

THE AGITATOR

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

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THE PASSING SHOW

May! There is magic in the word. It suggests youth, new life. The word is derived from the Sanskrit, "Mah," meaning growth. May, the time when the awakened trees send forth their leaves and blossoms, when the roses bloom, and the tender vegetable life appears in a myriad varieties on the face of mother earth and gradually unfolds itself to the warm kiss of the sun.

Touched by the mystery of the teeming world of expanding life, man seeks to grow and expand, and unfold his personality in the glow of freedom.

In ancient times, rich and poor, high and low, master and slave, met on a common level on May day, when they gathered flowers and had a day of general rejoicing together.

In modern times the workers have abandoned the picking of flowers on May Day for the more important task of plucking freedom from the grasp of the master class.

Flowers are fine, when plucked by the fingers of freedom, but they wither and die, and their beauty becomes a mockery and a lie when the hand that holds them bears the shackle of wage slavery.

The modern worker is becoming a man. Illusions will not lure him. The liberty of a day or a week will not satisfy him. He wants the real thing, and he will take it some fine May morning.

One of the bravest and most fearless revolutionary characters this country has produced fell, mortally wounded, fighting under the red flag of freedom in Mexico on April 8th.

William Stanley deserted the U. S. army to join the Industrial Army of his class. When the battle for Free Speech was on in Spokane, he hurried to the front and did his share of the fighting.

When the long suffering slaves of American money and Diazian tyranny in Mexico threw off the yoke and took up arms to establish their liberty, Stanley read the news with baited breath. His pulse quickened. The spirit of revolt spoke in him, and said: "Wherever the battle for freedom is being fought my place is in the front rank."

Creed, color, country, cut no figure with Stanley. He was a Revolutionist. He knew but one flag, and its color was red.

Wherever that symbol of the common blood and the common cause of humanity was unfurled to the breeze, there our valiant soldier of freedom was ready to take his stand.

He rushed to the Mexican border, and gathered about him a band of braves, equally ready to live and die beneath the folds of freedom's flag.

It is reported he borrowed freely from Gen. Otis' stock of horses, and equipped his band in other necessities according to the real methods of the social revolution—expropriation.

Stanley and his company fought as only Revolutionists can fight. The battle in which he received his death wound, the enemy was a gun, yet this great odds did not count, for it was free men against hiredlings.

After a deadly bullet had plowed a passage through his brain, Stanley wanted to continue

the struggle. He was tenderly carried to the rear on the shoulders of a devoted comrade, where he breathed his last.

All honor to the memory of William Stanley. When the cowardly cockroaches who cringe and grovel at the feet of mammon and vilify the martyrs of freedom shall be long forgotten, the name of Stanley will be lovingly remembered and revered as one of the great liberators of humanity.

Another of nature's noblemen has gone to rest. Tom L. Johnson was a capitalist. He was also a man, a rare combination in this age of gross commercialism.

Someone induced him to read Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." After reading it he sent for his lawyer and said to him: "Take this book and refute it; I will give you five hundred dollars for the work." "Well, said the solon, "I will do it in a few hours for much less than that." Johnson insisted on his price, saying that if the book was wrong it was worth much more to expose it.

The lawyer departed, but he didn't return in a few hours, nor in a week. When he did come back he told Johnson it would be absurd to attempt to uphold our present system of land tenure against the logic of George, and that he would not do it.

That drove Johnson to study the matter deeply, and he soon avowed himself a single taxer, and took up the fight against special privilege.

He did not go the length of Tolstoy, and cast away the wealth wrongly acquired. But he is not to be forgotten for all that. He went as far as his temperament would permit. He told the people how they were being robbed, told them that he, with the others of his kind, were holding them in bondage through the system of economics, that they would continue to enslave them until the people stopped the game of graft and put him and his ilk out of business.

Johnson was right. As a capitalist he was logical. It is up to us to free ourselves; and a thousand capitalists stepping down into our ranks would only help to enlarge the ranks of the unemployed, while it would be poetical and all that.

The heart of Johnson is best understood by a statement of his a few days before he died:

"When I die I hope the people will make a playground over my body. I would rather have the children romping over my grave than a hundred monuments."

