

# THE AGITATOR

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

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NO. 1

## PIONEERS OF PROGRESS

Every cause has its martyrs. The cause of labor is most prolific with them. On Friday morning, Nov. 11th, 1887, the black flag was raised over Cook county jail, in Chicago, signaling the dark and venomous deed that was about to be committed there.

The black flag of capitalism, the meaningful emblem of tyranny, of the heartless greed of mammon.

For four men were to be hanged that day as a warning to all wage slaves of the fate that awaited them when they became rebellious. Four men were to be hanged for the heinous crime of loving their fellow men. The cruel vengeance of the ruling class was to be appeased that day with the red blood of labor.

Four men were hanged that day, and the gentle, silk-robed, jeweled ladies heaved a sigh of relief when the venal press heralded the glad tidings; and the captains of industry, the pillars of society, assembled in their clubs and passed 'round the flowing bowl, for anarchy was now dead, the slaves were cowed, society saved and capitalism once more secure in its God-given possessions.

Parsons, Spies, Fischer and Engel were hanged. Lingg had cheated the hangman. With the puff of a loaded cigar he had ended his life—with his own breath he blew out the noble life that was in him.

That these men had no part in the throwing of the bomb was perfectly plain to everybody. But that did not matter. It did not disturb in the least the ready flow of capitalist justice. For justice was blind and had to be lead around by a venal judge and a villainous prosecuting attorney. Gary and Grinnell will be remembered as the Torquemadas of the Modern Inquisition.

We have been hypnotized into the belief that justice is justice, that the legal lie that "all men are equal before the law" is a truth. One might as believe that the forts at the entrance to New York harbor are there for the protection of a foreign invader as to thing the courts are here for the protection of the working class.

The courts are truly a part of the fortifications of capitalism. The doubter can be easily convinced by a glance at the records of the trial of these men. The annals of court history cannot produce a more glaring frameup. And this is saying a great deal, for justice has a very slimy record. Nor can the annals of history show a nobler, braver set of legal victims.

They were true heroes of the Social Revolution. They were clear sighted pioneers in the struggle for Industrial Freedom. They saw then what the wisest of us are only now beginning to see. They sighted the quagmires of political action, and predicted exactly where the politicians would lead the masses. They predicted that political socialism would degenerate into bourgeois reform. Their keen sociological eyes penetrated thirty years into the future and saw the Bergerism of today. Milwaukee was an open book to them.

Debs well asked recently, "What's the matter with Chicago?" For in the old days Chicago had a bigger Socialist vote than it has today, despite the daily paper and thirty years of "propaganda," when they elected members

## THE MONUMENT IN CHICAGO



to the city council.

The men whose memory we honor today were active in the Socialist political movement of the time. But their study and experience taught them the futility of political action. So they sluffed off the left wing, and stood with both feet on the industrial platform, and advocated economic organization and direct action with a force and eloquence that soon aroused the wrath and fear of the capitalist class.

It was for this they were hanged under the black flag on that black Friday morning, Nov. 11th, 1887.

Any other men might, with the same justice, have been hanged for the bomb throwing. For it has never been learned who threw it. Only one man could have thrown it, anyway. It was the men, not the bomb throwers, the capitalists were after. They got the men, but we have their memory, their ideas, and from their deaths we date the era of the Social Revolution.

Man is mortal. He may be strangled by the gory hand of the state; he may be crushed in the mine or in the machine. At most, the life of the individual is but a flash in the great expanse of time.

But ideas are deathless.

Tyranny cannot touch them. Corrupt justice cannot hang them. Time alone determines their worth.

The ideas propagated by the Chicago martyrs have now become the ground work of the world's great labor movement. Anti-politics, economic organization and direct action are the watchwords of the I. W. W. in this country and of syndicalism in Europe. These organizations have already caused the ruling class to sit up and take notice. Their revolutionary tactics will break down the pillars of society within the next generation.

The beauty of direct action is that it can and will be applied by the minority. Its activities cannot be diverted from the straight road that leads to liberty. For that road has been built by ages of working class experience, and is illuminated by the lives of its martyrs.

Do not mourn over the death of our comrades. Let us rejoice that such heroes have lived.

J. F.

## DAY OF MARTYRDOM

November Eleventh has introduced a new era. On this day were born immortal souls marching on in the hearts of the down-trodden to animate, inspire, and encourage in the path of duty.

