

ANOTHER "BIG ONION." Arthur's Hope! ARE YOU ALL ASLEEP?

It Belongs to Billy Hughes and his Twelve Apostles.

M.L.A. Wants a Hundred Thousand Girls. What for?

Read About That Diesel Engine and What it Means to You!

After getting the workers' hands tied behind their backs by Arbitration Acts and other legal devices, the Craft Union leaders and politicians of craft organisation to maintain, much less advance, the workers' standard of living; the ever increasing economic pressure being brought to bear through immigration, combined with the advocacy of militant Industrialism during the past few years, have all had their influence in the resultant unreasonableness displayed by all grades of the working class. So much so, indeed, that in spite of the pains and penalties attached to striking, even the most conservative of craft unions began to kick, and kick vigorously.

The reason for this step on the part of Labor leaders is not far to seek. The increased prices in the necessities of life, the absolute impotency of craft organisation to maintain, much less advance, the workers' standard of living; the ever increasing economic pressure being brought to bear through immigration, combined with the advocacy of militant Industrialism during the past few years, have all had their influence in the resultant unreasonableness displayed by all grades of the working class. So much so, indeed, that in spite of the pains and penalties attached to striking, even the most conservative of craft unions began to kick, and kick vigorously.

Hence the desire on the part of politicians and high-salaried officialdom to get the workers by the ankles, as it were, and put a stop to this disagreeable tendency. The one thing these leaders desire, above all others, is that their followers should exhibit any signs of discontent.

When the One Big Union idea was first mooted in Australia, a few years ago, by a small band of Industrialists, labor leaders labouring in devious form, "Fanatics," "Dreamers," "Impossibleists," etc., were some of the epithets hurled at the unfortunate I.W.W. propagandist. But now that the rank and file of the workers are becoming imbued with that idea, and the militant tactics to go with it, this self-same gang of place-hunters comes forward with the cry of "One Big Union" on their lips, but with treacherous vile, unseparable, in the innermost recesses of their blood-loving souls.

This treachery is written so large in one clause of the Constitution of the proposed Federation, that one can only wonder at the audacity of its authors in putting it into print.

The management of the Federation is to consist of a Council of twelve members, and the clause referred to provides that—

Every affiliated organisation shall have the earliest opportunity, notify the General Secretary of the Federation of any dispute or any proposed alteration of existing industrial conditions in the industry in which such organisation operates. The General Secretary shall make a record of all such matters, and a special book kept for that purpose, and immediately on receipt of such notification refer all such matters to the Council, WHO SHALL DETERMINE THE COURSE TO BE ADOPTED BY THE ORGANISATION immediately concerned, as well as by all affiliated organisations, and such decision SHALL BE BINDING upon the organisation immediately affected, and upon all other affiliated organisations.

The Constitution goes on to provide not alone against the contingency of strikes, but also, apparently, against sabotage; for the next clause informs us that—

No cessation of work or disturbance of existing INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS by any affiliated organisation shall take place unless and until the matter has been laid before the Council, and the Council has so decided.

There can be no hesitation in saying that had a constitution of this kind been drawn up by, say, members of the Employers' Federation, ninety-nine out of a hundred of the workers concerned would at once see through its fraud and trickery. In this connection a remark lately made by Mr. Hughes, one of the moving spirits, by the way, in this proposed Labor Beau-racery, with regard to the Constitution Act, is illuminating. "The Labor Party has done," he said, "what the Liberals dared not do."

Mr. Hughes spoke the plain truth; though few of his hearers, perhaps, understood its underlying meaning. The workers will not tolerate from their know-nothing enemies what they will meekly swallow at the hands of clever politicians masquerading under the name of Labor.

This both-patch scheme in which a junta of twelve is given a supreme voice and ultimate control over the working conditions of hundreds of thousands of wage-workers, is the latest pit manufactured by Doctor Hughes, and his fellow quacks, who will "one big union" sugar, the workers swallow it without turning a hair. That the workers should be induced to abdicate their power, to abandon their independence and initiative, and place their destinies in the hands of any dozen men, even assuming their sincerity, it is a violation of the principle that the working-class movement ever stood for. But that they should voluntarily give this power to men not of their own ranks, who are absolutely out of touch with the everyday life of the workers themselves, to politicians whose ideas of present-day slavery are gathered in the first-class railway carriage would be humorous if it were not that one can plainly foresee its tragic results.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that any form of Federation is certainly not Industrial Unionism, and must fail in any struggle of importance, for the simple reason that craft organisations, even when federated, places innumerable obstacles in the way of concerted action in any one of the industries. The industrial form of organisation alone makes it possible for the workers to concentrate their fighting energies on the point where capital is concentrated against them.

