

THE AGITATOR

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

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NO. 2

THE PASSING SHOW.

Self-Reliance and Direct Action

After conducting a strike of such magnificent proportions, both as to numbers and solidarity, that it called forth the admiration of the world, the English railroad workers have been tricked out of the fruits that should naturally accrue from such an effort.

A Royal Commission was appointed to investigate and adjust the grievances of the men, and the men returned to work while waiting for their "reward."

They demanded recognition of their unions and increased pay. They got neither. The "Royal" commission fooled them as commissions has ever done since the dawn of history.

It seems almost incredible that, with its centuries of bitter experience, Labor would trust its grievances in the hands of capitalistic commissions, Boards of Arbitration and Politicians. Yet the fact is there, and there is no use closing our eyes to it. There is no use deceiving ourselves. A long campaign of education is still before us. The workers must be taught that the first step towards freedom is Self-Reliance. "Trust th yself: every heart vibrates to that iron string," said the immortal Emerson.

The worker has too long been the dupe of priest and politician, who have led him and bled him for time immemorial. They have robbed him not only of his substance, they have stolen his individuality, pilfered him of his self-reliance. He cannot move but at the direction of some power outside of himself. He has physical power, his arms are strong, but he lacks the mental force to properly appreciate that great strength, and appreciating, rightly direct it. Thus the working man is not only an economic slave, he is a slave to authority. He sleeps under the hypnotic spell of big names. Long ages of forced obedience to laws made by others for his subjection, countless repetition of priestly cant about the powers in the sky, and now, in our own time the prattle of the all-colored political priest about his devotion to the worker and all the sacrifices he is willing to make for him, has left the poor-victim in a condition of mental confusion and helplessness that nothing short of a thorough drilling in self-reliance will prepare him for the great task of freeing himself.

A new psychology must be created in him. He must be taught the absolute necessity for Direct Action. He must not alone be taught that Direct Action is good, he must be convinced that it is the one and only method.

He must be convinced that the most effective way to apply Direct Action is thru Industrial Unionism. He must be taught that to be black, yellow or white; German, Irish or Yank; Godist or Athiest; Blacksmith or Barber, is a matter of minor importance.

He must be shown, with all the emphasis at our command, that the great and all-important factor of his life is the circumstance that he is a wage-slave, and that this idea must predominate in his mind over all the others. And, finally, that he must unite with his fellow slaves in one big union, thru which, with one grand effort of Direct Action, to overthrow capitalism and become, for the first time in

history, a free man.

The Fall of Kansas City

In Kansas City a few weeks ago a working man was arrested for obstructing the streets with certain economic truths which he had accumulated during his experience as a wage slave.

Now if there is one thing a government does not like to see scattered around, where working people can pick it up, it is Truth. And the most feared of all truth is economic truth, or the truth about things.

The streets of Kansas City have for years been literally strewn with gospel truths, but the policemen picked their way carefully thru them, never falling, never complaining. So soon, however, as a few hard economic facts came bounding down the thoroughfare, the guardians of the peoples' ignorance became aroused and, with all the splendor of their copulant anatomy, pounced upon the speaker and jailed him. But the speaker wasn't alone; and herein lies the secret of what followed.

No sooner was he off the box than others leaped on to fill his place; and the word was flashed thruout the country that the war for free speech was on. A call for volunteer soldiers was issued from the Headquarters of the I. W. W.. An industrial army invaded the city and established a camp on the outside, in true military fashion.

In the meantime arrests were being made and the jail and work farm were becoming over-crowded, and the politicians were beginning to feel uneasy about the outcome. They were face to face with a new condition. Nothing muddles a mudhead like a step from the beaten path.

The justice was ordered to lay it on heavy in the hope of scaring the bunch away. "I fine you five hundred dollars," he growled at the next "obstructionist" that was brot before him. "Thank you," politely answered the smiling soldier of peace; and a sigh of horror spread thru the court room, and all the officials traded looks of dismay and anguish.

The game was up. The jail was nearly full. And when men smiled at the limit of the law, that was surely the limit of official understanding.

They saw then what manner of men they were up against, and wisely decided to quit, for while there was a limit to the capacity of the jail there didn't seem to be any end to the stream of Industrialists that were pouring into the city from all quarters of the country.

