

# THE AGITATOR

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

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## THE PASSING SHOW.

ANOTHER practical illustration of the trend towards industrial unionism is before us. On the same picture is shown the haggard form of old Mother Craftism striving to save her bacon.

**Union Scab** The Boot and Shoe Workers' Herding and Union, headed by John F. Tobin, is Revolt. strong on the contract business. John is always ready to make a contract on

any old condition, or none, so the boss signs up for one, two or three years. For the contract insures a steady inflow of per capita tax, and every good shoemaker needs plenty of tax.

John improved upon the methods generally followed by the common garden variety of labor skate. He got up a circular picturing in glowing terms the many advantages the bosses would have by using the union stamp assuring them that it will cost no more to make a union shoe than to make a scab shoe. With this circular as a starter, John went into the mail order business in union contracts.

One of these contracts is a fine investment for the boss. It secures him union patronage, insures him against strikes, doesn't cost him anything extra, and shoemaker John gets his tax. But the goods contracted for don't always stay good, and then there is trouble for John and the boss.

The clumsy shoemakers of Brooklyn wanted to know where they got off at. They were told to stick to their lasts. But they did not. They broke John's sacred contract and struck. And to add to their crime they joined the I. W. W.

This did not faze the tax collector. He is a man of resources and, withal, a man of honor. He had contracted for these fellows. Now it was up to him to fill their places, so he turned strikebreaker, became a brother to Farley, who, too, first gained distinction as a scab organizer in the city of Brooklyn. Only Farley was not president of an international union, and was under no obligation to the bosses to furnish them with scabs. He was a plain mercenary scab herder, who gathered the dupes for the dough there was in it; while John acted out of the purity of his heart, in support of the true principles of unionism.

John has not been as successful as his predecessor. The strike isn't broken by a jug full. 5,000 sturdy sons and daughters of the last have bared their breasts to the winter winds, and for two months have fought the iniquities John had contracted them to bear; while he beat it across the continent to supplant some rebels in Oakland, Calif., who had also turned him down and became an independent union.

The San Francisco Labor Council expelled the Tobin union for its scabbery, and John has appealed to Gompers for redress.

All this smells of decay. Such "unionism" should be buried quick, and reactionary rascals of the Tobin brand turned down and out.

The revolt of the shoemakers is encouraging to the friends of industrial unionism. Let the agitators get busy.

GOOD work is being accomplished on the Pacific coast for the eight hour day. The building trades have enjoyed the short hours for many years. The printing trades have had eight hours since their general strike of three years ago. The united metal trades of San Francisco have worked the eight hours since last June. The machinists in the other coast cities struck last June for the short day, and have been only partially successful. Their want of success is due to the foolish fact that they went it alone.

**An Eight Hour Day on the Pacific Coast.** The machinists in the other coast cities struck last June for the short day, and have been only partially successful. Their want of success is due to the foolish fact that they went it alone.

The machinists should know better than to tackle the bosses' industrial union single handed. But the experience, I hope, will make them staunch supporters of the "Toledo proposition," reviewed on the fourth page. With the united effort that one union could put forth the metal workers would sweep the coast of every long hour shop from Vancouver to San Diego in twenty four hours.

The I. W. W. is going to get the eight hours for the loggers and railroad builders on the first of May. The agitation is on, and must be kept up.

A long work day is the greatest curse of the times. It keeps some at the grind until they drop, while others drop with hunger for want of opportunity to work.

The I. W. W. agitators are stirring up a general de-

mand for the shorter day for all workers, and their methods are revolutionary.

"Don't ask the boss about it. Just quit when your eight hours are up."

That is the way to talk, and when the workers catch the spirit of this advice the question will be settled in short order.

Why should we go to the boss with bowed heads and pleading tongues to ask permission to do that which is our right to do, by all the power of our strong right arms, and all the reason of justice of the age? If our ancestors were slaves and cringed under the lash, are we to follow in their cowardly footsteps? A thousand times, NO.

The grave has ruled us long enuf. When the eight hour day is done, let us raise our heads, like men, and leave the job. That's the way to get eight hours.

IT IS a marvel what wonders women can work when they get to wielding the weighty ballot. The lady voters of Colorado, having solved all the local and state problems, are now going to tackle our glorious United States Constitution. They want to get that great document to declare itself on the question of polygamy. They want to prevent their dear husbands from legally annexing another package of trouble. Or is it the husbands on the island of Zulu they wish to protect? And then it may be the poor, over-wived men next door, in Utah.

If it is the Utah situation that is moving their benevolence it would be interesting to know if they have consulted the people of that state before moving in their behalf.

