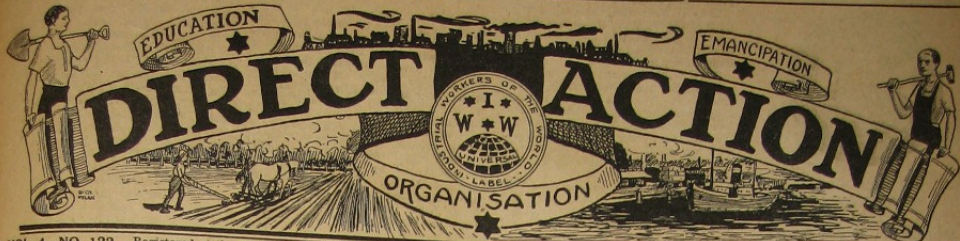
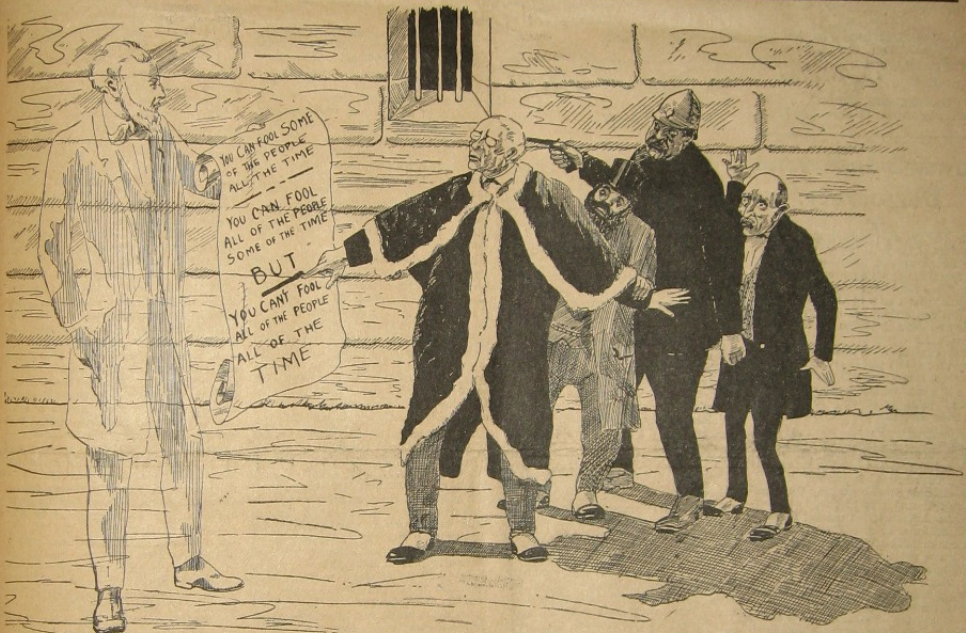


One Union. One Label. One Enemy.



VOL. 4., No. 122 Registered at the General Post-office, Sydney, for Transmission by Post as a Newspaper. SYDNEY, May 19th, 1917. ONE PENNY.



The Spirit of Lincoln.

WORKERS: ATTENTION!

Emancipation.

Defence and Release Committee,
403 Sussex St., Sydney,
May 4th, 1917.

pealing to all rebels, members, and sympathisers with the I.W.W., to at once get busy to get out a subscription list and rake up as much cash as possible, and send the proceeds to the Sec. Defence and Release Committee, 403 Sussex St., Sydney, by the first week in June if possible. A collection will be taken up at each meeting, and the delegate will endeavour to form a Defence and Release Committee at each centre to help per medium of subscription lists on the job to collect what they possibly can in order to help financially towards the release of our fellow workers in jail, also to provide for the wives and children. This appeal, fellow workers, is to you; we hope you will get busy and let us hear from you by the first week in June. If you are not on the job by then do your best when you see there.

Yours fraternally,

A. SINCLAIR,

Hon. Sec. Defence and Release Committee

Though we break our father's promise,
We have nobler duties first.
The traitor to humanity is the
Traitor most accurst.
Man is more than Constitutions; better
Rot beneath the sod,
Than be true to Church and State while
We are doubly false to God!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

How, then can the working-class achieve its emancipation?

