

One Big Union For the International Working Class



VOL. 2, NO. 54.

Registered at G.P.O. Sydney. SYDNEY, JANUARY 22, 1916.

ONE PENNY

Broken Hill Fight For Shorter Hours.

The fight for the 44-hour week at Broken Hill is one which is deserving of the support of all militant workers. A shorter workday, besides being the best means of striking a blow at the surplus-value of the capitalist class, has advantages from various other standpoints.

So far as the mining industry is concerned, the most important of these advantages is that of health, and it is perhaps regrettable that the miners at Broken Hill are not waging this fight for a more substantial victory than four hours a week, reduction four hours per week, month at a month, and year after year, mean that the average miner is giving his health, the health of the capitalist class in early manhood, at the hands of the Barrier are nothing more or less than poisonous bubbles.

The hypocrisy of the capitalist press which is shrieking at the miners for their lack of patriotism, etc., should therefore be taken at its true value. The price of lead today is almost double that prevailing at the beginning of the war, with the result that the capital invested in this and allied industries is bringing in an enormous profit—in the first place piled up at the sacrifice of the health of the miner, and, in the second place, sanctified in the eyes of capitalism by the rivers of blood shed on the battlefields of Europe.

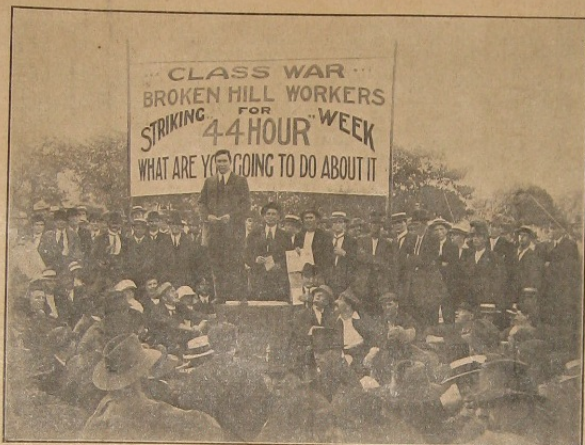
This is what the "patriotism" of the capitalist class amounts to everywhere and at all times; profits must be maintained and accumulated no matter at what sacrifice of health, life and life. The ploy of it is that the workers do not realize this, and are unable to see through the screen of hypocrisy and bluff which the daily press so sedulously keeps before them.

The fight at the Barrier for wages on the one hand and profits on the other, remarks Sydney "Sun," is Australia's conspicuous example of a people deluded by money. The remark is certainly a "conspicuous example" of the hypocrisy referred to and of the sort of half-truths that are proverbially worse than wholesale falsehood.

The mining capitalists at Broken Hill are, indubitably, typical examples of how the greed for profits debauches the class which the "Sun" represents, and paralyses every independent human feeling for the welfare of those who produce it. So far as the latter are concerned, it would be more true to state that lack of money, and not a superfluity of it, is the cause of their "delusion."

At times of writing the underground workers are standing solidly together, but otherwise the scabbing inseparable from the present form of unionism is manifestly strike-breaking weapons in the bosses' arsenal.

Not until the workers are organized along the lines of the I.W.W. have we witnessed the abolition of these and other superstitions, and re-



Photograph of I.W.W. meeting held in the Sydney Domain on Sunday, 19th, that in connection with the Broken Hill Strike.

The difference Craft Unionism sanctifies and embraces wage-slavery; the I.W.W. exercises and is got to abolish it.

All social agitation arises from the persistence of right against the obstinacy of law.—V. Hugo.

Individualism is only logically and occasionally possible if it starts with the postulate that all men must, to begin with, have free and equal access to the common gifts of nature.—Grant Allen.

The cry of "Empire" is the crazy cry of imbecile and tottering authority, not only in England but in all the government-betridden nations of the West. The case of India—the ruin of India, where if ever nation had splendid opportunities England had—proves the falseness, the craziness, of the cry.—Edward Carpenter.

