THE PASSING SHOW
A judge in Spring Valley, Ill., has fined three men $50.00 each for distributing a political cartoon. He said the picture was immoral, and that before it was a crime to paste it on the fences of the city. How did the working men who pasted this picture on the fences know what the judge’s opinion of it would be? Was the picture immoral before the pure souled dispenser of justice pronounced it so?
Suppose he had said it was not immoral? It would still be the same picture; and these working men would not be serving $50.00 fines in the county jail.
The point is this: ‘The flat of a lawyer defines our morality, tells us what sort of picture is bad for us to look upon, and punishes us for looking at it before he has decreed its moral status, and before we can tell what that moral status is.
The lawyers tell us the law is common sense; decide for yourself.
The law cannot define the indefinable. Morality is purely a matter of opinion; and opinion, especially on indefinite matters, is influenced by temperament, social standing and geography.
The Italian workingmen who distributed the cartoon in question differ in all three respects from the lawyer whose opinion sent them to jail.
But the law is ‘common sense.’
The offending cartoon, whatever else it may be, surely is not art. It was not created as a work of art. It was made to convey an idea; it is a picture with a purpose. It fulfilled its purpose well; and herein I suspect its immorality.
It shows, at a glance, two phases of political life better than a volume of words could do. I could call it: ‘Before and After Election.’
One side of it shows the spellbinding office seeker, haranguing the voters, promising them everything, including the moon, if they will only vote for him. The other shows him mounting the steps of the city hall after being elected, one hand to his nose and the other exposing a picture of the moon on his trousers.
The idea is quite commonly used in Europe, where the people are not so highly civilized as the Spring Valley judge. Over there the people have a sense of humor, and a good joke is not penalized as impurity.
There no vengeful politician dare use the three-headed croak of morality as a cover for his perfidy.
The pin-headed politician who uses the sword of office to punish his political enemies should be driven from the bench.
Will this jail term convince these men that they were wrong? Will it show them that the politician is other than what they picture him? Will it convince anybody of anything?
It will. It will convince these men and their fellow fighters in their convictions. It will serve as a concrete example of the truth of their theories.
‘But,’ you say, ‘justice has been outraged and innocent men are languishing in jail.’
To which I answer: Justice has been outraged so often she is used to it; and the workmen behind the bars have liberty so large in their hearts they don’t mind suffering for it.
On another page will be found a description of the horrible scenes that attended the factory fire in Newark, N. J., some time ago. Below is printed an account of the frightful capitalist crime in New York March 25th, in which 142 young lives were snuffed out to appease the maw of mammon.
Trapped on the top floors of a burning factory building, supposedly of the most modern fireproof construction, not one of the persons had the choice of probable death by fire or by jumping to the stone pavement below.
Of those who jumped three survived, while the others were crushed out of all human semblance. Some of the others managed to reach the street by means of the stairways and two of the four elevators that the building was equipped. But the remaining perished miserably, while firemen and spectators raged impotently on the powerless to do anything.
Men went, while others stormed to and fro, vainly endeavoring to do something for those who were beyond human aid.
It was shortly after 4:30 today when fifty students in the Professional School of New York University, which fronts on University Place, were startled by the crash of falling glass. Instantly there was a rush to the streets and as the youths reached the street there they saw the first body falling down. It was that of a girl, apparently not more than 17 years old. Her clothing was on fire. She was killed instantly.
One after the other, ten more jumped, while the people on the street gazed in helpless horror.
When the first piece of fire apparatus reached the scene every window on the eighth, ninth and tenth floors was filled with shrieking men and women some begging for help, while others were praying.
The eighth floor windows were pouring out smoke and flame, while framed in them were both women and men, who, as they realized they must choose between two modes of death, for the most part jumped.
The clocking on nearly every body that struck the streets was heard and in some cases before they finally dropped it had been burned almost completely off.
The first engine company on the scene rushed with a canvas life net directly under the main entrance and the captain in charge shouted to those above to ‘keep cool and jump one at a time.’
The frightened people could not understand or the heat was too fierce, and three persons jumped at the same instant. The impact of the bodies tore the net into shreds, rendering it useless.
A big extension truck rolled up to the structure and the ladder was swung into place and hurriedly raised. A groan from both firemen and the terrified spectators went up as it was seen that the ladder reached only to midway between the sixth and seventh floors.
Two firemen grasped scaling ladders and started up only to be driven back by the fire, that was now feeding on the wooden window casings and burning as rapidly as though fed with oil.
The clang of the fire apparatus coming from all directions and the shouts of the excited people attracted crowds from all directions, and in a short time all streets leading into Washington Square were jammed. As each body crashed to the pavement the women nearly went insane. Many men fainted from the horror of the sight, while others sank to their knees and prayed and cried, completely unnerved.

