

They out-talked thee, hiss'd thee, tore
thee ?

Better men fared thus before thee ;
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
Hotly charged---and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb !
Let the victors when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall !

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Don't Worry!----Work!

(By "Super.")

Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own, so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do!
Not light them for themselves; for if our

virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not
finely touched
But to fine issues.
—shakespeare, "Measure for Measure."

So Vincentio, Duke of Vienna, to his deputy, Angelo, charging him with the cares of state, during his own absence. In the sequel, Angelo "came tardy off," indeed; his "spirit was not finely touched to fine issues." In the fires of proof, base metal dully gleamed beneath the gilt of caste and lordly pose. When the devil of carnal lust awaked within him, he, the erstwhile cold and pitiless judge, shrank into the sordid sensualist, standing naked-souled and mean before the accused, —now turned accuser. This however, by the way; our business is not an analysis of the mental and moral characteristics of Angelo, but we cannot help adding this further quotation from "Measure for Measure"—

O, but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our
spleen,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Socialists are "spirits finely touched to fine issues." That is why they are Socialists, and it behoves them to take heed of Shakespeare's mighty admonition—"Thyself and thy belongings are not thine own so proper as to waste thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee." If the reader can adduce a more socialistic sentiment from Karl himself, let him give voice, or for ever hold his peace.

† † †

Socialists must beware of the evils of exclusiveness and seclusiveness. The hermit on the one hand, and the so-called communistic monastic orders on the other, have played but minor parts in the education and uplifting of humanity. The secularist, always in the public eye, fighting ever in the van, has made his converts by the thousands, while the preacher of a doctrine of exclusiveness, of goats and sheep, of heaven and hell, of masters and servants, has made no lasting impression upon any. And so it must be, for the secularist and the socialist, being finely touched to fine issues, spread the beauties of the truths they know, and can demonstrate. The preacher of dogma, stomach-driven to his duties, with little knowledge of the traditions of

his own traditions—the history of the bogus history he parrots forth—possessing little virtue, but an overgrown egotism, being but coarsely touched, recognises not the fineness of the issue, and fails to strike a responsive note in the minds of his intelligent hearers. While the school of undemonstrable dogma is at its last gasp, the apostles of the earthly heaven are building, upon a sure foundation, the edifice of universal human happiness. That edifice is rising upon the basis of the Rights of Man, not the lucky man, but man. That edifice will be completed the sooner by reason of multiplication of the numbers of the workers engaged in its erection. Its erection will be hastened by the giving to the common good, of "thyself and thy belongings." Let every socialist do his share in hastening the coming of the light by showing forth his own light, recognising that he, like the torch, is not lighted for himself, but to throw light rays into the darkness of social inequality. Though there be no virtue in an egotism that always seeks for limelight, there is neither any virtue in a profitless and shameful modesty. Still quoting Vincentio's words,

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

Nought is worthy of attainment that is not worthy of a struggle, and surely the great cause in which we are fighting is worthy of an effort, however humble may be the powers of the individual.

The story is told of a lad at school, who never lost a fight. He engaged in many, not from love of fighting, but from a hatred of tyranny. He thrashed many a bully. When asked the secret of his success, he replied, "I know nothing about boxing, but I know that one of us must give in, if the fight last long enough. I just keep on, and the other fellow gives in at last."

Vincentio's words are apropos again—

The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

* * *

Stop thinking of yourself to the exclusion of everything and everyone else.

Stop carping and criticising. See the best rather than the worst in others.

Stop looking for opportunities hundreds of thousands of miles away instead of right where you are.

These three aphorisms are scissored from a capitalist publication. They will fit the socialist nicely, as they certainly bring the writer to a full stop.

After Many Days.

Stuart-Robertson is forced into the Newtown Debate.

But is Terrified at the Prospect of facing Miller's Point.

AFTER a malingering period of more than two months, the International Socialists succeeded in forcing (or rather shaming) Labor member Stuart-Robertson to keep faith in the matter of his promise to meet H. E. Holland in debate at Newtown. (Unfortunately the Newtown meeting has had the final effect of terrifying the labor member into a decision not to honorably observe the terms of his agreement re West Sydney.)

Even in the matter of the Newtown meeting, the subject-matter was changed, and—instead of a hall—the open street was made the scene of conflict. Every five minutes passing trams drowned the speakers' voices with their noise, while a religious drum throbbed at painful intervals a few yards away, and a wintry wind chopped the words away from the speakers' lips.

The choice was Stuart-Robertson's. The Socialists accepted the disabilities of the situation rather than risk giving the labor member a chance to back away.

The debate lasted till after 10 o'clock. Stuart-Robertson opened and affirmed that "the system of arbitration advocated by the Labor Party is the best method of securing a fair share of profits under existing circumstances" and also that laws should be amended by legislative enactment—not broken."

Against that proposition was thrown the Socialist position—industrial and political.

Both speakers occupied two periods of 25 minutes each, Stuart-Robertson being conceded a final 15 minutes for reply.

A vote was taken at the conclusion, the result being declared in favor of the Labor Party.

The vote for Socialism was immense, and—coming from a meeting in his own electorate—seemed to make the labor politician realise the strength of the vote that would hit him in West Sydney; and when asked to name a date for the debate in that centre, he made a complaint about a report—put into print over two months ago—to the effect that at Newcastle he had declared that he would meet Holland where the political scabs were [meaning the coal lumpers]. He said he would refuse to go on with the West Sydney debate until Holland apologised for his statement.

A storm of derision greeted this announcement, the audience recognising in it the pitiable move of a thoroughly frightened man to dodge a threatening terror.

Holland pointed to the peculiar fact that Stuart-Robertson should have consented to meet him at Newtown if he was not willing to also carry out his promise re Miller's Point.

A final painful wriggle by the Labor member, who seemed to suffer keenly from the taunts of the crowd, and a vote of thanks to the chairman, concluded the meeting.

A call for cheers for the Labor Party was answered with three ringing cheers for Revolutionary Socialism.

Plain and Fancy Dress Ball, Manchester Unity Hall, this Friday evening. Be sure you are there.

Professor on Socialism.

PROF. ROBERT MARK WENLE, revered by teachers of philosophy as one of the deepest thinkers in this country," is giving a five months' course on "The Ethics of Socialism," in Michigan University. He gives it to his pupils straight. He tells them that Socialism is inevitable. He says it is coming in some definite form that will revolutionise society. It is simply a matter of time. He takes his class clear back to the middle ages, points out the passing of feudalism, the coming of individualism and its decline, and the inevitable triumph of socialism. The professor very correctly points out that man as an individual can do nothing. He is important only as he constitutes a part of society. The collective power and interests of society are all important.—Exchange.

H. E. Holland left for Broken Hill on Thursday evening. He is to speak under the auspices of the Barrier Socialist Group on Sunday evening next and also the following Sunday, with probably two week-night addresses.

Plain and Fancy Dress Ball, Manchester Unity Hall, this Friday evening. Be sure you are there.

Saxony and Women-

Saxony is the classic land for woman labor, the textile industry being predominant. This is evidenced by the following figures. In 22,952 concerns subject to the factory inspection is employed a total of 644,085 persons. The number of women is 222,513, i.e., about 35 per cent of all mill and factory hands in Saxony consists of women and girls. To this we have to add 1845 children under 14 years of age. The women are of the following ages: 124,843 over 21 years of age, 75,472 from 16 to 21 years, 22,198 from 14 to 16 years. These figures tell volumes of waste in health and well being of an entire people under a capitalist "order" of society.—New York Volkszeitung.

Our business class as a whole are still governed largely by the principles of humanitarian morality. The disadvantage is obvious if they are to take active part in the commerce of the world. They should make every effort to cultivate the principles which the heartless commercial morality of the West dictates.—Japan "Times."

The Socialist Party of Victoria reports that all of its funds and activities are at present on a better footing than they have ever been previously.

A Couple of Clinchers.

By H.E.H.

AT Newtown last Saturday night, when Mr. Stuart-Robertson denied having, at Newcastle Labor Council, used the words "I'll even meet you where the political scabs are" (Miller's Point), the writer asked him if he would allow the matter to be decided by the Newcastle seamen's representative, Mr. T. Walsh, or the gentleman who occupied the position of president on the occasion referred to. Mr. Robertson said he knew Mr. Walsh to be a straight-goer, and had every confidence in his integrity, but he would not be prepared to leave it to either Mr. Walsh, the chairman, or any other individual member to say what were really the words he had used. In order to substantiate my assertions, I at once wrote to several representative Newcastle unionists who were either present at or took part in the Labor Council meeting. So far two replies have come to hand, and they are printed hereunder.

The first is from Mr. Walsh :

"Newcastle, September 30, 1908.
—Mr. H. E. Holland.—Dear Sir,
—Yours of the 28th to hand this afternoon. You ask if I remember what Mr. Stuart-Robertson said when you challenged him to public

debate. I recollect what was said and how it was said. When Mr. Stuart-Robertson was endeavoring to explain the Industrial Disputes Act you tendered a challenge to him to debate the subject with you before any working-class audience. Mr. Robertson replied, "I am prepared to meet you either in Camperdown Town Hall or on Newtown Bridge." You then interjected, "Very good; provided you agree to meet me in the Federation Hall or down at Miller's Point." Mr. Stuart-Robertson then replied, "Yes. I'll even meet you down there where the political scabs are."

I have noticed that Mr. S.R. has denied having ever made use of the language complained of, but it is rather late in the day for any crayfish acts of that kind. Why does he not apologise like a man, or else stick to his words, fight for them, and take the consequences? Every time I read his denial in the daily papers, I say to myself, "Mr. Stuart-Robertson, you are a liar."—Yours faithfully, THOS. WALSH."

The second is from a gentleman who took a most prominent part in the meeting:—

"Newcastle, Sep. 30, 1908.—Dear Mr. Holland,—Your letter dated Sep. 28 to hand this morning, and in answer to same I may state that I remember the occasion you speak of. At that meeting Mr. Stuart-Robertson accepted your challenge to debate with him on the new Arbitration Bill, either at Camperdown Town Hall or on Newtown Bridge, when you interjected by asking if he would meet you at Miller's Point. He said he would do so, 'even where the political scabs are.'"

The originals of these letters will be shown to Mr. Stuart-Robertson whenever he desires to inspect them.

PASSING ALONG.

PASSING along in a grim gaunt line,
Dragging their weary steps along;
Meek and dejected, with spirit bowed,
Trampled and spurned by the passing crowd,
Begging for work or a crust of bread
For their starving wives and babes unfed.
Heirs to a bondage of slavery born
Clothed in tatters and heaped with scorn,
Passing Along.

Passing along in that hideous line
Where shame is bought and honor sold;
Mothers and daughters and sisters are there
Selling their labor to buy life's share.
Defiant and humbled! Meek and bold!
Hawking their jewels for blood red gold.
Heirs to a thousand years of wrong,
Sinking their purity midst the throng,
Passing Along.

Dancing along in the sunlight bright
Far from the workers unceasing grind;
The indolent rich are basking there
Nourished by Labor's ghastly care.
With blunted sense twixt wrong and right,
No thought have they for the toiler's plight,
What thought have they for a woman's wrong?
Their hearts are light with jest and song,
Dancing Along.

But flashing along there comes a time,
When those slaves of a thousand years shall rise
And strike with the strength of united cause
At the bird of Capital's blood-red claws.
A time when children no more shall cry—
In vain for food e'er they droop and die.
A time when Freedom's Clarion Call
Shall echo the sound of the tyrant's fall.
Flashing along.

Socialism

And Individualism.

IF Socialism stands for one thing more than another it stands for individuality. We seek no reduction to a uniform level of physical measurement, of height, chest capacity, or muscular vigor; we do not expect that all our intellectual powers shall be of the same degree; that our education shall be along the same lines; that our various opinions and beliefs must be forced into concurrence.

That is and has been the outcome of individualism. To all appearance it has been the aim, as expressed by our codes of education for elementary schools, to instruct all pupils in exactly the same subjects and to the same extent; to drill them into one style of writing, of reading, and of doing a few sums, entirely irrespective of the aptitudes of the individual children themselves. Instead of education we had instruction; training gave place to dogmatics.

Children under our individualistic system have been treated as if they had no individuality whatever. It was implied in our educational scheme that what one child can do all children can do.

The child-mind was regarded as a blank sheet of paper on which might be inscribed whatever one pleased.

Your individualistic state sets about declaring what all children should be, and sets about making them so—to its discomfort.

Elementary education has been a failure until now, perhaps, when examination for grants have been abolished, freedom of choice in subject and method have been allowed to the teacher.

But even now classes numbering 60 or 80 are taught en masse; a class of 50 is regarded as a small one.

What possible individuality can be encouraged and developed in any child by even the most capable and sympathetic teacher?

In our science and technical evening schools, we have courses of instruction on the same lines. Ill prepared in the day schools, the pupils are unable to derive the full benefit of their opportunities. They have not learned to be students. Their day school teachers have supplied both mind and text book with the result that when a book of study is put into the hands of the average evening student he does not know how to use it.

The evening pupils are handicapped, too, in coming to their study tired in mind and body after a full day's work.

These facts are slowly being recognised by educational authorities, and there are signs of improvement.

All this, however, is not the gravest thing that can be said about the matter. The painful fact is that the aim of education has been forgotten, and that the whole purpose of our schools appears to be the creation of more efficient tools for the workshop and the office. There is the hope in the student that his technical knowledge will be of advantage in competition for employment or for promotion, and that his wages will be greater.

The latter hope is certain to disappointment; and if it were realized might not be worth the strain—for under these conditions learning is a strain, it ceases to give pleasure, it is not self development, but is instead a fevered striving for individual material benefit at the expense of individuality.

So in our workshops. How mechanical, monotonous and wearing the routine becomes when one has to attend to the same small duty throughout the whole working day. Un-

remitting attention to a machine—the real worker—has reduced the mill hand to a mere adjunct of machinery. There can be no sort of pretence that for the masses of the people modern factory life, or clerical work, makes for a strengthening and development of individuality in the worker.

Dogmatism in religion and social custom also discourage individuality in thought and conduct. From our beliefs to our wearing apparel we are slaves to rule.

Monotony in education, in religion, in life, is the outcome of individualism, and will disappear only with the achievement of Socialism and the consequent development of individuality.

We require that every several man shall have what is now denied him—a full and free development of the body and mind he is born with, shall be alert and active in both, stunted neither physically nor mentally. We aspire to no dead level, which, were it possible, would efface all picturesqueness from life. We ask equality of opportunity for all, because we want each and every man and woman to be in the true sense an individual.—From "Darwinism and Socialism," by LAURENCE SMALL.

Federal Elections.

Call for Nominations.

NOMINATIONS of members of the International Socialist Group willing to contest South Sydney and West Sydney Federal Constituencies will be received at 274 Pitt-street, Sydney, by the undersigned up to 6 p.m. on Wednesday, October 15, 1908.

Nominations must bear the signatures of at least six members, as well as the signature of candidate.

S. SLOAN,
Returning Officer.

Comrade McDonald, of the Sydney Internationals, sailed on Monday last for the United States. Our good wishes go with him.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST LECTURES.

WINSTON HALL,
393 Pitt-street, Sydney.

SUNDAY NEXT.

H. Scott Bennett

LECTURES

Subject—Benjamin Kidd's
Theory of Social Evolution.

Selections by the Socialist
Brass Band.

Stuart-Robertson says that the union movement at Broken Hill is more deplorably disorganised than it has ever been before, and that this is in a large measure due to the work of the Barrier Socialist Group. Yet when the Barrier unions wanted solid organising work done, they came to the Socialist movement for Tom Mann.

Plain and Fancy Dress Ball this Friday evening, Manchester Unity Hall. An event to remember.

For the bourgeoisie it is actually an impossibility to be really international, on account of the international character of their opponent, the proletariat. And thus is explained the fact that their internationalism is voiced exclusively in the well sounding and perhaps well meant phrases of a few isolated idealists. Only after the proletariat gets hold of the helm, abolishing class antagonisms, class conflicts and exploitation, internationalism can become a reality.—Leipziger Volkszeitung.

International Socialists are getting ready for the Federal conflict. Candidates for West Sydney and South Sydney will be selected without delay, and the opening demonstrations will be held early in November.

Political and Economic.

At Newtown on Saturday night Stuart-Robertson entered upon a somewhat fulsome eulogy of the men who broke from the Labor Council over the matter of accepting the Industrial Disputes Act. "They are men whose loyalty to the political Labor movement is unquestioned, and whose records are beyond reproach," he asseverated. "Men like little Mitchell—" And Pat O'Meara quietly interjected "A Darling Harbor No. 2 League man." When the labor member's face fell, the third was almost audible.

It is a long time since Jesus Christ plied the trade of a carpenter in Nazareth. Suppose one of his fellow workmen at that time had been endowed with immortality on earth. Suppose he had worked at his trade every week in the year, every year from that time on. Suppose he had saved ten dollars out of his wages every single week. He would have been as rich as Rockefeller long before this, wouldn't he? Well, if you think so, just sit down and figure it out. You will find that he would not yet be quite a millionaire—that Rockefeller would be able to buy him out a hundred times over, and

have plenty to spare. And yet you are expected to believe that our capitalists have accumulated their wealth by simple industry and economy, and that any workingman could do the same if he would.—New York "Socialist."

The essence of Marxism consists in having taken socialism out of the field of utopia into that of casual scientific recognition. The utopian socialist lacked the casual connection between the dissolution of the old society and the upbuilding of the new society. He did not know how this transition was to be accomplished. He appealed therefore to the reason, the spirit of justice and to the generous disposition of select personalities, and expected from them to come the salvation of suffering humanity. Marx could not accept these views, because he had learned that the casual motoric powers of the history of man were not to be found in man, but in the material world reacting from there upon the human mind. The first object was therefore to investigate these material forces. This investigation led to the discovery and masterful theoretical grasp of the motoric forces at the bottom of capitalist society.

Marx found also the importance of the class struggles and finally the basic truth of socialism that it is the working class which in its for every day interests furthers the tendency of capitalist society towards a co-operative commonwealth leading to socialism. The main object of the socialists is thus not to appeal to select personalities or to draft plans for a new society, but to organise the working class politically and economically and to form their advance guard. Marx has discovered the working class as a class at work in constructing society. And this constitutes his immortal work. All other teachings of Marx were but accessories to this discovery.

At an inquest on a carpenter who fell down dead while working at the Franco-British Exhibition, it was stated that "although there were 15,000 men on the place the ambulance station had no convenience, and the place was more like a cattle shed." Another witness stated that accidents and deaths had averaged one a day since the work started. The jury found that "the sanitary conditions were deplorable." The Exhibition is evidently quite representative: Cities of White Palaces, and Death feasting on insanitary conditions behind the splendour.—"Clarion."

