

THE AGITATOR

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

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THE PASSING SHOW.

THE KIDNAPING OF THE THREE.

The promptness of the response of organized labor to the call of duty in the Los Angeles kidnaping outrage, is a delightful sign of the times.

The Western Federation of Miners, true to their class interests, instantly pledged five dollars each to the defence. They have not forgotten the attempt of the bosses to hang their best men. They realize that it was the prompt and universal response of their fellow toilers thruout the country that saved the lives of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone.

The gang of vengeance seeking brutes in Los Angeles, who work their nefarious rascality under the high sounding name of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, have millions to spend on the prosecution of the McNamara brothers and McManigal.

From what has already leaked out it is evident an attempt is being made to make an Orchard out of McManigal. The prosecuting attorney asserts no inducements have been offered McManigal to confess, that he has been given no promises of immunity, that he will be tried in the regular way, as tho he had told nothing.

Of course all this is for "effect." The world in general hates a squeeler, and a fair-minded jury will think twice before taking the word of a self-confessed murderer and traitor.

It was said of Orchard that he confessed to a dozen murders simply to ease his conscience and save his scurvy-caked soul. Incidentally his "confessions" implicated the labor leaders. But the pretended religious fervor assumed by the degraded wretch did not save his word with the jury, who refused to believe him.

The farce of his own conviction for murder, and prompt commutation to imprisonment by the governor is well known as one of the big jokes of jurisprudence. He is now a pet of the state. He is fed and clothed and given the freedom of a free man, for he has been seen riding about in an automobile. The next move will be a pardon and a good sized "stake."

Now we are going to have a repetition of this trago-comedy.

The capitalistic conspirators will endeavor to get a "right" jury this time, and make good for the losses in Idaho.

Somebody must be hung, and it matters little who that somebody is. Otherwise no scab institution will be a safe place to work in, and no scab boss will get insurance on his carcass. A few labor leaders strung high on the gallows tree will have a salutary effect upon gas explosions in the future.

REVOLUTION IN ALASKA?

The people of Alaska have issued a document setting forth a long train of abuses and dumped a load of coal into the bay of Cordova, by way of emphasis. And the dumping of the coal has attracted the attention of the entire

world, just as the dumping of tea into Boston harbor did in 1773.

It is remarkable how the world sets up and gapes, open-mouthed, at direct action.

The Alaskans might have talked and written about their troubles for years, and no one would have noticed them, not even the authors of the abuses, except to pile them on heavier.

What are their troubles?

There are billions of tons of coal in the hills of Alaska, while the people are compelled to buy Canadian coal and pay a tariff on it besides, because the U. S. Government has "reserved" all the coal lands and forbidden the people to mine it. If they chose to burn wood they must pay a revenue of 50c a cord on it.

Thus are the people held in the grip of government. They are ruled by politicians sent out from Washington, D. C., and have absolutely no voice in the conduct of their political affairs. Is it any wonder they are beginning to lay violent hand on the instruments of abuse?

But that is not all. There is another and more important phase of the Alaskan question, and that is the economic condition of the country.

ALASKA IN THE GRIP OF WALL ST.

Suppose the Alaskans were to cut the cord that binds them to Washington, would they then be free? The answer to this question involves the ownership of Alaska. For no people can be free who must pay tribute for the use of the earth, from which they extract their living. Who owns Alaska? Ask Guggenheim and Morgan. These two industrial pirates control practically all the economic activities of Alaska.

What's the good of political freedom if the people must ask these gentlemen for a job?

What is political freedom to the hungry man in the street? What consolation is it to him to know that the hand that wields the club that strike his head is directed from Cordova?

Suppose the government opened up the coal lands; wouldn't Guggenheim and Morgan have it all in a few months? And wouldn't the "free" Alaskans be buying coal from "foreigners" and paying their tariffs, just the same, but with the added indignity that the "foreign" coal was actually mined in their own country?

The basic structures of Alaskan economics must be changed before the people will be free, or even get nominal relief.

All land must be made free, as a first condition; after which occupancy and use shall be the only title. All tools shall be owned by the people co-operatively. Then they will be in a position to employ themselves, and have the full value of their labor, and be free from the domination of Guggenheim or Morgan, and from the fear of idleness.

When the Alaskans dump something into the Pacific as a notice that they are going after this kind of freedom we will be with them.

THE COST OF COMPROMISE.

Let the rebels in the service of Uncle Sam be warned by the fate of the unfortunate sailors of the Brazilian navy, who foolishly trusted the government, and were smothered to death, like rats in a cage, for their trustfulness. On another page a detailed account of their martyrdom is printed.

Goaded into rebellion by the cruelty of their officers, these sailors took possession of the ships and maneuvered them in a masterly way, forcing the government to promise them redress of their grievances. But they laid down their arms too soon. They should have demanded something more substantial than promises, and failing to get it, stuck to the guns till the last ship went to the bottom carrying them with it.

The Time for the Army to Strike.

The time for rebel warriors to strike is when the people are ready to strike with them. At no other time have they a ghost of a show to win. Government promises are of even less value than those of the capitalists.