The news dispatches of April 8th tell us that: ‘117 convicts die in a mine disaster in Alabama,’ and that: ‘74 miners were killed in an explosion in the Pancoast mine, at Troop, Pa.’
When one reflects that these accidents were preventable, did the greed of capitalism permit proper precautions being taken for the protection of human life, he can hardly discuss the matters with coolness. Without straining the bonds of reason, this wholesale slaughter of human life can be called murder.
When a man lures another into an alley, and robs him, and kills him for resisting the robbery, we do not hesitate in calling it murder.
When a man lures men, women and children into fire-traps for the purpose of robbing them of three-fourths of the product of their toil, and they are consumed in the flames, we hesitate to call that murder. But it is. The series of articles on ‘The Criminality of Business’ furnishes all the arguments and proofs.

The crimes of capitalism are uncountable. We often find ourselves speaking with such gusto about the horrors of war, what about the horrors of peace. What battlefield produced the horror, the pain, the heartaches to equal the New York fire?
Peace has more victims than war, and these disasters are best prominently before your eyes, that you may be moved to greater activity in the work of bringing about a system of society where human life will be regarded as more important than the amassing of big fortunes.

A letter published elsewhere in this issue shows the fine revolutionary spirit of the I. W. W., better than a bushel of chin music. The fellow worker writes that all the members are over the line fighting with the Mexican rebels.
There is a class of revolutionists in this country who are willing to do anything but fight. They will jabber and vote and petition and scoff at those with the courage to fight. The I. W. W. boys are true to their colors. They are direct actionists, and they are active.

JAY FOX.

ANARCHISM DEFINED.
The emotions of the ignorant are continuously kept at a high pitch by the most blood-curdling stories about anarchism. Not a thing is too outrageous to be employed against this philosophy and its exponents. Therefore anarchism represents to the unthinking what the proverbial bad man does to the child—a black monster bent on swallowing everything; in short, destruction and violence.

 Destruction and violence! How is the ordinary man to know that the most violent element in society is ignorance.
Anarchism is the philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence and are therefore wrong and harmful as well as unnecessary.

EMMA GOLDMAN.
THE AGITATOR

Show me how the result would have been different had the whole nation of ninety millions been con-
vinced instead of ten million or a thousand or as
involved in this particular political deal!

Everylasting the Socialist craft goes to pieces on
the rock of conviction;—the more of us involved in any
important of all class distinctions, with interests often,
if not almost invariably, opposed.

In my judgment no work has been more urgently
ready than an analysis of the fundamental positions
on which political Socialism, taking its cue from
Marx and Engels, has erected its house of cards.

A CAPITALISTIC CRIME.

In the April number of McClure's Magazine, Mary
Alden Hopkins, in her article on the Newark fire-
tales of the outrageous conditions existing in the
box factory, has the following to say:

It is a gruesome story of the perfidy of capital,
where the boss does the thinking and the work-
tion too.

"The fire that brought to light these abominable
crimes broke out in the Anchor Lamp factory on
the third floor. A young girl, Edna Hampson, was
flushing flares for lamps at the machine. She
placed the flarons, or carbons, in a vacuum-pump,
removed the air, and filled the vacuum with gasole-
ne vapor, switched an electric current through the
flares, and thus carbonized them. This is the pro-
cess, but the girl had no understanding of it at
all. She knew not what the carbons were, their
opening and pressed buttons, like it was a typo-
writer. She also knew that at night she must cover
her head with a gauze bag. Beyond meter in the
fray she knew nothing at all about her machine. She
wasn't hired to understand about the vacuum and
the gassing. She only knew she had to open a valve
and press buttons, and, if anything went wrong, to
call the boss. That is the common way in factories—
maisy girls at machines to perform mechanical ac-
tions, and a boss to do the thinking for all.

"No one knows what the trouble was. The exten-
sion-ladder would not work. It reached a three-story
window, but it was on the fourth floor. Miss Haug
happened to be reading a low-novel in the foundry. Miss
Haug finished the book, looked at her watch,
leashed forward, coughing and gasping. The
smoke rolled over in clouds. Sometimes she was
blinded by a flash that seemed to come from the
Feather and was filled with smoke and dust in the
room. She felt children at her. She started to
shout and every window was shattered. Miss Haug
leaped from her desk, and in a moment Miss
Haug had fallen from the second floor and been
picked up and was taken to the hospital.

