

Patriotism, Poverty and Prostitution are Inseparable. Strike at the Root, Workers!



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Revolution! Our only Hope

Even a cursory examination of the situation throughout the capitalist world must suggest that some radical remedy must be applied in order to cope with the economic evils brought on by the war. Capitalist society stands self-condemned, and must alone by its positive action in making a holocaust of its ignorant and deluded slaves, but by its very helplessness to cope with the social misery which the war has brought in its train. Once more is it clearly illustrated that whatever is to be done for the working class must be done by the workers themselves.

Mr. Wm. Holman, the "mighty" Labor Premier of N.S. Wales, only a few days ago made a miserable confession of his own impotency to an unemployed deputa- tion, and incidentally endorsed the contention of Industrialists that Parliament is but a helpless straw in a capitalistic storm, and at worst a willing tool in the hands of profit-loving dividend-hunting Capitalism.

The workers should be thankful, says Holman, that a sympathetic Government is in office, and this is the only hope for the workers. He has then the effrontery to inform the deputa- tion, in effect, that if the crisis develops they may yet be thankful for the crumbs which fall from the capitalistic table—a table which of late years has become so over-burdened with the unpaid product of labor, that a war costing millions of millions is conceived as the only method of preventing its collapse.

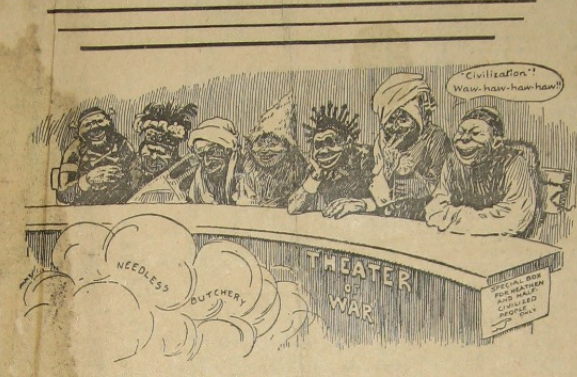
Of less interest is it, however, that the workers are, by a string of events, brought face to face with the falsehood and treachery of their trusted Messiahs, who have so frequently told them that "Parliament in the hands of the people can decree anything," than is the fact that, even were these "saviours" ever so sincere, they are absolutely helpless when face to face with the economic situation which the war has created.

This is the cause, not alone in Australia, but in every country of the globe. Capitalism has been shorn of its mask of hypocrisy; its pretense that capital is employed for social benefit, and that the "capitalist is the working man's best friend" is rudely cast aside, and the starving worker is insolently told to go to Hell—or go to war, which is the same thing.

As a profit-making machine he is well the time useful, and capital is more profitably invested in supplying the "sinews of war"—that is, in securing the worker "doing the wage, rather than providing him with a "living" one. Both in its positive and negative aspects this method of employing capital is well calculated to get rid of a superfluous wage slave.

Just as the whole situation, however, has proven once more, the inherent in capitalist society, and laid bare its sham and inhumanity of its pretended civilisation, so the necessities of the case must of the near future compel the workers to take matters into their own hands, and put an end to a system so direful for them.

The millions of the world's wealth producers must strive, while the capitalist class are engaged in settling their quarrels—quarrels



WON'T THEY BE EDIFIED?

Chicago Daily News.

in which the workers have not only no interest, but of which they do not even know the meaning—is a situation that all the braying of star reporters and the patriotic outpourings of the politician can not long conceal.

There will come the day of reckoning, and the remedy for the evils from which the workers suffer will suggest itself, not in words, but in action. Revolution and revolution alone, is the only way out.

Begging for work, for doles, has never accomplished anything; less than ever can it now be relied upon. Revolutionary agitation is the need of the moment. The workers have their economic freedom in their own hands once they desire it.

To incite that desire is the work of every true revolutionist. As for "immediate needs"—well, "when the Devil drives," why starve? You are bound for Hell in any case.

T.G.

PRESS FUND.

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A few weeks from now, the Labor freaks in Macquarie-street will find that promises will not be very satisfying to the hungry and homeless.

A little spite in the boiler talks business to the most refractory boss.

MEMBERS.

Owing to the increase of our printing work, and the contemplated publication of several new Press Committee has obtained power from the organisation to have a motor installed to turn the printing machine. It will displace quite an amount of unnecessary tea and toast labour power. And it will cost about £8.

That is a lot of ludos, these hard times, but we have got to have it. Come on, you revolutionary Diesel engines, many hands make light work. The Press Fund is the greatest factor in Australia for emancipation. Come through!

JOLTS.

Calloused hands and narrow fore- heads go well in company.

A little sugar in the concrete will make a few more jobs for the unemployed.

It is untrue that the Labour politicians are legislating themselves Justice Heydon's £2 8s. a week during the war.

Ye unemployed, get together and lose your consciences.

'Direct Action'

Wants 10,000 Subscribers. Get Busy

The Futile Labor Party

The 9th of September has come and gone, and the working class of Australia have decided to continue the useless method of returning members to the House of Representatives. The Labor Party, with their dubious and scabby record, are to go back to the Government benches for another three years' sponge on the workers.

The Premier, ex-minister, Fisher, says that he will give the file of the last man in Australia in order to kill the workers of other countries in the interests of Capital. I tell you, workers, that the men we put into Parliament to improve our conditions have betrayed us even as Judas betrayed Christ.