Federation under any guise, therefore, as the recent strikes in New Zealand and South Africa fully illustrate, is at best but a euphonious title for a Federation under the guiding influence of some sectional organisation. But even when declared policy is to combine strikes to their narrowest possible limits, and who have acted up to that policy in every recent industrial war, it is certainly something that should make our capitalist friends lick their chops in glinting expectation.

There does not seem to be much else for Mr. Hughes to do on the subject of bucking business. But perhaps after all, Mr. Hughes is not so clever as he imagines. The saying, "That you may feel more at ease in a clever man's skin, it is worn elsewhere, yet Mr. Hughes would appear to have forgotten it in his case." "That you may feel more at ease in a clever man's skin, it is worn elsewhere, yet Mr. Hughes would appear to have forgotten it in his case." It is doubtful whether a paper Constitution, Hughes, will prevent the workers kicking and infallible individual as Mr. Hughes will be broken in the upward march of the workers towards the consummation of the One Big Union idea.

T. GLENN.

Mr. Arthur, M.L.A. (signifying Master of the Little Artifices of politics) says that New South Wales is great.

There are people rude enough to agree with him. Didn't they put him in the Legislative Assembly?

Moreover, and furthermore, sayeth same Melchior Arthur, the girls of New South Wales are but great product.

"We need one hundred thousand more of them," says his doctorship. The poor little wretches, "snappets," "fappers," and girls almost of a man-riparable age, want to know, Dr. Arthur, what you need a hundred thousand more for.

They are asking why they happen to be the Greatest Product of New South Wales.

They are wondering why it is necessary for them to arise at six o'clock in the morning in order to be AT WORK at eight.

They are enquiring of Dr. Arthur M.L.A., why they should work at all when there are thousands of unemployed men walking the streets of Sydney—men who, if given remunerative work, could be enabled to marry and take their own set of—wills and faces.

The average working girl, Dr. Arthur M.L.A., is not a vulgar female; she realises that she is a notable product of New South Wales; also that she has either to get to work or go upon the streets. But what she does desire to know, Mister Doctor, M.L.A., what in the devil's name do you want a hundred thousand more of 'em for?

Do you want them for breeding purposes, or do you want them to scab on the men?

Do you—if doctor you be—take a dose of your own medicine, some evening, and, awaking early, drift down to the foot of George or Pitt streets? Read there; learn there, and you will know.

If you are an observant citizen and a conscientious legislator, you will observe some strange sights, mostly at night.

From 7.30 a.m. until 8.30 a.m. you will see them—that's if you can see, or desire to. Yes; you can get an education—if you wish one—on the matter of New South Wales' "Greatest Products."

You will see them, Fellow-worker Doctor, going to work, and it might open your political eyes.

"DIRECT ACTION" cares nothing for your eyesight, political or otherwise. Doctor, or do the women of Australia care much for your eyes?

They say that their condition is bad enough without any making it worse. They are two in twos in Hell whether you have a hundred thousand daughters or a hundred, but they do care, Mr. Doctor, M.L.A., about you, because they know they're up against it. If you think, Mr. Physio that one hundred thousand more girls are needed in New South Wales, you needn't mind fifty thousand are on your trail. Yes, on the wages and use 'em. Look to it, your doctorship, or else you'll lose your job.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

"DIRECT ACTION" is that this issue of "DIRECT ACTION" has now become our monthly paper. Your yearly subscription, Fellow-Worker will cost you no more than that account.

It is the intention of the Industrial Workers of the World to publish a weekly paper, while the next few weeks, and if you belong to the class-conscious end of this movement, and are really in earnest in your desire to see "The One Big Union" carried out, your financial aid toward that end will be proof of your sincerity.

Possibly the most revolutionary invention, in its effects upon the unemployed, and the working class in general, is the Diesel engine, although few realise what Dr. Diesel accomplished when he demonstrated to the world at large what his discovery portended. It is now recognized by all industrial authorities that the Diesel-Internal-Combustion-Start-up engine is destined to destroy many industries that were generally conceded to be permanently established on a firm basis.

With its eventual success the coal-mining industry must be practically wiped out, as the expense of mining will not furnish the propelling force hitherto considered its greatest asset.

