THE AGITATOR
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THE PASSING SHOW
May! There is magic in the word. It suggests youth, new life. The word is derived from the Sanskrit, "Mah," meaning growth. May, the time when the awakened trees send forth their leaves and blossoms, when the roses bloom, and the tender vegetable life appears in a myriad varieties on the face of mother earth and gradually unfolds itself to the warm kiss of the sun.

Touched by the mystery of the teeming world of expanding life, man seeks to grow and expand, and unfold his personality in the glow of freedom.

In ancient times, rich and poor, high and low, master and slave, met on a common level on May day, when they gathered flowers and had a day of general rejoicing together.

In modern times the workers have abandoned the picking of flowers on May Day for the more important task of plucking freedom from the grasp of the master class.

Flowers are fine, when plucked by the fingers of freedom, but they wither and die, and their beauty becomes a mockery and a lie when the hand that holds them bears the shackles of wage slavery.

The modern worker is becoming a man. Illusions will not lure him. The liberty of a day or a week will not satisfy him. He wants the real thing, and he will take it some fine May morning.

One of the bravest and most fearless revolutionary characters this country has produced fell, mortally wounded, fighting under the red flag of freedom in Mexico on April 9th. William Stanley deserted the U. S. army to join the Industrial Army of his class. When the battle for Free Speech was on in Spokane, he hurried to the front and did his share of the fighting for freedom.

When the long suffering slaves of American money and diabetic tyranny in Mexico threw off the yoke and took up arms to establish their liberty, Stanley read the news with bated breath. His pulse quickened. The spirit of revolt spoke in him, and said: "Wherever the battle for freedom is being fought my place is in the front rank."

Creed, color, country, cut no figure with Stanley. He was a Revolutionary. He knew but one flag, and its color was red.

Wherever that symbol of the common blood and the common cause of humanity was unfurled to the breeze, there our valiant soldier of freedom was ready to take his stand.

four to one, with the addition of a machine. He rushed to the Mexican border, and gathered about him a band of braves, equally ready to live and die beneath the folds of freedom's flag.

It is reported he borrowed freely from Gen. Ota's stock of horses, and equipped his band in other respects according to the real methods of the social revolution—exploitation.

Stanley and his company fought as only Revolutionists can fight. The battle in which he received his death wound, the enemy was gunned, but his body did not count, for it was free men against hirdlings.

After a deadly bullet had plowed a passage through his brain, Stanley wanted to continue to the rear on the shoulders of a devoted comrade, where he breathed his last.

All honor to the memory of William Stanley. When the cowardly cockroaches who erige and grovel at the feet of mammon and vileness the martyrs of freedom shall be long forgotten, the name of Stanley will be lovingly remembered and revered as one of the great liberators of humanity.

Another of nature's noblemen has gone to rest. Tom L. Johnson was a capitalist. He was also a man, a rare combination in this age of gross commercialism.

Someone induced him to read Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." After reading it he sent for his lawyer and said to him: "Take this book and refute it; I will give you five hundred dollars for the work." "Well, said the solon, "I will do it in a few hours for much less than that." Johnson insisted on his price, saying that if the book was wrong it was worth much more to expose it.

The lawyer departed, but he didn't return in a few hours, nor in a week. When he did come back, he told Johnson it would be absurd to attempt to uphold our present system of land tenure against the logic of George, and that he would not do it.

That drove Johnson to study the matter closely, and he soon avowed himself a single taxer, and took up the fight against special privilege.

He did not go the length of Tolstoy, and cast away the wealth wrongly acquired. But he is not to be forgotten for all that. He went as far as his temperament would permit. He told the people how they were being robbed, told them that he, with the others of his kind, were holding them in bondage through the system of economy, that they would continue to enslave them until the people stopped the game of graft and put him and his ilk out of business.

Johnson was right. As a capitalist he was logical. It is up to us to free ourselves; and a thousand capitalists stepping down into our ranks would only help to enlarge the ranks of the employed, while it would be poetical and all that.

The heart of Johnson is best understood by a statement of his a few days before he died: "When I die I hope the people will make a playground over my body. I would rather have the children romping over my grave than a hundred monuments."

As it is in the United States, so it is in Canada. Like causes produce like effects. Where capital rules the bullets are ever ready to riddle the heavy laden tellers the moment they balk under their burdens.

Prince Rupert is a town planted on a rock in British Columbia at the place where the Grand Trunk R. R. chose to touch the Pacific ocean. It is a boom town. The land system makes boomtowns.

Workers who innocently put their savings into it were fleeced. Their wages have been low, where they could get work, so they struck.

This strike business is getting altogether too common. Workmen are too ready to drop their tools and refuse to operate the system that feeds them. The Prince Rupert officials and capitalists were righteously indignant at the untoward action of their slaves. So they called in the faithful police and arrested the whole bunch at their meeting, and closed the hall.

