

# THE AGITATOR

A SEMI-MONTHLY ADVOCATE OF THE MODERN SCHOOL, INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM, INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM

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## THE PASSING SHOW

THE mills of capitalist justice are working overtime nowadays. Reports of their good work in the cause of capital are coming thick and fast. Sixteen coal miners in Colorado were given a year each the other day, as a gentle reminder that the judges are running this country.

**Colorado Miners Given a Year For "Contempt."**

No, they did not kill anybody; they merely walked about the streets, or did some other dastardly deed the judge said they should not do. It did not matter whether what he said they shouldn't do was right or wrong. It didn't matter whether they really violated his order; he was the judge of that, also.

"Injunction" is the legal name of this form of tyranny. In jurisprudence, so-called, the injunction has a use. But all things must be turned into a line of defence for capital against labor; and well does capital reward the inventor of each new weapon.

Taft was the first judge to turn the injunction against strikers. Roosevelt originated the open shop idea in the government printing office in Washington. The injunction and the open shop are the two greatest weapons in the hands of capitalism against labor today; and Taft and Roosevelt are the two biggest politicians.

What is a labor injunction? When a crowd of toilers go on strike the boss calls his lawyer and instructs him to draw up a set of laws to govern the strikers. The solon sets down the "thou shalt nots" and goes to the nearest judge, who signs them.

It makes no difference what outrageous prohibitions are put upon the strikers, it is an absolute crime to violate them. And to make the outrage worse the strikers don't get the benefits of an ordinary jury trial. He gets no trial. The active, useful strikers are picked out and hauled before the autocrat, charged with violating his law. Without further question he pronounces sentence. And there is no appeal.

The sixteen miners must stay in jail until their year is up or until the scoundrel of a judge condescends to let them go. For they are in contempt of his order, of his law, and not of the state.

He may have ordered them not to go within a mile of the mine where they worked, nor to speak with any of the men who have taken their jobs. He can give them a year, or more, for doing either of these, the fundamental rights of every man and dog. There is no "maybe" about this it has been done, it is being done in every strike.

The question is: how long will the American workman stand for this infamous capitalist outrage, the labor injunction?

The way to kill it is to ignore it, to violate it. Go to jail, not in ones or twos, or sixteens, but in hundreds, in thousands. As a striker insist upon at least the little liberty you had as a worker, and do the things every man not a striker may do.

Resistance is a fundamental law of nature. Submission is the coward's song. Capitalism will encroach upon our liberties, will push us back into the bondage of the past; will rivet the chains of everlasting slavery upon us, if we submit.

How long, how long will we continue to bow before the power of plutocracy?

IT IS a peculiar phenomena that whenever a fakir comes to grief honest dupes get a little wisdom. Post is not only a fakir, he is a rascal, a labor hater, an open shopper, a union buster, a slave driver.

**Grapenut Post Must Pay Fifty Thousand to Collier's.**

The unions have been after Post ever since that mad scoundrel of the Pacific, Otis, started in to destroy the unions of Los Angeles, about twelve years ago. At that time the printers asked Post to withdraw his ad. from the Los Angeles Times. He replied with a tirade against "the tyranny of unionism," and kept up his attack.

The unions put a boycott on his fake food, but the people used it. "There is a reason." Post spends a million a year on advertising. The people pay a million a year for being told that bread crumbs and bran is a splendid, luscious food.

"Bread crumbs and bran—mostly bran," that's the testimony of an expert before a court that gave Collier's Weekly a fifty thousand dollar verdict against Post, for slander, recently.

Post uses eight million pounds of bran a year. Bran is the outside shell of wheat. It contains exactly the

same nutritive qualities that sawdust does, and is just as hard to assimilate. The human stomach cannot assimilate bran, only cattle, with four stomachs, can get nourishment from it.

Thus are the people faked, and the great, intelligent American people at that.

Post is only one of the myriad of fakirs that fool us, by their fancy names and catchy ads. I've heard it said that any worthless thing can be sold at a big price, if it is advertised right. I didn't believe it. But with the expert testimony that Post makes a million and a half a year from feeding foolish American fowl with sawdust, I'm convinced.

REWARD for the faithful slaves, in the shape of profit sharing, is the latest scheme of the Wall street pirates to stem the tide of revolt fast rising in the ranks of labor.

**Profit Sharing, the New**

**Financial Fake.**

Boss pirate Morgan has selected his tried and true partner, Perkins, to engineer the prospect. Perkins says he has retired from business to devote himself to the cause. He knows the game well. He is used to handling the little shareholders, and he knows what a slavish set they are, by reason of their few shares.

Labor has no interest in the corporations except its job. If it can be induced to leave part of its paltry wages in the corporations, and take bits of paper, dignified by the name of stock, making it a partner, the interests of capital and labor will be really one, and the social revolution can go out of business.

Make the worker a stockholder and he will work harder in order to increase his dividends. He will not ask for more wages, for that will reduce his profits. He will not strike, for that would not only reduce his dividends, but actually effect the value of his share in Wall street.

One share of stock, one hundred dollars invested in his master's business, will tie his hands completely. He cannot cry out against the trusts, for he will be a member; and, like the petty middle class, he will be as silent as a clam and as meek as a sucking lamb.

Long life to you, fellow worker Perkins. If the calous-brained brutes who made the millions you have retired on, do not take kindly to your magnanimous proposal, they deserve nothing better than a social revolution.

HELL has been pictured in letters of brimstone, but the glaring paragraphs describing Mexico are made of warmer stuff. If that besotted country is the hellhole its friends say it is, and I have reason to believe they speak the truth, the revolution that is now on

**The Mexican Revolution.**

deserves the unbounded support of every freeman bold.

