

THE AGITATOR

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

VOL. 2, NO. 24

HOME, (LAKEBAY P. O.) WASHINGTON, NOV. 1, 1912

WHOLE NO. 48

The Passing Show

AN I. W. W. REPORT

I have before me the printed report of the General Executive Board of the I. W. W. It is a remarkable document. It is revolutionary in two directions, backwards and forwards. It recommends extreme measures and reactionary ones; and there is one place where it evidently didn't feel it could speak plain, so it indulges in innuendo. The sad feature of the report is that it shud have to hedge on any point. One would think that a young, red-blooded union, that sprang direct from the brain of the red revolutionary minority, shud feel itself free to handle every subject square up, look it straight in the eye, and, in plain words, say what it thinks. The rank and file think they have such. Read this:

"During the fiscal year past different advocates, offering to the working class something 'just as good' as Industrial Unionism, have attempted to secure recognition of theories in different locals, claiming to advocate the policy of boring from within the A. F. of L. With few exceptions, these individuals have confined their activities solely to an attempt to disrupt the I. W. W."

Now what has really taken place during the last year? Wm. Z. Foster, the I. W. W. delegate to the International Congress, came back from Europe with some ideas of a possible change of tactics, namely, that the I. W. W. adopt syndicalist tactics, that he had seen working so effectively in the old country.

Who shud decide such a matter except the members? How shud they be reached except thru the press, or in person? The press closed up like a clam, against him. It didnt want any new ideas. He visited some of the locals that wanted to hear him. Didnt he have a perfect right to do so without a permit from the G. E. B.? Hasnt a man with an idea a right to go about and tell his fellow workers about it? and shud such a man be characterized as a disrupter? Where is the freedom of speech that the I. W. W. so valiantly fights for?

Then they report points to the railroad shopmen's strike as an example of the failure of attempting to do anything with the old unions. Is it nothing that all the shopmen, comprizing eleven or twelve sepearate unions, have formed a Federation, and are fighting, shoulder to shoulder, as one solid body, even before the boring from within has begun? Why can't we be fair in these matters and treat them as they really are? We can fool only ourselves by attempting to dodge the plain facts of current history.

The next point is that with reference to the press. The report says: "In our judgement all the publications of the I. W. W. shud be under the immediate control of the G. E. B." It gives, as a reason for this that: "The danger of sectionalism will be avoided, as well as the danger of as many different brands of Industrial Unionism as there might be editors of different papers." How is that for a proposition to gag the press? You horny handed toilers of the rank and file, you may elect the editors, but we will tell them what to write. It wont do to have them off in Spokane and New Castle, either; we want them right here at Headquarters, under our eye. And all this to guard against the possibility of you some time electing an editor who might have an original idea.

Do you, like the capitalist press, want mere puppets to edit your papers, who will be ever at the beck and call of the fellows "higher up," or do you want them to be responsible only to you, who elect them? Then, what's the use of you electing editors, since the G. E. B. is going to own them. Let that body select its own editors, for it is the simplest child-play to elect men whom someone else is going to boss.

How about the editors, themselves? What self respecting men, with the least spark of independence, will want to be editors under such a regime? I tell you, you will get none. You will get only weak men, willing to grovel to the G. E. B. for their little meal tickets.

By way of defence of their position the report says: "... it does not follow that to centralize the administrative machinery of your organization, necessarily means a centralized power."

What does that mean? Can you make it out? What else has an organization to centralize except its "administrative machinery?" In no other way can an organization become centralized, except in the manner outlined by this report.

"The only means by which centralization of power can

THE MONUMENT IN CHICAGO



Erected by the Workers in Memory of Their Martyred Friends

be avoided is by correct education and a thorough intelligent membership." In simple logic, the best way to avoid centralization of power, is not to create it; and an intelligent membership will not adopt the recommendations of this report, because the effect of their adoption would be to create a gigantic machine, that would destroy the I. W. W., as the K. of L. was destroyed.

THE CASE OF ALDAMAS

In Raymond Street jail, New York, is confined Alex. Aldamas, charged with shooting an agent provocateur of the steamship trust, against which Aldamas was then on strike, with the Marine Firemen's Union, of which he is a member. This agent went to the office of the union for the purpose of starting a row. He was accompanied by half a dozen police, who hid outside while he started the rumpus within. The scoundrel attacked the secretary, and Aldamas, in his defence, entered into a pistol duel with the agent outside the hall. Whereupon the police sprang from their hiding and joined in the attack on Aldamas, who proved himself a man of metal and winged four of his assailants before they overpowered him. When the cowardly curs got the lone man they beat him terribly. They have indicted him on five counts and will give him the limit on all, unless he gets the necessary financial assistance to make a proper defence, and this brave young rebel will be compelled to remain for life in the horrible prison at Sing Sing. Send donations to: Aldamas Defence Committee, 229 West St., New York.