"At the other end of the factory is an alley. It
was here that most of the girls jumped. No ladder
could be raised at this corner, because of a large
tree, a gateway, two steam-pipes crossing twelve feet
in the air, and a telegraph-pole heavy with wires.
Then a girl struggled to get to the head before she
reached the ground. One girl broke her ankle on
the steam-pipe. Another came astir the steam-pipe
from the fireman's platform. Another staggered
in the gang, and hung until the pipe broke. But
the things that happened there are too horrible to
relate. Here the men held the life-line—still it broke.
Then the fireman's platform fell. The girl was
picked up by one, in rapid succession. One broke her
back, twisting in air. Another hit the window still at
the third floor, and pulled on the third. Another pounded
on the net back against the brick wall. Then three
girls struck the net at once. The lock snapped and
the net tore. There was only one life-net, and there
were many windows, each window jammed with
girls.

"The firemen put the fire under control, and finally
made their way to the bodies on the fourth floor.
They were rung together in a heap, all unrecogniz-
able. Three of those were sisters who had delayed too
long, looking on another. A fifth body sat up
right at a machine. This was a woman sixty
years old, and she had not moved from her chair."

THE CRIMINALITY OF BUSINESS (Continued)

No one is bound to recognize the wrongs of inno-
cent persons, but if he does not he cannot honestly
ask for assistance when he is wrongfully, himself, a
hostage to the factory, and when everyone is
indifferent to the miserable of others is essentially
dishonestly, and he could not justly complain if so-
ciety were wise enough to treat him accordingly.

If you consider only another's murder I cannot
complain if some one indirectly contributes to
my murder, and it would be rascally to cry for
help when assailed.

Material injuries are not the only injuries, for to
say to a man is a thief and he is caught, that his
getting employment is criminal. It is also criminal
to listen to slander without trying to refute it,
and let it go uncountered, it is also a slander.
Mere reliance, however, is not so bad as
upholding the slander and helping to spread it, and
the true of slander is what makes the working class
feel that maliciously injures one man or any number
of men.

If the mayor of Chicago is injuring the city for
his own profit, and I knew it, I could not be silent
over it. To support him by voting for him is to become
as criminal as he is, and what is true of Chicago is
true of the nation, for we are bound to all mankind as
we do to our neighbors. Simple race prejudice is
dishonest and active race prejudice, the crime of
a man's rights because he is a negro, is
criminal.

The session of the South from the North was a
criminal session, all everyone who was neutral
was at least dishonest. For if he had been a slave
he would have welcomed a deliverer, and by not
fighting for others what he would have others do
for him, he gives himself the lie. We are neutralist
of that kind for we choose to see others innocently
injured—industrially enslaved—rather than deny
ourselves the pleasures of wealth.

All that the ravisher of women does is to prefer
the injury of others to the denial of the pleasure
of sexual gratification. Both he and she refuse to
restrain their passions, and because the face of
and as the cloth is brother to the star are we brothers
of the sex-perverts, the passionate murderers of wom-
ans and children. His criminality in this respect
is no excuse; and while we cannot afford to admit
it to the public we will do no harm to confess it to
each other.

The people are simply not taught to regard us
as criminals, and as there are ravences among whom
robbery, rape and murder are not regarded as crim-
inal the time will come when some university pro-
cessor will classify us with canibals, slave-drivers
and rapacious thieves. Perhaps it will be thought
that Doctor Howro and Rockefellow are not a black
and a white man were named after their manner of
living, but this of course is only a joke.

So far you agree with me as to what constitutes
an honest man and what constitutes an injury, but
I am also to show that our employees are not only
being injured by a bad social system, but also that
we are knowingly and therefore criminalizin
it in every possible way. You admit that there
are thousands of people willing to work that
they may live, but who are unable to find work; for
you once had the same experience yourself.
You also admit that the country is large enough to
engage the laboring class all and productive wealth
all if things were in some way arranged to that end.

