

Behind the Bars.

Direct Action

DIRECT ACTION.



WEEKLY OFFICIAL ORGAN
of the
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.
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ates One Big Union of all workers, where all highly paid officials will be abolished, and the officers will be reduced to the lowest minimum and receive no more salary than the workers get, it has engendered the wrath and malice of all highly paid union officials and job hunters. Because the I.W.W. says that industrial organization is all that is necessary to bring about the emancipation of the working class, and all the schemes and devices of the visionaries are only so many traps to lead the working class into the snare and mire of the wages system of industrial organization, it has fallen in for a good deal of slander and spite from the parliamentary Socialists.

Owing to the growth and influence of the I.W.W. during the past twelve months, and the acceptance of its principles by an ever increasing number of their working class, the labor leaders find their easy job getting shakier, so they are prepared to do anything or say anything so long as they can hold on to their "pie-cards."

Just lately, several labor politicians have been getting highly complimented by the capitalist press, and slobbered over by the Chamber of Commerce because they have been following in Billie Hughes' footsteps and getting off a lot of cheap abuse about the I.W.W. Many of these union officials have been endeavoring to copy the Federal Executive Council, and Mr. Webster, P.M.G., in trying to suppress "Direct Action" by attempting to stop its sale at union meetings.

At several centres in Australia Parliamentary Socialists have been so anxious that the slaves shall not become educated on industrialism, and that the labor shall come to no harm, that in their petty, penny war, have attempted to interfere with the sale of "Direct Action" at labor gatherings.

It is very apparent that in attacking the I.W.W. and in trying to hinder the sale of its paper, this heterogeneous conglomeration of time serving, job hunting, mean ticket artists are working in the real interest of the employing class and against the interest of the laboring class.

It is impossible to truly represent the toiling masses and receive the applause of the capitalist press. One cannot be loyal to the working class and at the same time receive complimentary speeches from the master class.

The vicious attacks of the industrial magnates, and the cheap abuse from the aspiring politicians, and place and pay hunters show the spirit against the I.W.W. justify the I.W.W., in the eyes of all class conscious working men and women.

For what should we organize? For labor or for boss? For freedom or for slavery? For peace or for war?

It is apparent that the trade unions and Parliamentary parties are not out for the overthrow of capitalism, but by their actions are acting as supports to this monstrous system of exploitation, and crime. The very structure and nature of their associations make it impossible for them to destroy capitalism, even if they so desired. In the very near future, all the craft unions and socialist parties will, like the putrid and corrupt system of capitalism, begin to disintegrate, and all thoughtful and militant workers will turn to the I.W.W. for liberty or for peace and progressive force in the modern industrial world.

The I.W.W. is out for all it can get from the boss. There is no compromise, no surrender, no half measures. The only way there will be no peace until the world is over for labor and the workers receive the full produce of their toil.

Organize in the One Big Union and speed the day of industrial emancipation.
N.R.

I have lived with conditions of savages in South America and in the East, who have no laws or law-courts, but the public opinion of the village or the town, and the man emphatically respects the rights of his fellow, and any infraction of those rights rarely goes unavenged. There are no such things as never takes place. In such a community all are nearly equal. There are no such things as wide distinctions of education and ignorance, wealth and poverty, master and servant, which are the product of our civilization. There is no sense of the wilderness, danger and labor, which, while it increases wealth, produces also conflicting interests. There is not that severe competition and struggle for existence that our wealthy class and the population of civilized countries involuntarily create. All elements are cast crimes than wanting, and the petty ones are suppressed partly by the influence of public opinion, but chiefly by the natural sense of justice and his neighbor's right which seem to be in some degree inherent in every race of men.—Alfred Russel Wallace

A glorious Sunday afternoon—I look out into the beautiful sunshine—through the bars of my little eighth window-cell. I am thinking of many things. Presently I hear children's voices (my cell overlooks a lane), Sunday school children, I suppose. I stand and peer through the bars, but cannot see them. The childish grapple grows fainter and fainter, and finally dies away.

A motor bus has past; then a tram-car rattles by, and all is silent again. I sit on the hammock, put my feet on the opposite wall, and try to read "Matthew Arnold."

I am distressed. Many stammering footsteps pass my cell door; the other prisoners going to church, and present I hear the droning tones of the parson repeating the sermon. I am glad I am spared the mental torture of attending church for the week, no rallies are written in large letters over my cell door.