LABOR ON TRIAL

There are three important Labor trials on at present. At Salem, Mass., Eitor, Giovannitti and Caruso, defending their lives for a crime they did not commit; Emerson and comrades in Lake Charles, La., on trial for a similar offence; and forty seven labor men at Indianapolis, Ind., on the charge of transporting explosives in violation of the federal law.

These numerous trials indicate the set purpose of the master class to harass the workers at every point, and give them no rest so long as they manifest the least show of resistance to their slavery. Of course this is nothing new. Since the first slave was created in pre-historic times, the struggle between master and slave has gone on, mildly or bitterly, according as the slaves had the power to resist.

When Spartacus led the army of labor against the well drilled armies of Rome, vanquishing them, one after another, he demonstrated the latent power of labor; lying hidden in its muscle, in its brain; power by the use of which it may at any time set itself free.

It is this Democlatean sword of labor, ever dangling above their heads, that the masters dread; and when men of the Eitor stamp starts manipulating the slender

thread that holds it aloft, they nab him mighty quick, hire cut-throats of the Burnistype to manufacture evidence against them, and hang them out of the way, before any damage is done. For it is men of this type who are the real danger, and you can leave it to the master class to know who's who.

The self-styled political revolutionists can go about the country in special cars, braying their mighty noise to big crowds, at 25c. to a \$1. each, according to their caste; and no master shakes, and no speaker is molested.

No one knows better than the keen master class that politics is merely the vapor that rises up out of the solid economic body, upon which society rests; and that the wickedest name you give to that vapor, or whatever form it may happen to take, does not in the least affect the source from which it rises, all the balderdash of the politicians to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Having these fundamentals fixed in the mind one can easily understand why the 'revolutionary' politicians are given free reign, while the economic rebels are jailed and put on trial for their lives.

THE ELECTION

A friend writes me from Chicago that he is politically up against it. He is a socialist, and a member of his union, Frank Buchanan, is running for Congress, with the endorsement of the A. F. of L., and as a good union man he shud vote for Frank. But, being a socialist, he feels he shud vote for the socialist candidate, who is running in opposition.

This strange problem in politics, he writes, set him to thinking more deeply on the subject than ever before and his train of thought carried him into dark recesses of the question that he had never explored before, "What could either man do for me, as a worker? That they can improve their own immediate conditions is plain. \$7,500 a year, 20c. milage both ways, and all the honors and privileges that go with the job, is surely some boost for the workingman elected; but where do I come in? Can either of these guys, or all the Congressmen together, reduce the cost of living? Can they get me a steady job or a raise in wages?"

"They cant do a thing for me. I can see that quite plain now. I see that I must go to the union when I am out for bettering my condition, and I can appreciate the full meaning of your saying that: 'Ours is an economic problem, and must be solved by direct economic means.'

"As to socialism as a whole, I am convinced that to get the majority to vote for it we will have to thin it so much there wont be much of the real thing left, so I am rather discouraged as to that, unless by direct economic methods the big question can be solved, I despair of its solution. At any rate I will vote no more, and will now turn my attention more closely to the union, and see what can be done in that direction."

Let me hasten to assure you, my friend, that there is no need to despair of your disillusionment. You are now on the right road. The quotation you make holds good as well to the ultimate goal, as to the immediate needs.

It is an economic problem all thru. Politics is merely the reflex of the economic system at the bottom. A man without economic power is like an engine without steam. You have sized the politicians up right; for them there is honey, for you hot air. Stick to your union, join the Syndicalist League, and help build a real movement for the freedom of Labor.

The "Federation Communista Anarchiste" has issued a manifesto against Militarism, signed by hundreds of conscripts, declaring they will desert if forced into the service. That is a very bold, audacious declaration, one that Herve has never dared to make. He has advised neither resistance nor desertion. His suggestion is: go when called, but propagate while you are there. The logic of not resisting every step of the way, all along the line, does not appeal to these young Frenchmen.

The Inquisition is at work in the prisons of Spain, and its holy offices are not being extended to the common garden variety of "criminals," either. Needless to say it is working men, strikers, rebels against existing order of things, who are tortured. And this is not going to extend the life of the decayed old carcass of Spain twenty-four seconds. On the contrary, it hastens the end; the end of tyranny and the birth of Freedom.