To illustrate: Suppose that either of our stores
owned by you people allowing you to sell goods
daily at a fair profit. If at night the cashier should
say, "We can pay the salaries of the most of the
clerks but not all of them if you promote him or
discharge him? Now, what is the difference
in principle between our stores and the country at
large? Do not the same economic principles apply
to both just as the same mathematics and bookkeep-
ing apply to both?
The country needs the labor of all; everybody will
work or can make to work, and it is the business
of those in office to work out the details of a prac-
tical industrial system. If you owned the country,
then, the same as you own your store, what would
you do with your general manager, the president,
and all who control the courts? Would you,
you under existing conditions, continue them in office
to your own great financial loss, or would you dis-
charge them?

Of course you cannot escape the conclusion of
the argument, and again ask you if you would
discharge a cashier for not having enough money for
the pay-roll more than once a month when that
would you do with a congress that can not run
the nation without borrowing money? Why, then,
do you want a congress that is absolutely armed?

If the nation is all right, a nation that is constantly
going into debt notwithstanding it is strong enough
on a cash basis and a nation outside of the rudiments of learning there is nothing
taught in the universities worth knowing.

(To be continued.)
A MARCHING SONG
With us the fields and rivers,
The grass that summer thrills,
The haze where morning curtains,
The singer that heart of hills.
The sense that kinds nature, and the soul that fills.
With us all natural sights,
All notes of natural scale;
With us all emotions;
With us the nightingale;
With us the heart and secret of the worldly tale.—
The strife of things and beauty,
The bosom of the soul.
Truth and life-lightening duty.
Love without crown or sword.
That joy which might and godliness make man god and feed.
These have we, these are ours,
The soul that feeds our mind;
The honey of all these flowers,
The heart of all these springs;
Our home where freedom lives not, there live no good things.
Rise, ere the dawn be risen;
Come, and be all souls fed;
From field and garden, river,
Come, for the feast is spread;
Live, for the truth is living; wake, for the night is dead.
—Swinburne.

MARRIAGE AND MORALITY.

Most women are still married with religious solemnity, in the same form in which they promise to "love, honor and obey." I remember in my boyhood that occasionally someone would read out of a newspaper an account of a woman who had insisted that the word "Obey" should be omitted from that formula; and I remember how very amusing I thought it was. But I no longer think it is amusing. On the contrary, I think that any woman who is willing to repeat the formula without modification, is in need of some educating.

A friend of mine, reading this manuscript as I write, interjects the remark: "That is making a big fuss out of a small matter, because nobody really means it—it is simply like the buttons on the back of our coats, which were once intended for sword belts, but stay on, though we no longer wear swords."

"Let us see," I answer—"is the sword so entirely obsolete in this matter?"

A woman marries a man, loving him and trusting him; and after she has become the mother of his children, she discovers that he is a base man. She has promised to "love, honor and obey," thinking it was simply a formula; and she resolves that she will "love, honor and obey" no longer. But what does she find? She finds, for one thing, that if she leaves him, he can take her children away from her.

She finds, in many states, that she cannot get a divorce, no matter how cruelly he has treated her. He may be as drunken as he pleases, but she is defenseless. He may be as unfaithful as he pleases, but she is defenseless—unless she is able to get evidence and prove her case. If, for instance, he chooses to go off to some city and commit debaucheries, and returns without telling her where he has been, what defense has she? Suppose that, being unwilling to leave her children, she attempts to remain in the house; then she finds that he may come home after his debaucheries and compel her to yield to his embraces. He can do things to her which, if she had never promised to "love, honor and obey," would enable him to deprive her of his wife for twenty years. But our courts have ruled that there is no such thing as rape within the marriage state.

I invite every one of my readers to take that statement and sit down and meditate over it for fifteen minutes, and realize precisely what it signifies in this question of "marriage and morality." Consider the weak man, who takes his woman as subject; the physical and mental distress which they may endure; the condition in which they may be kept; the lives they may lead for five or six days every month. Consider also the agonies of childbirth, the tragedies and mutilations which sometimes result, and the conditions in which a woman finds herself for a month or two of her life. Then think that she is expected to step up to the altar, or to the bar of a court, and give a man permission to commit rape upon her at any time that he sees fit! And that only the way she can escape from this peril is to leave her home and her children in the hands of the man she fears!

