THE AGITATOR

A SEMI-MONTHLY ADVOCATE OF THE MODERN SCHOOLS, INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM, INDIVIDUAL FreedOM.

VOL. 1.

THE PASSING SHOW

The mills of capitalist justice are working overtime nowadays. Reports of their good work in the case of capital are coming thick and fast. Sixteen thousands of dollars in wages were all that the workers in Colorado got for a year each the other day, as a gentle reminder that the judges are running this country with a fine hand. "Injunction" is the legal name of this form of tyranny. In jurisprudence, so-called, the injunction has a use. But all things must be turned into a line of defense for capital against labor; and so well does capital reward the inventor of each new weapon.

Taft was the first judge to turn the injunction against strike-breaking. Roosevelt originated the open shop idea in the government printing office in Washington. The injunction and the open shop are the two greatest weapons in the hands of capitalism against labor today; and Taft and Roosevelt are the two biggest politicians. What is a labor injunction? When a crowd of toilers go on strike the boss calls his lawyer and instructs him to draw up a set of laws to govern the strikers. The salmon does not like the "game laws," and goes to the nearest fish, who signs them. It makes no difference what outrageous prohibitions are put upon the toilers, so long as they can viol- ate them. And to make the outrage worse the strikers don't get the benefits of an ordinary jury trial. He gets no trial. The active, useful strikers are picked out and hauled before the autocrat, charged with violating his law. Without further question he pronounces sentence. And there is no appeal.

The sixteen miners must stay in jail until their year is up or until the scoundrel of a judge condescends to let them go. Progress in the contempt of his order, of his law, is not in the state.

He may have ordered them not to go within a mile of the place where they worked, nor to speak with any of the men who have taken their jobs. He can give them a year or more, for doing either of these, the fundamental rights of every man and dog. There is no "may- be" about this; it has been done, it is being done in every strike.

The question is: how long will the American workman stand for this infamous capitalist outrage, the labor injunction? This is to tell it is to ignore it, to violate it. Go to jail, not in ones or two's, but in hundreds, in thousands. As a striker insist upon at least the little liberty he had as a worker, and do the things every man a striker may do.

Resistance is a fundamental law of nature. Submission is the death, the subjugated, the subjugated. Our armies, will push us back into the bondage of the past; will rivet the chains of everlasting slavery upon us, if we submit.

How long, how long will we continue to bow before the power of photostats?

It is a peculiar phenomena that whenever a fakir comes to grief honest dupes get a little wisdom. Post is not only a fakir, he is a natural, a labor hater, an open shopper, a union buster, a slave driver.

Grapes Post

Bottom Pay

Fifty and under to Collie's.

The unions have been after Post ever since that mad scoundrel of the Pacific, Otsi, started to destroy the San Francisco Express in Los Angeles, about twelve years ago. At that time the printers asked Post to withdraw his ad. from the Los Angeles Times. He re- plied with a threat against "the tyranny of unionism," and included his attack.

The unions put a boycott on his fake food, but the people did not see the reason. Post persisted and indulged in a monthly a year on advertising. The people pay a million a year for being told that bread crumbs and bran is a splendid food.

"Bread crumbs and bran—as meatly bran," that's the testimony of an expert before a court that gave Collie's Weekly a fifty thousand dollar fine and made the publishers, the patrons, indigent.

Post uses eight million pounds of bran a year. Bran is the outside shell of wheat. It contains carot-

nutritive qualities that sawdust does, and is just as hard to assimilate. The human stomach cannot assimil- ate bran, only cattle, with four stomachs, can get nourishment from it.

Thus are the people faked, and the great, intelligent American people are kept at bay.

Post is only one of the myriad of fakirs that fool us, by their fancy names and catchy ads. I've heard it said that any worthless trash can be sold at a big price, if it is advertised right. I didn't believe it. But with the expert testimony that Post makes a million and a half a year peddling foolish American food with sawdust, I'm convinced.

WARD for the faithful slaves, in the shape of profit sharing, is the latest scheme of the Wall street pirates to stem the tide of revolt fast rising in the ranks of labor.

Profit Sharing. Boss pirate Morgan has sellected his the New tried and true partner, Perkins, to Financial Fake, engineer the prospect. Perkins has le retired from business to be- done himself to the cause. He knows the game well. He is used to handling the clubs, and he knows what a slavish set they are, by reason of their few shares.