Again I try to read, and again I am disturbed, but this time it is my own turbulent uncontrolled thoughts that surge through my mind.

Sunday afternoon. How is the local? How are the boys on the wharf?

How is the outside world and how are the twelve Rebels in the East? All the local incidents (my cell overlooks the ghastly shadows of and to through my mind).

Grand old Monty gone East to carry the fiery Cross—an industrial "Peter the Hermit"—to rally the working class forces for the Crusade against the great industrialists of the Turks, but to smother the twelve rebels from the Masters' Bastille.

What shall we do? What did Bruno do? What did Galileo do? What did Bruno do? What has every true man done, who has

been inspired with a truth, but keep on with courage and persistency until they changed the mind of men. What others have done, the I.W.W. can do. Is the class struggle less a torture than the law of gravitation? Did jail torture or death show those who fought for religious toleration? Did jail and deportment show early trade unionism? And what shall we do?

What have the workers ever done, as the final means to release their fellow-workers, but shown their industrial might?

The humblest worker can give his moral, financial and physical support in saying, "These men shall be released." Fifteen years—hell—makes me shudder to think of it. Fifteen years of this—holding the bars. No, that can never be; rather we will make it fifteen years of the fiercest working-class activity and agitation the world has ever known.

Working-Class Freedom always rests upon working-class courage and manhood. The human mind is susceptible to reason and change—on that rests progress. With persistent agitation we can say with Arnold, "Might is Right, all Right is Ready," and then when the world is in the hands of the minds of enough workers they will insist —

Circumstances and numbers will decide the exact details for the release of those behind the bars. And thus I soliloquize in my little narrow cell. I feel my contemporaries are sinking low now. I am happy. I am glad. The ruling class has been unable to jail my ideas. I finish the day by humming over to myself a few rebel songs, and thus close a glorious Sunday afternoon session. The class war.
LLETWASHEIM.

Organisation For What?

For what should we be organising? For industrial democracy or industrial despotism? For freedom or slavery? For universal peace or world-wide war? Do the toilers want comfort, beauty, joy, and plenty, or slams, squall, starvation, and death? Should we organise to overthrow capitalism or perpetuate it?

The tactics and behaviour of different organisations during the last year or more, give rise to the above questions.

Some organisations, claiming to be working class, have been carrying on in such a way that the master class, and are doing the dirty work for the enemies of labor.

Some individuals, who once spoke of Labor ideals and a future state, are now fighting the master class, but has to defend itself against the virulent attacks of union officials, and labor leaders.

On account of its loyalty to principle, its clear cut issue, its uncompromising attitude, and its inspiring ideals, the I.W.W. has brought down all the false and wealth of the master class upon its head. The I.W.W. agitators are being persecuted to-day because they are the advocates of a new age. They are trying to pull down and destroy all that is hideous and wrong, and build up all that is beautiful and good.

But, as it always has been in the past, to-day, and we suppose it will be in the future, all advanced militant organisations of the slave class have not only had to fight the avowed and bitter enemies of their class, but also institutions and individuals, who, as their friends in labor, are prepared to assist the ruling class in trying to stamp out all advanced thought and radical ideas.

No matter how subtle a system may be, how rotten and corrupt its institutions, how vile and infamous its surroundings, there have always been found some one-time heroes who have been bribed with a need ticket, who are prepared to try and down anyone who dares to speak against the existing conditions.

While the masters' press, the Employers' Federation, and all the other agencies of capitalism are yelling for the suppression of the I.W.W., it is by no means surprising to see union officials, labor politicians, and parliamentary socialists raise their voices and yelp in unison with the master class.

We have seen the sight in Australia of union officials, labor politicians, and individuals, who, as their friends in labor, are prepared to assist the ruling class in trying to stamp out all advanced thought and radical ideas.

Because the I.W.W. teaches the real working class philosophy of "Something New," and not bye and bye, and points out the toilers how they are exploited in the industries, outside their work and not in Parliament, it has come in for such hate and abuse from all shades of politicians and parliamentary socialists, in opposition to all descriptions, and edu-

A Pioneer of Democracy.

Pioneers of Progress.

The passing away of Morrison Davidson last December, the world lost one of its foremost democrats and radicals.

When he attained his 70 years he went into retirement and expressed himself as being unable to carry on the fight any longer owing to failing health.

On being interviewed by a representative of "Reynolds' Newspaper," he said:

"I started out on my political career as a Chartist. I have always held that the Chartists were quite as advanced, or even more so, than our modern so-called Laborers or Socialists."