JAY FOX.

THE AGITATOR

Issued twice a month, on the first and fifteenth, by THE AGITATOR Publishing Association from its printing office in Home, Wash.

Entered at the postoffice at Lakebay, Wash., as Second Class Matter

Subscription, One Dollar a Year.
Two copies to one address \$1.50.

Address all communications and make all money orders payable to THE AGITATOR, Lakebay, Wash.

Articles for publication should be written LEGIBLY on one side of the paper only.

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.

Obedience,

Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
A mechanized automaton. Shelley

ELEVENTH OF NOVEMBER, 1837

The Eleventh of November has become a day of international importance, cherished in the hearts of all true lovers of Liberty as a day of martyrdom. On that day was offered on the gallows tree martyrs as true to their ideal as ever were sacrificed in any age.

In 1836 the working class of America, for the first time, struck for the eight-hour day. It was a great strike, because of the activities of the men who were hung a year later. The workers practically tied up Chicago for three days. On the afternoon of the third of May the police shot several strikers and clubbed many brutally. The next evening the historic Haymarket Meeting was held. This meeting was peaceable, as the testimony of the Mayor, who attended it, shows. He was the first witness called by the defence, and testified in part as follows:

"I went to the meeting for the purpose of dispersing it, in case I should feel it necessary for the safety of the city. There was no suggestion made by either of the speakers looking toward calling for immediate use of violence toward any person that night; if there had been, I should have dispersed them at once. I went to the police station during Parson's speech and I stated to Captain Bonfield that I thought the speeches were about over; that nothing had occurred or looked likely to occur to require interference, and that he had better issue orders to his reserves at the station to go home. Bonfield replied that he had reached the same conclusion from reports brought to him. During my attendance I saw no weapons at all upon any person. In listening to the speeches, I concluded that it was not an organization to destroy property. After listening a little longer I went home."

This extract is given here for the reason that the meeting is often referred to, even by radicals, as "The Haymarket Riot." Had Bonfield obeyed the Mayor's orders and not have rushed a company of police upon that peaceable meeting there would have been no trouble. Instead, as soon as the mayor left, he rushed his blue-coats on the meeting and began clubbing men and women, scattering them in every direction. Whereupon someone threw a bomb; who, no one to this day knows, except he who threw it. But my husband and his comrades were put to death on November 11, 1837 as "co-conspirators" with this unknown bomb thrower.

Our comrades were not murdered by the state because they had any connection with the bomb throwing, but because they were active in organizing the wage slaves. The capitalist class didn't want to find the bomb thrower; this class foolishly believed that by putting to death the active spirits of the labor movement of the time, it could frighten the working class back to slavery.

The so-called trial was the greatest travesty upon justice of modern times. The bailiff who summoned the jury boasted thus: "I am managing this case and I know what I am about. These fellows will hang as certain as death. I am calling only such men as the defendants will have to challenge, peremptorily, and waste all their challenges. Then they will have to take such jury-men as the prosecution wants."

The jury that did try the case was out less than three hours. After a trial lasting 63 days it took these "impartial" men only so short a time to send seven to the gallows and one to the penitentiary for fifteen years.

Albert R. Parsons, my husband, never was arrested. On May 5th he left the city, but walked into the court room and gave himself up June 21st, at the opening of the trial, being indicted with the others and a reward of \$5,000 offered for his arrest. He asked the court to

give him a fair trial, that he might prove his innocence. He got slaughtered.

On being asked if they had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon them, they delivered their now famous speeches, which consumed three days in their delivery. These speeches have been translated into different languages. A Yiddish translation is now under way. During the last two years I have sold over 10,000 copies among the conservative labor unions of this country. Verily Spies' prophecy is coming true, when he said in parting with the world:

Our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today.

During the trial the court was constantly filled with police and detectives. When sentence was being passed they roze and pointed their revolvers at the heads of the prisoners, evidently fearing—scoundrels are ever cowards—an attempt at rescue would be made on this, the last appearance of the prisoners outside the jail. The date set for the execution was December 3rd. A moment to give a passing hand-shake to sorrowing relatives and indignant friends and they were marched back to their dungeons.

Then began a long and tedious period of appeal, that lasted over a year. A supersedeas was granted by the Illinois Supreme Court, but after a hypocritical examination, planned to give the false impression of fairness and impartiality to the hellish conspiracy, it sustained the lower court and set the execution for November 11th 1837. The U. S. Supreme Court likewise saw no reason to interfere, altho the right of free speech and free assemblage had been outraged.