As it is in the United States, so it is in Canada. Like causes produce like effects. Where capital rules the bullets are ever ready to riddle the heavy laden toilers the moment they balk under their burdens.

Prince Rupert is a town planted on a rock in British Columbia at the place where the Grand Trunk R. R. chose to touch the Pacific ocean. It is a boom town. The land system makes booming profitable.

Workers who innocently put their savings into it were fleeced. Their wages have been low, where they could get work, so they struck.

This strike business is getting altogether too common. Workmen are too ready to drop their tools and rest at the expense of the system that feeds them. The Prince Rupert offi-

cial and capitalists were righteously indignant at the untoward action of their slaves. So they called in the faithful police and arrested the whole bunch at their meeting, and closed the hall.

Now that's the way to do it—pull 'em all. That is the safest way to settle strikes. While the strikers are in jail they cannot touch the scabs.

But they must be fed, and to feed men without working them is no part of capitalist philanthropy. So, perhaps, the remedy is not so good as it looks on its face.

If we could only bring back the good old days of old, when the worker just worked and nothing more, when reason and thinking was out of his sphere.

But what's the use of dreaming, the cursed rummies have got a new disease—**strikitis**—and even lead and jails do not seem to cure it.

Parsons, Spies and their six comrades were convicted and hung in 1887 for alleged bomb throwing, though the thrower of the bomb was never found.

The system had received a shock from the bomb, and the workers had to pay the damages.

Intimidation, bribery, bulldozery, every trick, every art was used instead of evidence. The men died, innocent of any crime.

Twenty years later another set of radical labor leaders were pounced upon, kidnaped, and carried far from their homes to be tried for their lives on the "confession" of a degenerate monster who said he killed a dozen men in order to implicate the men the bosses really wanted hung.

The country was so deeply aroused by the plot that the mine owners' association was unable to carry out its vile scheme and Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone were acquitted.

Another and a similar case is now before the public. Los Angeles has the most despotic institution of capitalists of any city in the country, headed by as narrow minded, unscrupulous and bigoted a man as ever disgraced the human race—Gen. Otis.

This man's printing establishment was destroyed by an explosion. That is all that is positively known.

A big reward was offered for "the capture of the culprits who destroyed the building and took the lives of 21 persons."

It is an axiom of the detective business: "Make the reward big enough and we will hang someone."

Like the case of Moyer and Haywood, three men have been kidnaped and carried to Los Angeles, "captured" by the infamous gum shoe man, Burns, the friend of Roosevelt, who adjudged Moyer and Haywood guilty before they were tried.

They have selected their victims. Now for the legal farce of convicting them. And it will be done as surely as it was done at Chicago in 1887, unless the public conscience is aroused and the working class raise an agitation so pronounced and meaningful that the enemies of the people will halt in their venomous work, fearing lest a too patient people, goaded too far, might turn and give the tigers a taste of their own claws.

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.

The whole business of the poor is to administer to the idleness, folly and luxury of the rich; and that of the rich, in turn, is to find the best methods of confirming the slavery and increasing the burdens of the poor. — Edmund Burke.

WHO ARE THE CRIMINALS?

Following the wake of hard times a wave of crime has swept over the country, that is causing the three-cent reformers and shopkeepers no little alarm.

To investigate the cause of crime is something these alarmists will not do. They prefer to fight effects rather than seek for causes. They think law will prevent hungry men from taking food. Hunger is keener and shrewder than law, and will steal its calfskin binding when hard pressed.

Some think crime is a disease, a form of degeneracy, yet despite the efforts of Lambroso and his co-workers to establish a science of criminology thru the study of types, etc., no headway has been made. I am not prepared to say the cause of failure lay in the men who participated. It would be more reasonable to seek it in the subject itself.

For my part, I am seriously at a loss to know what crime really is, fundamentally. A man who takes something that he wants, or who injures a fellow being in violation of some rule of society, in the making of which he may have had no part, and to which he may not have given his consent, is a criminal.

