

THE AGITATOR

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

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THE PASSING SHOW.

OUR United States Constitution says: "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." "Emma Goldman couldn't recite the Lord's

The Free Speech Fight.

prayer in Indianapolis."—Superintendent of Police Hyland. "Anarchism—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary."—Mother Earth, Emma Goldman's magazine.

This is not the first time a policeman has proclaimed himself bigger than the constitution; nor is it going to be the last. Every day of the year some constitutional provision is violated, some fancied "right" of the people is trampled under foot by the hirelings of capitalism.

In every strike workers are slugged, jailed and often murdered, not in accordance with the constitution, but with the will and wish of the employers.

Some time ago the mounted police were dispersing a labor meeting in Union Square, New York, when a citizen on the sidewalk protested to the officer in charge that his constitutional rights were being violated. The burly gentleman waved his club in the air and exclaimed: "This is the constitution."

Now that is what Emma Goldman says; and she says it in much milder and better language, than police captains are in the habit of using. Of course she draws certain deductions from the fact of the club being greater than the constitution; and these deductions do not make pleasant reading for the fellows that fatten and thrive under the protection of the club.

Discontent under the rule of the club is growing fast enuf without the aid of petticoated agitators. Anarchism or any other "ism" that proposes to upset our well ordered state of society is not going to be preached in this free country, if the man behind the club has his say.

Anyway, why not let good enuf alone. It could be worse; and it certainly would be for a good many who now have time and money to waste.

In the city of Washington, governed by President Taft, Comrade Goldman couldn't get a place to speak. Every owner had been threatened by the police not to rent her a hall. This is a method quite often used by the enemies of free speech. Brother Reitman, her manager, wrote a letter of protest to Taft. His effort will be wasted. The big boss is too busy planning for the next election. The publicity given the matter by the publication of the letter is what was sought. And it is this that really counts in the long run.

Let the people know what is doing. Protest. Make a noise. Someone is aroused by every act of this kind; and if you can not tell the people what you have to say, let them know the reason why.

In Fresno, Cal., the sturdy little band of I. W. W. rebels are fighting hard for free speech. Like the Anarchists, they have something to say worth saying; and they have the fighting spirit well developed.

Free speech is the dearest of all the possessions of mankind, once that is throttled the spirit of man dies with it. Thruout all the ages the fight has been waged, and it is not going to down now on the eve of the social revolution, when the nations of the world are tottering under the weight of their iniquities.

When the lips are closed by official seals,
The spirit sinks and the blood congeals.

Let the fight go on.

THE managing editor of the Appeal to Reason, Brother Fred Warren, must go to jail for six months and pay a fine of \$1,500, which means that he will serve a year behind the bars. For he will not pay a fine, nor allow his friends to do it.

Fred Warren Goes to Jail.

Warren has accomplished a brilliant piece of work in the interest of freedom; he well deserves the year. They might as well have made it ten, for he earned every year of it, if he earned one.

There are two classes of people who always land in jail: Small thieves and the expositors of big thieves. Warren uncovered the big thieves. And that is the greatest of all crimes.

He challenged the enemy of the people: "You kidnapped Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. You took them from their homes in the night at the point of the gun. You worked as the burglar works, only the burglar does not rob men of their liberty. He takes merely their chattels. You went further. You stole men and car-

ried them off from their native state, not caring for the constitution or the law in the case; and your high court said it was right and proper.

"A new ruling was handed down. Very well. We, the common people, will act in accordance with it. We will test your claim of equality before the law; and we will settle for all time the truth or falsity of the claim that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor.

"There is one Taylor, a republican politician, a fugitive from justice in the state of Kentucky. To whomsoever will kidnap him as you kidnapped Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone and deliver him to the legal authorities of Kentucky, I will give \$1,000."

These are not his words, they are the facts. Warren was arrested and convicted on the charge of defaming the character of said politician; altho it was not shown there was any character involved.

The case was appealed. Warren discharged his lawyers and pleaded his own cause, not as a lawyer, but as a revolutionist. The big court upheld the little one. Warren must go to jail for a year.

And why not? How else could he prove his original proposition, that justice, so-called, does not exist in the United States?

Suppose the culprit was turned over to Kentucky "justice," and the money claimed, where would Warren be, not financially but morally? Where would we all be? Our sails would be bagging in the calm, and the finger of conservative ridicule would be pointed straight at our heads.

Warren, you have won your case; you have won our case. Go to jail and be proud of the victory. We are proud of you. We are proud of every man who has convictions strong enuf to carry him to mammon's jail.