The jail was unlocked, the men marched in triumph and mounted the boxes on the corner of the next street to tell the people how a great city fell before a bunch of Agitators.

New York City, the Scab Herder.

The great city of New York has a strike on its hands. Of all the thousands employed by that big city none are performing so useful and necessary a service as the men in white uniforms who collect the garbage and clean the streets. No employment is more distasteful and filthy, none so dangerous to health. No man who works at it for a few years escapes consumption or some other deadly disease, of which the city is infested. Yet these

men are the poorest paid and the hardest worked of all city employes.

The mayor refused to increase their pay; and when they struck refused to treat with their union. The streets are heaped with garbage, breeding disease. Hundreds of police are trying to protect a few scabs from the wrath of popular indignation, aroused by the rank injustice being done to the street cleaners, whom the mayor says will not be again employed.

Catch some fool workman shouting for public ownership as a relief from capitalist tyranny and bang him on the brain with this example of his ideal in operation.

Getting Behind the Guns

According to recent election returns "Socialism" is advancing "by leaps and bounds." Something like a dozen towns have been "captured;" and there is great rejoicing in party circles. The crowning "victory" of the year will be the "getting behind the guns," by the horny-handed revolutionary working man, Job Harriman, in Los Angeles.

The city is posted with large signs, reading: "The Business Mens' League is for Harriman." Which shows, without any further words from me, the extreme revolutionary character of the "Socialist movement."

With the lawyers, preachers and business men, all training their giant air guns upon the "citadels of capitalism," its fall is hourly expected. The main center of attack is the City Hall, where it is said vast treasures are stored, which will be confiscated, as a war measure, by the mighty Job, and distributed among his gallant gang of job hunters, as a reward for their faithful services to the cause, and a reimbursement for ammunition used, which each soldier had to furnish from his private windmill.

The Jap as an Undesirable

An Alaska paper tells us that the Japanese workers employed in the fishing industry are quarrelsome, trouble-makers, having no regard for a contract made with the bosses, that they breed discord, "will throw an employer down if the opportunity presents itself," and that they "have neither regard nor respect for our laws." For which anti-capitalistic traits the little brown men are, of course, becoming very undesirable citizens, and I will not be surprised soon to learn that they have been discharged and replaced by the more docile, "honorable" and law abiding white men.

Yachts from the Orient.

Mr. J. B. Wood has gone to Hongkong to build six gasoline yachts for Pacific Coast men. To the student of economics there is nothing especially strange about this. He knows that capital follows cheap labor, even to the end of the earth. He knows that with the capitalist, color, creed and country cuts no figure. The capitalist is the great disillusioned internationalist. Patriotism? Bah! Sentimental sop for soft brained sissies. Let the working dupes who don't own a square inch of any country prate about patriotism and kill each other in its name.

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.

In vain you tell me that artificial government is good, but that I fall out only with the abuse. The thing, the thing itself is the abuse. Burke.



ON TO ABERDEEN!



Free Speech fight on in Aberdeen, Wash. Organizer J. M. Train and others arrested. Pile in men and gain your rights. Help is needed at once. As we go to press we have this call. On to Aberdeen! March onto the town and put it on the map. Show them political tools of the bosses that there are a few men yet left who will not lay down to be trampled on. It is the few men with backbone that do things in this world. The sheepish, unthinking, sleepy masses have ever been the slaves of few heartless, greedy capitalists. It is time to arouse the slaves; and it is the function of the I. W. W. to set the example. Freedom is dear and must be dearly bought. Jails have no terrors for the real revolutionists. Resistance to tyranny is the watch-ward of freedom. The men who are fighting today in Aberdeen and elsewhere are blazing the way for the Social Revolution.

The lumber barons, who own Aberdeen, have organized a mob of shopkeepers "to clean up the I. W. W." Bah! The bourgeoisie never cleaned up anything bigger than a workman's pocket-book. Let it beware. "It's a dangerous thing to goad the wolf to the end of his den".

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

Fellow Worker Fox: Lively time here now. Free Speech Fight on and five fellows arrested. Train and Thorn have jury trials tomorrow. It seems we must educate these scissor bills. Will soon be holding business meetings in the city jail. Give us all the publicity possible. We sold all the Agitators and now have a "tag day" for free speech. Lumber Kings are bucking and plutes and fakirs are looking sideways.