Labor has no interest in the corporations except its job. If it can be induced to leave part of its paltry wages in the corporations, and take his of paper, digu- nized by the name of "salary" or "profit share," he is interested in capital and labor will be really one, and the social revolution can go out of business.

Make the workers interested enough that he will work harder in order to increase his dividends. He will not ask for more wages, for that will reduce his divi- dends, but actually effect the value of his share in Wall Street.

One share of stock, one hundred dollars invested in his master's business, will tie his hands completely. He cannot cry out against the trusts, for he will be a member; and, in the grip of the trusts, he will be as silent as a clam and as meek as a sucking lamb.

Long life to you, fellow worker Perkins. If the salaried-brained bosses who made the millions you have retired on, do not take kindly to your magnanimous proposal, they deserve nothing better than a social re- olution.

HILL has been pictured in letters of brimstone, but the glaring paragraphs describing Mexico are made of warmer stuff. If that benighted country is the future of the United States, say it, and the Mexican Revolution.

The Mexican Revolution.

It has been said of Mexico, that the United States belongs to the revolution in one state, and any Wall street country's will be suppressed by troopers from the other.

Revolution is a dishonorable business—-in Wall Street. It disturbs the baby. Pursegage and wage slavery are swept in its mouth. Wall Street will suppress the Mexican revolution, with free born soldiers and union made guns from the United States, if Diaz and his Mongrel fails.

Three cheers for the Mexican revolution, even at that.

At the convention of the American Association for Labor Legislation, held in St. Louis recently, Daniel L. Crise, editor of the Railway Trainmen's Magazine, said that the employers paid the "Compulsory Capitall Killee.

Tollers by Thousands. For the last year you showed that: "Nine men were killed each 24 hours, and that was injured or killed every 7 minutes. One man was killed for every 35 employed, and 1 was injured for every 9 employed. The working life of a brakeman is estimated at only 7 years. Full statistics covering other occupations are lacking, but the miners claim that 4 men are killed in America to one in Europe."

Post gets the highest wages the world ever knew, and the life of a brakeman is seven years. Seven years dodging danger seventy times a day, then trapt and grovel under the yoke of the autocrats. The miners are killed in enormous numbers by some greedy goons. Few every days the newspapers report a fresh mine explosion, often killing hundreds at a blast.

Tollers by thousands are killed and maimed by ma- chinery in factory and workshop. They are being poisoned in the white fields, in the iron and steel factories; they are being drowned in rotten ships, starved to death in our rich cities, and frozen by the chilly winter's blasts; all for the love of gold, in a country professing good will and humanity.

In the city of New York one is every nine of its inhabitants of Jewish or Papal and racial threads.

The sub-committee in its report says: "About 950,000 people get relief in New York City a year; to one knows how many people need relief in the city."

There are 46 societies to give relief by employment, 176 societies to furnish food, fuel and general relief. There are 92 freeth-fair charities, societies for the re- lief of foreigners, 56 societies for nursing and caring for the sick, and, also, a laboring class, 12 relief burying societies. And there is about $5,000,000 a year spent for charity in New York City.

And the New York newspaper stands out in the harbor, lighting the way for the poor and oppressed from king and priest ridden Europe, who come with gladness in their hearts to this country flow- ing with milk and honey.

GOOD men must not obey the law too well, said Emerson. The sailors of the Brazilian navy, likely never heard of Emerson, still they followed the golden rule and rebelled against the laws which permitted corporal punishment.

A Splendid Example of "Black and Yellow." They mistreated some free African slaves, picked men from their own ranks to take their places, and turned the guns against the city. In a few hours the government abol- ished the law.

For years these sailors have been appealing for the repeal of this obnoxious law, without result. They might keep up the beggging business for a century; they might have carried the case before the country and started a political party about it, dozens of generations of sailors would die, and the flagging still continue, and the hot air gush from the orators in congress, de- pitting in heart-rending terms the brutality of the practice.

A few hours of direct action settled the matter. The revolt of the sailors did it. The solution of the problem of the inequalities of a few sailors, with good reason; it showed how completely the system depends on the big guns, and what a pernicious weakening government is without them. Read how a com-wit from Wall street paper, the Financial World, views the matter.

And who knows now that these meep have tasted the power of bringing the country on its knees to them in supplication, where their future demands will stop? What guarantee has the country that a revolt will not spring up at any moment among the soldiers? Where once control is lost over the army and navy, it is but one step to the overthrow of the government.

Government is seated on a big gun. Only direct action will push it off.