Early in the morning our comrades were awake. Parsons ate fried oysters, and seemed to enjoy them. While breakfasting he recited Marc Cook's beautiful poem, entitled "Waiting," with smiling features.

"Tell me, O sounding sea, I pray,  
Eternally undulating,  
Where is the good ship that sailed away  
Once on a long-gone summer's day—  
Sailed and left me waiting?"

After a while spent in conversation, the question of his funeral arising, he again drew upon his retentive memory and expressed his inmost thoughts in these beautiful lines:

"Come not to my grave with your mourning,  
With your lamentations and tears,  
With your sad forebodings and fears,  
When my lips are dumb  
Do not come!

"Bring no long train of carriages,  
No hearse crowned with waving plumes,  
Which the gaunt glory of death illumines;  
But with hands on my breast  
Let me rest.

"Insult not my dust with your pity,  
Ye who're left on this desolate shore,  
Still to suffer and lose and deplore—  
'Tis I should, as I do,  
Pity you.

"For me no more are the hardships,  
The bitterness, heartaches and strife,  
The sadness and sorrow of life;  
But the glory divine—  
This is mine!

"Poor creatures! Afraid of the darkness,  
Who groan at the anguish to come,  
How silent I go to my home!  
Cease your sorrowful bell;  
I am well!"

Engel rose at 6 o'clock, having had a good, sound night's rest. "I hope we have a nice day and have a good time," he said, jokingly. "If another minister comes let me see him. I hope I will do him more good than he does me." George Engel, kind, tender-hearted, reserved only to strangers; a cool, philosophical thinker, needed no "consideration." The last words written on the morning of his martyrdom were:

Fuer Freiheit und Recht  
Wir kaempften nicht schlecht.  
For freedom and right  
We made a good fight.

The Jenkins of the press report: "Beneath the outer surface of the man there was more than even the closest observers dreamt of. When his hand touched the pen for the last time it did not tremble. Engel was a painter, and had given the angular letters of the Teutonic script quite an artistic flourish, signing beneath them his name in a firm hand."

"Fischer," said one of the deputies, "is the jolliest fellow of the lot. When I asked him last night what was his last wish, he replied, sarcastically: 'A bottle of champagne,' with the coolness and sangfroid of a veteran. Fischer, the youngest of the four, talked calmly of the situation, spoke tenderly and feelingly of his wife and family, and with a shrug of his shoulders said: 'It is far easier for me to die than for my enemies to bear the burden of it.'"

Upon turning away from his morning ablution Spies was asked how he felt; he simply

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raised his hand, calling attention to the fact that it was perfectly steady, and with his usual smile repeated these lines:

"This hand is as steady  
As when in the old days  
It plucked the already  
Ripe fruit from Life's tree—

The apples that weighted the boughs in the gold days  
When blazed the great sun of promise for me.

"Yes, perfectly steady,  
With no trace of trembling,  
Though all is now ready,  
This dainty glass here:

Pray, observe, there is nothing remotely resembling  
The outward expression of commonplace fear."

The hour approached. Let us skip the details as related by the crowd of reporters who were eagerly watching for a symptom of weakness as the hawk does for its prey. Not a muscle quivered as the death warrant was read. Not a cheek blanched as the mummery of dressing them in white shrouds was performed. Spies smiled disdainfully. Fischer looked scornfully around. Engel stood as a soldier at "attention," and during the reading "his firmly set mouth became mobile, and a slight smile flitted over his face." Parsons's hand "played carelessly with his short, black mustache."

"Yes, we are ready to go before a higher tribunal," said Spies, in clear unflinching tones. Their faces were lit up as by inspiration. As they moved out from their cells Parsons turned to the Jenkins of the press, who were carefully scrutinizing every action, and said, sarcastically: "Won't you come inside?"

A minute later they stood upon the scaffold. Permission had been refused to speak. The nooses were quickly adjusted, the caps pulled down, and "an unusually hasty movement made for the traps." Then from behind the hoods came these words:

Spies: "There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today!"

Engel: "Hurrah for Anarchy!"

Fischer: "Hurrah for Anarchy! This is the happiest moment of my life!"

Parsons: "Will I be allowed to speak, O men of America? Let me speak, Sheriff Matson! Let the voice of the people be heard! O——" But the signal had been given, and the officers of the state performed their mission by strangling both speakers and speech.