One of the planks of the Labor Party's platform was the abolition of the Upper House. Did they do anything in this matter in New South Wales, Westralia or Queensland where they had the power? Oh, but I forget New South Wales, for they have done something. They have actually increased the number by adding several more, and it is alleged that they were not even Labour men.

Another of their planks was the abolition of State Governors. What have they done to decrease the number of these expensive blabbers? Why the Federal Labour Party, led by "Last man" Fisher, have loaded us with two more—one to the Federal capital, and one to the Northern Territory. So now thanks to our Labour Party, instead of seven Governors, we have nine, without mentioning the Governor of the Commonwealth Bank with his enormous salary and unlimited wooden shoe philosophy, in organ- power.

The fact that the Labour Party has to fill these positions with members of the employing class shows conclusively that their ability never ranges above mediocrity.

Listen, you workers, who have been mesmerized by the political hypnotists. About two years ago, as a dreadful accident occurred in Tasmania in which forty-two miners lost their lives, leaving their wives

and children destitute. Subscription lists were started and the matter was brought up before Parliament. The Fisher Government generously voted the large sum of £2,000, at the time when the much-talked-of £2,250,000 surplus was lying in the Treasury. Some months later, four men belonging to the other class lost their lives in a useless expedition to the South Pole. Subscription lists to assist their wives were started all over the world, and Fisher and his Party rushed to head the list with £4,000.

One of these days, workers, you will tumble to the dirty game that is going on, and you will clean out the whole herd of hypocritical shysters and bunco-steers, by kicking them to Hell out of it.

Well may the working-class say, "Save us from our friends!"

What is the solution? Industrial organisation. Direct action. By adopting these methods you can develop the power to control the machinery of production and distribution, and make your own terms just as the employer does now.

Parliament is a failure, as no worker has any say in placing laws on the Statute book, unless it is suitable to the capitalist class, and if the boss favours it, then it must be useless to the working-class. The Upper Houses of the States, and the Federal High Court of Australia stand over the Parliament of the possession against the encroachments of the dispossessed. Fisher, Hughes and Co. know this, and they also know that Direct Action is the workers only hope. And they value their jobs.

Fellow toilers, ignore the ballot box, organise industrially, in that direction lies certain emancipation.

P. RILEY, Portland, Vic.

IMPORTANT!

MORE ADVERTISEMENT. Mr. Reader, by the time you get this organ of dissent, the editor will be enjoying a week's holiday at our Hard Labour Party's private hotel at Long Bay.

Fellow-workers Jones, Lane and Reason will go out there as soon as the detective force can find the road that they are swagging on.

The police force had the boys fined in July last, but the Hard Labour Party permitted the fins in a fit of blue funk, but let us not stand. Our Department can't get the B/S, so they are collecting the muton as the carcass blow in.

W. Donald Grant had his handle appended to a cop's notebook on Sunday last for taking up a collection on the Domain.

All of which is very thoughtful of the Govment and their John Hop department, as we are busting for advertisement.

Besides we have 300 I.W.W. finers here from Broken Hill, and more coming. And there will be something doing in Sydney town. So please listen to the announcements, bring your song books, as the I.W.W. is going to talk "whaaf-fo" to the Macquarie-street demonstrators.

F. W. Reeves is back in town. Goldstein will be here on the 2nd, and there are about six speakers besides, and more coming.

The I.W.W. is going to paint Sydney red, until the streets that are once taking propaganda of Industrial Unionism.

They can jail men, but they can't jail ideas. Do your worst, bossery! Get going! Use your unemployed!

THE EDITOR.

Direct Action



OFFICIAL ORGAN

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The Boss's Nightmare

Mr. E. A. Craig is the president of the Auckland Employers' Association. He is full of wise saws and modern instances. He is full of information. He is bursting with ideas.

Say on, McDuff!

"An attempt had been made during the general strike movement in N.Z., by the leaders to paralyse the trade and commerce of the Dominion. It was plainly shown on that occasion that the country would not permit a section of the people to hold up the wheels of the industry. He believed that the average workman desired to be left alone, to live in peace with his fellow worker and his employer. The worst enemy the worker had was the so-called syndicalist leader, who professed to fear neither God nor man. The sooner the sane and moderate section of all unions took a hand in the government of their union the better for the worker. They should attend meetings and take more prominent part in the proceedings, and by their moderation, discount the fanatical element, which, as a rule dominates workers' meetings."

"After such a lapse of time it was possible to view the late date of the meeting with calmness and judgment without feeling. It appeared to him that logical deductions might be drawn from the strike. Mr. Craig's teaching of the I.W.W. principles was a menace to the industrial peace of the community and inimicable to the best interests of the workers. The futile red strikes had been fully apparent and stratified. It was imperative that the workers should be organized upon some progressive system to combat the professional teachings of the I.W.W. It was necessary that something should be done in the direction of disseminating labor problems, having well written and interesting articles which would be appreciated by the general membership under a legal-constituted Court had been

Capitalism and the War.

proved to be the best method of dealing with industrial disputes. That all him it appeared evident that the syndicalist leaders were to cripple the capitalist, forgetting that the interests of capital and labour were identical and inseparable and without each other either could not exist.

