

THE AGITATOR

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

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THE PASSING SHOW.

The Mass Strike in England.

Some years ago an English judge held that the unions could be held responsible for the damages done to an employer's business during a strike. Not alone the damage that might result from sabotage, but the loss of business also. That is popularly known as "the Taff Vale decision."

It was a severe blow at the unions, and would have rendered them powerless to strike so long as they had any money; for the boss could easily prove loss of business, and make the unions pay.

Here was a most serious condition. What was to be done?

"Send us to Parliament," said the leaders, "and we will pass a law that will protect the union's funds from the avaricious employers."

The labor party was formed. The workers sent their leaders to Parliament, and the law was passed. Not so much because forty-five labor men went to the legislature, but because of the great popular clamor against the decision, which would have driven Parliament to action, had not a single worker's voice been heard in that body.

The proof of this assertion is a matter of history. All the principal labor laws on the English books were passed before Englishmen had even a vote.

The labor politicians promised the workers wonders once they "invaded" Parliament. Besides the reversal of the Taff Vale decision there was an old age pension bill passed.

If any English worker is unfortunate enuf to live to the age of seventy, and has been stupid enuf to remain a law-abiding citizen all that time, he will be rewarded by the munificent sum of seventy-five cents a week.

Emancipation at seventy on seventy-five cents a week! That is the glorious future to which the English worker may look forward as the ripe fruits of the much-lauded parliamentaryism.

The English worker may be a hard-headed conservative, but he is not a fool. A pension at 70, even if it were a good one, is to him no better than pie in the sky.

He wants his pork pie now. So he has ditched his dream of easy freedom thru politics and turned his attention with renewed vigor to direct action.

This change was forcibly shown in two strikes of recent date—the Seamen's and the Railroad workers. No such strikes ever took place in England before.

The English are the fathers of craft unionism—each trade for itself and let the bosses beat the others.

This motto has also been tossed to the tigers. In the late strike, craft lines were not drawn. No workers in the transportation callings would touch a thing from the railways. An industrial strike developed without prearrangement, out of an instinctive solidarity, and that was the grandest feature of the strike. For the strike that gets its impact from the force of pure social instinct is the strike that is going to emancipate the workers.

The English workers have made a splendid

start on the road to pure Industrial Unionism. There is no proof except in practice. Parliamentaryism has proven a failure. The swift victory of the mass strike will be an enduring inspiration that will drive the English workers into the ranks of Industrial Unionism.

Will our American workers be guided by the experience of their cousins across the sea? or will they, like the fool in the fable, go thru the experience of politics themselves.

Mass Contempt of Court.

The people of Seattle had a quarrel with one of its street car lines. They demanded transfers at a certain point without paying extra. The company demanded three cents. The people became unruly and insistent, something rather unusual in the general public, who is in the habit of obeying, meekly, the orders of the corporations. People refused to pay fare and in a general way retard the business of the company.

Knowing the people's weakness, the wily corporation had one of its judges, a life-job fellow appointed at Washington, D. C., issue an injunction commanding the public to submit, quietly, to the holdup.

Great heavens, what happened! The people got madder than ever. The sacred judge was denounced on every hand. A monster mass meeting was called. The town turned out. The name of Judge Hanford was linked to every epithet in the dictionary and a lot more.

The editor of the Seattle Star, swung his effigy at the end of a rope, outside the hall, and the "mob" thundered a sound of approval that echoed from Mount Tacoma.

The speakers were arrested for "conspiracy to interfere with the operation of the law." The entire population was equally guilty and should, logically, have been "pulled."

The law is made to look foolish when the mob disobeys. It is made to punish the few and frighten the many. When the many refuse to be frightened it is up a tree.

The Seattle mob would not frighten. Judge Hanford's mandate was ignored with contempt. A few days later he dissolved his own injunction.

Direct Action won. It won in a hurry.