Diaz, the dictator, is doomed to die a dethroned, decrepit dog, unless he dies very soon. And then a whirlwind of the revolution may catch him and hasten his inhuman soul out of the country.

The crisis is near in Mexico. The friends of man and the mongrels of money are arrayed against each other, fire against fire, life against life.

It is asserted the United States is ready to interfere, in defence of Diaz and peonage, as soon as the revolution has reached its goal; and a powerful organization of freemen on this side of the line is being organized to resist the invasion.

Diaz has sold Mexico to Wall street. The United States belongs to Wall street. Revolution in one of Wall street's countries will be suppressed by troops from the other.

Revolution is a dishonorable business—in Wall street. It disturbs the baby. Peonage and wage slavery are sweets in its mouth. Wall street will suppress the Mexican revolution, with free born soldiers and union made guns from the United States, if Diaz and his mongrels fails.

Three cheers for the Mexican revolution, even at that.

AT THE convention of the American Association for Labor Legislation, held in St. Louis recently, Daniel L. Cease, editor of the Railway Trainmems' Magazine, while discussing the "Compulsory compensation for injured workmen," said that the railroad casualty statistics for the last year showed that:

**Capital Kills Toilers by Thousands.**

"Nine men were killed each 24 hours, and that 1 was injured or killed every 7 minutes. One man was killed for each 205 employed, and 1 was

injured for every 9 employed. The working life of a brakeman is estimated at only 7 years.

Full statistics covering other occupations are lacking, but the miners claim that 4 men are killed in America to one in Europe."

We get the highest wages the world ever knew, and the life of a brakeman is seven years. Seven years dodging danger seventy times a day, then trapt and ground under the wheels.

The miners are killed in enormous numbers by the same greedy ghouls. Every few days the newspapers report a fresh mine explosion, often killing hundreds at a blast.

Toilers by thousands are killed and maimed by machinery in factory and workshop. They are being poisoned in the white-lead works, in the match and hat factories; they are being drowned in rotten ships, starved to death in our rich cities, and frozen by the chilly winter's blasts; all for the love of gold, in a country professing good will and humanity.

In the city of New York one in every nine of its population needs the relief of charity. The sub-committee in its report says:

"About 500,000 people get relief in New York City a year. No one knows how many people need relief in the city."

There are 46 societies to give relief by employment, 176 societies to furnish food, fuel and general relief. There are 92 fresh-air charities, 89 societies for the relief of foreigners, 56 societies for nursing and caring for the sick, and, also, a fitting climax, 12 relief burying societies.

There is about \$35,000,000 a year spent for charity in New York City. And the Goddess of Liberty stands out in the harbor, lighting the way for the poor and oppressed from king and priest ridden Europe, who come with gladness in their hearts to this country flowing with milk and honey.

GOOD men must not obey the law too well, said Emerson. The sailors of the Brazilian navy, likely never heard of Emerson; still they followed the golden rule and rebelled against the laws which permitted corporal punishment. They sent their officers ashore, picked men from their own ranks to take their places, and turned the guns

upon the city. In a few hours the government abolished the law.

For years these sailors have been appealing for the repeal of this obnoxious law, without result. They might keep up the begging business for a century; they might have carried the case before the country and started a political party on the strength of it. Generations of sailors would die, and the flogging still continue, and the hot air gush from the orators in congress, depicting in heart-rending terms the brutality of the practice.

A few hours of direct action settled the matter. The revolt of the sailors did more. It revealed the possibilities of a few sailors, with good sense; it showed how completely the system depends on the big guns, and what a precious weakling government is without them. Read how a keen-witted Wall street paper, the Financial World, views the matter:

"And who knows now that these men have tasted the power of bringing the country on its knees to them in supplication, where their future demands will stop? What guarantee has the country that a revolt will not spring up at any moment among the soldiers? Where once control is lost over the army and navy, it is but one step to the overthrow of the government."

Government is seated on a big gun. Only direct action will push it off.

JAY FOX.

## NOTICE.

THE AGITATOR group of Seattle will give its first annual entertainment, an all-Nations' Peasant Ball, on Sunday evening, January 29th, in Redding's Hall, cor. 24th and Jackson Streets.

Dress to represent any nation your fancy suggests; you needn't mask. You may represent just yourself, if you wish, but you are urged to be a type of some sort; an Irishman, Russian, Lumberjack; anybody.

Our glorious institutions will be satirized, everybody taking part. Be there, if within a day's march, or you will miss a novel treat. Admission, fifty cents.

THE AGITATOR

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THE AGITATOR does not bear the union stamp because it is not printed for profit. But it is union, every letter of it. It is printed and published by unionists and their friends for the economic and political education of themselves and their fellow toilers. Much of the labor is given free. On the whole it is a work of love—the love of the idea, of a world fit for the free.

Agents for THE AGITATOR.

Seattle: Lavroff's stand, 604 3rd Ave.; Raymer's old book store, 1522 First Ave.

Lynn, Mass.: S. Yaffee, 233 Union Street.

New York City: B. Vacelevshy, 212 Henry Street; M. Maisel, 422 Grand Street.

A SURVEY OF THE EUROPEAN MOVEMENT.

In looking over the anarchist and revolutionary trade union movement, we are entitled to say that we live in an epoch which allows us to witness the most interesting process of old Europe in the remaking of herself. The past eight years has witnessed a tremendous stride toward the final goal of social recreation, a movement that has slumbered for thirty years.

When my dear, old-time comrade, Jay Fox, has asked me to write an article for that splendid fighter for the cause of labor's emancipation, THE AGITATOR, I first did not know what phase of the movement to write about. Anyhow there must be plenty of pens in America to keep the paper well supplied with copy. As it is I do not want to refuse the wish of my old chum, so I consider it best to give a few sketches of happenings on this side of the ocean, a reading of which will show our American comrades they must get active in order to remain "the most progressive nation in the world."