At Milwaukee, the past week, there came before the Board of Aldermen a question of granting licenses to 11 notorious saloons, most of which are virtually temples of "free love." Singular to relate, all the 12 Socialist Aldermen voted against licensing these places, and, sad to say, all the "Christian" Aldermen, except one, voted to license the temples of "free love."

Evidently it is a condition and not a theory that confronts us!—"New York Independent."

A visitor to Sydney Socialist headquarters last week was Comrade Jones, formerly of Reading, Eng., and a member of the British S.D.P. With his wife and eleven children, he is proceeding to New Zealand, where he purposes settling down. He says he was boycotted out of a chance to make a living in England because he was a Socialist.

It is generally regretted that a painful attack of stage fright should have rendered Mr. Stuart-Robertson, M.L.A., incapable of keeping to his agreement to meet H. E. Holland in debate in West Sydney.

International Socialist LECTURES.

Winston Hall, 393 Pitt Street,
(Below Liverpool Street.)

EVERY SUNDAY, at 8 p.m.



SCOTT BENNETT

LECTURES

- OCT. 4.—"Benjamin Kidd's Theory of Social Evolution."
OCT. 11.—"A Socialist's View of the French Revolution."
OCT. 18.—"Plutocracy, Democracy, and Socialism."

Socialist Sunday School, Sundays, 3 p.m.
Tea at Winston Hall, Sundays, 4.30 to 6 p.m.
Group Meetings, Winston Hall, alternate Wednesdays.

"Common Sense" Pars.

American capitalists are being urged to invest their money in Mexican lands because laborers are only paid forty cents a day and are not allowed to strike. We advise them not to be hasty in doing so for everything indicates that equally favorable conditions will prevail in the United States in the near future.

A press despatch announces that thieves from all over the country are gathering at Chicago. Yes, we understand that the Republican convention was held there.

According to Bulletin No. 17 of the United States Census of Manufacturers, the Capitalist system taxes the average workingman \$7.52 a day, this being the difference between the value of what he produces and what he receives.

Enthusiasm is not a sufficient equipment for storming the forts of capitalism that will see The Coming Day. Hard study of history, economics including statistical science (finance, sociology, logic and ethics), is equally necessary. The fusion of the two produces the lever that shall move the world.

Why is it that those who are the most vehement in denouncing socialism as visionary are always the most unwilling to debate the subject?

President Roosevelt has signed the bill for the reorganisation of the militia and its arming and equipment at a cost not to exceed \$2,000,000. As there is not the slightest danger of an invasion of the country by any foreign foe some are asking, "Why these extensive military preparations?" We advise them to wait until there is another great strike and they will soon find out why.

An intercepted wireless: "Jimmie, did you put sand in the sugar?—Yes, sir;—did you put chalk in the flour?—Yes, sir;—did you put shot in the peas?—Yes, sir; oak-bark in the pepper?—Yes, sir;—pebbles in the beans?—Yes, sir;—and did you water the milk?—Yes, sir;—all right, then let us go to the Businessmen's Gospel meeting, and leave the store in charge of my wife."

Plain and Fancy Dress Ball this Friday evening, Manchester Unity Hall. An event to remember.

The Struggle for Bread.

By GEORGE D. HERRON.

WHATEVER terms the struggle may appear in it is none the less true that the history of the world has pivoted itself upon the struggle for bread. Up to the present time economic conditions have been the compelling motives of great historic changes or of the lack of changes. All real revolts in their analysis have been motivated by intolerable economic conditions, and wars of conquest, however disguised, have been wars of theft, the predatory expeditions of economic might.

History has been the struggle on the part of those who made bread, but did not have it, against those who had bread, but did not make it, the word "bread" here symbolising all the things that go to make up opportunity and privilege. Bread to eat means opportunity to live and means power in one's hand. To be certain of one's bread is to have the ground of liberty beneath one's feet, and to have power over another's bread, power to give it or take it away as may serve one's interest, is to have the power of life and death over another.

And this is the one and only blasphemy, the supreme and desecrating sacrilege, from which all blasphemies and sacrileges and human wrongs spring, that some people should control the lives of other people, their thoughts and deeds and aspirations, their judgments of right and wrong, the labor of their hands, the uplifting or the prostrating of their souls. And the basis of this ancient and universal wrong-doing, making history seem but a flood for the destroyer of the human spawn, is the ownership of bread.

This is why history is the strug-

gle of those who produce bread against those who possess it—the struggle of the breadmakers against the bread owners for increasing scraps of power which the ownership of bread puts into the hands of the world's masters. The struggle for bread is the struggle for life in all its expression, the struggle for equality of power and opportunity to be and to blossom. Until bread and all that bread means are communized and equalised and made as certain and free as the air we breathe liberty cannot be said to have begun its real work. This is not to say that man lives by bread alone; it is to say that until all men have free and equal bread no man may freely and completely live. This economic motive lies deep in religion and politics, even where it is least apparent.

Fifty thousand school children, according to Mr. Robert Hunter, are going breakfastless to school in New York. In one district alone on the east side Miss Julia Richman, a superintendent, tells me an estimate of 1,000 starving pupils would probably be a low one. I know of one woman who leaves home early every morning to avoid hearing the cries of her children who are obliged to go breakfastless to school. At a meeting of social workers, held to consider the situation, a Russian Jewess, with her little baby in her arms, followed by her six-year-old daughter, fell in a faint on the floor from starvation.—"Daily Mail."

GROUP MEMBERS are notified that in future the "Review" will only be sent to Financial Members. Where a member's subscription is one month in arrears, the magazine will be discontinued. This rule will not, of course, affect members who are unfinancial through illness or unemployment.

Salmagundi.

TEACHING the poor to be clean is the function of a benevolent society in the city (says an American exchange). It is a laudable work, no doubt. How would it do now to organise a society for teaching the rich to be honest?"

Perhaps you can't do much to hasten along the Socialist Republic. But you CAN hustle for subscribers for the International Socialist Review—one of the very best methods of propagating Socialism. Get to work now.

For a brilliant reply to Mackel's anti-socialist views Socialists would do well to study Professor Ferri's brilliant work, "Socialism and Positive Science."

Socialism is the philosophy of social development that treats of the great economic laws, according to working of which each of these stages of society must naturally be a development from its predecessor! There is no common ground between Socialism and any "scheme" or "plan" for improvement of society. To attempt to unite it with any of these is as sensible as to ask an astronomer to "fuse" with some reformer

who is seeking to improve the climate by introducing changes in the earth's orbit, because astronomy treats of the laws causing variations in the relative position of the earth and sun!

As long as the means of wealth production and distribution, although socially used, are privately owned, the workers will continue to be mere hewers of wood and drawers of water.

"Teaching the poor to be clean" is the function of a benevolent society in the city. It is a laudable work, no doubt. How would it do now to organise a society for "teaching the rich to be honest?"

Have you noticed what a lot the capitalist papers have to say about Socialism just now? Do you think the distortion of socialist principles and the patting on the back for the "Labor" Party is wholly without significance? Don't you think that the capitalist organs can discriminate pretty well between a genuine working-class movement that they really fear, and one that, wearing the mask of Labor, yet plays the part of a betrayer?

Under the Red Flag

SYDNEY JOTTINGS.

THERE was the usual excellent attendance at the Domain on Sunday afternoon, when H. E. Holland lectured on the "Germany and the Social Revolution." The address was attentively followed throughout and several questions were asked and answered at its conclusion.

Scott Bennett had an afternoon with the scholars of the Sunday School last Sunday. After a reading from the "Child's Socialist Reader," the scholars were addressed upon "Socialism and Children." There was a good attendance of scholars and all proved most attentive listeners.

In the evening at Winston Hall notwithstanding the somewhat oppressive nature of the weather, the hall was crowded when Scott Bennett lectured on "Toilers! Past, Present and Future." The lecture was very well received by all present. Miss Hope favored the audience with a splendid recitation whilst Mr. Crabtree was deservedly encoored for his really excellent solo. H. E. Holland presided over the gathering.

Comrades who are anxious to study and in some cases, perhaps, restudy some of the classics of modern Socialism have now a splendid opportunity of doing so.

The scope of the speakers' class has been enlarged and, commencing from Thursday, Sept. 31st, a study of Engels' "Evolution of the Family, Private Property, and the State" will be made, to which all comrades are invited. The class will meet every Thursday at the club rooms at o'clock sharp.

Students of social evolution non-socialists as well as Socialist should be interested in the subject Scott Bennett has chosen for his lecture next Sunday. Benjamin Kidd's "Theory of Social Evolution" will be dissected and the socialist view contrasted.

A special meeting of Group members will be held on Wednesday next at Winston Hall.

Comrades and friends are again reminded that tea is obtainable every Sunday at Winston Hall from 4.30 to 6 p.m.

PROPAGANDA FUND.

IMPORTANT—International Socialist Club and Group members are notified that, in future, the Local Superintendents will make weekly calls on Members living in the Metropolitan Area, for the purpose of collecting Subscriptions and Contributions towards the Propaganda Fund, and deliver the "I. S. Review."

Collections for week ending September 26, 1908:

Per H. Borax—M. Schoenberger 3d, M. Schoenberger 3d, V. Veil 6d, P. Kleiner 6d, J. Theiss 3d, K. Welzel 6d, K. Welzel 6d, R. Welzel 6d, J. Carlson 2/6, F. Dunker 1d, J. Pohl 6d, M. Sievers 6d, F. Slavov 3d, Ad. Theiss 6d, Alt. Theiss 3d, G. Oppermann 3d, G. Wenzel 6d, K. Welzel 6d, H. Dierks 1s, A. Krueger 6d, Carlyle 6d, J. Allen 1s, T. P. Anseline 6d, H. Voss 3d, Ch. Games 3d, H. Froeklich 3d, H. Garlich 3d, J. Kahler 6d, H. Meyer 3d, E. Daube 3d, A. Dahm 6d, A. Sievers 6d, E. Borax 6d, H. Borax 6d, F. Meyer 6d, L. Meyer 3d, J. Mayer 3d, A. Borax 6d, H. Prien 3d, Aug. Dettmer 3d, Raps 6d, J. Baer 3d.

Per C. Lird.—Pepperevon 6d, Lind 6d.

Per W. Beck.—Wienert, 3d.
Per Treasurer—Miss Kerr 1/, Barry 2/6.

WHAT WE KNOW.

By WILLIAM MORELAND.

WHEN fortune, with a niggard's hand,
Bestows but coarse and stinted fare,
We know full well some robber, bland
In faultless garb, cut down the share.

In moments when our hands are tied
And brains are numbed by care and toil,
Such thriftless drones our fates decide
And doom us to existence vile.

Cursed be the system that holds back
The blessings that should fall to all;
'Neath the broad heavens there is no lack
Of room and food for great and small.

What mortal here below has right
To hamper body, soul, or mind?
Are we not equal in His sight
And with the self-same skill designed.

Away with dogma, creed and cant—
We each have duties to perform,
Turn a deaf ear hollow rant
And cringe not 'neath thy fellow-worm.

'Tis useless now to cry content
From lofty pulpits or from thrones;
Some genius should a scheme invent
To check or stifle human groans—

To crush at once within the heart
The wish to have, the wish to be,
And leave us but the brutal part
That serves the slave in slavery.

The Cry of the Children.

As I sit writing I hear children singing in sweet unison. Their fresh, joyous voices are an inspiration to me. They encourage me to renewed energy, for as I listen to them I hear also the voices of other children who, instead of singing glad joy-songs are shouting:

"Hevning paper."

Children who know no songs except such as are heard in the cheap show-houses. Children who crowd around the theatres begging the passersby to buy them a ticket. Children who have never eaten a clean, well-cooked meal. Children who never have a bath or clean clothes. Children who toil in the shop from morning to night, or from night to morning. Children who never have seen the inside of a schoolroom. Children who would stare in amazement if by chance they should get a kind word and a kiss instead of a curse and a blow. Children who would be frightened if set down in a green field. Children who know absolutely no difference between right and wrong. Children who are stunted in both body and mind.

Oh, that THESE children might sing the glad joy-songs!

Oh, that these children might have fun without begging and fighting for tickets! Oh, that these children might be clean, well-fed and happy! Oh, that these children might play in the green fields and pick the daisies as I did when I was a child! Oh, that these children might have an opportunity to grow up to be good, intelligent, honest citizens, instead of the ignorant, drunken, shriftless beggars and criminals that it must be the lot of many of them to become!

I have a little boy not a year and a half old. Thus far he has had a good home, good food to eat, clean clothes to wear. Suppose those who are caring for him should meet with misfortune? Suppose they should meet with death? Would my child play in green fields and sing glad songs, or would he live in a vile slum and sell papers on the street? I wonder which it would be, but I cannot know.

But—if I live I WILL know, or I will die trying to secure such a condition of society that I MAY know—so help me comrade!

The papers are filled just now with "The Merry Widow" domestic fracas. Sanctity of married life under capitalism!

To Correspondents.

J.D. (Tasmania)—Thanks for good wishes. Glad to hear that "there are some revolutionary socialists in Tasmania. May make the proposed visit—some day.

E.Y. and others (Newcastle)—Arrangements are now well in hand for Scott Bennett to lecture in Newcastle at an early date.

F.G.—The Group meet every alternate Wednesday for the transaction of business at Winston Hall. (2) No. (3) The lectures may yet be published in the form of a brochure. Thanks.

R.McD.—A common misunderstanding. The socially necessary labor embodied in a commodity determines its value. Next Sunday's lecture and the lecture following will deal with the economic interpretation of history.

Student (Glebe Rd.)—(1) Yes. (2) De Gibbins' "Industrial History of England," Rogers' "Six Centuries of Work and Wages." (3) Dr. Draper's "Intellectual Development of Western Europe," and (indispensable) Buckle's "History of Civilisation." Advise you to read "Value, Price and Profit," also "Wage-Labor and Capital" before at-

tempting a study of Marx's "Capital." (4) We hope to make a definite announcement next week. (5) Haeckel was never a socialist. The "Worker" is in error.

To a 9-inch Gun.

(This powerful poem came to the New York World office on a crumpled piece of soiled paper. It was signed "P. F. McCarthy," and the author's address was given as "Fourth Bench, City Hall Park.")

Whether your shells hits the target or not,
Your cost is five hundred dollars a shot,
You think of noise and flame and power,
We feed you a hundred barrels of flour
Each time you roar. Your flame is fed
With twenty thousand loaves of bread.
Silence! A million hungry men
Seek bread to fill their mouths again.

Scott Bennett's subject for next Sunday will be "The Economic Basis of the Reformation." The following Sunday "A Socialist's View of the French Revolution."

GROUP MEMBERS are notified that in future the "Review" will only be sent to Financial Members. Where a member's subscription is one month in arrears, the magazine will be discontinued. This rule will not, of course, affect members who are unfinancial through illness or unemployment.

By the Way.

Arrangements are being made in Newcastle for a visit to that district by Scott Bennett on or about Sunday fortnight. He will lecture in the afternoon on "Why I am a Socialist" and in the evening "Karl Marx and Jesus Christ."

Tom Mann is holding successful organising meetings amongst unionists and non unionists in Broken Hill at present. By the way, we thought Mr. Stuart-Robertson had done all the organising work necessary in that district. Fancy the Barrier workers inviting Mann to go there after the visit of Camperdown's "intellectual giant." And Holland too! Cruel, all too cruel!

Eugene Debs, the Socialist candidate in U.S.A. for the "White House," is touring the States in a train called "The Red Special." The cinders of revolution are being well spread.

Two well known figures in the Victorian political arena passed away last week in the persons of F. H. Bromley (Labor M.P.) and G. H. Bennett (Liberal). Both honest and sincere men according to

their lights, but typical of political schools of thought that are doomed to extinction.

How kindly the capitalist press dealt with the Eight Hours Day Demonstration! Why not? Capitalism is not threatened with any danger from that quarter.

According to the daily press the municipal abattoirs were opened at Broken Hill on Monday, and the first sheep killed amidst applause "Amidst Applause!"

The railway guard, John William Cann, employed by the East Greta Coal Company, who was run over at Stamford-Merthyr on Saturday, died in the Kurri-Kurri Hospital on Sunday. Merely an incident, of course. Only another victim in the tragedy of toil.

According to the capitalist press, with the Eight Hours Procession there were walking Messrs. J. C. Watson, W. M. Hughes, Stuart Robertson and McGowen! That settles it. The millenium is due about a week hence, now.

The S.L.P. of England has a paid organiser in the field now.

Under the Red Flag

SYDNEY JOTTINGS.

THE International Socialists held a splendidly attended meeting in the Domain last Sunday afternoon. Comrade Warner as chairman opened the meeting with a short but telling speech, and then called upon Scott Bennett to address the gathering. The last named speaker dealt at some length with the American presidential election and other matters from a Socialist standpoint, and a highly successful meeting was brought to a close about five o'clock.

In the evening Scott Bennett spoke on Benjamin Kidd's "Theory of Social Evolution" before a large and interested audience, Comrade Warner again occupying the chair.

Comrades generally will be pleased to hear that Comrade Holland had a very successful meeting at Broken Hill last Sunday. There were about 2000 present, and the lecture was very well received. We hope to print a fuller report in our next issue.

Broken Hill comrades evidently believe in having a variety of speakers at their Sunday evening lectures. Comrade Holland is to be fol-

lowed by Frank Hyett of the Vic. Party, then Miss Ahern of the same party, and a little later, Scott Bennett.

Sunday's tea at Winston Hall was well patronised last Sunday. Comrades are reminded that tea may be obtained every Sunday at the Hall from 4.30 to 6 p.m.

The Sunday School was also fairly well attended last Sunday. We must again remark, however, that we should like to see many more children attending such an excellent institution.

Comrade "Jim" Harrison, writing from England, wishes to be remembered to all comrades. He includes the "little comrades," and they, with children of a larger growth, reciprocate the good wishes.

Do the promoters of the Eight Hours Demonstration really believe that it is necessary for them to invite their enemies to take part in the annual banquet? Fancy a "class conscious" body of men inviting people of the "Sir" William Lyne stamp to participate in a working-class demonstration.

Eugene Debs, the Socialist candidate for the American presidency, is holding hugely successful meetings in the United States. Watch for the Socialist vote.

The Religion of Capitalism.

By ERNEST CROSBY.

I passed the plate in the church. There was a little silver; but the crisp banknotes heaped themselves up high before me;

And ever as the pile grew the plate became warmer and warmer, until it fairly burned my fingers, and a smell of scorching flesh arose from it, and I perceived that some of the notes were beginning to smoulder and curl, half-browned at the edges.

And then I saw through the smoke into the very substance of the money, and beheld what it really was.

I saw the stolen earnings of the poor, the wide margin of wages paid down to starvation;

I saw the underpaid female eking out her living on the street, and the over-worked child; and the suicide of the discharged miner;

I saw poisonous gases from the great manufactories spreading disease and death;

I saw despair and drudgery filling the dram shop;

I saw rents screwed out from brother men for permission to live on God's land;

I saw men shut out from the bosom of the earth and begging for the poor privilege to work in vain, and becoming tramps and paupers and lunatics, and crowding almshouses, insane asylums, and prisons.