Oil is taking the place of coal, more and more. It is infinitely more economical in every way, being more plentiful and much more easily produced. As it is an irrefutable fact that the employing class always seek their commodities in the cheapest market, so it is an undeniable one that they are going to take full advantage of the Diesel engine. They have grasped the opportunity to cheapen sea-going travel, and the invention has already been installed in one ten-thousand ton liner. It has proved such a success that others are being built up as rapidly as possible, and it will not be many years before the steamship liners will have the control of the ocean.

Sir Marcus Samuel, chairman of the Flower Motor Ship company, has stated that their ship, the Arum, of 5500 tons capacity, consumed only six tons of oil in twenty-four hours, and furthermore that oil was as cheap in England, ton for ton, as was coal? Ships of a similar size, burning coal would consume twenty-four tons, a saving of seventy-five per cent. This is an item that the capitalists of the world are not very likely to overlook for long.

Oil has this additional advantage over coal; that it requires less labour power and labour energy in its production. Oil gushes from the bowels of the earth in thousands of tons, without the slightest aid from the hand of man, whereas coal must be produced by the hands of the toiler. It must also be realised as a significant fact that there is not a coal mine in the entire world that can produce fuel, per day, as can any of the artesian oil-wells of Mexico, Peru, or California.

Neither are the wonderful possibilities of the Diesel engine confined to shipping. It has been adopted by many large railway lines and will eventually displace steam there also. It absolutely eliminates boiler troubles, needs less repairs and is capable of running trains for hundreds of miles without a stop. Stationary plants are also commencing to sit up and take notice of the great potentialities of this marvelous discovery owing to its great advantage over the steam engine. It is destined to be installed in most of the big plants of the world. Steam must become a back-number—mere matter of history in a very few years. And with the disappearance of steam, and its magnificent achievements of the past, must also go coal, coal, and coal miners. What that means to the millions of toilers of the world over, who live in the bowels of the earth, may be left to the reasonable readers' imagination.

Not will be that all stokers, firemen and thousands of members of other so-called crafts will be thrown out of employment. It means a cataclysm—a distinct industrial revolution—which must be met by the workers themselves. It involves engineers, engine-drivers, boiler-makers, all railway workers, seamen, firemen, coal lumpers and others affiliated in one way or another to come to their senses and ask each other what is to be done.

Then, again, there is the Panama Canal, which must be duly taken into consideration by all workers. The "Big Ditch" is now open for traffic, and through its opening a route to the greatest and most prolific oil-fields in the world—those of Peru—is available for all shipping or other commerce, secure the desire or require. Exploiters of the trade routes, West or East, are going to exploit these Peruvian oil-fields for their own benefit, no matter of what nationality, and thereby are going to further exploit the workers of the world. On the conclusion of the Mexican war, the rich fields of Tampico, and other in that war-racked country, will be controlled with similar results. Most of these resources, it should be borne in mind, are virgin reserves.

It must be distinctly evident to the thinking worker that labour is being displaced daily in every industry in the world by the machine, and that the result is unemployment is the result. In order to cope intelligently with the situation, the workers must be made to understand the economic fact, and then must know how to best improve our conditions. We must realise our importance in the society.

We, the working class, have but one way of securing a living; by the sale of our labour power—our working energy.

The Diesel engine, as well as all other machines, ancient and modern, displace labour—those same machines that are displacing us—these we kindly and charitably turn over to the master class and its control. Each additional labour-saving device increases the power of the machine to produce and decrease his ability to consume, owing to the fact that the wages are reduced in proportion to the amount of goods displaced by the machine, while the capitalist, on the other hand, is finding it ever more difficult to discover markets for his increasing surplus.

This means ever-increasing misery, want and hunger for the workers by reason of the fact that they are not organised industrially. By such means the workers must become unemployed, and their standard of living will cease to exist, and all surpluses will be abolished. There will be an elegant sufficiency for all, as somebody once said.

J. B. KING.

One hundred and twenty-thousand of selling workers are sitting at the job of one William Hughes, waiting for a kick. What Billy and his disciples' say, now you get a kick or you don't. If you're a good slave it's yours. If you pay your wages Hughes you're all right. If you don't, you can't belong to "The One Big Union," and you're a bum.

Born for What?