A COUPLE of years ago the trade unions of Great Britain went into the political game. They elected a political committee and assessed themselves for the support of the campaign and the payment of the members elected. For British Trade Unions and Labor Politics. An English statesman is a patriot, he serves his country free. Well, they elected several members to parliament, and made quite a noise about the great victory for labor. Now the slaves would be freed. A few more years and the government would be "captured," as the social democrats say.

Then an act of parliament could be substituted for a strike. Instead of going to the boss for a raise in pay, all they needed to do would be to ring up the labor members at Westminster and say: "'and us out another bob a day, mates." "Dente melads," would come back the answer, and the trick would be turned.

Somehow the scheme does not seem to work out right. The expense of electing members and maintaining them when elected, is no small drain on the low paid workers. One of the fraternal delegates to the recent A. F. of L. convention said his election expenses were \$10,000; paid from the workers' funds. He was elected a year ago. Now parliament has been dissolved, and he will have to spend another \$10,000, or more, of the toilers hard earned pennies. And he may not be returned at that. He is but one of the many aspiring statesmen in the English labor ranks; all aching to write M. P. after their names.

Some conservatives in the unions objected to paying assessments to support the labor party, and had conservative courts decide that "trade union funds cannot be used for political purposes."

That is a very dangerous proceeding and some day it is going to be seriously felt by the unions. The courts should not be brought into the labor movement; and the stupid workmen who appeal to the law ought to get a good dose of it.

The courts belong to the bosses, and their decisions are the will of the owners. What's to prevent some spy in the union going to this same court in time of strike and getting a decision that the funds cannot be used to support the strikers, on some fine point of law, that would stop the payments and starve the workers back to their slavery?

The unions are ours, brothers. They are all we have got after centuries of slavery. The bosses have everything else. But our unions are all sufficient. We need but to know how to operate them. They represent our united intellect, and our combined physical power; the two greatest forces in the world. We built them in spite of the boss and his hireling courts, and we must keep

their palsied hands off. Courts were built for cowards, strong men, brave men, should scorn to ask their aid.

THE red czar has again stretched his bloody hand across the sea. After failing three times to drag a victim from the United States, he has now reached over into the domain of our neighbor, Federenko and Canada, for one. The old charge of the Bloody Czar. murder is brot against him.

Federenko, the revolutionist, a murderer! Rudowitz and Pourin were murderers. All men with the pluck to take up guns in defence of their liberty are murderers, in the eyes of the Czar of Russia. They are murderers and traitors in the eyes of every ruler, by whatsoever name he be called.

America is full of such "criminals," escaped from the clutches of the cossacks. If the czar could get one delivered over he could then send a ship and fill it with revolutionists, carry them off and line them up and shoot them into eternity for the good of the cause.

Will Canada give up Federenko? The capitalist government of the dominion is not particular. It would just as soon let him go to certain death as not. Capital is not especially interested in harboring revolutionists. It will hang them as quickly as the czar. But it won't insist on aiding the czar catch his fish if the people make a vigorous protest.

Let the voice of the radical world ring out. Let the government be warned that to play into the hands of the czar is a dangerous game. And, there not being much at stake, it will desist.

AT THE recent trades union congress in Sheffield our British cousins passed the following resolution, which shows they are learning: "That it is the opinion of this congress that the present system of sectional trade unionism is un-Industrialism in able to successfully combat the encroachments of modern capitalism, and while recognizing the usefulness of sectional unionism in the past and present the congress realizes that much greater achievements are possible, if all the existing unions were amalgamated by industries, with one central executive elected by the combined unions, and with power to act unitedly wherever there is a strike or lockout, thus making the grievance of one the concern of all."

The vote was five to one for the resolution. Commenting on this, one of the delegates, John Turner, writes in Freedom: "It was a remarkable indication of the present feeling in favor of a more united and aggressive industrial policy in the trade union world. At last, the rank and file are emerging from the blind faith in parliamentary action of the past ten years, and are preparing for an assault upon the citadel of capitalism by direct action."

"Certainly, it would be almost impossible to show a more barren decade for the wage earner than the one just past. Capital has never exploited the workers so successfully as during the last ten years. While they have had their eyes fixed on parliament, the lords of industry have piled up huge fortunes out of their unpaid labor. Their hours of work have remained almost as they were at the beginning of the century, and their wages have but slightly increased. The cost of living has gone up enormously, and their relative position gone back. Compare this result with the great gains made by direct action during the militant years of the new trade union movement, 1889 to 1893.

"It is this feeling, growing among the rank and file of the unions, that accounts for the increasing desire for industrial unity and direct action. This year's trades union congress gives proof of the correctness of the anarchist teaching in the industrial warfare of today. Experience is driving the workers into our position, and, though slow to accept it, they are coming our way sure enuf. A few years may see some very remarkable developments."