In committing the crime, in violating the statute, he may be fulfilling the law of his own being; he may steal food, or the equivalent of food, to sustain his life and the life of a dependent child, society pounces upon him, stigmatizes him, sends him to jail, and finally turns him back into the world in the same foodless condition it found him; but with an added bitterness and hatred for society that will not tend to make a model citizen out of him; but which in all probability will transform him into an habitual criminal, to be later examined and catalogued by the criminologists, who will fancy they have discovered in some physical peculiarity the cause of his criminality.

This applies only to the common, garden variety of criminal, the cheap retailer who kills one, slugs a couple, or who empties one or two pocketbooks. I do not speak of the type of criminal who kills enough of his fellow beings to be accounted a hero, have books written about him and monuments raised to perpetuate his gory deeds, nor of the one that steals enough to buy a legislature, a university, a church, or the acclaims of the mob. These types do not come within the radius of the "scientists" who study criminology.

Nature is ruthless; there is no escape from the penalty of her laws. Her punishment is

severe, swift and sure, and is dealt out with an impartial hand. Therefore, where there is conflict in the life of man between the law of nature and the laws of society, he will always take a chance of escaping the policeman rather than encounter the keen-edged sword of nature.

To postulate that some men are born with a proclivity to commit crime, while others are not, as some criminologists have attempted to show, is quite unsound, if we accept the theory of evolution. According to the latter man has an heredity of countless ages of lawlessness where the only rule was: Get what you can, where you can and how you can, or die in the attempt. Civilization, with its rules and regulations, is, in a comparative sense, only a thing of yesterday. To say that this infant, this crude invention of a half social animal, has materially affected the iron laws of nature is a bit of vanity worthy of our profound egoism.

Civilization is of no importance to man except insofar as it can serve him; it is an expedient thru which he expects to get the food, the clothes, the shelter and the association he needs, in greater abundance, and at a lesser cost of energy and labor, than the savage state can afford him. So long as it fulfills this end he will support and maintain it. When it oppresses him with its rules and gives him no compensation but the choice of slavery outside the prison, or slavery within its walls, he becomes indifferent, loses his respect for society and breaks its rules whenever he thinks he can profitably do so.

The statement that the tendency to commit crime is a sign of degeneracy is equally fallacious. If we believed in the Bible story of creation and all the compound superstitions that accompany it, about man's state of perfection, his fall and the divine mission of religion to reclaim him, the theory of degeneracy would be quite at home. Instead of lawlessness being a mark of degeneracy I think it would be nearer the truth to say that slavish obedience to the law is a sign of degeneracy.

Who is it that has not more respect for a thief than he has for a beggar? The sheepish creature that will fawn and cringe in the dirt at your feet for the nickel he expects you to give him is not in the remotest degree to be compared with the man who will plan and execute the robbery of your safe. Far from being degenerates, criminals are generally men and women of considerable mental and physical power; people who will not permit themselves to be ground under the wheels of society.

The burglar and the hold-up man are unfortunate in having a system of graft not yet legalized by society.

A burglar enters a widow's home at night and takes her loose change and silver spoons. A mighty howl issues from the newspapers. Imperative demands are made upon the police that the dastardly criminal be arrested and severely punished. "Give us more police and more law," shouts the hysterical press.

A few days later, when the snow is thick on the ground, and the frost-laden winds beat hard against the window panes, a sheriff calls at the widow's cottage and in the name of the law drives her out on the street, to seek shelter where she will. For the mortgage has been foreclosed, and the cottage, she, with her hands and earnings, helped to build, is now the property of the honorable B. J. Banker.

The following morning a paragraph in a re-

mote corner of the Daily News told of the death of a middle-aged woman, caused by exposure, whose body had been found by the police on the doorsteps of a cottage which she had formerly owned, but which the vicissitudes of fortune had deprived her.

Who is the greatest criminal, the burglar or the banker, or the system of society that created them? J. F.

ANARCHY VS. SOCIALISM. MORE CRITICISM.