The Last Hours

So we are brought down to the last days, when friends and sympathizers circulated petitions by the thousands for executive clemency, and the police, no less active, continued to find "bombs" with their usual regularity, their object being to keep the public embittered against the convicted men. Finally, at the last hour, an appeal was made in person to the Governor. Hundreds went to Springfield, thousands wrote letters. With the exception of Fielden and Schwab, the condemned positively refused to sign anything, protesting that they were innocent and would ask for no mercy. The Governor refused to interfere, except in the case of Fielden and Schwab, whose sentence he commuted to life imprisonment. They were afterwards pardoned by Gov. Altgeld.

Our comrades were, in the mean time, subjected to every humiliation. They were continually searched, the daily papers were denied them, nor were they allowed the freedom to exercise in the corridors, no one was permitted to see them.

The morning of the 11th found our dear comrades composed, smiling, noble, firm without bravado. I, who had been denied admission on Thursday evening, went again on the following morning, accompanied by a woman friend and my children, to bid a last farewell to our beloved. A cordon of police surrounded the jail, armed with Winchesters. Pressing against it was a crowd of thousands of people. They refused to let us thru, and hustled us in a patrol to the police station, where we were stripped naked, searched and locked up all day.

The execution was put thru as quickly as possible. Their last words, delivered as the caps were being adjusted, forever shutting the light from their eyes, have become classics.

On Sunday morning, Nov. 14th, the funeral took place, and no more remarkable sight was ever witnessed than that procession of thousands that followed the five hearses as they passed thru the Streets. The Streets were solidly packed with people, and as the hearses filed by hats by thousands were raised. Instinctively the owners felt they were in the presence of great dead who had died nobly.

At the cemetery a passage had to be made for the procession thru the dense throng. Four addresses were made in English and German, the most notable being that of Captain Black, chief counsel for the defence. Beneath mountains of floral offerings, before sorrowing relatives and friends, all that was left of our beloved comrades was consigned to the last resting place on the banks of the Desplaines River.

But only their bodies were interred there. Their noble, true souls, animated by an undying faith in, and love of, humanity will never die; and their last words will continue to echo in the hearts of the people, down thru the ages.

LUCY E. PARSONS.

THE AGITATOR BAUREN BALL

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 10.

Minuet Dance Hall SEATTLE 24th and Jackson
We Need Say Nothing More; You've Been There Before.

CIVIC FEDERATIONISM

I read the editorial "Labor and The Civic Federation" in THE AGITATOR for September 15th, with a good deal of interest, as I have been interested in all the opposition to having labor organizations represented in the Civic Federation; and I have not yet found reasons sufficiently strong to make me believe that the labor movement should not be represented in every possible place where delegates can get a foothold.

I have not been, nor am I yet, in sympathy with the outcry against Gompers, Mitchell et al. for being in the Civic Federation; and have hoped all along that more labor representatives could get into communion with that body, as a means of getting the public ear upon the claims of both conservative and radical laborers. I have often wished such comrades as Emma Goldman, with her unyielding communist-anarchist beliefs; Alex. Berkman, with his terseness, clearness and daring; Wm. Z. Foster, with his syndicalist notions; Troutman, with I. W. W. views; Jay Fox, with his radicalism and sanity; Gene Debb, with his sweetness and humanity; and a host of other good and true men and women could stand on the same floor with the Belmonts, the Perkinses, the Kirbys, the Roosevelts et al.—with men and women of all sorts of beliefs, creeds and conditions—and challenge them on the field of reason, of justice, of goodfellowship.

I wouldn't be suspicious of any of them, and I would have no concern that out of the clash of interests, assumed and real; out of the bitterness, misunderstandings, kindness and humanitarianism of such a body would come a broader sympathy, a clearer understanding, a more brotherly brotherness, a more sisterly sisterhood.

JO LABADIE.

Reply.

The above expresses the utopian view of things, that foolishly imagines all questions can be settled by love and reason, good fellowship, brotherhood and all that sort of thing, which is fine and without which life would not be worth living; but they never settled an economic problem.

I am quite sure Belmont, Perkins & Co. would be highly pleased to listen to the bevy of cranks named above. They would enjoy the intellectual feast immensely and even applaud the speeches. It would be a stimulating diversion from the regular routine of business and the ordinary small talk of the dinner table; and they would go away mentally recuperated for some new financial exploit on the morrow.