Mr. Craig then hoped that the sane, right-thinking and trust-worthy leaders would get the medal tickets, and push out the "irresponsible." So does the leader. Mr. Craig hasn't got tickets upon the I.W.W. principles (mark the flattery, slaves), as they interfere with the "sponging" business, at which the Employers' Association are past masters.

A delightful little pamphlet could be written explaining to the worker the reason why he lives in Remuera and Pate's Point, and why his poor, identical and inseparable employer has to make shift with three boarders in Freeman's Bay and Woolloomooloo.

We agree with Mr. Craig again, the sane working man wants to be left alone. He don't like a form or a "sponge" gazing down the back of his neck. As long as you leave a sane worker (that is, an I.W.W. man) alone on the job it will remain a job.

If there is so much identity of interest and inseparability between the slave and the "sponge" Mr. Craig might, in a moment of generosity, explain why the Employers' Association, and the unions are in existence. And war chests, black-lists and bludgeons.

Yes, Mr. Craig, some strikes are futile, but the ever successful ones is that which takes place on the job, the slow down process, and a hundred and one little trick, the tactics of the red hot worker, who cuts a hole in the purse that nourishes the "sponge." And the beauty of it is Mr. Craig, that the boys are drawing their wages, and there are no starving wives and children to bear witness to the fact that Freeman's Bay and Remuera are twin souls.

And if it is good for labour to have short hours and long pay, well, seeing that the well being is identical and inseparable, then it will be good for you too, Mr. Craig, won't it?

The I.W.W. regrets that the Employers' Association has had such a success and is trying time during the strike and also trying to get it. Remember, the Employer's extremity would be your opportunity. Carry your minds back to South Africa, did the maining and killing of the workers in your class improve the conditions of the workers of England?

And if it remove the grim spectre of starvation which was haunting the workers or did it not intensify the poverty by throwing the scrap heap, thousands of men, many of them, as the result of war, as "moderate" and "unfit."

Unfit to fight for a profit, an uncleaner able to produce profits for a master, their lot, starvation and the poor house, with a grand "finale" in a pauper grave.

The war promoter obtains increased profits by the replacing of arms, a new army of slaves, and a new country to exploit. "Must you expect these things for yourselves before you expect it for others?" Will thoughts of the Empire's greatness carry consolation to the widows and orphans of those who in this war have already answered the roll-call.

Workers of Australia, awake and be men!

Remember in the piping times of peace it is you who are the despised and oft-times rejected of men. When your masters quarrel and try to set you at each other's throats, it is common with workers of all promoters!

Workers of the World! Unite! You have no country to defend. You have a common enemy to fight! Stand up shoulder to shoulder in the One Big International Union of your own class.

Throw overboard the shackles of patriotism and wage slavery. Remember you have nothing to lose and a world to gain, and if you do not free men in the true sense of the word, you will be no more than a weakling.—Bernard Shaw.

The capitalist class of Europe, having seen fit to declare war in order to kill of thousands of the unemployed, whose rapidly growing ranks are becoming a menace to them all over the world, are being already seconded by the politicians, priests and plunderers of all descriptions.

Liberal and Labour, Catholic and Protestant, boxing promoter and rowser, have united as one to urge the worker to take up arms to fight for an Empire (they don't own). Surely the day is fast passing when the few who hold the man in subjection shall be able to so misuse the workers.

Workers, you have nothing to gain by volunteering to fight the battles of your masters. Dismiss your mind, all geographical boundaries; tear down once and for all those rags of flags that have long helped to keep the workers of the world divided.

The Capitalist class recognise no boundaries, their field for exploitation is the earth, their flag is the mightiest power of the age, their subjects are the scabby, obedient workers of all nations, and their one fear is that the workers become sufficiently intelligent to think and act along the same lines.

Remember, the day you don their uniform of slavery, that day you help to set back the clock of working-class progress. That day you give the oath to be prepared at the bidding of the parasitic class to bludgeon, maim and murder your fellows in other parts of the world. You insult your intelligence, you deny your manhood, and become a traitor to your class, a slave of every self-respecting man. Be men and prove your manhood by refusing to butcher men of your own class.

Make class before country, your motto. Your class have made the Empire for the few to live in, and to enjoy the fruits of your labour. When the Empire is in danger, let those who own and control the fight for it. Remember, the Employer's extremity would be your opportunity. Carry your minds back to South Africa, did the maining and killing of the workers in your class improve the conditions of the workers of England?

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The Dishwasher.

Jim Seymour in Industrial Worker.

Alone in the kitchen, in grease laden steam, I pause for a moment, a moment to dream. For even a dishwasher thinks of a day. Wherein will be leisure to rest and for play. And now that I pause or'er the tansom there floats A stream of the Traumer's soul-stirring notes, Engulfed in a blending of, sorrow and glee. I wonder this music can reach even me.

For now I am thinking, my brain has been stirred, The voice of a master the lowly has heard; The heart-breaking sob of the sad violin Arouses the thoughts of the sweet "might have been," Had men been born equal the use of the brain Would shield them from poverty, free them from pain, Nor would I have sunk in the black social mire, Because of poor judgment in choosing a sire.