Yours for One Big Union, J. H. Allison. Aberdeen

TURN THE HOSE ON THE PEOPLE

Aberdeen, Wash. Nov. 23, 1911.

Fellow Worker; We opened a street meeting at 7.30 a half a block from the main street. A half an hour later a fellow worker opened a meeting in the restricted district. But the police did not arrest him. Then another fellow worker opened a meeting one block farther down the main street. The police seemed dazed at this action. Fellow worker Train stopt his meeting on the street, bringing his crowd to the hall. It was to hold a protest meeting at the City Hall against holding members for street speaking when they allowed us to speak unmolested. About 4000 people marched to the City Hall about four blocks distant. As soon as we arrived the Fire Dept. turned the hose on the crowd who began cheering and retreating at the same time. The I. W. W. went to the hall and discussed ways and means to meet these tactics. Public sentiment is with us. Sold 450 tags. Big protest meetings to be held to-morrow night.

Later: Fellow worker Train arrested again for speaking on the street. Another fellow worker arrested just because he was an I. W. W. man.

I find the situation here well in hand. Fellow worker Train is out on bonds as he was needed on the outside. Five men in jail. Two more in tonight. The way the fight was brought on was on account of discrimination against us to the advantage of the Salvation Army. They are trying to force the I. W. W. to go on a side street, back so far they could not get a crowd, while the Salvation Army was allowed to speak on the corner of the main street. It is a case of a fight to the finish.

Jno. Murdock.

Agitation keeps society from becoming stagnant.

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION

The arrest in Laredo, Texas, of General Bernardo Reyes and a dozen others charged with "conspiring against a friendly government," and "violating the neutrality laws," and an order from Washington and the governor of Texas that all Mexican revolutionists must leave the state, on the eve of a new outbreak in Mexico, is evidence that whoever else may have forsaken Madero, the U. S. government has not.

The scoundral sold Mexico to the capitalists of the U. S. In a most scathing article in "Regeneracion" Wm. C. Owen exposes the traitor, Madero, and shows him to be one of the most consummate rascals the world has ever known. I quote from Comrade Owen:

"We know that, following in the steps of Diaz, he has surrounded himself with all the armed forces he could muster, seeking to build up a government of the type privilege must have for the perpetuation of its reign."

The International revolutionary group of Los Angeles has published 10,000 copies of Voltairine de Cleyre's leaflet, "The Mexican Revolt" with the intention of giving the widest possible publicity to the fact that the Mexican Revolution did not end with the change of rulers. This Leaflet is a masterly appeal to the revolutionary spirit, and expose of the sham revolutionists on this side of the line. Send for quantities, enclose a little money, if you can, Order from Jos. Kucera: 914 Boston Street, Los Angeles, California.

FIGHTING FOR A PRINCIPLE

When men can avoid the persecution of others by withholding the views they have of life and its problems, when men and women can quietly submit to have others give voice to untruths in their presence, when they can see others wronged and avoid trouble to themselves by keeping silent, they lack principle.

Since men were first made, man has fought and died to uphold a principle. Whether that principle was a wrong one or not was of little consequence at the time, but the mere fact that a man or men believed in it was sufficient to cause men to die for it.

In our day the fight is waged against the press because men of money and power recognize in the press the greatest force with which life of today has to deal. All classes are concerned in what concerns the press. All classes are made to suffer when the press is bought and the printed page tells aught but the truth. The greatest, most formidable weapon in the hands of men is this power of the press and he who has cause to fear it will fight to the death if need be. The press stands for the greatest principle man has met since Christianity dawned. It embodies the working of the human mind in all its phases and the worst criminal the world can produce is he who takes advantage of his position and sacrifices for a price the principle for which the press stands.

The printed word reaches the heart and understanding of many and guides them for good or ill and the guilt of the wrongly led is upon the head of the one who writes (to deceive with) the printed word.

Politics dominate our people today as the hand of the wealthy class is held heavily over the aspirations of the working man. If they succeed also in buying the right to control and instruct as they wish the mind of the entire working class, what have we left worth living for?