Against Direct Action all the tricks of the law are powerless. That is why it is feared by the "powers that be," whose powers be only so long as we bow.

The Fight for Free Press.

H. C. Tuck, the blind socialist editor of "The World," a socialist weekly published in Oakland, Cal., is serving a term in jail for the nefarious crime of cartooning a police captain.

If Tuck was the editor of a big newspaper with the prestige of "big business" behind him, he might publish what he pleased. But he is poor and unpopular, and consequently an easy prey for the gouls of capitalism, whose business it is to hunt down and cage every man or woman with the temerity to tell the truth as they see it and expose to the public eye the foul workings of the system.

"Libel" is the particular brand of crime of which Editor Tuck was found guilty by a packed jury. He pictured a burly police cap-

tain torturing a dying woman with the atrocious "third degree." Of all the villainies practiced in American jails this is the vilest. And it is practiced in every city. Prisoners are beaten, kept confined in dark cells, not allowed to rest, and tortured in other innumerable ways in an effort to get them to confess the crimes charged against them.

But they are poor under dogs, beaten in the race for capitalist supremacy; and he who defends them is himself gathered in behind the bars.

Justice, thy name sounds as mockery in the ears of honest men.

An Infant Industry at Home.

When the taxpayers of Pierce county realize the expense to which they are subjected for persecuting bathers at Home, they will refuse to be bled any longer.

An "infant" industry (literally) has been established to obtain the taxpayers' money. For instance: Of the eight witnesses for the prosecution in Wilber's trial, there are two adults and six children—two of 14, one 13, one 12 and two of 11 years of age. And the alleged offense for which Wilber was prosecuted, a jury being refused by the justice of the peace who convicted him, took place at least a mile and a half away from the residence of any of them.

The distance to Tacoma is 26 miles. The witness fee is \$2.00 a day and 10 cents a mile each way. The trial consumed two days, giving each child a check on the county treasury for \$9.20. Total for six children, \$55.20.

When this case comes up on appeal there will be even a larger slice of the people's pie coming to the youngsters. When this trial is finished we will total up the entire cost of these prosecutions to date, giving the amount paid to children. We will show the people that the raising of children is a better paying industry than that of raising chickens in the neighborhood of Home.

To McNamara's Defence.

According to the plutocratic sycophants and the pampered puppies who peddle their masters' dope, the Typographical Union is now guilty of "aiding and abetting the cause of crime, and of conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice." For this union has conspired with the other unions in defense of the McNamara brothers by a \$10,000 donation.

JAY FOX.

FREE SPEECH.

"Without free speech no search for truth is possible; without free speech no discovery of truth is useful; without free speech progress is checked and the nations no longer march forward toward the nobler life which the future holds for man. Better a thousand-fold abuse of free speech than denial of free speech. The abuse dies in a day, but the denial slays the life of the people and entombs the hope of the race."—Charles Bradlaugh.

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By God, I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms.

—Walt Whitman.

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.

**"We will speak out, we will be heard,
Tho all earth's systems crack;
We will not bate a single word,
Nor take a letter back"**

The Case Against The Agitator.

At this writing the case has not been set for trial. The courts are very busy, after their summer vacation and it will take some time before our case is reached.

"Stand firm for the cause of free press, we are with you to the end," is the gist of the letters coming in. Needless to repeat, The Agitator will be true to the motto quoted at the head of this column. No power on earth will turn it from the path of truth, as its writers see the truth. We may be wrong, but it will take reason to convince us.

Conviction is not going to be rammed down our throats with a policeman's club.

This is an age of Reason, but the club is still a dominant factor in the world. The club is the weapon of the holdup man. An honest man has no use for it. He reasons with you, and if you will not be convinced he will not worry. He wants nothing from you. He has something to give you.

The holdup man cannot reason you out of your substance. But he must have it. Therefore the club.

Government is the club used by the ruling class to crush its enemies, to silence the voice of freedom, to suppress criticism, to prevent exposure of its brutality and rottenness.