"Here endeth the first lesson!"—The Alarm, November 19, 1887, edited by Parsons.

THE TRIAL A FARCE

On June 20, 1886, Oscar Neebe, Michael Schwab, Adolph Fischer, Samuel Fielden, George Engel, Louis Lingg and August Spies were arraigned in the Cook county court, charged with the murder of one Mathias J. Deagan, in the Haymarket Square on May 4, 1886, as per indictment of said grand jury, above quoted. In the afternoon of the same day (June 20) Albert R. Parsons surrendered himself to be tried with his comrades. On August 21, the jury brought in a ver-

dict of death for seven, and a sentence of Neebe to State's prison for 15 years. Gov. Ogelsby commuted the sentences of Schwab and Fielden to prison for life, and Gov. Altgeld released them all three six years later.

So that it is of our five comrades who sleep in the silent mound in this State we will speak.

What of the judge and jury who tried them and sent them to their untimely graves? Let the record of the court answer.

The constitution of the United States, and of the State of Illinois, both declare that any person charged with crime is entitled to be tried by an impartial jury. Now what of the jury which tried our comrades? Here is a sample: "James H. Walker said that he had formed an opinion on the question of the guilt or innocence of the defendants of the murder of Deagan, which opinion he still entertained and had expressed it to others. Asked as to whether this opinion would influence his verdict, he replied: 'Well, I am willing to admit that my opinion would handicap my judgment, possibly. I feel that I could be governed by the testimony.'

"Then you believe now that you could listen to the testimony and any other proof that might be introduced, and the charge of the court, and decide upon that alone, uninfluenced, unprejudiced and unbiase by the opinion you now have?"

"No, I don't say that."

"That is what I asked you."

"I said I would be handicaped."

"He also said he had prejudices against Socialists, Anarchists and Communists. The court, interrupting, 'but do you believe that you can fairly and impartially render a verdict in accordance with the law and the evidence in the case?'"

"I shall try to do it, sir."

"The court, interrupting: 'But do you believe that you can fairly and impartially make up your mind from the evidence, whether that evidence shows that they are guilty beyond a reasonable doubt or not?'"

"I think I could, but I should feel nevertheless that I was handicaped in my judgment, sir."

"The court: 'Well, that is a sufficient qualification for a juror in the case. Of course, the more a man feels that he is handicaped, the more he will be guarded against it.'—Court Record, pp. 361.

How could any other verdict have been rendered under such rulings? Why, the more one felt that he was handicaped by prejudiced the more "impartial" he was, according to Gary's ruling.

Of the 12 jurors who tried the case nine admitted that they were prejudiced; had formed and expressed opinions, but they had to be accepted by the defense, because the court ruled that that fact did not disqualify them! Is it any wonder that such a jury should reach a verdict in three hours, sending seven men to the gallows and one to prison for fifteen years? Justice simply abdicates at the demand of capital.

This is the language of the bailiff who had charge of summoning talesmen: "I am managing this case and I know what I am about. Those fellows will hang, as certain as death. I am summoning such men as jurors that they will be compelled to challenge peremptorly, and when they have exhausted their peremptory challenges, they will have to take such a jury as is satisfactory to the State."—Record, pp. 392.

Here is a sample of the language, used by the judge, in the impaneling of the jury, when the defense objected to the method of examination adopted by the State. The court: "I know, or the court judicially, what are the objects of Communists, Socialists and Anarchists. You must presume that I know because it has been decided for a man to say that he is prejudiced against horse thieves is no ground for imputing to him any misconduct as a juror. Now you must assume that I know either that Anarchists, Socialists and Communists are worthy objects, or else I cannot say that a prejudice against them is wrong."—pp. 400.

Here was a suggestion by the court that he knew, judicially (of course he did not, but he so stated it), what were the objects of Anarchists, Socialists and Communists, and then by way of illustrating that he did know, he mentioned prejudice against horse thieves. The expression of the court was exactly equivalent to saying: I know the purpose of Anarchists, Socialists and Communists—that they are as pernicious and unjustifiable as the vocation of horse thieves; and therefore a juror's prejudice against this class, even though he admits that it is

such that he could not render a fair verdict where one of them is involved, is not a disqualifying prejudice. But why dwell longer upon the records of this so-called trial? The whole 800 pages are black with the infamy of this conspiracy of capital, to silence those who dared expose its wrongs.