Now, about this question of organisation? You say, we are organised already; yet our emancipation is not secure. Ah, but that implies, you see, that you are not already organised; or not organised scientifically. If you are not yet emancipated, there must be a defect in your method of organisation. Now, how are you organised? In craft unions, relying on representation in capitalist parliaments? Well, there you are! There's the rub, as Shakespeare says. Really, what can you expect? Craft unionism, as a method of working-class organisation is out of date. No wonder your emancipation is not yet achieved! What you need to do is to organise industrially. Let your industry determine your form of organisation. To be successful in this new organisation, you will need One Big Union of all industries—a union of your unions. What are you to do with your craft unions? Do with it as the boss does with his old machine. Scrap it. Remember, you are out for emancipation, and cannot afford to use old and obsolete methods of organisation. The boss wants you to be efficient, so start with an efficient form of organisation. If you don't know how to organise Industrial Unions, the I.W.W. exists for the purpose of helping you. What's that you say? You'll do it! Square dinkum? Good for you! Well, here's luck!

A. E. BROWN.

A great city is that which has the greatest men and women. If it be a few ragged huts it is still the greatest city in the world.

WALT WHITMAN.

"It's a long way to Emancipation, it's a long way to go."

There is only one class in the world. That is—the working-class. The rest are merely hangers on or dependents. Capitalists talk about "the nation," "the people," and "the community" is designed to prevent the working-class recognising its importance. In all countries the working-class is the real, true, and only "nation." The working-class performs the useful, necessary work of the world, and does a good deal, in addition, that is neither necessary nor useful.

It is the working-class that needs emancipation. That class is at present in a position and condition of economic dependence, subjection, and uncertainty. This must be changed. It is not meted nor sown that Labor (the source of all wealth) should continue in a state of vassalage.

The question now arises: How can the working-class achieve its emancipation? It is not a political emancipation that is necessary, mark you, but an economic or industrial one. Can the working-class achieve its emancipation individually? No. Scarcely few members of the working-class may rise out of the ranks of wage slavery, but not the working-class as a whole. Mass-action is necessary; for only the mass can raise the mass.

Can the working-class achieve its emancipation by Parliamentary means? No. Experience shows that economic emancipation cannot be achieved by political means. Parliament is an academic institution extraneous to working-class welfare. It does not derive its power from Parliament, but from its control of industry.

THE POLITICAL SCRAMBLE.

By Tom Barker.

For quite a long period, let us hope, we are to be spared the caterwaulings of the political infidels, who have been shadow sparring for the amusement of those who have convinced themselves that the pipe dreams of a ballot box utopia. They are both thoroughly fagged out for at least two and a half years. Incidental man's nests will be periodically looked round by the successful counter experts. The unsuccessful ones will look round for a chopping block. The I.W.W. will be disembowelled and hung out to dry. Brother Brookfield will be appointed his due share of the blame. Labor God help them! Leader Storey has already, after four weeks' careful research, discovered that the big brother from Broken Hill has lost his party six seats. It may break the fragile hearts of the gods who lost the pie tickets, but why should Brother Brookfield worry!

Mr. Bowring, candidate for the Senate, did some zig-zagging stunts during his struggle for a saddle and bridle. Once upon a time Peter got crossways of the authorities and courtiers, but the present humanitarian, Mr. Justice Pring, a fine piece of legal smash, which resulted in Peter getting an enforced sojourn in one of His Majesty's hotels. Now the other day Peter was at Manly, a suburb that abounds with the most inferior pig generation, and in order to make his alley good, he called for three cheers for His Majesty. How Peter must have appreciated H.M.'s hospitality. I've had some, but I'm hanged if ever I felt enthusiastic about it.

All the wisecracks are finding excuses for their failure. The reasons are not very hard to find, seeing that from indications that only about 57 per cent. of the sovereign' people considered it worth while voting for either party. The party that would naturally suffer from both apathy and sheer anti-political feeling would be the Labour party. The Liberals among the workers worship the ballot to far greater extent than the Conservatives, and consequently, although numerically weaker, would poll stronger.

