 God: Then what's the trouble?
 Jesus: Why, can't you see, Father, that if the parents are not legally married the babies are illegitimate?
 God: What's that?
 Jesus: Not lawful.
 God: My! My! How awful. Do they kill them? My son, I cannot follow you.
 Jesus: Well, Father, I'm puzzled myself, but the idea is this: the parents didn't have leave from the Church and the State to get married.
 God: Well, I'll be—No, of course, I couldn't be. Won't they let these babies grow up to be soldiers and laborers?
 Jesus: O yes. But they'll be bastards. They'll be forever disgraced.

The Labor Government's attempt at suppressing I.W.W. propaganda is beginning to take on its real effect.
 It will be remembered that a few months ago, in consequence of the fight for free speech which has been waged by the I.W.W. in the streets of Sydney for the past three or four years, Chief Secretary Black set aside certain streets in the city on which outdoor meetings could be held.

Neither then nor since did the I.W.W. thank Black for so doing, for his "permission" to do something which had already persisted in doing in spite of prosecution and persecution seemed more amusing than necessary.

Seeing that the bye-laws with regard to outdoor meetings could not be put in operation, Black and his cabinet conferred have met out on fresh lines to gag the organization.
 As corner of Bathurst and George streets in the stands where I.W.W. meetings have been held for several evenings for the past three years, it has in consequence, become so well advertised as a corner where to go for an evening of very frank and honest talk that a whole host of people in the city who may have a real medicine to sell or some mental pain to serve out, periodically makes an appearance on Friday evenings.
 Jesus: O yes. But they'll be bastards. They'll be forever disgraced.

This did not trouble the I.W.W., however. Propaganda has been kept going there in spite of these difficulties, and the crowd, as a rule, has gathered round I.W.W. speakers.
 On going to hold the usual meeting at 8 p.m. on Friday, 27th inst, it was found that no crowd had gathered on arriving there a crowd of people standing round a banner, a soap box, and a speaker. What was unusual, though, was to see a strong force of police very tight on the alert for interceptors and disruptors, which generally very zealous in "maintaining order." No beer-soaked stuff was allowed to be in at THIS little conference, and you will find, really, one thing, the right of free speech, making progress, when the police who were kept busy a short time ago in running men in for public-trust speakers in the streets in protesting against the famous interjections of the inevitable ruffian.

Optimism, however, is sometimes misplaced. Closer acquaintance with the "cold tea" and the "cold water" and it was seen that the meeting was approached under the auspices of the "cold tea" brigade. No matter how good a thing cold tea might be in itself, the I.W.W. concluded that a little Industrial Deism might assist the slave to get out, and began its meeting at the usual hour.

Then the real cause of the presence of the police became apparent. The speaker, who was chairman, was approached by a gentleman in gold bridle, with a posse of stalwart beaters, and informed that the cold tea and "priority" brigade were at their meeting first. Special instructions had been issued by Mr. Black that no meetings of any other kind were to be allowed in the street, and would the I.W.W. please take itself away somewhere else.

As the I.W.W. has had true affection for Bathurst-street, Irish-speaking for his mind, he has been so same antipathy to the cold tea brigade. I.W.W. refused to budge, it was growing more and more, and we will have to the usual blue line of free speech to follow.

The meeting was held, as always, Larkin and Grant were the speakers, and shortly after the latter beat on the cold tea brigade beat an ignominious retreat.
 Now, what we want to know from Mr. Black is why, on particular occasions, he should come under the protection of his police force, and sent direct to Bathurst-street, where, as is well known to black on the streets.

The I.W.W. has not met trouble in the past. The police, who have cold tea fraternity, whom he has to be on under his wing. But if he forces trouble upon us, Mr. Black may find his friend and supporter, "Mr. Black," that "is" were by mistake.

We will the following article from "Solidarity" organ of the I.W.W. in America. It gives the substance of free speech, Habeas Corpus and other so-called inalienable rights in Justice, the article will be read with interest as showing how the tactics of the master class are on a par in all countries where the I.W.W. is making itself felt.