The foul deed was done! Our comrades sleep the sleep which knows no awakening, but the grand cause for which they died is not asleep nor dead; it is the live, inspiring issue of every land and clime where the ray of civilization has penetrated. It is the moving inspiration of our age, the only question worth struggling for, the question of how to lift humanity from poverty and despair. This question is the swelling tide of our age. It is useless for the ruling class to stand on the shore of discontent and attempt to force this tide back to its depths of poverty, for it swells up from the hearts of the people. And though they should erect gallows along all the highways and byways, build prisons and increase armies, the tide will continue to rise until it overwhelms them in a world-wide revolution. This is the lesson of history.—Lucy E. Parsons.

THE HEROES OF CHICAGO—1887

"Shame on the costly mockery of piling stone on stone,

To those who won our liberties, the heroes dead and gone;

Whilst we look round and see, law-shielded ruffians slay

The men who fain would win their own, the heroes of today."

So wrote James Russell Lowell at a great crisis in American world-history.

His burning intensity would have been equally apropos, and significant, if written with reference to the martyrdom of Parsons, Spies, Fischer, Engel and Lingg; not forgetting Fielding, Neebe and Schwab, on November 11th, 1887.

Capitalism hanged four men. Men, good and true. We hurl at the hangers of then now: "You can hang, or shoot, a man—but you can't shoot a principle."

Liberty lives; and as George D. Herron trenchantly puts it, "Until Labor comes to its own, nothing will be right, and nothing ought to be right."

"Let the voice of the people be heard," spoke Parsons—and his defiant, clarion challenge materialized into an immortal slogan for Liberty!

Spies, the refined and cultured, with prophetic and Hebraic faith as of a modern Amos, or later Voltaire, declared: "The time will come when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today."

The old Liberty Bell, now sleeping in the old State House of Philadelphia, rang out in '76 the words: "Proclaim Liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof!" It rang, and died—these men's words ring on forever!

And Swinburne and William Morris join in the choral of victory. Thus Swinburne,

"The locks shall burst asunder,

The hinges creaking spin,

When Time, whose hand is thunder,

Lays hands upon the pin,

And shoots the bolts reluctant, bidding all men in.

"Rise ere the dawn be risen;

Come, and be all souls fed,

From field, and street, and prison,

Come, for the feast is spread,

Live, for the truth is living—wake, for the Night is dead!"

Sure! Listen! That mental and mechanical Hercules, a veritable Titan, master of a hundred crafts, cunning workman, artist and poet, prophet and rebel, of whom Ruskin wrote, "He died when England could least spare him," William Morris, voiced the victory of MEN over MURDER:

"It grows and grows—are we the same,

The feeble band, the few?

Or what are these with eyes aflame,

And hands to deal and do?

This is the host that bears the word,

'NO MASTER, HIGH OR LOW,'

A lightning flame, a shearing sword,

A storm to overthrow."

So be it! All hail the memories and influence of the heroes of Chicago—not of war! Victims of the class-war.

JACK WOOD.

# THE AGITATOR

## THE CHICAGO MARTYRS

They stood before the people,  
To plead the people's cause;  
And boldly faced the fury  
Of man's inhuman laws.  
They told the wrongs of labor,  
The crimes of soulless wealth,  
The greed that crushed the toiler,  
And plundered him by stealth,  
They dared to speak of foulness,  
And not to call it good;  
They scourged the human vampires,  
That suck the people's blood.  
They showed the good time coming,  
When all men should be free,  
And hailed the glorious dawning  
Of human liberty.  
They stood before the people,  
And drew a freer breath  
Than that base judge and jury  
Who sentenced them to death.  
They neither paled nor faltered,  
To hear the words of doom;  
But walked with martyr-courage  
From that polluted room.  
They stood before the people,  
To die as heroes die,  
And faced the frowning gibbet  
With proud and steady eye.  
Men heard no cry of weakness,  
And saw no craven tears;  
Their minds were calm and joyful,  
Their hearts were free from fear.  
They stood before the people;  
Their words are with us still,  
While wrongs remain unrighted,  
And tyrants work their will.  
They bid us heed the message,  
And strike for liberty;  
And never cease our labor,  
Till all the world is free.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