The Australian workers are undoubtedly getting thoroughly sick of the whole business of electing political bell-wethers, and getting in return a good deal of what does not result worth considering. The political business smells so much as high as a guano deposit, and there is little need to wonder why thousands are turning their attention to weapons of a more practical nature. Twenty years of successful political rule has not been doing for the betterment of the working class. Exploitation is more intense to-day, the security of employment is less, and all the general conditions of the working class are so bad that they were in the old days. Politics has altered nothing, and by its very nature, cannot. It has emancipated ex-umbrella peddlers, third-rate miners and refined swagmen, both financially and intellectually. The opera-

The days of alleged representative governments are almost over. The industrial state, the most class dominated, with international affiliations, stands today as the Supreme, the All-Powerful. Politics is merely the shadow of the industrial hierarchy. Tinkering with shadows leads nowhere, not even to a six-hour day. The days of Government by Commission are with us. The days of highly paid mediocrities and sheer identities in the political sphere are going for ever. Changes of form of government are inevitable during those days of the greater Industrial Revolution. The Labor Government is subject to the same clarifying processes, and the tendency is towards Labor as an organic factor operating up on the field of industry.

The days of the political class, with the fog-bound ossified ideas of a quarter of a century ago bawl denunciation of the I.W.W. Their caterwauls are as ludicrous as their ideas are stagnant. Nevertheless, the day of the ignorant crock-shop business man and the ignorant politician among the circles is going. These bourgeois and crooked waybacks can have their conferences and their resolutions, and their ballot box can be well dispensed with. They can play with them till the cows come home.

Political parties are the dustbins of the working class movements. That is the only service they perform, although a necessary one. They keep the movement of the drifters and the blind-ones to progress.

The I.W.W. does not care who gets in to the pie shops. The economic fight is the only one. We are after the substance of the matter (poor old blind-eyed thing) can look after their feet. (Oh, Big thing) is THEE thing, the rest is the imagination of an opium fiend. There is only one way to Power, and that is by concrete organisation on the lines of industry for the day to day. And the politicians, successful and otherwise, John Storey included, can GET WORK!

Working class advocates would alone be a sufficient guarantee for that. Moreover, these people who were passive serfs, who were repressed to slavery, who thought that SUCH CONDITIONS WOULD BE ALL, and ALWAYS WOULD BE (may good Australians believe this). When they feel the breath of freedom, when they realise the liberties they have lost, they inevitably awaken the desire for greater liberties and in so doing accelerate the evolutionary process.

Rebel, too, is a term that is generally understood. Men speak of rebels today as being something of a human monster; the very nature of the beast. It is the same with the hangman's rope or the firing squad. They do not realise that REBELS HAVE BEEN, AND ARE, THE MAKERS OF HIS- TORY. They are the great forces in the past as history, we trace the changes, and just as an effect is preceded by a cause, just as sure is a change produced by a rebel or rebel. The history makers have at all times had to bear the brunt of persecution, not only from the class they rebelled against, BUT ALSO FROM THE CLASS THEY WERE FIGHTING FOR. Still, they persisted in preaching their principles to the masses. Why do you not take these lessons from history, Mr. Wase Slave? Why do you not help, instead of hindering, the INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD? These men are fighting for you, and if you stand passive, or assist your master's mob assaults will your children, and the future generations, come out of the world to condemn the actions of your forebears, who helped to persecute the man who fought for the few privileges you men enjoy!

J. H. B.

Direct Action



WEEKLY
OFFICIAL ORGAN
of the
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF
THE WORLD.

(Australian 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.

Towards Industrial
Democracy.

The I.W.W., in organising the working-class according to industry, on the job, and linking up into One Big Union, is not only building up a powerful organisation which can successfully grapple with the industrial might of the master-class, but it is also laying the foundation of the Industrial Republic within the framework of Capitalism.

That Capitalism is destined to pass into all sensible people are agreed, and Industrial Democracy will be the next stage in evolution many toilers are convinced. How to speedily bring about this New Age and avert disaster, is the work of the I.W.W.

The I.W.W. is preparing the way, clearing the track and making it possible for a better time on earth. It is the forerunner of Industrial Democracy.

In educating and organising the workers so that they may be able to emancipate themselves without waiting for some political Moses or new Messiah to come to their aid, the I.W.W. is performing a useful and noble work.

We have now reached that stage of development, when the working class, through industrial organisation, is able of accomplishing anything it desires.