I entered Parliament with what I thought to be the lowest possible opinion of the average member, I came out with one still lower.—John Stuart Mill.

By solely upon the power of their economic organization, both on and off the job, will success in struggles of this kind be assured.

The solidarity of the miners may win out without the active assistance of scab unions. If they are defeated, it will not be because of the failure of the strike as a weapon, but on account of the scabby propensities of the kind of unionism that is too servile and cowardly to use it.

Meanwhile the fight is on, and every class-conscious worker will hope that, rather than the miners should go down in this struggle, every mine and every industry, every school in the State, should be brought to a standstill, and the capitalist class, once and for all, taught a lesson of the stinging power of the strike, since the workers are aroused to their class interests.

T. G.

Push the sale of "Direct Action." The less love it.

I. W. W. Band.

The next practice of the above band will be held on Monday, 24th January, at 7:30 p.m. sharp, at the Metropolitan Theatre, 230 Castle-street, Sydney.

Sydney Propaganda.

The demonstration held in the Sydney Domain on Sunday, 17th January, in connection with the Barrier strike turned out a huge success. A collection amounting to £14 18s 6d was taken up in aid of the strikers.

The solidarity of the miners may win out without the active assistance of scab unions. If they are defeated, it will not be because of the failure of the strike as a weapon, but on account of the scabby propensities of the kind of unionism that is too servile and cowardly to use it.

Meanwhile the fight is on, and every class-conscious worker will hope that, rather than the miners should go down in this struggle, every mine and every industry, every school in the State, should be brought to a standstill, and the capitalist class, once and for all, taught a lesson of the stinging power of the strike, since the workers are aroused to their class interests.

Push the sale of "Direct Action." The less love it.

Joits.

Politics is a game of lying accusations and impossible promises; the accusations make you angry, the promises make you hopeful. But you get nothing in the long run, and yet never will; because, promise what they may, it is not laws or measures that will improve our lot, it is by our own resolution that it shall be improved. Find out what you want—and have it. Yours, yours, yours is the Power—you are the masters of the world! Leave the members of Radicalism and Liberalism and Toryism. Let dead politics bury their dead. Learn to look after your own interests. You are the Kings and Lords of humanity.—Walter Besant.

The swarms of cringers, dough-faces, lice of politics, planners of sly innovations for their own preferment.

Wait Whitman, On Politicians. Politicians are a set of people who have interests aside from the interests of the people, and who, to the most of them, are at least on long step removed from honest men. I say this with greater freedom, being a politician myself.—Abraham Lincoln.

Our "W.I.W." Government is well and truly carrying out its administration of the capitalist order of things. The latest outrage against the working class whom it is supposed to serve, is the provoking of police escorts for scabs at the Broken Hill mines. Such is the government that unionism is keeping in office. We wonder how many more illustrations the workers will need before they take a tumble to their corrupt and scoundrelly politicians.

Bandmen are wanted for the Sydney I.W.W. band. Write immediately, or call on Monday evenings at 230 Castle-street, Sydney, after eight and interview the band secretary. Bosses will be catinest in about three months when the scabby band sets busy fracturing the cause.

Propaganda Notes.

Fellow-workers Rose and Napier have left Melbourne for Boston, in the U.S.A., working on a Yankee ship. Melbourne Local loses two of its most energetic members.

Propaganda is at a low ebb in Melbourne owing to the action of the authorities in stopping the Yarra Bank meetings on Sundays, and the Socialist meetings in the Bitter Theatre on the Sunday evenings. The members of the Melbourne local will strive to concentrate more on job propaganda, and push the papers among the slaves.

The new local at Mount Morgan is having a rough time with the opposition in the A.W.U., who have requested the mine management to disperse with the services of men who are members of the I.W.W. Those respectable seem to be pleased to advertise the fact that the A.W.U. is a boss's union.