JAY FOX.

NOTICE.

The Agitator group of Seattle will give its first an- nual entertainment, an all-Nation's Pentam Hall, on Sun- day evening, January 29th, in Redding's Hall, cor. 24th and Jackson Streets.

Dress to represent any nation your fancy suggests; you needn't mask. You may represent just yourself, if you wish, but you are urged to be a type of some sort; an Irishman, Russian, Lumberjack; anybody.

Our glorious institutions will be satirized, everybody taking part. Be there, if within a day's march, or you will miss a novel treat. Admission, fifty cents.
The Agitator

Ours is a free country. Our masters, Carnegie and Pberry, down to the farmer and village preacher, are always inciting into the workers' mouths the glory of being inhabitants of this land of the free. The immense privilege one should feel in being a citizen of one of the most magnificent countries the world has ever seen. To a wage-worker who is busy walking from one railroad camp to another and from one county into another seeking the vanished job, the privileges are not very apparent.

"The land of the free." Free to rot to the gutter if a boss cannot make a profit by employing you. Free to enter those modern infernos called workshops. Free to gain imprisonment if you attempt to help yourself to food. Free to be hauled to court because you attempt to end a life that the capitalists have no use for, should you be caught in the act. They will not employ you till you can earn your keep. They won't let you beg in order to live. They won't even let you die quicker than their method of starving allows.

Verily, verily, such is the freedom of our country for workers. Surely the landlords and the capitalists, the military murderers and the thriving employment agents have a reason to think that the U. S. A. is the sweetest place on earth; where the men with wretched lives can live by robery; where the annihilation of those who have nothing but their ability to work.

But for a worker whose share of the country is to be found on the sales and services of his cell in a god-forsaken, morose place, where his very song of the capitalist lackeys. Learn to stand on your hind legs and assert your own rights by your own hands. Organize yourself where you are exposed, to do away with the parasites that feed on your back. Straighten up, and with one mighty heave down they go.

Hecky G. George.

Another little journey.

I walked the avenues of a marvellous city. There were thousands who, doing the very same thing, spent long hours in sore travail, and they owned nothing of the city.

There were idlers who drank and diined but who did no useful things, and they owned all of the capital of the city. The idlers loved not those who toiled for them but excited craven adulation. From the house of Wiltsai Waste came sounds of ribaldry and wild revel.

From the house of Woelti Want came a voice of despair. On a street corner an orator was proclaiming a new era, saying that all the capital of the idlers was but unprofitable wages, that soon the workers would throw away their wages; and in consequence society would be starved out.

A rich man passing by, shrugged his shoulders, and, to Come and I will go to the street corner; and in time we came to a huge building, the windows of which we perceived our large hall decorated with a bust and bearing the names of many stars and which I heartily liked with me laughed.

Brock Boggs.

Notice.

Dr. M. Ransick will shortly start on a trip in the interest of the Agitator. He will organize Agitator groups, establish agencies, solicit subscriptions, etc.

Congressmen are great financiers. They go to Washington without a cent. Their salaries is five thousand dollars a year. A man who has been in the work of 18 or 20 years has done the whole country will be divided into two houses, the poor house and the bug house.

We are all great patriots. So great indeed, that the mere fact of having to pay dearly to the landowners for the privilege of living in our country does not dampen the order of our jingoism.

If your land to hastening ill a prey. Where wealth accumulates and sand and clay.

Goldsmith.
THE TONGUES OF TOIL

Do you hear us call from a hundred lands,
Lords of a dying name?
We are the men of the sinewed hands
Where the paste of the sun is blown,
We are the hordes which have made you lords,
And gathered your gear and spoil.
And we will have our day—
Hark to the tongues of toil!

The power of your hands it falls at last,
The strength of your rule is o'er,
Where a hundred of a million voices is massed
To the shouts of a million more.
We rise, we rise, 'neath the western skies,
And the song of our toil is the noontide skies.
And our myriads swell in the southland winds, and
Under the northern star.

We take no thought of the fears you feel,
And the blood that beats in your heart,
Nor of all your strengths of gold and steel
Enthroned at the gates of the mart.
We have no care for the deeds you dare,
For the force of your armies hurls it,
You stand but few, and we challenge you—
Strong men we are.

We served as your toils when time was young,
And long, long, we forbore,
Glad of the migged hood you flung,
The favours of a few.
But the glistening stain of a starving brain
Is great as the holy need.
We toil, we toil, as from a hungry past
The joys of a rebel deed!