"There is another thing which strikes me as showing how little progress has been made. First of all, the real meaning of Democracy has been discovered by the Swiss, and their democratic beliefs. You would get one Labor or Socialist member of our Parliament to take it up, because it would take away their power, and probably the £400 a year. They cannot be said to be democrats at all; otherwise they would be Republicans and Direct Actionists."

"I also doubt very much the Socialist movement of this country. I dislike it because it is false. I am glad that the Labor Party in Parliament wishes to take it, it will simply lead to Socialist capitalistism, organised, which will lead to capitalist mispy bureaucracy."

"My hope for the future is no Government. Let the people find their way without the aid of Parliament, or, at least, a Parliament like ours, where the representative does not represent. State Socialism of the Snowden or Macdonald kind is not co-operation, because it is compulsory, whereas I and all radicals tolerate only voluntary co-operation. The progress which has been made during the past forty or fifty years has been progress independently of Parliamentary action. Parliament has impeded progressive development among the people."

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Liberty of speech is good, liberty of action better, but liberty of thought best of all; for the worst of all shackles are those riveted into the soul.

As the advocate of society, therefore of peace, of domestic liberty, I conjure you to guard the liberty of the Press—that great sentiment of the State—but guard it against the public imposture; guard it, because, when it sinks, there sinks with it, into one common grave, the liberty of the subject and the security of the race.—Curran.

The cant of the age denounces rebellion as the accursed thing, and exalts to the highest heaven the pallid virtue of Obedience.

The vile souls, who cannot wait the inspiration of an impulse which is the very germ of the principles of liberty, break through the trammels of conventionalities and throw to the four winds of heaven the customs which would fetter their contemporaries, are the veritable avengers of society.

These men are the very antithesis of respectability. Respectability means conformity to established usage—and established usage implies the decay of civilization. To Rebel there is a constant desire to be free from the restraints which cramp and enslave in the slightest degree.

To these men we owe our credit, and they sacrifice themselves for the good of all humanity. While the ignorant slumber and the timid hesitate, they light the fires of revolutions, and are cured to-day, and denied to-morrow.

They fit not for the rebels in society, the world would grow old and weary and look no longer for its redemption.

The rebels spare the present, because he sighs the beacon fire of Hope on the hills of the future. If cannot wait. The secret name glows fiercely within him. Plutitudes have no weight with him. Future generations alone see the genius of the great rebel.

They combine within themselves prodigious intellect, moral power, and indomitable courage—a trinity of qualities which constitute greatness.

At their heels yelp the mongrels of an effete society, but they will suffer more faintly they will be very indifferent to the warnings of the fearful and the threats of organised tyranny.

They sow the seed of Liberty, and succeeding generations reap the harvests and importunities of their names.

In the van of the liberators of the world, defying governments, scorned precedents, and despising holy customs, the rebels take their place.

They grapple with giant evils. That curse the human race. They crash through branches of Pollyannaism, and ever-increasing masses. They charge, with a virile manhood Through imposture's vile pretence And hurray, with Truth and Reason, All shams to the last defence.

A. Needian, in "Western Laborer."

On these great pillars, freedom of mind, Freedom of speech, and freedom of pen. For ever changing, yet for ever sure, The base of freedom rests.

—LOGAN.
The grave which closes over liberty also hides genius from the upper earths.—Dickens

Song.

Strike-breaker Preaches Patriotism.

Song.

(TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND.)

Men of England, wherefore plow,
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care,
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood!

Wherefore beseech of England, lords,
Many a weapon, chain and scourge,
That these stungless drones may spool
The forced produce of your toil?

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
Shelter, from love's gentle balm?
Or what is it ye buy so dear,
With your pain and with your fear?

The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.

Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap,
Plow field—let no impostor kcep,
Weave robes—let not the life wear,
Forge arms—in your defence to bear.

Shrink to your cellars, holes and clefts,
In the halls ye dock, another dwells;
Why shake the chains we wrought? Ye see
The steel ye tempered placed on ye.

With plow and spade and hoe and loom,
Trace your grave, and build your tomb,
And weave your windings-sheet, till fair,
England be your sepulchre.

P. B. SHELLEY.

Win the War.

(“Age,” June 14, 1917.)

It is to be hoped that the intensely conduct of the “Win-the-War” Government will come to a full stop to-day. During more than five weeks nothing has been done, or even attempted, by Ministers to signify their consciousness of the fact that the greatest war of all times is furiously raging.