## FROM THE SPEECHES

### Verbal Evidence of the Motives of Our Martyred Comrades.

I reply, the prosecution has not established our legal guilt, notwithstanding the purchased and perjured testimony of some and notwithstanding the originality of the proceedings during the trial. And as long as this has not been done, and you pronounce the sentence of the appointed vigilance committee acting as a jury, I say to you, the alleged servants and high priests of the law, are the real and only law breakers, and in this case you go to the extent of murder. It is well that the people should know this. And when I speak of the people I do not mean the few co-conspirators of Grinnell, the noble patricians who are murderers of those whom they please to oppress. Those citizens may constitute the State. They may control the State. They may have their Grinnells, Bonfields, and their hirelings. No, when I speak of the people, I mean the great mass of working beasts, who unfortunately are not yet conscious of the rascalities that are perpetrated in the name of the people—in their name.—August Spies.

I am a Socialist, your Honor, I am one; one of those who, although myself a wage slave, holds that it is wrong, wrong to myself, wrong to my neighbor, and unjust to my fellow men for me to undertake to make my escape from wage slavery by becoming a master and an owner of slaves myself. I refuse to do it. Had I chosen this path in life I would be upon an avenue of the city of Chicago today, surrounded in my beautiful home with luxury and ease and a happy family. But I chose the other road, and instead of that I stand here today upon the scaffold. This is my crime. Before high Heaven this and this alone is my crime.—Albert R. Parsons.

I feel that I will be sentenced to death because I am an Anarchist, and not because I am a murderer. I have never been a murderer. I have never committed a crime in my life; but I know a certain man who is on the way to become a murderer, an assassin, and that man is Grinnell—State's Attorney Grinnell—because he brought men on the witness stand whom he knew would swear falsely; and

I publicly denounce Mr. Grinnell as being a murderer and an assassin, if I should be executed.—Adolph Fischer.

What are the crimes of which I am accused? What did I desire beyond the machines, and that the technical perfections of the age should be used in the interests of all the people? As truly as the air, and the water, and the fire are common property, so the inventions of scientific men should be the common property of all the people.—George Engel.

Anarchy is called disorder! Anarchy is opposition against the order of things which does not allow a man to live a life that is worth living. I declare once more here openly with all my powers, with all my mind, I must combat such disorder and such a scoundrelly act.—Louis Lingg.

Anarchy as defined by us is called an idle dream, but that dream was called by God a divine blessing. One of the three great German poets and a celebrated German critic of the last century have also defined it. Anarchy is a dream, but only in the present. It will be realized, for reason will grow in spite of all obstacles. Who is the man that has the cheek to tell us that human development has already reached its culminating point? I know our ideal will not be accomplished this year or next; but I know it will be accomplished as soon as possible—some day in the future.—Michael Schwab.

Today, as the beautiful autumn sun kisses with balmy light the cheek of every free man, I stand here never to bathe my head in its rays again. I have loved my fellow men as I have loved myself. I have hated trickery, dishonesty and injustice. The Nineteenth century commits the crime of killing its best friend; it will repent of it. But as I have said before, if it will do any good I freely give myself up. I trust the time will come when there will be a better understanding, more intelligence; and above the mountains of iniquity, wrong and corruption, I hope the sum of righteousness, truth and justice will come to bathe in its balmy light an emancipated world.—Samuel Fielden.

### "LEADERS" AND LEADERS.

Radicals are often asked, "How can human society exist without leaders, without a head?" If our questioner is one of the myriads who dwell lightly and superficially upon any subject, we could promptly dismiss him by answering that those who have no head of their own must necessarily borrow one, no matter if that one be of a thick and dense variety, commonly called in popular parlance, blockhead. If, on the other hand, he is really well intentioned and prompted by an earnest spirit of investigation, we would readily concur with him by admitting that with leaders—true leaders—the world cannot very well dispense with.

Amidst the rising tide of human misery, of abject degradation, of sordid gain, of slavish submission to whims of ruling power, someone must break the abominable fetters that custom, tradition and superstition have shackled upon us; someone must lead in the work of social regeneration so that the true spirit of manhood, resurrected, can assume its fullest expression. Of such leaders we need scores of them.