I saw ignorance and vice and crime growing rank in stifling, filthy slums;

I saw usury spring from usury, itself again born of unjust and legalised violence;

I saw shoddy cloth and adulter-

ated foods and lying goods of all kinds, cheapening men and women and vulgarising the world;

I saw hideousness extending itself from mine and foundry, over forest and river and field;

I saw money grabbed from fellow grabbers and swindled from fellow swindlers, and underneath them the workman for ever spinning it out of its vitals;

I saw the laboring world, thin and pale and bent and careworn and driven, pouring out this tribute from its toil and sweat into the lap of the richly dressed men and women in pews, who only glanced at them to shrink from them in disgusts;

I saw the gifts of wealth and well-to-do given grudgingly from boards so great that they could not be missed, as a bribe from superstition to a dishonest judge in the expectation of escaping hell;

I saw all this, and the plate burned my fingers so that I had to hold first in one hand and then in the other; and I was glad when the parson in his official robes took the smoking pile from me and turned about, lifted it up and laid it on the altar.

It was an old-time altar; indeed, for it bore a burnt offering of flesh and blood—a sweet savour unto the Moloch whom these people worship with their daily round of human sacrifices.

The shambles are in the temples as of yore, and the tables of the money-changers waiting to be overturned.

A soul is a cheap pet. Its food, cant and humbug may be had in any quantity gratis.

Victorian Socialist Party.

THE following letter has been handed to the Acting-Editor of the "International Socialist Review" for publication by the Executive of the Australian Socialist Federation:—

Socialist Party,
283 Elizabeth-street,
Melbourne.

The Secretary, Federation of
Australia.

Dear Comrade,

In reply to your letter re alleged charges, we beg to say that all monies subscribed to and received by our Party have at all times been under the direct supervision and control of the Executive. All accounts have been duly submitted and approved and the same systematically submitted to general meetings of members and endorsed thereby. We do not recognise the right of non-members to interfere with our financial affairs, but to the Executive of the Federation we say we have entire confidence in our officers, our finances are sound and all is well with the Socialist Party of Victoria. As to Tom Mann's past political record it calls for no comment from us.

We are,

Yours fraternally,

W. Wilson	E. R. Versi
J. Swablers	A. McDonnell
C. J. Smith	H. H. Champion
W. Marsh	R. G. Blomberg
H. Stoddin	

Members of the Executive present at Executive meeting on 22-9-08.

United States.

THERE are 1,200,000 children suffering from malnutrition in the United States, 5,400,000 from enlarged glands, due to insufficient care because of poverty, 8,988,000 suffering from bad teeth because the parents cannot afford the dentist's care, and 7,092,000 suffering from defective breathing due to the slum system. The land of the brave, and the home of the free! Monarchy or Republicanism, it matters not, the Juggernaut of Capitalism must have its victims.

The Queensland Baptist Conference has called upon "the public" to put down the brutality of boxing contests." What about the brutality of Capitalism.

The Rev. Carr-Smith spoke in the Domain last Sunday. Well if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain.

There is but one luxury denied the millionaire—Honesty.

The sweater poses as a philanthropist—the alligator pretends to be a log.

Wages and Marriages.

How there can be sanctity of the home without homes is a mystery our capitalists' friends must solve for us. How capitalism can be worshipped and kow-towed to as the preserver of the sanctity of the home, when it persistently tends to destroy both homes and sanctity, is another nut to crack, no easier than the first.

While the absolute number of marriages is, of courses, increasing with the population, the relative proportion of married persons to unmarried is continually falling. The hard times at present descended and descending on the country will send this proportion rocket-like earthward.

That, it is true, is an abnormal accentuation of the relative decrease of marriage and the even-stepped increase of immorality necessarily accompanying it. But even aside from the abnormalities of panic times, the whole trend of modern competitive society leads none the less surely because slowly in the same direction.

There are two tests by which the mating period of an animal, of whatever rank or species is determined. One is the test of physical maturity, or the proper functioning of parenthood; the other might

be called the test of economic maturity, or the proper development necessary for the animal to provide for his mate and the offspring.

In the lower animal, from the earth-worm up to the man-like apes, these two maturities coincide. As soon as a jelly-fish, a gull or a tiger has reached the growth which will enable him to become a parent he also has the powers that will enable him to catch or kill food for those dependent upon him. Needs are few, the plane of life is not high, if indeed, there can be said to be such a thing, often in the lower forms the young are able to take care of themselves from the moment of individual existence; often the mother, in no wise incapacitated by the duties of procreation from those of the chase or forage, can at once take up the task of providing for herself and the new arrivals. Every circumstance tends towards the spontaneous exercise, as soon as mature, of the functions of generation.

With mankind, however, the matter stands differently. Here mind enters into the problem, and upsets all previous working rules. Man must have started out in the beginning the same, in this regard, as his nearest ancestors. But, being a tool-using

animal, he soon learned to accumulate stores of provisions against the time of need, and to build him shelters against the inclemency of the elements. Nature, taking advantage of this, in her desire to spread all species rapidly, before long removed, in man's case, the seasonal limits set to the mating of the animals of the lower type. In other words, the reproductive impulse was made constant instead of intermittent. As man grew in mental stature, as literature, poesy, music, and arts blossomed, artificial agencies came to second these natural impulses. Finally, in modern society the impure and stimulating foods, the crowded living, the tainted life forced in some way or other on nearly all, have assisted in driving back earlier and earlier the age of physical maturity—of course, productive maturity is meant.

On the other hand, what do we see happening to the age of economic maturity? Here, too, Nature took the lead in causing a variation. As animal forms ascend the scale, it makes the young a longer and longer period to become independent individuals. A young oyster is an oyster in a week; a pup is capable of self-support in a month, a horse in six months.

In savage tribes the child of ten or twelve assumes the labors of adult-hood; civilized man has almost universally, both by laws and by opinion, set the age of independence at twenty-one.

With modern man the expansion of the scale of living, the increased cost of commodities, the lowering of real wages, and the general insecurity surrounding the making of a living, have forced still further on the age of economic maturity. A century ago the majority of men married between twenty and thirty; to day, it is more likely thirty to forty. Thus, while the age of that maturity which fits man physically to enter parenthood has been steadily shortened, the age of economic ability to sustain a family has actually been lengthened in much faster tempo. The conflict between physical impulses and the material possibilities of satisfying them honorably and morally has been drawn sharp. To overload the brimming cup in the attempt to down the ogre of its own creating, capitalism has established the house of ill repute, sometimes upheld even by ministers of the chaste Nazarene as "necessary to society."

The picture is dark, but it need not remain so. Proper and universal education, a

change to purer and more wholesome methods of diet and living, the establishment of a system of production which will assure to every adult person willing to work a competence sufficient for all needs—that will solve the problem, and abolish from the earth the long blot of woman's debasement. But that means Socialism; hence he who stands and works not for Socialism is a drag on the wheels of race morality.

Socialists at Play.

ALTHOUGH the fancy dress ball held on Friday last was not so largely attended as previous socials, nevertheless, a very enjoyable evening was spent by all present. Some of the costumes worn were exceedingly pretty, whilst there were not wanting those who came adorned in costumes remarkable for their humor. Amongst some of the characters represented were a Student, Swagman, Folly, Clowns both young and old, Swiss girls, Pierrots, and many others that space alone forbids us mentioning. The music supplied by Comrade Wutke and assistants was excellent, and the Club officials, assisted by lady comrades, looked after

the welfare of the guests. We predict that the next fancy dress ball will be twice as largely attended.

PROPAGANDA FUND.

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Per C. Lied.—Pepperevon 6d.

Per Treasurer.—O. E. Johnson 1s, J. Lee 3d, Mrs. O. Johnson 1s, P. O'Meara 3d, J. Pope 6d.

The attention of comrades is directed to the above fund. All can contribute something, and the propaganda work should not suffer in consequence of small financial support.

Wage slaves must kill themselves in order that pleasure slaves may kill time.—"Khan Dhul Itc."

They Say----

Is this a joke? Monday's S'Merald informed its readers that there were prayers for rain in the churches at Dubbo on Sunday, and on Tuesday—"The country is fearfully dry now. All the crops have gone off. No harvest is now expected." The pious "Herald," too.

The Labor candidate for the Richmond seat in the Legislative Assembly of Vic. was returned with a large majority. "I'm not a Socialist," he declared during the campaign. Well, that labor politician is honest, anyhow! In this State we have labor politicians who claim to be "socialists" and turn out—strike breakers.

Stuart-Robertson has been as silent as the proverbial oyster since the letters from Newcastle were published. There is an old adage that advises a certain class of people to have good memories.

Prof. Ferri, of the Italian Socialist Party, is now in South America. There is a possibility of our comrade visiting Australia, about the middle of next year.

Scott Bennett is now in charge of a class that meets

regularly every Thursday evening at the Club rooms for the purpose of studying Engels' "Evolution of the Family, Private Property and the State." All the comrades desirous of becoming better acquainted with one of Engels' most instructive works are cordially invited to attend. The reading commences at 8 o'clock sharp.

The Socialist Brass Band will be playing shortly in the Domain at the International Socialist meetings. Our meetings are already largely attended, but now the band has received permission from the curator of the Botanic Gardens to play, monster Sunday afternoon meetings should be the order of the day.

"In unity there is strength." This is a favorite motto with many trade unionists, but when will they recognise that real strength and unity can only come from a united class union of the workers?

The robber of the rich is a felon—the robber of the poor a "benefactor."

Big thieves love front pews. The greater the rogue the nearer the pulpit.—"Khan Dhul Itc."

We'll Join the Labor Party, When----

(By "Super.")

We Socialists are often asked why we do not join the Labor Party. Let the several Platforms speak. Our platform is—The Socialisation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange.

The Labor Party's (Federal) Platform of Palliatives is—

1. Maintenance of a White Australia.
2. Nationalisation of Monopolies.
3. Old Age Pensions.
4. Tariff Referendum.
5. Progressive Tax on Unimproved Land Values.
6. Restriction of Public Borrowing.
7. Navigation Laws.
8. Citizen Defence Force.
9. Arbitration Act Amendment.

As to No 1—Maintenance of a White Australia. This is no more Labor than Capitalistic. Under Socialism the ignorant colored races could find no footing in Australia. No exploiting slave-traders would exist. The solution of the color question would be automatic.

No. 2—Nationalisation of Monopolies. If nationalisation of the economically sound monopolies be logical, how much more so the nationalisation of the economically unsound competitive concerns. If it be justifiable for the State to assume control of existing monopolies, it is justifiable for it to take over and organise the scattered and broken little industries, and blend them into state monopolies. Such organisation reduces the cost of production by

abolishing the middlemen speculators, the superfluous overseers and bagmen, by the scientific grouping of the stages of production; in convenient localities, by the substitution of up-to-date machinery for antiquated methods, by economic systematising generally. Go to the Trust, thou Labor man, consider its ways, and be wise! Reduction of the cost of production entails reduction in hours of labor, leaving the worker greater freedom to devote to the higher ideals of life. It entails uniformity of quality and the entire absence of adulteration and shoddy; that is, under national control.

3.—Old Age Pensions. What munificence! Ten shillings a week—the wages of the office cat—for a man or woman who has breathe the ocean of life. Ten shillings a week—a dismal garrat in a dirt slum, bread and dripping, and clothes from a garbage tin. Ten shillings a week, half a sovereign just big enough to cover a dose of poison. Will Bullocky Bill kindly make a few remarks apropos of the subject?

4.—Tariff Referendum. Socialism, knowing neither industrial nor capitalistic competition, will blind the workers' eyes to pure economics, knows no tariff walls. Socialism is international. The Labor Party is simply begging the question.

5.—Progressive Tax on Unimproved Land Values. This carries a £5000 exemption, a vote-casting dodge. The plank is a recognition of the common creation of land values. Why, then, is the Labor Party not sufficiently logical and honest to advocate straight-out nationalisation of land?

6.—Restriction of Public Borrowing.

Anyhow, borrowing is unnecessary, except to provide a precarious existence for the money broker, parasite on the worker. A man B have goods to exchange, and a man C, who has no goods, nothing but gold, which is a lien on labor to manage their business. Isn't it absurd?

7.—Navigation Laws. How much? Will the Labor Party provide for equal accommodation for stoker and crew, for stoker and passenger? Socialism demands it.

8.—Citizen Defence Force. To keep peace? To assist production? To enforce the Golden Rule? To exemplify the Sermon on the Mount? Or, to breed murderers; to maintain a military caste; to engender strife; to impede production; to train the workers to "fire low and lay the ---- out."

9.—Arbitration Act Amendment. To bind the legal leeches and bleed the workers some more. Socialists have again and again proved the absurdity of such cant legislation. The Labor Party once more begs the question.

The State Labor Platform endorses the Federal, with the addition of some planks necessarily of state interest—a rotten interest, in the way. It provides for

(a) Land and Finance. (a) Closer settlement, with its increased crop of camp followers, in the shapes of agents, lawyers, bankers and business generally.

(b) State Bank. Just another state capitalism and general policy as in the Railways and Harbours, with Commissioners at £2000 a year and wage-slaves at £1000 a day. An asylum for capitalists' poor relations. (c)

graduated land tax. Turn over. [d] Restriction of public borrowing. Certainly; abolish it. [e] Water conservation and Irrigation. Is not a Labor Plank at all.

2. Free Education, technical, secondary, and university—the nursery system. Is not a Labor Plank. The Rockefeller's do it—don't talk it. Are the Rockefeller's Labor men? Anyway, the stupid system which the Labor Party endorses and wishes to extend does not give fair play. The nervous genius often gives way to the confident, self-assured but mediocre student. Why train horses and rose-bushes individually, and children collectively? The Labor Party again begs the question.

The remainder of the platforms which necessitate increased officialism, and yet more legal worker-crippling machinery. As a matter of fact, Labor Party legislation tends to increase of cost of living, and increase of taxation on account of the additions of complications to an already complicated government machine. Socialism sweeps away all complications.

We want Socialism. The Labor Party is afraid to adopt a policy of Socialism. And yet some have the effrontery to ask us why we do not work hand in hand with a bogus Labor Party.

We'll join the Labor Party when the Labor Party joins us.

SPECIAL

The Socialists Liedertafel will sing next evening at Winston Hall. Bring your friends!

Rich and Poor in Japan.

Extension of Industrial Power Paving the Way There for Socialism.

"WITH two cases in the army of men deserting in a body, and a bold proclamation on a barrack wall by a Socialistic bluejacket, within the last two months, an essay by Tokutomi, chief editor of the *Kokumin*, on the growth of the democratic spirit in Japan calls for special attention," says *The Japan Weekly Chronicle*.

"In his opinion the apparent abatement of democratic demonstrations and Socialist agitations is no indication that Democracy is losing ground in Japan. 'On the contrary,' he says, 'democracy is gaining ground in Japan daily, and the future statesmen will do well to take this into consideration and try to be in touch with the democratic movement. The only way open for the future politician is to represent and guide the commoners, and with their backing to develop the welfare of the country.'

"Tokutomi enumerates causes to account for the growth of the democratic spirit. In the first place he

declares that 'the national foundation of Japan with the one sovereign at the head and all subjects as brethren' is the fundamental principle of democracy, and 'the innovation of the Restoration is no other than the realization of this fundamental principle.' And though there are peers in Japan, they and commoners are before the eyes of the Emperor, alike his children and the more the Emperor is evaluated the more are social differences levelled. Therefore, Tokutomi affirms that 'the spirit of loyalty to the Emperor is the mother of democracy.' This is rather poor argument, and will scarcely satisfy democrats.

His other reasons, however, are more interesting as they are most pertinent 'The popularisation of education, according to this author, is the second cause for a growth of a democratic spirit. More than 95 per cent of Japanese children receive the advantage of education, and this is the strongest possible instigator of democracy. Whether the *Mombusho* realises it or not, and though there are many officials in the *Mombusho* who regard democrats as human vipers, yet as the organ of education the *Mombusho* is the great

est propagation of democracy in Japan.

Tokutomi continues: Some people may see no relation between democracy and the army, but the compulsory imposition of military duty on the whole people is the third cause for the rise of democracy. When the conscription system was enacted, the privilege of the Samurai clan was abolished, and as soldiers all classes of people are treated alike. Rich men, peers, and scholars lose their distinction before the system, and only the efficiency of a soldier opens a prosperous career to him. From this viewpoint, the rise of the democratic spirit in Japan owes much to the conscription system. Field-Marshal Yamagata, who organised the system, may or may not understand democracy, as he may or may not sympathise with it; but for all that, his Conscription Law, which put the military duty upon the whole body of the people, has been a great bulwark of democracy, and the democratic spirit will long be nourished by this system.

The rapid growth of the business men in a position of social importance is the fourth reason given by Tokutomi. He observes: 'The development of business creates

rich men, and aggravates the difference between rich and poor, sets up a barrier between capital and labor, and is a drawback to the growth of democracy. But that which arouses the laborers to the consciousness of their own importance, and stimulates them to insist on their rights, is the result of development of industry. The laborers' motto of to-day is: "Combination is Strength."

One monster there is in the world—the Idle man.—Carlyle.

Whilst another man has no land, my title to mine, your title to yours, is at once vitiated.—Emerson.

There is at any given moment a best path for every man. To find this path, and walk in it, is the one thing needful for him.—Carlyle.

All for ourselves and nothing for other people, seems in every age of the world to have been the vile maxim of the masters of mankind.—Adam Smith.

The ways of Trade have grown selfish to the borders of Theft, and supple to the borders of Fraud.—Emerson.

There aint goin' to be no Servant Girls.

By BEN HANFORD.

FEW and far between are the crumbs of comfort seen as one looks over the world of capitalism. But there are two recurrent news items that cause me to chortle with glee and warm the cockles of my heart. One is the wail raised by the gentlemen of commerce because it is so difficult to get American-born boys to be sailors. The other is the whining of our fine ladies because of the scarcity of the servant girls. Generally speaking, a common sailor is little better than a dog. Most servant girls are treated worse than dogs. "Domestics" they are called by their "mistresses," but few of them meet the kindness and consideration accorded domestic animals.

Every male member of the household has a right to insult her. No matter who or what he is—raw and drivelling youth, burly master, or drooling and senile grandpa. When attacked by foreman or employer, the factory girl may save her soul at the price of her place and bread, but oftentimes the "domestic" must give up all on the altar of slavery.

No, dear madam, my fine fat old female with the stony eye and double chin there ain't goin' to be no servant girls in the world that is to be. It's a terrible thought. But take heart of hope. It may not be as bad as you fear. True, there shall be no servants, but it does not follow that there shall be no services. First of all, tools and machines, organisation of labor shall do many things now done by the domestic slave. And about machines and their labor there shall be smell of servitude or slavery, no taint of the "menial."