Polygamy has existed in Utah since it was settled by the Mormons. It is part of their religion. They got it from a holy book not unknown in Colorado. They are happy and contented in their polygamy, and do not want to abolish it.

If it is unholly and immoral they do not know it; for they are a very moral, honest and righteous people, who practice in their daily lives the social virtues their christian neighbors merely prate about.

They waste no time making constitutions for other people, they rather do good to them.

Many institutions quite popular in Colorado were unknown to them before the coming of the Gentile. Among these were prostitution and poorhouses. Still they must be all wrong, or the Colorado ladies would not be butting in.

Will the ladies listen to a little story.

"There was once a man who lived by the sea. He did not believe in polygamy. 'It is too one-sided a game for me,' said he. But he believed in freedom, a mystic soul light that leads all people right who come within the compass of its rays.

"As I wish to live my life as I like," said he, I must permit my neighbor to live as he likes. We both may do different, but we both will be right.

"If I put a gun to his breast and say: 'Do as I do, or I will punish you.' I come into false relations with him, I become his enemy. And if I write a constitution and hire christian soldiers to administer the punishment I will be no less an invader. I will be more, I will be a coward and paltroon, for hiring others to do that which I have not the courage to do myself.

"One day his neighbors, on whom the rays of freedom had not shone, had him taken to jail for not doing as they did. As he departed he asked this question: 'What is the difference between the thief who takes my watch, and the thief who takes my freedom?'"

THE Civic Federation, founded by Mark Hanna, for the purpose of "harmonizing" capital and labor, has issued a statement denouncing the strike as being "crude, barbaric and expensive,"

**The Civic Federation and Compulsory Arbitration.** and calls for a law to abolish it and substitute compulsory arbitration.

Gompers, Mitchell, O'Connell, Mahon, and several other of our "leaders" are members of this wine-drinking bunch of harmonizers. Mitchell is a secretary at the harmonious rate of \$6,000 a year.

Those labor skates are not in favor of compulsory arbitration—yet. But by their membership are lending aid and influence to the proposed crime.

For it cannot be characterized by any more temperate name than "crime." It is a crime against labor, against progress.

The workers desire to be men, to live up to their

powers of production, and enjoy a full measure of freedom, has been the cause of all strikes. Will an act of the legislature remove that cause?

We want peace, yes, but not at the price of bread and liberty. It is the avowed purpose of the employers to rob labor of its one great weapon of offence and defence. On all sides subtle influences are at work. "Friends" are coming to us with the glad hand and the soft persuasive tongue, urging us to drop our barbaric weapon.

Labor has become too powerful a factor to try the old-timed methods on it. The strong-armed game cannot be tried without risk. The game now is to cajole the leaders and get labor to drop the strike on the promise of something better and more refined.

Let the workers beware of the fakirs who hobnob with the masters and sell their influence for a mess of pottage. And let the leaders beware:

"There are times like Paris in '93  
When the commonest men played most desperate parts."

ALL mine workers are warned to keep away from the coal fields of Westmoreland Co., Pa., where twenty thousand miners are putting up a valiant fight for industrial freedom. They struck last

**Miners Mowed Down By Pennsylvania Cossacks** March, were soon evicted from the company shacks, and are now living in tents stuck up on the sides of the hills. Their fellow workers are providing them with food and comforting sympathy in the desperate struggle against corporate greed and rapacity. These poor slaves of the coal trust worked under conditions so revolting that one would scarce think them capable of taking up a fight.

Pennsylvania has a little army of mounted cossacks for the special purpose of "handling" strikes. These heartless hounds have been busy since this strike began. They have broken up meetings by riding into the crowds, trampling down the victimized miners like so much grass and have used their rifles with deadly effect. The details of these ruthless outrages, if fully written, would fire a heart of stone to revolt.

A number have been brutally murdered. Hundreds have been shot and mercilessly beaten. Women nearing confinement have been cruelly clubbed, and children beaten by the hired hessians of the state.

The censorship of the press has been complete, not a word has been handled by the associated press. There is no actual state censor. It is a vast conspiracy of the capitalist brotherhood of thieves. Their's is a real industrial union, they won't scab on each other. The brothers of the press are true to the brothers of the mine. When will the toilers show such solidarity? The bosses learned the form from us, now let us learn the practice from them—and remember the Westmoreland strike.

TWENTY-FOUR must die, and two go to prison for a long term. That is the verdict of Japanese justice in the case of twenty-six comrades charged with plotting against the imperial family. It is a

**Japanese Justice Murders Twenty-Four.** terrible price to pay. Freedom is rich in martyrs. I used to think the Japanese were very wise. I don't now.