On Sunday last, 19th instant, at the National Hill, Mount Morgan, Fellow-worker F. Madors delivered an address on Industrial Unionism under the auspices of the I.W.W. Further proceedings will be published in a subsequent issue. There is a splendid opportunity for a good speaker at present in Mount Morgan and district.

Fellow-worker Bright, of the Brisbane local, writes encouragingly of the prospects of that local. They hope to re-start street meetings now being held in town. The renewed activities should result in an increase in the bundle orders of "Direct Action."

Any old rubbish can go with the stream, but what I.W.W. who want with driftwood in the I.W.W.? Get after the subscribers and the editor and the staff will do the mental and clerical work. This remark is meant for YOU, brother. Do you get me?

We are pleased to say that the I.W.W. bunch who are on their way to Mildura, Vic., have got away from Wages, and are now on their way down the river Murray en route for Moama. They got through the seven days in good style in Wages road, for being found on "our" railway bridge without a permit.

Fellow-workers are reminded that the paper needs subscribers to put new subscribers upon the books. Every new reader is a factor for the coming change, and therefore, every member of the I.W.W. who really wants to leave a trail behind him, ought to get at least one new subscriber per month. Fellow-worker Jackson sent twelve, Foley sent twenty-one, Riley sent twelve, McCormack edited, Hogan led, McGurn, Healy and Petroff about forty. Now, come on boys; let's hear from you!

Many politicians of our times are in the habit of laying down as a self-evident proposition that no people ought to be free until they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story who was not to get into the water until he had learned to swim. If men do so wait for liberty until they become wise and good slaves, they are indeed waiting for ever.—Macaulay.

Conscription Protest.

Fellow-worker John M. Burke writes from Bendigo, Victoria... to protest last week and organise a meeting to discuss conscription.

Fellow-worker McInerney followed the speaker with a glowing address, urging all class-conscious workers to resist conscription by every means in their power...

Fellow-comrades Collins, Page, and Burke also delivered short addresses on the subject, after which the following resolution, moved by J. M. Burke, and seconded by B. McInerney, was put and carried...

A vote of thanks to the chairman closed the meeting.

Women And The Propaganda War. In Queensland.

(By J.W.)

To those of us whose vision is not dimmed by sentimentalism, one of the more remarkable features of the war has been the eagerness, the unselfish eagerness of our women, to get an inkling of the truth...

Now, to cap it all, we have the National Council of Women organising their sex to perform male work in order to do their bit for the war...

When these trained women are available, employers wanting hands will engage them in order of rank. They will engage them on a piece price or to give place for women, and the men unable to get employment will have to become soldiers or starve...

Capitalist Hypocrisy.

(By ANNE E. DEBARRON)

At the Children's Court, Perth, N.S.W. today, a boy was ordered to be sent to the reformatory for stealing a white shirt and a pair of shoes...

The moral sentiments of the community are being created anew today as it is a thing of the past in those institutions.

How we have progressed in Western Australia, women with votes, some of whom are in the forefront of the movement for the protection of children...

We can read of the daily horrors of our cities and the unmet necessities. Two years ago, we could not have mentioned it. What did your Attorney-General say some few years ago...

One of the leading lights of the Children's Court, who has just returned from a trip to America—a trip which may be regarded as a childless girl's and man, those who sweat and toil in Christmas hives...

Mothers in all lands, from the time that your baby is registered, Capitalism has its claws on you...

Time was when woman was considered something inferior to man. In these degenerate days of feminism and woman worship, we find women concerning with some of the jobs...

WHERE WE ARE ROBBED, HOW WE ARE ROBBED, AND HOW TO REMEDY IT.

(By W. Hogan.)

Many workers say we are robbed at the point of consumption. I mean I mean by that is that the grocer, the baker, the butcher, and the man who robs us. They say it wages go up the cost of living goes up...

The prices of all commodities are very high and nobody has got an increase in wages. We could not afford to get our living now if we were getting 2/6 a week a living wage...

Well, Fellow-workers, we will soon have to find out how to get things or slaves. The introduction of machinery...