The press, even if upheld in its lofty ideals by only a few, must be fought for. The few who stand by ready to fight to the death for the right of free speech and a free press will win as have won the fighters of all time when they fought for a worthy principle. Fight they must, for in that fight lies all we have worth living for. The wealthy class may keep the bodies of the working people poorly clad and their homes poorly furnished but when the labor of the workers upholds the wealth of the state and creates that wealth, just so long will the people have something to say as to how their minds and bodies are to be fed. But this right must be fought for and only here and there are the fighters gathered for the conflict.

We have a principle to fight for and money cannot give back the heritage when once we have sold it. The spirit of old John Guthenberg is in the fight today and stands by to cheer those who fall fighting for the freedom of the press.—Progressive Democrat.

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHICAGO MARTYRS.

Seattle, Nov. 12th, 1911.

Notwithstanding boisterous weather, and a wet night, five hundred women and men got together in the headquarters of the I. W. W. Fellow-Worker F. R. Schleis in the chair, opened the meeting with remarks clenching its object and paid a fervid tribute to the lives and deaths of the Chicago Martyr.

The choice of the Russian Workers' Society sang several pieces, including the "Marseillaise," and were accorded encores which their spirited singing well merited.

Frank Chester Pease was the first speaker. In a scholarly and brilliant analysis he showed the basic principles at stake, and for defending which Parsons, Spies, Engel, and Fischer were hanged. A high tribute was paid to Lingg, who, in his hatred of production for profit, had said, "I despise you, I despise your order, your laws, your force-propped authority. Hang me for it!"

Lingg, however, cheated the gallows of its glut—and he, with the hanged, still lives! And will, till their work be accomplished, to be re-enshrined amongst the world's immortal Emancipators.

Floyd Hyde (organizer I. W. W.) made a telling speech. He went into details as to the hard times of 1884, reaching its industrial climax in 1886; of the organization and activities of the Knights of Labor, and of the Federation of the Trades Unions agitating for the 8-hour day. He told of the McCormack Binder-work's lock-out, and how three hundred Pinkerton's were employed at those works to protect the blacklegs.

Hyde told of the packing of the jury; of the commuting to imprisonment for life of Schwab and Fielden, and how they, with Neebe, who was sentenced to 15 years, were all liberated by Governor John P. Altgeld in June 1893, to the everlasting honor of John P. Altgeld, who thus made what amends he could for the blood-thirsty brutality of Capitalistic Chicago in particular, and Capitalism at large.

M. Dux spoke in Russian. His manner and tone carried conviction, even to those who could not understand the language of one, who escaping from the barbaric Czar of Russia, had discovered there were other Czars to be found in the land of the free.

Jay Fox (Editor Agitator) made the closing talk. An eye-witness of the tragedy, minus part of a finger by police-gun. He had walked in the funeral train of those "who had high honor," but whose last rites were denied the right of music, sympathetic or triumphal. Never was a keener nor truer example of the reality of a witness. Jay Fox might well have echoed the words of Wesley, who having been chased nearly to his death by an English mob in Southampton, wrote:

"What we have seen and felt,
And publish to the sons of men,
With confidence we tell,
The Signs infallible."

Infallible! Yes! Certain! The signs of Greed, and Exploitation. With burning pathos Jay Fox held his hearers spell-bound. He told of the 3rd of May meeting of the Lumber Union where 75 Pinkerton's shot on the crowd, killing six, and wounding many. Of the meeting of the 4th, two thousand in the crowd, the mayor present, and satisfied, that no disorder was premeditated by the workers, as to know when the meeting was nearing its close two

THE TRIUMPHANT WORKERS COME

They come as the rains come
When the long drought is dead;
They come as the flowers come
When winter has fled;
They come as the birds come
At June time's sweet call;
They come as the fruits come
When full harvests fall!

They come as the winds come
When the dead calms are o'er;
They come as the seas come
When waves flood the shore;
They come as the rocks come
When the land slide is hurled;
They come as the flames come
When fire sweeps the world!

They come as our trusts come
When black fears depart;
They come as our joys come
When fate fills the heart;
They come as our strengths come
When weakness is gone;
They come as our deeds come
When might leads us on;
They come as all men come
When truth fills the mind;
They come as they must come
Who come for mankind;
They come as all hopes come
When right strikes wrong dumb;
They come as the dawn comes—
They come; yes, they come!