An Idea is the most dynamic thing in the world. The power of transmitted ideas is the power to change the world. The Industrial Workers of the World is an organization for the transmission and development of a great idea—the idea that the world and the whole content thereof is the common property of all mankind; that no class of men and women should be allowed to monopolize themselves the benefits of nature or the labor power of other men and women; that the production and distribution of the means of human sustenance should be reached at the cooperative stage of development; so such an extent that the capitalist mode of production for individual profit must be displaced (as the next step) by a really evolutionary process of the race) by the collective ownership and administration of industry for the common good of all; that those now reaping the benefits of the capitalist system may be expected to oppose such a change with all the great power their ownership gives them; that this great advance must be brought about by the transmission and the organization of the workers in industry right on the job, in unions corresponding to the natural divisions of workers, or the degree of skill necessary to operate such tools, to enable ALL the workers in any one industry to act as a body and later on, when all industries have been organized, that ALL THE WORKERS have ALL INDUSTRIES shall act concertedly and together to present out-of-date mode of production and distribution by ONE BIG UNION of industries, thus bringing about a real democracy, in which the liberty, and the personal well-being, shall be secured to the entire human race.

Workingman or woman, you may think this is a dream. To the employers who have gotten a corner of the resources of nature and who are scooping in with greedy hands the largest part of the results of your sweat and the financial interests of the bankers, and whose host of parasites living by the system which you, IT IS NO DREAM. To them it is a dream, and a real possibility. They are the beneficiaries of a system which causes an untold, an almost unthinkable waste of human life, labor, and commodities, will not hesitate to commit any crime or break any of the fundamental laws. If you are unorganized they will fire you; if they find you out for explaining such ideas to your fellows. The right of free speech and free assembly will not protect anyone advocating these views in a public place where working people congregate. All over the country hundreds of your fellow-workers are rotting in jail, and some are under the ban of the courts.

Does Black again want trouble with the I.W.W., or is this a move to get the I.W.W. workers by sending a force of police to our meeting places to protect any freak who comes along from opposition on the score of "principles?"

It is sound, very sound, but not the operation of the tectonic plate (who are, by the way, in recruiting agents) came into public notice. Will Black inform us what would happen if the I.W.W. went to Martin Place an hour before the time appointed for a recruiting meeting and requested the police to prevent the latter boys being on the street?

The I.W.W. does not want trouble with the I.W.W. police, nor does it want cold tea fraternity, whom he has to be on under his wing. But if he forces trouble upon us, Mr. Black may find his friend and supporter, "Mr. Black," that "is" were by mistake.

are under sentence of death for advocating such views. Joe Elzer just a few days ago being forced of the streets of the city. He was in a jail. The learned police notified it was a "breach of the peace," and that he should stay six months in jail. E. G. Flynn on September 3, 1911, went with other fellow-workers to Paterson to speak at a union meeting, was not permitted to speak in the union hall. The same people whom the "New York Sun" says were "Mayor Robert H. Fordyce, Chief Himson and a majority of the members of the Chamber of Commerce, including some of Paterson's biggest business men and silk weavers," cheerfully joined and aided the long campaign of Billy Sunday held in Paterson last year. Sunday drives women into hysterics. To preach the gospel of Industrial salvation is a breach of the peace, or anarchy. To preach the salvation of "Grim and bear it, you'll get yours by and by," is as thought by Paterson elite to be very heinous to the under-paid workers, and the dollars withheld from their wage envelope went into the ribbing palm of the market-broker who dares to preach the gospel of the Man who was crucified for stirring up the people.

Now, fellow workers, you might think the Master-Class regards such things as "peaceable assemblies" guaranteeing peaceable assembly and free speech mere scraps of paper as between themselves and the Working Class. Indeed, you might be justified in going further and saying that they are "scrap heaps" of paper. In view of the recent actions of the authorities, but it all goes back to the proposition that the source of liberty is the people themselves, and you constitute an over-whelming majority of the people. Organized industrially you hold the situation in the balance. It is the people themselves, and the rulers of the country to suspend civil government, the writ of habeas corpus, assembly, and free speech, whose of necessary to prevent re-organization or disrupt it. Organize industrially and realize the source of your power, and the great idea will permeate the minds of the workers until Industrial Democracy covers the earth as water covers the sea.