The only way to make labor pay is to shorten the hours of labor, and work slow. If you shortened the workday to six hours and worked six hours more...

to become a hired assassin, to stop the capitalist, has come to protect your masters' wealth, to shoot down strikers in times of industrial wars...

I mean for happy children dancing in the sunlight of a glorious earth made new by the intelligent application of the principles of the Big Union.

The I.W.W. has laid the foundation stone of reconstruction out of the ruins of the earth, has organized movements, the structure of the I.W.W. has been conceived. The ground work may be null and void of the present earth, but that ground work shall come the realisation of the ideals of so-called workers.

SEGREGATION.

"Segregation is a process tending ever to separate unlike units and bring together like units; thus it is the tendency of the great differences of differentiation otherwise caused."

Thus, segregation tends ever to sharpen and make more definite the difference between an honest man and a politician, the exploiter and his victims, and the policy of doing things for ourselves instead of depending on others to do them for us.

In the development of the "trust" we see segregation operating and making the great schemes of robbery, planned and practiced by the master thieves whose impulse is the desire for power.

Segregation is also sorting out and arranging in order those human units who have the sense to resist, the cunning and unscrupulous few, who, in their incredible thievish egotism, astraddle the earth with the blood, and the air with the greed and the lusts of their tortured fellows.

STICKERS.

The Press Committee have plenty of I.W.W. Stickers on hand. They are in large type, smart, and to the point. Each Sticker has an imprint on it, in accordance with the boss's law.

ADELAIDE READERS.

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

"Time was when woman was considered something inferior to man. In these degenerate days of feminism and woman worship, we find women concerning with some of the jobs...

'Foul Parasites.'

(By F. HANLON.)

The Worker, The Prostitute, and Conscription.

The Menace of Literature List. Conscription.

Mr. Hughes, premier politician of Australia, apparently in an organ of verbal invective, has delivered a tirade of some heated stuff about "labor parasites." Said he at Melbourne Town Hall— "I appeal to the people of this country to join the Expeditionary Forces. I don't appeal to those men, who posing as lovers of liberty, do what they can to prevent men from joining the army. They seek as the mouthpieces of Labor and Unionism, but they have nothing in common with Labor or Unionism. They are foul parasites. They have striven themselves to the vitals of Labor. There is between Syndicalism—that is its name—and Unionism as we know it in this country a full as wide as hell—

Read that quotation over again. Hughes was trying to indict the Industrial Unionists (though he calls them "Syndicalists") but what does he mean by "those who pretend to speak," etc? The Industrial Unionists are working men. One cannot be in the "labor" without being a worker, so they cannot be parasites. But what of Hughes and his kindred? What of all the "Labor" politicians and treacherous labor leaders? They pretend to speak as the mouthpieces of Labor and Unionism? They are of necessity parasites because no man can be a member of parliament without draining his sustenance from those who toil.

For years Hughes has been a politician and labor leader. He has lived off and fattened because others have worked. If other men did not till the land and shear the sheep and work the wharves there would be no Hughes the politician. But he has more than that. He and his kind have truly fattened themselves on the vitals of labor by "pretending to speak for labor," whilst in reality they have opened and spoken for the master-class they pretend to fight. Mr. Hughes was speaking for the master-class at Melbourne Town Hall when he delivered himself of the diatribe which we have noted above—and Mr. Hughes knows it.

There can be no parasite so foul, no labor leader so treacherous or dangerous, so fierce so sinister, as those comprising the bands of labor leaders, officials, and politicians who have, like carrion, fattened themselves indeed upon the living vitals of labor.

You are rich, Hughes! Between the "labor" and "Unionism," as you know it, and the Labor Unionism as we know it, there is a gulf wider than hell. Your ideal "unionism" is a matter of great concern to the hostile membership, united only for the purpose of keeping political parasites in power. Your notion of "Labor" is a mixed movement, with shoddy ideals, based by you and your cronies.