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST LECTURES.

WINSTON HALL,
393 Pitt-street, Sydney.

SUNDAY NEXT.

H. Scott Bennett

LECTURES

Subject—The Economic Basis
of the Reformation.

Selections by the Socialist
Brass Band.

MARCHING SONG.

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

WE mix from many lands,
We march from very far ;
In hearts and lips and hands
Our staffs and weapons are ;
The light we walk in darkens sun and moon and star.

Out under the moon and stars
And shafts of the urgent sun
Whose face on prison bars
And mountain heads are one.
Our march is everlasting till Time's march is done.

O nations undivided
O single people and free,
We dreamers, we decided,
We mad blind men that see.
We bear ye witness ere ye come that ye shall be.

The locks shall burst in sunder
The hinges shrieking spin,
When time whose hand is thunder,
Lays hand upon the pin.
And shoots the bolts reluctant, bidding all men in.

Rise ere the dawn be risen ;
Come and be all souls fed ;
From field, and street, and prison
Come for the feast is spread.
Live, for the truth is living ; wake, for the night is dead.

Men or Merchandise ?

SOCIALISTS have been accused of bigotry because of its insistence on the fact that wage-earners are mere pieces of merchandise, or upon what is technically called, "the Commodity Status of Labor." Our critics tells the workers to pay no heed to any such "Marxian shibboleth," and that it is insulting "free born" men and women to liken them to the victuals, provender and other commodities of the market.

Insulting it may be; but the insult is born of the degrading social conditions under which we live; and those are in no way responsible for it, who strive to point out that it may for ever be ended. Socialist theory is not founded upon a dreamy fancy; it is founded upon facts. And the awful realism of facts bears out on every side the truth of Socialist theory.

Lately the commodity status of labor was very terribly illustrated in New York: It is stated that some capitalists (who evidently had the capitalist virtue of prudential expenditure very well developed) desired to smuggle twelve Chinese coolies from Texas into New York. To carry out this plan these

ingenious gentlemen arrived at the brilliant art-tion of calling a spade a spade for once. They had the twelve men packed in boxes and labelled as merchandise from El Paso. Twelve wooden cases of Chinese coolie merchandise—twelve wooden cases of quite an Oriental impassive exterior—ailed along with whatsoever else of merchandise, in all manner of cases and packages, might be dispatched that day from Texas to New York. Amidst that heterogeneous load of transported goods, twelve human hearts beating within twelve human Chinese bodies—"merchandise from El Paso."

Human commodities are so habitually dealt in by capitalists, bought and sold like all other commodities, that trifling differences of construction are apt to be forgotten. In this instance one little point was overlooked, or too carelessly considered, and the wondrous plan was thus frustrated. Although the label "merchandise" scientifically accurate and truly descriptive of the goods within the boxes, it happens unfortunately, that this special form of merchandise is merchandise only by reason of certain vital powers contained within the living human car-

case, containing that vitality, is also of necessity disposed of. Now, the human carcass within its wooden box could only be a vital Chinaman so long as it was enabled to pump a sufficiency of air into its human lungs. Deprived of that sufficiency such a piece of Chinese merchandise becomes a human corpse.

We cannot know how many similar boxes of Chinese "merchandise from El Paso" had previously been successfully smuggled into New York; but on this occasion, when those twelve cases were unpacked, it was discovered that they contained—again merely cases! The merchandise had disappeared; the human cases which had contained it were still there inside the wooden cases, but (in the words of the reporter) "the persons responsible had failed to provide adequate ventilation," and of merchandise by way of Chinese vitality there was none.

Do you, workers of Australia, imagine that there is no useful lesson for you in this ghastly episode? Do you think that between you and Chinese coolies no parallel can be drawn? Do you think that it may happen to Chinese coolies in America to be labelled "mer-

chandise," and treated as such, but that it would be absurd to hold that "freeborn Britishers" are in a like position? Hardly can you be so foolishly and blindly mistaken.

The wage-earner is a commodity because (possessing nothing whereby he can produce for himself and his family the means of life) he must of necessity sell his vitality in the labor-market for what price it will fetch. That price may vary according to the description of the goods, and according to the state of the market, but the conditions for all who are without possessions is alike; one and all, they can only live by entering the market to be bought and sold—by becoming merchandise in fact.

Between the British worker and that Chinese coolie "merchandise from El Paso" there is indeed no difference of kind, even although there may be some difference of degree—i.e. of price. It is not that a man be yellow, or black, or whitish, that makes him different to-day from others of his race. Difference is determined by his economic position as a unit in society. Chinaman or Englishman, Eastern or Western, yellow man or white—those

who own and control the means of life are socially free; those who own nothing except their vital power are slaves, bought and sold like any other exchangeable goods. Chinese coolie, packed as a living piece of merchandise at one end of a journey, to arrive at the other end a Chinese corpse; or British worker packed in factory, mine or mill, there to have the life gradually choked and starved and sweated out of him—between these there is no real social difference, and there is ever between them community of interests in wage-slavery. Clearly for those who have eyes to see, wage earners, one and all, black, yellow, or white, are very distinctly labelled “merchandise.”

The workers of all lands must realise that for workers as merchandise there never can be freedom. To be free, the workers must own and control all the means whereby and wherewith they work. Because to-day they do not own these things, they are forced to sell themselves to the owners thereof. But so soon as they do own and control the means of production they shall be free. And, therefore, the workers of all lands must unite, to take and hold the means of life, and to put an end for ever to the buy-

ing and selling of wage-slaves. Let the reader of this paper, if he be a wage-worker, pause for one moment to consider within himself which is he—man or merchandise?—“The Socialist,” Scotland.

The Laborer to the Capitalist.

THE commodity that I have sold to you differs from the crowd of other commodities in that its use creates value, and a value greater than its own. That is why you bought it. That which on your side appears a spontaneous expansion of capital, is on mine extra expenditure of labor-power.

You and I know on the market only one law, that of the exchange of commodities. And the consumption of the commodity belongs not to the seller who parts with it, but to the buyer who requires it. To you, therefore, belongs the use of my daily labor-power.

But by means of the price that you pay for it each day I must be able to reproduce it daily, and to sell it again. Apart from natural exhaustion from age, etc., I must be able on the morrow to work with the same normal amount of force, health, and freshness as to-day.

You preach to me constantly the gospel of “saving” and “abstinence.” Good! I will, like a sensible, saving owner, husband my whole wealth, labor-power, and abstain from all foolish waste of it. I will each day spend, set in motion, put into action only as much of it as is compatible with its normal duration and healthy development.

By an unlimited extension of the working-day you may in one day use up a quantity of labor-power greater than I can restore in three. What you gain in labor I lose in substance. The use of my labor-power and the spoliation of it are quite different things.—Karl Marx.

The Children's Hour.

(By “Super.”)

We sorry old sinners will soon be dead, thank goodness. Our opportunities for mischief are slipping past us. Old Father Time knows his book. It's the world to nothing, bar none. The old chap possesses the only infallible system ever invented. He wins every bet. I say, again, thank goodness. When you come to think of it, the alchemists are blind moles. Hang the Elixir of Life! Live for ever, with constantly piling up memories of misery! Ugh! And the philosopher's stone! Who wants it, anyhow? “It's a bonnie, bonnie wurl” that we're “living in the noo,” as the old Scots hymn puts it, but the freethinker, after all, anymore than the Christian, does not worry overmuch when he's dying. If there's a regret, it is that he has not made the most of it. That signifies that he might have done just a little more for the kiddies. It signifies that the whole duty of man is to help the weak, to pave the way for the little feet pattering behind, to follow the injunction of the beautiful man Jesus, and say, after him, “Suffer little children to come unto me.” Who is there whose heart does not yearn toward the little ones, who, himself, does not feel the pain of the children who suffer, who does not feel the rising in the throat at their distress? If you want a donation in a hurry, give your victim “The Old Curiosity Shop,” conveniently open at the “Death of Little Nell.” You've caught your hare. Now, cook it. If the reading of the passages—in *Dombey and Son*—relating to Paul and his sister, cannot unloose the purse

strings, the owner thereof is a brute, and should be religiously choked. No missionary begging campaign ever had a tithe of the effect of Charles Dickens' wonderful creations of children in teaching the charitable how to bestow their doles. Think of Tiny Tim, of Jo, of Oliver Twist, to mention some of the pathetic types, and imagine if you can, the efficacy of their lives, their child-lives, as against the pompous cant of grown-up hypocrites. It may not be too much to say that the child characters are the grandest things human in fiction, as they so often prove themselves the grandest and cleanest things human of fact.

The child is father to the man. How essential then, is it, that we oldsters, grading in wickedness from nineteen years of age to ninety, should seek absolution by loving and caring for the tender little shoots of humanity's tree. Which brings us to the Socialist Sunday School at Winston Hall.

It was a bright and happy-go-lucky little crowd of young folks that gathered there, and joined so heartily in “The Red Flag.” There is no need for moralising, for there was purity personified. There were the roguish rascals of boys of the fun-loving age—the kind, you know, that cause a man to examine his chair-seat for possible bent pins—but innocent, and good and manly; there were the demure little maidens, mothers' helps, whose chief delight is to look after baby; there were the chubby little rogues of both sexes, of the wonderful and kissable age of two to five years; and there was the sweet little flax-en-haired tot, the latest addition to the school, who shyly, but bravely held the new red flag, the present of Comrade Beck, while we all,

young and old, and otherwise, saluted it.

We appeal to comrades to send their little ones along to the Sunday School. It is the aim of the teachers to make the proceedings as bright as possible, and to this end continual changes of program, as the theatrical folk say, will take place. One feature will be physical drill, which always appeals to the youngsters. Unlike the orthodox Sunday schools, the instruction will be simple and short. The idea is to get down to the children's tactics, not to attempt to make them behave and think as staid men and women. They are our comrades, not different from ourselves, only younger, and therefore calling for our care and protection. They must have the same rights and privileges as ourselves, with the exception, of course, of the natural parental control. However, at the Sunday School, we are all comrades, and we want them and us to "let ourselves go" and have a real, right-down, rollicking good time, for the hour that we meet.

Comrades, don't forget the Sunday School, if you want your children to have better times than you have had.

The Rev. Dr. Campbell, of "New Theology" fame, and incumbent of the City Temple, London, has gone to the United States to support the candidature of the Socialist candidate, Eugene Debs. The Countess of Warwick has also left England on a similar mission.

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Propaganda Fund

THE attention of comrades is again directed to the propaganda fund. The activities of the Group continue to increase, all of which of course means more expense. All comrades, we know, are sincerely anxious that the success already achieved by the movement should be increased, but not all recognise that a few pence each week from the membership would considerably strengthen our financial position. The Treasurer of the Group (comrade Harris) and the Treasurer of the Management Committee will be glad to receive contributions. The contributions are acknowledged in the "Review" each week. IS YOUR name there?

Annie Kenney, the frail young factory girl who was first heard of in Britain in connection with woman suffrage, seldom answers interjectors, but she got home on one man at a meeting of hers recently. He said: "You talk as if God Almighty made woman first." "No," quoted Annie, smiling, "As Burns says:—
'His 'prentice han' he tried on man,
And then he made the lassies.'"

Another "retort courteous" was made by a suffragist at an open-air meeting during the recent Dundee election. "How would you like to be a man," interjected an intelligent male. Like a shot came the reply: "I don't know—how would you?"

"Pa, what is a political leader?"
"A man who is able to see which way the crowd is going, and follows with loud whoops in that direction."

"Paid Agitators."

An Amusing Episode in the Career of One of Them.

REMEMBER being in a cathedral city and speaking, facing the theatre, in front of which a well dressed man was impatiently walking backwards and forwards. His jerky steps and general air of dissatisfaction showed that he could hear what I said and did not like it. After a while I lost sight of him, but he suddenly turned up a little to my left hand in the crowd. He shouted angrily:—

"I know who you are, Sir!"

"I beg your pardon."

"I know what you are, Sir!"

"Be careful. I'm not always quite sure myself."

"But I know! You're a paid agitator, Sir!"

"Well, so is your Bishop!"

"What!"

"So is your Bishop!"

"Come, come, Sir! You'll not have to say anything wrong about our Bishop."

"I'm not saying anything wrong, am I? He is an agitator, or at least, should be, and he's paid for it."

"Oh! but there's a great difference between you and our Bishop."

I drily replied "There is," and the crowd laughed.

"Yes, there is, and we know it."

"You do? Very well, let me explain. Your Bishop is a very poor agitator and very well paid. I am a very good agitator and very poorly paid. That's all."

"I don't know about that," he replied.

"Oh, yes, you do! No man in this city knows it better. I've agitated you more in the last fifteen minutes than your Bishop has agitated you in the last fifteen years."

A roar of laughter finished the conversation, and I can see him now trying to walk away with dignity and failing utterly; he knew we were laughing at him.—Edward Hartley, in London "Justice."

A man of character and energy, who expects to be something worth while in this life, and hence has to labor, strive and struggle daily leaves the future world to take care of itself, and is active and useful in this world!—Goethe.

An article by Scott Bennett on "The Growth of Socialism in Australia" appears in the "International Socialist Review" (U.S.A.) for October.

They Say.

Any far reaching change in the methods of production must necessarily affect the intellectual and social life of man. We all depend upon the material necessities of life.

Growling about hard times will not mend things. As long as the workers support capitalism, i.e., private ownership of the principal means of production, they must expect "hard times" and worse. Organise industrially and politically that the cause of hard times may be removed.

Have you read Swinburne's poem on the front page? There are a good many thought seeds contained therein.

A man has a right to think as his reason directs; it is a duty he owes to himself to think with freedom, that he may act with conviction.

Socialist propaganda is flourishing to-day throughout the civilized world in a manner before unknown. The day of social salvation is approaching far more rapidly than many suppose.

There are a good many people in Australia to day who are beginning to see that

Socialism is the burning question of the day. They feel that they are up against the toughest proposition they have ever yet had to face.

The municipal council of Rome has decided by 57 votes to 3 to have secular education only in the schools under its control. "The world do move," as the negro preacher said.

The working-class has nothing in common with the capitalist class. Their interests are diametrically opposed. Quite a trite saying, isn't it? Yet when the workers fully recognise its full significance and organise accordingly the doom of capitalism and the dawn of Socialism will be at hand.

There are only two things in the world of any real importance—Reason and Humanity. The first is the only true guide, the second is the only true inspiration.

Do you ever look at the financial columns in the daily press? Ever see the term "labor market?" Pretty often, eh? But did you ever see anything about a market for capitalists, in which they are spoken of as so many commodities to be bought and sold like hat pins, scrap iron,

and canned fish. A great system is capitalism!

The anti-sosh "ladies" assure us that capitalism, and capitalism alone can attend to the sanctity of the home! Its lucky for them that the form of capital punishment dealt out to Annanias has been abolished!

Whether there be one God or fifty Gods or no God, there are lives to be saved, misery, and degradation to be abolished, and a sound social system erected upon the ruins of Capitalism.

Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, at present merely the catchwords of the master class, will prove a real meaning under Socialism!

Judging from the official organ the New Zealand party is making good headway.

The day of the Lord 'is at hand, at hand,

It clouds roll up the sky,
The nations lie dreaming on heaps of gold;

All dreamers toss and sigh!
But the night is darkest before the dawn;

The pain severest when the child is born.

The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand,

The day of the Lord is at hand.
—Kingsley, "Christain Socialist."

In Upton Sinclair's book, "The Metropolis," there is a tragic pen-picture of a "soap-box" Socialist, who fiercely cries:—"They force you to build palaces, and then they put you into tenements! They force you to spin fine raiment, and then they dress you in rags! They force you to build jails, and then they lock you up in them! They force you to make guns, and then they shoot you with them! They own the political parties, and they name the candidates, and trick you into voting for them—and they call it the law! They herd you into armies and send you to shoot your brothers—and they call it order! They take a piece of colored rag and call it the flag and teach you to let yourself be shot—and they call it patriotism! First, last, and all the time, you do the work and they get the benefit—they, the masters and owners, and you—fools—fools—fools!"

The man's voice had mounted to a scream, and he flung his hands into the air and broke into jeering laughter.

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New Zealand.

THE "Commonweal" takes little stock in merely palliative legislation. That its importance is much over-rated by many of our good Labor friends, we have time and again emphasised, and every day brings along its quota of evidence to strengthen our contention. Even the publications of the Government Departments proclaim the truth. In his annual report Mr. Tregear, of the Labor Department, once again points out that wage advantages obtained by the Workers under the Arbitration Act have been nullified by the rise in rents and the increase in the price of the necessities of life.

The one great fact outstanding from all our palliative experiences is this:—

The first condition and the last condition to any improvement in the lot of the workers is Unity. Whether they are going to fight for their cause before Conciliation Boards and Arbitration Courts, or are determined to assert their right to knock off when their jobs do not suit them, Unity is equally essential. United, the law may be shaped to their needs, and the demands of justice, through

pressure in the law-making institutions. Disunited, no legislations whatever can be of any lasting use to them. —"Commonweal" (N.Z.)

It does not follow from a successful and bloodless revolution being put through in Turkey that there could be no classes there. What the successful and bloodless revolution in Turkey indicates is that there the capitalist class was so powerful, as against the Sultanate, that the latter caved in. Whereas in Russia it was otherwise. Among the things that's lamed the arm of the bourgeois revolution in Russia was the injection of the Socialist element into the arena. That deprived the bourgeois of many of the "nobility," who would otherwise have sided with the constitutional democrats. These being lamed, and the Socialist forces too weak, the Czar (for a time) won out bloodily.—Exchange.

Have you noticed the work of destruction carried on by capitalism amongst the kiddies. Destruction, physical and mental. Look at the children selling papers in the street. Assuredly these are not the least of capitalism's victims.

Propaganda meeting, Marriekville, near tram shed, on Saturday at 8.

By-the-Way.

"Naicest" people on the glorious gospel of anti-sosh! Irvine and Co. add to the variety of nations, anyhow.

The N.S.W. Gov. are arranging for tours to the new capital site. Wage slaves will be able to go in hundreds, of course.

John Ryan, whilst working on board a steamer at Balmain was struck by a cargo falling last Saturday and seriously injured. But what does it matter? There are scores of wage slaves to take his place.

Overheard in the Domain: Laborite: "I wish our Party would hold meetings like these Socialists in the Domain."

"Laborite (No. 2) Oh! Give them a chance. The elections won't be for some time yet."

Comrades will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Hillyer is now recovered from a serious and protracted illness. She was able to attend Sunday's meetings at Winston Hall.

On Sunday afternoon at the Sunday School the new Socialist banner (the gift of Com-

rade Beck) was unfurled. There was a good attendance of scholars, although we must again remark that we should be pleased to see twice as many in attendance.

A fund is now open for the purpose of defraying expenses in connection with the political fights determined upon by the International Socialists at the next Federal elections. We feel sure that all comrades will do their best to provide the sinews of war.