Under the old-fashioned idea of marriage the woman was the property of the man; he protected her, not merely from enemies, but also from too-admiring friends. He denied her the right to choose the man of her love; he denied her the right to leave him, even though she might wish to. In earlier days that was the universal attitude of the man; for instance, the tragedy of "Othello" is based upon it, and scarcely a week passes that one does not find some newspaper account of some man who has shot another man in obedience to what is termed the "higher law." I do not exaggerate in saying that this is universally considered the proper thing to do in the South; it is called "protecting the honor of your home." I trust that I shall not be understood to be advocating marital infidelity when I protest against this attitude of husbands toward their wives. There may be many things in this life which I do not in the least want to do, which yet I do not regard as under penalty of death. The habit of killing the object of one’s jealousy is happily going out of fashion, with the advance of civilization; but the jealousy itself remains, and is the occasion of much bitter unhappiness. It is my contention that no woman should be permitted hereafter to be regarded as property; that she should set her face firmly against any such convention, and should make clear her attitude—that she gives her love freely, and does not yield it to force.

The reason of the army of women upon this is because of all the implications of this old attitude of sex morality. It is precisely because of her failure to assert her rights as a free and equal being that women today suffer so cruelly as they do in the "holy state of matrimony." It is my contention that the first and most fundamental law of morality in the married state is that the woman should remain absolutely mistress of her own person; that she herself should lay down the conditions under which she bestows her love. I protest against marriage as a bargain, involving a transfer of ownership or rights. I maintain, in other words, that marriage should be a perpetual courtship—that a man should have no more right to force his wife than he has to force his sweetheart. And I say that every woman who contemplates marrying should make perfectly clear in advance her attitude; that she proposes to give her love to her husband precisely as long, and only as long, as his conduct disposes her to give it. She should make it plain that she intends to remain his wife, and not merely his wife in name; that she is willing, if need be, to go out into the world and her living for herself and her children, rather than recede from it—Upton Sinclair, in Physical Culture.

NEW BOOKS.

"Doggerel for the Under Dog." (The Laboratory Shop, 47 Buchanan St., Detroit; $1.) A little book of doggerel, by Joseph A. Labadie, for example, which shows what a man can do who has will and work in him. Joe wrote the book, he printed it, he made it; it is a very interesting readable book. The quality of the press is not equal, but the verses are not the sort one would select for reading at a pink tea party. They taste of the grime of the world and of the work of the workshop. They exude the odor of the slave. Only a slave can read and understand them. But through the rough, unpainted exterior there shines the soul of a man unashamed through a hundred years.

The System. The poet is free, though the man is bound, and he utters a plea to the under-dog, the great silent promise of the future. Let the lonely one read and strain and his chain, for the reading will give him strength. The power he lacks is in his hand. It needs but to be touched. He who is free may go where he pleases, and may do what he pleases, if he can point his foot against that system, and go and show the power.

The Problem of Socialism. We say in our introduction to the first number that we are not going to use our notes for the purpose of advocating either socialism or capitalism. We are going to use the notes for the purpose of the rich man and the poor man, the powerful man and the weak man. We have made a beginning in that direction. We are not going to use our notes for the purpose of advocating either socialism or capitalism. We are going to use the notes for the purpose of the rich man and the poor man, the powerful man and the weak man. We have made a beginning in that direction.
THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

The following letters speak for themselves, and should make special appeal to all workers and opponents of slavery:

Office of the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Democrats, 210 East Fourth Street.

Los Angeles, Cal., U. S. A., March 13, 1911. Emma Goldman, 210 E. 13th St., New York City, N. Y.:

Dear Friend and Fellow-Fighter in the Cause of Human Liberty—I write urging you to excite on behalf of my countrymen in Mexico the influence you wield over a large section of the American public. Need I spend my breath in telling you that we are fighting the world-wide battle of human emancipation; that our cause is your cause; that we are struggling for what money power, and status before the world has been absolutely indispensable for human happiness and development? I think I need not.

It is well known—has been proved beyond all peradventure of doubt—that, at the behest of the money power, hundreds of thousands of my countrymen has been driven from the lands on and by which they and their forefathers had lived since our history began. Thus they have been forced into such hells as the rubber plantations of the Vaile Nacional and the hemp plantation. They are driven into exile across the American border, where they struggle desperately for a starvation wage. Somehow or other men and women must live; or, at least, try to live.

What will become of these millions of men, women and children if they be left to the mercy of the money power having its way? What will be the result if it succeeds in trampling them beneath the heel of militarism? And what will be the effect on the character and standing of the American nation if it suffers itself to be the obedient tool of the money power, and thus be avowed defender of chattel slavery of the most atrocious type? Surely, to ask these questions is to answer them.

The American public does not understand; it cannot see the picture in its awfully true form; it is misled by the willful misrepresentations of those who, having gigantic money interests at stake, are sparing no effort to dull it.