It is not the soap-boxer, the polished orator, the politician, or any other individual who can lay the foundation of the New Society, but it is the Industrial Union.

Since the manner in which men get their living determine their actions, they must, in order to control their destinies, get control of the industrial forces which control their lives.

We are living under a system in which a few industrial magnates not only control the lives of the working class, but also dictate to Parliament and decide the lives and destinies of politicians.

It is this Industrial Oligarchy which is the real government; it is the real power in the land, and it is this mighty force which the workers have to face.

The tactics of working class cannot be fought in Parliament, which is a capitalist institution, but must be waged upon the industrial field where profits exist and the workers' lives place.

With a sound industrial organisation the workers could afford to smile at all the Kaisers, czars, and despots of all lands.

The I.W.W. concentrates all its attention to the industrial arena, as that is the only place that matters. In fighting for the control of industry, no other battle ground is of any use. In struggling towards Industrial Democracy, job organisation is imperative.

The toilers may dabble in politics for a while, eventually may be successful in getting a few seats on the bench, put upon the Statute Book, but the bosses' profits remain the same, and the exploitation of the toilers goes on as vigorous as ever. After a hundred years of successful politics the toilers would still find that poverty, hunger, and want roams the land, and they are no one step nearer to emancipation.

The plotting, it centres its attack at the root of the profit making system. Where else, but at the point of production, does

this robbery take place? Surely no one would suggest that the workers are exploited in Parliament!

The I.W.W. is wholly, and solely an Industrial Organisation, which lays down a scientific plan whereby the workers will be able to carry on production when capitalist disappears.

The I.W.W. does not wish to destroy anything, but the vested wrongs and existing evils, which will build up a society where the mighty forces of production will be utilised for the benefit of all. We wish to see misery and crime banished from our midst, and that can only be done by the worker getting the full product of his toil.

With Industrial Organisation, the workers will understand their power, and what they are capable of accomplishing.

The I.W.W. is the only scientific and constructive working class organisation in existence to-day. It is the herald of the NEW TIME. It is the harbinger of the Day of Days. It is the emancipator of the working class. Work for it and fight for it, and help to speed the day of the Industrial Democracy.

N.B.

A Shorter Work
Day.

The development of the modern machine and the inauguration of speeding up reviews, together with the loss of industrial efficiency, make the adoption of a shorter work day imperative.

The advantages of the latter are innumerable.

In the first place, a shorter work day will mean a Big Reduction in the amount of surplus value produced. The capitalist class in consequence will have less to spend on luxuries. Large standing armies, navies and police forces will be less necessary.

2nd.—A shorter work day will absorb the unemployed. Permanent capital (such as buildings, etc.), needs labour chiefly for maintenance and renewal; and the demands of capital, in the production of articles quickly consumed, are amply provided for by the machine. Consequently, with the number of hours worked at the present, there is not enough work to go round. Hence unemployment is a vice. This in itself calls for a reduction of hours.

3rd.—A shorter work day will mean a Big Increase in wages. The absorbing into industry of the unemployed will make the working class masters of the industrial situation. When labour is scarce, wages are high. The competition of the unemployed tends to lower wages.

4th.—Better working conditions will result from a shorter working day. The status of the worker will be raised. With a sufficiency of men engaged in production work can proceed more leisurely, and overtime be abolished.

5th.—A shorter work day will mean a Big Gain in Health to the toilers. Excessive hours of labour—sap the vital forces. Fast workers die young. The duration of life in the working class is far below that of the capitalist class. Along with a gain in health will also come a gain in organising power and ability. A shorter work day will give workers more time and opportunity to do a better work, and they will also be enabled to keep women and children out of the workshop. A woman's proper sphere is not the workshop or office, but in the promotion of social well-being.

7th.—A shorter work day will, by bestowing ownership and control of industry. This must be the final objective of the working class. Private ownership and control is wasteful, inconvenient and unjust.

How to Get It.—Organisation is necessary. In every union there are a number of militant members. These, together with the shorter work day, education, and organisation. The time is ripe! All that is necessary is that a start will be made. The I.W.W. will lead a helping hand. The first slogan be: "A Shorter Work Day!" and success is assured.