What is the heritage of such as I?
To live to work; —
And then to die, to die like dogs —
That is the heritage of such as I.
Shut out from nature's bounteous store
By fellows, who own the earth
And all that grows there,
I beg for that which nature gives from birth
To all brute kind; and am denied —
'We cannot earn enough to mine —
To hope, ambition, love, to noble joys;
'We cannot earn enough to buy;
Go ask the miller for a job.'
I ask, and asking, I become the slave of him
Who owns the mill waterwheel I work.
'Work, and we'll give you bread,' they say;
And I am willing, for hunger presses,
And the chill cut deep into the bone.
So fare I forth to mine or mill or factory,
Where my great wheels from dawn daylight unto dark,
A child I stand, the dormant intellect,
The brotherhood of man within my soul,
Putting on the shackles at an age
When life should be all play—and all for bread.
Good-bye to childhood, youth and learning—
To hope, ambition, love, to noble joys.
For these are attributes of freedom.
From morn to night I labour, and for pay
Receive a rag, a crust, a place to sleep.
A dog, and a dog's life, the dog's man's life;
My masters count the wheel of greater worth than I.
My happiness, my life hold they within their hands
Because, they own my job.
I starve; I pay my price
In ignorance, sweat and heartache,
Work I must, and when my masters say I shall not work,
I cry aloud and madness come, or purchase
I cast myself unscathed into the open grave.
I fill the halls of charity to overflowing;
I fill the jails for stealing,
That which masters stole from me,
I know no home; the love of life and child denied
Or crushed, I live an animal at bay.
Beauty, art and science mock me;
Learning I could never make to score,
Poverty, disease and degradation
Lay their blight upon my soul,
And all the while the masters take their pound of flesh
And call it profit.

— Elsie H. Latimer.

Direct Action



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Or the

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THE GREAT SEPARATION.

The first conference of the Pacific One Big Union was held at the Trades Hall on Monday, 25th inst. An article showing the true inwardness of this Federation appears on another page of this issue, and, curiously enough, the first resolution passed by the conference thus justifies the I.W.W. contention that Craft Unionism does not change its nature by a simple change of name.

Mr. D. Watson, President of the Northern Colliery Employers' Federation, one of the organizations represented, announced to the conference delegates the dissatisfaction of miners in the Newcastle district with a recent award of the Arbitration Court, which exempted ten collieries from certain benefits by other mines.

Upon this announcement the bombastic faculty of this misbranded "One Big Union" manifested itself. Conference immediately got on its feet and expressed its "emphatic opinion" that the decision of the Arbitration Judge should have been otherwise, and also expressed its intention of using "every legitimate" means to assist the colliery employees.

A straw shows which way the wind blows. Notwithstanding the high-faluting antics of Mr. Wm. Hughes, who opened the conference, in which he referred with his tongue in his cheek to the necessity of Industrial Unionism (in order) for fighting gigantic aggregations of capital, when this "Big Union" representing 10,000 workers, met with the first concrete test, its "fighting" ability found very in pious opinion, and in accordance to the master class the observance of "law and order" would be its watchword.

It will might Mr. Hughes explain that neither courage nor numbers were equal to the workers in their struggle against exploitation. Both courage and numbers in any army are always at the mercy of leaders and treason-

Plutes, Politicians, and Purity.

"Political power is a necessity for the present; in order to secure legal immunity for the striker, and to strengthen the working-class by improved conditions."
This is the opinion expressed in a recent book entitled "The Facts of Socialism," by James Walker. Mr. H. T. Root, in the same Walker, quotes the

opinion with approval. Mr. Root is either very forgetful or imagines workers to be so. The "legal immunity" for strikers, after conquering the so-called political power, leads to the shape of prosecutions, fines, and the garnishing of wages.

Mr. Root goes on to inform us that in Australia political action "has so far established itself that its efficacy is unmistakable, and those who oppose it form a very small minority without either power or significance." The view of the "legal immunity" afforded, the first part of Mr. Root's proposition is indisputable, if he means its "efficacy" from the point of view of the owning class.

As for those who advocate direct action (which, we would remind Mr. Root, is not the same thing as "legal immunity" political action), their number or "significance" has no material bearing on the problem. The spread of an idea or a principle is not to be judged by the number of those actually promulgating it, but rather the numbers engaged in putting it into practice. And in spite of the fact of the number of those actually endorsing and other voting and other endorsing, Mr. Root knows that an ever-increasing per centage of workers, even in Australia, are learning the non-direct action for the ends they wish to achieve.