Multitudes are yet dominated by religious beliefs, bigotry still befores the human intellect, the somber recesses of many minds are still obscured by fallacious teachings of dogma. Many knees are still bent in sacred genuflection before idols and images, the truth is yet crushed beneath the foundations of god's temples. Many champions have assailed this formidable citadel; it has partly crumbled, 'tis true, but many more leaders are needed who will bear the torch of reason, the beacon of scientific investigation upon the realm now obscured by ignorance and superstition. Thousands are needed.

The field of literature and art is teeming with opportunity for expression. Nature's greatest gift—the faculty to convey by pen, brush or chisel man's most noble impulses, his highest aspiration—that sacred beacon that uplifts man's hearts to loftier spheres is trammelled by dictums of conventionality and respectability. The "prowess" of crowned mummies and of tinsel "heroes" still pollutes our literature and defiles our art. Lord Mammon finds ready apologues. Commercialism

reigns supreme. Artificiality and comstockism run rampant. Leaders are needed, myriads of them, who, disdain to be mere automatons and mere intellectual prostitutes, will champion life's realism, without mockery, without sham. There is earnest demand for leaders who will rise above the commonplace, above the prevailing decadence of form and of motive. Millions are needed.

The cause of labor is seeking its leaders, its champions. This promising field is open to all believers in its ultimate victory. Not "leaders" who wax fat upon the gullibility of the masses, not "leaders" who, subservient to their political ambitions, endeavor to accomplish the most absurd and incongruous alliances. Not "leaders" who prate about the community of interest between capital and labor, who dine in lordly fashion while the humble toiler contents himself with crumbs. No, not these "leaders." We scorn such leadership. Away with this species—the sooner, the better. We must have real leaders, plenty of them. Men of self-abnegation, wisdom, clear vision are needed; men who toil, suffer for the consummation of their ideals; foremost in the struggle amidst derision and scorn of those who do not understand and prudently lurk behind. We welcome millions of these leaders with open arms.

The true leaders always pursue their course through life without ostentation, without hope of reward. Their sole aim is to translate philosophical conceptions into action. For no ideal can ever attain its highest manifestation unless life and experiment give it sanction—this is the true meaning of revolution. We welcome these fore-runners of the coming civilization as our leaders. Let it be understood: A true leader is he who preaches by example. 'Tis well that the world will never dispense with these leaders. R. DUMONT.

### ON TO KANSAS CITY!

Oh, that I lived in Russia, Turkey, or some other place where the hollow mockery of liberty does not exist. A country unencumbered with the brazen hypocriacy "free speech."

Of all countries America is the greatest liar, the biggest hypocrite, the most pronounced fraud.

We bawl about freedom and while bawling pull men off the soap box for telling the people the truth about the capitalist robbers who fleece them, and jail editors for printing these same truths.

More than that. Men are being arrested in Kansas City for the "crime" of wearing an I. W. W. button.

And still worse: men arrested have been denied a jury trial and fined \$100. The I. W. W. is concentrating its forces in Kansas City and will fight the capitalist hirelings to a finish by flooding the city with men ready to go to jail for the right to speak to fellow slaves about their slavery.

On to Kansas City! J. F

### ANOTHER FREE SPEECH CASE

The editor of this paper is under \$1000 bail to appear for trial in the Superior Court on the charge of "publishing matter tending to create disrespect for the law."

This is a clear case of trampling on the rights of free speech, and the libertarians of the country are invited to assist in the defence by subscribing to the defence fund.

NANTHAN LEVIN, Sec. Home, Lakebay, Wash. Free Speech League.

### DEFENCE FUND

Previously acknowledged,	\$86.85
C. T. Sprading,	\$4.00
Alfred Nettie,	\$2.00

### HO FOR FRISCO!

THE AGITATOR Boosters of San Francisco have made arrangements for a Ball, to be held in Jefferson Square Hall, Saturday Nov. 25th. Let every friend of the paper turn out and make this a howling success. Talk about it; think about it; get your friends to go.

### RECEIPTS

Sprading, Raker, each \$1; Heiman, Mikulich, Kim-all, each 50c. Heash, Ruley, Clark, each 25c.

If it will be a balm to those Home anarchists, we are ready to admit that between bathing in the nude and wearing a night-skirt we are inclined to believe the former more modest.—Tacoma News.

A prison is a house of care,  
A grave for men alive.

NECESSITY FOR THE MODERN SCHOOL  
II.