Now that's the way to do it—pull 'em all. That is the safest way to settle strikes. While the strikers are in jail they cannot touch the scales.

But they must be fed, and to feed men without working them is no part of capitalist philanthropy. So, perhaps, the remedy is not so good as it looks on its face.

If we could only bring back the good old days of old, when the worker just worked and nothing more, when reason and thinking was out of his sphere.

But what's the use of dreaming, the cursed ruminaries have got a new disease—striktiks— and even lead and jells do not seem to cure it.

Parsons, Spies and their six comrades were convicted and hung in 1887 for alleged bomb throwing, though the thrower of the bomb was never found.

The system had received a shock from the bomb, and the workers had to pay the damages.

Intimidation, bribery, bulldozery, every trick, every art was used instead of evidence. The men died, innocent of any crime.

Twenty years later another set of radical labor leaders were pounced upon, kidnaped, and carried far from their homes to be tried for their lives on the "confession" of a degenerate monster who said he killed a dozen men in order to implicate the men he really wanted hung.

The country was so deeply aroused by the plot that the mine owners' association was unable to carry out its vile scheme and Meyer, Haywood and Pettibone were acquitted.

Another and a similar case is now before the public. Los Angeles has the most despicable institution of capitalists of any city in the country, headed by as narrow minded, uncerebrated and bigoted a man as ever disgraced the human race—Gen. Ods.

This man's printing establishment was destroyed by an explosion. That is all that is positively known.

A big reward was offered for "the capture of the culprits who destroyed the building and took the lives of 21 persons."

It is an axiom of the detective business: "Make the reward big enough and we will hang someone."

Like the case of Meyer and Haywood, three men have been kidnaped and carried to Los Angeles, "captured" by the infamous gum shoe man, Burns, the friend of Roosevelt, who adjuged Meyer and Haywood guilty before they were tried.

They have selected their victims. Now for the legal farce of convicting them. And it will be done as surely as it was done at Chicago in 1893, unless the public conscience is aroused and the working class raise an agitation so pronounced and meaningful that the enemies of the people will halt in their venomous work, fearing lest a too patient people, goaded too far, might turn and give the tiger a taste of their own claws.

JAY FOX.
THE AGITATOR

ANARCHY VS. SOCIALISM. MORE CRITICISM.

I have been reading Bro. Lloyd's comments on Sister Goldman, in last "Free Comrade." He compliments her and her evolution out of "a hard materialistic logic" so "usual to Anarchists," and I asked myself: "What of Bro. Lloyd's evolution? It is some thirty years since I read of Lloyd's "donning the red cap of Anarchy," and I have been looking up some of his articles wherein he gave a reason for his new found faith. I ran across one in "The Truth Seeker" in which he argued "the social order which Anarchists should advocate." Anarchists were criticized, he said, because they did not lay down some plan, give some mode of procedure, wherein Anarchists might be realized and enjoyed; and, anxious to show how "a long felt want," he sketched "a social order which Anarchists should advocate," and supposed "a Confederation of Free Individuals."

I was reminded of this, when reading his latest sketch in "Free Comrade," which might be entitled "A Safety Order Which Socialism May Assume," and it seemed to me that he red cap of Anarchy (Individualism) and red flag of Socialism (Politics) displayed more distinction than difference. And I said "Bro. Lloyd's evolution has been slowly neglected; still his "marking time" in fancy fairy fields, wherein "a hard materialistic logic" is unknown."

Sister Goldman has forged ahead. She is advocating now what Bro. Lloyd advocated thirty years ago. To quote from "Free Comrade", "A new social order; not an order of man-made law," "All forms of government rest on violence and are therefore wrong, harmful and unnecessary."

Of course we know Bro. Lloyd's ideal govern and Sister Goldman's social order are really one and the same thing, with this difference; Sister Goldman is keeping step with the progress of social thought; Bro. Lloyd is in his old tracks, striving to reconcile the critic he hands out to Emma with the position he then assumed. He sees no "sound, graspable presentation of Anarchist method" in Emma Goldman's book, "Anarchist and Other Essays." "If Anarchism were substituted for Government, how would it express itself on practical details and problems, and maintain and defend itself?" This is "the weak point" he finds in Anarchism. "The bridge which is to carry us is not stronger than its weakest trestle," and so Anarchism must prove a failure. But is a "bridge" really necessary to carry us? The trouble with Bro. Lloyd is he has not conceived an order of liberty, he cannot conceive a condition apart from authority. His line of thought starts and ends with an Institution. There is nothing revolutionary in his
THE CRIMINALITY OF BUSINESS
(Continued)

The intent and effect of present university educa-
tion which you and I are getting is not to study law, but to
inform the mind, standing as it does for all the old
superstitions, both theological and sociological. All
that is just what we are doing when we study for,
and along with the professors we hire theeditors and preachers to defend us and the
ystem. And I am not talking about the Rippoffs
were numerous and wealthy enough there would be
churches, colleges, and newspapers teaching young
women the beauties of being ravished, together with
the gold standard. All of this is the stuff and other absurd-
ities that have made us rich.