JAY FOX.

John Adams, in the congress of 1776, said: "That as to this matter, it was of no consequence by what name you called your people, whether by that of free men or of slaves. That in some countries the laboring poor men were called free men; in others they were called slaves; but the difference was imaginary only. What matters it whether a landlord employing ten laborers on his farm gives them as much as will buy the necessities of life, or gives them those necessities at short hand?"

The term "wage slavery" does not sound very pleasant, but the reader will no doubt agree with John Adams on that point.—Ex.

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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.

WHAT IS INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM?

The garment workers' strike in Chicago affords us a good example of what industrial unionism is not.

The biggest opponent of the garment workers is the mail order firm of Sears, Roebuck & Co. This is the largest institution of its kind in the world. It sells every conceivable article by mail only. It has no stores, no agents. It sends out a big 1,500 page catalogue to farmers and workers in towns and villages. It owns a plow factory in Illinois, a vehicle factory at Evansville, Ind., paint, stove, and numerous other factories.

In its big central depot in Chicago it employs thousands of workers, of which the garment workers are only a small part.

There are union engineers, firemen, electricians, teamsters, printers, freight handlers, etc.; besides a vast number of non-union stenographers and clerks, all working, while the garment workers are on strike.

The object of union men should be to cripple a struck firm as much as possible. Every union man knows that the harder a firm is hit by a strike, the sooner it will be ready to make terms.

The union men at work in Sears Roebuck's are actually helping to defeat the strikers. They do not mean to do it. They do not want to do it. Their sympathies are with their brothers. They wish them success. They subscribe funds to keep them.

But what's the use of the dollar to the strikers while they give their labor to the boss?

They know this. They feel it, instinctively, and would strike in sympathy if they were organized for it.

It is the form of organization that is at fault. If all the unions employed in that industry were to unite and present a solid front to the employers and say: "The garment workers' fight is our fight; our cause is one; we stand or fall together;" that would be industrial unionism.

A heartfelt sympathy and a dollar will not win the strike. At this stage of industrial evolution, the strike of an individual union is no more effective than was the strike of an individual worker fifty years ago.

The times demands a union of unions, not merely in form, but in action.

Capitalism has evolved from individual employers competing with each other, into vast industrial combines united to control the market and oppress labor.

In the early stages of capitalist development the trade union was a force to be reckoned with. Today it is powerless. The system has grown and left it behind.

The A. F. of L. will have to change its form or it will be beaten out of existence. A new generation of men will have to rise from the ranks and sound the clarion call from the topmost heights.

The I. W. W. is the advance guard in the march of the toilers towards industrial unionism. It is the warning cry. It points the way.

Capitalism is marching on to the conquest of the world and the enslavement of mankind. The workers are wasting their energy quibbling about trails, while the shackles are being fastened to their limbs.

Industrial unionism makes no distinction between trades or callings. All who work for wages should be joined, inseparably, and when they strike, strike together; strike hard. Tie up the entire industry. Let not a wheel move. Let all union men boycott the struck firm. Let every article be as poison to them.

Carry the fight to the homes of owners. Let the automobile drivers, the gardener, the cook and chamber maids quit. Let the grocery wagon driver refuse to deliver goods. Let the coal teamster and the iceman avoid the homes of scab bosses. Mark them; trail them to the restaurants and stores, and have the waiters and clerks refuse to serve them. Let the cab drivers, street car and railroad men, refuse to carry them. Isolate them absolutely, as you would a people with a contagious disease. For no disease, not all of the diseases together, kill half as many people as capitalism.

Industrial unionism is not a salve to rub on the wounds of injured slaves to make their burden easier to carry. It is not a movement for high wages, only. It

is a movement with an ideal that reaches over the bounds of capitalism.

It asserts the system cannot be patched up so the workers will get what is coming to them. The wage system is a slave system that supports more idlers, and keeps them in greater luxury, than any system of society in the past.

Industrial unionism says it must go, to make way for a system based on freedom, on equality, on mutual aid, on cooperation.

But while the organization and education is going on, better wages—better living conditions must be fought for. Every strike is a means of education; it is a lesson in direct action, in solidarity. It keeps the fighting spirit alive. It is a test of tactics. It is the proving ground of methods.

The strike has shown us already that the individual trade union form is no longer of value, and therefore must be abandoned.

The garment workers cannot win, while the union teamsters haul the food and the goods for scabs, and the engineers and other trades work with and for them.