Go on, Hughes! Have your brief hour of notoriety and applause! They say that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel, and you were very patriotic at Melbourne Town Hall. You pretend to speak for Labor, but you are a mere parasite of capital.

You may vent your hatred and fear of the I.W.W. in fervid rhetoric; but you cannot stop the steady growth of the I.W.W. in spite of all the political parasites who are pleased to call syndicalism the rising tide of Industrial Unionist activity which menaces you and your kind, will push you off the political stage and finally overthrow the rotten system which breed you—and us.

DIRECT ACTION. Enclosed please find P.O. for \$4., for which please send "DIRECT ACTION" for one year to the following address—

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK For Name..... Address.....

IT IS NOW A politician—one who would eat his own flesh.—Shakespeare (Hamlet).

(A. MACK.)

All cities in all civilized and Christianized countries sport a great but "necessary" evil—the army of prostitute women. Two men harbor much respect for any of these "daughters of the devil." Most men scorn the women who have fallen so low that they would rather sell their bodies in the street than earn their bread by themselves out by the day or the week to a factory boss for his enrichment by producing for him five or six times as much as he gives them in wages.

The very proper working man detests a woman of the street, for she has degraded herself beyond redemption. But now note the logical reasoning and the extraordinary moral twist of Mr. Wagon-pull.

He is prepared to sell himself—his mental and physical strength—for a hen and swing a pick or a pen at command for a fractional part of the result of his expenditure of strength. In what, then, does the man who sells himself in a mine, a factory or other sweat-shop for a living pittance rise superior to the girl who sells her body for her own benefit? Clearly the prostitution favors the girl, for she at least has enough spirit left to revolt against a condition of things which keeps her ever a wage worker, tied by the chains of hunger to a greedy and heartless exploiter.

The wage worker, traitorous, cowardly, and unrespectably, and unrespectably sells himself to a boss is the lowest type of human—he is the slave, the besotted wretch, who glories in the fact that he is a master. Nowhere in ancient history can be found the prototype of this man; and still he looks with contempt at the woman who sells herself rather than her labor power.

The wage worker, traitorous, cowardly, and unrespectably, and unrespectably sells himself to a boss is the lowest type of human—he is the slave, the besotted wretch, who glories in the fact that he is a master. Nowhere in ancient history can be found the prototype of this man; and still he looks with contempt at the woman who sells herself rather than her labor power. The wage worker, traitorous, cowardly, and unrespectably, and unrespectably sells himself to a boss is the lowest type of human—he is the slave, the besotted wretch, who glories in the fact that he is a master. Nowhere in ancient history can be found the prototype of this man; and still he looks with contempt at the woman who sells herself rather than her labor power.

perpetually refused to quarrel with the present structure of society—the capitalist system, wherein they do produced everything necessary for human comfort, are forced to accept just so much of their own product to keep them fit for more toil. They have refused to understand that poverty, slavery, prostitution (mental and physical) and war were inevitable disease growths of the system; and though they may and do complain against these ills they stoutly refuse to abolish the cause of the affliction, or to adopt actions also to do so. The expected war, one of the fruits of this capitalist society, has arrived, and we find these same workers, the people who have sided with the boss, howled toward the revolutionists, now complaining because they are expected to go to the war. Their position appears quite illogical. If war is wrong, the capitalist system is wrong; if the capitalist state is good enough to live under, their slums are good enough to breathe in, poverty good enough to suffer, and wars good enough to fight.

The workers who uphold the present class state and yet object to going to the trenches, have "cold feet." Labor champion (?) W. H. Hughes says: "We want food, more men at the front." So they do. Hughes might Pat and Co. and W. H. Hughes want 50,000 more men and asking by the thousands who want capitalism; they should get the men at the front.

The workers sold themselves for mine and factory work and were proud of it; why not for trench work? There is little difference between the man who works in a mine with weapons; the pay is quite as good and the rewards more glorious. No working man, be he married or single, who unrespectably accepts the system of capitalism, in logical way that he refuses to enlist. No man; who hangs out the ancient sign, "A fair day's pay, etc." can logically stay away from the firing line.