I have been reading Bro. Lloyd's comments on Sister Goldman, in last "Free Comrade." He compliments her and her evolution out of "a hard materialistic logic" so "usual to Anarchists," and I asked myself: "What of Bro. Lloyd's evolution? It is some thirty years since I read of Lloyd's "donning the red cap of Anarchy," and I have been looking up some of his articles wherein he gave a reason for his new-found faith. I ran across one in "The Truth Seeker," entitled "The Order of Anarchy." Anarchists were criticised, he said, because they did not lay down some plan, give some mode of procedure, wherein Anarchy might be realized and enjoyed; and, anxious to supply "a long felt want," he sketched "a social order which Anarchy may assume," and supposed "a Confederation of Free Individuals."

I was reminded of this, when reading his latest sketch in "Free Comrade," which might be entitled "A Social Order Which Socialism May Assume," and it seemed to me that his "red cap of Anarchy" (Individualism) and red flag of Socialism (Politics) displayed more distinction than difference. And I said "Bro. Lloyd's evolution has been sadly neglected; still he is 'marking time' in fancy's fairy fields, wherein 'a hard materialistic logic' is unknown."

Sister Goldman has forged ahead. She is advocating now what Bro. Lloyd advocated thirty years ago. To quote from "Free Comrade": "A new social order unrestricted by man-made law." "All forms of government rest on violence and are therefore wrong, harmful and unnecessary." Bro. Lloyd now takes issue with himself and Emma. He says: "No social order can exist unrestricted by mad-made law, and to rest an order on violence does not necessarily make it harmful and unnecessary."

Of course we know Bro. Lloyd's ideal government and Sister Goldman's social order are really one and the same thing, with this difference: Sister Goldman is keeping step with the progress of social thought; Bro. Lloyd is in his old tracks, striving to reconcile the criticism he hands out to Emma with the position he then assumed.

He sees no "sound, graspable presentment of Anarchist method" in Emma Goldman's book, "Anarchism and Other Essays." "If Anarchism were substituted for Government, how would it express itself on practical details and problems, how maintain and defend itself?" This is "the weak point" he finds in Anarchism. "The bridge which is to carry us is no stronger than its weakest trestle," and so Anarchism must prove a failure.

But is a "bridge" really necessary to carry us? The trouble with Bro. Lloyd is he cannot conceive an order of liberty, he cannot conceive a condition apart from authority. His line of thought starts and ends with an Institution. There is nothing revolutionary in his

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THE PALE WORKER

Lo! yonder I see the pale worker,
Stitch, stitch, without pause, without stay,
Since first I remember him, stitching,
And paler and weaker each day.

The slow months roll on in their courses,
The years are as days that have been,
And still the pale worker, bent double,
Fights hard with the cruel machine.

I stand and I gaze on his features,
On his face with the sweat and the soil,
Ah! it is not the strength of the body,
'Tis the spirit that spurs him to toil.

But from dawn till the sunset and darkness,
The tear-drops fall heavy and slow,
Till the seams of the cloth he is stitching
Is wet with the vintage of woe.

I pray you how long must he drive it,
This wheel that is red for a sign?
Can you reckon the years of his bondage
And the end—that grim secret divine?

Too hard are such questions to answer,
But this I am bold to declare—
When Death shall have slain the pale worker,
Another will sit in his chair.

—MORRIS ROSENFELT.

writing. It is all reform. Man must grow, not after his own life, but after the wisdom of combined society. Instituted Goodness. Crystallized Worth. "The Co-operative Commonwealth." But, oh! the absurdity of fishing for this in the "dirty pool of politics!"

Surely, Bro. Lloyd cannot be accused of harboring "a hard materialistic logic," so "usual" to the Anarchist, which he seems to think leads to violence and bloodshed. His only conception of Anarchy seems to be that it is merely ignorant opposition to Government. Anarchy should mean an absence of the rule of man over his fellows; that is to say, the absence of an organized authority—a sovereign institution—Government. Socialism should stand for social good which can only be based on Anarchy.

The "brains" of Socialism, even many of the leaders of the Socialist Party recognize this truth. Still they seem to imagine they can use this force to create Anarchy—a condition of liberty. But they mistake. "The State is a trick." Politics means corruption of power. Organized force contains the germs of tyranny and oppression, and never yet came into power but these twin evils developed. Anarchism "trusts all to liberty." State Socialism, like all organized power, distrusts liberty, and creates instead license. It allows an individual to do as he likes if his likes are in no way detrimental to the State.