Jesus: Didn't you suffer when Ahar set up the golden calf?
 God: No, I didn't suffer. I was mad. I made him suffer. It's part of my business to make people suffer. But about those who will do you call them—railroad ties?
 Jesus: Yes.

God: What's a railroad?
 Jesus: Well, it is iron rails over which a steam engine hauls.

God: What's steam? What's an engine? Never mind. I won't take any interest in it. It's all after my time, I guess. Let's get on. My own legs are a little tired with some of these long stretches.

Jesus: Father, there is one thing I wanted to ask you about. Am I the only son you ever had?
 God: Nonsense. What put that into your head?
 Jesus: The Christians.

God: I have had many sons, but you are the only son I ever had by a Jewish.
 Jesus: I guess that's what they mean. Well, now don't be angry, Father, but were you and Mary ever married?
 God: Ever what?
 Jesus: Married. Holy bonds of matrimony. Holy wedlock.
 God: What are you talking about?

Jesus: Why, don't you know? When two are joined together by a priest that's holy wedlock and the children are legitimate.
 God: My Son, I don't understand one thing you are talking about. Sometimes I think your earth-visit affect your mind.

Jesus: Well, it's this way: You know there is a big war going on in the world.
 God: Is that still going on?
 Jesus: Yes.
 God: You can't get away from that ridiculous earth, can you, my Son?
 Jesus: Well in order to make a lot more soldiers for another war, the Church—

God: That's you.
 Jesus: Yes, and the State—
 God: What's that?
 Jesus: Well, that's just a few people who govern the others.
 God: O, gods?
 Jesus: Yes, in a way. Well, the Church and the State urged a lot of young men and women to take out certificates of leave to take holy wars.

God: That's marriage?
 Jesus: Yes.
 God: Holy Wedlock! Holy Matrimony!
 Jesus: Yes.
 God: What makes it holy?
 Jesus: I don't know, but as I was saying the Church and the State urged the young people to take out certificates, I mean, so that they could get more babies for more wars for the State and the Church.

Industrial Efficacy on the job means prolonged holidays at both ends of the social scale. More holiday means for the boss, and compulsory night-gang on the street corner for the working class.

God: Who? The Church and the State?
 Jesus: Yes, the bobbies—the little red bastards.
 God: My Son, all this makes me more tired even than these star stretches. Let's go home. Charles Brinsloe Street Wood.

In 'The Masses'.

"EXPIRED."
 Subscribers who had a stamp "Expired," upon their paper, are notified that their subscriptions will expire thereby during the following month. That will give subscribers ample time to renew their subscriptions. Terms, 4/ per year, 2/- per half-year address: "Managers."

HARVESTERS:
 Members striking out for the harvest fields should arm themselves with a supply of Subscription Cards for "Direct Action." Don't miss such a

ADDRESSES OF I.W.W.

- LOCALS.**
- Aldolade Local No. 7—Secretary-Treasurer, S. G. Drummond, 41 Charter-street, Uley, Aldolade, S.A.
- Sydney Local No. 2—Secretary-Treasurer, F. J. Morgan, 330 Castlerough-street, Sydney, N.S.W.
- Broken Hill Local No. 3—Secretary-Treasurer, E. J. Kivly, Palace Buildings, Sulphide-street, Broken Hill, N.S.W.
- Fremantle Local, No. 2—W. W. Johnson, Burlington Hotel, Tankamans-street, East Fremantle, W.A.
- Boulder Local, No. 6—Secretary-Treasurer, F. H. Lunn, Lane-street, Boulder, W.A.
- Brisbane Local, No. 7—Secretary-Treasurer, J. J. Burke, "Miami," Orib-street, Milton, Brisbane, Q.
- Melbourne Local, No. 6—Secretary-Treasurer, B. Power, 243 William-street, Melbourne, V.
- Tottenham Local, No. 9—Secretary-Treasurer, A. S. Graham, Umag-street, Tottenham, N.S.W.