"Be men of courage. Light the red hell of revolution if need be! For what life if it be not the accused privilege of wearing yourselves out in the service of cannibals, of murdering millions of innocents that eat you up alive, you and your wives and children."—Prof. Howard Moore.

BAND FUND

The following additional subscriptions have been received towards the above fund. Some of the instruments have already been purchased, and the Band Committee hopes to see an I.W.W. band a reality in Sydney within a few weeks. Contributions to the fund should be addressed to J. Smithers, Band Secretary, Box 95, Haymarket, Sydney.

T. King 1/6, C. Robertson 1/4, A. Carlson 2/6, G. Anderson 1/4, W.R. 2/6, P. Brophy 1/6, A. H. Hunt 2/6, P. Whoolan 1/6, G. Reid 6/6, P. Palmer 2/6, F. S. Holston 2/6, J. Bergstrom 1/4, C. O. Evans 1/4, J. Anderson 1/4, C. Hammerberg 1/4, Connolly 2/6, E. Hansen 2/6, E. McKelvey 2/6, W.W. 2/6, E. Elliott 2/6, J. Brown 2/6, J. P. Buckley 2/6, Fred 1/4, Rev. Dr. Tom 5/6, Alec George 5/6, E. Butt 2/6, W.R. 1/4, J. Smithers, Band Sec.

Government to prohibit by law what the men had made impossible by their action—retrenching. This is the only example of the efficiency of direct action. If a thing is needed or objected to, it is no use waiting upon Parliament to sanction or prohibit. Decisive and determined direct action will always prevail in Parliament does, and accomplish it more thoroughly and without needless delay—"Freedom."

The workers of this country do well to consider carefully what their attitude is to be in the not unlikely event of an attempt abruptly to introduce the factory upon the limbs the shackles of Conscription. The plea of "military necessity," advanced by the advocates of Conscription, is only too transparently a device to the support of the war admit that the number of men who could possibly be made available for replacing the daily "stratagem" could not be increased by the introduction of compulsory service. The sinister design of the Conscriptionists is to take advantage of the prevalent feeble condition of the conditions which the War-Mania unfortunately induces in the case of the vast majority to introduce a measure which would provide the propertyed few with a fresh and terrible weapon that could be wielded against labor with disastrous effect; firstly, during the war, to subject all able-bodied workers to military law and its penalties; and secondly, in the event of a peace, to use all means to crush the aspirations of the workers towards Liberty and fulness of life.

The petting-pronouncements of those misologists of Labor who are opposed to Conscription unless the Cabinet deems it necessary must be treated with the contempt they deserve. Governments have always "retreated" in the past, to use all kinds of reactionary methods in the exercise of their dual function of protecting Property and subjugating the proletariat. Furthermore, the work of the Conscriptionists is not to crush the aspirations of the workers towards Liberty and fulness of life. The Conscriptionists are not to be resisted at all cost; we workers of the British Isles must stand firm against the menace of this flesh-and-bone instrument by declining to be conscripted. We shall not only benefit ourselves and our children, but we shall render it easier for our Continental brothers, after the war, to cast from their shoulders the intolerable burden of the Conscription yoke—"Freedom."

THE BOSS'S BLOOD-LUST.

How the bossess tread whetever their sacred property is endangered is well illustrated by the following, culled from a Wagon's sheet—

"AN ODDIOUS CRIME"

"Mecanidium by means of phosphorus is an ingenious and diabolical idea quite worthy of modern German methods of applied science. Obviously this method of causing a fire adds enormously to the difficulties attendant upon the task of tracing the offender, since his dastardly work may be done weeks, or even months, before it is discovered and when his tracks have—in all probability—been obliterated. It is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon the enormity of an offence of this nature, but it should be clear to everyone that there can not very well be a much worse crime in this country than that of wilfully setting a fire in the centre of wheat areas at the most critical period of the year. The man who does this is as vile as a criminal at heart—whatever his motives may be—as is the boss who imagines, since his treatment of the workers is so atrocious, that he can even solve human life and even lose of human life. If a criminal of this class were caught in the wheat regions of the United States, he would be hanged as a matter of course. It is a chance of a hearing before the law and jury. Instead he would, almost of a surety, be given a bitter taste of the same justice of Judge Lynch—and such a fate would be no worse than he deserved."