The high principles and the energetic promises of the Coalition party won for it the election. Those principles and promises caused the nation to expect Ministerial activity in close conformity therewith. Not an actor who voted for the Coalition but candidly believed the victorious Government would instantly proceed to translate its professions into deeds.

The people did not suppose the war capable of being won by the mere act of recording their votes. Surely the Government cannot have fallen into the mistake of thinking Germany would “cave in” on hearing of the British triumph.

Nero is reported to have fiddled while Rome was burning. At least, he did something—the fiddled. What has the Federal Government done during the past five weeks of the world-smoking war?

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
And truth shall never be slain.
The eternal days of God are here,
And every thinking spirit with pain,
And ead amid her worshippers.

I must dazzle and astonish, if I were to
Be the liberty of the Press, my power would
Not last three days.

—NAPOLEON I.

All governments are essentially immoral,
Is the offspring of evil, bearing all the marks
Of its parentage. Violence is employed
To maintain it, and all violence is employed
To suppress it. Morality can never
Give us any satisfaction, or anything growing
out of it.—Herbert Spencer.

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

Parliament is a talking shop, if it were
held a jobbery shop, the truth would not be
spoken.—Caryle.

Sold also on a noble sea than ours,
A sea when in the eternal strife between
God and God, the Power of God shall win
Grand mastery, when kings no more
Shall count millions from the plough to
the trade of slaughter and of populous realms
make camps of war.”—C. BRYANT.

“Our women workers are wonderful!”
The superintendent’s heavy voice
carried to most of the men, who
in khaki overalls and red wool caps of the
danger squad distend unsmiling, then re-
sumed their tasks.

They stood in the stove house of the
munitions works, manipulating the liquid
death as if it were so much cream. Be-
fore each girl lay a mass of grey-white
bolusite about to be baked, sieved, rolled
off into percussion caps. At the end
of the shed a hydraulic press, eased in
rope, poured out endless strings of gelatine
cordite.

The girl workers might have been so
many cooks preparing toothsome danish-
ies; but the atmosphere reeked; with oth-
er and the young faces were tense from
headache caused by the poisonous fumes.
A sense that anything might happen was
in the air. The “danger lull” was thrown
throughout to fall apart easily. WHEN it
fell catastrophe was certain.

“Munitions girls are helping to win
the war,” orated the superintendent.
“Last night I distributed to this shift
the latest government Blue Book on
German atrocities, next week I hope to
give them still other reports. No one
dare deny that our armies in the field
have been saved by the labor of our wo-
men in the munitions factories. Well,
Miss MacGrugger?”

A brusque forewoman came to us, just
a glint of contempt in her shrewd grey
eyes. “Apparently a halt must be called
on the claims of ‘patriotism,’” she con-
tentedly replied. “Ten girls report that
their lodgings have been commandeered
for soldiers. The cheapest vacant rooms
are three miles distant. There should be
more equal treatment of the ‘two armies!’”

“I am Janet MacGrugger, work manager
of this length of line,” the forewoman blam-
ed. “Telephone,” called a messenger in the
doorway. The superintendent nodded—
and fled.

“If nations paid cash, for their wars
the world would light,” the forewoman
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“Women workers are praised and pet-
ted in public while mean, mercenary,
merciless employers use the national dan-

ger as an opportunity to impose injur-
ous conditions. The girls must be encour-
aged to quit, with their pay, with dan-
gerous machines and an eighty-two hour
week.

“British shells are made to protect
British men; but their making in sweat
shops imperils the health of British wo-
men. Statistics show that a million
English girls will never be married be-
cause of the war. Women munitions mak-
ers know that two million others should
never marry because they did war work.
They endure barracks life minus the com-
forts and all the battlefield dangers.
They are ALWAYS under fire.

Julia there was almost the prettiest lass
ever seen—pink and white as a colleen
could be. Two weeks ago she was sent
to the danger room with a bonus of 50
cents a week. She tried to beg off, plead-
ed to be discharged, but was ‘persuaded’
to obey. The Munitions Act provides
that women on war work cannot quit
without obtaining a clearance certificate.
“Julia,” he began to make trinitrophenol
(T. N. T.) into pellets. In seven days pic-
nic she obtained her face and arms copper-
colored. The dye is almost indelible. Our
doctors order Julia to drink quantities
of milk lest the poison break out into
swealing ulcers—when she must ob-
tain a clearance certificate before she can
leave. Five shillings a week. “Quantities
of milk” might postpone the poisoning,
but milk costs 12 cents a quart—Julia
earns 5 cents an hour.