So long as the money power thought the struggle in Mexico was merely to displace one dictator with another, it looked on indifferent—silently, for such struggles have been frequent in the history of Latin peoples, and they alter nothing. But today it understands quite clearly that its own selfish interests are in the balance; that we are fighting for the restoration of millions and millions of acres of land, given away to foreign syndicates by the fraudulent connaissance of Diaz' unspeakable government, and entirely without the consent of the rightful owners; and that the brain capacity of the average man be not taxed too owners, the people; that we are determined that the poor shall come once more into what is justly their own. Therefore today the money powers in America, backed by the money powers of the world, are calling the American nation to arms.

In such a crisis will you be silent? I think not; indeed I know you cannot. Yours for human emancipation,

R. FLORES MAGON.

210 East Thirteenth Street, New York City.

Dear Friend—Enclosed is copy of letter received from Ricardo Flores Magón, president of the "Junta" of the Mexican Liberal Party. It speaks for itself and makes, to me at least, irresistible appeal.

The leading facts connected with the Mexican revolution are well known, thanks largely to the measures taken recently by the government of the United States, at the behest of Wall Street. Through countless articles and such well-authenticated books as Turner's "Darkness in Mexico," it has been proved beyond all doubt that slavery of an unconceivably brutal type is rampant in Mexico, and is supported mainly by American dollars. Thus this country has become once more a partner in that very chattel slavery which, less than two generations ago, it shed blood and treasure freely to overthrow, once and forever.

The American public would not tolerate for one moment that partnership if it understood the situation clearly; but it is being duped and misled daily by a group of owned body and soul by the money power. Our struggle is against this terribly powerful combination, and, however the thought may be, the education of the public is one imperative duty of the hour. Accordingly I urge you, above all things, to devote all the time and money you can spare to the education of the public on this Mexican question, doing so without delay, for time is precious. Write to your friends; send letters and articles to the papers; use your own brains and think out for yourself, as has been done in this country, which is a common cause. Send all money and communications to "Regeneracion" (organ of the Mexican Liberal Party), 5195 E. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal. You may rest assured that every cent will be expended honestly, for although many of those people thoroughly understand the situation and have proved their sincerity by years of exile, imprisonment and heroic labor.

FROM THE MAIL BAG.

Editor The Agitator—At our last meeting we decided to assist The Agitator by sending you two dollars each quarter. I enclose herewith our first installment of $2.00. With best wishes,

Paterson, N. J.

Fraternally,

M. GOODMAN.

Sec. Branch 160 Workmen's Circle.

Editor The Agitator:

Dear Worker—Your letter to hand. In regard to The Agitator, there ain't any of our members left here to hold a meeting. They are all across the line with guns, thinking that the best way. Fellow worker Wm. Stanley has a commission as captain in command. Enclosed find $1.00 for a year's subscription. Yours for freedom,

Haltville, Calif.

THOMAS RYAN,

Editor The Agitator:

A copy of The Agitator reached me some days ago, and I was glad to note that you are doing things. I like your "Passing Show" and hope you will go on. In the general contents of the paper, and I sincerely hope that you will be able to reach a vast audience, as your work so well deserves. Herewith is enclosed my subscription for one year, and with best wishes I remain, yours gratuitously,

D. B. L.

Chicago.

Editor The Agitator:

My Dear Fonz—The real news value of the Agitator was most forcibly brought to my attention while reading the "biggest paper in the west" last Sunday.

To make sure that The Agitator would get before the editors of the "Times," I sent a marked copy by one of their reporters. Result: a verbatim reprint of the Madero exposure article.

When I called the attention of this reporter to the fact that The Agitator received no credit for an item of news worth reprinting in so conspicuous a part of the "Times," he said:

"You can hardly expect a great daily to give credit for a scoop to a weekly paper, and an Anarchist publication at that. So we faked the heading as a dispatch from Los Angeles."

You are giving us a real newspaper, Jay, and more grease to your elbow.

S. T. H.

RECEIPTS

Wassilewski's Silverberg, Colish, each $2; Cook$1.50; Lazar, Corns, Benselmann, I. W. W., 437, Bromby, Sages, Schack, Brothers, Kinsey, Wishlar, O'Meire, each $1 Block, Parker, 50 cents. Wood, 40 cents. Attenberger, Gentry, I. W. W., 66, 1 I. W. W., 173, I. W. W., 318 each 25 cents. Seiders $1.

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