That kind of brutality kept out the Russians. Russia was not an ideal. It was an unwilling mob armed only with might. Might met might and forced it back. But might cannot force an ideal. Might is manure to the flower of freedom. Might may strike down the individual in whose bosom freedom dwells, but freedom does not die. Like a phoenix it rises from the ashes of the fallen martyr, and radiates thru a thousand souls, where first it fired but one.

Japan has prepared the ground for the social revolution in the Orient. Her cruelty will kill her.

EVERY man who wants to help the cause of freedom must take a stand somewhere. If he be a fighter for religious freedom he must stand up and be counted with the cursed crew of atheists, or very soon he will be pitched out by the God lovers in the church.

**Where Do You Stand?** Brand Whitlock has been forbidden to speak in a church in Cleveland. Altho not an avowed atheist, Whitlock believes in freedom, and no church can tolerate freedom and flourish. Gods and creeds vanish quickly in the light of freedom. The Catholics are working hard to make it a felony to send criticism of religion thru the mail. Such a law would kill every free thot paper in the country, and give that greatest of superstitions a free field. Beware of Rome

JAY FOX.

# 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.

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## ANARCHISM AND ORGANIZATION

As an exponent of the fine art of capitalism America is first. In the propaganda of freedom it is last on the list of modern countries. Our unionism is weak in spirit, our socialism is middleclass, our anarchism is individualistic.

An anarchist convention is one of the rarities of America. Not since 1893—17 years ago—had there been a conference of any importance, until a few weeks ago, when a convention was held in Philadelphia.

After the International Congress of Anarchists, held in Amsterdam some years ago, agreed that the best interests of the propaganda demanded organization, and as a result an international secretary was established in London, it was thought that the anarchists of America would organize. But they didn't. An international group was started in New York, and that soon dissolved. The various isolated groups went along in their own way, none knowing what the others were doing.

It was contended by many that organization meant power in the hands of individuals, and that centralization is opposed to the principles of anarchism. Others said organization wasn't necessary. Those who believed in organization found themselves handicapped by the opposition and indifference of the others.

In the meantime the anarchists on the continent of Europe began organizing their forces, and as a result were not only able to properly support their papers and carry on a vigorous propaganda, but have been enabled to wield a tremendous power in the labor movements of the different countries. The recent anarchist convention in Philadelphia is a hopeful sign of progress.

There is a good deal of misconception about anarchism, even among anarchists. Those who oppose organization on the grounds that anarchism is opposed to it, are wrong. Anarchism is not a theory of individualism, it is a theory of freedom, and therefore, no more opposed to an organization than it is to an individual. So long as the principle of freedom is maintained, either is equally acceptable to anarchism. But the individual invader will receive its condemnation as quickly as will the collective one. Anarchism recognizes fact not form.

If organization is not compatible with anarchism then anarchism will have to give way; for organization is necessary to the economy of production and distribution, and society in its present stage of evolution cannot be maintained without it.

Organization is the hardest problem civilization has presented to man. He has solved a thousand and one; this is yet unsolved. In his attempt to solve it he has used force in both excessive and moderate terms. He has failed in both, but with less disastrous results where the temper of the tyranny was moderated. Thus he is supplanting kingdoms with presidencies, legislators with referendums; and still suffering under the weight of authority. Now anarchism appears and questions him: "Thus far you have gone and found it good, why not go further; why not go all the way?" The logic of your experience demands it.

So far is anarchism from being opposed to organization, that it is actually the key to the solution of that great problem which has worried mankind for a thousand generations. Anarchism will make organization free. It will make it voluntary instead of compulsory; it will allow the dissatisfied individual to withdraw; it will abolish the power to punish; it will prevent centralization; it will watch those who must sometimes be trusted with temporary power, because it knows individual weakness; it will revolutionize organization and make it a practical weapon for free men.

The anarchists should have the most perfect form of organization in existence—an organization of free men

and women, bound together by the bonds of an idea, freedom. Such an organization is not only necessary to the propagation of their ideas, it would, in itself, be propaganda.

It would be applied freedom.

J F

## CRANKY NOTIONS.

It isn't wise to fight the devil with fire. He knows more about it than you do. So with the ballot. It is the tool of capitalism, and capitalists know how to use it better than you do.

The things that confound the capitalists are the boycott, the label and the general strike. These are the tools of the industrial class. The capitalists don't know how to use them, and can't. Even the blacklist, which the capitalists can and have used in a small way, is a boomerang, and ultimately hurts the profit-taker more than the worker. Carried to its logical end, the blacklist would put the employer out of business. But the boycott, the label, or the strike, pushed to the extreme point, hurts the workmen not at all.