A. E. BROWN.

They are slaves who fear to speak
They are slaves who lack the weak;
They are slaves who do not choose.
Hated, scolding and abused,
Rather than in silence shrink,
From their needs must think,
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Actions speak louder than words. Let us act.

Carried forward	£ 4 9
Coopers' Inland	1148 11 9
Also Forwarded	1 1 0
Collection, Bathurst St. (27/4/17)	1 4 0
Collection, Bathurst St. (28/4/17)	111 11
W. T. Wilson, Bourke	0 10 0
Also Forwarded	1 0 0
S. Barden, Barcelona Downs Station	1 1 0
Collection, Bathurst St.	8 2 6
To April 28th, 1917	£1162 5 2
INCOME.	
Carried forward	1162 5 2
Collected by Ladies' Committee	13 1 6
Sale of large photo	3 8 0
P. Petross	3 7 6
Collection, Bathurst St.	0 10 7
Litghow D. and R. Committee	0 14 6
To May 4th, 1917	£1188 7 3

A. SINCLAIR, HON. Sec.

CORRECTION.
Date for next Trade Union Conference is June 2nd, not August 2nd, as reported last week.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.
M. Gorder 2s; J. Arsen 2s; Alf Smith, 2s; O. Ostabensho 2s; Adam Brewer 2s; F. Lake, 4s; W. H. Ellis, 2s; T. Robertson, 2s.

PRESS FUND.
Tom Baker, 10s.

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

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 act as a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

Such conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organisation formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, can work whenever a strike or a lockout is on in any department, thereby thus making an injury to one a injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword: "Abolition of the wage system." It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organised not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production as a state of affairs shall have been overthrown. By organising industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. O'N. Waaga—Don't worry about Mr. Cruikshank's honesty; the fact that he is a politician ought to be enough for the average working man.
"Jacko," Peterham—"The Harbinger of Light," or "Sunday Times" quick column with it.
J. E. Stannace—Yes, really excellent. But why tell us so.
P.—Cut out the swear stuff; the owner is a Presbyterian.

J. Pope, Received. Thanks. Appear next week.
"Buster" Cook—Publish it by all means—about 200 miles north of Oodahs.
They'll appreciate a single tax up there.
"Dianal"—Good. We like it.

J. McN. Bedford—"Drossa" is not a "Nightmare" aired by "The Sun." Forget H. Miss M. Granville—"The Methodist Times" is the official organ of the Fire Escape Association. We don't know the editor, but prospectively he may be human, like Davy Hall and Joe Caruthers.

L.—They were NOT charged with making fires, but with CONSPIRING to start them. If you start them, you get 10 years. If you "conspire," you get 16 to 10 years. Get me?

Published by Tom Barker, of 28 Francis Street, Sydney, for the Workers' Defence and Release Committee, at 403 Sussex Street, Sydney, and printed by H. Cook and Co., 200 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Even as You and I.

(By BERT LEACH).
With Apologies to Kipling.
A fool there was and he cast his vote
(Even as you and I),
For ragged pants and tattered coat,
And some grub which he didn't dote,
He voted Labor, you'll note,
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the work we do for the favored few,
And the miserable wags we get,
We crack the nuts and they take the meat,
They hand us chaff and they take the wheat,
And to make our bondage more complete,
We vote for this system yet.

A fool there was and he goods had none,
(Even as you and I),
He got as much 'oil from sun to sun,
He got no cash so he worked for fun,
And he voted just as his dad had done
(Even as you and I).

Oh, he worked like fun from sun to sun,
And he plotted and schemed and planned,
But he just could not make both ends meet,
If his head got warm then he froze his feet
And his kids hadn't half enough to eat,
But he couldn't understand.

The fool was stripped of his foolish hide,
(Even as you and I),
They couldn't see that 'oo' they may have tried,
And the poor old fool was kicked aside;
And his legs lived on, though his head had died,
(Even as you and I).

It isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white hot brand,
It's the cursed foolishness of a Jay,
Who'll work ten hours for two hours' pay,
And vote for the thing on election day,
And will not understand.

Social and Dance.

IN SOUTHERN CROSS HALL
ON MAY 28th, 1917.
In aid of the Wives and Children of the I.W.W. men in gaol.
GOOD MUSIC.
Tickets, 1/.

MRS. WATERHOUSE, Sec.
MISS E. SACHS, Treasurer.