Since the '80's the splendid ideals of the old International Workingmen's Association have been well nigh dead in Europe, save for the untiring pioneer work of the few apostles of anarchy that emanated from it.

But in reality the workers movement had fallen into the hands of the politicians. The glorious ideals of economic emancipation, the breakdown of wage slavery, the doing away with every governmental system of authority, the free union of groups and communities into federative associations; of anarchist communism—all these ideals were practically relegated to the dim background.

It was that that to be "practical" meant to forget the ideal. In order to "get something now" one had to give up his struggle for liberty.

But neither capitalism or government could be fooled. The fooled ones were the workers, who believed their leaders; leaders who understood the glory of "something now" so very well that they rose into very prominent political and social positions, and became wealthy, within capitalism.

They became members of the various parliaments; well paid jobs in Europe. They rose to be presidents of the governing bodies, thereby doing the bidding of the exploiters. No wonder extremes very soon appeared that a few years previous no one would have believed possible.

Since the Millerand affair it has become a notorious fact that wherever the social democrats come into power, they are more tyrannical than the conservatives are.

Thus we have seen during the recent great railway mens' strike in France that there were four social democrat members in the government majority—Briand, Viviani, Millerand and Bouthéon. Who can say he ever saw a more beastly defence of the present system than was made by these infamous upstarts of the social democratic movement, who used all the military and judicial power in order to break up the workers' strike.

Thus it came about that the workers, foremostly those of the Latin races, began looking about them. They perceived, ten years ago, that as far as practical matters are concerned, nothing has been gained between 1870 and 1900.

On the contrary, the liberties won from the state and master class by revolutionary economic endeavors were lost thru the fallacy, universal suffrage, which was heralded as a "citizen's right; but which in reality meant: Keep still 'till you get the majority—which leaves an open road for the exploiters indefinitely.

The French and Spanish workers saw thru the scheme. In France they started a trade union movement which was anti-parliamentarian and rejected affiliation with political parties.

The new unionism being of the no-authority phase of socialism, it instinctively became the fighting-ring of the

great universal anarchist movement; embracing all men and women and all classes of society. For the anarchists' ideal abolishes classes by creating one harmonious humanity. At the same time the working class is the only class capable of real destructive energy towards the present society.

Pelloutier, Pouget and Yoetot, the anarchists who started the syndicalist movement in France, recognized this. Thus the movement grew and became a mighty force against capitalism. No one will today dispute the fact that it is the greatest power in France, and the only one making really for the social revolution, guided by class-conscious economic socialism on the libertarian principles of anarchism.

The genius of this movement rests on the fact that in evolving the main tendencies in the theory of social liberty it evaded names, and left the selection as to what theory is best for the actual practice of the class struggle and its outcome. For us anarchists it is small wonder the anarchist ideal was espoused by the movement; and that social democracy, which in France is composed of the middle class, which is avowedly not for socialism, but for reform, was left far behind.

The main factors in the revolutionary trade union movement of France are as follows:

Its aim is the abolition of capitalism and every vestige of authority; this to be displaced by a society of free socialism, in which the various trade unions own the means of production and distribution in common, and freely exchange with each other on the mutual basis of social equality, individual liberty and real justice. The ideal should be acceptable to all socialists, altho it is the anarchists conception of socialism.

As a means to the attainment of these ends they proclaim as follows:

First: The small factory strike should be, as far as possible, avoided, and be supplanted by the local territorial general strike, this strike being the real social class struggle in all its manifestations, because it is a revolutionary workers movement. Altho it often only aims at small things, its force of action is nevertheless for uprooting capitalistic society and gradually destroying its basis.

Second: Instead of the small isolated strike, which has no real significance in the final end, the workers act in the factory against the boss who won't grant their demands. They work slower; they do poor work; they raise havoc with the machinery and tools, and, by a whole series of such troublesome acts compel the boss to yield without a strike.

Third: The anti-militarist propaganda, which in France has a great foothold. For the anarchist no-state prop-aganda this movement has done an immense amount of good. Not only is it chattering the spirit of patriotism, but we have had the splendid sight of a whole regiment turning its rifles on end when ordered to fire on the strikers in the recent railroad strike.

Third: The co-operative tendencies which, in France, date from the time of Proudhon is a great force. The co-operative efforts of our French comrades must not be confounded with the capitalist speculative game so often called "co-operation," which in reality are nothing more than business propositions with socialistically sounding names. Such are the "co-operative" of the European social democracy, which pays dividends, etc., just like capitalist stock companies.

The French co-operative labor elements of the syndicalists movement are quite different. They are real socialist enterprises, in which the worker gets his goods and all the surplus goes into the fund for starting new establishments, and thereby diminishing still more the prices for the community members. They evade the use of money as much as possible and the various co-operative establishments exchange goods on a basis of equality.

There we see an immensely practical working for socialism in the present. Altho not overestimating them, and not believing that even the most successful of them will do away with the necessity of the class struggle and the social revolution—they, nevertheless, are a completion to the movement, which strengthens the spirit of practical solidarity and fraternity among the members; and at the same time foreshadows the time when the entire life of France will be built up from this nucleus of communism and mutual help.

These tendencies are not confined to France. We see them in Spain, Holland, Italy; even in authority-ridden Germany and Austria. In the latter countries, of course, only in first stages. Because there are no more backward, reactionary countries, none in which the intellectual level of the working class, as to what is socialism is so low, despite the fact that they give the largest vote for social democracy.

In these countries the working class is nothing more than a tool in the hands of ambitious politicians. Nonetheless the real movement is beginning to take root.