Can a man be governed and be free? Anarchism affirms liberty as a principle of right action. Liberty the only soil wherein "one may live after his own life, hindering not another." "The clear eye, the free brain, the red heart, the warm hand—Manhood in Comradeship."

A. L. BALLOU.

MAN'S MOTIVE POWERS.

Action may be the outcome of thot or of impulse. Some men are moved by their brains, others by their stomachs. I am not going to say that the one is less commendable than the other. The man who moves only at the command of his food bag has his place in my philosophy as well as the chap who thinks it out, or thinks he does so. As yet the brain man is very small, compared to the stomach man, who is a veritable giant. Nonetheless the little brainy fellow is able to lead the big fellow about in a way it is laughable to behold. Being fond of exercise anyway, the giant dont trouble himself to resist the commands of the midget, so long as his stomach is not neglected. But sometimes the driver becomes forgetful, or he imagines the big fellow is so docile he can drive him anywhere, stomach or no stomach. Here he is very unwise, for the giant will not long pull his load with an empty stomach. And if goaded too far will turn and devour the driver.

J. F.

THE CRIMINALITY OF BUSINESS

(Continued)

The intent and effect of present university education which you and I sustain is to mislead rather than inform the mind, standing as it does for all the old superstitions, both theological and sociological. All that is just what we want and just what we are paying for, and along with the professors we hire the editors and preachers to defend us and the system. And I am sure that if the Jack the Rippers were numerous and wealthy enough there would be churches, colleges and newspapers teaching young women the beauties of being ravished, together with the gold standard, protective tariff and other absurdities that have made us rich.

If you would not run your own business as that of the nation is run, why do you uphold the system under which it is being conducted? You certainly know better, and if you do not choose to agitate a question that will make you unpopular and perhaps ruin you in business, you are criminally dishonest. The masses are enslaved and plundered by their own ignorance for which we are responsible because we selfishly refuse to enlighten them.

The people can do nothing against us politically because they can have no leader whom we cannot corrupt. The greatest leader they have had in recent years copywrights his schemes for social betterment, clearly showing that his chief purpose, like ours, is the making of money and not the improvement of mankind. No honest man can copyright a book or anything else that he claims to put forth out of a love for his fellows, for he would be glad to see it circulated with or without reward, and with or without his name.

Men who truly love their fellows give forth their ideas in their behalf as the sun gives forth light. But the people will never be rid of such fellows as you and I until everyone becomes an independent thinker and absolutely refuses to have anything to do with everything that causes us to thrive. For my part I do not think human development is capable of such an immense step forward, for among men as among all other animals life preys upon life.

There is thus no hope of a general betterment of the average lot, but since we are on top we should not grieve. We are getting the best of it in every way, and since any change for social betterment would mean the putting of you and I to the doing of actual work we might as well keep still. More than this a thorough-going change might land us in the penitentiary, where we really belong if the truth is to be admitted.

If you admit that you are willing for others to be injured rather than be injured yourself, which is the same as saying you are indirectly dishonest, you cannot escape the charge of being criminal. I prove it this way: Suppose some one were to come into your store and insist that the cashier was right. Suppose he were to insist that here was not enough money to make up the payroll, although enough and more had been taken in, and his only reply to all your arguments was, "Why you damned Socialist!"

Suppose after actual demonstration to you that there was enough money to pay off the clerks, he replied by having you locked in the cellar or something of the kind, what would you think of him? And what would you think of me if I stood by and said he was right and helped remove you to the cellar? My position in that case toward you and your clerks is exactly our position now toward the working classes when we uphold a system that pays them less than living wages, and endow colleges teaching them that it is right.

You and I and the rest of our kind are as guilty as the man who stands by and sees the woman assaulted; more than that we are as guilty as her assailant because we uphold the system. We are men of position and wealth and could bring about a change for the better without the possibility of injury to ourselves, while he who interferes with the thug may be killed or wounded. So does it not begin to dawn upon you that we are no better than the stabbers and rippers of women and the murderers of children!