It has been discovered that society consists of two classes—a class of wage slaves and a class of exploiters. In order that this condition shall cease it is the function of revolutionists to effect an aggressive struggle between these two classes—as classes. In creating this class struggle we have an educational ideal in exact opposition to that of a capitalistically managed school.

Every avenue of sociological investigation reveals the close connection between economic conditions and the character of individuals, classes and institutions. The contemporary character of society is competitive, because competition is taught as an ideal. Competitive capitalism necessitates a competitive wage slavery. To insure this the entire subject matter of capitalist schools is interwoven with an insidious association of competitive ideas. Not one branch of public school education (and what other education do the children of wage slaves acquire?) escapes this cunning arrangement; whereby the untutored mind of the child is taught to accept competition as the natural order of life.

In the light of modern research we find that history is a lying record of ruling class individual and national competition. It is not a record of the majority of the race, because the majority has always been the workers; and while the workers have always played a great part in past society, this part is carefully excluded from capitalist text books. "Associated, as such records mostly are, with a despotic or an aristocratic form of government, they contain little that serves to illustrate the inner lives of the people."—(Nelson's Encyclopedia). Through an association of sanctioning ideas, history perpetuates the competitive ideal. A child that learns only of universal competition in the past, will have no ideas of any kind of social structure than that which it is taught "has always been." Such teaching obscures to the child all concept of present-day economic class divisions. History creates a false and malicious interpretation of the past, which, in turn, sustains the lies of the present.

Geography is a fictitious division of the earth based upon lines of military and economic conquest or the priority of discovery or colonization. If such a study ever had any value for the working class except to point out these mistakes, it has long since disappeared. The teaching of it is preserved by the exploiting class because it keeps its wage slaves split into world factions. Even as the study of "history," it perpetuates militarism, nationalism, race prejudice; in short, the whole network of competitive ideology. This prevents the child mind from that which it might otherwise discover for itself, namely, the lie of geographical division. As long as children are taught difference, based on imaginary divisions, just so long will they, as grown-ups, believe in those fictitious martial antagonisms so necessary to the perpetuation of capitalism. Geography is, therefore, destructive of the class interests of wage slaves.

Mathematics, the "immaculate science(!)," is an innocent and valuable department of knowledge, but the capitalistic teaching of it is so surrounded by sub-divisions of the competitive ideal—rent, interest and profit—that the child never learns (in school) to understand or question the disastrous result of this false ideal—that is, exploitation. No single study assists the formation of competitive ideas more than the present teaching of mathematics. The competitive associations interwoven with mathematics begin with simple numeration and continue into the more complex abstractions. The study is honey-combed in this fashion until it becomes almost an impossibility to dis-associate some phase of competition from the simplest arithmetic concept. This is the greatest obstacle to that universal cooperation of some kind which the working class must establish to emancipate itself as a class.

It is impossible in the public schools to learn to read or write without incorporating the competitive ideas of capitalist society. Here the same subtle methods are employed in fashioning the child mind upon competitive lines as can be seen in all other basic studies. Present-day text books of grammar, "readers," "copy books" are filled with capitalistic platitudes and appeals to competitive ambition. Lies are deliberately foisted upon children for "copy" which no grown person believes, and while it may be pointed out that the "Golden Rule" is taught, as well as a host of other humanitarian ethics, these amount to little more than futile sophistries, when

the child reaches the age of productive activity; this activity being based upon competitive designs.

Physiology is in a condition of innocuous emasculation when it reaches the school desk. That hygienic knowledge so essential to the well being of the child is filtered through the censorship of moralists whose chief aim is to exclude all knowledge of sex life. To survey the carefully pruned and lying charts or text books in physiology will convince the child of a lie somewhere; either in the actualities of its person or in the chart and book. It doesn't matter which, for in either case it is not to be mentioned. This is a means of fostering the mind habit of subterfuge. The social suffering caused by some form of sex ignorance is beyond measure, but it fits the capitalist system of competitive wage slavery with all the satanic precision of design. Because it is beneficial to capitalism—if there were not many other reasons—such teaching of physiology is alien to the interests of wage slaves.

This kind of education is wage slavery in the making. Ofttimes it is not direct teaching so much as indirect association of ideas. To present the facts of life as the revolutionist conceives them is the task of the modern school educator. While it may be thought by some that it is rather their task to present facts "impersonally," trusting that such presentation would, sooner or later, abolish the universal injustice of present-day society, this view is not strictly correct.