MY SALARY.
Some people have wild ideas. A treat, writing to a Brisbane tour party, commenting on the donation of the Q.R.U. to the Defence and Release Fund, asks, "Is it to pay the high salaries I.W.W. officials?" Our editor sends in the following from Long Bay:

I live beyond the pale of care,
Rich tapistries adorn my cell,
Signs of my wealth are everywhere,
And in contentment here I dwell.

I eat when fancy bids me eat,
My taste inclines to sumptuous fare,
Some times the hominy is sweet,
Sometimes my cell looks grim and bare.

My salary's regular (in my dreams),
And wasters envy my proud state,
My fifteen quid a week, it seems
Has earned me their envious hate.

And in my bed at ease I lay,
A trifling matter, let it pass;
Such benefits are conserved for they
That ever fight the master class.

Should any mug kindly request,
Some learned jargon to raise my screw,
I'd spare his Honor's rib bouquet,
And let him do a year or two.

PETE.

ECONOMICS.

AN ECONOMIC CLASS will be held every SUNDAY MORNING at 403 SUSSEX ST. at 11 a.m. Roll up.
HUGH McCUE, Instructor.

FREE SONG BOOKS.

Every person sending in the annual subscription of 4/ to "Direct Action" will receive a copy of the New Song Book by return absolutely free. Sub-getters should tell prospective subscribers of this. Send in your stubs to-day, as we want to get 10,000 on the books.
The Manager, Box 98, Haymarket, N.S.W.

Politics is a dirty game. Workers, keep clean.

DIRECT ACTION.

Rev. F. Sinclair on Politics.

Politics and politicians are our equivalent for the games of the circus by means of which the Roman rabble were kept in a good humor and out of mischief. As a nation, we Australians, with our seven Parliaments, suffer from politics on the same scale. We take our politics more seriously than our cricket and football, and at least as seriously as our horse racing. This state of affairs must be immediately rectified, not only to the benefit of our gratifying, but to the conservative and reactionary elements in our midst. If I were a capitalist of the worst kind, there is nothing I would more willingly encourage than these various sports, which make people forget their wrongs and the wrongs of the world. But desiring as I do to see the world changed, and knowing that it cannot be changed by the crowds wild about on racetracks and at political meetings, I cannot but regard our preoccupation with sport, and particularly with politics, as the greatest obstacle to the progress of Australia.

Even considered as sport, our politics at the present moment will not bear much talking about. The sport is particularly dirty. For months the air has been thick with the mud of the mud and the mud of the prominent members of both parties. Violent partisans on either side may make up their minds to believe all the bad that is said of the other side, and some of the dirt of their own. Any attempt at dispassionate criticism leads very speedily to the conclusion that there is not much to choose between one side and the other. It is not at all surprising or reactionary, for example, to hear denunciations of Mr. Hughes from those who a few months ago were his thick-and-thin supporters. It may be true, and I for one believe to be true, that Mr. Hughes has done more than any one man in Australia to lower the standards of public decency and destroy our national self-respect. For that reason it is essential that he be removed from office. But except that Mr. Hughes is more capable, more determined, and more cunning than his opponents, is there anything to choose between them? But it may be said, why to choose, not between persons, but between policies. Well, but what is the policy of the Federal Labor party? Mr. Tudor's ridiculous "manifesto" may, by courtesy, be regarded as containing a "policy." But a more feeble and disingenuous document could hardly have been written. So conscious is Labor of its own feebleness that it is practically staking its hope on success at the polls on the fear of conscription.

Conscription, it may be said, is still a real danger, but if it is so, whose fault is it? Five months ago we were being told by these same Labor politicians that conscription was dead, that we had been celebrating its funeral and applauding ourselves for having killed it any time since the end of October. If conscription is once again threatened, it is entirely the fault of the party which failed to follow up its victory last year. The intervening months have been wasted in post-mortems and self-congratulations, when they should have been devoted to the elaboration of a constructive policy. The

Labor party, which is now roaring as gently as a sucking dove about winning the war, ought to have been planning before the people a peace policy. What-fore the people a peace policy. What-fore the people a peace policy. What-fore the great majority of the rank and file desire. The fact is that our Labor politicians are rapidly becoming as completely out of touch with the real feeling of the country on this subject as Mr. Hughes was when he imagined he could carry conscription. Labor has lost its opportunity, and if it is defeated at the polls, it will not even have the consolation of having been defeated for a principle. The principle, such as it is, is in the possession of the other side.