But now I am only a slave of the mill That pliers and remodels me just as it will. That makes me a dollar in brain-burning heat That looks at job-vacancies, not daring to eat, That lives with its red, blistered fangs ever stud, Down deep in the foul in describable muck, Where dishes are plunged, seventeen at a time, And waste in a tubful of sickening slime.

But on with the clutter, no more must I shrink, The world is to be but a nightmare of woe, For me not the music, and laughter, and song; No tulle is welcomed amid the gay throng; For me not the smiles of the ladies who dine, No warm, clinging kisses, begotten of wine; For me but the wailing of low, wretched groans, That twelve hours a night have instilled in my bones.

The music has ceased, but the havoc it wrought Within my poor brain it wakened to thought. Shall cease not at all, but continue to tread Till all of my fellows are thinking of dead, The havoc it wrought? 'Twill be havoc to those Whose joys would be nil were it not for my woes. Keep on with your going, your laughter and josh, But never forget this, the last laugh is best.

You leeches who live on the fat of the land, You overfed parasites, look at my hand; You laugh at me now, it is blistered and coarse; But such are the hands familiar with force; And such are the hands that have furnished you drink The hands of the slaves who are learning to think, And hands that have fed you can crush you as well And east your damned carcasses clear into hell!

Go on with the arrogant born of your gold, As now are your hearts will your bodies be cold; Go on with your airs, you creatures of hates, But while at your feast let the orchestra play The life-giving strains of the dear Marseillaise— That red revolution be played on the throne Till those who produce have come into their own.

But scorn me to-night, on the morn you shall learn That those whom you loathe can despise you in turn, That only your ignorance keeps you from being free. Your music was potent, your music hath charms, It hardened the muscles 'till strengthens my arms, It painted a vision free from, of life— To-morrow I strive for an ending of strife.

The Preamble of the I.W.W.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. 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 means of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the contending of the management of industries into ever-growing power has made the trade unions unable to cope with the state of affairs which the employing class. The trade unions foster a another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat 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 organisation formed in such a way that all its whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, this making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of a conservative motto: "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work," we must insist 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 capitalist shall have been overthrown, but also to carry on production when are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

News from the Sunny West.

The advent of fell-workers McMillan and Daly, of the Broken Hill local, caused much fluttering in the Socialist and Labor dovetails of the State. Speaking before the Fremantle Socialist Party, McMillan in a scathing criticism of the present Labor organizations, pointed out how the Labor movement in Australia had been diverted from its original aims, and prostituted by profane and vicious politicians.

In terse and vigorous language he demolished the pretensions of the politico-economic-industrial Socialists, who urge upon the workers the necessity of capturing, by political methods, the machinery of oppression and exploitation. The speaker pointed out that this machinery was already captured, and used by Labor politicians to further oppress and exploit the worker. Unavoidably so, as the machine was designed by capitalists to protect and defend their interests, regardless of the workers' welfare.

As one speaking with inside knowledge, the veteran Industrialist detailed the history of the political movement in Australia, and told of the spirit animating the workers in the pre-political days, when jail, starvation, police espionage and blacklisting was the common lot of the rebel worker, and how in spite of the repressive tactics of the ruling class, the Cause advanced by heavy and burdensome political action became the watchword, and the Labor Party became respectable. Since the advent of 'Labor' politicians, complete stagnation, if not retrogression, has been the most outstanding feature of the movement.

The workers, politically organized, rule Australia and several of the States therein, and yet are forced to beg the 'right to live,' by instancing the present Prime Minister as an example of the futility of political action, the speaker pointed out that although Andrew Fisher is a 'Labor' Minister for the third time, the workers have still to put in the greater part of their life time for a bare subsistence.

In concluding his address, our fellow-worker advised his hearers to contrast the methods of the I.W.W. with those of the 'Labor' party, and to note the absence of high-salaried officials in the one, and the horde of parasites in the other, drawing from £4 to £400 or £500 per week, while their paymaster, on the bread-line, is reproached with idleness if he grasps or demands results.

"FLANEUR."

To Correspondents.

- J.S. (Bulls, N.Z.)—Thanks. Bulletin coming.
Local No. 4 (Wellington, N.Z.)—Glad to hear that you are doing the work.
P.R. (Portland, V.)—Article was too late for pre-election issue, so we reprinted it.
T.H. (Wellington, N.Z.)—Thanks. J. O'Neil (Fremantle, W.A.)—Thanks. Come again.
E. L. Royals (Adelaide, S.A.)—Next issue.
P.R.—Next issue.
T. McMillan (Kalgoorlie, W.A.)—Send us a report on the progress, please, as the boys from the Hill are interested.
A. Colman (Masterton, N.Z.)—Thanks. Will go through the matter. Write again.
Locals Pirie and Broken Hill—Please send reports of progress in by 8th and 22nd of next month.

NOTICE.

Contributors and correspondents requested to send their names on one side of the paper only. Snappy news items are welcomed, but for God's sake don't be long-winded. Let us be too short.—Ed.

Carmichaelism!

Some time ago the Labor fakery located in Macquarie-street decided to send its Minister for Miscellaneous Affairs to the world in a Direct Action! at a salary of £1,250 a year—for its Chambre d'Yvells which is being erected on the site of the stables in the Domain. This structure, of course, is not intended for the children of the workers, who are producing the wherewithal to build the Institute and maintain it.