The Agitator is a voice crying in the jungle of injustice and tyranny.

It is a call to the under dog. It bids him rise up out of the mire of slavery and superstition. Cast the parasites from his back stand erect and be a man.

For this the parasites would crush it. For this its editor is to be declared an outlaw, and enslaved in an iron cage.

Will you—the under dog—stand for this? Will you keep silent like a slave or will you raise your voice like a true rebel—like the people of Seattle—and support the paper that is your voice?

THE AGITATOR GROUP.

A large number of matters will be brought up in the trial, according to Deputy Prosecutor Nolte. A recent edition of the paper contained the following explanation for the founding of the colony:

"Opposed to the exploitation of the workers, believing that no man should profit by the labor of another; believing that business of all kinds is legalized robbery; believing that government is the instrument of the business or exploiting class, a large club held over the head of the laborer, while the thieves in broadcloth go through its pockets; believing all this and being opposed to the brutality and gross inhumanity of the present order of society,

the people of Home have sought to evade contact with it as much as possible."

"We will also introduce as evidence copies of The Demonstator, a newspaper formerly published at Home," said the deputy prosecutor today. "In The Demonstator, free love, as defined by a French author, is upheld.

"The following quotation will be introduced in evidence: 'One has not to confound marriage with love. Marriage is a contract; love is a kiss. Marriage is a prison; love is an expansion. To conceive its beauty, its dignity, love must be free, and it can only be free when it is ruled by its own impulsive laws.'"

—Tacoma Ledger.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again" has been proven in every decade. When the constitution was first written the people who framed it had just come thru the hardest struggle they had encountered in the new world. They knew how dearly every man, woman and child had paid for the right to have free public speech. They knew how hard the lives of the colonists had been made thru the efforts of their rulers in trying to deny them free speech.

The press was evolved, not for the edification of the idle and rich, nor for the advertising of the wares the rich had to sell as it is today. The press was evolved because the people had to have a means of communicating their needs, the needs of common necessity. In secret, many years ago, the printed word was passed from hand to hand and read to the gatherings of God-fearing men and women. They learned the art of printing and set the type for the good it might do. They were above the power of gold to buy. The press of those days had no "Ax to grind" except the ax of human necessity and the common need of the people struggling to be thought and economically free. All they asked was the right to be free to write without persecution and read aloud, without the noose about their necks. They asked but to follow their different trades peacefully for the betterment of their families and the good of their souls. Such a thing as a prostituted press was unheard of. How is it today?

Here and there thruout the country today are editors and writers who are giving up the best years of their lives in a loving labor of the whole people, their rights and the struggle they are making for the privilege to enjoy the rights the constitution gave them. The press in these several instances is unbought. In these papers so published you can read the truth as men feel it. The truth is hard to accept by most people and it often hits the "powers that be" so hard that the editor has to spend some time in prison for daring to express his views.

The right to express one's views is taken from a good many even with the constitution of the United States to back them up in their right to a free press and free speech.

That is one thing the people of every country should guard as dearly as life itself, the freedom of their press. The word that goes out, the printed word, that creeps into every house, should be as true as the love of truth can make it and when we find a fearless soul that faces the truth unafraid we should honor him for it. The constitution contains the paragraph that reads "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." Congress may not make such laws but money has bought the press itself to put things before the people as they wish the people to see them. Thru the press, money and not the people, talks.

The press is not the organ for free speech, it is the advertisement of the wares the moneyed class has to sell to the people they have bought.—Progressive Democrat.

"IS THE I. W. W. TO GROW?"

About three months ago the Italian Branch of Local San Francisco Socialist party withdrew from that "cove of winds" and constituted themselves into "**Seziona Socialista Sindacalista.**"

Many Italians joined the I. W. W. outright. Two charter lists were being held open, and were to be closed Wednesday, August 16th, at which time (1) a bakers' local composed of Italian-French bakers, and (2) a recruiting

which time (1) a bakers local composed of Italians, French Bakers, and (2) a recruiting local of all other Romance language speaking workers, were to be constituted.