Verily, there is a great upheaval coming for the whole of Europe. The battle lines for the contending forces are being drawn, and the final struggle is becoming inevitable. Are we yet to see the aftermath?

J. RAMUS.

OUR GLORIOUS FREE COUNTRY.

Our masters, Carnegie and Párry, down to the farmer and village preacher, are always inculcating into the workers' minds the glory of being inhabitants of this land of the free.

The immense privilege one should feel in being a citizen of one of the most glorious countries the world has ever seen. To a wage-worker who is busy walking from one railroad camp to another and from one county into the other, seeking the vanishing job, the privileges are not very apparent.

"The land of the free." Free to rot in the gutter if a boss cannot make a profit by employing you. Free to enter those modern infernos called workshops. Free to gain imprisonment if you attempt to help yourself to food. Free to be hauled before a magistrate if you attempt to end a life that the capitalists have no use for, should you be caught in the act.

They will not employ you so that you can earn your keep. They won't let you beg in order to live. They won't even let you die quicker than their method of starvation allows.

Verily, verily, such is the freedom of our country for workers. Surely the landlords and the capitalists, the military murderers and the thieving employment agents have a reason to think that the U. S. A. is the sweetest place on earth; where the men with wealth can live by the robbery and exploitation of those who have nothing but their ability to work.

But for a worker whose, share of the country is to be found round the soles of his boots on a wet day, to get enthusiastic about the glories of Uncle Sammy, the splendid army, the gallant navy, is about the best joke going.

Workingmen, it is about time you woke up and shook the dust from your eyes and the cobwebs from your brains,—if you have any. Stop listening to the siren song of the capitalist lackeys. Learn to stand on your hind legs and assert your own rights by your own efforts. Organize your might in the place where you are exploited, to do away with the parasites that feed on your back. Straighten up, and with one mighty heave down they go.

HENRY G. GEROME.

ANOTHER LITTLE JOURNEY.

I walked the avenues of a marvellous city. There were toilers who, doing the work of all, labored long hours in sore travail, and they owned nothing of the city's capital.

There were idlers who drank and dined but who did no useful things, and they owned all of the capital of the city. The idlers loved not those who toiled for them but exacted craven adulation. From the house of Wilful Waste came sounds of ribaldry and wild revel. From the house of Woeful Want came a voice of despair. On a street corner an orator was proclaiming a new era, saying that all the capital of the idlers was but unpaid wages, that soon the workers would throw off the idlers and seize the machinery of production, thereafter producing for themselves.

A rich man passing that way, shrugged his shoulders, saying: "Come and I will show you the temple of labor, and in time we came to a huge building, thru windows of which we perceived one large hall decorated with flags and bunting of many stars and many colors. The idler with me laughed.

BRUCE ROGERS.

NOTICE.

Dr. M. Rasnick will shortly start on a trip in the interest of THE AGITATOR. He will organize AGITATOR groups, establish agencies, solicit subscriptions, etc. Comrades and fellow workers are requested to write to Dr. Rasnick at 1315 N. 27th Street, Philadelphia, Pa., care of Rubenson.

Congressmen are great financiers. They go to Washington without a cent. Their salary is five thousand dollars a year. They spend twenty thousand dollars a year. And at the end of two years they have a hundred thousand dollars left. They certainly know how to save money. But they don't care whose money they save.

Congress is divided into two houses, the Upper House and the Lower House. And if they keep on as they have been doing the whole country will be divided into two house, the poor house and the bug house.

We are all great patriots. So great indeed, that the mere fact of having to pay dearly to the landlords for the privilege of living in our country does not dampen the ardor of our jingoism.

Ill fares the land to hastening ill a prey.

Where wealth accumulates and men decay,

—Goldsmith.

Subscribe for THE AGITATOR.

# THE AGITATOR

## THE TONGUES OF TOIL

Do you hear us call from a hundred lands,  
Lords of a dying name?  
We are the men of the sinewed hands  
Whom the earth and the seas acclaim.  
We are the hordes which have made you lords,  
And gathered your gear and spoil,  
And we speak with a word that shall be heard—  
Hark to the tongues of toil!

The power of your hands it falls at last,  
The strength of your rule is o'er,  
Where the might of a million slaves is massed  
To the shouts of a million more.  
We rise, we rise, 'neath the western skies,  
And the dawns of the east afar;  
And our myriads swarm in the southlands warm,  
And under the northern star!

We take no thought of the fears you feel,  
And the rage you hold at heart,  
Nor of all your strength of the gold and steel  
Enthroned at the gates of the mart.  
We have no care for the deeds you dare,  
For the force of your armies hurled;  
You stand but few, and we challenge you—  
Strong men of all the world!

We served as your fools when time was young,  
And long, long, we forbore,  
Glad of the niggard boon you flung,  
The least of your ample store;  
But the gnawing pain of a starving brain  
Is great as the belly need—  
We have learned at last from a hungry past  
The joys of a rebel deed!

We come, we come, with the force of fate;  
We are not weak, but strong.  
We parley not, and we cannot wait;  
We march with a freeman's song.  
We claim for meed what a life can need  
That lives as a life should live—  
Not less, not more, from the plenteous store  
Which free-born labors give!

We will shape a world as a world should be,  
With room and enough for all.  
We will rear a race of the wise and free,  
And not of the great and small.  
And the heart and the mind of humankind  
Shall drink to the dregs of good,  
Forgetting the tears of the darker years,  
And the curse of a bondman's blood!

In vain you soften the voice of greed,  
In vain you speak us fair;  
The time is late, and we hark nor heed;  
In gladness still we dare.  
Yield, then, yield, to the force we wield,  
To the masses of our might;  
We are countless strong at the throat of wrong,  
The warriors of the right!