The strike of the future is yet to be formulated. The workers will not throw down the tools which they themselves have made and use, but they will just keep on using them and divide the results equally among themselves. And what is the owner of the tools going to do about it? Suppose 10,000,000 workers in America done this, what are the capitalists going to do, tell me. What is the police, the army, the navy, going to do with a fearful mob like this? When this time comes, these capitalistic agencies will have been so thoroughly socialized that they will not fight the fellows who are trying to free themselves from economic bondage. More than half the fellows fighting in fights of capitalism are driven to it because of failure to find employment otherwise. And when employment is offered them at three or four times the wages they usually get, they will find ways to accept. Think of a man fighting freedom when he understands it.

Isn't it rather handicapping yourself when you let the other fellow choose the weapons in a duel? Every capitalist is willing that the workers should stick to the ballot; and every capitalist is opposed to the use of the boycott, the label and the general strike. Find out what the monopolists want, and then do the other thing.

However, those who choose to monkey with the ballot box should go right on in their innocent amusement. It doesn't particularly hurt the labor movement, and gives the voter a plaything. But they should not bank on it so thoroughly as to be bankrupt when it fails.

The working people have been indeed fooled all the time; and the politician knows how easily it is done. He knows how tenaciously they cling to governmentalism, and how this excludes fraternalism, and how hopeless is the labor movement for the betterment of labor conditions so long as government exists. To govern people is to prevent them doing what they want to do, or making them do what they do not want to do. This is the opposite of fraternity, of freedom, of SOCIALISM. Would you consider a fellow social who was always preventing you from doing what you want to do, or compelling you to do what you don't want to do? To me this is clearly anti-social. Socialism means freedom or it means nothing, and the many cannot have freedom if the few have it not. To hold a bear is to deprive both bear and holder of their freedom. Both are busy in an unprofitable effort. It is unprofitable for the bear to be held, and the holder could be better employed.

He who strives strenuously to accumulate vast wealth at the expense of others, and that is the only way he can accumulate it, he not only deprives his fellows of their just due, but hampers his own growth in joyousness. Ownership does not count for real living. But there is pleasure and profit in the freedom to use things when the desire prompts. I would not care who owned the wealth of the world if I but had the right to use whatever I need, and when. But ownership now has the power to deprive me of such use, and that hurts.

But this is far ahead. Until brotherhood becomes real; until the christian theory of "love your neighbor as you do yourself;" until the Confucian maxim of "not doing to others what you would not have them do to you," are real, practical, every day conduct, I suspect ownership of things will prevail. But we ought to have at least sense enough to not protect ownership in what man did not produce. Ownership should apply only to those things created by human energy; and the ownership should reside in equal proportion among those who produced them. Now, he who produces least has most; and one would think that this system would discourage production altogether above the barest necessities. But it does not. The foolish slaves work all the harder.

JOSEPH A. LABADIE.

## GHASTLY, TERRIBLE WAR.

Verestchagin painted war; he painted war so true to life that as we look upon the scene we long for peace.

He painted war as war has ever been, and as war will ever be—a horrible and ghastly scene where men drunk with blind frenzy, which rulers say is patriotic pride, and made mad by drums and fifes and smoke and shot and shell and flowing blood seek to maim and wound and kill, because a ruler gives the word. He paints a battlefield, a field of life and death, a field of carnage and blood; and who are these that fight like fiends and devils driven to despair?

What cause is this that makes these men forget that they are men, and vie with beasts to show their thirst for blood? They shout of home and native land, but they have no homes; and the owners of their native land exist upon their toil and blood. The nobles and princes for whom this fight is waged are far away upon a hill beyond the reach of shot and shell, and from that spot they watch their slaves pour out their blood to satisfy their rulers' pride and lust of power.

What is the enemy they fight? Men like themselves, who blindly go to death at another king's command, slaves, who have no land, who freely give their toil or blood, whichever one their ruler may demand. These fighting soldiers have no cause or strife, but their rulers live by kindling in their hearts a love of native land—a love that makes them hate their brother laborers of other lands, and humbly march to death to satisfy a king's caprice.

But let us look once more after the battle has been fought. Here we see the wreck and ruin of the strife; the field is silent now, given to the dead, the beasts of prey and night. A young soldier lies upon the ground; the snow is falling fast around his form; the lonely mountain peaks rise up on every side; the wreck of war is all about. His uniform is soiled and stained, a spot of red is seen upon his breast. It is not the color that his country wove upon his coat to catch his eye and bait him to his death; it is hard and jagged and cold. It is his life's blood, which leaked out through a hole that followed the point of a sabre to his heart. His form is stiff and cold, for he is dead. The cruel wound and icy air have done their work.