The arts in which the work-children are being so instructed under our benevolent Labor Government, are those of the factory and the workshop, and that at an age when they ought to be in the playground.

While on the trip the Minister was instructed to study the latest methods by which the children could be trained to become more intelligent, more energetic and obedient in the interests of the boss.

In company with Hollis, M.L.A., another member of Slim Wilkie's organisation he was being escorted by a strong anti-militarist feeling was abroad, so strong, in fact, that the authorities, acting as well in the capitalists' interests, were bayonetting and bludgeoning the French workers for daring to gather together to protest against the murder of their fellows.

Had the description of the work-children of France come from a vitriolic capitalist pen we should have expressed no surprise, but when it comes from one whom the workers in New South Wales have lifted out of the mire and placed on the cushioned seats of Parliament we are a bit surprised.

We all recognise the part played by environment, and must confess to be fully alerted Carmichaelism.

Not content with referring to the workers as the scum of Paris, then XXX "rates," hoodlums, larrikins, Apaches, and various other complimentary terms, he has to wrap up with a glorification of the uniformed bludgers for the splendid way in which they handled the people and put in the boot, for the gallant charge they made in the armed workers' mixed bayonets.

If the workers of New South Wales understood him as well as we of the I.W.W. it would not long before they would send him back to the class whom he so candidly refers to as the rabble.

Wake up, workers of New South Wales. When your representative was sufficiently amused by the way in which the armed thugs he called a taxi and drove away. Why not have done with these puppets who haven't sufficient brains to make a report, or sufficient courage to return, but are compelled to use the brains and knowledge of another member of your class, and take it as their own. C.E.L.

Huntly!

Forty-five miners have been incarcerated at Huntly, N.Z. They have been callously murdered by a gang of the most rapacious rascals who ever drafted a ship, a gang of dividend drawing sharks to whom naught is sacred save their bank balances, a gang of parasites on the blood shakers, who grab their blood tinted gold from the tears and sorrows of widows, the hunger and starvation of orphans.

How long are ye workers of N.Z. going to empty the glittering accumulation at the feet of the Allison and the Ralphs? How long are ye going to pay tribute to a scoundrel and live to this loathsome brood?

Are ye men that ye allow your brothers to be slaughtered like the swine of the public? Are ye men exact in private property, in used effort, for some slight recompense for our murdered class brothers.

Arise, ye workers of the South! Show the boss of the job.

From the Locals.

Wellington, N.Z.

This Local has been having a trying time lately, as it has lost most of its active members, who have had to leave Wellington for economic reasons. Fellow workers Hamilton and Staines have left for a trip through the United States and Mexico, from which we expect them to return in a year's time.

The local has had to curtail its activities considerably on account of the war, as the plugs prefer to hang round the Evening Ghost office and read the war junk stuck upon the board. Probably, they are waiting until the war, but the patriotic boss begins to cut down their pay envelope, which is inevitable, seeing that there is already over 1,000 unemployed in Wellington.

One gratifying feature of the war is that the seabs and special constables are going to the front. The S.D.P. are intent upon a victory at the ballot box, and a ominous harb it that direct actionist and saboteur are likely to be heeded by the vote worshippers.

Nothing has been heard yet of the S.D.P. reps. in Parliament yet of the war, as the plugs prefer to hang round the Evening Ghost office and read the war junk stuck upon the board. Probably, they are waiting until the war, but the patriotic boss begins to cut down their pay envelope, which is inevitable, seeing that there is already over 1,000 unemployed in Wellington.

H. J. Wrixon, Sec.-Treas.

Sydney.

The activities of this local have been hampered slightly of late by rain. The Domain meeting was abandoned on Sunday, the 13th of Sept., but at night a large meeting was held at Bathurst-street, which was followed by a meeting in the H.M. at Castle-street.

Mrs. Katz was the lecturer, and she dealt with her subject, "Woman: Past, Present and Future," in a convincing, and interesting manner. We hope for another lecture at an early date. Generally, propaganda is going on very satisfactorily. Literature and paper sales are very good. An influx of Broken Hill members have arrived, as things are very bad on the Barren, on account of the closing down of the mines.

A Letter to the Editor.

Fellow Worker,—I trust that you will give me space in "Direct Action" to give your readers my impressions of so-called unionism. I can assure you are mere fallacies, as no doubt thousands of workers are realising to-day, and it is only compulsion that makes me take out my union ticket.

For some time I have been employed by the Australian Gas Company. As soon as the war broke out, word was passed round that all men were to be placed on half pay during the crisis.

A special meeting was called to be held at the Trades' Hall, at which it was agreed unanimously that we should share and endure alike. This was done for a month during which time we worked week about, until some of the "seniors" kicked up a row, and said that they were entitled to the whole loaf instead of half of it. Another meeting was then held, at which it was decided that the senior men should be kept on constant, which means that 400 of us "juniors"—as they term us—are cast on the streets without a cent in the pocket.

But there is one gratifying thing before us. Industrial Unionism is the talk of the hour among the workers, and I feel certain that is getting a strong hold as our class begin to realise more and more that it is the only type of unionism that can emancipate the worker.

Capitalism has been top-top too long, let us go forward with a determination to win, let us break the shackles of crime that have enslaved us, and declare with a common voice, "Industrial Unionism forever!" A.H.S.

His Master's Voice.