According to a contemporary, Carmichael, Labor M.P., is now interesting himself on behalf of the vinegar adulterators! By way of a relaxation from strike breaking, we presume.

The anti-socialist alliance at the head of whom stands 'Lady' Janet Clarke has been indulging in the same old wheezes against Socialism. "Iceberg" Irvine was brought over from Melbourne to hold forth to Sydney's "naicest" people. Poor old anti-sosh, the old lady with a broom in her hand endeavoring to keep back the Atlantic did not cut half so absurd a figure as "Lady" Clarke and her dearly beloved pals. ■

Some of the papers read at

the Women's Anti-Socialist Convention were screamingly funny. The "superior" people belonging to this peculiar organisation would shine as stars at the Tivoli, especially as serio-comics.

One lady, the wife of a Geelong (Vic.) medico, hoped there were no Socialist Sunday Schools in this State. Alas! and alack! she has since discovered there are two—one in Sydney and another on the Barrier—and is greatly disturbed accordingly.

Running over the list of delegates present at this serio-comic convention discloses the fact that for the most part they are the wives and daughters of the old reactionary gang that has for years stood out prominently for the exploitation of the workers.

The New Zealand Labor Representation Committee very properly refused to invite capitalist legislators to their Labor day demonstration. In this State, some members of the Trades Hall Council seem to think that unless they kowtow to the "wowsers" brigade and capitalist politicians of the Deakin-Lyne stripe that the Eight Hours demonstration would be a perfect frost.

"Clarion" Blatchford seems to be getting a bad attack of jingoism again. Is this the result of an early military training?

"Jack" London, author and Socialist, will be in Sydney shortly. He will probably give a lecture in Sydney under the auspices of the International Socialists.

"Sir" Thomas Bent, after years of opposition to woman's suffrage, has now decided to introduce a measure granting the franchise to women in Victoria.

There was an increased attendance at the Winston Hall tea last Sunday evening. There should be a much larger attendance, however.

Not a word in the daily press about the Socialist candidates in America running for the presidency. The ordinary reader is led to believe that there are only two candidates in the field—Taft and Bryan.

Change the environment and you will change the character of the individual.

Humanity to-day is like a beautiful flower trying to bloom in a bog, instead of in a well kept garden.

A Rationalists View of our Movement.

A general opinion expressed at these (Summer School of Theology, Switzerland) gatherings was that Mr. Blatchford had done "signal disservice" to Socialism by his "flippant and iconoclastic" attacks on Christianity. These attacks had deterred many from entering a movement antagonistic to their faith. We have in these columns nothing to do with the question of whether Mr. Blatchford has aided or hindered the progress of Socialism. But there are one or two aspects of the question that may be noted. What strikes me at first glance is the cool impertinence involved in the objection. Socialism developed with very little, if any, help from Christianity or Christians. When it becomes familiar, and to some extent popular, thing some Christians step in, and immediately demand that all its speakers and writers should cease saying anything that would offend THEM. Not that they intend to adopt the same rule in relation to Socialists who are Freethinkers. On the contrary, they are at great trouble to make it plain that they intend asserting their opinions on religion on any and every

occasion. But others are to remain silent, or they will forfeit the support of those liberty-loving, reforming Christians who would not think of joining any movement the writers of which lay hands on their religious opinions.

Finally, one would ask how would these exceedingly conscientious Christians have Socialists who are Freethinkers act? A man like Mr. Blatchford believes Christianity is in the way, and must be removed if his social ideals are to be realised. He must then either say honestly what he thinks, or he must play the traitor to his principles, suppress his convictions, and go on working in a direction that he believes will end in disaster. If he acts honestly, Christians, in the name of religious morality, denounce him as doing "signal disservice" to the cause, because he keeps Christians from helping who will not help so long as a man refuses to play the hypocrite in order to purchase their support. "If," they say in substance, "you will hide your opinions and lead people to believe that you have faith in that which you reject as false, then we hail you as a reformer and work with you as a brother. We care little what your real convictions are, so long as you only express such convictions as we agree with. The great thing is not to offend us. We are the only ones that are permitted to say what we please, when we please, and how we please. All others must be silent in our presence." Whether Socialists think the support of this type of mind is a thing worth having is for themselves to decide. For our own part, we have a strong conviction that any society in which it was dominant, whether called Socialistic or by any other name, would be intolerable to all who valued real liberty and attached any importance to respect.—G. W. Foote, in the "Freethinker."

State Capitalism.

WE give below the rate of wages received by the employees of the Gin Gin Government Mill, Queensland. The figures should make interesting reading for those whose objective is "Government ownership of monopolies." The "practicability" thereof from the exploiters viewpoint is clearly shown:—

	Per hour.
Cane Carrier Hands ..	5½d
Truck Greasers ..	4½d
Clutchmen ..	5½d
Crushing Enginedrivers ..	6½d
Greasers, engine ..	4½d
Water Tenders ..	4½d
Firemen ..	7d
Trimmers and Firewood ..	6½d
Triple Effet Hands ..	5½d
Clarifier, leading ..	6d
Clarifier, assistant ..	5d
Presses, leading ..	6d
Presses, assistant ..	4½d
Limeman ..	4½d
Fugals, first ..	6d
Fugals, second ..	5½d
Fugals, third ..	5d
Sugar-room, in charge ..	5½d
Others ..	4½d
General Hands ..	4½d
Lads ..	4½d
Lads ..	3½d
Loco, Drivers ..	7½d
Loco. Assistant ..	5d
Tramline ..	6½d

Socialism, instead of erecting Government cottages for the hard-up worker, would give him all his labor earned, and so he would be able to build and own his house free of all landlords.

The Sunday School.

(By L.L.)

SOCIALIST children, ay and Socialist school; how sweet the sound, sweeter than the strains of Mozart or Wagner to the class-conscious worker. Little Propagandists, yes, who will be the Big Propagandists of the future. Are you a Socialist, and your children do not attend the Socialist School? Think of it! One of the most important activities of the movement. They will not be taught that gospel which says "The poor ye will always have with you." But the glorious doctrine of Marx will be explained and simplified, telling of the future when there will be no poverty and misery for the children of the workers but a truly full and joyous childhood. They will not have the doubt and hesitations of their forbears, but the beautiful knowledge ripened by their environment, fitting them for the grand fight.

International Socialist Club.

General Meeting

THURSDAY, OCT. 22

AT THE CLUB ROOMS
at 8 p.m.

Under the Red Flag

SYDNEY JOTTINGS.

THE International Socialists' Sunday meetings were both splendidly attended. There was an exceptionally large attendance at the afternoon meeting in the Domain, and in the evening Winston Hall was crowded. Scott Bennett was the speaker at both meetings, speaking in the Domain on "Some Difficulties of Individualism," and in the evening on "A Socialist's View of the Reformation." In addition to the lecture at Winston Hall, the International Socialist Liedertafel gave some excellent selections, which were deservedly applauded by the large audience present. Mrs. Connors also obliged with a solo. Comrade Considine occupied the chair at the evening meeting. The subject for next Sunday evening will be "A Socialist's View of the French Revolution."

The Unitarian Debating Society has passed the following resolution:—"That this Society views with apprehension the proposed restriction of freedom of speech, public meeting and religious services." The resolution has reference, of course, to Wade's

free speech Suppression Bill. Quite a feature of the musical program at Winston Hall on Sunday night were two solos by Mr. H. Prien. The singer's well trained voice was heard to perfection, and was greatly appreciated by all present.

PROPAGANDA FUND.

IMPORTANT—International Socialist Club and Group members are notified that, in future, the Local Superintendents will make weekly calls on Members living in the Metropolitan Area, for the purpose of collecting Subscriptions and Contributions towards the Propaganda Fund, and delivering the "I. S. Review."

Collections for week ending October 10, 1908:

Per H. Borax—M. Schoenberger 3d, M. Schoenberger 3d, V. Veil 3d, A. Sievers 6d, E. Borax 6d, H. Borax 6d, F. Meyer 6d, L. Meyer 3d, J. Mayer 6d, A. Borax 6d, H. Prien 3d, P. Kleinert 6d, E. Raps 6d, J. Baur 3d, J. Theiss 3d, K. Welzel 6d, E. Welzel 6d, R. Wenzel 6d, J. Pohl 6d, M. Sievers 6d, Ad. Theiss 6d, P. Kurth 6d, G. Oppermann 3d, G. Wenzel 6d, H. Menzel 3d, H. Dierks 1s, P. Welzel 3d, H. Voss 3d, Chr. Games 3d, H. Frocklich 3d, H. Garlich 6d, J. Kahler 6d, E. Daube 3d, A. Dahm 6d, Th. Sievers 3d, R. Welzel 6d, P. Dumont 1s, J. Allen 2s.

Per Treasurer—Mrs. B.O. 6d, Mr. B.O. 6d, Miss McCoy 3d.

The attention of comrades is directed to the above fund. All can contribute something, and the propaganda work should not suffer in consequence of small financial support.

H. E. Holland's Visit to the Barrier.

COMRADES will be pleased to hear that Comrade Holland has been holding highly successful meetings at Broken Hill. The "Barrier Miner" devotes several columns to reports of his speeches, bewailing, however, as might be expected, in the course of an editorial, Holland's visit to the Barrier.

We can quite understand the "Miner's" antipathy to such a visitor. Our comrade, amongst other matters, dealt with the recent tramway strike and was able to show Broken Hill audiences the ridiculous travesty of facts recently indulged in by Mr. Stuart-Robertson. All the lectures given by Comrade Holland have been well received, and we feel sure that the movement on the Barrier will benefit considerably from our comrades visit.

Tom Mann continues to hold highly successful organising meetings at Broken Hill in connection with the Barrier unions!

Mr. Joseph McCable, translator of Prof. Haeckels principal works, will visit Australia on a lecturing tour early next year.

To Correspondents.

W.A.—We think it advisable to leave the whole of the arrangements in the hands of our Newcastle friends.

Tasmania.—Will our Tasmanian friend please write again? The last letter has been mislaid.

If half the thought which is given to obscure questions in theology had been given . . . to making men more comfortable by building better habitations for them, what a much happier and endurable world it would have been.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST LECTURES.

WINSTON HALL.
393 Pitt-street, Sydney.

SUNDAY NEXT.

H. Scott Bennett

LECTURES

Subject—A Socialist's View
of the French Revolution.

Selections by the Socialist
Brass Band.

BATTLE HYMN OF TOIL.

Onward! Onward! Onward!
'Till the toilers all are free!
Forward! Forward! Forward!
Death! Death! Death or Liberty!

Lo! the little children dying 'midst the beauty of the earth!
Lo! the mothers agonising that they ever gave them birth!
Lo! the slaughter of the lovely and the murder of the just!
And the blinding of the soul-sight by the lords of gold and lust!

Onward! Onward! Onward!
'Till the toilers all are free!
Forward! Forward! Forward!
Death! Death! Death or Liberty!

We, the miracle performers, working wonders with our toil,
We are strangers in our countries, we are aliens on their soil;
We are beggars, tramps and vagrants, and we live and die a slave,
Tho' the treasuries are bursting with the wealth our labor gave!

Onward! Onward! Onward!
'Till the toilers all are free!
Forward! Forward! Forward!
Death! Death! Death or Liberty!

Let us rise and march, my comrades, to the song that Freedom
sings,
Let us hurl a Man's defiance in the ashen face of kings;
Let us rise as one and gather 'round our war flags, flaming red,
'Till the whole world shakes and trembles to the thunder of
our tread!

Onward! Onward! Onward!
'Till the toilers all are free!
Forward! Forward! Forward!
Death! Death! Death or Liberty!

—"Industrial Bulletin."

At Broken Hill.

THE Broken Hill workers have scored a signal victory so far as their refusal to meet or recognise (or permit to be recognised) the local scab union is concerned. But the trouble at Broken Hill has not yet commenced. The "non-political union" trouble was only a skirmish. The real battle is in the near future. The owners have forecasted a reduction of wages when an existing agreement terminates, and the unions have wisely organised to meet all contingencies. Whether a temporary settlement (no settlement can be other than temporary under capitalism) will be effected as a result of the forthcoming conference remains to be seen; but, under any circumstances, all Australian industrial bodies should get ready to take a hand and fire a gun in the battle if it should be precipitated. And the first move at this end should be in the direction of cutting off all coal supplies, and stopping every means of transportation (especially the railways) calculated to assist the "owners." If the metal miners are to be forced to fight against any attempted reduction, let there no more pitiable exhibitions of organised scab-

bery such as have disgraced Australian unionism in past conflicts. Let there be, rather, such unanimity—such solidarity of action—as shall paralyse the oppressor class and end the "trouble" ere it has had time to begin.

A wire from Perth, W.A., announces that the Italian wood-cutters on the Nallan firewood line, having revolted against an Arbitration Court award, have gone on strike, and that Britishers are blacklegging on them. The Italian wood cutters later on left Day Dawn and proceeded up the Nallan line to stop all wood loading. Twenty-five trucks had been already delivered at Fingall, but the Italians, declaring that they would allow no work, stopped the Britishers loading further. They also threw the wood out of those already loaded. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of the strikers, and armed police have been ordered to the scene of conflict.

The Sydney Industrial Workers of the World Club

Will celebrate its first Anniversary by holding a Public Meeting in the Trades Hall, on Tuesday, October 27th at 8 p.m. Special addresses on the I.W.W. Public cordially invited. Discussion allowed.

Holland Hits Hard!

Rousing Campaign at Broken Hill.

Laborism Impeached.

THIS is the story of a memorable week. Holland has come and conquered. Broken Hill Laborism knows more than it has ever known about itself. As for that resistless Socialism guided and guarded by the S.F.A., it has been splendidly strengthened by Holland's advocacy and defence. The Barrier Socialist Group is more than satisfied with the work done, and regards the visit of S.F.A. Secretary as a red-letter event. Speaking for the Group, I do not think words may be uttered sufficiently symbolic of our emotions and appreciation. We have been helped, lifted, stimulated; the cause has been ably and courageously upheld. Bravo!

+ + +
Comrade Holland arrived in Broken Hill on Sunday morning, October 4, and was heartily welcomed by Tom Mann and Groupians. He was soon installed comfortably in Comrade Gray's home, and remained Gray's guest throughout. Though tired, Holland insisted on attending the weekly group meeting held on Sunday morning, at which we talked over plans of campaign. In the afternoon our visitor's first public address was given in the Hippodrome, the subject being "The Damnable Story of a Strike that was Broken," which was in part a reply to M.L.A. Stuart-Robertson's strictures, and as a whole a militant attack upon the Parliamentary Labor Party, with many interesting sidelights upon that important strike. The after-

noon was hot and the attendance only fair, but the Press fully reported the slashing speech and next day it was the talk town. In the evening the Hippodrome held over two thousand people, who listened respectfully and attentively to an address entitled: "From the Maritime Strike to the S.F.A." It struck the writer, as he noted the audience's keen interest in the subject, that Holland's best asset is his experience. He spoke with the confidence born of knowledge, reaching heights of declamation when attacking weakness and treachery. Probably, Holland's outstanding certitude and exactitude, coupled with his defiant boldness, was responsible for the noticeable dumbness of the opposition during the campaign. It took its whippings as if it deserved them; and, anyway, many staunch Laborites in Broken Hill are ashamed and dismayed because of their parliamentary mouthpieces.

+ + +
The third address was delivered the following Tuesday night to a fair house, the title being "Industrial Unionism and Revolutionary Socialism," in which the speaker ventilated his views on the industrial trouble locally. Dealing in sledge-hammer style with the effete weapon of craft unionism, Holland's every word was breathlessly hung upon. 'Tis true that in the presence of danger and before the Economic Unknown the workingclass is impelled to a seriousness of striking solemnity. One can feel this in Broken Hill these days.

+ + +
As indicative of our sudden weather changes it is worth chronicling that on the Thursday night, when Holland was to have again spoken, the

the evening was more than cold, whilst the Tuesday night had been oppressively warm. It was too chilly for an open-air meeting of any length, though we showed our animated pictures, and comrade A. K. Wallace spoke briefly.

On the following Sunday afternoon the Hippodrome once more held a good attendance. Comrade Holland's subject was, "The Revolutionary Socialism of the S.F.A., and the middle-class Socialism of the Labor Party—a reply to the 'Barrier Miner.'" Be it known that the "Miner" it had published a sarcastic editorial on Mr. Holland's visit and in defence of the Labor Party. The "Miner" poses as the organ of the "sane and safe" Laborists whose bete noir is "Extremism," so-called. Actually it is closer to the Laborism preached and practised in high places than its Labor contemporary, "Barrier Truth." However, Holland categorically handled the "Miner's" leader, and made mince-meat of its argumentation, incidentally castigating the official labor paper for its inconsistencies also. We are hoping for an article on our visitor's sizing-up of the situation here, so I'll "ring off."

In the evening the Hippodrome was well filled to hear the "Review" editor's farewell lecture on "Germany's March towards the Social Revolution." From a Socialist's standpoint, the best had been kept till the last. A big and inspiring speech it undoubtedly was. It held the large audience well-nigh spellbound. As we listened to the glowing recital of struggle and triumph our hands stretched across to the German Fatherland in grip of admiration

and gratitude. Noble record! Movement mighty in its achievement and its ripening!

Apart from the meeting there was something doing day and night. On Monday, Oct. 5, a small party were driven by E. H. Gray to Balaklava, a shearing station 16 miles distant from the Hill. After the customary inspection and so forth, the men were addressed in the evening by Holland, Ross, Wallace, Gray and "Truth" editor Jones. It was an enjoyable outing, especially the jorney homewards in the moonlight. On the Wednesday evening we had a theatre night, and heartily applauded the portraits of Holland, Scott Bennett and Mann as they were projected by the pantoscope. On the Friday night a complimentary social was tendered our guest in the Trades Hall. The group and a few friends made a pleasant little gathering of nearly sixty, and the proceedings lasted until midnight. The chief toasts were those of "Our Guest," proposed by Secretary Wallace, and "The S.F.A." proposed by Tom Mann and responded to by the writer. Holland's contribution to the speech-making was valuable in its summing-up of the lines of action of the Internationalists of Sydney and his advice as to ourselves and methods. Then on Saturday night, our visitor spoke with Tom Mann to a big meeting in our chief street, "wading in" emphatically to the non-political union here, which has decided, in the teeth of all the other local unions, to register under the Industrial Disputes Act. By the way, on this aspect and its potential complications, Wallace spoke well as Holland's chairman

last Sunday afternoon what time the S.F.A. secretary was being welcomed to our growing Sunday School. The Sunday School movement, comrades mine, is infinitely greater in its doings and possibilities than we are wont to recognise.

The opportunity afford by Tom Mann's presence as secretary of the Victorian Socialist Party was taken advantage of to consider the matter of a combined paper. Holland, Mann, Wallace and Ross were present, and a scheme drawn up which if adopted by the organisations concerned should speedily witness the advent of an organ creditable to the party and the cause. Then at the Group meeting last Sunday morning Harry Holland discussed with members various points affecting all our forces.