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD

hundred police were marched upon it. The Bomb was thrown and one policeman killed. (Never proven against the Chicago Martyrs.) And then a battle, not unlike the massacre of Peterloo in Manchester in 1519.

And there on the old historic Haymarket Square fell seven police, and some seventy wounded—and of the workers (as figures go) four killed and fifty wounded. Inter-Direct Action with a vengeance! Parsons had brought his wife and children down that night. He did not meditate murder. Fischer and Engel were at home. Schwab, Ling, and Neebe, had not been notified of the meeting, yet the press had to be obeyed, the police must act, and good men and true must hang, and go to prison. So! "Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne.

But That Scaffold Sways the Future, and behind the dim unknown standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch upon his own!"

Not the orthodox God, but the principle of Justice inherent in Nature's laws. Shelley's "Spirit of Goodness," which is at the core of things, and will come to view from out the shadow, when Solidarity of the workers be accomplished. No wonder Shelley wrote "We learn in suffering what we teach in song."

Parsons, Spies, and their confreres suffered, that we might have life. See to it!

It was a great meeting. Big literature sales, big collections, and pledges.

To fight the cause that lacks assistance, at the wrong which needs resistance, for the future in the distance, and the good that we can do."

Read the book "Live Questions" by J. P. Altgeld, he knew.

JACK WOOD.

GET OFF THEIR BACKS.

I sit on a man's neck, I weigh him down, and I demand that he shall carry me; and without descending from his shoulders I assure myself and others that I am very sorry for him, and that I desire to ameliorate his condition by all possible means, only not by getting off of him.

Subscribe for THE AGITATOR

REPORT OF I. W. W. CONVENTION

As there seems to be a great deal of dissatisfaction in the Northwest regarding the action taken by the Convention on some of the questions brought up for discussion, mostly by Western Delegates, a word on the subject from a Western Delegate will not be out of place.

Those who are not in accord with the various conclusions arrived at by the Convention should not "fly off the handle" and think that nothing was accomplished, and that the rank and file were totally ignored. If some instructions of importance were turned down and not, as was expected, they would be submitted to a referendum, the blame, if any, should be placed in most cases on the shoulders of the various Locals for not sending Delegates better able to give the why and wherefore of the questions involved.

The Convention was a good one; admitted by those who attended the previous Conventions to be the best, if it was not the largest we have held. To my mind the Delegates present had only one motive in view in drawing their conclusions, and that was the upbuilding and strengthening of the organization. Although they refused to submit to the rank and file three questions that have been discussed times without number by at least the Pacific Locals, this was due to the fact that the Delegates instructed how to represent their Locals in these matters were not able to make their case clear. I refer to the questions of a smaller per capita tax, one term for officers and the election of all general officers by referendum; and these questions were in the eyes of some Western Locals of sufficient importance to be placed on the ballot.

To illustrate the above, the Delegates from No. 525, Nelson, B. C., stated on the floor of the Convention that the questions had been discussed in the West since the last Convention, and if the present Convention did not place them on the ballot it would mean the casting of a second ballot. G. E. B. Member George Speed stated that he knew the West also and as far as he understood that, outside of one or two Locals, they were satisfied the way things were in regards to these questions. If the rank and file had heard the discussions of the Convention both for and against these questions they would have been forced to admit that the Delegates did all they could with the materials at hand; even if they did turn down every proposition except one that the writer brought up.

The afternoon of the first day and the forenoon of the second were taken up with discussion regarding the charges against me, made by the G. E. B. They were to the following effect: "That the said J. W. Johnstone is not a fit person to have a seat in the Convention of the I. W. W. as proven by his actions while a Delegate at the Pacific Coast Conference, where he attempted to use a clipping from the capitalist press attacking the Fresno Free Speech Fight —"

To be guilty of such an act is to be blackened for all time in the eyes of a Revolutionist, and although the Convention seated me by a vote of 44 to 18, a word of explanation is still necessary. The most curious thing about it was, that although this traitorous act was supposed to be committed nine months previous to the calling of the Convention, I was allowed to act as organizer for Local 525, without charges being placed against me. T. Whitehead and Kelly, Delegates both to the Convention and to the Portland Conference, were as much surprised as I was when the charges were read. They stated on the floor of the Convention that there were absolutely no foundation to them.