The oracle has spoken! He hath lifted up his voice, and reiterated with embellishments the pained protest of His Master's editors, the frenzied howls for blood of His Master's pulpsters.

His Master spoke, he mastered the words and parrotlike he spoke again and again.

He took His Master's voice to the Trades' Hall and secure in the possession of His Master's editors, the applause of His Master's press, and the cheers of His Master's hypnotised subjects, he announces that Australia will give 100,000 men to murder other men in the interest of His Master.

Self hypnotised, he cannot understand why Socialists and Industrialists should not be loyal to His Master. He cannot understand how anyone could be manly, unless he worshipped at the shrine of His Master.

They would him up on a political pig, boosted him for 30,000 meek eyed thralls to vote for, gave him the name of Senator, termed him "Mr. B." and so the green-eyed, pall parrot, trained to incessant cackle, sprinkled at the Trades' Hall His Master's gas, patriotically faith his little say, and earns his hard earned pay.

The decoy duck is ever worth its coat of paint, the bell-wether a fatsome feed, the oracle His Master's political pig.

But we unto these, Sir Oracle, the Industrial Union is seeking Thy Master's power, and in the day of triumph, and through thy split open worm-eaten skirts of hypocrisy, we drop their loathsome carcasses to the dogs.

—TOM. BARKER.

Important.

Fellow workers and locals are invited to send in reports of activities, news papers, and sheet snappy articles. Send us 400-1000 words weekly articles about anything in particular, as the writers are bound to be disappointed. Anything of a personal nature will not be entertained. Although the paper is always welcome, we are the first idea of the organization is to prepare 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 subscription, the receipt of "DIRECT ACTION" will be equivalent to such.

Should any subscriber not receive his paper he should immediately notify the Manager, 353 Castlereagh-street. After the expiration of three months the number of the last issue due subscribers will appear on the wrapper of the paper.

Literature in Stock.

- Capital: Karl Marx, 3 volumes, per vol. 8s.
Value Price and Profit: Marx, bound 2s, paper 6d.
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Chunks of I.W.W.ism: A.H., paper 1d.
"Solidarity": I.W.W. American organ: Subscription, 75 6d per annum, posted: Single copies, 2d.
"The Voice of the People": The Lumberjack's I.W.W. organ: Subscription, 75 6d per annum, posted: Single copies, 2d.

Look out for "Hunger," a play, by Ben Leggers, in three acts. Will be off the press shortly.

Postage paid on all orders of 10/- or over.

Lit. Sec., I.W.W. Local No. 2, 335 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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.

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

Name
Address
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 his desire to become a member of the Industrial Workers of the World, and is therefore recommended for membership.

To Local Union No.
Initiation Fee
By
Cut this out, fill in. Post to Sec. Treas., with Initiation Fee.

N.Z. STRIKE PRISONERS.
All the strike prisoners in Wellington have been released, with the exception of Edward Colclough, Albert Anderson, Tony Stuprichuk and Pat Hassitt. Get busy, you "Direct Action" brigades, use the wooden shoe—the old saboteur—and make it a costly experience for the class who are keeping them away from their friends and families.

Broken Hill News.

I. W. W. Exodus.

There has been a great deal of unemployment on the Barrier, due to the closing down of the mines. Many cases of distress were reported, and the unemployed set up an Unemployed Committee. After they discovered that the politicians and the A.M.A. did not intend taking any steps to alleviate the poverty.

At an I.W.W. meeting, the organisation was asked to assist by their militant tactics in obtaining results.

A demonstration was held subsequently outside the Trades Hall, at which it was given out that the meeting had been turned off at several working class homes by the Water Company. A body of men immediately obtained picks and shovels, marched to the mains, and turned on the water again.

After this had been done, word came through that a woman had had her furniture seized by a hire purchase merchant, and the I.W.W. was taking place all South Broken Hill. The large crowd immediately captured a tram car, and proceeded to the sale, which was suddenly stopped when the crowd reached the merchant, knocking at the knees, released the furniture, and gave an undertaking not to molest a woman any more while she was in town.

The merchant also came before the Committee who promptly notified leading grocers to attend to the wants of those in trouble. By the persuasion of a large crowd of unemployed, the cockroaches became very unamenable.

The Unemployed Committee, and its militant backbone became such a nuisance to the Mayor and the authorities, that the benevolent Labor Government decided to procure a special train to convey some of them out of town.

At first, they wanted the men to pay the fares, but a little persuasion convinced the Fin Gods that they meant business.

At the large percentage of the miners that left the Hill for Sydney, and all the way enroute to Sydney, the cockies, and "way backs" were carried in a lusty rendering of "Longhair" "Preachers" and "Halli-halls".

At Tarlee the boys scared jimmy out of the railway officials as they swept into the refreshment room and the dining room.

Further down the line, the porters locked the doors so that the miners couldn't get out, but as the train crept into the next station they jumped out of the windows.

At Melbourne, some of the boys got lost for a while, but they were sabotaged the department by holding up the train for an hour and a quarter, until they tumbled up.

At various places on the line, the country people mock the books and loaded flags, which didn't raise any "wassings" amongst the miners, but they were very curious.

The train was stopped four times between Melbourne and Sydney, as a little sabotage.

During the trip, the authorities started to feed the mob on shoddy tucker, but by jarring a waiter with stale pigs, the food was turned for the better at the next station.