The action of the Central Executive of the P.I.C. in forbidding its branches to send delegates to the Peace Conference is a pretty illustration of the hopeless position to which officialdom has reduced the Labor movement. No doubt the Executive's action was dictated by the Labor politicians. The necessity of electing strategy. But these necessities are themselves nothing but the consequence of losing the opportunity of last October. There is, however, another aspect of the matter which is possible, just a little more discredit to the Central Executive. The Peace movement is their preserve, and in the true spirit of Bumblebee, which characterises the actions of Labor officials, they are annoyed to think that outsiders should meddle with it. In their own good time—when Europe has been soaked with blood.

... when the Russian revolutionaries and the German socialists have done their work, when the war is just about over, and peace is being talked openly in Europe, when, in a word, it is late enough to move safely and too late to move honorably—when all these conditions are fulfilled, we may expect the Labor Vatican of Carlton to make a momentous pronouncement. They will just be in time to dispute with the churches the glory of having been the first to call for peace, even as they are now disputing with the Women's National League the glory of winning the war. But, in the meanwhile, it matters nothing though a peace policy is being made, for the sake of democracy of the world. The essential thing is that the destinies of Australia should be in the hands of Central Executives and Labor politicians. Whatever else happens, their safety is too precious to be endangered. Posterity must not be allowed to doubt that the Australian Labor movement was for "winning the war." No one in the years to come should be given a handle for accusing the Australian democracy of having desired to bring the war to a speedy termination. Aspersions of that kind may be directed against Russia or Germany or France, or Italy, or England, but against Australia, never! Poor Australia, once the hope of democracy, now waiting for its leaders to give the signal that it may safely join the rear of the procession. To us a pass have we been brought by our politicians that our only hope of defeating Mr. Hughes is to support Mr. Tudor and his "Win the War" party. What more is there to say! "Fellowship."

BRISBANE LOCAL.
ROOMS, OVER POST OFFICE.
STANLEY ST.—STH. BRISBANE.
MEETINGS.
Alternate Tuesdays—Business Meeting.
Alternate Tuesdays—Educational Class.
Friday, 8 p.m.—Outdoor Meeting. Market Place.
Sunday, 8 p.m.—Trades Hall, Lecture.
Literature Secretary,
W. TREMBATH.
Financial Secretary,
C. E. BRIGHT.
BATHURST BRANCH.
REDFERN ST., WOOLLOONGABBA, BRISBANE.
ALL MEMBERS PASSING THROUGH ARE INVITED TO LOOK IN. GOOD LIBRARY.
SLAVES WELCOME.

SONG BOOKS.
NEW AUSTRALIAN EDITION.
All the Old Favorites and some new ones.
44 Pages of Proletarian Material.
Orders booked now. Send cash if possible.
DEDICATED TO THE CLAN BURNING THE BARS
Single copies 6d. 6 copies 2s. 12 copies 4s.
Managers, Fred Boyd, Brisbane, N.S.W.

SYDNEY LOCAL.
No. 2.
403 SUSSEX STREET, CITY.
ACTIVITIES—
TUESDAY, 8 p.m.—SPEAKERS' CLASS.
THURSDAY, 8 p.m.—BUSINESS MEETING.
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY—PROPAGANDA MEETINGS IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF CITY.
SUNDAY, 3 p.m.—PROPAGANDA MEETING IN DOMAIN.
SUNDAY, 7 p.m.—PROPAGANDA MEETINGS IN PARTS OF THE CITY.
SUNDAY, 8 p.m.—LECTURE IN HALL, BEST WORKING-CLASS LIBRARY IN SYDNEY.
ALL SLAVES WELCOME.
BOSS NOT ADMITTED.
TOM BARKER,
Sec-Treas.

TO THE
"DIRECT ACTION"
The subscription to "Direct Action" is any address in the Commonwealth, including postage, is as follows:
4/ Yearly.
2/ Half-Yearly.
Apply, The Manager,
Box 98 Haymarket P.O., Sydney.