A word or two shall cover the trips made to the Water Supply, to the municipal abattoirs, and to the piggeries, etc., upon our catchment area. The Trades Hall, the newspaper offices, the co-operative stores, the civic headquarters, the school, the jail, and so on were of course visited by H.E.H. It was, indeed, a busy time for your editor and possibly he wasn't sorry when he departed per train on Monday night last to the strains of "The Red Flag," rendered by his admiring comrades. We were glad he managed to speak in Adelaide and Melbourne on the way home. Our Adelaide Group, in particular, needs, as it deserves, all the aid it can get.

I don't appear to have said much and yet it's time I knocked off. Fortunately Holland was splendidly reported throughout by the "Miner"

and so there's no need to repeat the text of his fine addresses. Beyond question, the campaign has made the Group's position as plain as it is justified; and over and above this, the S.F.A.—with its vast responsibilities and emancipatory messages—has been more firmly set upon its scientific foundations. More, and yet more, of this work, and our beloved Federation shall ride the future and bring the workers to their own.

R. S. ROSS.

Broken Hill, Oct. 14, '08.

Scott Bennett goes to Newcastle for Sunday next.

A splendid open-air meeting was addressed by H. E. Holland at Adelaide on Tuesday evening of last week.

Beware of the hungry lion
Whenever he speaks you well,
For his words are fair
At the mouth of his lair,
And as smooth as the road to
hell.
But his deeds are dark and
dastard,
And his thoughts are of his
maw,
And his chops drip red
With the blood he has shed,
For greed is his only law.
—Kauzaski.

H. E. Holland will speak at Helensburgh, under the auspices of the Workmen's Institute, on Saturday, Nov. 21.

Socialism in the Desert.

By H.E.H.

THURSDAY, Oct. 1.—A rush for Melbourne Express—a hurried "good-bye," and then away into night at "express" speed—about 20 slow miles for every hour. There was snow on the uplands—at least they told us so at Moss Vale, and the bitter cold that chilled the midnight traveller suggested that it wouldn't be worth while to dispute the statement.

Friday, Oct. 2.—Over the Murray, and seaward in a Bent train. Snow on the Victorian mountains. Melbourne in the forenoon hours, and Percy Laidler waiting on the station. An hour at the Socialist rooms—and a chat with Frank Hyett, and the assistant-secretary. Luncheon at Camusso's. The Socialist who visits the city of the Yarra and fails to dine at Camusso's misses a good thing. The cowardly brutal attempt to besmirch Frank Hyett's good name is progressing. It won't succeed. Press matters—organising work—Australia for Socialism—we discussed the mall, hurriedly. Hyett takes me to visit H. H. —where the automatic lift is. A hurried chat—and the descending lifts stops midway between two floors. It's nearly train time, too. But

it's not the lift's fault. Some one has opened a door down below—and, as soon as there's danger above or below Champion's lift stops dead. Once more aboard—a handshake with Frank—and the train sweeps out towards Adelaide. Past Sunshine—where the Bent Gov. and the Tait administration murdered the Ballarat and Bendigo train passengers on that tragic day. On to Ballarat—a portion of which was Scott Bennett's constituency in the days of the dead past; and on to the mallee county.

Saturday, Oct. 3.—Across the imaginary line that divides Victoria from S.A., and at 7 a.m. breakfast at Murray Bridge, where there is a broad, winding stream with throbbing steam launches and shallow fishing boats on its glistering waters. Still mallee country—miles of it. At last the wheat-fields, and the hills smiling to the sunlit sky, and green valleys stretching away into invisibility; and then the city of churches, and irreligion and mock Christianity and football—and Tom Price. In due time secretary O. C. Bennett and comrade Riley stroll along the platform. We have not met previously; but we are looking for each other—and recognition is mutual. A hurried visit to the neatly-fur-

nished meeting room of the S.A. party, and back to the train once more. Goodbye to the valiant young workers who are pioneering the Socialist movement in South Australia—and once more we are rocking along. Through Gawler, where Fred Young is working. A change at Terowie, and we are on the narrow gauge line which connects with the Silverton Tramway Co.'s private line.

Sunday, Oct. 4.—"Shake the slumber from your eyes," and dig the red dust out of your ears and the rest of you, "Red leaping leagues to the westward of the West." It was Will Ogilvie said that, wasn't it? Red sand of the desert and sorry patches of scattered salt bush; and signs of human habitation at rare intervals. Coburn with the sunlight. Breakfast—coffee and sandwiches—and such sandwiches! Once again across an imaginary line—and S.A. is a past circumstance, and we are again in N.S.W. A fellow traveller comes out on the car platform. He emphasises the good points of the West. The country is looking well, he says. We groan inwardly, and silently pray to the heavens to protect us from ever seeing it when it is not looking well. Our fellow-traveller proceeds to tell us

how everything might go well at the Hill if only the workers would get over their periodical foolish inclination to strike. The train crawls through the wreckage and deserted sorrowfulness of all that remains of the erst-time flourishing mining township of Silverton. Roofless walls and houseless chimneys! Some more miles of red desert and saltbush—and incidently a waterless watercourse, proudly pointed to as Umerumba Creek—the source of the new water supply. Railway Town station, and Barrier Socialists with red in their button-holes; later Broken Hill station and more Socialists and more red ribbon—a goodly and welcome sight after the red sand of the desert and the invalid green of the salt bush.

"I am a dog that gnaws a bone,
I crouch and gnaw it all alone.
The time will come,
It comes not yet,
When I'll bite those by whom I'm
bit."

J. A. JONES.

We owe allegiance to the State;
but deeper, truer, more,
To the sympathies that God hath
set within our spirit's core;
—Our country cleans our fealty; we
grant it so, but then
Before Man made us citizens, great
Nature made us men.

—LOWELL.

Socialism NOW.

Why Not?

(By "Super.")

DID it ever strike you, comrades, that the time for Socialism is Now, Right Now? Why Not? We'll worry awhile upon the "why." The "why-not" will worry itself—dead.

Because I am wasting nine-tenths of my working-day, waiting for work. That's why.

Because I see strong men tramping the roads, because they are tired of waiting for work.

Because the child has NO RIGHTS by virtue of his citizenship.

Because nine-tenths of the children are pre-ordained by the system to become wage-slaves.

Because all die as equals, yet a few possess the power, through private ownership, to dictate a policy to posterity.

Because the arbitrary power of gold, the hoarded labor of others, decides whether those others may live, or starve, or die.

Because I see men and women and children hungry.

Because I see the struggles of my brothers and sisters to

secure, to toil, to become beasts of burden.

Because my brothers thieves, that they may live.

Because my sisters walk the streets, that they may live.

Because my brothers' and children are perishing, body and mind.

Because all are my brothers and sisters.

Because Abraham Lincoln said: "Trust the people."

Because the people are worthy of trust, or they would not be so patient.

Because its a lovely world. Because the human mind is lovely, too.

Because the workers make all the beautiful and useful things.

Because the workers do not enjoy the beautiful and useful things they make.

Because the workers make still more beautiful and useful things, when the economic struggle is ended.

Because the plutocrat has the power to lock away from the people the beautiful and useful things they make.

Because the present system makes a mockery of family life.

Because young and tender girls, just when they specially need the mother's loving care and advice, have to leave the home for the awful factory

where so many dangers, moral and physical, lurk.

Because no girl should be compelled by poverty, present or prospective, to be away from the home, as a wage-earner.

Because, under Socialism, every child in the home, from birth to maturity, will be assured by the State—which is The People.

Because the present system makes criminals.

Because there exist policemen and soldiers, in other words, professional pimps, man hunters and murderers.

Because the "law's a hass," as Mr. Bumble put it.

Because those blue-baggy and blue-mouldy relics of feudalism, with their bribe-taking magistrates and jaundiced judges, are engineered by plutocracy.

Because they mouth Christianity, and practice barbarism.

Because they use the silly and useless oath, while Christ said "Swear not at all."

Because they judge the slayer-in-hot-blood, and themselves, murder in cold blood.

Because by their hypocritical practice of "Might is Right," they shut up their fellow humans in dark, cold cells, with no company but their

own broken hearts.

Because the present system is supremely wasteful, as is proved by the efforts for economy of production and distribution made by the great capitalists, as, for instance, the Standard Oil and Steel Trusts of America.

Because the system has utterly and miserably failed, and we are fools or madmen, or selfish in the extreme, to tolerate a recognised failure.

If you've a better scheme than Socialism, trot it out. Socialists will accept a scheme superior to Socialism, make no mistake. We want the best. We want Socialism, because it is the best we know of. That's why.

Civilization! How the term is misapplied! A state of society based upon ignorance, degrading the faculties of all! The affairs of the world carried on by violence and force, through massacres, legal robberies, and devastations, superstitions, bigotry and selfish mysteries. And yet the conduct of gross ignorance and rank insanity is called civilization!—ROBERT OWEN.

Even Edison exploits inventors. He hires them. Sets them to work and patents their inventions. Inventors fare ill under capitalism—at least the large majority of them.—N.Y. "People."

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Per Treasurer—E. Bohm 2s, W. Beck 6d, Mrs. O. Johnson 6d, Mr. O. E. Johnson 6d, Mr. Grainjust 1s, Mr. Solomon 6d, Mr. Lind 6d.

Per Mrs. Lorimer—Mrs. Lorimer 3d, Mr. Lorimer 3d, Friend 6d, "Laundry" 3d.

The propaganda fund shows a decided increase this week. That is good. Still there are many not yet contributing that should contribute. Let all do something.

GROUP MEMBERS are notified that in future the "Review" will only be sent to Financial Members. Where a member's subscription is one month in arrears, the magazine will be discontinued. This rule will not, of course, affect members who are unfinancial through illness or unemployment.

The race riots that have horrified the world for the past few days are another result of the economic convulsion known as a panic. Competition among the workers growing beautifully less under the machine, the trust and the Men fight like beast for a chance to work—for life. The negro is at a social disadvantage from race prejudice. The white workers, who want the jobs, pitch on him with vicious ferocity. The capitalist government will not protect its workers, black or white. So that the negroes are at the mercy of the savage competitors. If there was plenty of well-paid work for all, there would be no race riots. Socialism is the only thing that will solve the negro problem.—"Montana News."

Malthusianism is the theory that population grows faster than the power to produce food. Malthusianism claims that wholesale death is necessary to keep people from overcrowding the earth. It is a remarkable fact that those who are firmest believers in Malthus are the ones who produce congested cities by keeping land unoccupied for higher prices.—N.Y. "People."

Under the Red Flag

SYDNEY JOTTINGS.

It is always satisfactory to chronicle large attendances at the outdoor and indoor meetings of the International Socialists, and this we are invariably able to do. Last Sunday's meetings, however, will for special comment for both meetings the attendance was exceptionally large. The meeting in the domain was quite a mass meeting, and Victor Grayson and the present industrial condition of England were reviewed with evident favor by the large crowd present. In the evening Winston Hall was crowded to the doors; indeed, the hall was well filled some time prior to the lecture. Comrade Bennett's lecture was, "A Socialists View of the French Revolution," the lecture being frequently punctuated with applause. During the evening Master Bruchert presided with an excellent recitation and Comrade Barnett favored the audience with a well-delivered solo. Comrade Warner was chairman in the domain and Comrade Rundle performed a similar service in the evening. On Sunday

next Scott Bennett will be lecturing in Newcastle, some of our comrades having been successful, at last, in obtaining a hall suitable for a Sunday evening lecture. He speaks upon, "Why I am a Socialist" in the afternoon, and in the evening at Foresters Hall on, "Karl Marx and Jesus Christ." H. E. Holland will occupy the platform at Winston Hall during Scott Bennett's absence at Newcastle.

There was a good attendance at the Socialist Sunday School on Sunday afternoon, and a fair number (but not enough, however) availed themselves of the tea provided at Winston Hall between 4.30 and 6 p.m.

On Sunday week Scott Bennett will speak on "Man! Whence and How? His Origin and Antiquity!" in Winston Hall. The lecturer will deal with some of the latest facts discovered in connection with the "descent of man."

Comrades are asked to attend in large numbers the concert and Social that is to be held on Friday night (Oct. 23rd) at Winston Hall. A fine program has been arranged and an enjoyable evening is assured.

A picnic will be held on

Nov. 22nd (Sunday) at Sir Joseph Banks, Botany. A splendid outing is being arranged by the managing committee, and comrades are advised to secure tickets at once. There will be some special attractions of which notice will be given later.

Scott Bennett will lecture at the Unitarian Church on Tuesday, November 10th. Subject: "Kropotkin's Contribution to Darwinism." Public invited.

Next Sunday evening, Oct. 25, H. E. Holland will lecture at Winston Hall, on "The Pending Industrial War at Broken Hill."

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST LECTURES.

WINSTON HALL,
393 Pitt-street, Sydney.

SUNDAY NEXT.

H. E. Holland

LECTURES

Subject:—"The Pending Industrial War at Broken Hill."

Selections by the Socialist
Brass Band.

Melbourne Unemployed

A PERSISTENT agitation is being made by Melbourne unemployed, who are receiving splendid help from assistant secretary Percy Laidler of the Vic. Socialist Party.

On Monday last, they stormed the Federal House of Representatives, in an effort to get into the galleries, from which an indictment of the class Parliament was to have been made by Laidler.

The invasion was repelled by the police, who were, however, powerless to prevent Laidler delivering his speech in front of the doors of the House. Labor members were hooted by the unemployed.

A daily paper report says that "the House of Representatives presented a most curious spectacle. All the doors were locked, and through the cracks members were anxiously watching developments. People could get neither in nor out, and flurried officials hardly knew what to do next."

SPECIAL.

Social in Winston Hall (this Friday night, Oct. 23. Pina Concert Program. Dancing Tickets, Sixpence.

Socialism in Japan.

San Francisco, Aug. 22.—S. Friedman, a newspaper man connected with the Chinese Daily News of this city, returned from the Orient to-day and declared that Japan was ripe for a revolt. Zola's "Paris" and Tolstoi's "Rebellion," he said, have been suppressed because trouble among soldiers in several barracks has been traced to these novels.

Friedman added: "The entire Japanese nation is groaning under heavy taxation and a wave of Socialism is sweeping over the empire. Since the war with Russia the standard of living in Japan has increased 200 per cent. and owing to the heavy war debt the taxes officials have made the taxes extremely high. The people are beginning to feel the effects."

Broken Hill miners are breaking the law; Lymington miners have broken it; Sydney Rock Choppers are breaking it. And the unhappy Trade Gov. is positively afraid to prosecute. It's only when law-breakers are boys—as in the case of the southern wheelers—that a show is made of enforcing the sledgehammer law.

Conundrums for To-day

WHAT is the difference between a cannibal and a capitalist?

The cannibal kills and eats children; the capitalist exploits the children, turns their flesh and bones into dollars, and ruins their lives.

Why is a workingman like a lemon?

After the capitalist has squeezed all the juice out of him, he throws him away.

What is the difference between a robber baron and an exporting manufacturer?

The robber baron at the head of his band killed and plundered the people; the exporting manufacturer hires workingmen to kill each other, and he takes the swag.

What is the difference between starvation in the barbarian period and at present?

The barbarian had neither the knowledge nor the tools to produce sufficiently; at present the workingmen starve because they produce too much.

What is a soldier?
An irresponsible, murderous tool in the hand of the capitalist class.—New York "People."

"Western Clarion" Pars.

WHAT are you doing to hasten the Revolution?

The working class is the only decent class in human society.

There is only one way by which those desirous of a union of the labor forces for political action can get together, and that is under the Red Flag.

As long as the workers refuse to support those papers which always stand in their interest, they should not complain if they are turned down whenever they get into trouble.

The Socialist party is the only organisation of the kind based on scientific principles, having a clear, definite idea of what is to be done and how to do it. It is the only party that is international, and that recognises the world-wide nature of the social problem—the only party that has learned to dispense with "leaders" and "leadership" and by constant unwearying educational work to render its members so alert and thoroughly grounded in its principles, that they cannot be sold out by the treachery of any one assuming to represent them—the only party that is an active militant force every day and all the year round.

There is and can be no common ground between the Socialist whose end and aim is the abolition of wage slavery and the ownership by the workers of the machinery of production and distribution, and the man who simply wants to effect a few ameliorations of the lot of the wage slave.

Every cent's worth of exchange value on top of the earth or under

the earth has been produced by the hand of Labor and by Labor alone. The capitalist never yet produced anything but trouble—for the working class.

"Barrier Truth" (official organ of the Labor Party) prints this:—"Says Labor member Holman:—"Restored now to its true role of criticizing politics, and not of dominating them, the daily press of New South Wales is performing a very useful function with great ability, and often with unimpeachable fairness. A so-called working-class representative who has the hardihood to make such a statement has proved his entire lack of sympathy with his class, and knowledge of what constitutes its interests. A Labor daily has no attraction for so middle-class a person."

The "Evening News" shrieks for the prosecution of Tom Mann in connection with the Broken Hill industrial war; and the "Review" answers that the Wade Government simply dare not prosecute.

Sydney "Evening News" wants to know ever so badly whether the Barrier unionists "can afford to let such a first brand" as Tom Mann represent them.

Lymington.

"Review" sympathises with Premier Wade in the calamity that has overtaken him this week. The Lymington miners went on strike, and by so doing they braved against the law—the Wade-McGowen Sledgehammer Law. Mr. Wade proceeded to put the law in motion. Law-breakers must be punished. Summonses were served against the Lymington men. But the Miners' Union refused to speak. Its president told Mr. Wade that if the summonses were persisted in, the whole of the Coal Miners of Newcastle would strike. Mr. Wade hesitated—then he collapsed—and ignominiously backed down. The summonses were promptly withdrawn. The Class Premier was intimidated and humiliated. Doesn't he deserve our commiseration? The law dare not be enforced—either at Newcastle, Broken Hill, or Sydney, or any other place in which the workers are strongly organized. Working-class unity fights at their laws and strikes at their law-givers. No wonder the press organs of Mr. Wade's masters are furious and bellow like ever so many mad bulls on the mountains of Bashan.

A problem for the Broken Hill miners: If it was quite the thing for Sir Joseph Carruthers to steal wire netting (which he couldn't eat) when he wasn't either on strike or locked out, would it be a crime for the miners to go hungry while plenty of life's necessities are stored in the Broken Hill profit shops. Mr. Wade is respectfully requested to furnish an answer.

Will Thorne, M.P., is being prosecuted in England for having told the unemployed that they should not starve while there was bread in the bakers' shops. At Broken Hill Arthur Wallace has been telling them that the miners won't starve while there's any food at all in the city shops—and "to hell with the law." And the "Review" wants to know what Mr. Wade is going to do about it.