The government that took his life taught this poor boy to love his native land; as a child he dreamed of scenes of glory and of power and the great wide world just waiting to fall captive to his magic strength. He dreamed of war and strife, of victory and fame; if he should die kind hands would smooth his brow, and loving hearts would keep his grave and memory green, because he died in war. But no human eye is there at last, as the mist of night and mist of death shut out the bloody mountains from his sight. The snow is all around and the air above is gray with falling flakes, which soon will hide him from the world; and when the summer time shall come again none can tell his bleaching bones from all the rest. The only life upon the scene is the buzzard slowly circling in the air above his head, waiting to make sure that death has come. The bird looks down upon the boy into the eyes through which he first looked out upon the great wide world and which his mother fondly kissed, upon these eye the buzzard will commence his meal. C. S. DARROW.

## "THE TONGUES OF TOIL."

A REVIEW.

We live in an age of things, a practical age, devoid of glamor. The race has outgrown the romanticism of its youth, and the rattle of dollars has taken the place of the jingle of bells. Invention is absorbing the imagination, and the men that in another age would be great poets are creating machinery.

Are we therefore to conclude that there is no longer a place for poetry in the world? Is that which Voltaire called the music of the soul, to perish from our lives and become a lost art? Assuredly if we look over the vast amount of stuff that is going by the name of poetry, we may well conclude it is on the decline.

Besides being an age of things, this is an age of thot. Thousands are thinking today where one that a century ago. They are thinking about life and how to live it.

Poetry in the past was written for the rich, who had no problems to solve, save the problem of pleasure. For them Chancer and Milton and Woodsworth wrote. Who reads these poets today? We read Shakespeare for his aphorisms, and laud him to the skies for his tricks of speech. But even he is decaying. Shakespeare could not write today about kings and queens, and befoul the common people.

The modern poet must be a man of ideas, his soul must echo the heartaches of the people Shakespeare despised. Fine phrases about the music of flowers won't satisfy the souls seeking social salvation.

There is a place for poetry today, unparalleled in the history of the race. The soul of man is suffering intensely within the narrow confines of our social system.

# THE AGITATOR

## WAITING.

Like something carved in changeless stone, she waits  
Outside the city's barred and locked gates.  
The men who foot the road, pass idly by;  
Nor deign to turn upon her form an eye.

In painted face and borrowed trappings, fair,  
Black falsehood leers, and laughs upon her there:  
And murmurs glad, "Nay, none shall know her, none:  
For all their gold, well I my work have done."

The generations rise, and pause, and go;  
And still the stream of life flows to and fro.  
Unmoving, mighty, still her figure stands,  
With vast, calm brow, and patient folded hands:

'Tis Freedom, the great mother. She is strong;  
And long can wait, for she has waited long.  
There is the light of knowledge in her look:  
She reads the future as an open book.

She knows, however their wills the tyrants wreak,  
That slow their power from day to day grows weak;  
That slow the people learn to feel the lie  
Breathed down to them from those who sit on high.

She knows power's ruthless hand in deeds of ill;  
The hand which robs the people, and can kill.  
She knows when men at last shall bid it pause:  
She knows when they shall break the lawless laws.

Sometime, or near or far, the gates within,  
A cry shall rise of dissolution's din;  
And those who scorn her now, will come and plead:  
"We knew thee not; thou art our leader. Lead!"

Then that grand shape shall move; and when the last  
The slave's linked chains from off his arms has cast,  
She shall be seen there at the leader's post.  
Before the throng, the head of all the host.

Until that hour she looks, and keeps her peace.  
While all around the turmoil doth not cease,  
She feels not passion nor the touch of hate:  
Her work inscribed upon the rolls of fate.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

It needs the inspiration of poetry that expresses its longings; poetry that will give it hope and courage in its struggle for freedom; poetry that will put a tongue into each of its gaping wounds that they may cry out against the injustice of the age. Such poetry is to be found in the volume under review.

"The Tongues of Toil," from which the volume gets its title, printed in our last issue, is a poem of great depth and power. It is the clarion call of the oppressed; the voice of freedom ringing out the joyous words of revolt.

"We have learned at last from a hungry past  
The joy of a rebel deed!"

This poem alone, if he wrote nothing else, would enshrine him in the heart of toil. The cry of the factory child slave has touched the finest chord in the poet's sensitive soul. The greatest curse of modern society is the harnessed child of toil. Poets have pleaded for the little slave, but none with such heart stirring effect as Barnard. The Children of the Looms' stands alone in its class. It has no equal. It is not only a plea, it is an accusation; and, withal, it is pure poetry.