Yes, we are the captains of the earth  
And the warders of the sea—  
Of a race new born in noble birth,  
The mighty and the free!  
We clasp all hands, to the farthest lands;  
We swear by our mother soil,  
To take the meed who have done the deed,  
Hark to the tongues of toil!

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

## "ANARCHISM AND OTHER ESSAYS."

A REVIEW.

Emma Goldman's book, "Anarchism and Other Essays," seems to me an event of more than ordinary importance; not on account of the notoriety the author has attained but because of certain inherent peculiarities and of its intrinsic merits. It stands apart from ordinary sociological works inasmuch as it covers almost the entire field of revolutionary propaganda, selecting the basic problems, treating them with absolute frankness and sternly rejecting the non-essential. This, I think, is the fundamental value of the book, the feature that puts it in a class by itself. The author herself tells us in a short preface that the volume—comprising 277 well printed pages—"represents the mental and soul struggles of twenty-one years,—the conclusions derived after many changes and inner revisions." And it must be remembered that Emma Goldman has had a singular career; has travelled, talked and listened incessantly; has been in contact with all phases of the revolutionary movement and has met many of the most distinguished men and women in innumerable fields of human effort. If you doubt this read the biographical preface by Hippolyte Havel.

She would have to be very stupid if, with such advantages, she had not something worth the while to say; and no one accuses Emma Goldman of being stupid. On the contrary, those who know her are aware that she

not only talks but reads, continuously and with enthusiasm, selecting her material with the greatest care. As a result she has been able to produce a work that ranges far with a remarkable economy of effort. One that deals with no less than twelve great divisions of the social question, in as many chapters. The task would have been impossible had not the writer evidently bent her energies to speaking plainly, going at once to the heart of her argument and using the pruning knife remorselessly. Indeed, one of the surprises to those who have judged the author by sensational newspaper gossip will be the sobriety of her style. There are no hysterics; facts are facts, ground into convictions by hard contact with the seamy and tragic side of life.

Naturally the standpoint is anarchistic, but there is little direct treatment of anarchism as such. The one essay devoted to it is short and presents it not as a program but a mental attitude; a rebellion against whatever hinders human development; a struggle, above all, to make the individual conscious of himself, his latent possibilities, his rights as a member of the superior type known as man. The dignity of human life is emphasized thruout the book, and, of course, the writer spares no pains to show that religion, the state and society, true to the traditions of a slavish past, conspire to degrade that dignity and suppress the awakening of self-consciousness. The entire treatment reminds me of Bailey's celebrated preface to the life of Josiah Warren, but I consider Emma Goldman's summary more condensed and pointed. It is essentially a thot-provoker.

It is hard to choose among so many essays, each of which is entitled to praise, but I myself am much pleased with that on "The Psychology of Political Violence," a subject few have the courage to tackle publicly. Here most suggestive facts are given; facts that our plutocratic press exhausts every effort to suppress; and it seems to me that none can rise from a perusal of the chapter without an added recognition of the gravity of the present world-wide struggle. Much that may hitherto have been obscure is clarified, and acts visited with almost universal condemnation are placed in their proper relation to the antecedents that gave them birth.

If the propagandist's object is to awaken thot; if he conceives it necessary to master his business and fit himself for controversy with whoever may come along; if he understands that life is many sided and that he alone who has studied seriously its pages can hope to influence the lives of others; if this is his standpoint he will do well not to neglect this book. For, in the first place, it presents the reader with a clear panorama of the strategic positions in the social struggle; and, in the second place, it marshals with much simplicity the deeper questionings which, lying at the problem's very root, are engaging the attention of the leading thinkers of the day. The ordinary agitator knows nothing of these questionings; swimming on the surface he is content to buffet the individual billows as they come along, remaining ignorant of the all-powerful currents that will sweep him to safety or destruction. Thus an infinity of self-sacrificing effort is worse than wasted; dread of unsettling thot leading, as it always leads, to inevitable failure. For if ignorance has mental indolence for mother it is sired by cowardice, the cowardice that refuses to investigate lest beliefs should be overturned, friendships severed, party allegiance weakened. I know many a party agitator who dare not satisfy the curiosity that urges him constantly to read outside of the orthodox literature of his sectarian school.

Particularly is this the case, perhaps, with woman suffrage, which is considered in one of the most interesting chapters. All well informed persons are aware that many of the greatest women writers, George Eliot and Quida for example, have opposed it and presented a powerful array of arguments to back their opposition. Yet never are those objections considered in the literature of woman suffrage, and the agitation proceeds as if they did not exist. That such objections are vital, living facts; formidable lions that sooner or later must be faced; Emma Goldman clearly shows. Thereby she, herself one of the most emancipated women in the world, renders true service to the cause of woman's emancipation. But for some time to come the suffragists are likely to repudiate the debt.

I cannot too highly recommend the reading of this book, if only that the reader may give himself the pleasure of a journey, under most competent guidance, thru the delectable country of ideas. The ticket costs him but a dollar and should be many times worth the money.

W. C. OWEN.

Free access to land and other means of production will destroy every incentive to crime. The stomach makes nearly all the thieves and murderers. Hunger makes men desperate. Desperate men take desperate risks and perform desperate deeds. Crime is a social disease which multiplies with injustice, and which only freedom will eliminate. . . . Peace, love and brotherhood are the inevitable consequences of anarchy.

## WHERE TO GO.

Under this heading we will publish, free, the cards of radical lectures and reading rooms.

Chicago: The Francisco Ferrer Club, free library and reading room, 1015 S. Halstead.

Seattle: I. W. W., hall and reading room; lectures Sunday evenings, 211 Occidental ave., rear.