We come, we come, with the force of fate;
We are not weak, but strong.
We are not wasted, but are not yet,
We march with a freeman's song.
We claim for what a life can need.
The world’s our property.

Not less, not mox, from the plentiful store
Which free-born labor gives us.
We shall work, and the world shall be
With work, and, enough for all.
We shall rear a race of the wise and free,
And revere the heart and the mind of man.
Will the heart and the mind of mankind
Shall drunk to the dregs of good,
Forgetting the wrongs of the past?
And out of a curse of a man’s blood?

In vain you soften the voice of greed,
In vain you speak us fair!
The time is late, and we work nor heed;
In gladness we are glad.
Yes, we are our own captors of the earth
And the warders of the sea—
Of a race newborn in noble birth,
The perfect daughters.
We chop all hands, to the farthest lands,
We swear by our mother soil,
To take the meed of the dead,
Back to the tongues of toil?

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD

"ANARCHISM AND OTHER ESSAYS." A REVIEW.

Emma Goldman's book, "Anarchism and Other Essays," seems to me an event of more than ordinary importance; not on account of the notoriety the author has attained but because of certain inherent peculiarities and out of certain conceptions apart from ordinary sociological works in so much as it covers almost the entire field of revolutionary propaganda, selecting the basic topics and the propaganda absolute inaction and sterile rejecting the non-essential. This, I think, is the fundamental value of the book, the feature that puts it over the routine propaganda and the book it is to be read in a short perusal that the volume—comprising 277 well printed pages—"represents the mental and social struggles of ten years." It must necessarily be; it has been in contact with all phases of the revolutionary movement and has met many of the most distinguished men and women and, consequently, has made the most of what he can. I myself and, I doubt this read the biographical preface by Hippolyte Havel.

"I would have to be very stupid if, with such advantages, she had not something worth the white to see; and no one accuses Emma Goldman of being stupid. On the contrary, these men here are aware that the

not only talks but reads, continuously and with enthusiasm, selecting her material with the greatest care. As a result she has been able to produce a work that ranks with a few remarkable economy of effort. One that deals with no less than the vital problems of our times, with the deepest divisions of the social question, in as many chapters. The book would have been impossible had the writer evidently been forced to operate entirely upon the heart of her argument and using the penknife of remorselessness. Indeed, one of the surprises to those who have judged the author by her brand of gross oratory will be the sobriety of her style. There are no hysterics; facts are facts, ground into convictions by hard contact with the seamy and tragic side of life. Naturally the w-soul is anarchistic, but there is little of it treatment of anarchism as such. The one devotion is to the end, to produce an effect not as a program but a mental attitude; a rebellion against everything sinister human development; a struggle, above all, to make the individual conscious of himself, his latent possibilities, his rights as a member of the superior type known as man. The dignity of human life is emphasized throughout the book, and, of course, the writer spares no pains to show that religion, the state and society, true to the traditions of a slavish past, conspire to degrade that dignity and suppress the awakening of self-consciousness. The entire treatment reminds me of Bailey's celebrated preface to the life of Josiah Warren, but I consider Emma Goldman's summary more condensed and pointed. It is essentially a shot-precipitator.

It is hard to choose among so many essays, each of which is entitled to the very highest praise. The author herself is much pleased with that on "The Psychology of Political Violence," a subject few have the courage to tackle publicly. Here are presented facts and evidence, not only facts that photogenic press exhausts every effort to suppress; and it seems to me that none can rise from a perusal of the chapter with facts. The utopian conception and the gravity of the present world-wide struggle. Much of that hitherto have been obscure is clarified, and acts visited with almost universal condemnation and placed in their proper relation to the antecedents that gave them birth. If the propagandist's object is to awaken that; if he conceives it necessary to master his business and fit himself for controversy with whoever may come along; if he understands that life is many sided and that he alone who has something to say to the public can influence the lives of others; if this is his standpoint he will do well to neglect this book. For, in the first place, it presents the reader with a clearer panorama of the deep questionings which, lying at the problem's very root, are engaging the attention of the leading thinkers of the day. The ordinary agitator knows nothing of these questionings; swarming on the surface he is content to buffet the individual fowls as they come along, remaining ignorant of the all-powerful currents that will sweep him to the other side. Thus an infinitesimal of self-sacrificing effort is worse than wasted; dread of upsetting that, as it always leaves, to inevitable failure. She has no patience with the idea that for it is served by cowardice, the cowardice that refuses to investigate least beliefs be overturned, friendships severed, and unchangeable. I know many a party agitator who dare not satisfy the curiosity that urges him constantly to read outside of the ortho-