On Wednesday last Peter Bowling sent the following wire to Tom Mann, at Broken Hill:—"Congratulations on your post victory. Stand firm in fight ahead. Hope to meet in conference before the big fight. Our sympathy is with you. Tell Broken Hill workers their cause is ours.—PETER BOWLING, Newcastle."

H. E. Holland speaks at Winston Hall, Sunday night.

British Unemployed.

THE unemployed movement in England is attracting considerable attention. Councillor F. Smith succeeded in paralysing a London County Council meeting in an effort to direct attention to the unemployed movement; whilst Socialist Victor Grayson has been twice removed from the House of Commons for refusing to permit business to proceed while people were starving. Grayson is under suspension for a period, and has a chance of being expelled from the House altogether, for having described the figurehead of British Capitalism as an idle and useless parasite. It's a serious thing to call a King a parasite in "God's England"—just as serious is it to call a spade a spade in Australia.

In 1894 the American wage-earner produced on an average \$1,300 a year, and he received on an average \$445, or 34 per cent of his product. In 1900 the American wage-earner produced on an average \$3,450, and he received on an average \$438, or only 18 per cent of his product.

All that is original in us, and therefore fairly creditable

or discreditable to us, can be covered up and hidden by the point of a cambric needle, all the rest being atoms contributed by and inherited from a procession of ancestors that stretches back a billion of years.—MARK TWAIN.

Those smoodging Labor members who hold it a sin to tell the truth about Australian unemployed, have got themselves into a hole. If they don't continue to mouth platitudes about Australia's prosperity they offend their middle-class voters; and if they don't get somewhere near the truth they are likely to be dropped like a penny heated over a gas jet by the workers they are supposed to represent.—"Barrier Truth" (official organ of the Labor Party.)

There are many curious definitions of value. The eminent English author Steele, for instance, tried his hand at it. He concluded that china was valuable only because brittle, and that stone mugs otherwise as good, not being brittle, had a lower value. All such definitions come from and lead to nothing. Value is the amount of labor crystallised in and socially necessary for the reproduction of commodities.—New York People

STRIKE OFF THY CHAINS!

(By FRED. F. ROCKWELL, in the "International Socialist Review," Chicago.)

Arouse, ye Sons of Labor, in factory, field, and city!
The morning breaks, the bugle shakes
The clarion notes to wake ye from your rest, 'neath scorn and pity.
As lightning leaps from thunder, arouse in wrath and sunder
The chains that bind ye captive to the guarded Lords of Plunder.
Arouse, and strike to win your own in factory, field, and city!
Arouse, arouse, ye sons of toil, from every rank of Labor.
Not to a strife of leaping lead; of bayonet and sabre.
Ye are not murderers such as they who break ye, day and hour.
Arouse! unite! win back your world with a whirlwind stroke of Power.

Think on your wives who toil to death in factories of fever:
Your Sister's cry, a prayer to die
Unheeded amid ghastly mirth in the brothels where they leave her.
Look! from your ranks they take them, to bind and bruise and break
them.
The fairest of your daughters pick, to wrong, abuse, forsake them.
The men defied, 'tis Woman cries, and will ye longer leave her?
Invisible the chains ye wear; but feel ye not their galling?
Can ye not hear, sore wrought with woe, your wives and daughters
calling?
Shall these, your frail and fair, still die at the Masters' Profit-altar?
Arouse ye slaves of Work-and-wage;—too long ye blindly falter!

Listen!—in the grey dusk of dawn, your driven children weeping!
In dust and gloom, by the whirling loom
With stunted forms and haggard eyes, watch o'er the spindles keeping!
Your children,—they thus broken: and ye have only spoken,—
Your wrath despised. Arise and strike! for the Masters' hearts are
oaken.
They've wrung your women; chained your children; shall ye still stay
sleeping?
Awake, ye guards of Human Right, from every rank of Labor.
Not to a strife of murderous lead; of bayonet and sabre;
Arouse, to rend these wage-slave chains; blood-rusted links to sunder.
Unite! and then resistless strike, like lightning through the thun-
der!

Why are we Revolutionists.

WE are revolutionists because revolution has always been the last word, the capstone of evolution. The evolution may be long or short, the revolution may be quick or slow, but it always comes, and fatally. When the chicken being evolved in the egg, is ready to come out, the shell must, at the proper moment, be broken, that the new being may be born. The birth of man involves a similar catastrophe. Such, too is revolution, and revolution dominates the whole of history. Do you suppose that that the smash of 1789 was improvised by those incomparable leaders, the encyclopædia writers. Do you imagine that the revolution happened because the men of the Third Estate met at a certain moment and decided that it must be so? No; the event needed a long economic evolution. It required the discovery of America, and the great international commerce then ensuing. The appearance was needed of the first machine, and of steam, imposing upon industry conditions of development, and a liberation of economic forces that made the old feudal

world no longer possible. The Third Estate only caused a revolution to complete an evolution of many centuries.

The revolution was already accomplished when the Third Estate snatched the political power from the two privileged orders; and the taking of the Bastille, the burning of powder, the making of corpses, the scaffold—these are the illustrations of revolution.—From a speech delivered in the French Chambers of Deputies, by Jules Guedes, 1905.

Crime may be not only excused but extolled in a wealthy criminal.—“Khan Dhul It.”

A missionary-van went out West in the United States, fresh and trim, bearing the inscription, “In God we trust.” After a time it came back, dilapidated and dirty, with a further inscription, “By God, we’re bust.”—“Free-thinker.”

A corset-maker in christian England is paid 10½d a dozen pairs! As it takes her a day and a half to make a dozen, and that means at rapid work, it follows that she can only earn 3s 6d a week!

Socialist Picnic at Sir Joseph Banks, Botany, Sunday, Nov. 22.

French Strike Breakers

UNDER date Aug. 12 of this year, a correspondent writes from Paris to the New York “People” as follows:—

I arrived in Paris on the first day of the recent massacres, and since then have been present at most of the meetings of the Socialists and the General Confederation of Labor.

Any sincere Socialist knows full well what the working-class can and has to expect from the capitalist class and its soldiery. It has often been shown in America as well as in other countries. When strikes are conducted calm and orderly, disregarding all provocations; when no strike-breakers to speak of can be gotten, then capitalism gets wild. Laws and constitutions are thrown aside, and the end is forced with bayonets and bullets; although capitalism fails to realize that such brute measures are building up public opinion against it, and bringing the indifferent working-class to their senses and teaching them that the battle for emancipation has to be fought, and that the sooner they unite in their economic and political organisations the quicker will there be an end to massacres of workmen.

Such were the affairs at Draveil and Villeneuve St. George. At Draveil 500 excavators were on strike for three months, orderly, but firm and resolved to win. Finally their meeting hall was charged by gendarmes, in an attempt to arrest the leaders, without any warrant whatsoever. For this reason the strikers prevented the gendarmes from entering.

But blood was wanted. It was spilt several times by officers, and the reports are now everywhere

verified, that “if this strike doesn’t end soon, we will see some blood shed.” Therefore the gendarmes, when they were repulsed from entering the strikers’ hall without a warrant, went around to the windows and sent their bullets into the gathering of strikers. Result, two dead, and many wounded.

A few days later, 10,000 to 11,000 excavators and other members of the General Confederation went to Draveil, manifesting their solidarity with the strikers and also their protests and indignation against such an unlawful, brutal attack and killing of their innocent fellow-workers. The meeting was held on an open field. It was soon surrounded by troops. Dragoons made to pass through the mass of people, who prevented the horses from trampling them by beating them off as best they could with fists and sticks. Two revolver shots went into the air. The dragoons left for a while.

The manifestants moved on toward the railroad station of Villeneuve St. George, a distance of a little over a mile, singing the “Internationale.” The people intended taking the trains for Paris, home. But the aristocratic officers in command of the troops wanted some working-class blood as well as their fellows of Draveil, and so charged now on the manifestants from all sides, cutting off all advance or retreat of the people.

Three volleys were fired, but only a few soldiers took aim at the crowd, the majority aiming high. A captain, enraged at his men’s shooting into the air, took the gun of one of his men, and shot down a workman who was running to safety. A coal-miner, hiding in a cave, was followed and killed, being repeatedly stabbed through and

through the body with a sword. The result of this horrible assault was four dead and sixty wounded.

During the assault, most of the soldiers were fraternising with the people, stretching out their arms to the manifestants. The zouaves had been ordered out on the field by Clemenceau first, but singing the "Internationale," they turned and marched back to their barracks.

After the massacre, Clemenceau—since nicknamed "Flic the First"—declared war on the Confederation, in common with the whole capitalist class. The leaders were arrested and thrown into prison, other organisations were ordered to leave the "Bourse de Travail," a sort of municipally-furnished union headquarters, once granted as a sop to the workers of Paris.

Then the C.G.T. called a meeting of all organisations, at which a 24 hours' strike was decided on, as a protest against the massacre and the subsequent persecutions. Most of the newspapers could not appear the next day because of strikes of the printers, and those which did appear showed distinctly that it had been a hard struggle to get out. Many organisations could not follow the lead of the printers, the time being too short.

Two days later the electricians called a two-hours' strike, for the same purpose of protest, from 8 to 10 p.m. It was a very interesting sight on the boulevards, to see those big hotels, cafes, and restaurants lighted with candles and out-of-date lamps. The theatres had to close altogether. At several electrical stations a full force was on hand to take the places of the strikers, but the bosses were deadly afraid to allow these untried hands to

touch the valuable machines. Clemenceau ordered his sappers' corps to take charge of the electric lights in Paris, but before they reached their destinations the electric lights were turned on as suddenly as two hours before they had been turned out. Not satisfied, Clemenceau called on the bosses in the light stations to lock out the strikers as long as they pleased—his sappers would take care of providing Paris with electricity. But the employers refused his offer, and Clemenceau got so angry he shied off to Marienbad to cool down.

Last Saturday evening, August 8, the Socialists held meetings in nearly every arrondissement, and the reports the next morning brought the same news from all over. Everywhere it was as at the one I attended—crowded to the limit. Speakers and delegates of many organisations expressed their protest and indignation against the cowardly and brutal massacres of our fellow workers at Draveil and Villeneuve St. George, and declared their adhesion to the cause of the emancipation of the working-class. No police were present anywhere. Hence there was no disorder. All dissolved quietly, singing the "Internationale."

Although the C.G.T. is rapidly gaining in numbers (only last week 60,000 miners joined it), it still has some inside cleaning up to do, and that is to get rid of the anarchistic inclination to reach their end by physical force only, and that right now. Unless eradicated, this will sooner or later lead to a disaster, because their organisations are still far from being ready either in strength or in discipline. The Socialists have at present their hands full appealing for calm, telling them not to lose their heads for the

time is not yet ripe. In answer the anarchists are acting wild and calling the Socialists cowards and false comrades.

The bosses in many industries announced before the massacre that as soon as it occurred they would lock out their working forces, but none of them did it when the time came.

For telling the British unemployed that they should not starve while there is bread in the shops, Will Thorne, M.P., has been bound over for 12 months—with the option of 6 months' jail. He should have taken the jailing.

Judge Heydon's judgment on the unsuccessful application of the Cold Storage employees to vary their award was about the Australian masterpiece of Yes-No-ism. Will the Cold Storage men have backbone enough to say that they will down tools if they don't get what they want?

Minnie McLean, a domestic servant, hanged herself at Rosebank-street, Darlinghurst, on Monday morning. About the only incentive the wage-worker gets under Capitalism in Australia is the incentive to commit suicide in order to escape from the bondage of wage-slavery.

Messrs. Holman, M.L.A., and Flowers, M.L.C., appeared at a recent meeting of the Rockchoppers' Union, and asked if the Labor Party could help the strikers in any way. They received the chilling reply that they had helped the Tramway men quite sufficiently, and the Rockchoppers weren't taking any. That's why the L.P. men are preserving such a thunderous silence about the Rockchoppers' strike.

"America can feed the world," is the proud boast of its citizens. So much the more shame to America. What stronger indictment of the profit system does anyone want than the fact that this country's productive capacity is sufficient to feed the whole world, and yet not only does it not do it, but it allows thousands of its own people to starve and millions to barely exist.—Progressive Worker.

I accept unreservedly the views of no man, living or dead. "The master has said it" was never conclusive with me. Even though I have found him right nine times, I do not take the tenth proposition on trust. Unless that also be proved sound and rational, I reject it.—Horace Greely.

The Class War at the Barrier.

(By H. F. HOLLAND.)

It is scarcely twenty-five years since a boundary-rider discovered silver in the range which gives Broken Hill its name. Then the employes of an isolated station property constituted the population of that portion of the desert country. To-day a city's foundations rest in the red sands—a city whose population runs well towards 40,000—a population whose working-class section is responsible for the enormous silver wealth of Australia.

The quarter-of-a-century history of Broken Hill has been marked with many determined struggles on the part of the working-class, either to wring a little more of their earnings from the exploiters or to resist wage-reductions.

The wealth wrested from the forces of nature by the Broken Hill workers is measured by figures that add up into millions. The Proprietary Company—the largest of all the Barrier-exploiting concerns—started operations with a paid-up capital of £18,000. In less than 25 years its shareholders have drawn in dividends not less than TWELVE MILLIONS! The mining property has a value at the present moment of certainly not less than £5,000,000! Therefore, for an original outlay of £18,000 they have received at the rate of nearly £500,000 a year, in addition to the jump in property values from the original £18,000 to £5,000,000. Who said "You can't eat your cake and have it"? SEVENTEEN MILLIONS of surplus values stolen from the Barrier working class in less than a quarter-of-a-century.

Had the silver mines of Broken Hill been worked for "use" purposes and not for profit-making during that quarter century, each man and boy employed could have drawn at least £4 per week over and above the amount paid to him in wages during that period.

While he has been piling up huge fortunes for the "owners," the miner has lived down to a line that is drawn very close to starvation level; he has lived in the most miserable hovels constructed of timber and corrugated iron—bake-ovens in summer and refrigerators in winter; month by month he has furnished a record of death and crushed limbs and mangled bodies that is worse than appalling; his children have been "educated" in sweltering sheds that are called schools by courtesy; the water supply of his community—because it is accorded the treatment that a class Government invariably sees fit to mete out to a working-class community—is drained from a catchment area that boasts disused slaughter yards, active piggeries, a rubbish tip, an ancient night-soil depot, and other abominations. He (the miner) might, under real civilisation, have been as well-placed, as happy, as prosperous as any other. In N.S.W., in the 20th Century, he gives millions of wealth to the world; he works like a slave—indeed, he has not the value of a chattel slave; he is regarded by his "owners" as something not quite so good as the brute. And he is the wealth-maker! For the expenditure of his life's energies, for the certainty of getting his system permeated with lead, for the risking of his limbs and often the sacrificing of his life, he is lucky if he average £3 per week—a low wage

in a centre where the cost of living is considerably high.

His "directors" sit about once a fortnight. Each sitting averages an hour or two. Their pay works out at about £40 a sitting—not less than £20 an hour! (This in addition to their dividends.) These are never sent home for "sending mullock up."

These men—along with the other shareholders—have produced nothing. They have not even done the work of organising the labor of other men for exploitation purposes; they have not even performed the necessary "toil" of slave-driving. They have paid their Lanes and their Delprats and their other managers for this work. They have neither managed nor superintended the work of silver production; hired experts have done all that. And, for having done nothing, the workers of Broken Hill have presented the mine-"owners" (who know far too much to live at Broken Hill) with at least SEVENTEEN MILLION POUNDS worth of values in less than 25 years.

And these £20 an hour directors—these stealers of the millions of values created by the honest workers—are the gentlemen who now coolly propose that, because the price of lead has fallen to some extent, and therefore the dividends are somewhat smaller than heretofore, the miners' wages must be reduced at the end of the present year.

It is to the credit of the Broken Hill workers that they have risen in revolt against the threatened attack on their already low-enough standard of living. It is to their credit that industrially they have adopted the Marxian objective, and that in so doing they have abandoned their previous attitude of

"ensuring peace by being prepared for war." They now recognise that industrial peace is absolutely impossible under Capitalism; and their request that Tom Mann should accept the task of organising their militant forces is an altogether encouraging sign. It foreshadows a near complete break from the middle-class politics of the Labor Party, and the adoption of a logical attitude both industrially and politically by the Barrier unionists. The present stage of development should be particularly gratifying to the members of the Barrier Socialist Group, whose herculean propagandist efforts are now showing a visible result.

So great has been the measure of success attending Tom Mann's organising work at Broken Hill that the membership of the combined unions has nearly doubled itself in less than a month; the blackleg "Non-Political Union" has been wiped out, and the employers in the first important skirmish have been ignominiously thrashed; while the class Government has been so palsied with fear that it has been compelled to look on helplessly while every clause of its perfidious sledgehammer law has been ruthlessly broken, and not even the strike-breakers of the Labor Party have dared to tell the Barrier unionists that it's "wrong to break the law—that laws should be amended by legislative enactment, not broken." So strong has the position of the unions at Broken Hill become that it's quite possible that the "owners" may back down for the time being. But—whether a temporary settlement takes place or not—it is inevitable that a great industrial struggle will take place at the Barrier within a very short period; and when that struggl^e

does occur, every Australian union will have to ask itself serious questions: The coal-miners whether they will permit coal cut by them to be used by the companies who are fighting the miners! The railway unionists whether they will drive, fire, and conduct trains that carry freight or blacklegs or police to help the mine-owners! The wharf-laborers, the seamen, the coal lumpers, whether they will handle cargo, or boats, or coal for the helping of the mine-owners! And so on.

If there is to be war, the Broken Hill workers are determined that the battle shall be fought on lines altogether different to the conflicts of past years. The whole industry of Broken Hill is to be paralysed, and the workers and their wives and children are not going to sit down and starve while ample food is stored in the city.

With some details of the Barrier workers' organisation the "Review" does not agree, no more than it agrees with their continued connection with the middle-class Labor Party; but when they organise to resist the encroachments of the employing class and to make demands on that class, then the "Review" and the Socialist movement is with them every time and all the way. Their fight is ours, and our call goes forth to the workers of every Australian centre to make this battle theirs—to say that the Barrier workers SHALL win, even if to win necessitates paralysing every industry that ever was established and breaking every law that ever was placed on the Statute Books of the Australian provinces.

Sunday School Picnic, Nov. 9th,
at La Perouse.

The Workers' Revolt.

THE work of the Proletariat has been deprived of its individual character by the extended use of machinery and the division of labor, and therewith all its attraction for the worker has been lost. He becomes a mere appendage of the machine, of whom only the simplest, most monotonous and easily learned operations are required. The cost of production of the worker is in consequence reduced almost entirely to the means of subsistence that he requires for his maintenance and for the propagation of his race. Now the price of a commodity, and therefore of labor, is equal to the cost of its production. In proportion, therefore, as the repulsiveness of the labor increases the wage decreases. Furthermore, in proportion as the use of machinery and division of labor increase, in the same proportion does the burden of labor increase, either by prolongation of the working hours, by increase of the work exacted in a given time, or by the increased speed of the machine, etc.