I think Jo could learn some things from his dog, if he has one. I have observed that our "Dooley" never shows the slightest disposition to enter into friendly relations with the fleas that suck her blood. There seems to be a perfect understanding between them. She knows very well the fleas are her deadly enemies, and no doubt the fleas know too, that their interests are opposed.

Indeed, were she to form a Civic Federation and enter into a discussion with the fleas, there would arise at once in the minds of the ordinary run of dogdom the idea that the fleas must have some right to their blood, after all, and that they had better go easy on them till the wisdom of the Federation brought out a clear understanding of the rights of each party and established a more sisterly brotherness between them.

That would be just what the Mark Hannas of fleatown would applaud. For they would know that controversy could only confuse the issue, in so far as the dogs were concerned, and give the fleas a standing where they had none.

But Dooley is not a philosopher. Her mind is not clouded by fine spun theories. She does not waste any oratory on her exploiters, she just goes after them with tooth and paw. She has learned from experience that vigorous direct action is the only effective means to apply to the parasites that live on her back, and she issues to the philosophers an open challenge to show wherein the experience of mankind has been different.

J. F.

RESOLUTIONS AGAINST WAR

Whereas: The associated harlots of the daily press are urging intervention by the United States in the internal affairs of Mexico, and

Whereas: In furtherance of this sinister end the Mexican revolutionists are systematically belittled and their motives impugned by referring to them as bandits and robbers, so that the minds of the American people may be prepared by the poisonous narcotic of prejudice to tolerate such an outrage, and

Whereas: This nefarious campaign is being conducted in the interest of certain notorious American land sharks and labor exploiters who, with their Mexican and

HOW THEN, IS LIBERTY A LIE?

To Ettore & Giovannitti

Is it murder then to call for justice,
Is't wrong the children to defend?
What crime within the book of law
Of men of hero-spirits breaking
The celled existence of a selfish creed,
And to the world proclaiming—truth?
What penalty to noble hearts
That cannot hear, unmoved, the wail
Of suffering humanity,
That cannot see, and blindness feign,
The tyranny Republics breed?
If death to such who deigns to live,
Shall men no longer dare to speak
And beasts and crawling snakes become?
Nay, the snakes have venom, too,
And beasts turn wild again when wronged!

How then: is Liberty a lie,
And we—so proud of her possession—
The dupes but of an empty word,
Upholders of a hollow mockery?
Then were the very solid earth
A shifting quicksand, a vast dead sea,
To drag the tortured feet within;
The sun and stars illusion, mad
Revolving in a world of void;
Our very selves a hideous nightmare;
A puppet-world by demons staged,
With love and truth the fragile strings
That pull our souls devilward,
And make abysmal hell to laugh!
Oh, what could the mind of man believe,
What could it trust, what could it know,
If Liberty is but a lie?

Oh souls of heroes dead and slain,
If you can see, see not this!
Your blood as water fed the earth,
It pulses not in the hearts of men!
Was't this you died for, this you planned:
That murder dressed in ermine judge,
And bloody hands uplifted pray,
And lash the while sweet innocence?
O My! could you but see—but no—
'T were better that the dead were dead forever.
What cowards rule, what fools command,
What thieves are lords of all the wealth!
Your spirit eyes would weep in grief;
And ward such baseness from their sight;
Your spirit voices would shout aloud:
"Are their no longer men on Earth?"

If men there are, the world soon shall see,
For soon the touchstone shall be set on souls,
As with tyrants Freedom shall contend.
And 'cross the the earth shall ring the verdict,
"That Liberty is still a truth,
Or hard oppression is the king of men."
And if in sooth sweet Liberty's still a lie,
And we the cringing, petty puppets
Of lords that mock the show of slaves—
Then, Freedom gone, may all the world be dead.

PAUL ELDRIDGE.

European allies, wish to "restore order" for the sole purpose of continuing the despicable system of peonage which has made Mexico a graveyard, the stench of which can no longer be abated by political disinfectants, and Whereas: Our thieving dollar aristocracy has evidently forgotten the revolutionary traditions of the United States, and how we have ever demanded freedom from interference by foreign powers, be it

Resolved: by the Ettore and Giovannitti Defence League an organization whose sympathy with the oppressed reaches beyond all national boundary lines to the uttermost corners of the Earth, that we hereby protest against the United States Government serving as a stalking horse for international capitalism; and be it further

Resolved, that we warn the powers in Washington that any attempt to suppress the righteous revolt of the Mexican people against cruel and tyrannical taskmasters will, by creating a feeling of contempt for any administration so doing, cause the smouldering embers of revolutionary sentiment in the United States to be fanned into full flame; and be it also

Resolved, that we pledge ourselves to use any and all means in our power to make this protest effective.