dox literature of the Victorian school. Particularly is this the case, perhaps, with woman suffrage, which is considered in one of the most interesting chapters. All well informed persons are aware that many of the greatest women writers, George Eliot and Quil for example, have opposed it and presented a powerful array of arguments to back their opposition. Yet never are those objections considered in the literature of woman's suffrage, and the agitation proceeds as if they did not exist. If objections are vital, living facts; formidable lions that sooner or later must be faced; Emma Goldman clearly shows. Thereby she, and only one, has presented women who are willing to accept the results of the women in the world, renders true service to the cause of woman's emancipation. But for some time to come the suffragettes are likely to have a tough field of battle.

I cannot fully recognize the highly commended reading of this book, if only that the reader may give himself the powers of competent guidance, select and disregard, in the delectable country of ideas. The ticket costs him but a dollar and should be many times worth the money.

W. C. OWEN.

WHERE TO GO

Under this heading we will publish, free of charge, notices of lectures and reading rooms.

Chicago: The Freeborn Forum Club, free library and reading room, 1013 S. Halsted.

Seattle: L. W. W. hall and reading room; lectures Sunday evenings, 110 Occidental Ave.

Tacoma: L. W. W. hall and reading room, 723 Com.

New York: Harlem Liberal Alliance every Friday at 8 p.m., at Fraternity Hall, 100 W. 116th St., corner of St. Nicholas Ave.

San Diego, Cal.: J. W. W. free reading room, 834 4th.

Books and Pamphlets For Sale By the Agitator Pub.

Baltimore Association.

Anarchism and Other Essays. Emma Goldman.


The Tongues of Toil, Labor Poems. Barnard.

Mutilation Society and Anarchy. Hate.

The Chicago Martyrs: The famous speeches of the eight American anarchists executed for killing Haymarket's

A Physician in the House. Dr. J. H. Green.


The Curse of Race Prejudice.

Another How to Royalty.

A Talk About Anarchist Communism Between Two Workers.

The Social Contract.

Sine Qua Non, or, The Core of Religion. Pyburn. Pyburn.

The Time Against Free Speech. Free Press.

Evolution and Revolution. Reclus.


Shore of Our Times. Tolstoi.


The Bible of the American Federation of Labor. Coach, foot edge, illustrated 353 pages.

What Have I Believed. Emma Goldman.

The Bomb, Frank Harris. A powerful novel based on the Chicago tragedy of 97; cloth.

Flowers of the Mind, a choice among the best civilization; Lewis H. Morgan; cloth, 365 pages.


Oscar Lovell Triggs, cloth, 300 pages.


Law of American Government, cloth; 162 pages, a work that will help men to understand American institutions.


The American Republicano Book, a compendium of international law and history. Cloth, 641 pages.


The Fate of the Family, Private Property and the State. Frederick Engels.

The Right School of Criminology, Ronin Ferri. Social and Philosophical Studies. F. Lafargue.

To be Replied and Other Studies. W. F. Barnard.


The Struggle, Morris Winchesky.

The Sale of an Apple, a purely personal anecdote.

Human, All Too Human. Nietzsche.

The Rebel, John Clear. A parody.

Darrow's Speech in Defense of Haywood. 

Criminals. C. E. Doane.

The Open Shop.

Not Guilty. John Sparrow.
WORKERS, AWAKE! 

Workers of America, awake! Your freedom is a myth. The mask has been torn from the face of your Godless of Liberty; and lo! a ghastly skeleton is exposed to view. 

She who once so proudly held aloft the flaming torch now lives but in the memories of an outraged people. She who once walked unstrungly by the greedy and avaricious moneyed class. 

You entrusted her to the care of the smooth-tongued politicians and they have sacrificed her on the altar of their selfish ambitions. The confidence you so foolishly reposed in them, they have betrayed. 

They have taken in the stories and stripes, and overflowing with flowery eloquence, your chosen "servants," to whom you have deeded your collective power, have, and are, making a mockery of your own agrarian ideals. 

They have sold your country and you to the trusts, combines and monopolies for the favors these monopolies have to give them. America is no longer yours. You are aliens in the land of your birth; bereft of all rights in the land of your adoption, and know of all your countrymen. 