Tacoma: I. W. W. hall and reading room, 723 Commerce st.

New York: Harlem Liberal Alliance every Friday at 8 p. m., at Fraternity Hall, 100 W. 116th St., corner of Lenox.

San Diego, Cal.: I. W. W. free reading room, 834 4th.

EMMA GOLDMAN'S MEETINGS.

Columbus, Jan. 17 and 18, Red Lion Hall. Tickets at J. F. Lenton, 11 N. High St.

Cincinnati, Jan. 20-1-2, Odd Fellows Temple. Tickets at Daniel Kieper, 530 Walnut st.

Comrades may get cards for distribution where the tickets are on sale

THE AGITATOR will be on sale at all meetings.

## THE WORKERS' UNIVERSITY.

Books and Pamphlets For Sale By the Agitator Publishing Association.

Anarchism and Other Essays. Emma Goldman,	
Price, \$1; by mail	1 10
Thoughts of A Fool.	1 00
The King and the Anarchist.	10
The Cost of Something for Nothing. J. P. Altgeld.	1 00
The New Hedonism. Grant Allen.	5
The Moods of Life. Poems. W. F. Barnard.	1 00
The Tongues of Toil, Labor Poems. Barnard.	1 00
Moribund Society and Anarchy. Jean Grave.	25
The Chicago Martyrs: The famous speeches of the eight Anarchists in Judge Gary's court, and Altgeld's Reasons for Pardoning Fielden, Neebe and Schwab. Postage, 5c.	25
A Physician in the House. Dr. J. H. Greer.	2 50
Freeland: a Social Anticipation. Theodore Hertzka. cloth, \$1; paper	50
Origin of Anarchism. C. L. James.	5
Law and Authority. Kropotkin.	5
The Wage System. Revolutionary Government.	5
The State: Its Historic Role. Kropotkin.	10
Modern Science and Anarchism. "	15
Anarchist Communism. "	5
Appeal to the Young. "	5
Anarchy, Malatesta. Is It All a Dream? Morton.	10
Do You Want Free Speech? J. F. Morton, Jr.	10
The Rights of Periodicals. "	10
The Curse of Race Prejudice. "	25
Another Blow to Royalty. "	5
A Talk About Anarchist Communism Between Two Workers. Malatesta.	5
Sine Qua Non, or The Core of Religion. Pyburn.	10
Conspiracy Against Free Speech and Free Press.	5
Evolution and Revolution. Reclus.	5
Direct Action vs. Legislation. J. B. Smith.	5
Slavery of Our Times. Tolstoy.	65
Pages of Socialist History. W. Tcherkesoff.	30
Mating or Marrying, Which? W. H. Van Ornum.	5
Vice: Its Friends and Its Foes. E. C. Walker.	15
Our Worship of Primitive Social Guesses.	15
Trade Unionism and Anarchism, Jay Fox.	5
Roosevelt and Anarchy, Jay Fox.	5
Who Is the Enemy, Anthony Comstock or You? Communism and Conscience, Pentecost and Paradox. E. C. Walker.	20
What the Young Need to Know. Walker.	15
Francisco Ferrer: His life, work and martyrdom, with portrait.	25
The Rational Education of Children. Ferrer.	5
The Modern School. Ferrer.	5
Ferrer postcards, a series of nine.	20
Life of Albert R. Parsons, with a true history of the Anarchist trial and a brief review of the labor movement in America. Cloth, gilt edge, illustrated, 353 pages.	1 50
What I believe. Emma Goldman.	5
Patriotism. "	5
Anarchism vs. Malthus. C. L. James.	5
Anarchy vs. Socialism. W. C. Owen.	5
Crime and Punishment. C. D. Light.	5
The Bomb, Frank Harris. A powerful novel based on the Chicago tragedy of '87; cloth.	1 00
Flowers of the Mind, a choice among the best civilization; Lewis H. Morgan. cloth, 586 pages.	1 50
The Changing Order, a study of democracy, by Oscar Lovell Triggs, cloth, 300 pages.	1 00
Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History, by Antonio Labriola. Cloth, 246 pages.	1 00
Love's Coming of Age, by Edward Carpenter, cloth, 162 pages; a work that will help men to understand women and women to understand men	1 00
Looking Forward, a treatise of the status of woman and the origin and growth of the family and the state. Philip Rappaport, cloth, 234 pages.	1 00
The Physical Basis of Mind and Morals. M. H. Fitch, cloth, 414 pages, 2nd edition	1 00
The American Esperanto Book, a compendium of the international language. Arthur Baker.	1 00
Prince Hagen: A Phantasy. An astonishingly clever and readable book. Upton Sinclair, cloth, 249 pages, \$1; paper cover	25
The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State. Frederick Engels.	50
The Positive School of Criminology. Enrico Ferri.	50
Social and Philosophical Studies. P. Lafargue.	50
The right to Be Lazy and Other Studies "	50
The Evolution of Property "	50
Stories of the Struggle. Morris Winchevsky.	50
The Sale of an Appetite, a purpose story.	50
Human, All Too Human, Nietzsche.	50
The Rebel at Large. A novel by May Beals	50
Darrow's Speech in Defense of Haywood.	25
Crime and Criminals. C. S. Darrow.	10
The Open Shop. "	10
Not Guilty. John Spargo.	10

# THE AGITATOR

## WORKERS, AWAKE!

Workers of America, awake! Your freedom is a myth. The mask has been torn from the face of your Goddess of Liberty; and lo! a ghastly skeleton is exposed to view.

She who once so proudly held aloft the flaming torch lives now but in the memories of an outraged people. She has long ago been strangled by the greedy and avaricious monied class.

You entrusted her to the care of the smooth-tongued politicians and they have sacrificed her on the altar of their selfish ambitions. The confidence you so foolishly reposed in them, they have betrayed.