Mr. Root would also have us believe that the influence of this idea upon the United States is due to the fact that in those countries "politics has been debased to a patric condition by the Machiavellian tactics of the plutocracy," but the latter is not in Australia, he adds, had effected a "cleansing change." If the backbiting and character-mangling antics which is becoming quite an attribute of some of Australia's prominent "Democrats," count for anything, the Plutocrat has got to go some before he reaches the level of patriotism.

However, Mr. Root's reasoning is again at fault. Parliamentary corruption is not altogether a matter of the personal dishonesty of politicians. Like other forms of capitalist institution, Parliament in itself is inherently corrupt and putrid. It is established by plutocrats for the protection of plutocratic private property. It has ever since been financed by plutocrats for the same purpose; and if ever the day shall come when the selfishness of politicians is becoming quite an attribute of some of Australia's prominent "Democrats," the same brand of plutocrats will give politicians the boot.

But we hope Mr. Root will not be annoyed by the boot.

T. G.

CONSCRIPTION.

The following gives the view-point of a fifteen year old boy on that most important subject—compulsory military training—by which the workers conscripted and served, the same brand of plutocrats will give politicians the boot.

One of the most insidious laws which the capitalists have ever enforced upon the working-class is that known as the "Compulsory Training Act," or, as I prefer to call it "The Compulsory Training Act."

Conceived in the brains of the cunning capitalists and their political friends, this law has passed, in order to enable us to produce more goods. Oh! you ignorant workers, where is your country? You have no country, you have no freedom!

What have you to fight for? Do you love your lives so much that you would give your lives to them? Look to the South African war. During the last strike there, the citizens army was called out to shoot, burn, and kill the strikers back to back. It was the strikers back who defied the workers who were engaged in that struggle.

Since the Act has been applied, the Communist Party has been applied, the very heartbeats by the capitalists and the prostituted press. And no wonder! In this means a new and successful way of defeating the ever increasing demands of the workers and the certainty of enjoying for a long time to come the comfortable luxuries which they have stolen from the workers.

To working-class conscription means disaster. Deafened by our own fellow workers, deprived and unorganized, you will be driven farther back into your hovels, forced to work in even worse and more filthy factories,

mines, and workshops, hotheds of vice, rags, and consumption. This is the "Great Betrayal" to which the workers are being lured by their self-appointed leaders and politicians, with the aid of the capitalists and their press. This is the disaster to which their foot-pads are being cunningly directed, to lead them even further into the economic mire of wage-slavery and oppression than they are at the present time, if that is possible.

Workingmen, is this the legacy of pain and tribulation you are going to leave to the children who are coming after you?

Do you wish them to become the slaves of the merciless capitalists to be used as their interests may dictate; to be robbed and exploited till death comes as a welcome relief; or do you wish them to lead better, nobler and happier lives than you have done, in a free, joyous world, inhabited by one class, the workers?

Workingmen, do you bring your children into the world but to become the slaves of a lazy and impotent class? Do you not wish to see them well-to-do, independent, and happy, having to depend on no man for their existence?

Conscription is an audacious attempt on the part of the master-class to enslave the sons of the workers, and to use them as their tools and cats-paws. Workingmen, you must oppose this! It endangers your interests, and, therefore, it is your own duty to oppose it.

The working-class has only one thing to fight for: Their emancipation, and that is the goal for which all intelligent workers are striving. And that is the aim of the One Big Union, whose doctrines are slowly, but surely, educating the workers, and showing them how they can defeat not only the Compulsory Training Law, but all other laws of capitalism, until the day comes when we will fight our last fight, and win the world for the workers.
F. J. CALLANAN

Short Arm Jolts.

In a speech before the Labor Council Mr. Holman outlined seventeen Acts of Parliament, which his Government intended to pass during their term of office. The jibes refer to what he met with a cool reception. Had he promised to repeal some seventeen of those already passed by Labor Government, doubtless, the enthusiasm would have been greater.

Archib's proposals were "fahy" in the extreme. He announced his intention of securing cheap fish for the workers by the introduction of Government trawlers.

The workers who remembered that cheap fish, cheap bread, cheap meat, cheap rent, men a "cheap" living wage, a la Judge Heydon, were dumb.

"A Sydney Workman" writes to the "Worker," suggesting that "prominent Labor men" should take the initiative in organizing a protest against the massacre of strikers in Colorado. It would be more to the point if "Workman" suggested a protest against the punishment of strikers by "prominent Labor men" nearer home.