Another of the Convention's discussions was about that awful P. C. D. O., and out of this discussion a temporary Middle States District Organization was formed, and it is to be hoped that the Western and Eastern States will do likewise, but make it permanent. The results cannot be any but the best, and it paves the way for a united district organization, which will go a long way to solve the problem of inter-communication. It does not mean, as was first thought, the splitting of the organization into two factions, but brings the Locals closer together. It is the development of a more perfect fighting machine. The natural development of a revolutionary organization is to form itself in such a way that it can move quickly, act quickly, think quickly, strike quickly and have a rapid method of securing information and inter-communication. The delay

of a day sometimes spells defeat, and in the estimation of the writer, the best thing the Convention did was placing its seal of approval on the formation of district organizations. It is now up to every member to see that it is pushed forward.

The formation of a temporary Lumber Workers' N. I. U., is well worth notice. It is up to all the Lumber Workers to see that this is made a permanent organization. The Fraternal Delegates from the Lumber Workers' of the South showed a revolutionary spirit that speaks ill for the lumber barons of the South, and they exhibited a willingness to cooperate in the formation of a N. I. U., that should spur all the members in the lumber industry to quick action.

A question that caused a great deal of discussion was that of literature and press. There was no question but that we are sadly in need of literature. The material is there but the money is wanting, although the argument is being made by some members that if the per capita tax has been lowered the assessment would have stood a better chance to go through. It is a poor argument indeed. The mere fact that we need more literature should be a strong enough argument to appeal to every member to dig up twenty-five cents per month for six months. It is to be hoped that every member will vote for the assessment. If we want to get out of our baby stage, we must use a developer, and the best there is, is literature.

The lowering of the per capita tax was brought up for a second time on the last day of the Convention. The reasons for bringing it up were that it was thought that it would cause a second ballot to be cast, and to place it on the first ballot would save time, money and a lot of unnecessary wrangling. The recent actions of the Spokane and Portland Locals justified that contention. The writer is in favor, so also is Local 525, of the motions made by Portland and Spokane Locals which, no doubt, will be published in the near future.

Notwithstanding differences of opinion, on the whole the Convention was constructive; there was no bitterness outside of the first day's session. The wrangling over politics was conspicuous by its absence. When the motion for adjournment came it was a harmonious group that raised their voices to the strains of the "Red Flag," and the "International." Some lingered in the hall for hours afterward discussing various points, and it was easily seen that, although some Delegates (the writer included) were not satisfied with some of the decisions, they were of one mind in answering Frank Bohn's question. The I. W. W. is a pretty live corpse, and the Convention, on the whole, showed the spirit of the organization.

J. W. JOHNSTONE, No. 525, Nelson, B. C.

FOR SEATTLE

The Seattle Agitator Group will give its second annual Peasants' Ball, in Redding's Academy, 23rd and Jacksons street, Dec. 31st, 1911.

All remember the unique, mirth-producing peasant ball which was introduced for the first time in the west by this Group last winter; and brot people from Vancouver, B.C. to attend it. Get ready for this one and bring your friends. Nothing like it ever happened. It's beyond description.

RECEIPTS

Sales at Memorial Meeting in Seattle, \$8.35; Jerome, Beck, Wassilefsky, each \$3; Woolsev, Hammersmark, Valentine, each \$2; Biscay, Knapp, Hedberg, Anderson, Northrup, Thomas, Schleis, Brenting, Willers, Rudash, Snellenberg, Gross, Local 380, I. W. W., Stuhr, Smith, Swift, Hunt, Allen, Wright, Besselman, katona, Wilbers, each \$1; Otto, Morrah, Cohn, Lavroff, Chariton, each 50c. Robertson, 25 cents.

DEFENCE FUND.

Previously acknowledged	\$92.86
Freie Arbeiter Stimme, Fund,	\$11.00
Harlem Liberal Alliance,	\$5.42
Geo. R. Icke,	\$1.00
E. Besselman,	\$1.00
J. Wm. Lloyd,	\$1.00
F. Lazzari, S. Pratiner, each 50c.	\$1.00
T. F. G. Dougherty,	25c.

EMMA GOLDMAN

Meetings 43 E. 22nd Street, New York.
Dec. 3rd. Socialism caught in the political trap.
Dec. 10th. Sex, the great element of creative work.
Dec. 17th. Farewell lecture.