"In a City Graveyard" shows the fine blending of poet and philosopher. The theme, (one, by the way, quite untouched by the craft,) lends itself splendidly to the elucidation of the poet's combined powers.

There is a quiet dignity about this poet's work that carries it beyond the realms of propaganda. It destroys our superstitions without offending our sensibilities. Like Wagner's music, it strikes hard, still it holds.

This is the second volume our poet has given to the world, and it is by far the most important of the two. It shows us that poetry can serve the cause of suffering humanity without losing any of its beauty and power. It is the only volume of poetry dedicated to the struggle for freedom issued in many years. It will be to the present day struggle what Mackay's epoch echoing volume was to the chartists' movement in England.

No one with any liking for poetry should fail to read this excellent work of William Francis Barnard's. It is well made, and costs but a dollar.

J. F.

## 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.

## WHAT IS LAW?

For over ten thousand years China has been writing laws to prevent the members of its ruling class from destroying each other like wild beasts and to control its working classes of slaves.

For 134 years the United States has been doing the same. The population of China is 400,000,000 men, women and children. The population of the United States is 90,000,000 men, women and children.

We have more laws than China.

What is law?

It is the opinion of one man or set of men, given at a certain time and place, to control or enforce known or unknown acts of the people.

This opinion is printed, bound in leather and becomes truth for ever and ever.

One lawyer fights for this law, another against it, and a judge or set of judges, gives an opinion which at once becomes a law, and is printed, bound in leather and lasts forever and ever.

All laws are made for the purpose of defending the interests of the ruling class.

To give to the owning, or ruling class, the right to make and interpret these laws is to admit their right.

No man knows all these laws or their application, yet, today ignorance of the law excuses no one but the lawmakers and the judges. There is no law to protect the working class against the interests of the ruling class. Justice is supposed to be accepted common sense.

The ruling class appoints their own lawyers as judges to determine what is justice or injustice to them or their class.

The written law of the United States declares one to be either master or slave.

Today the working class imagines themselves free until they try to assert their mastery over their social conditions, when they are halted by the police and the army.

What lawmaker decided that 4,500,000 wage slaves should be denied the right to work so that they might live thru the winter?

What lawmaker decided that 40,000 women and children garment workers should have to strike for enough to live during the winter months in one of the richest cities in the world?

What lawmaker decided that the working class must either strike or starve?

What lawmaker decided that 15,000 fresh young girls are to be segregated in houses of prostitution, every year, in the city of Chicago?

What lawmaker decided that the only good chance for a heaven after death was to live in hell on this earth?—Daily Socialist.

## THRUST AND PARRY.

BY IRONICUS.

Respectability is but a disguise.

Right looks wrong to the wrong.

Revolution is a part of evolution.

The wind blows; so does Roosevelt.

Truth strives while her enemies sleep.

Only the workers can lift up and ennoble work.

The slaves of gold have for brothers the slaves of God.

The man with no mind does not know his own ignorance.

The gifts of a Rockefeller make fools forget their source.

If Tolstoy is now made a "saint," what a fall that will be.

"It takes a thief to catch a thief"—and become his partner.

Agitation fills the mind of the indifferent with information.

Men who stand still, like stones, will, at last, find movement impossible.

If there was any money in the truth it would have been capitalized long ago.

A revolution within a revolution—the struggle of woman to emancipate herself.

What a pity for a man to have to waste a lifetime in learning that he is only a fool.

The desires of man are like whips at the heels of evolution, which it cannot help but heed.

The greatest actor in the world is that one who makes himself believe that this world as it is is alright.

The working class have but one task to accomplish, and that is to learn the vastness of their strength.

He who berates the emotions can never lead men far, and he who laughs at the mind is helping to make a race of chatters.

Where so much is produced it is strange that there is need of the means of life; but can a bag be full while a thief empties it.

Diaz could sail a boat on the blood of his victims, and still he smiles; a tiger will devour a man and then lie down and sleep, same breed.

There is but one holy book, and that was written in the blood and tears of the world of man; that book is the book of experience, the bible of the race.

The poet is one who puts the heart into words; the poet of the people is one who puts the heart of the people into words, and in such words as the people can understand.

Whenever a man changes his views of life part of the world will cry "fool," or "liar." The other part of the world will cry "wise man," or "good man." The moral of this observation is, be right, and do not fear to stand alone.

Out of the soil of the earth comes all good things, rendered by the hand of labor. How simple it seems, the problem of getting together and sharing work and rewards; but man, the creature of custom, laughs at the truth, and turns away to inquire which automobile holds the portly body of Carnegie.