“Those shells helmets from the trenches
are for fuse makers in the factories. Good
fuse makers have a definite value—even
to a sweater.”

“Mary here fills the detonators of shells
with fulminate of mercury. Every day
she fills 1500. Should she drop a grain,
the danger lull would fly to pieces. It is
sturdiness; long hours would be
perilous—for others.” Her wage, at the
normal rate of 5 cents an hour, averages
4 dols for a 48-hour week. Call a sov-
ereign (5 dols) ten shillings (2dols, 50
cents)—which is to-day its real value—
and Mary dodges it about for 2 dols
a week.

“Neutrals are led to believe that the
munition munitions makes weekly wage
is 5 dols. A handy woman with four
months experience at lathe work earns
about 8 dols, 75 cents per cent a day,
3 dols, 36 cents before the war. But the
woman is NOT that munitions manufac-
turers’ profits have risen 3,800 per
cent!”

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cent!”

Important Events in July.

July 1st, 1969.—Sir William Curzon Wyllie
shot by Dhinra, 31, 1876. Mikal Alessand-
roff Bakunin died. Born 1814, educated at
the university, became early imbued with
advanced ideas. In '43 at Paris he became a
member of Proudhon's. In '48 expelled from
France at the request of the Russian Govern-
ment, which set a price on his head. Ar-
rested and imprisoned for life, 1856; escaped
to Austria; again taken and sent to Siberia.
After some years he again escaped, found his
way to the sea, and sailed to Japan, thence
to America and London. He helped to found
the International, but left it in '73. He died
at Bern, Switzerland.

July 2nd, 1850.—Turkish revolution began.
July 2nd, 1850.—Greek Cade enters London.
July 4th, 1876.—Proclamation of American
Independence.

July 4th, 1905.—Peasants' revolt in Russia.
July 4th, 1892.—Garibaldi born.
July 6th, 1897.—Riots at Carnegie's works;
20 killed.

July 6th, 1855.—Thomas More, author of
“Utopia,” executed.
July 7th, 1821.—William Cobbett tried for
sedition.
July 7th, 1822.—Shelley, the sublime poet
of revolution, died in the Bay of Spezza.

July 7th, 1905.—First I. W. W. convention
held in Chicago.
July 8, 1849.—Thomas Paine died.
July 10th, 1848.—Ernest Jones, English
Catholic arrested.

July 11, 1855.—Massacre of Caucasians, who
declined to bear arms.
July 11, 1882.—Ravachol Parisian Anarc-
hist executed.
July 11, 1849.—Rebellion of Kei Tannor,
Devonshire, England.
July 13, 1793.—Mara, assassinated by Char-
lotte Corday.
July 13, 1789.—From this day may be dated
the commencement of the great French re-
volution. Around 11 o'clock in the morning
of the Bastille about noon, there gathered a
large crowd. The draw-bridges being let
down to allow an official to leave, a number

of insurgents entered. The Governor de Lau-
nay carried the bridge to be drawn up, thus
imprisoning the intruders, but they mounted
on bayonets stuck in the wall, and an old
soldier named Louis Tournay, cut the chains
of the bridge, and the mob broke in. After
a fierce conflict, which lasted until 5 o'clock,
the Bastille was taken. De Launay and the
other officials were killed at once. Seven
prisoners were found within its walls. They
were carried on the shoulders of the Citizens,
with seven heads on pikes to bear them com-
pany. The keys of the Bastille were sent
to George Washington. For months the
people have been demolishing the structure. A
tree of liberty was erected on its site.

July 15th, 1381. John Ball, “the mad
priest,” hanged.
July 15th, 1849.—Massacchio killed. Trouble
in Naples caused by excessive taxation im-
posed by the Spanish Viceroy, culminated in
a great insurrection, led by Tommaso Anello,
or Massacchio, the noble fisherman. He
was villy betrayed and taken, after address-
ing a crowd from the pulpit of a church, as-
sisted in his cell, and his mutilated body
dragged through the streets of Naples.

July 17th, 1793.—Thomas Paine and Wald-
ron tried for publishing “Rights of Man.”
July 18, 1870.—Michael Davitt tried for
treason.