Nothing short of a complete tie-up will win a strike. Industrial unionism would tie up not merely a shop or an industry, it would tie up the entire country. Stop every wheel, fold every sail, and win complete industrial freedom as easily as a ten per cent. advance in wages.

THE AVERAGE PERSON.

Such is the inconsistency and conservatism of the average person that he will not move until the house falls on him. But the average person is never counted, except on election day; and then he is numbered with the "safe and sane."

If the average person counted for anything there would be very little progress made in the world. He will shift about and complain when hard pressed, as he has done in the recent election; but he will never do anything new. He lacks the power to do what he has not done before, or seen his grandfather do. The way his ancestors did is good enough for him.

Left to himself the average person would crystallize into a fixed habit, and finally decay. Races of men have done so in the past.

Ancient Egypt went down before the ravages of the average person. The Egyptians regarded the dead body as a most holy thing. To touch it was to become a defiler of the sacred sanctum of the soul, and death was the penalty. Science could not see the inside of a human body. It might dissect some of the lower animals, but the one it most needed to examine was tabooed.

That human heap of pestilence, killed by disease, must be preserved intact with embalming fluids, for the spirit of crumpty crum needed it in his business beyond the sacred lake.

There was the stopping place of science. The average chump was all powerful and put up that breastwork of superstition beyond which the wise men dare not go.

In art, literature, mechanics, the same palsy hand was visible. Every avenue of progress was barricaded. No person dared, under penalty of death, to deviate from the fixed forms laid down by the average mummy. The nation crystallized and crumbled away, and is now the historical horrible example of the reign of the average person.

But in modern times a repetition of Egypt is quite impossible. Today there are two forces at work on him. One, the capitalist minority, attacks his stomach. The other, the intelligent slave minority, bombard his brain. Between the two he has no rest, and abandons his ancestral worship bit by bit.

The capitalists are taking everything in sight, having him pinched with hunger, or the fear of it, tho working hard. While in such a state he becomes more or less ready to listen to reason on the system of property his fathers handed down to him.

In this broad America, with an area so vast that were it equally divided each family would have one hundred and sixty acres, the average man is a renter, paying tribute for what is rightfully his.

It is a sad commentary on the average intelligence, but it is none the less true, that the average man never thinks about freedom until he is so hopelessly enslaved that nothing short of a savage outburst of passion will release him. There is hope for the average American. He thinks he is free. He imagines that in a country where the people elect the government, the governors are the servants of the people. When he opens his mind to facts and casts off the fairy tale about the freedom conquered by his forefathers; when he looks around him and sees things as they are, he gets very indignant at the system and wants to go right out and end it at once.

No man is ever half so angry as the proud man who discovers himself a fool. The awakened American is that man. He is a dangerous man to dally with. He is not easily pacified. He will not bow his head to the yoke and go on in silent submission. He gets out and does things. In him is the hope of the average man.

THE WORKINGMAN'S LIBERTIES.

Fellow worker, they tell us since the revolution and the declaration of independence all men have been free. Are you yourself free?

I? I am sure that I am free!

Let us think a little; who grants you the right to work?

The employer.

Who fixes the day upon which you shall work?

The employer.

Who fixes your wage?

The employer.

Who sells the product of your toil, and pockets the profits?

The employer.

Who grants you or refuses you a day of rest?

The employer.

So, then, to have no right to the products of your labor, to submit to the will of your employer from morning until night, to be unable to work, that is to say to be unable to eat; yourself, your wife and children, without the permission of your employer, is what you call being free. What fine liberty the revolution and the declaration of independence have given you! Let us continue. Who has the liberty to enrich himself by making the worker, with his wife and children also toil?

The employer.

Who has the liberty to impose upon the worker that kind of work that will bring him the largest profits?

The employer.

Who has the liberty to show the worker the door when he no longer needs him?

The employer.

Who has the liberty to send the old workers to die of hunger in the gutters, who, in their prime, built up his fortune?

The employer.

Who has the liberty to starve the workers by locking them out when they ask for an increase in wages?

The employer.

Who has the liberty to use the police, the soldiers, and the judges to subdue the strikers he has driven from his workshop?

The employer.

Friend, the revolution and the declaration of independence have given all the liberties to the employer and slavery to the workman.—Adapted from the French of Paul Lafargue.

FROM THE PROSPECTUS OF SEATTLE'S MODERN SCHOOL.

"By the term rational, as applied to education we mean the withholding from the child mind of no light or information whatever that may be had upon the subject in hand, in contra-distinction to the sanctioned or standardized methods of the regular schools.