The only difference between Rockefeller and "prominent Labor men" is that the former does not want that the latter would do but date not.

There is no difference in principle between shooting strikers and depriving them of the means of life by garnishing their wages. For the worker it is merely a matter of date, whether it is wage and inequalitarian tortures.

The "passing at on" legacy of capitalist economists is a dangerous bonanza for the capitalists to play with. If the workers once believe that it is useless for them to try and better their conditions by increased wages, etc., all the more reason why they should hasten to abolish an economic system so hopeless for them.

The Slaves of Australia Need a WEEKLY PAPER of Their Own.

FELLOW WORKERS if you wish you can make a Weekly of

Direct Action.

The Preamble of the I.W.W.

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 organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

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

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members are in one or lockout is in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto: "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary 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 organized not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of a new society within the shell of the old.

Knowing, therefore, that such an organization is absolutely necessary for our emancipation, we unite under the following constitution:

HOW TO JOIN.

Any wage worker wishing to join the Industrial Workers of the World can obtain information by applying to the nearest local I.W.W. secretary. If there is no branch of the I.W.W. in your district you may become a member by making application through the post to any secretary listed in the paper.

Do you agree to abide by the constitution? Will you diligently study its principles and make yourself acquainted with its purposes?

Name _____
Occupation _____
Industry _____
Street Address _____
City _____
State _____

The above applicant, having subscribed to the principles of the preamble, and having answered in the affirmative to the questions, expressed and is therefore recommended for membership.

To Local Union No. _____
By _____
Initiation _____

Cut this out, fill in, post to Sec. Tre., with Initiation Fee.

OPERA BOUFFE TO-DATE

"Drugged Again."

New Zealand Notes.

Patriots, Read This.

"Labour's Love Lost."

Billy 'Hughes' "One Big Onion."

[The Twelve Disciples of Saviour Hughes Discussed Singing!]

[Chorus of Disciples:]— "We're disciples of our Master, Billy Hughes; Don't you know it? Well you haven't read the news! You can read it in the Daily Telegraph; You can read it in the Herald's daily slant."

Hallelujah! One Big Onion! Hallelujah! Saved again!

Hallelujah! For our Saviour, Who has fooled 'em again.

No, we don't like to work Like other men do; We'd much rather shirk And pull down our screw.

Hallelujah! We're disciples! Hallelujah! Let 'em delve! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! We're the "Council of Twelve."

[Enter Saviour Billy Hughes.] Saviour Hughes: No faith had I in that Industrial Union. In fact I even did hate its very smell.

But lately I've been holding strict communion With myself, and all my fellow crooks as well; And we've come to this conclusion: We must cover this confusion. By being "One Big Onion," though it smells, And if serious or else we'll go to Hell.

Yes, the crafts and crafts will all go plam to Hell.

[Enter the Industrial Workers of the World.] Chorus of REAL WORKERS:

Hints to Tramway Men.

Why Don't You Trammies Learn to Run Trams.

If you lay it down as a principle that you will ask for increased wages only when you receive about a surplus you will first be asking for your Old Age Pension.

Surplus in branches of the public service have never represented anything for you except a jumble of figures.

When the figures disappear so does the surplus—but never by any chance into your pocket.

Don't be fooled by expert figure-buggers. Do you know that the capitalist press and politicians of all parties have recently been boasting that Australia has just gone through a phenomenally prosperous period?

Ask Hanson where you come in. The "phenomenal prosperity" only applied to interest collecting parasites; the holders of Government bonds, for instance, who are the real owners of "our" trams.

Ask Premier how the amount paid annually to these exploiters of yours incidentally engendered FORCE does not represent the interest collecting ability of British financiers.

How long would it be before British warships "blockaded" our ports if Australia repudiated its National debt?

The point is: WHAT FORCE LAYS BEHIND YOUR WAGES COLLECTING ABILITY?

Billy Hughes, you're a faker; Billy Hughes, fake again. Billy Hughes, you're a "scream," And you give us a pain.

Saviour Hughes: I had to save my face, you must admit. To do it I have done my very best; I thought I had the remedy to fit it. To Providence I must have left the rest.

But Providence is fickle—seems to be— Yes! Providence has handed it to me.

Though I never liked your I nor double W, My efforts have entailed an awful task; So gentlemen, although I hate to trouble you, Just join me and get everything you ask.