- NEW ZEALAND.**
- Auckland Local, No. 1—G. Phillips, Secretary-Treasurer, Kings Chamber, Queen-street, Auckland.
- Christchurch Local, No. 2—E. Keam, Secretary-Treasurer, Madras-street, Christchurch.
- Wellington Local, No. 4—F. W. Wilson, Secretary-Treasurer, 4/6 P. Stephens-street, Wellington, N.Z.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor suggests to contributors, that in order to make the paper more readable, and for purposes of circulation generally, articles, unless of exceptional interest, should not exceed 1000 words. Special occurrences of interest to the working class, which he briefly commented upon, are frequently crowded out, owing to the unnecessary length of many contributions.

It is suggested that all articles intended for publication reach this office no later than the Monday previous to date of publication.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers who do not receive their "Direct Action" regularly and promptly, are requested to write the Managers for particulars, so that he may take steps to get the matter remedied.

BROKEN HILL ACTIVITIES.

- Rooms, Palace Buildings, Sulphide-street.
- Wednesday Evening, at 7.30 p.m.—Educational Class.
- Alternate Sundays, at 3 p.m.—Business Men's Meetings.
- Alternate Sundays, at 3 p.m.—Economic Class.
- Sunday, at 7.30 p.m.—Outdoor Preparation class at Post Office, in Aigle-street.
- Good Library. Also good collection of literature for sale. All kind rebids welcome.

K. J. KIELY, Secretary.
 Local No. 4, I.W.W.

Fisher: High Commissioner.

In bidding farewell to the officers of his Department, Mr. Fisher remarked that he did not contemplate leaving Antrim with unmarked pleasure. Politically he said, had been very attractive to him and while it had been very strenuous, it had its compensations. He was classed as a "political fish." Sometimes the compensating advantages of "political life" for the labor politician, though, are so very obvious that it is scarcely necessary to be reminded of it. It is typical of the worker who happens to be raised to a position of authority by his own class that he would lead a political life from the point of view of the advantages which he personally derives from it.

That Andy would shortly be found fawning at the shrines of the nobility, and cringing at the feet of the kings of finance, may, no doubt, prove to be personally advantageous for himself, but this fact alone clearly proves that the class which Fisher set out to fight for, no doubt, honestly enough, early in his career, has been forgotten in the struggle to gratify personal ambition.

It must ever be so, while the workers believe that by taking a name from their own class, and placing him in the corrupt environment of politics, they are going to better their conditions. High Commissioner and Fisher, erstwhile miner and union agitator, are two people as far asunder as the pious. The "compensations" of a Parliamentarian are so far from being concerned, has merely resulted in one of their number finding himself in a position where he could not take the legal and moral dose of capitalism which he himself finds they are in as critical economic position as the day they first took the pick out of Andy's hands and placed him in a nice soft billet in Parliament.

That day it was to Fisher's material interest that he should launch union agitation and his concern for job conditions became his only goal for evermore.

Now that the Fishers and the Higgins and the other political rogues which the workers previously worshipped are, by the logic of their position, compelled to show up the futility of returning men to Parliament, one wonders what form of superstitious working class psychology will next take up.

Signs are not wanting that the ruling class recognize that the day of the workers' reliance on Parliament and other capitalist institutions, is rapidly drawing to its close. The ingenuity of capitalist hirelings, who have prostituted their brains, is utilised in the direction of creating some plausible superstition which will take the place of those now deceiving.

The Referendum, Initiative and Recall, was one of those fallacious and freak propositions upon which Fisher, Fisher's confederates look with an approving eye some few months ago. "The people must be treated" was their motto. Events, however, developed too rapidly, and instead of "trusting the people" either in matters of legislation or on any other principle, they find their "Fabian devices" passing laws particularly devised and especially phrased for the purpose, of strangling the institution of Parliament that did not agree with their own and that of their capitalist paymasters.

We do not so much blame these men for so doing. They are merely carrying out the solemn obligations they undertook when they went into Parliament when they took the money of the people to the crowned figurehead of capitalism, swearing to maintain "law and order" which means maintenance of the order on which capitalist thieves, and adminis-

'Honest' Workers. An Appeal for Recruits.