## 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
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Modern Science and Anarchism. "	15
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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
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The Evolution of Property "	50
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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

**INDUSTRIALISM COMING.**

The vigorous agitation carried on by the industrial unionists during the last four years is having its effect in quarters quite unlooked for. When the I. W. W. was organized it was thought by its most prominent exponents that the old craft unions would never change their tactics, but would fight industrialism to the last ditch, or until they were eaten up by the new and more modern engine of the working class.

But the spirit of industrialism very soon began to invade the lodge rooms of the craft unions. The frequent beating they received at the hands of the well organized industrial unionized bosses, helped to drive home, in the rank and file, the truths of the I. W. W. program.

When the pressure from below became great the leaders made a show to satisfy the need by organizing "departments" in the A. F. of L. The Building Trades Department was the first. As a matter of fact the building trades have used the industrial principle for years, locally; and to this is due what success they have achieved, which in many instances have been quite remarkable. The new departure did not help them very much, but it was in the line of evolution.

Next came the Metal Trades Department. But departmentism does not seem to give the desired result. The separate unions keep the men apart, where one union would weld them together, despite their difference of trade.

This is the secret of industrial unionism. It is the fact, not the form, that we are fighting for. If "departmentism" would bring about the fact we would not oppose it. But we know the workings of the toiler's mind too well. High philosophers could easily do with most any form or union. Workingmen want something plain, something near, that they can touch. They have a common cause against a common enemy, they want a common union to fight that enemy. And that is common sense.

I said the department idea does not give results. Let me prove it.

The Metal Trades Council of Toledo has issued a letter to all councils and locals of the department. In the introduction it makes this striking assertion:

"The proposition as outlined in this letter is of vital importance to the organizations affiliated with the National Metal Trades Council. We are affiliated and federated, but this is not unionism."

Not unionism!

Then what is unionism, if not industrialism?

"We all stand for the same principles, viz.: Shorter hours, better wages, better shop conditions and the closed shop. We have fought for these principles on craft lines, and have been in many instances defeated."

We who have faith in the spirit of progress will allow for their shortness on principles when we consider the suggestions in the last sentence. We know that once they get the right union, that they will very soon enlarge on their principles.

Note the wisdom of this:

"On the other hand, our opponents, the capitalistic class, the trusts, the corporations and manufacturers, in their fight against organized labor, are not divided on craft lines. The National Metal Trades Association, the Citizens' Industrial Alliance and other bodies are well organized. They know that in union there is strength. We are divided, let us be united."

Now we come to the point. How do they propose to unite? Read:

"Our proposition is to amalgamate the different national and international organizations affiliated with the Metal Trades Council into one organization to be known as the International Metal Workers' Union."

Right. The only practical solution of the problem of unionism as it stands today in America. If the metal trades will carry that idea into practice there will be a complete revolution in the A. F. of L. within a period of five years.

The example would be quickly followed by the other industries. Then there would be a call for another convention to amalgamate all the industrial unions into one industrial union of workers, that would include us all.

In the mean time, the I. W. W. must keep to the front, leading the way, with its broad principles of "take it all," and its clean-cut policy of anti-politics and no compromise.

FRED MOE.

**ON TO FRESNO**

With 90 I. W. W. men in jail worrying the pin-headed city officials, the county officials are now refusing to pay any part of the expense of the fight.

"Der Chief" is bravely pushing his vagrancy charges and the noble "business juries" find all "GUILTY," regardless of fact or condition. Any I. W. W. man is a "vag," but that will last but a short time, as the tax payer are getting tired

The last circular was widely read and is having quite an effect, for every word is known to be a fact.

A new sheriff and a new jail crew took charge on the second inst., and from all news to be had the boys are getting as good treatment as it is possible for men to get in jail.

The "flower of the I. W. W. is in jail here and you must not let them lose the fight; so do your best.

Some of the locals are doing well with financial assistance, but so far the greater part goes for postage and for tobacco for the boys in jail. Fellow workers, boost hard and help all you can.

Address: W. F. Little, Box 209, Fresno, Cal.  
FREE SPEECH COMMITTEE.

**THE WORKER'S LIFE UNCERTAIN.**

There are several reasons why the lives of workers are uncertain. A few of them I will here state:

Because he is a victim of his environment.  
Because he is a product of a wrong education.  
Because he is made to understand intelligently things appertaining to his work, but not to his material interest.

Because his intelligence is warped.  
Because he is helpless in the struggle for food, shelter and clothing.

Because if he is organized by crafts it is only to defeat his own interests, though he may not think so.

Because he believes himself to be a part of the republic of the United States.

Because he believes that he is equal before the law.

Because he believes he has interests in common with the boss.