THE SIMPLÉTON VOTER

One thing I have never been able to understand, one thing to me incomprehensible: how does it come that at this day, when I write these lines, how is it that in spite of all the sad experience, in spite of the numerous scandals, how does it come, I ask, that there is still to be found a voter—that unfigurative, inorganic, deceptive animal—willing to leave his business and pleasures to go and cast his vote for this or that person, for this or that measure?

Isn't this a condition to confound the Philosophers and upset all the rules of reason? Where is a Balsac to explain to us this physiological creation, the modern voter? Where is a Sharco to describe the mental condition of this incurable invalid?

I can understand when a noted stock broker yet finds fools to cheat. I can understand when the senator still has his advocates. I can even understand that there are yet men who write historic dramas. Only one thing is left incomprehensible to me: how does it come that a politician, a senator, a governor, or any other political trickster, who can yet find a voter, that strange mortal, to support him with his bread and to clothe him with his wool, feeding him with his blood and enriching him with his money. And for what? This fact surpasses even my most pessimistic imaginings about human stupidity.

I am speaking now of the honest, convinced, theoretic voter; the poor devil who has formed the idea that voting is the sacred right of the "free citizen." I speak of the stupid fool who believes he can achieve political and social demands by means of the ballot. Of the voter who knows his business I have nothing to say; for him election time is the best time for business. He knows what he wants.

But the others, Oh, the others! The earnest ones, the rank and file who fan themselves into moral intoxication and explain: "We are the electors, nothing happens without us, we are the foundation of modern society." It is of them I am speaking; and I really can't understand that there is still such stupid creatures to be found in the universe. How does it come that they are not ashamed of their own work? How does it happen that there still exists in some hidden corner a good man so blind to all fact as to give, in his sober condition, his vote for a white, red or black candidate? Of what strange sentiments, of what secret power must this two legged animal be influenced, that by the mere throwing of his vote into a ballot box he is convinced that he is fulfilling his duty?

What must he say to himself when he reflects on his queer actions? What does he hope for? He must have some hidden grounds when he lets himself be used and exchanged by a few greedy phrasemongers. His brain must be all out of order when he permits "our Representatives" to evoke in him imaginings about justice, sacrifice, labor and honesty. The name "politician" in itself must have a magic effect and cause him to dream of golden promises and a happy future. And this is certainly sad. Nothing seems to help. Not even the ridiculous comedy of parliamentarism, nor the dark tragedies of his own life.

Since the world came into existence we see societies rise and fall. But in all societies law has existed as the weapon of the rich and mean to suppress the poor and the weak. When will the simple man of the people begin to understand the teachings of the world's history? When will he see once for all, that it does not pay to sacrifice self for the benefit of others.

Sheep go to the slaughter house, but they at least do not elect the butchers that slaughter them, nor the rich that devour them. They do not say anything and do not hope for anything.

But the voter is more stupid than the sheep. He elects his own butcher, he elects the glutton that swallows him up. And for this "right" he battles. For this "right" he makes revolutions.

Oh! you voter, you big fool, you poor deceived devil, listen to me: instead of spending your time reading the sugar coated speeches that are sold to you every day in red, white and yellow newspapers; instead of allowing your head to be turned by the disgusting flattery of political thieves; instead of studying the senseless rant of political platforms, instead of wasting your few spare hours on such misleading, stupid trash, believe me, dear friend, you will profit much more if you remain in your hut and become absorbed in the thought of some sincere thinker. You will thusly get acquainted with lots of useful knowledge, of which you never heard before; and I

am sure you will think twice before you will don your hat and coat and run to the ballot box. Then you will begin to understand that you are taking care of someone else's business, no matter to which party you give your vote.

That thinker will tell you that the whole game of politics is nothing but a fake. He will tell you that the law makers, the masters of the law, make fun of every honest demand, and prostitute natural reason and sound human sense. All this you will read there, you whose fate is already written in the great book of history.

If you love to dream then dream dear brother. Dream of a future heaven on earth. Dream of the universal brotherhood, dream of a happiness that may never be realized. It does not matter; dreaming is good. Dreaming makes your heart easier. Dreaming often makes you forget your trouble.