"We understand also by rational education, a departure from regular methods, in that the popular concept of a school is a building, a four walls, dreary and forbidding, whereas the modern school will be a group of children to be taken to the woods and there have the marvelous mysteries of all ulterior life pointed out to them at first hand; to be accompanied thru the busy streets and there have the functions and true social values of those who do the useful and the beautiful work of the world, pointed out to them, and to be taken thru the mines, mills and factories, into the very heart of production, and the condition of the toiler shown to them as contrasted with the condition of those who own, but who no no useful or beautiful work.

"By rational education we understand also that we are to impose upon the child mind no 'ism' or sanctioned faith or belief of any kind whatever, seeking only that he know the truth of all things, moreover we understand by it the entire absence of discipline. When the modern school fails to attract the voluntary attention of its pupil it will have failed wholly.

"In short, by rational education, we conceive the contrary of arbitrary dogmatism which makes for blind faith and ignorance, and the utter absence of the rigid spirit-killing authority which makes, as it is intended to make, for subjugation and obedience, and these for mental and physical bondage.

"It is such a school that we are establishing.

"It is proposed that for the uses of the modern school a building be taken in a locality available to the greatest number of pupils, and that this be used in the evenings and at other times when not occupied for the primary work for course or season lectures on economic, scientific and sociological subjects from the rational viewpoint, thus making the enterprise to take on the nature also of a modern university, at the same time provide a sustaining revenue for the school.

"Also when the schoolroom is not needed for such primary purposes it will be used for teaching foreigners and others to speak, read and write English, for tuition."

Any information can be obtained by addressing The Modern School, P. O. Box 535, Seattle, Wash.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LOOMS.

Oh, what are these that plod the road
At dawn's first hour and evening's clime,
Each back bent as beneath a load,
Each sallow face aful with grime;
Nay, what are these whose little feet
Scarce bear them on to toil or bed:
Do hearts' within their bosoms beat?
Surely, 'twere better they were dead.

Babes are they, doomed to cruel dooms,
Who labor all the livelong day;
Who stand beside the roaring looms
Nor ever turn their eyes away;
Like parts of those machines of steel:
Like wheels that whirl, like shuttles thrown;
Without the power to dream or feel;—
With all of childishness unknown.

Brothers and sisters of the flowers,
Fit playmates of the bird and bee,
For you grow soft the springtime hours;
For you the shade lies neath the tree.
For you life smiles the whole day long,
For you she breathes each breath in bliss,
And turns all sound into a song;—
And you, and you are come to this!

Is't not enough that man should toil
To fill the hands that clutch for gold?
Is't not enough that women toil,
And in life's summertime grow old?
Is't not enough that death should pale
To see men welcome him as rest;
But must the children drudge, and fail,
And perish on the mother's breast?

See, lovers wed at tender eve;
See, mothers, with your new-born young;
See, fathers, if ye can, believe!
From infant blood, lo, wealth is wrung!
See, homes; see, towns; see, cities; states:
Earth, show it to the skies above!
Lovers who pass through raptures gates,
Are these, are these your fruits of love!

O man, who boast your lands subdued,
Your conquered air, your oceans tamed,
Who mould all nature to your mood,
Look on these babes and be ashamed!
Dull looks from out each weary face,
Cold words upon each little tongue:—
Dead lives that know not childhood's grace,
Grown old before they can be young.

Hear, world of mammon, brutal bold,
Gorging with life the maw of greed,
Measuring everything by gold—
The good deed with the evil deed—
The pangs of suffering childhood's care.
Now coined in coins to fill a purse,
These things shall haunt you everywhere,
And rest upon you for a curse!

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

THE BOSSES' SIDE.

I am not of your 'ism.' I am not a labor advocate, nor agitator, but I am an ismist just the same. I belong to the greatest, the most powerful ism that ever oozed thru the slimy walls of time—I am a capitalist.

It is unusual for one of my class to bother his capricious brain with mollycoddling meddlers like THE AGITATOR; but I just thot I'd call your bluff about the freedom of the press you profess to uphold.

I speak candidly. I do not believe in freedom, except for myself. And where I can attain my own liberty at the expense of another I will not refuse to take it. If I can turn the law on you I will do it. It is my business, it is the business of my class, to suppress my enemies. It is the order of nature that the strong suppress and enslave the weak. Nature says: "Eat where you will, the world is yours if you conquer it."

You fellows are the descendants of slaves, beaten ones, weaklings, who fell in the frays of old; and we inherit your labor just as truly as we inherit the wisdom of the past. You are ours by the only right that can be demonstrated, the right upon which society is based, the right of conquest.