Two national organizers of A. F. of L. bakers had failed to stem the tide. The skates of that International had instituted a co-operative (sic!) French-Italian bakery—securing funds from the international headquarters—to whip the boss bakers of French-Italian bread into line; i. e., the co-operative would scare the boss bakers, whom the A. F. of L. skates bid to force four hundred Italian-French journeymen to join the A. F. of L. Race prejudice between the French and Italian workers was faked.

The Syndicalist Italians and English-speaking I. W. W. scotched the snakes. Something must be done and quickly. The Hail Mary peddlers were appealed to: Priest, Police and Politician coalesced;

A rapid resume of events culminated in the "Anarchist Riot" at Green Street and Grant Avenue last Sunday, August 13th, is not here amiss.

Unlike some of our American perambulating non-conformist consciences—alias Socialist—the "Latin" Syndicalists of the North Beach, San Francisco, carry on a vigorous Rationalist and anti-Clerical agitation. They maintain the posture that simultaneous with building "One Big Union," the cultural police of the bourgeoisie—preist and preacher—must be exposed. For over a year the Socialist Syndicalist (in or out of the Socialist party, more fruitful since out) have spoken in the open air, Sunday, 10 o'clock a. m., corner of Green Street and Grant Avenue, in the heart of the "Latin quarter." From a few hundred the audience had increased to thousands. The church, three blocks away, was deserted. What a scandal!

Recently, the Militant Peroune, known all over the United States and Europe, reinforced the already well equipped local speakers. On the first Sunday of August, the Priest of the Church around the corner, broke into the crowd, denounced the "Anarchist," talked fatherly to the assembled "poor," warned them with Christian malediction and departed. Sunday, August 6th, two of the most vigorous speakers were arrested for "disturbing the peace" and kangarooed to the tune of \$10.00 by the magistrate Monday following. The speakers not understanding court proceedings permitted a volunteer shyster to defend them. The shyster made no defence, but pleaded guilty for the boys!

The ensuing week all possible publicity was given that the usual Sunday morning meeting would be maintained. An enormous but good-natured crowd assembled.

Speaker after speaker was clubbed without provocation—two were English speakers—beat up in the station and kicked out. Eight non-English speaking militants were held on \$500 bond for Monday. Newspapers refused to print facts—distinterested spectators personally known to managing editors and reporters told so outright. Monday cases, apportioned to three courts: "Rioting," "Assault," "Refusing to Move On," etc., charged. All week the kangaroo process went on, only to collapse. The police themselves piloryed the affair. It is not yet time to print what happened to three of our men while handcuffed and in jail. More anon. That the whole affair was cold-blooded came out in court. The patrol and ambulance were just around the corner awaiting the slug-

TO THE ENEMIES OF FREE SPEECH.

As well to lay your hands upon the Sun
 And try with bonds to bind the morning light,
 As well on the Four Winds to spend your might,
 As well to strive against the Streams that run;
 As well to bar the Seasons, bid be done
 The rain which falls; as well to blindly fight
 Against the Air, and at your folly's height
 Aspire to make all power that is be none.

As well to do all this as to impeach
 Man's tongue, and bid it answer to the schools;
 As well to do all this, as give us rules,
 And bid us hold our words within your reach;
 As well all this, as try to chain man's speech.
 So others learned before ye lived, O fools!

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

gers under plainclothesman McHugh—that was established in court. The uniformed police took no part in the beating—they did not relish the job, for they were daily and nightly detailed in the Latin quarter!

Tuesday night, two thousand protestants defied the mayor, magistracy, priests and thugs. The police swarmed the crowd but acted as ushers and gently but politely paroled the sidewalk. No one could have been arrested. The speakers spoke well, short and to the point. Wednesday, August 16th, the Latin quarter packed Washington Theatre.