Commenting upon the evils of the contract system in the coal-mining industry, the Sydney Worker says: It would be far better for the trade and for the sake of peace if coalminers were paid a fixed daily wage of, say, 12s. 6d. or 15s. This would indicate honesty and manliness among them, and broaden their outlook. And at knock-off the conscientious worker, whether in a good or bad place, would put his picks aside with the self-satisfaction of having done a fair day's work. It would be an easy matter to deal with the deliberate shirker; the honest workers themselves would applaud his removal from their midst.

The contract system is undoubtedly an evil, but if it is only going to be eradicated by establishing a worse one, better that it should remain. We can see nothing more pleasing to the capitalist than the idea of a contract fatal to working class solidarity, than that the "honest" worker, who the "self-satisfied feeling of having done a fair day's job," should act the part of pick up his hammer, who perhaps might doubt the expediency of doing eight or ten hours' work for four hours' pay.

The curse of the working class movement is the "conscientious" worker, the man who is continually endeavouring to do better than his mates, thereby irritating himself with the master, who realises that if all workers were conscientious in this respect, the future of the capitalist system, based as it is on the surplus product of his slaves, would be an equally dangerous curse, the kind of unionism and leadership which indicates the idea that he robbed is ethically bound by any scruple of honesty to the man who robs him.

Canon Scott Holland, Rector Professor of Divinity at Oxford, tells us that—

Christianity seems to be hard hit by the war. The naked horrors of it struck like an icy blast on our faith. . . . War is its barbarism, it is insanity, in its cruel folly, defied the very name of God, Who is Love. We recovered from this shocking, because we are Christians, but because we never had been.

If the Canon said this in Australia, under a Labor Government, he would set six months for prejudicing recants.

"Efficiency" for the slave means "Sufficiency" for the master.

tingering laws to protect its interests. The man who takes an oath of that kind, he be branded Laborist or Socialist, by that very act he proves himself an insuperable enemy principle that the working class movement ever stood for.

Fisher is gone or going. The position he held in capitalist society in Australia still remains. It is filled by a man, whose political mountebank has done more to keep the working years in chains for the past twenty years, than any other individual in Australia, the capitalists themselves included.

But if it were otherwise, if Billy Hughes were Christ Almighty here, nor again, it is not within his power, within the power of politicians or Parliament, to do anything to materially improve the economic condition of the working class.

Annihilation and emancipation are not what he would do the toilers themselves; and this will never be unless this nation's undertaker, who has so many other religious, and economic, have fallen, and the superstitions that are seduced by them have been superseded by reason and intelligence.

The Fishers, Holland and Hughes are hoping that day will dawn, unconsciously, and in spite of themselves.

TO ALL PATRIOTS WHO WOULD DEFEND THEIR COUNTRY'S HONOR.

(From "The Masses," U.S.A.)

You are called upon to defend the sacred principle of the freedom of the sea to all shipments of munition and other contraband of war. Germany has insulted our noble ideals by guaranteeing protection to human life only. Our profits are jeopardised and humanity demands that we go to war.

Are you prepared to sacrifice the minor, and perhaps income, duties of devotion to your family in order to defend our commerce, which is the very life of you and your family?

We offer you free transportation, free food and clothing, with pin money for tobacco and poker between skirmishes. There will be houses and shops to plunder and burn. You will be free to take what you want. Any woman you fancy is yours: it is one of the perquisites of a soldier's life. If tired of your wife, your job, or your station in life, we offer you release from all such cares. There will be no burden of responsibility placed upon your shoulders.

You need not tire your brain with wearying thought. All planning will be done for you. Your family is left without support the state will make pretence of caring for them, and if they die from neglect you will be honored, not reproached, for placing the blame on your family.

Where else can you find so many attractions? All the primal passions which you have heretofore struggled to repress, you may now indulge with the full assent and approval of all eyes. The opportunity for a riot, arson, murder, rape, torture, is offered to you by society. Your country calls you, who drudge at home?

This vacation of yours will be very expensive. It is one such as you could never afford to pay for yourself. But that matters little to you. Your children and others' children will sweat when you are dead to pay interest on the immortal cost. The capitalist will put itself in pawn to the government in order to pay for your little trip. But you will have your fling, and you should worry?