One I.W.W.: I would like a monoplane, And a hydroplane as well. A motor car that will go so far As that "Big Onion" smell.

Another: We want our own—we want the earth— Your yachts and all we make; We want some joy, we want some mirth, And Forterhouses' steak.

Chorus of I.W.W.'s: We also want you, Billy Hughes, And every scheming Turk, To stop your labor-faking news, And do some honest work. [Exit Saviour Hughes.]

[Curtain.] S. W.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

Scene: Trades Hall, Any Old Night, Dramatis Personae:

Craft Unionist—Mr. Blockhead, Alert Politician—Mr. Wm. Hughes, Attendants—Spence, Catts, and Others.

An Enigma—Ideality Uncertain.

C.U. (wearily): Oh, how powerless I feel. Could I only get out of this environment I feel sure—

A.P. (interrupting): Pardon me. You don't seem well. Stomach, eh? One Big Onion's the thing. If I can be of any service—

C.U. (dubiously): Don't know. You (piously promise such a lot—

A.P.: Patience, brother, patience. Trust me. Trust me. If you will allow me to pull the strings—the bell, I mean. (Palls bell forthwith. Enter attendants, bearing amongst them an effigy labelled "One Big Onion.")

C.U. (flabbergasted): Hurrah! Hurrah! Who would have thought it! Three cheers for the I.W.W. and Billy—

A.P.: Hush! Hush! Don't let us much. Leave that to me. It's not in your line. Have a drink. (Hands him a concoction of "Council Supremacy," "Centralised Power," "Legitimate Methods," "Arbitration Award," "Law and Order," etc.)

C.U. (too late): Drugged again! By God!

[Curtain.] (Author's note.—A drama entitled "The Burning of the Effigy" will be published when he wakes up.)

G. G.

Notice from the G.E.B.

All fellow-workers are notified by the G.E.B., through this copy of "Direct Action," that the following—Mr. C. R. Reeve, general organiser, will visit Adelaide, Port Pirie, Broken Hill, and other industrial centres within the next two months.

He will start his tour at Adelaide on Saturday, June 6th.

F. W. Reeve is also authorised to collect subscriptions for "Direct Action," the official organ of the Australian Administration of the Industrial Workers of the World.

All members, sympathisers, and friends are cordially invited to assist and help him in his tour, so that the ideas and principles of the I.W.W. may reach as many workers as possible.

T. RILEY. MORE JOLTS.

"Australian Manufacturers' Week" has been celebrated in Sydney this week. Goods of purely Australian make exhibited in over 2000 windows and made a most effective display.

The thousands of workers who created these hundreds of thousands of windows to LOOK AT, should certainly be proud of their achievement. Their losses were—as the Millions Club banquet shows—

The frequency with which Liberal and Labor politicians call each other "parasites" and "monopolists." If they desire to provide a real public sensation they should pretend to believe each other; but even a politician could hardly stoop to such deception.

The latest triumph for Arbitration comes to us through the columns of the "New Operator." It appears that the Chief Commissioner for Railways has actually been fined ten shillings for working one of his clerks on hours over-time, "without giving directions that that effect in writing." Most thoughtful of his Chief Commissioner. He will assuredly be more careful in future, more especially as another clerk will now have to be employed.

An alarming number of conflagrations have taken place recently in God's Own. It is nice to know that the strike is over—there can be no suspicion of incendiarism. We sympathise with Fat, as insurance rates are getting burdensome. An antipathy to well-earned criticism has created a commotion in Wellington. Labor newspaper circles, which culminated in the Joss fulfilling loud and shrill, and the critic returning to the comparative obscurity of Auckland.

A boost for this organ of Discontent, who are pushing the slaves here, who are applying the barrow. N.Z. so let her go. Don't forget, Maorianders, the boys are still in jail. You can get them out, if you act.

Push your memories back three years, Pig Islanders, and tell me how much your bonehead leaders have advanced in that time. The only consolation about them is their inconsistency.

"One Big Onion" has no connection with Mr. Billy N. O. We smell some "One Big Onion," which is ruled by a council of twelve. Use a little disinfectant when you come across it—

Read "Revolution and the I.W.W.," boys you get back numbers on receipt of cash at this office. What about that bundle order?

Edward Hunter ("Billy Banjo"), late secretary-treasurer of the Dennington local, N.Z., convicted of the charge of sedition laid against him, was bound over to keep the peace for twelve months, during which time he must not speak or write scurrilous matter. A rebel can always do better work outside the walls than within, even though the work be quiet, and therefore we congratulate "Billy Banjo" on the comparative lightness of his sentence.