Wrapped in the stars and stripes, and overflowing with flowery eloquence, your chosen "servants," to whom you have delegated your collective power, have, and quite naturally so, used it for their own aggrandizements. They have sold your country and you to the trusts, combines and monopolies for the favors these monstrosities bestow upon them.

America is no longer yours. You are aliens in the land of your birth; bereft of all rights in the land of your adoption. And why all this, my countrymen?

Has the spirit that animated the heroes who entrenched themselves on Bunker Hill, in the face of almost unsurmountable odds, completely died.

Has the iron heel of capitalism ground all the manhood from out your breasts?

Have you become submissive slaves, cringing toadies at the feet of the octopus, plutocracy?

I hope not, but truly the evidence is against you. Indications point to the unpleasant conjecture that you are beaten.

Beaten! Yes, by what? Surely not by superior force. The balance of power is on your side.

What can it be then that is holding your nose to the grindstone? Will I tell you? "Yes!" Very well. It is your opinions. I won't even say they are your opinions. They are not. They are the opinions of your fathers, accepted by you without question, for the reason only that they were your fathers. Which don't reflect much credit upon you in this age of reason, when men should weigh all things in the balance of critical analysis before accepting them. We should be especially cautious in accepting the customs and opinions that descend to us from the past.

You entertain the opinion that private property is good, and necessary, and that it must be protected by force, at all hazards, against the hand even of the hungry.

You have nothing, still you are buried in the belief. And it is this belief that makes property more sacred than human life. The belief in property has made you propertyless. For the cunning ones, the heartless and unscrupulous have got possession of the country, and you have only your belief. How long are you going to lug it?

Awake, investigate, educate, organize, agitate.

FRED MOE.

## A VOICE OF FREEDOM FROM CANADA.

Editor, THE AGITATOR:

Your sheet, with its "Passing Show," has prodded me along to the point where I must voice my commendation. Your well-put thrusts ought to arouse an "AGITATOR army" to help throttle the "brotherhood of thieves."

Ignorance is the only evil. It aggravates itself, while intelligence accelerates its own progress.

Liberty is the leaven and knowledge the subject matter which will feed man's spirit until the day of his full-blown emancipation, and will insure that bloom.

Let me urge that you continue to make your paper as interesting as your plea for freedom is earnest. Your quaint sarcasm is as telling as the cutting blow. Make the most of both.

A wide and an increasing interest in anarchism and industrialism is due within a period not too many moons distant to be planned for.

I hereby constitute myself as an "AGITATOR group" of one to help fight the good fight for freedom. Vancouver needs fifty AGITATORS a month, and more, but what is needed and what I can afford do not correspond. Make the enclosed \$2 pay for about four bundles, and I'll put each AGITATOR to work where it will agitate and educate.

CASSIUS V. COOK.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Tongues of Toil," by William Francis Barnard. The Fraternal Press, Chicago. Price, \$1. To be reviewed in our next issue.

"Anarchism and Other Essays" by Emma Goldman. Mother Earth Publishing Association, New York. Price, \$1; by mail, \$1.10.

"Edward Carpenter" by Piere Ramus. W. Shontecten, Brussels, Belgium.

"Francisco Ferrer, His Life, Work and Martyrdom." Francisco Ferrer Association, New York.

These books may be ordered thru THE AGITATOR.

## AMONG THE JANUARY MAGAZINES.

Some of the best articles in the January magazines are: "Life." Everything. Not a dull line in this cleverest of American satirical weeklies. The American Magazine: "The Things That Are Cæsar's;" second installment. Showing among other things the fallacy of a personal property tax. "The Mysteries and Cruelties of the Tariff," by Ida M. Tarbell. A vital article. Better than a text book on economics. "The Slaves of the North." A poem by Edwin Davis Schoonmaker, equal to the best of Markham.

Four beautiful pictures in color, reproductions of paintings by Mary Ellen Sigsbee, greet the eyes on opening Everybody's Magazine for January. The pictures tell the story of the average man. Wm. Hard's fifth article on "The Woman of Tomorrow." A splendid series. "One cannot study sanitation, fresh air, pure food, adequate housing, the care of children, the protection of the family from disease, the maintenance of a proper environment and regime for health and efficiency without instantly perceiving the closeness of the relationship between the life of the individual and the life of the community."

"Otistown of the Open Shop," by Frederick Palmer, is the first of a series of articles to appear in Hampton's on the labor war in American cities. "Reclaiming the Wayward Girl," by Knetta Childre Dorr.

In an editorial in Hampton's entitled "Fighting For a Free Post" we are told that sometimes force is the one argument when fighting for freedom. Someone should make it his work to watch the magazines carefully, for I venture to say that there is hardly an issue of the current magazines but what in some leading article can be found an appeal to force.

"Theodore Roosevelt Please Answer" by M. E. Stone, Jr. makes the Metropolitan Magazine indispensable to carping critics of this greatest American freak, showing him up as the vilest lick-spittle, time-serving, detestable fakir ever cultivated in the efete East.

"Impressions," by C. E. S. Wood, makes The Pacific Monthly worth while every month. The January issue has another article every lover of liberty should read. "The Story of a Political Refugee," by L. G. deLara. If any one has any doubts where the United States stands let them read this article and see that we, as a nation, are not so far from Russia in spirit as we may be in miles.

"The Three Kings," by C. E. S. Wood, is a two-page poem. Enuf said. It's by Wood.

"A Visit to Tolstoy," by Jane Addams. "The Masters of Capital in America," by John Moody and George Kibbe Turner, and "The Lemon in the Tariff," by Samuel Hopkins Adams, makes McClure's Magazine a good investment.