The whole affair was exposed. The local Italian papers alone approached the truth in recording the week's events. Not recently has so profound a stir of this community been known.

The I. W. W. cannot be mobbed out of growing. Unlike the shabby political Socialist—it neither prays nor votes for "rights." It takes what it needs. Notice was publicly served on the police and the mayor that if they are to treat workers like dogs, then we will beat them like dogs; i. e. **the responsible heads of the provokers answer with their own precious skins.**

"Will the I. W. W. grow?" Such a foolishness! Continue with your tatting, dear Socialist sisters.

The Italian Hall of I. W. W. on North Beach is crowded daily.

Increased members for both locals—greater solidarity—more vigor. No more parliamentary red-herring for these workers. Fortright action brings the goods. So the militant welcomes the coalition of Priest, Politician and Police.

"Will the I. W. W. grow?"

I. N. STANTER.

909 Howard St., San Francisco, California.
 August 19th, 1911.

PERSECUTION AT HOME.

When a person can be arrested for "tending to create" disrespect for the LAW, we can see where there is an urgent necessity for the immediate building of a few thousand jails and prisons. This is the crime that Jay Fox, editor of "The Agitator," is charged with. There are thousands of us guilty of the crime.

The whole system is based on the suppression of one class by another and LAWS are made for the protection of the ill-gotten gains of a band of parasites who toil not, neither do they spin.

Jay Fox is being persecuted because he dared to defend a clean body and a clean mind against a band of sneaking reptiles who loved sensuality enough to sneak up to the water's edge to view some members of the Home colony while they bathed their bodies. Warrants were issued for those who were "guilty" of this stupendous crime and mothers were sent

to jail. Jay Fox brought forth the venom of the modern moral hypocrite in defending the people of Home against these unwarranted arrests and the persecution which followed, in an editorial under the caption of "The Nude and the Prudes." This article is too long to be reproduced in the "Worker" this week, but we hope to be able to reprint it next week. It is needless to say that Jay Fox will rot in prison before he will ever retract one word that was used in defense of the persecuted of Home.

The I. W. W. on the Pacific coast will make every effort to assist Fellow Worker Fox in defending himself against the combined attacks of the emissaries of the master class.

Those desiring a copy of "The Agitator" containing the editorial which has been used as a pretext to railroad a man to jail, can secure one by send 5 cents to Jay Fox, Home, Wash. Better send for 100 and show that there are some people in this so-called land of Freedom that know the truth when they read it, and who are willing to defend that truth through thick and thin.

If TENDING TO CREATE DISRESPECT FOR LAW is a crime, then the woods are full of likely subjects for the rock pile. How about the thousands who helped burn in effigy the Honorable Judge Hanford? Why not call out the soldiers and arrest the whole audience? There are millions of people in America who have as much respect for the LAW as a Fiji Islander has for a missionary. Every ounce of persecution means a pound of new rebel blood. Pile on the lash, Mr. Boss, it is the only thing that will wake up the latent spirit of the working class.—"Industrial Worker," Spokane, Wash.

A SOCIAL CONTRAST.

Below are printed two news items, clipped from a daily paper, in the exact relative positions they occupied.

The newspaper did not place them so as to make the contrast. It is a matter of everyday work for the press to print such contrasts, so that even the readers do not notice them, much less the mechanics who make up the forms of the newspapers:

"LENNOX, Mass., Aug. 26.—Mrs. Hans Winterfeldt of 524 5th avenue, New York, whom some call the best dressed woman in the metropolis, is spending a part of the summer at the Hotel Aspinwall.

"Mrs. Winterfeldt is the possessor of the famous \$10,000 anklet which has been the talk of two continents. It consists of a rare collection of diamonds and rubies. Her presence caused many guests of the hotel to linger in the corridors Saturday and Sunday nights in anticipation of seeing this new fad of a bracelet at the ankle. They saw it."

"NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—Phillip Cohen, 15 years old, was before Judge Hoyt, in the children's court, charged with trying to commit suicide by inhaling gas. This note was found in his room:

"I am tired of life. I have had to work for 15 hours a day in a sweatshop. I have earned only 60 cents a day. I have been away from my father for two years, and there have been days when I went without anything to eat."

To attack the system of society that makes these painful extremes possible is to be an undesirable citizen, and perhaps a criminal.

It is not robbery that deprives that boy of all but 60 cents of the product of his 15 hours' work. It is not robbery that makes it possible for that female parasite to vaunt her exaggerated ego in the face of the world, and bait her limb with elaborate jewels to attract the eyes of the male portion of her set.

She did not steal the vast sums that make her mad. Her husband did not steal it. Yet she has it.

How will she account for the possession of this vast wealth when the day of reckoning comes?

When this boy and his comrades in misery discover that they are driven to starvation and suicide by a system that subtly extracts the product of their labor and piles it at the feet of the peahens on 5th avenue, there will be great need for the exercise of their charity and patience.

But they must not be educated into the ways of Mammon. Let them suicide. It is safer.

FRED MOE.

IRRELEVANT.

An associate justice of the Supreme Court of Pata-gascar was sitting by a river.

"I wish to cross," said a traveler. "Would it be lawful to use this boat?"

"It would," was the reply; "it is my boat."

The traveler thanked him, and rowed away, but the boat sank, and he was drowned.

"Heartless man!" said an indignant spectator. "Why did you not tell him that your boat had a hole in it?"

"The matter of the boat's condition," said the great jurist, "was not brought before me."

At any rate, Home colony is being well advertised as a community in which people frequently take baths.—Tacoma Ledger.

THE WORKERS' UNIVERSITY.

Books and Pamphlets For Sale By the Agitator Publishing Association.

The Cost of Something for Nothing, J. P. Altgeld	1.00
The Moods of Life, Poems, W. F. Barnard	1.00
Love's Coming of Age, Edward Carpenter	1.00
A Physician in the House, Dr. J. H. Greer	2.50
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Appeal to the Young, Kropotkin	.05
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Evolution and Revolution, Reclus	.05
Direct Action vs. Legislation, J. B. Smith	.05
Slavery of Our Times, Tolstoy	.65
Trade Unionism and Anarchism, Jay Fox	.05
Roosevelt and Anarchy, Jay Fox	.05
What the Young Need to Know, E. C. Walker	.15
Anarchy vs. Socialism, W. C. Owen	.05
Francisco Ferrer; His Life, Work and Martyrdom	.25

THE AGITATOR

THE MEANING OF FREEDOM.

We are facing the revolution. Or rather, the revolution is facing us. That does not mean that the revolution is a thing apart from us, a strange personality, a sinister god or devil. The revolution is simply a part of us, a part of our life, its deepest necessity, its ripening, its awakening, its maturity. That is the most significant thing we can know. Other knowledge is of mighty little value, lacking that. We do not and cannot know life, unless we know that. We are not prepared to make our lives count unless we know in all the depths of our being this fact of revolution. We live at all only in the measure of our consciousness of the revolution. That is the measure of our life and our efficiency.

Let me remind you here to-night, on this first day of the new year, of another thing worth thinking about. None of us knows what the coming twelve months will bring to us. One of our comrades, who was here only a few weeks ago, is dead. He no longer has any existence among us. His life here has ceased. Whatever chance he had to live, to be something, to do something, was measured—though he didn't know it—by a few days. If he was to live at all, to do or be anything worth while, he had to do and be and live right then and there. Not all of us will be here a year from now. Existence is the one uncertainty. No one has any sure hold on that. We are here today and we are gone tomorrow. But there is one thing we can surely do, if we will. We can live now, and there isn't any other time that we can live. None of us can live tomorrow—tomorrow never comes. We can't live next year or next decade nor in some co-operative commonwealth of a distant time. We can live now, and now only.