THE POLITICIANS' "PATRIOTISM."

Mr. Jim Page, Labour M.P. for Maranoa, has been accused of "patriotism" off his chest in the House of Representatives the other day—

"A country worth living in was worth defending. Australia has been good to me, and if I had forty sons I would expect them to take their part in the defence of the Commonwealth." (Great cheers from his follow-patriots.)

The workers of Australia have cer his ilk. They have placed these "patriots" on the plane of economic indifference, while they themselves are sinking deeper into the quicksands of capitalism.

What Mr. Page really means is that he would sacrifice his imaginary forty sons to the sons of every other toiler in Australia if by doing so he could maintain his parliamentary plums, while he himself looks on indifferently, from behind that convenient fortress known as "Exemption."

When the workers have "plums" to fight for they, too, may be as "patriotic" as Mr. Page.

At present they have only got the offal that Mr. Page and "patriotic" parasites generally like to throw to them.

JOHN M. BURKE.

Patriot's Note.

The following is a recent cable from the general secretary: "Mr. Charles Millen, president of the New York-New Haven Railway, admits that \$240,000 has been set aside in its charter for the buy-headers who acted for the late Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Millen declares that the company was ready to do business with the devil himself in order to get what it wanted."

Those who are always shouting to the workers to "capture the Powers of Government" had no better success capturing the Powers of Hell. Millen will get there before them.

We know that the bosses have the politicians on their side, so also have their church have been tampered with. The I.W.W. is prepared to give them Old Kick down in, provided we only have an industrially organised working-class.

It must be gratifying to Australian Patriots to know that TWO of the soldiers—scripits, call them what you will—would be equal to one trained man. Sir Ian Hamilton says so, anyhow, and as he has been touted, vaunted, praised and adulated in every capitalist paper in Australia, I must take his word for it.

That would mean, when you go on strike, working men, that if half of you refuse to respond to the call to arms the "soldiers" will be whipped.

The "Evening News" predicts that the people of Scotland, among the world generally, will soon have to receive oatmeal and similar diet, owing to the future of the meat supply.

"The News" however, takes the matter philosophically, because it is not necessary, it informs us, "to eat canned Californian asparagus, or smoked Norwegian sardines, or olive from Spain."

This little joke of the "News" is only meant for the workers' consumption, of course, in common with other "samples" of the "press" that served up to us by the capitalist press. The class which the "News" represents will take mighty fine care that too much "paritrich" won't come its way if it can be helped. If the "News" perpetrates another joke like that the I.W.W. will really smile.

There is a boom in boy immigration just now. Perhaps the following details by Judge Heydon may throw some light on the why and wherefore: "I do not suppose the wage for them would be much," he says, referring to workers "between fourteen and twenty-one, because in their case, if I IS SUPPOSED they are staying with their parents, and THEIR KEEP ON-LY IS WANTED, and that is very little."

"The children of the rich and poor have equal opportunities in this country," about the politician on the basis of "Pardon me," says Heydon, "the poor are damned lucky if I allow them enough for their keep."

IMPORTANT.

Fellow workers and locals are invited to send in reports of activities news papers, and short snappy articles. Above all, don't send long, windy articles about nothing in particular, as the writers are bound to be disappointed. Anything of a personal nature will not be entertained, although criticism is always welcomed. The first idea of the organisation is to propagate the tactics and structure of the I.W.W., and, therefore, necessarily, this paper will express those ideas primarily.

Should any subscribers fail to receive acknowledgment of their subscriptions the receipt of "DIRECT ACTION" will be equivalent to such receipt. Should any subscriber not receive his paper he should immediately notify Manager, 233 Castlereagh-street.

On the expiration of subscription the number of the last issue due subscribers will appear on the wrapper of the paper.

LIST OF LOCALS. Adelaide Local 1: H. L. Kelly, 882 relay, Tr. Sydney Local No. 2: C. Reeve, 882 relay, Tr. and Treasurer. Broken Hill Local No. 3: A. O'Malley, Secretary and Treasurer. Port Pirie Local No. 4: R. W. O'Brien, Secretary and Treasurer. Ellen Street.

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REMEMBER THAT A MOVEMENT WITHOUT A PRESS IS A MOVEMENT DOOMED TO FAILURE!

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