We know nothing about "moral rights," "equality," "brotherhood," and all that sort of brain rot. These are the inventions of slaves. Not having the courage to assert the natural law of might, you fabricate subterfuges and set them up in the place of nature.

But they won't work. One twelve-inch gun will blow them off the earth. What is it right, for those who made it so. One man of the stamp of J. P. Morgan is worth a million pickoon slaves who crawl about in the dust at his feet.

Of what value is the sneaking slave who slipped a copy of THE AGITATOR into my desk? Why didn't he come up, like a man, and say: "Here, this is what I

believe, this is how I look upon you and your breed."

True, I might have been shocked by his audacity and fired him for presuming an independence he hasn't got. It is true I hold his bread and butter in my hands, and he can ill afford to lose it. But aint I going to hold him for life in the same state of economic subjection? Is he going to become independent on fifteen dollars a week? Isn't his children going to work for my children under similar conditions?

What is the use then of your ranting about freedom for the "wage slave," unless you are making money out of it; in which case, of course, I don't blame you, except that you are on the wrong side.

The case of the working slave, as you call him, is as hopeless today as it was a thousand years ago, and it will be no better a thousand years hence. We feed him better than our ancestors did, and give him more rope; and perhaps the future generations of capitalists will be able to give him still more without hurting their business. But that he shall ever be master of himself is the purest rubbish.

We hold the key to his freedom, and we are not going to pass it up. We have the earth, the land; we have the wealth of the world, and having it we command all else. We control the army and navy, we have the mounted police to ride you fellows down and trample the spirit out of you when you get rebellious. Congress belongs to us. The courts are ours. The preachers preach our doctrine. The teachers teach it, and your subscribers must come to us and bow low for their meal tickets.

A CAPITALIST.

WHY TOLSTOY DIED A WANDERER.

No more pitiful and tragic figure does the world present than this old man in a peasant's rough clothing, overwhelmed by the sorrow around him, wandering away from a home of luxury which he despises.

Why? The Petersburger Zeitung tells why. The estate at Yasnaya Poliana is in the charge of the Countess and her second son, to whom it has been deeded. Recently rents have been raised, cheap labor introduced, and "business" methods applied to make the revenues grow. How the Count has viewed these proceedings can be easily inferred from the brief account which he published a few weeks ago, entitled "Three Days In a Village," which was promptly suppressed by the Russian government. It is a plain, simple, but terribly realistic description of village life surrounding the estate from which he has fled. In the Boston Transcript, Mr. Archibald J. Wolfe gives a two-column description of the book, with extracts. "The cumulative effect," we are told, "is one of heartbreaking hopelessness and misery, and it ends in a brief but scathing arraignment of the unhappy people's rulers." The first part of the narrative, entitled "Wanderers" begins as follows:

"Lately something entirely new has been the experience of our villages, something never seen or heard before. Every day there comes to our village, which counts eighty homesteads, from six to a dozen hungry, cold and ragged wayfarers. These people, all in rags, filthy in the extreme, come to our village and seek out the constable. The constable, to keep them from dying in the street from cold and starvation, takes them about among the villagers, meaning by villagers the peasants. The constable does not take them to the landowner who has, in addition to his ten sleeping apartments, dozens of other places, in the office, in the stable, in the laundry, in the servants' hall and elsewhere; nor does he take them to the priest or the deacon, nor to the merchant, all of whom have houses which may not be large, but are still roomy; but he takes them to the peasant, whose whole family, wife and mother-in-law, children big and little, live all in one room eight to ten arshins long. And the owner receives this hungry, frozen, evil smelling and filthy man and not only provides him with a night's lodging, but also feeds him."

Not the wanderers only, but the villagers as well, make up the picture of abject poverty. In other chapters he describes them. A woman comes seeking his aid. Her husband has been drafted into the army and her children are starving. He starts out to see the authorities and get the husband released from service if possible. On the way they meet a girl of twelve, an orphan, the head of a family of five children. Her father had been killed in a mine. Her mother had worked herself to death in the field. The little mother wants to have the youngest child taken to an institution. In another novel they find a man dying of pneumonia. It is bitterly cold. There is no fire in the hut, no mattress or pillow for the sick man. Then comes this:

"We drive home in silence. At the front door is a carpeted sleigh with a pair of magnificent horses. A swell coachman in heavy coat and fur hat. It is my son, who had driven over from his estate to pay me a visit. We are seated at the dinner table. There are plates for ten. Only one seat was vacant, that of my granddaughter. The child was quite sick and dining with her nurse." It goes on describing the luxurious

way in which his family was living.