Living and existing are too widely different things. Existence alone isn't worth while for human beings. Life is the only thing that is worth while for them. And we live or can live exactly in the measure in which we are free. We can exist as slaves, as beasts, as things, and nothing more. We can live only as we are free. He only is a man who is free. Freedom is infinitely more the mark of a man than anything in his anatomy. If you are to live—whether it be a day or a year or five or fifty years—you must assert your freedom. It is you who are to live, not some one else, not a lot of mouldy ideas and silly customs and cramping prejudices through you. You must gain your own freedom, too. No one else—nor the whole of society—can give it to you or gain it for you. It isn't a gift, it is an achievement. And this is true of a race or a class as much as of an individual. Freedom cannot be given to wage-slaves—it must be won by them at any price, and they can't have it unless they will pay the price. One sentence in John Mitchell's book, "Organized Labor," damns it forever and shuts out its author from the paradise of humanity's eternal gratitude: "The average wage-earner has made up his mind that he must remain a wage-earner." That is the word of a man who exists, who does not live, whose energy has never risen to the level of the struggle for life, but only to the low level of the struggle for existence.

Freedom is an achievement. You are not going to be carried into freedom on the tide or current of some blind movement. You are not going to wake up some fine morning and find yourself free. The mind of a slave could not discover freedom in a thousand years. Only the mind of a freeman can know freedom.

If you are going to live, you have got to be free. Why, humanity instinctively feels that slavery is the lowest humiliation a man can suffer. And so our whole penal system is based on that idea. When society wants to show its deepest disapproval of men or women, it makes slaves of them. It does all in its power to unmake them, to dehumanize them. That is precisely what the whole prison system means. It is society's effort to undo all the slow and painful work of all that is fine and good and sacred in human evolution. It takes freedom away from men and women—in other words takes their life from them. It treats them as slaves, as things. That is what prisons are for. And, by the way, I would rather be the lowest inmate in a prison than be its keeper. There is more hope for a so-called criminal in the penitentiary than for men and women who believe in prisons. The prisoner believes in freedom and

seeks it, if he has a chance; indeed, takes every risk for it—the keeper of a prison and the people who uphold the system neither believe in freedom nor seek it. They are utterly hopeless.

Did you ever visit a prison? If you have, you know the feeling of gloom and despair which the sight of it creates. You did not envy the men in stripes. You couldn't. You do not admire the sight of the chain gang as it passes along the streets. But do you never reflect that "four walls do not a prison make?" Prisoners and slaves are not all in jails and convict camps and penitentiaries. Merely to be shut in for a time within four walls is the least awful form of imprisonment or enslavement the world knows. To be cooped in by the narrow walls of some old superstition or prejudice or custom—even though it be supported by a priesthood or a government or untold wealth—is an incomparably more degrading slavery. And are not the streets fairly clogged with that kind of people? How many people whom you know are living their lives or any small part of their lives from the independent impulse and motive of their own souls, and not merely and solely by force of the momentum of old habits and customs and ideas and prejudices which have in them not a particle of sense or truth or worth?

It is true—and fortunate—that none in the great working class of the world can be free until all are free. But we haven't to wait for the co-operative commonwealth before we are free intellectually and spiritually—and these are far and away the most important and vital forms of freedom. It is true right now and here that the freest souls in the Socialist movement are largely from the proletariat. They are wage-slaves the most helpless, and yet many of them are the freest of the free in all that concerns the beliefs of their awakened minds. And any movement in human society that is worth anything is strong and true and beneficent exactly in the proportion of the free men and women it contains. A free man or a free woman has more lifting power for any cause than any other kind, and they are the only persons who are alive. The rest might just as well be dead—they are a dead weight. The car of human progress is pulled forward by men and women—it doesn't run of itself. And they who pull it forward are they who know the meaning of freedom.

WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN, in "Revolt"

A FREE SPEECH FIGHT.

The arrest of Editor Jay Fox, of The Agitator, for an alleged violation of the law of the State of Washington, is the latest attempt to throttle free speech and a free press in this country.

The Agitator is in danger of being suppressed and its editor is liable to a long term in jail. We must not let him go without proper defense. So the radicals of Pierce county, Washington, have organized a Free Speech League, and issue this call for financial assistance.

Editor Fox is charged with "publishing matter tending to encourage disrespect for the law and the courts," and has been released on \$1,000 bonds, pending trial.

We need not remind the radical element of the country of the importance of fighting this issue tooth and nail.

This is every man's fight. The right to speak and print must be maintained at all hazards.

Today it is The Agitator. Tomorrow it will be some other paper. One by one they will silence our free press, unless we unite for defense.

Send all donations for this defense to Nathan Levin, Home, Lakebay, Wash., secretary the Pierce County Free Speech League.

DEFENCE FUND

Cottrell, \$5; Owen, \$2; Louche, \$1; Rosenberg, \$1; Edelson, \$2; Hoff, \$1; Benoit, 25c.

I. W. W. IN HOME

A propaganda group of the I. W. W., composed of 53 charter members, was formed in Home.

The people of this town are wide awake to the needs of the working class. With THE AGITATOR as its weapon, his group will spread the propaganda of Revolutionary Industrialism.

Pamphlets and leaflets will be published in addition. The cause of one big union will be vigorously pursued.

The capitalist lick-spittles may continue the persecution of our people, persecution only kindles their ardor for the new order, where the workers will have their own and there shall be no masters, high or low.

MAIL BAG

Dear Comrade:-

Noticing in the last issue the impertinent attack and persecution of THE AGITATOR and yourself by our common enemy, the capitalist class and their hirelings, I want to say that when you are guilty of that crime, I am guilty likewise, and enclose \$3 and pledge myself to send \$1 for each of the coming months.

Yours for the cause,

Colville, Wash.

Otto Weik.

Dear Comrade:-

Find inclosed money-order of \$1, my contribution for the defense of the editor.

Cordially yours,

Spring Valley, Ill.

Albert Louche.

RECEIPTS

Morel, Weik, each \$3; Jensen, \$2; Mullens, Rhoda, Local 380, I. W. W., Dumas, Krauzer, each \$1; Verity, R. Bowles, Wassefsky, each 50 cts. Lazzari, 25 cts.

It is never too late to give up our prejudices.

<p>"SOLIDARITY," A weekly revolutionary working class paper. Published by P. O. Box 622, I. W. W. NEWCASTLE, PA.</p>	<p>"MOTHER EARTH" 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>"FREEDOM" A Monthly Journal of Anarchist Communism. 36c per year. 127 Ossulton Street, London, N. W., England</p>	<p>"INDUSTRIAL WORKER" 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>"REGENERACION" Organ of the Mexican Liberal Party 519 E. Fourth Street, Los Angeles, Calif. \$2. a year. Six months \$1.10</p>	<p>"FREEDOM." A monthly journal devoted to the destruction of superstition and the uplift of the under dog. 10c a copy. 1923 Oak street, San Francisco, Calif.</p>

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.

For Sale—near Home: seventeen acres uncleared waterfront timber land; will divide. Apply to THE AGITATOR.

For exchange—Dental work; for any other kind of work Apply to THE AGITATOR.

For Sale—In Home: Two acres on the water front; Five room cottage, furnished; barn, chicken-houses, etc; Easy terms; Apply to THE AGITATOR.

HENDERSON BAY ROUTE—Steamer Tycomda 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

Agents for THE AGITATOR.

Seattle: Lavroff's stand, 617 3rd Ave.; Raymer's old book store, 1522 First Ave.

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

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

Winnipeg, Manitoba: Elkins' news stand, 796 Main St.