The world's revolutionists have a distinct task before them. This task is, first, the destruction of wage slavery, whereupon the infinitely varied individual and collective potentialities have for the first time an opportunity for experimentation and development, unhampered by the presence of capitalist material economies and the constrictions incident thereto.

This kind of an education is anything but "impersonal"—it is positive. The simple presentation of facts is not enough. Capitalists and the multitude of forces that restrict the development of the individual today, are powerful enough and ingenious enough to mould any "impersonal" knowledge to their own ends. Modern school educators must present facts so that their revolutionary significance become known.

FRANK CHESTER PEASE.

GREATEST FIGURE IN HISTORY

According to the numerous reports from across the border it is plainly evident that Madero has not succeeded in pacifying the Mexican people with his unfulfilled promises.

The cry of "Land and Liberty" will not down. The "ignorant" Peons will not trade their guns for socialist tracts. They will not give up their hope of freedom now for the promise of a social democratic heaven hereafter.

Education is good, but there is no greater learning than the knowledge that the land belongs only to them who actually use it, and that liberty is the birthright of all.

When this knowledge is coupled with the courage and determination to fight for it, the acme of Social Revolutionary education is reached.

After following Marx through all the tiresome detail of his ponderous work, "Capital," I am rewarded with the knowledge that the land belongs to me, likewise the tools, which to the Mexican are of no importance since they are not made in his country. I did not learn about the importance of Liberty. I did not learn how to attain my land and tools, nor was I inspired with the courage to pursue them over a very strenuous course were it put up to me.

Who is the better educated, the Mexican peon, with "Land and Liberty" on his lips and a rifle on his shoulder, or I, armed only with phrases? I pursue economic abstraction. The Mexican is going after the real thing. And for that he is the most important figure in history, not excepting the French Revolutionists. His doctrine is clear and well pronounced in his acts.

The first thing he does upon the capture of a town is to throw open the prison doors, and next to destroy all records of property titles. Then he expropriates the big land owner, and turns the land over to the people who, in many cases, work it in common. Can history produce a revolution so revolutionary? True, the French took the land from the church and barons, but their tactics and ideas were not nearly so clear cut as the Mexicans',

While we are roaring about "the great strike on the Southern Pacific" and "the great victory for Socialism at Los Angeles," the "illiterate" Mexican across the line is engaged in the first battles of the world-wide revolution which will sweep capitalism from its base and establish industrial and political freedom. The crack of Freedom's guns is drowned in the noise of our petty middle class reforms.

I have no patience for the party that will prate of being "revolutionary" and repudiate the Revolution, calling it a Banditte. I repudiate such a party and denounce it as an imposter on the Revolutionary Movement; an arrant fake that perverts the use of the magnetic word, Revolution, in order to retain the sympathy of the Revolutionists.

All hail to you, my gallant Mexican fellow workers! I bow before your superiority. You know, you do; I merely talk. JAY FOX.

THE FUNERAL OF A MARTYR.

"I will tell you something, brothers, which you will say impossible to a civilized country that is like America situated," said an earnest speaker addressing a large group of Bohemians," writes Mary Field, in "On Strike," a collection of true stories of the Chicago garment-workers' strike, in the October American Magazine.

"You must excuse my hollering, but in regard for this big hall I must holler. One of our sisters is dead. She died on account of her lungs when she was out selling papers for the strikers. Tomorrow her funeral is, and we should all turn ourselves out to show her how great our sympathy is."

"And they, and hundreds of others, turned out by the thousands. As the endless stream filed slowly by the coffin, shriveled Italian women crossed themselves and cried aloud. Big, unsentimental men had tears in their eyes, a girl fainted, and flippant young men were grave. Then eight strong men, Poles and Lithuanians, Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, bore on their shoulders through the streets the white casket of the little Jewish garment worker. Buried in that white casket with their martyr were the prejudices, the hatreds, the intolerances of a thousand years. In the Valley of the Shadow of Death man learns that all people are one."

AUTHORITY.

Authority intoxicates,  
And makes mere sots of magistrates;  
The fumes of it invade the brain,  
And make men giddy, proud, and vain;  
By this the fool commands the wise,  
The noble with the base complies,  
The sot assumes the rule of wit,  
And cowards make the brave submit.

—Samuel Butler.

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