Because he is full of superstitions, jingoistic beliefs and race superiority.

Because being disorganized, or not organized at all, he finds himself to be the prey of the employment shark, and the victim of the employer who sees in him a beast of prey, nothing else.

**WHAT HE SHOULD DO.**

Become conscious of himself as a producer in the social production.

Remedy his education as a unit of the working class. Understand that the boss wants him to work for his interest only.

Understand that one is nothing on the economic field, unless combined with others for defence.

Organize in such a way to be able to beat the boss at his own game.

Forget that he has any rights as a citizen.  
Knock out the belief that he has any chance with the laws of the country.

Understand that there is nothing in common between the robber and the robbed ones.

Forget governmental remedies, militaristic tricks and race superiority.

Organize industrially. Force the boss to come to the union. Knock out the employment shark. Raise wages, shorten hours and dismiss capitalists finally from the ownership of the social machinery as useless and expensive luxuries.

HENRY G. GEROME.

**EMERSON THE REBEL.**

We are fond of regarding Emerson as a mild philosopher, nowadays. Read these revolutionary utterances delivered by him in 1855:

"Language has lost its meaning in the universal cant. Representative government is really misrepresentative. Manifest destiny, democracy, freedom, fine names for an ugly thing. They call it ottar of roses and lavender; I call it bilge water. They call it chivlry freedom; I call it stealing all the earnings of a poor man and the earnings of a little girl and boy, and the earnings of all that shall come from him, his children's childrens forever. But this is union, and this is democracy; and our poor people, led by the nose by these fine words, dance and sing, ring bells and fire cannon, with every new link of the chain that is forged for their limbs by the plotters in the capital.

I am glad to see that terror of disunion and anarchy is disappearing. Massachusetts in its heroic days had no government—was an anarchy. Every man stood on his own feet, was his own governer; and there was no breach of peace from Cape Cod to Mount Hoosac. California, a few years ago, by the testimony of all people at that time in the country, had the best government that ever existed. Pans of gold lay drying outside of every man's tent in perfect security. The land was measured into little strips of a few feet wide, all side by side. Every man in the country was armed with knife and revolver, and it was known that instant justice would be administered for each offence, and perfect peace reigned. For the Saxon man, when he is well awake, is a citizen, all made of hooks and eyes, and links himself naturally to his brothers, as bees hook themselves to one another and to their queen in a loyal swarm.

But the time is coming when the strongest will not be strong enuf. A harder task will the new revolution of the nineteenth century be, than was the revolution of the eighteenth century. I think the American revolution bought its glory cheap. If the problem was new it was simple. If there were few people they were united, and the enemy three thousand miles off. But now vast property, gigantic interests, family connections, webs of party, cover the land with a network that immensely multiply the dangers of war.

**HERE AND THERE**

Alex. Berkman has written a book soon to be off the press. It is his autobiography, and represents three phases: The Revolutionary Awakening, The Allegheny Penitentiary—14 years in purgatory, and the Resurrection. Comrade Berkman has made a deep study of criminology, so-called, and from first hand experience, and his observations will be valuable.

The very fine article, "Cranky Notions," by Joseph Labadie, which appears in this issue was rejected by a socialist paper "Emancipation," published in Detroit, on the flimsy excuse that its tendency is to divide the workers. It might turn some of the Emancipator's readers away from the chase after political rainbows. THE AGITATOR is after that illusion—with the keen edged weapon of truth. Give us more of it, Joe.

Comrade Lucy E. Parsons writes from New York that she is meeting with great success in getting the speeches of the martyrs into the hands and heads of the workers. These speeches are the very best agitational literature in the revolutionary movement. They are live, historic and carry conviction where theory would float by.

The women of Seattle in taking the oath of allegiance qualifying them as citizens and voters, swore they were "male persons." The form of the oath had not been changed. It reads: "I do solemnly swear that I am a male person over twenty years, eleven months and ten days of age."

Because they considered 25 cents a day too much for three meals, forty Japanese employed sorting and packing olives for the Elmann Olive Company at Oroville, Cal. went on strike on January 9 and refused to return unless they are given a better rate for board.

**RECEIPTS.**

Sheldon, Musselman, Krantz, each \$1; Lettier, 75 cents; Manley, Sinsky, each 50 cents; Raisin Simkins, Prasow, Wigand, Cherniak, each 25 cents

**For Sale—in Home—a two-story frame house of seven rooms, bathroom, pantry and cellar, with two acres of land, partially cleared. Well situated, commanding an excellent view of bay and mountains. Full particulars may be had of THE AGITATOR.**

**SOME VERY WORTHY PERIODICALS.**

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

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