My friend used to wince under such comparisons, but as there was no one present except ourselves his discomfort was not acute. He knew that I did not think illy of him because I was showing him to be as big a scoundrel as I was myself. If anyone ever deserved a hanging we two certainly deserve it, but we, like the good reader, do not believe either of us should be punished for what we are, and he

would like to be—a Chicago millionaire.

Being an honest man, the reader would not punish us for being and doing what he would like to be and do. Who wouldn't like to live in a mansion, have automobiles and servants and spend the winters and summers wherever he pleased? "Come to think of it," said my friend, "we are a hell of a pair, and it's a good thing only we two think so."

(To be continued.)

EDWIN RENARD

CATHOLICISM

The sad thing is that this divinity is at bottom only diplomacy. All this talk about God ends in talk about the government of men. Every priest is still at heart a king, and every theologian a lawgiver. Catholic theology has not been building a house of cards all this time, with its Andronic words. It has been rebuilding the Capitol.

The man who hides in so much language is not Jesus of Nazareth, but Caesar. The crowning dogma, the top-stone of the edifice, is this, that all the world shall kneel and kiss the toe of whomsoever rules in Rome; and all Roman Catholic theology, however honestly it may be written, is a means to that end.

Allen Upward, in "The New Word"

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THE AGITATOR

FROM THE MAIL BAG.

WAR!

Young man, when you are asked to enlist in the army or navy to be used as food for the cannon, be sure to look before you leap.

Remember—The Spanish-American War with its vile and unspeakable record of embalmed beef, shoddy uniforms, bum-fitting brogans, leaky tents, rotten ships and a rotten beurocracy, blow hole armor plate, a la Carnegie, insufficient and inedible food, venereal diseases and malarial fever.

Remember—That the sugar and tobacco trusts got the goods and the workers got the malarial fever.

Remember—That the officers got the honor and the glory, and the men got shot at.

Remember—That the officers got three square meals each day, while the rank and file were starving on three mouldy hardtack.

Remember—That these arrogant and overbearing officers were commissioned because they hadn't energy enough to work, brains enough to beg, or courage enough to steal.

Remember—That the American workers had no quarrel with the Spanish workers anyway.

Remember—That the acquisition of Cuba and the Philippines never raised your wages, shortened your hours, or otherwise bettered your conditions.

Remember—The pensions the men didn't get.

Remember—Those who were maimed, mutilated and disfigured for life.

Remember—The boys who never came back. Think of the widows. Think of the orphans. Think of yourself. Let those who own the country do the fighting. Put the wealthiest in the front ranks; the middle-class next; follow these with judges, lawyers, preachers and politicians.

Let us remain at home and enjoy what we produce. Follow a declaration of war with an immediate call for a general strike. Make our motto: "Rebellion sooner than war."

Don't make yourself a target in order to fatten Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie, the Rothschilds, Guggenheims and the other industrial pirates. We have no quarrel with Mexico or Japan. Don't be fooled by jingoism.

American capitalists own most of the Mexican industries and operate them with peon or slave labor. The revolutionary insurrectos threaten to give these slaves a taste of freedom.

Both Taft and Diaz are pliant tools of the interests, and United States troops are being used to keep the Mexican workers in subjection. American capitalists want war with Japan in order to seize the rich Manchurian lands, gain railway, mining and other concessions; unload their surplus stock of shoddy goods upon the government; secure investment for their money in interest bearing war debt bonds; and to kill off the surplus of unemployed workers who are threatening to overthrow the capitalist system.

Japanese capitalists want war for just about the same reasons. Even if they lose, they win. "Workers of the World, unite!"

Don't become hired murderers.

Don't join the army or navy.

WALTER C. SMITH.

(The above will be published in leaflet form, 20 cents per hundred, \$1.50 per thousand. Address Local 26, I. W. W., 715 W. 11th St., Denver, Colo.)

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Appel, \$2; Poly, \$1.25; Kohl, Lowde, Icke, Gasccaro, Halso, each \$1; Barish, 50 cents. I. W. W., Fresno, Juughany, each 25 cents.