Committee { E. B. MORTON
SERIG SCHULBERG
DAVID MILDNER

The above resolutions were adopted by the Ettore and Giovannitti Defence League of San Francisco at a meeting on October 6th 1915.

BEFORE THE COURT

What have we said in our speeches and publications? We have interpreted to the people their conditions and relations in society. We have explained to them the different social phenomena and the social laws and circumstances under which they occur. We have, by way of scientific investigation, incontrovertibly proved and braut to their knowledge that the system of wages is the root of the present social iniquities—iniquities so monstrous that they cry to heaven. We have further said that the wage system, as a specific form of social development, would, by the necessity of logic, have to give way to higher forms of civilization; that the wage system must furnish the foundation for a social system of co-operation, that is, Socialism; that whether this or that theory, this or that scheme regarding future arrangement were accepted, was not a matter of choice, but one of historic necessity; and that to the tendency of progress seems to be towards Anarchism—that is, a free society without kings or classes, a society of sovereigns in which liberty and economic equality of all wud furnish an unshakable equilibrium as a foundation for natural order.

It is not likely that the honorable Bonfield and Grinnell can conceive of a social order not held intact by a policeman's club and pistol, nor of a free society without prisons, gallows and state's attorneys. In such a society they probably fail to find a place for themselves. And is this the reason why Anarchism is such a "pernicious and damnable doctrine"?

Grinnell has intimated to us that Anarchism was on trial. The theory of Anarchism is a speculative philosophy. There was not a syllable said about Anarchism at the Haymarket meeting. At that meeting the very popular theme of reducing the hours of toil were discussed. But "Anarchism is on trial!" foams Mr. Grinnell. If that is the case, your honor, very well; you may sentence me, for I am an Anarchist.

I believe with Buckle, Paine, Jefferson, Emerson and Spencer, and many other great thinkers of this century, that the state of castes and classes, the state where one class dominates over and lives upon the labor of another class, and calls that order; yes, I believe that this barbaric form of social organization, with its legalized plunder and murder, is doomed to die, and make room for a free society, voluntary association, or universal brotherhood, if you like. You may pronounce sentence upon me, honorable Judge, but let the world know that in A. D. 1886 in the state of Illinois, eight men were sentenced to death because they believed in a better future: because they had not lost their faith in the ultimate victory of liberty and justice. (Extract from speech of August Spies)

LIBERTY OR DEATH!

I am aware petitions are being signed by hundreds of thousands of persons address to you, beseeching you to interpose your prerogative and commute the sentences of myself and comrades from death to imprisonment in the penitentiary. You are, I am told, a good constitutional lawyer and a sincere man. I therefore beg of you to examine the records of the trial, and then to conscientiously decide for yourself as to my guilt or my innocence. . . . I am guilty or I am innocent of the crime for which I have been condemned to die. If guilty, then I prefer death rather than go like the gally slave at night scourged to his dungeon. If innocent, then I am entitled to and will accept nothing less than liberty. The records of the trial in Judge Gary's court prove my innocence of the crime of murder. But there exists a conspiracy to judicially murder myself and imprisoned companions in the name of and by virtue of the authority of the State. I speak for myself; I know not what course others may pursue, but for myself I reject the petition for my imprisonment, for I am innocent, and I say to you that under no circumstances will I accept commutation to imprisonment. In the name of the American people I demand my right, lawful, constitutional, natural, inalienable right to liberty.

(A. R. Parsons to Gov. Oglesby)

THE EDITOR'S DEFENCE

The Editor of this paper has been convicted on the charge of "encouraging disrespect for the law". If this verdict is allowed to stand every radical paper in the State will be at the absolute mercy of the prosecutors, and may be thrown into jail at any moment.

The interest of free speech demands that this case be appealed, and we urge that you subscribe to this fund.

The Free Speech League,
NATHAN LEVIN, Treas. Home, Lakebay, Wash.

The Agitator three months, 25 cents.

HEARST, KING OF FAKERS

Hearst, the once self acclaimed friend of Labor, but now the well proven enemy of the Working Class, and general all-around con man and slight of hand artist has been caught, red handed, in his latest attempt to gull the public. Collier's Weekly of Oct. 5, furnishes positive proof that the "Standard Oil" letters now being published in Hearst's Magazine are absolute fakes, crude forgeries done up in the editorial rooms of the Hearst outfit of outrages journalism.