July 18th, 1870.—Netherlands revolution.
July 18th, 1820.—Revolution in Palermo, to
release from prison, Giacobbe Gallo, Carbon-
ari.

July 20, 1820.—Insurrection of Carbonari,
Naples.
July 21st, 1834.—Robert Burns died.
July 21st, 1839.—Robert Green Ingersoll,
orator and humorist, born in
Ireland, 1848.—Habes Congo suspended
in Ireland, Arrest and subsequent transpor-
tation to Mitchell.

July 23rd, 1840.—Rebellion in Ireland. Lord
Aberdeen fatally injured in the Dublin
streets. As a result in the following Sep-
tember, Robert Emmet, Sheers, Orr, and
reuben, Robert Emmet, Sheers, Orr, and

Base oppressors, leave your slumbers,
Listen to the nation's cry,
Hark! united, countless numbers,
Swell the peal of agony!

Lo! from Britain's sons and daughters,
In the depths of misery—
Come the sound of many waters—
Comes the cry, “We will be free.”

Tyrants quail! Their down is breaking—
Dawn of Freedom's glorious day,
Despots on their thrones are quaking,
Iron bands are giving way;
Kings' feet, priest-hood, black oppression,
Ghosts be woe our serenity;
We have learnt this starting lesson—
“If we will, we can be free!”

By our own, our children's charter;
By the blood that flows in our veins;
By each truth-telling martyr,
By their tears, and groans, and pains,
By our rights, by nature given;
By the voice of Liberty;

We profess before all heaven,
That we will be free!
Winds and waves the tidings carry,
Spirits, in your stormy car,
Come before us, and give us tidings,
Tell them news to lands afar;
Bear them—sound the thrilling story,
Louder than the thunder's gleam—
That a people ripe for glory,
Is determined.

J. A. LEATHERLAND.

Voltaire.

Voltaire was at all times the unflinching
opponent of persecution. No matter how
powerful was the persecutor, no matter how
insignificant was the victim, the same scath-
ing eloquence was launched against the
crime, and the indignation of Europe was soon
concentrated upon the oppressor. The fearless
tenor of his attacks was so effective that he
avenged the murder of Galas, the magnificent dream
in the Philosophical Dictionary, reviewing the
history of persecution from the slaughtered
Christians to the latest victims who had
perished at the stake, the indelible stigma
branded up on the persecutors of every age
and of every creed, all attested the intense
and passionate earnestness with which Vol-
taire attacked the Inquisition. On other
subjects a jest or a caprice could often turn
him aside. When attacking intolerance, he
employed, indeed, every weapon, but he em-
ployed them all with the concentrated energy
of a profound conviction. His success was
equal to his zeal. The spirit of intolerance
sank blasted beneath his genius. Wherever
his influence passed, the arm of the Inquisitor
was withdrawn, the chains of the captive were
the prison door flung open. Bossuet's his
withering irony, persecution appeared not only
criminal, but inhuman; and since his time it
has ever shrunk from observation, and mask-
ed its features under other names. He did
leave a reputation that is indeed far from
spotless, but having done more to destroy the
greatest of human curses than any other
of his age of men.—From Lecky's "Rationalism
in Europe."

July 26th, 1845.—The brothers Bandori
Carbonarists shot on information from Lord
Almerston.

July 26th, 1782.—Dolwar, who drove the
Spaniards' rule from South America, assassinated.
July 26th, 1808.—Insurrection at Barcelona.

July 26th, 1825.—Pestel and four other
“Decemberists” hanged.
July 26th, 1824.—Tobolskyer guillotined.

July 25th, 1904.—Felix, the brutal Russian
Minister for the Interior, blown to pieces by
a bomb.

July 25th, 1830.—Revolution in Paris.
July 25th, 1900.—Bressi shoots Umberto,
the King of Italy, as an act of reprisal for
the brutal treatment meted out to strikers
during the Italian strike.

July 25th, 1848.—Smith O'Brien's abortive
revolt in Ireland.
July 30th, 1891.—Dillon and O'Brien re-
leased from Galway Gaol.

July 30th, 1908.—Barcelona revolt sup-
pressed. This attempt at a combined So-
cialist and Republican revolution, originated
in a general strike, was put down in the
usual antiquary style by the authorities.
The chief atrocity was the shooting three
months later of Francisco Ferrer, founder of
the Spanish modern school system.

The place to fight is on the job. Or-
ganize at the point of production. Job
organization is the way to power. The in-
dustrial field is the place to fight.