Editor The Agitator:

Fellow Worker—In your issue of March 15, No. 9, in your article entitled "Shall America Throttle Mexican Freedom?" you state in one of its paragraphs that: "Sixty years ago Americans crossed the border of Mexico in behalf of FREEDOM."

Now, no such thing ever happened. They crossed the line in order to strengthen chattel slavery. The South at that time ruled, and chattel slavery was its corner-stone, and they looked for slave territory to expand their power.

Texas has never been free, and no battle has ever been fought there for freedom from the standpoint of economics. America or the United States has never intervened anywhere for freedom's sake, and she did intervene in 1824 in a movement that was being prepared against Spanish rule in Cuba, Porto Rico and Santo Domingo, by the then liberated colonies of South America and Mexico; and the reason that it was done was that Mexico and the rest of the Spanish colonies carried a declaration in their constitution against chattel slavery.

Now these are the facts. I am a member of the I. W. W. and as such understand the situation from an economic standpoint.

Yours for Industrial Freedom.

F. VELARDE.

Hawthorne, Calif.

Reply.

After Mexico became a "Republic," in 1824, Texas was made a State. Adventurous, fortune-seeking Americans began to flow into Texas at such a rapid rate that Mexico became alarmed and stopped the inflow by establishing military rule in the State.

This aroused the population, and with the able assistance of the 20,000 American colonists and other help that was sent across the line, Texas achieved its independence by the defeat and capture of Santa Anna on April 21st, 1836.

Texas was an independent republic for nearly ten years.

In December, 1845, at its urgent request, and after repeated failures, it was admitted into the United States.

The question of the admission of Texas was made the principal campaign issue of 1844, and the South won by electing Polk.

The point at issue is: Did America assist the then dictator, Santa Anna, or the Revolutionists? Clearly the latter.

Even though the South, which was then a big power, had its eye on Texas as an ultimate slave state, which it actually became, still that did not alter the facts of history.

We cannot deny that there is always more or less greed behind the friendly offers of governments.

Editor The Agitator:

In the article on "Child Freedom," in your No. 8, with which I agree as a whole, there is a line to which I have an objection.

"Tarrying a few minutes in bed to stretch and get ready for rising, as some of us do, may bring (to the child) a scolding from the parent."

Does the writer of these words know anything about onanism among children—it happens even among the youngest—and its bad consequences? To leave the child in bed in the morning, while being awake, will almost always lead to bad habits; and this is true of children of both sexes.

But I do not mean to say that we have to take the child out of bed by force. The intelligent mother or father will find a way to persuade the child to get up, by playing and joking with the little one, or by attracting his or her attention toward some interesting work or play to be performed outside of the bed.

As many parents, even among our most intelligent comrades, do not know how important it is to observe all the movements of the child—of course without any intervention as long as it is not absolutely necessary—I could not help making the above remark.

B. LIBER, M. D.,

Children Correct Their Own Mistakes.

In the account, in the May McClure's, of Maria Montessori, the Italian woman who has made such revolutionary changes in the modern system of education, one of her basic rules—that of abstinence from correction—is explained as follows:

"Why correct the child? If she does not succeed in associating the name with the object, the only way of making her succeed is to repeat at once the action of the sensorial stimulus, and the work to be associated with it; that is, to repeat the lesson. But the fact of the child having made the mistake implies that at that moment she is not disposed to the psychic association which you desire to provoke in her; hence it is best to choose another moment."

"In Maria Montessori's view, all education worth having is auto-education. One of the difficulties experienced in the training of teachers is that of preventing them from rushing to the aid of a child who appears to be embarrassed and puzzled in one of his little employments. Their tendency is to say, 'Poor little mite!' and help him out; thereby depriving the child at once of the joy and the education of overcoming an obstacle."

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

Either this revolution will succeed or it will fail. In the former case human liberty will gain, inestimably. In the latter case another gallant effort will be drowned in blood, and the struggle for emancipation will receive an incalculably serious setback. Whichever way the struggle goes every one of us will be affected.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

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