Modern industry has converted the little workshop of the patriarchal master into the great factory of the industrial

capitalist. Masses of workers, crowded together in factories, are organised like soldiers. Like soldiers of industry, they are placed under the command of subalterns and officers. They are not slaves of the bourgeois class, the bourgeois State, they are daily and hourly enslaved by the individual bourgeois himself. The more keenly this despotism proclaims gain to be its object, the more petty, hateful, and galling it becomes.

The less dexterity and strength are required in manual labor, i.e., the more modern industry develops, the more is the labor of men displaced by that of women. The differences of age and sex have no longer any social importance for the working class. All are now instruments of labor, whose price varies according to age and sex.

No sooner is the exploitation of the worker by the employer so far at an end that he receives his bare money-wage, than he is set upon by other sections of the bourgeoisie, the landlord, the shopkeeper, the pawnbroker, etc.

The little middle-class, the small shopkeepers, trades people, peasant proprietors, handicraftsmen and peasants,

all these classes sink into the proletariat, partly because their small capital is not sufficient for modern industry and is crushed out in the competition with the large capitalists, and partly because their specialised skill is depreciated by the new methods of production. Thus is the proletariat recruited from all classes of population.

The proletariat goes through various evolutionary stages. Its struggle against the bourgeoisie begins with its birth.

At first it is a struggle of individual workers; then of the workers in one factory; then of the workers of the same trade in one locality against the capitalists who directly exploit them. They do not direct their attacks against the bourgeois mode of production, they direct them against the instruments of production themselves; they destroy foreign competing wares, they break the machines, set fire to factories; they seek to restore by force the lost position of the worker of the Middle Ages.

At this stage the workers form an incoherent mass scattered over the whole country and disunited by competition. When they unite to form compact bodies it is not as yet the result of their own union,

but of the union of the bourgeoisie, which to gain its own political ends must set in motion the entire proletariat, and is yet, for a time, able to do so. At this stage the proletariat does not fight its own enemies, but the enemies of its enemies, the remnants of the absolute monarchy, the landowners, the non-industrial and petty bourgeoisie. The whole historical movement is thus concentrated in the hands of the bourgeoisie, every victory so obtained a victory for the bourgeoisie.

But with the development of industry the proletariat not only increases in number; it is concentrated in larger masses, its strength grows and it feels that strength more. The interests, the life, conditions within the proletariat, become always more equalised as machinery more and more obliterates all distinctions of labor and reduce wages almost everywhere to the same low level. With the growing competition among capitalists, and the consequent commercial crises, the workers' wages fluctuate more and more. The unceasing improvement of machinery, ever more rapidly developing, makes their whole livelihood increasingly insecure; the collisions between the individual workers and the individual bourgeois take more and more the character of collisions between the two classes. The workers begin thereupon to form combinations against the bourgeoisie; they combine together to keep up the rate of wages. They form themselves into permanent associations to provide beforehand for the occasional struggles. Here and there the struggle breaks out in revolt. — Karl Marx.

Socialist Picnic, at Sir Joseph Banks, Botany, Sunday Nov. 22.

All you workers who believe in Right, get ready to swing into line with the Rockchoppers. Right is only effective when it is backed up with Might. This must be a fight to a finish.

Sydney coal lumpers had a dispute with stevedore Daly (father of ex-Labor member Daly) last week. The employer said "Go to the Industrial Court." The coal lumpers answered by calling a "no work" meeting; and the employer surrendered unconditionally before the meeting took place. It's necessary to get up quite early in the morning to steal a march on the "coalies."

The Tramway strikers were assured that if they went to work and allowed their case to go to the Wages Board, they would be fairly dealt with. They listened to the advice tendered, and now they find the Commissioners successfully challenging the jurisdiction of the Board. It's not too late even now for the Union to atone in some degree for the fiasco of the past by withdrawing its representatives. That much—and a great deal more—the Tramway Union owes to the men who were made the victims of Mr. Johnson's spite.

The following telegram from Melbourne proclaims the failure of a blackleg attempt to besmirch Frank Hyett and damage the Victorian Socialist Party:—"Case dismissed without calling defence.—P. LAUREL."

Judge Street rules that, under the Industrial Disputes Act, an employer cannot be required to give an account to dismissing an employee. This should strengthen the L.P.'s endorsement of the Act.

The Rockchoppers.

(By H. E. HOLLAND.)

This week as the "Review" goes to press (Wednesday), the Sydney Rockchoppers are still out on strike, the Water and Sewerage Board having announced its intention to continue the attack on the union. This morning the daily papers announce that prosecutions are to be instituted against the strikers! In this case it is hard to see how the strikers are the law-breakers—even law-breakers are fixed under Mr. Wade's law. It is a rule of the Board that the explosive rackarock (because of the injurious nature of James) shall not be used by the Rockchoppers. That rule has been recognised by the Water and Sewerage Board, and has become—known under Wade's law—an "existing condition" of the industry. Suddenly this "existing condition" was broken at the command of the Board itself! Therefore, if the Wade Government was even moderately honest in the administration of its own class-made law, it would have prosecuted the Water and Sewerage Board members, and not the men. We have now the spectacle of one man blacklegging on his union at the command of the Water and Sewerage Board, 600 or 700 men thrown idle as a result, and the Board and the Government protesting that they are determined to uphold the Board's illegal action; while the blackleg works on his solitary degradation under a police guard that is paid for out of the public funds. Of course, the great to prosecute may only amount to so much bluff; but if the Government should persist in such a barefaced, class-biased prosecution, then every working-

class organisation in Sydney—aye, in Australia—should hasten to the support of the rockchoppers with both moral and financial assistance. Huge meetings of protest should be held, especially on Sunday afternoons in Sydney Domain, and in Parliament House no business should be permitted to proceed until the imprisoned men are released—(this latter is, of course, too much to expect from any middle-class party, even though it carry the brand of Labor). Sydney Labor Council should prepare to take such drastic action as will stagger both the Wade and McGowan parties and teach the Water and Sewerage Board that it's a dangerous thing to make a vicious attack on any section of the working class. Let them know that jail has no terrors for honest working men, and that if Mr. Wade is satisfied to declare war there won't be jails enough to hold the law-breakers, nor a force strong enough to save him and his class-ridden followers from annihilation when the political day of reckoning comes.

We also affirm that poverty is the principal cause which makes men vile, deceitful, fraudulent, thieves, intriguers, vagabonds, vicious, false witnesses, etc., and that riches are the cause of pride, of ignorance, of treachery, of presumption, of deceit, of vain glory, of egotism, etc., and that it is contrary to the good of the community that there should be rich and poor. Men will be rich when they have what they really want, and this state of things can easily be distributed in such a way that work will not injure men, but will contribute to make them better and healthy. —Thomas Campanella, 1612.

Under the Red Flag

SYDNEY JOTTINGS.

THE International Socialists will hold a picnic at Sir Joseph Banks' Recreation Grounds on Nov. 22nd. Tickets, one shilling each, are now obtainable.

Scott Bennett lectures on "The Story of Man as told by Science," at Winston Hall, next Sunday evening.

Comrade Mrs. Lynch will preside at the meeting in the Domain next Sunday afternoon.

The Sunday School scholars will be picnicing at La Perouse on the 9th of next month. All comrades are urged to be present and help make the outing as enjoyable as possible for the young ones.

Although the attendance could have been much larger at Scott Bennett's lecture at Newcastle, yet, considering the hurried manner in which the meeting was arranged, everything passed off satisfactorily. Mr. Blundell, of the Wharf Laborer's Union, presided over the proceedings, and Comrade Beck, of Sydney, had charge of the literature. Comrade Darrell and other Newcastle friends are to be congratulated upon the good

work they are performing in the district.

Comrade Jenkins, formerly of this city, but now a resident of Newcastle, is slowly recovering from a severe illness.

There was a great crowd at Sunday's Domain meeting. Schwartz was chairman, and Warner and Holland spoke. A collection taken in aid of the Election Fund amounted to £2 3s 10d.

Winston Hall was crowded on Sunday night, when H. E. Holland delivered an address on "The Coming Strike at Broken Hill."

An announcement will be made in next "Review" concerning the proposed press amalgamation.

Held over: Continuation of "Socialism in the Desert."

This week, Mr. Arthur Griffith is to move in the Legislative Assembly for the abolition of the local House of Landlords! A flimsy and farcical pretence! If the Labor Party was sincere in its desire to abolish the second chamber, it wouldn't resort to such underground engineering in the interests of members of its own organisation every time the class Government propose to add to the strength of the nominee gang.

Sunday School Picnic, Nov. 9th at La Perouse.

What is Death?

WITH the cessation of life, the everyday forces of the bodily frame, as they were during life, but become its masters.

Oxygen, the sweeper of the living organism, becomes the lord of the dead body.

Atom by atom, the complex molecules of the tissues are taken to pieces and reduced to simpler and more divided substances, until the soft parts are dissipated in the form of carbonic acid, ammonia, water and soluble salts, and the bones and teeth alone remain.

But not even these dense and earthly structures are competent to offer a permanent resistance to water and air. Sooner or later the formal basis which holds together the earthly salts decomposes and dissolves—the solid structures become friable, and break down into powder. Finally they dissolve and are diffused among the waters of the surface of the globe, and as the gaseous products of decomposition are dissipated through its atmosphere.

It is impossible to follow, with any degree of certainty, wanderings more varied and more extensive than those imagined by the ancient sages

who held the doctrine of transmigration; but the chances are, that sooner or later, some, if not all, of the scattered atoms will be gathered into new forms of life.

The sun's rays, acting through the vegetable world, build up some of the wandering molecules of carbonic acid, of water, of ammonia, and of salts, into the fabric of plants. The plants are devoured by animals, animals devour one another, man devours both plants and other animals; and hence it is very possible that atoms which once formed an integral part of the busy brain of Julius Caesar may now enter into the composition of Caesar the negro in Alabama, and of Caesar the house-dog in an English homestead.—THOMAS HUXLEY.

But indeed man is, and was always, a blockhead and dullard; much readier to feel and digest, than to think and consider. Prejudice, which he pretends to hate, is his absolute lawgiver; mere use-and-won't everywhere leads him by the nose.—Carlyle.

The man of deep reflection is not likely to gain much popular applause; and he does not stand in need of it. He has learned to live upon his own stock, and can build his self-esteem on a better foundation than that of vanity.—William Hazlitt.

George Street, Sydney.

Some Impressions.

(By G.S.)

It is a beautiful, calm, and peaceful night. The scene is in close proximity to the glorious harbor, on whose waters a multitude of lights are gliding to and fro in the pale moonlight. I turn slowly from this scene and make my way through the jostling crowds, towards a stately building that towers skyward. Near by is a church wherein men are taught "Lay not up for thyself a store on earth where moth and rust doth corrupt." And again near by is a bank—where that same store is laid up.

Drawing out my favorite pipe, I seek the shadow of a neighboring street, and watch "the multitudes pass by."

† † †
First there comes a carriage drawn by proud and prancing greys, driven by a proud and bounding flunkey; in the carriage sits, or rather lolls, amongst the luxurious cushions a haughty lady. In her arms reclines a smug and conceited little puppy, tied here and there with pink silk ribbon.

The carriage passes quickly, and is followed by an old woman, bent and worn, who ever an anon gazes around with weary eyes which have in them an expression of dumb appeal. But she is soon hidden in the hurrying crowd, and there comes the horrifying vision of a young, good-looking man, marked with the early evidences of crime and debauchery, and at his elbow a poor wretch trying to ply her abominable trade—"that she may live."

A kindly-countenanced matronly woman goes past, leading by the

hand a dear little pink-faced child clad all in white, whose innocent face contrasts strangely with some which have of late gone by me.

Then I look at the "church of God" across the way, and I fall to wondering.

† † †

These abominations, these social contrasts, are the product of our Modern Capitalism.

The most horrible and repulsive crimes are taking place each day and hour in this land teeming with milk and honey, and human flesh is cheaper than the tawdry, glittering baubles in the shop windows. Want and hunger and the misery of hell are rampant, while

Legislators try

The False and True to fit,
And lie, and lie, and lie
And are well paid for it.

where

Cultured rantiplones
Of ladies' virtues tell,
Meanwhile their sisters' souls
Creep shuddering to Hell.

And this in our marvellously beautiful, fiendishly revolting city where Capital is King.

† † †

Whilst I stand brooding in my dark doorway, a shadow crosses my view, and a voice, boldly familiar says, "Can I come in there?"

Flushed of face and sick at heart I turn from the horrible sight: A Woman, the most glorious of all earth's creatures—a Woman, the light, the beauty, the hope, the mother of the world! Selling her virtue! That she might—LIVE!

Oh why and for what are we waiting
Whilst our brothers droop and die,
And in every wind of the heavens
A wasted life goes by.

They are gone; there is none can undo it
Or save our souls from the curse;
But many a million cometh,
And shall they be better—or worse.

The Ten Commandments of Socialism.

Taught in Socialist Sunday Schools.

1. Love your school-fellows, who will be your fellow-workmen in life.

2. Love learning, which is the food of the mind; be as grateful to your teacher as to your parents.

3. Make every day holy by good and useful deeds and kindly actions.

4. Honor good men, be courteous to all men, bow down to none.

5. Do not hate or speak evil of anyone; do not be revengeful, but stand up for your rights, and resist oppression.

6. Do not be cowardly, be a friend to the weak, and love justice.

7. Remember that all the good things of life are produced by labor; whoever employs them without working for them is stealing the bread of the workers.

8. Observe and think in order to discover the truth; do not believe what is contrary to reason, and never deceive yourself or others.

9. Do not think that he who loves his own country must hate or despise other

nations, or wish for war, which is a remnant of barbarism.

10. Look forward to the day when all men will be free citizens of one fatherland, and live together as brothers in peace and righteousness.

Sparks from the Flame.

OBSTINACY is not Character, though it often masquerades as such.

The burdens on Society are of its own loading.

Big thieves love front pews. The greater the rogue the nearer the pulpit.

"Tremendous difficulties" are the jim-jams of cowards.

"Go a bit slower!" said the shark to the swimmer.

Contempt is the ghost of dead veneration.

Obsequious respect is the cloak of hatred.

Logic is the magnetic compass of the Socialist navigator.

Hard times would cease tomorrow if the working-class hadn't soft heads.—"Khan Dhul Ite."

PROPAGANDA FUND.

IMPORTANT—International Socialist Club and Group members are notified that, in future, the Local Superintendents will make weekly calls on Members living in the Metropolitan Area, for the purpose of collecting Subscriptions and Contributions towards the Propaganda Fund, and delivering the "I. S. Review."

Collections for week ending October 24, 1908:

Per H. Borax—M. Schoenberger 3d, M. Schoenberger 3d, V. Veil 3d, A. Sievers 6d, E. Borax 6d, H. Borax 6d, F. Meyer 6d, L. Meyer 3d, J. Mayer 3d, A. Borax 6d, H. Prien 3d, P. Kleinert 3d, E. Raps 6d, J. Bauer 3d, J. Theiss 3d, K. Welzel 6d, P. Welzel 3d, J. Pohl 6d, M. Sievers 6d, Ad. Theiss 6d, Carlyle 1s, G. Oppermann 3d, E. Welzel 1s, H. Menzel 3d, H. Dierks 1s, F. Slavik 3d, H. Voss 3d, Chr. Games 3d, H. Frochlich 3d, Th. Sievers 3d, H. Garlisch 6d, T. Kahler 6d, A. Dahm 6d, E. Daube 3d, Aug. Dettmer 3d, O. Neumann 3d, O. Martin 2s, J. Allen 1s, T. F. Anseline 1s, Fr. Mueller 6d, Fr. Stakelberg 2/6, J. Conway 6d, Aug. Krueger 1s.

Per Treasurer—Mrs. J. Clifford 2s, Mr. Beresford 3d, Mr. J. Lee 6d, Mrs. McCoy 6d, Mr. Solomon 6d.

Per Mrs. Lorimer—G. Lorimer 3d, J. Lorimer 3d, Friend 6d, "Laundry" 4d.

Charity usually begins at home when the capitalist cannot dispose of the surplus abroad.—"Wiltshire's."

"It takes three generations to make a gentleman, they say."

"Yes; the first makes the dough, the second makes high connections, and the third makes an ass of it-self."—Puck.

"I don't want much, but I want it, and I got it. The man who catches me has got to be slick, as this is my trade"—such is the note left by a burglar on the kitchen table of a house in Jersey city that he rifled. A polite and truthful burglar—much politer and more truthful than his stock-jobbing and capitalist pals who leave never a note behind them in the home they plunder and often shatter.—New York "People."

Socialist Picnic at Sir Joseph Banks, Botany, Sunday, Nov. 22.

GROUP MEMBERS are notified that in future the "Review" will only be sent to Financial Members. Where a member's subscription is one month in arrears, the magazine will be discontinued. This rule will not, of course, affect members who are unfinancial through illness or unemployment.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST LECTURES.

WINSTON HALL,
393 Pitt-street, Sydney.

SUNDAY NEXT.

H. Scott Bennett

LECTURES

Subject:—"The Story of Man as told by Science."

Selections by the Socialist
Brass Band.

THE STRIKER.

(By IDA CROUCH HAZLETT.)

He stands within the mill. Its glowing forge
Is cold, and silenced is its mighty roar.
Its clanging steel is voiceless and the wheels
Of labor still. Knotted his furrowed brows,
And set the pale, stern lips. The muscles stand
Like iron rods upon his idle arms.
Without, the mutterings of men like him,
His comrades, fill the air with sullen gloom
And through the fierceness of that discontent
There swells a solemn undertone of woe—
The voices of sad women with the joy
Of youth and hope crushed out: the stifled cries
Of new-born babes, unbidden ushered in
To crime and ignorance and brutal want;
The groans of helpless childhood crushed beneath
The iron monster of the vast machine;
The prayers of maidens, doomed to render
Fair and virgin bodies to eke out their wage;
The death-dirge of ambitions; cherished hopes
Trailed in the mire of the gold man's lust;
The sweet song of the poet; music's strain
Of harmony divine; art's beautiful
And undimmed glory of expression rare;
Deep buried in the grave of hopeless toil
And gnawing care and dread anxiety.

All this the Striker hears; and through his brain
It vibrates with a mad'ning memory.
Grim resolution lifts his brow on high,
And squares his shoulders to heroic deed.
"The earth is ours. We've conquered it," he said.
"Its glory, beauty, triumph, all are ours,
No more the tyrant master's heartless greed
Shall take our all and leave us with the beasts.
Aye, let them come. We're ready, Court and gun
And armed battalions, blacklist, bull pen, curse,
What are they all beside this death in life
That crushes manhood, bars the doors of fate?"
He turns upon his heel—the die is cast—
And goes to lead the horror of the strike.