At one station the Starvation Agency was holding a meeting, and had a check when 500 rebels flew off the train with their books and started to hold an I.W.W. meeting, with songs and choruses.

The bulk of the men are still in Sydney here, they will bring their "Direct Action" philosophy to play, by woking up the employing class in general, and the Labor politicians in particular.

And, by the way, I.W.W. songs are becoming the rage, and a movement is being evolved in our own songs is very while and some counts.

Many of the Broken Hill I.W.W. are left here, some are in Sydney and Melbourne, whilst E. W. M. McMillan and "Brisbane" and others have gone to West Australia, and start looking over in the Sunny West.

The I.W.W. members of the rebel clan will give a great impetus to the Direct Union propaganda in the land

of the Southern Cross. Go to it boys, you have captured Broken Hill and Port Pirie, lets turn our attention to every camp, mine, factory and farm in Australia, and by direct action and militant tactics make our movement be feared by boss and Labor politician alike.

MDLFF.

PORT PIRIE.

Things are very slack owing to the dry, but as soon as things get a little worse, we will stir up the powers that be. Militant tactics and Direct Action gets the goods.



Adelaide Activities.

Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at Oddfellows' Hall, Mooltas street, off Flinders-street.

Educational classes are held each alternate Wednesday, and all workers are requested to attend.

The fee for membership is 2/6. Dues 1/6 per month.

Slaves interested in bettering their conditions, should attend our open meetings, which are held opposite Coopers, Victoria Square every Saturday night.

Any further information desired will be furnished on request by H. T. KELLY, Secy., 13 Wilcox-street, Adelaide. Up-to-date Library and Reading-Room.

List of Locals.

Adelaide Local No. 1: H. Clarke, Secy. Treasurer, 105 Gilles St., Adelaide.

Sydney Local No. 2: J. B. King, Secy. Treasurer, 330 Castle-st., Sydney.

Broken Hill Local No. 3: A. O'Malley, Sec. Treasurer, Sulphide St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Port Pirie Local No. 4: T. Charleston, Secy. Treasurer, Ellen St., Port Pirie, S.A.

N.Z. LOCALS.

Auckland Local No. 1: G. Phillips, Secy. Treasurer, Kings Auckland-bene, Queen St., Auckland.

Christchurch Local No. 2: E. Keat, Secy. Treasurer, Maras St., Christchurch.

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The Diesel Motor. It's Economic Significance.

By Barbara Lily Frankenthal.

From the International Socialist Review.

Day by day more of the work of the world is taken up by machinery. In a Bulletin recently issued by the U.S. Government, it is estimated that four and one-half million factory hands of the United States turn out a product equal to the hand labor of forty-five million men.

This means that 90 per cent. of the work in the factories is done by machinery, or that one man, with the help of machines, is enabled to produce ten times more than he needs; in other words, to satisfy the wants of one man for one day, a factory worker requires only one hour, instead of ten, as he is working now. For whom does he work the remaining nine hours?

The bankers, brokers, merchants, soldiers and the whole gang of parasites do not produce man's needs in their whole lifetime; they make money, but do not create wealth. But, one might say, the capitalists furnish the machines. But it was the steel mill workers, who did that. The capitalists keep them alive while they are building the machines and then take the machines from the workers by power of police, if necessary.

But to come back to the story. A very large part of the machinery in use, is driven by steam power, which means large coal fires, and both the getting and the burning of this coal involves a terrible waste of human labor.

First the coal is dug from the mine where one man does a lot or left in such shape that it cannot be used. After being brought to daylight, it is shipped by railroads or ships, sometimes thousands of miles before it comes to the steam engine. Here it is shovelled and burned beneath the boiler to transform the water into steam, by which operation part of the 100 per cent. of the heat escapes unused through the chimneys.

The steam is expanded in the cylinder to give the piston (up to and from movement through a long expansive engine, thereby turning the power wheel. It so happens that ordinarily not more than five per cent. of the stored energy in the coal becomes available for human needs. Even the finest quadruple expansion engines with superheated steam, etc., to augment their capacity, do not use more than 15 per cent.

By far a greater advance is represented by the gas engines, in which, by first turning the coal into gas and then exploding this in the motors, more than double the amount of energy now becomes available. In the best type of gas engines the yield rises as high as 25 per cent.; and in Germany the residual products from turning the coal into gas far more than pay the cost of doing this, so that the gain is clear. But all this is commercially feasible only in the great manufacturing centers, big cities, and, consequently, the gas engine, in spite of the great saving it achieves, has yet but a restricted field.

For quite other reasons the same is true of the gasoline, benzine and similar motors such as are used in automobiles. Here the price of petrol is almost prohibitive for commercial purposes and has become increasingly so with the enormous extension of the use of motor cars.

However, we are now on the eve of a new epoch in this line through the invention of Dr. Rudolph Diesel, the German engineer, who mysteriously disappeared last October on his way to England.

It is now 20 years since Dr. Diesel published the first sketch of his remarkable theory and of the motor which was the result of his theory. The science is simple, and every school-boy knows that if air is compressed very sharply it becomes hot and can be used to ex-

plode powder, etc., in a tube. Dr. Diesel's plan was to use the stroke of the piston to compress a considerable volume of air into a very small space, so as to put it under a very high pressure; and at the instant, the pressure reached a maximum, to force into this chamber a jet of superheated oil. The compression was to be so high that the air would instantly ignite the oil and burn it under highly favorable conditions.