Has the spirit animated the heroes who entrenched themselves on Bunker Hill, in the face of almost unsurmountable odds, completely died? 

Have you become submissive slaves, crawling toady at the feet of the octopus, plutocracy? I hope not, but truly the evidence is against you. In dignified and manly language the protest that you are beaten. 

Yes, by what? Surely not by superior force. 

The balance of power is on your side. 

What can it be then that is holding your nose to the grindstone? Will I tell you? Yes. Very well. It is your own doing. I won't even say your opinions. They are not. They are the opinions of your fathers, acquiesced by you without question, for the reason only that they are the opinions of your fathers. Which don't reflect much credit upon you in this age of reason, when men should weigh all things in the balance of critical analysis before accepting them. We should be especially cautious in accepting the customs and opinions that descend to us from the past. 

You entertain the opinion that private property is good, and necessary, and that it must be protected by force, at all hazards, against the hand even of the hun-

You have nothing, still you are buried in the belief. As I write these lines this belief is making property more sacred than human life. The belief in property has made you propertyless. For the cunning ones, the heartless and unscrupulous have got possession of the country, and you have only your belief. How long are you going to hug it? 

Awake, investigate, educate, organize, agitate. 

FRAN MOR.

A VOICE OF FREEDOM FROM CANADA.

Editor, The Agitator: 

Your short, with its "Passing Show," has provoked me to the extent I must voice my protestation. 

Your well-put thrusts ought to arouse an "Agitator army" to help throttle the "brotherhood of thieves." 

Ignorance is the only evil. It aggravates itself, while intelligence accelerates its own progress. 

The Canadian working class needs to understand the subject matter which will feed man's spirit until the day of his full-blown emancipation, and will insure that boom. 

Let me urge that you continue to make your paper as interesting as your pleas for freedom is earnest. Your quaint sarcasm is as telling as the cutting blow. Make the most of both. 

A wide and an increasing interest in anarchism and industrialism is due within a period not too many moons distant. It may not be far away. 

I hereby constitute myself as an "Agitator group" to help the Canadian Workingman spread the good news. Our committee (any contributor) can convene needs a fifty-cent group, a month, and more, but what is needed and what I can afford do not correspond. 

May I therefore ask that you send me these four bundles, and I'll put each Agitator to work where it will agitate and educate. 

CASSIU V. COOK.

BOOKS RECEIVED.


"Anarchism and Other Rosies" by Emma Goldman. 

"The Truth About Freedom (How Freedom Can Con- 

"Freedom" by P. D. V. D. Bann, beautiful medallion in plaster, by mail prepaid, 25 cents. 

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LONDON, N. W., ENGLAND.

"THE PIG-RIGGARD." To burn away the cobwebs of superstition and the uplift of the under dog. 

$1 a year. 

50c a year. 

SWEDEN, TEXAS.

HENDERSON BAY ROUTE—"Steamer Tyrus leaves Commercial Dock, Tacom, for all points on Hender- 

north Bay, including Home, week days at 2:30 p.m., 

returning same day. 

LORIEN BROS. OWNERS.

THE AGITATOR.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Some of the best articles in the January magazines are: Life, Nothing. Not a dull line in this collection, by "Walter" in The American Magazine: "The Things That Are Censer;" second in- 


Four beautiful pictures in color, reproductions of paintings by the best modern artists, a great eye on painting, by the editor in everythi -

broadside. "One cannot study sanitation, fresh air, pure food, abundant housing, the care of children, the protection of the workers, the maintenance of a healthy economic environment and regime for health and efficiency, without instantly recognizing the closeness of the rela-

big business to the nation and the individual and the lives of the community." 

"Oistown of the Open Shop," by Frederick Palmer, is the first of a series of articles to appear in Hampton's on the labor war in American cities. "Reclaiming the 

"The Three Kings," by C. B. E. Wood, is a two-page poem. 


"Pearson's Magazine" contains two articles worth reading. 

The second is the "Mother Earth" Monthly Magazine Devoted to Direct Action, Art, and Culture, 10c a copy, $1 a year. 

EMMA GOLDMAN, Publisher. 

"Industrial Worker." A Weekly Agitator For Revolutionarv Union. 

Published by I. W. W., 236 Main St., Spokane, Wa. 

"FREEDM." A monthly devoted journal to the destruction of superstition and the uplift of the under dog. 

$1 a year. 

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"THE PIG-RIGGARD." To burn away the cobwebs of superstition and the uplift of the under dog. 

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