E. A. GIFFIN.

THE A.S.E.

T. A. G. writes—

A mass meeting of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers was held in the Protestant Hall, Sydney, on Saturday night, October 23rd, to receive the award just issued. As second, the chairman took his seat one could see there were the prospects of a lively meeting.

The meeting was called to order, and the chairman, who also represented the A.S.E. on the Wages Board, began to explain the gains, etc., which they were lucky to get, but he got a very rough beating. At 10.15 he rang out, and asked if any one would care to ask any questions. At this signal it looked as though those present were of opinion—first, he explained the award was for a pen, the award was 7 s. 8 p.—the pen, to the members—Ladies Paraffin, etc.

The clergy and Routinely calling orderly night. Wages supporters a number of Industrialists who said about the A.S. rebekens were not satisfied and make no award, and they ways will be.

But the chairman, being above as ordinary workman, explained the rules and regulations of the award. He went on to order, to the plea of the house members, and some of the superannuation paying members on the roll, as they have something good to look to in the award.

One good loyal member passed the remark to a fellow worker sitting next to him, "Pansy going on strike when our country is in danger." Now you A.S.E. men, isn't it about time you took a tumble to lawyers? It is a good thing for lawyers, judges and other hangers on.

The Marrickville Sydney Strike.

Week-end meetings and proposals were well maintained despite some attention from the police on Friday night at Bathurst Street.

Fellow-workers Larkin and King addressed the strike on Saturday afternoon in the Domain on Sunday evening. Sales of literature and the paper were well in line with the average.

The latter was the speaker in the Hall on Sunday evening, and many were unable to get admittance.

A series of weekly meetings are to be arranged for the Randwick workshops. Efficiency schemes are indicated that they may have in a more marked manner than, perhaps, any other place in Australia.

The last meeting held there by fellow-worker King resulted in £2 worth of subs. for "Direct Action," as well as many new members joining up.

The time is ripe for a more vigorous propaganda to be undertaken in similar establishments round Sydney, and members or others interested should get into communication with Larkin and King. In the Hall, when meetings will be arranged.

ORGANISER.

Members in the country are notified that Fellow-Worker Larkin has been appointed organizer for the Sydney Local. Those in any camps or other jobs where there is a possibility of mustering the slaves, should get into communication with Larkin, at 350 Castlereagh Street, giving the address of his own place. Long railway journeys some effort should be made by the members on the job to meet travelling expenses.

"ROSS'S MAGAZINE."

A monthly under the above title, edited and published by R. Ross, editor of the Melbourne "Socialist" is to make its appearance shortly. The preliminary announcement informs us that the magazine is to be "anti-clerical, anti-militarist and anti-capitalist." It is to be hoped that the latter form of propaganda will predominate. Clericalism and Militarism stand or fall with Capitalism, and if the magazine is to be anything but a life, it must deal with fundamentals. However, Australia requires a revolutionary periodical, and militants will be interested to see whether "Ross's Magazine" supplies that need. The price is 4 shillings for six numbers, 2/6 per copy. £1 will entitle the subscriber to the magazine for a lifetime. Address, 345 Queen street, Melbourne, Victoria.

MELBOURNE NOTES.

The fighters for industrial freedom, already in Melbourne, are working valiantly to secure into the solid body of their fellow workers some dynamite in the shape of "Direct Action" and working class literature. Grabblution is now in the middle of his hairpin operations of the working class strike. The slaves' will race, and the boss's wife will wear the pretty dresses, while the wage plus wife minds a dozen little wages plus, and the old wage plus allowance will get yell in their hoarse when the boss wins a few more thousands.

The Non-Subscription Fellowship carrying on a great agitation in this matter, is meeting with a good reception from the working class generally. Best regards to all wage slaves.

—R. PARNALL.

The Newcastle unionists on the occasion of the Eight Hour celebrations in that burg took the Holman Government to task for its neglect to place an Eight Hour law on the statute book. Eight hour day has been annually celebrated in Australia for nearly half a century, yet it would appear that the workers have not yet heard that they want an eight hour day they must take it.

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