Lynchings for acts that involve widespread ruin, and even loss of human life, are a disastorous precedent for the masters to preach in these days when their insatiable greed for gain has plunged millions of homes into the direst poverty and turned a whole continent into a veritable shambles.

- Capital: Karl Marx, 3 vols., 8/- per Volume. Ancient Society: Morgan, Bound, 6/-. Value, Price, and Profit: Marx, Bound, 2/- per Paper, 6d. Evolution of Property: Larmagne, Bound, 2/-. The Militant Proletariat: Lewis, Bound, 2/-. The New Unionism: T.idon, Paper, 6d. Sabotage: Pouget, Bound, 2/- per Paper, 1/-. One Big Union: Trautman, Paper, 3d. Sabotage: W. C. Smith, Paper, 3d. Sabotage: E. G. Flynn, paper, 3d. I.W.W. History, Structure, and Methods: St. John, Paper, 3d. Revolution and the I.W.W.: Penn, Paper, 3d. Eleven Blind Leaders: B. H. Williams, Paper, 3d. Political Socialism, or Capturing the Government: Nelson, Paper, 3d. War: What For (Cartoon), Price 3d. Revolutionary Unionism: E. J. B. Allen, Paper, 2d. Why the A.W.U. Cannot Become an Industrial Union: Alex. George, Paper, 3d. Industrial Efficiency and Its Ancestor: T. Glynn, Paper, 2d. I.W.W. Songs: Paper, 3d. Summary of Marx's Capital: Hazel, 2d. The Diesel Motor: Frankental, Paper, 1d. Industrial Unionism: St. John, 1d.

"Unfortunately, there is a tendency in the unrest of the industrial classes, to take advantage of war conditions and press claims for high pay, instead of being grateful for the work they have been provided by the State and other employers of labor." So sayeth Archbishop Kelly. How would this look coming from his "Grace's" sacred lips, "Infortunates! There is a tendency in the unscrupulous greed of our industrial masters, to take advantage of war conditions in pressing claims for greater profits, and screwing the last penny out of the workers' hides, instead of being grateful for the good things which a generous working class has always provided for them." The modern followers of the Carpenter are made of queer clay.

Mr. Wm. Rosser, president of the Railway Workers and General Laborers' Association, is getting considerable line-light in the capitalist press. The reason is that this erstwhile socialist and revolutionist has suddenly and mysteriously become a man with a fervent and patriotic zeal for the success of the Empire in the war. Mr. Rosser is so enthusiastic over the "freedom, justice, liberty, and social progress so dear to the hearts of sincere and earnest lovers of humanity the world over" (vide his statement to the press) which buoyant naves enjoy under British flag, that he has laid down his life in the attempt to preserve them, "if need be." We have a faint suspicion that the "need" will never arise in Rosser's case. Rosser will die a martyr, but the martyr made of the stuff that fills the smell of powder, and Rosser's enlistment has been hailed with such a flourish of trumpets by the capitalist press that it smells of high glory. The stink will be still more odious in the nostrils of the workers when the aftermath of reaction sets in—but Rosser will not have repaid his reward, and it won't be in the next world either.

There is only one workable plan. Why it smells of high glory, a thousand isolated efforts united into one vigorous kick would land the boss in jail.

Oversight for "your" country if you wish, but what about owning your job?

Printed and Published on behalf of the Industrial Workers of the World, by John Hamilton, Chairman of Press Committee, Castlereagh-street, Sydney, N.S.W.