Pearson's Magazine contains two articles worth reading. The first because it's the acme of rot, on the immigration question, by a woman who suggests a stringent passport scheme to keep tab on the undesirables. The second, "The Moving Picture Bubble," by Richard Barry, gives some very interesting and instructive information on the moving picture craze and makes some valuable suggestions as to the educational value of moving pictures.

Current Literature is one of the foremost magazines of its kind in the world. It gives, in picture, cartoon and type, the best of what is doing in the world's literature. The January number contains selections from the articles on Ferrer, by Brandes, that appeared in McClure's, with a picture of the first monument to Ferrer, soon to be erected in Brussels, also a picture of a proposed Ferrer statue in Paris; an illustrated article on Tolstoy, and a host of other valuable articles.

S. T. HAMMERSMARK.

## ANARCHIST CONVENTION.

The first annual convention of the Federated Anarchistic Groups, representing the organized anarchist movement in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Patterson, Chicago and Winnipeg, was held in Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 25-7. Reports were heard from all the delegates. Among the most important decisions of this convention are:

1. To raise a fund for a co-operative establishment to be started next year individually by each group in its locality, or collectively by the federation.
2. To establish a party organ in Jewish, for the purpose of propagating anarchism and strengthening the movement.

3. To help all organizations which work for modern education, and establish such institutions in places where they are not yet in existence.

4. Officers were elected for the next year, and ways and means discussed. The delegates were all very enthusiastic over the new tendency among the anarchists to organize and work in a body; and the future is very promising.

Communications for the Federation should be sent to The Radical Library, 424 Pine street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## THE MILITARY IDEAL.

Young man, the lowest aim you can have in life is to be a good soldier. The good soldier never tries to distinguish right from wrong. He never thinks, he never reasons, he only obeys.

If he is ordered to fire on his fellow citizens, on his friends, on his neighbors, on his relatives, he obeys without hesitation. If he is ordered to fire down a crowded street where the poor are clamoring for bread, he obeys, and sees gray haired age, stained with red, and the life tide gushing from the breasts of women, and feels neither remorse or sympathy.

If he is ordered off as a firing squad to execute a hero, an agitator, a philanthropist and benefactor, he fires without hesitation; though he knows the bullet will pierce one of the noblest hearts that ever beats in human breast.

The good soldier is a blind, heartless, soulless, mindless, murderous machine. He is not a man, he is not even a brute; for brutes only kill for food or in self defence. All that is human, all that is divine in him, all that constitutes a man he swears away when he takes the enlistment oath. His mind, his conscience, his soul, are in the keeping of his officer. No Man can ever fall lower than a good soldier. It is a depth beneath which we cannot go.

Young man, don't be a soldier, be a man. G. B.

## RECEIPTS.

Snellenberg, \$5; L. M., \$5; Cook, \$2; Lavroff, \$1.55; Kalleka, \$1.50; Gaforge, Fogh, Myers, Thaldorf, Reitman, Melin, Weir, Gentis, each \$1; Owen, Labadie, Corna, Davitto, Phillips, Fenati, Bombino, Rodia, Richard, each 50 cents; Louder, Hammersmark, Austin, each 25 cents; S. D., 20 cents.

At the annual meeting of the Mutual Home Association held here last Monday evening the following officers were elected: President, George H. Allen; secretary, Lewis Haiman; treasurer, Mattie Penhallow; trustees, T. F. Burns, W. J. Heine and J. Koppelle.

HOW TO REACH HOME. Take the Steamer Tyconda at Tacoma, Wash., as advertised elsewhere in THE AGITATOR. Fare, 75 cents round trip.

Subscribe for THE AGITATOR.

## FINANCING MODERN SCHOOLS.

FRANCISCO FERRER, martyred founder of the modern schools, bust 9 inches high, express prepaid, \$1.50.

Large wall portrait of Ferrer, 25 cents.

EUGENE V. DEBS, beautiful medallion in plaster, by mail postpaid, 25 cents. Bust, 9 inches high, \$1.50.

## THE MODERN SCHOOL,

601 Columbia St., SEATTLE, WASH.

## SOME VERY WORTHY PERIODICALS.

<p>"SOLIDARITY."</p> <p>A weekly revolutionary working class paper.</p> <p>Published by P. O. Box 622, I. W. W. NEWCASTLE, PA.</p>	<p>"MOTHER EARTH"</p> <p>Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature. 10c a copy. \$1 a year</p> <p>EMMA GOLDMAN, Publisher 210 E. 13th St., New York, N. Y.</p>
<p>"FREEDOM"</p> <p>A Monthly Journal of Anarchist Communism.</p> <p>36c per year. 127 Ossulton Street, London, N. W., England</p>	<p>"INDUSTRIAL WORKER"</p> <p>A Weekly Agitator For Revolutionary Industrial Union.</p> <p>Published by I. W. W., 236 Main st. Spokane, Wn \$1 a year, Foreign, \$1.50</p>
<p>"THE FIREBRAND."</p> <p>To burn away the cobwebs of ignorance and superstition.</p> <p>Monthly, 50c a year. SWEDEN, TEXAS.</p>	<p>"FREEDOM."</p> <p>A monthly journal devoted to the destruction of superstition and the uplift of the under dog.</p> <p>\$1 a year. 10c a copy. 789 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.</p>

HENDERSON BAY ROUTE—Steamer Tyconda leaves Commercial Dock, Tacoma, for all points on Henderson Bay, including Home, week days at 2:30 p. m., returning next morning. Sunday at 8 a. m., returning same day.

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NORTH BAY ROUTE—Steamer Tyrus leaves Commercial Dock, Tacoma, for all points on North Bay every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10 a. m., returning next morning.

LORENZ BROS. OWNERS.