This is a true burning, not an explosion, as in the ordinary gasoline motor of the automobiles. His idea was taken up by some of the engine workers of the world, but it required fully four years to effect a commercial device. The superiority of the new motor was evident from the first. Actually it realized a saving of 10 per cent. of the theoretical heat-energy of the oil, and this latter did not need to be gasoline or other expensive essence, but could be ordinary crude oil, such as comes out of the earth. The device is self-igniting, requires no auxiliary system and little or no attention.

It was soon found, however, that the new motor had to be made with exceptional care, and that, in the vast cost of its development for commercial use was high. The fact that capitalists are not interested in progress as such, but in profit, explains why it is that, in spite of the great economies it achieves, the Diesel motor is now only obtained widely known.

In Germany, at the current price of crude oil, the Diesel motor produces power at from a quarter to a half as much as per horse-power-hour. In the United States the cost is still less. This is far beyond the economy of any other form of engine, and four or five times cheaper than the ordinary steam engine. Its only concenter is waterpower, and waterpower is everywhere available, and often requires heavy outlay that it may be utilized. Crude oil on the other hand may be shipped and stored much more easily than coal, and the supply of it is very large and widely distributed over the earth.

The existing hot gas from the Diesel motor can be employed for heating, and the by-product which can be obtained from it will, it is estimated, under proper conditions, therefore cover the cost of the original fuel, so that the Diesel motor promises to rival the water-fall in future as a producer of the world's power. Like the water-fall, it will, under the most favorable conditions, mean that the expense will be simply the fixed charges of a plant and the cost of maintenance.

It is already evident that the Diesel motor will largely replace steam and this will first make itself felt upon the ships, not merely because it requires four or five times the power from the same volume of fuel, but it only occupies, together with the motor, about a quarter of the space required for a steam engine and its boiler and fuel bunkers. This new motor has been successfully tried on railroad locomotives and experiments are under way with a view to introducing it for driving automobiles. Most of the leading engine works in Europe are now turning up the construction of the Diesel motor in quantity. A large number of middle sized ships and various municipal power plants are already driven by it in the United States.

A company has just been organized for the purpose of constructing Diesel motors, and the General Petroleum Company, and the General Gas Engine Company, are planning to go on erect a plant in San Francisco for the construction of Diesel ships for the automobile trade, which, of course, will be the owners of steamers to follow. Crude oil and coal-tar industry has been so rapid that the running of a Diesel motor may become a

source of profit sufficient to cover all charges, and will actually mean power without cost. Consider what this will mean when, at no distant day, nine-tenths of the work of the world will be done by machines operated free of expense!

What the Diesel Motor Means to the Unskilled Laborer.

Unskilled labor is synonymous with cheap manual labor. Why is it cheap labor? Because it is worth little? No, quite the contrary; all the brains of the world could not accomplish anything without the manual, executive labor. It is the creative part of work, while brain effort is the directive one. What is the use of a man that has superior brain and excellent ideas, but no arms to bring them into reality?

The low valuation of manual labor has no original basis. The workers, not having free access to the sources of energy, and the production of wealth, are compelled to sell their labor power at the market price. The market price of any commodity is determined by the cost of production of that commodity, varying somewhat according to the relation of supply to demand.

The market price of labor power is determined by the cost of production of that labor power, not by the production of that labor's product. Unskilled or manual labor is cheapest everywhere because there is no one who has a chance to do that kind of work. As there is nothing to learn, it is so many had a chance to become lawyers, the municipal lodging houses would be besieged by lawyers, as to the cheapness of production, the labor power of the Diesel motor leaves everything behind.

A Chinese laborer in the north of China recks about to come for a day's work, because it does not require more to keep him alive. One horse power of the Diesel motor produces at least three or four times the amount of the work of the Chinese laborer for sixty minutes every hour and twenty-four hours every day, without grumbling, rest or sleep, and for 10 to 15 cents. All the "Diesel motor man" requires is a little oil for his stomach and a little bit of beer for joints, he never strikes, nor does he care to work. This machine requires no food when out of work. In short, this is indeed a "willing and loyal" worker fit to employ.

To give an idea of the fearful competition of the Diesel motor, one must imagine an invasion of hordes of strong and tireless men from an unknown country that are willing to work incessantly for twenty-four hours every day about as cents. Wherever there is work done by a gang that position can be done by machine and the Diesel motor will take it away from the unskilled laborers, those extravagant gentlemen ask a fair wage for a fair day's work.

To Firemen and Machinists.

Fireman? The Diesel motor will fire him. It has no use for firemen, more than it has for coal-burners. The turn of the valve of the oil-supply pipe is all that is necessary to do away with the dangerous work of the firemen and coal-passers.

The motor itself is so simple and so well regulated that "trained" mechanics can be dispensed with. While they might be preferred, and they might be preferred, with number of their jobs will be in the engine and boiler. For instance, these big modern ocean steamers of about 300 to 400 coal-passers, firemen and boiler-makers employed. If Diesel motors are installed, thirty or forty machinists and helpers will be amply sufficient to run them.

To be concluded in our next issue.