This is what Tolstoy fled from. One may term the act irrational, for how could he relieve the misery of Russia by adding one more to the army of pitiful wanderers? But what an eloquent protest to the world is this irrational act, and how it shrieks its way around the whole habitable globe, startling all civilized nations.—Current Literature.

I believe that all the known ways of killing a snake effectually involve the principle of direct action.—Bruce Rogers.

THE WORKERS' UNIVERSITY.

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THE AGITATOR

A PROTEST.

To the Japanese Ambassador,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: Japan occupies a unique position in the world today. It is an old nation evolving rapidly out of the past into the ways of modern civilization. Until its war with Russia the western world knew very little about it. That historic event revealed the Japanese as one of the most marvelous peoples of the earth.

The sympathies of the civilized world went out to Japan in its desperate struggle with the big despotic, reactionary tyrant, Russia. Especially did we Americans lend our moral and financial support to your country. We did it because we knew Russia, and hated it for its despotism, for its cruelty, for its lack of progress, for its inhumanity to man. We saw in Japan the hope of civilization in the east. We saw your scholars taking the best of our western literature, your sociologists adopting our most advanced economic ideas. We welcomed you as a new star in the firmament of progressive nations.

Now comes the news which makes us feel that, after all, Japan is yet a barbarous country, with only a coating of that civilization we thought had permeated to the core.

We learn your government has taken twenty of your advanced thinkers, including Denjiro Kotoku, a man well known in this country as a scholar and lover of humanity, and sentenced them to death on the charge of "plotting against the imperial family."

You have used in their conviction the star chamber methods of feudalism; methods we thought were buried with the barbarism of the past.

Why did your government not try these people as others are tried—in open court, where the world could look on and witness the evidence of their "plotting?" Did you fear they could not be convicted in the regular way?

The world can't be deceived any longer by such proceedings. We know these people are not "plotters" against the lives of your imperial family. You know it, or you would not have resorted to the secret methods of conviction.

You are the plotters. You have plotted against the lives of these people; and your star chamber is the evidence of your guilt.

These people know that your imperial family is not responsible for the poverty and ignorance that exists in Japan, no more than is any other family of the capitalist class.

Anarchists and socialists plot against ignorance, against superstition, against poverty, and the conditions that make and cherish them. Your imperial family is a harmless, useless relic of the past. It is the system of capitalism that engages the attention of these "plotters," and you know it. Your imperial family plot is a subterfuge. You are after the lives of these men and women. You can not deceive us by your plot.

You may kill them, but you can't kill the ideas they represent. Out of the memory of their martyrdom will spring a movement that will sweep from the beautiful, picturesque islands of Japan, the real enemy of the people, capitalism, private property in the land, factories, and its resultant private property in the work people.

I protest against this plot of the Japanese government against the human family of the islands of Japan.
JAY FOX.

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 av., 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.

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RECEIPTS.

Rasnick, \$5; Wacilevsky, \$2; Brout, Allen, Houghton, Pivoly, Hellerstatt, Clarke, Pustka, Moser, Levin, Bogdanoff, Michelson, Yappce, Buchie, each \$1; Solomon, Reese, Metlien, Lucker, Rode, Hindes, each 50c; Fair, Volensky, Dvoragoff, Bron, Lobatch, Pollack, Steller, Friedman, Pratiner, Weisberg, Blatt, Minsky, Wilson, Lerman, Bergman, Lettaier, Waterman, Heyer, each 25 cents.

Men, in large groups, do not evil things, except as they are trained under some dictum of authority. That is the whole excuse for discipline.—Bruce Rogers.

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.

CHRISTMAS.

If I were to say "Merry Christmas" to the merry band of rebels and infidels that read THE AGITATOR I would be laughed off the stage. But Christmas is older than Christ. It did not always go by that name, however.

The wily christian priests took over all the old pagan festivals and renamed them. Christmas is the old winter solstice festival, which celebration goes back into the mists of history.

The christians did not begin celebrating the birth of Christ until about two hundred years after his death. They had no means of knowing the date of his birth. All the evidence goes to show he was not born at that time. The custom is merely a blending, a turning of the old pagan feast of the season.

The name, Christ, is taken from the Hindu Krishna, the saviour, the reincarnation of Vishnu, born of a virgin. The whole christian outfit of saviour, saints and virgin mother, is a steal, a pure and simple case of burglary. There is not an ounce of originality in it, with the exception of purgatory; and the only part of that original is the mercenary application of it. The Hindus have their various "planes" on which the soul dwelt in its evolution to Karma. One of the popes took one of these and sent the catholic souls there to suffer till they were ransomed by their friends. Catholic souls are going there yet, and millions of catholic money is yearly pouring into the priests' coffers to pray them off.