Don't forget the men who are begging for your votes. Don't forget that these men are dishonest. They will promise you things they never intend to deliver.

The man to whom you gave your vote does not represent your misery. He does not represent your hopes. He does not represent you in anything. He represents only his own passions, his own interests, which are directly contrary to yours.

Therefore come back, my dear dumb-head, and begin, finally, your strike against the ballot box. You will lose nothing by it, and maybe it will give you more pleasure. Remain seated, peacefully, in your hut. Shut the door so the vote beggars can't disturb you, and quietly smoke your pipe

An honest man will not beg for your vote. Such action you can only expect from political comedians and professional swindlers. Therefore I tell you again, my friend, go back to your hut and begin the strike.

OCTAV MIRBEAU

FROM SLAVERY TO FREEDOM

What makes poverty? Why, ages since, strong men of this world reached out their hands and captured the earth, and they owned it and the poor were their slaves; they took what was left. Down to the present time this state has continued; the powerful have taken all the coal and iron that nature has stored up in the earth; they have taken the great forests and appropriated these to themselves.

They have taken the shores of our rivers and the shores of our lakes and the shores of our seas. They have all the means of production and distribution. They have the great highways of commerce and the great mass of mankind, the poor, the despoiled, have nothing to do but to sell their labor and their lives to anyone who buys.

They clutch at each other's throats for a poor chance to live. They don't own the earth. They own no share of the coal that is underneath the earth.

The Steel Trust owns all the ore and the poor have none; they own no interests in the forests or in the land. All they can do is to look for a job and take such pay as the employer, the monopolist, sees fit to give.

There never has been but one way to abolish poverty in this old world of ours, and I don't speak of my opinions alone, but I speak the opinion of every political economist who has ever cared for the workingman; every one of them. You can't make the poor man rich unless you abolish the monopoly of the earth that is now in the hands of a few.

Until you organize society and industry so that the poorest child just born on the earth shall have the same heritage as the richest who comes upon earth in the same way, until all have a common heritage and all a like right, until that time comes there will be the rich and there will be the poor.

Have you looked back at the history of the workingmen? If you do you will find that 150 years ago in England and all over continental Europe he was a slave. He was bought and sold with the land. He wore one garment, if you would call it a garment. His food was of the coarsest. He had no luxuries.

But gradually the light began to dawn in the minds of those toilers, and they organized themselves into guilds and trade unions, and they met in the forests and waste places and formed their unions.

They were sent to jail and died on the gallows fighting for liberty; fighting for better food, for better clothing, shorter hours, for something to drink, for some little of the luxuries which the rich had always claimed for themselves; and you, the poor man of today, you have profited by the brave fight that your

ancestors made in the years gone by.

The world's goal is liberty. There is no other way. It has never yet had very much. What we are hoping for and dreaming of is that real liberty will some day come to this old world of ours. If you look at the history of the human race, look at its progress in the past, slow and difficult, but still on the whole onward and onward; if you look away back to where man first began, and it looked very hopeless, and look at the world now and you think he has a good deal.

Every step is marked with blood. It shows the toils and troubles of the human race, and yet through all the world has gone on, moving upward, and every step has led by one hope and one dream, and that is the hope and dream of liberty, the dearest to the hearts of men.

CLARENCE S. DARROW.

WHEN WE SEE

When we witness the existing condition of things, when we see little children huddling around the factory gates—the poor little things whose bones are not yet hard—when we see them snatched from the hearthstone, taken from the family altar and carried to the bastiles of labor, and their little bones ground up into gold-dust to bedeck the form of some aristocratic Jezebel, then it stirs the manhood in us and we speak out. We plead for the little ones. We plead for the helpless. We plead for the oppressed. We seek redress for those who are wronged. We seek knowledge and intelligence for the ignorant. We seek liberty for the slaves. We seek the welfare of every human being.—A. R. Parsons.

MEN OR DOORMATS.

Be men, not doormats. Light the red hell of revolution if need be! For what is life if it is but the accursed privilege of wearing yourselves out in the service of cannibals, of man-eating millionaires, of monsters that eat you up alive, you and your wives and children.

—J. Howard Moore.

"I think we can unload that rotten stock on Jones."
"I thought he was an intimate friend of yours?"
"I'm counting on that."—Life.

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