In view of the investigation now being carried on by the United States Senate into the origin of campaign funds, these "letters" are of enormous value as sellers for the Hearst Magazine.

The mere trifle of manufacturing the letters and forging Jno. D. Archbold's name to them, is just a part of Mr. Hearst's set business policy of making the facts to suit the occasion. There are 44 degrees in the royal order of journalistic scoundrelism. Hearst has taken them all with honors. J. F.

THE WORKERS' UNIVERSITY.

Books and Pamphlets For Sale by the Agitator Publishing Association.

A Physician in the House, Dr. J. H. Greer	2.50
What is Property? P. Proudon	2.00
Flowers of the Mind, the best poems	1.25
Life of Albert R. Parsons, with a true history of the Anarchist Trial	1.50
The Bomb, Frank Harris. A powerful novel based on the Chicago tragedy of '87, cloth	1.00
Looking Forward, a Treatise on Woman	1.00
Anarchism and other Essays, Emma Goldman	1.10
Love's Coming of Age, Edward Carpenter	1.00
The Changing Order, Oscar Lovell Triggs	1.00
The American Esperanto Book, Arthur Baker	1.00
The Physical Basis of Mind and Morals, Fitch	1.00
Thoughts of a Fool	\$1.00
The Cost of Something for Nothing, J. P. Altgeld	1.00
The Materialistic Conception of History, Labriola	1.00
Human Progress, Lewis H. Morgan	1.50
The Positive School of Criminology, E. Ferri50
Origin of the Family, Property, State, Engels50
The Evolution of Property, P. Lafargue50
Slavery of Our Times, Tolstoy65
Making Money in Free America, Bolton Hall50
The Sale of An Appetite, a Purpose Story50
Social and Philosophical Studies, P. Lafargue50
Right to Be Lazy and Other Studies, P. Lafargue50
Human, All Too Human, Nietzsche50
Stories of the Struggle, Morris Winchevsky50
"Three Acres and Liberty," by Bolton Hall, 50c.	
Darrow's Speech in Defense of Haywood25
Francisco Ferrer; His Life, Work and Martyrdom25
Communism and Conscience, E. C. Walker25
The Rational Education of Children, Ferrer05
Modern Science and Anarchism, Kropotkin15
Vice: Its Friends and Its Foes, E. C. Walker15
What the Young Need to Know, E. C. Walker15
The State: Its Historic Role, Kropotkin10
The Open Shop, C. S. Darrow10
The Rights of Periodicals, J. F. Morton, Jr.10
Crime and Criminals, C. S. Darrow10
Syndicalism, Ford and Foster,10
Law and Authority, Kropotkin05
The Wage System; Revolutionary Government05
Appeal to the Young, Kropotkin05
Evolution and Revolution, Reclus05
Roosevelt and Anarchy, Jay Fox05
Trade Unionism and Anarchism, Jay Fox05
Anarchist Communism, Kropotkin05
The Mexican Revolution, Wm. C. Owen05
Anarchism vs. Socialism,05
Direct Action vs. Legislation, J. B. Smith05
Anarchism vs. Malthus, C. L. James05
Patriotism, Emma Goldman05
What I Believe, Emma Goldman05
Two Workers, Malatesta05
Origin of Anarchism, C. L. James05

Monthly FREEDOM 36c. a year.
Anarchist Communism; 127 Ossulston St. London N. W.

Weekly REGENERACION 3 months 50c
Organ Mexican Revolution, 914 Boston St. Los Angeles

10c. a copy THE TOILER \$1. a year.
A Militant Monthly; 1621 Locust St. Kansas City, Mo.

10c. a copy MOTHER EARTH \$1. a year.
Monthly, Devoted to Social Science, 55 W. 28 St. N. Y.

HENDERSON BAY ROUTE—Steamer Tyconda leaves Commercial Dock, Tacoma, for all points on Henderson Bay, including Home, week days at 2:30 p. m., returning next morning. Sunday at 8 a. m., returning same day.

NORTH BAY ROUTE—Steamer Tyrus leaves Commercial Dock, Tacoma, for all points on North Bay every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10 a. m., returning next morning.

THE SIMPLETON VOTER

(Reprinted by request of t. r.)

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 rubbish, 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 part 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.