If you would not run your own business as that
type of the situation is it been building and the system un-
der which it is being conducted? You certainly
know better, and if you do not choose to aqitate a question that will be popular and perhaps
ruin you in business, you are criminally dishonest.

The masses are enslaved and plundered by their
own and by the courts, and it is the responsibility be-
cause we selfishly refuse to enlighten them.

The people can do nothing against us politically
because they can have no leader whom we cannot
corrupt. The greatest leader they have had in recent
years copyrights his schemes for social betterment,
clearly showing that his chief purpose, like ours, is
making money, and not the improvement of mankind.

Surely, Mr. Lloyd cannot be accused of harboring
harboring his materialistic logic, so "usual" to
the Anarchist, which he seems to think leads
to violence and bloodshed. His only concep-
tion of Anarchy seems to be that it is merely
ignorant opposition to Government. Anarch
y should mean an absence of the rule of man
over his fellows; that is to say, the absence of an
organized authority—a sovereign institution—

Governments. Socialism should stand for so-
cial good which can only be based on Anarchy.
The "brains" of Socialism, even many of the
leaders of the Socialist Party recognize this
truth. Still they seem to imagine they can use
this force to create Anarchy—a condition of
liberty. But they mistake. "The State is a
trick." Politics means corruption of power.
Organized force contains the germs of tyranny
and oppression, and never yet came into power
but those twins evils developed. Anarchism
"trusts all to liberty." State Socialism, like
all organized power, distorts liberty, and
creates instead license. It allows an individual
to do as he likes as long as he does not do
anything that is so disagreeable to the State.

Can a man be governed and be free? Anar-
chism affirms liberty as a principle of right ac-
ction. Liberty the only soil wherein one may
live after his own life, hindered not another.

"The clear eye, the free brain, the red heart,
the warm hand—Manhood in Comradeship."

A. L. BALLIOU.

MAN'S MOTIVE POWER.

Action may be the outcome of that or of impul-
some cause he may have or desire. Some
cause he may or may not be aware of is

by the stomach. I am not going to say that the one is not
less commendable than the other. The man who moves only as
the stomach is a small child. He is as
philosophy as well as the pope who thinks it out, or thinks
he does so. Yet the brain man is very small, compar-

behold. Being

food and not the stomach. A man who won't trouble himself to
resist the commands of the midget, so long as his
stomach is not neglected. But some cause is better
become a fine motive power. A good big fellow is so
delicte he can drive him anywhere, stomach or no

here. He is ever nxuvc, for the giant will not allow

 dudes and the murderer

children.

My friend used to winde under such circumstances,
but as there was no one present except ourselves
we didn't think much about it. I don't know if he
didn't know of it himself because I was showing him to
be as big a scoundrel as I myself. If anyone
was present, I would not have dared to

but, like the good reader, do not believe either of
us should be punished for what we are, and

would like to be—a Chicago millionaire. Being
an honest man, the reader would not punish
us for being and doing what he would like to be
and do. If his characters are honest, they will

automobiles and servants and spend the winters and
summers wherever he pleased. "Come to think of it,
I'm a pretty good pair, and it's a good thing only we two
think so." (To be continued.)

EDWIN RENARD.

CATHOLICISM

The sad thing is that this duality is at bottom only
a part of the way of life of the government of
every person is still at heart a king,
and every theologian a lawyer. Catholic theology
has been a part of the intellectual culture of
its Andronicus words. It has been rebuking the

The man who hides in so much language is not
belief. But the bottom of the edifice of the

The Churches Catholic, however honestly it
may be written, is a means to an end.

Allen Upward, in "The New Word."

THE WORKERS' UNIVERSITY.

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WASHINGTON, April 14.—After Mexico became a 'Republic,' in 1842, Texas was a State. Adventurous, fortune-seeking Americans began to flow into Texas at such a rapid rate that Mexico became alarmed and stopped the inflow by establishing military rule in the State. This aroused the population, and with the able assistance of the frontier colonists and other help that was sent across the line, Texas achieved its independence by the defeat and capture of Santa Anna on April 21st, 1836.

Texas was an independent republic for nearly ten years. In December, 1844, at its urgent request, and after repeated failures, it was admitted into the United States.

The question of the admission of Texas was made the principal campaign issue of 1844, and the South won by electing Polk.

The point at issue is: Did America assist the then dictator, Santa Anna, or the Revolutionists? Clearly the latter.

Even though the South, which then was a big power, had its eye on an ultimate slave State, which it actually became, still that did not alter the facts of history.

We cannot deny that there is always more or less greed behind the friendly offers of governments.