This is the most gigantic graft in all history. Rockefeller's spoils is no match for it. Every catholic family has one or more beloved souls in purgatory; and, to help the sufferer from its agony, have the priests say masses, at from three to ten dollars a mass. These masses may be repeated as often as they can afford it, and it is never known when the soul is released from its purgatorial prison.

If there ever was such a personality as Christ, he was an agitator, a dreamer who went about among the poor and oppressed, stirring them up. He was a tramp who roamed the country of Judea, sleeping in haystacks or wherever he was taken in. He didn't believe in work, nor in stealing the result of other people's toil. The carpenters claim him, but there is no record that he ever did any work, after he was old enuf to know better. Like the birds of the air and the lilies of the field, he took no heed of the morrow. Let every day take care of itself. "A crust of bread and liberty" was his motto.

That he did some slight of hand tricks there is no doubt. Every agitator that amounted to anything in his time had to work miracles in order to awe their followers. The "leaders" of today are no exception to the old rule. Look at the stunts Teddy performed before he became a real live leader. See his triumphant march up San Juan hill, at the head of his column, when he was five miles away from it. J. Christ never did anything half as great as that.

See the magic performed by our big labor leaders. Turn your optics on Mitchell, Christ of the coal scuttle, the six thousand dollar a year pet of the bosses civic federation and vice president of the A. F. of L. The ancient Christ confessed that he couldn't serve two masters. with Johnny it's like eating pie.

Jesus fed a multitude on two fishes. A most wonderful feat, it must be admitted. But it does not compare with the skill of his priestly followers who, for two thousand years have fed the multitude on the story of them two fishes.

Some people say Christ was a humbug and a fraud; and that his doctrine of "resist not evil" has been a great detriment to the workers, insofar as it influenced them to submit to the slavery of the system.

I quite agree with the sentiment. Christ was a fraud. He began humbugging the world nine months before he was born; and kept it up until three days after his death. The idea of a man having a virgin for a mother is the limit; and for a dead man to wake up and wander off into the clouds is going beyond the limit. Perhaps this will explain the duplicity of the modern christian world.

It is remarkable the many uses to which Christ has been put. He is the original patent medicine. He is taken to war to help keep the fighters courage up; and he is used in peace to keep it down. He is used to swear by as often as he is in prayer. He is the founder of all the "isms," and he isn't. He has dominated history far beyond his size.

It is time the world turned its eyes from the fakirs of the past.
FRED MOE.

R. J. W., Grand Rapids: Your subscription received. There is not any literature descriptive of Home. Several magazine articles have been written about Home. The most recent one, illustrated, appeared in The Independent of April 28, 1910. Your newsdealer will get you a copy or write to the publishers.

R. N. D., Postville: Your subscription received. We are glad you like THE AGITATOR. We will endeavor not only to keep it at its present standard, but to raise it.

THE PARABLE OF ANOTHER SAMARITAN.

I stood on the bank of a swiftly running river whose turgid bosom was white with the broken bodies of men, women and children—the industrial derelict, crippled, aged and shrivelled with toil; the white slave, early old and robbed of beauty; the factory child with hollow socketed eyeballs and shrunken belly. Many were dead, some were dying, and others there were, not yet despairing, but from whose lips there came an anguished cry.

I reached into the waters and saved many, and back of me I heard the pulpit and the press of the unjust man acclaiming loudly that I was a philanthropist and a redeemer of men. And I was pleased with his fulsome plaudit, not seeing that those I saved passed by the unjust man and came down again to choke my torrent of sorrows.

And so it came that men called my name blessed, but the number of the miserable ever grew, when a loud voice rudely broke upon the satisfied tenor of my consciousness, saying, "Look above you. Go forth to the source of this wretched river to where the unjust man has his great machines." In great haste I went as the voice had spoken, and I said to the unjust man and his wolfish mercenaries, "You shall not longer grind the laughing-eyed innocents into your fearful mills, nor shall you starve them when the pearly breasts of earth swell and pain with abundant suck for them all, and you, sir, shall not feed the beautiful maidens into the scarlet maw of vice; and you shall no longer bruise and beat and break and kill the bodies of those who do the useful and the beautiful work of the world."

I looked again toward the press and the pulpit of the unjust man and saw them herding a mob which they set upon me, crying, "He preaches a strange doctrine."
BRUCE ROGERS.

To shock people is often better than to please them; the majority of mankind need the shocking.—Freedom.

If there is anything of value it is liberty. Liberty is the air of the soul; the sunshine of life. Without it the world is a prison and the earth a perfect dungeon.—Ex.

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