Around the World

France

The resistance of the school teachers union against the law forbidding organization among them will likely be successful. Seeing the solidarity manifested the government, fearing to push them into a strike, proposed to raise their wages, thinking that the teachers, having more money wont be so anxious to keep up the fight for their union. All the evidence points the other way.

The young generation of anarchists started a review that is very creditable indeed. We hope the new review, (Le Mouvement Anarchiste, 36 rue Rochechouart, Paris) will get the support it merits.

Switzerland

The success of the general strike in Zurich, and the treachery of the social democratic leaders, who actually signed the law against picketing, has strengthened the faith of the workers in Direct Action tactics immensely. The German influence that has heretofore dominated the labor movement of Zurich, is now on the wane.

Sweden

Writing about his recent trip to this country, Tom Mann says: "It will surprise many in England to know that there is a definitely organized Syndicalist body in Sweden running a fortnightly paper named the "Syndikalisten", straight out, fully avowed in favor of Industrial Solidarity and Direct Action. . . . This is a Trade Union organization pledged to Syndicalist principles and methods. The head office is in Malmo; the growth is rapid; the future, I believe, is with them."

Denmark

Turning to this country, Tom continues in The Syndicalist: "On reaching Copenhagen I was very much surprised to find quite a vigorous and well developed organization, with a weekly paper called "Solidaritat."

" . . . Great dissatisfaction exists with the quiet, stodgy, fat officials of the older type, still the Sincialists held to the view that the existing organizations ought to be revolutionized, and that the right way to do it was for them to remain members of the existing unions, and to form also a Syndicalist organization to enroll any existing trade unionist in, but no one else. So that an Engineer (for instance) carries two cards, the old union card and the Engineers' Section of the Syndicalist Union, and pays cheerfully in both.

This gives them a splendid chance; they are only two

years old, but have made much headway, and in the Machine-workers Section already they have twenty-five per cent. of the old union members as members of the Syndicalist body. It is a most interesting development, one that deserves serious consideration by us in England, where, like the Danes, we have refused to sever our connexion with the old unions."

THE EDITOR'S CASE

My case is now before the Supreme Court. As before, the prosecution cries "Anarchist"

At the trial they asked a witness: "What brand of Anarchist did the defendant tell you he was?" The witness was not allowed to answer, and they knew. The form of the question shows clearly it was the effect and not the answer he wanted.

I was not at all surprised at this effort to sway the jury by prejudice, for I knew somewhat of the characters of the two dapper young men with political ambitions who "conducted" the prosecution.

For the benefit of the state, which these young men so faithfully serve, let me give them a lesson in sociology.

I will quote from that ultra-revolutionary pamphlet, the Encyclopoedia Britannica, new edition:

"Anarchism—(from the Greek, contrary to authority) the name given to a principle or theory of life and conduct under which society is conceived without government—harmony in such a society being obtained, not by submission to law, or by obedience to any authority, but by free agreements concluded between the various groups, territorial and professional, freely constituted for the sake of production and consumption, as also for the satisfaction of the infinite variety of needs and aspirations of a civilized being. In a society developed on these lines the voluntary association which already now begins to cover all the fields of human activity would take a still greater extension so as to substitute themselves for the state in all its functions."

The Holy Senate has purged itself of a tainted brick, in black Billy Lorimer. If it will only keep up the good work till the last crook is ousted, why, the American House of Lords will be abolished.

Don't go either backwards nor forwards for principles to apply to present day conditions. They won't fit. The ones you want are laying around your feet.

WHO'L BID ON ME?

I am Dooley, the dog the Editor uses as an example, when he wants to rap a philosopher. I am interested in ending the reign of the fleas over both men and dogs, so want to do something for the cause. I am a young fox terrier, can watch, hunt, set up and paw the air, like the Editor, and make as good a speech. I'll go with the guy who puts up most to THE AGITATOR. DOOLEY

"The Ego and His Own," by Max Stirner. This is the most thorough-going and most logical affirmation of the philosophy of Anarchism ever penned. The author died of hunger 50 years ago, but his spirit (materialized in these pages) still lives and speaks. The book is a splendidly reasoned negative of against the world-wide and ever growing Terrorism of Religion and Government. Price, postpaid, \$1.00.

Communist Library—Meets every Thursday night from 8 to 10; every Sunday morning from 10 to 12. Free lessons in English and Esperanto. Books in any language free. 711 Hudson St., Trenton N.J.

Wanted—Working people for a co-operative colony in Tennessee. Address: H. E. Sawdon, Harrison, Tenn.

The Agitator three months, 25 cents.