Industrialism must extend to the army and navy. No men are more enslaved than the workers who are deceived into joining the army and navy. Let the rebels lay low and carry on a propaganda among their comrades. The time is coming when we will all throw off the yoke together. Soldier and sailor, farmer and tailor—Freedom for all.

BULLETS FOR WOMEN WORKERS

Troops to suppress a lot of girls is the latest "pull off" by the capitalists.

Muscatine, Ia., is a pearl button center. Pearl button making is an industry at which girls are mostly employed. Girls are never given much wages, for the reason that they seldom put up a fight for it.

To girls factory work is never more than a passing event. Marriage is the goal of every young woman, and the factory is merely the waiting room where she sits or stands till the lover comes to claim her. So she hasn't much interest in the factory.

But sometimes she rebels, and now she is classed with us rough men, by our "brothers," the capitalists and will be made to chew lead.

Anyway, ain't a rebel a rebel? Does the length of the hair or the shape of the garment make a difference. Haven't the women rebels done as well as the men, when they do turn out? Yea, even better.

Women are well worth watching when it comes to radical action. They are by nature direct actionists, and it is direct action above all else the masters fear.

JAY FOX.

OUR GLORIOUS SYSTEM.

"Tended and watched it is by a foul horde of underlings, hired judges in the law, panders in politics, timeservers in the pulpit, lickspittles in college chancellories, Judases in the press, blackmailers in business, and miserable, fawning parasites clinging like filthy leeches upon the administrative bodies of the nation."—Frederick Townsend Martin, in Everybody's Magazine.

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THE AGITATOR does not bear the union stamp because it is not printed for profit. But it is union, every letter of it. It is printed and published by unionists and their friends for the economic and political education of themselves and their fellow toilers. Much of the labor is given free. On the whole it is a work of love—the love of the idea, of a world fit for the free.

Gover'mint, me boy, is a case of me makin' ye do what I want; and if I can't do it with a song, I'll do it with a shovel.— Mr. Dooley.

ON PICKET DUTY.

The mattress makers of Chicago are on strike against conditions that forced them to work fourteen hours a day for \$12 to \$15 a week.

W. J. Bryan, once the idol of the masses, laid the corner stone of the scab built Y. M. C. A. building at Des Moines, Ia., despite the protests of the union workers, who have now, rightly, written him down on the list of Labor's enemies.

The strike in the Wesmoreland coal district of Pennsylvania is being nobly fought by the gallant workers, who are being subjected to all sorts of insult and injury by the hirelings of capital. Twenty-five hundred, evicted from the company houses, are camped on the hill-sides, doggedly waiting concessions to their demands.

Shop men on the Pittsburg division of the Pennsylvania Railroad are on strike. From the present outlook a hard fought battle is expected. The last great strike war was fought on this system in 1877, when the strikers sacked the hardware stores of Pittsburg, burned the Union depot, and drove the state soldiery, hot-foot from the city.

After a long and hard fought strike the eight trades comprising the Shop Federation on the Rio Grande Railroad, have gained the eight-hour day and other concessions. This is the first eight-hour concession to be wrung from a railroad and success is due to the extent to which the industrial principle was applied.

One thousand carpenters struck in Portland, Ore., against the attempt of the bosses to make them work nine hours instead of eight. Unionism must resist the backward trend, while forging forward.

The Buttrick Publishing Co., of New York, have come to terms with the printers after a five years' fight.

All building work in Sweden is at a standstill. The bosses have locked out the men. Starve them into "reason" is their plan. When will the fool workers turn the joke on their masters? If they would act with as much intelligence and foresight as the latter, the economic problem would be settled in short order.

SKETCHES OF LABOR HISTORY.

I.

The present wide discontent of the laboring masses has suggested this inquiry into the causes that produce such discontent, the trend it is taking and the possible outcome of the efforts to remove it. A brief review of the great labor struggles of history will suffice to convince us that there has always been a labor question; that labor has ever been discontented.

At a very early period in the history of the race men were divided into two classes—one the ruling, the other the ruled; the one which commanded, the other which obeyed, one the master class, the other the slave class.

Men have not developed their intellectual faculties at an equal ratio with each other. That is to say, they are not equal intellectually no more than they are equal in physical powers. The men that first began prying into the mysteries of nature soon commenced turning their knowledge to practical account. Their ambitions became aroused, they dreamt of glory, of wealth, of power, and soon set themselves to the task of attaining them. They used their knowledge to hoodwink the credulous masses of mankind, that easily became a prey to their craft and guile. A priesthood was established. The twin brothers, the Church and State, were born, and the people became their vassals, bowed down and worshipped them; and they have not ceased to do so yet.

With the birth of Church and State, and the establishment of written laws for the regulation of conduct according to the dictums of kings and priests, came the establishment of the working, or slave classes, in contradistinction to the idle, or ruling class.

Discontent soon began manifesting itself among the workers, and has continued to this day; for the cause has not yet been removed. The yoke of slavery is a galling yoke; and while the chains no longer bind our limbs, our slavery is still complete. For those who own the means by which we live, may command their own price, and we have but to pay or starve.

Whenever a nation becomes rich, it also becomes poor, and finally dies from the starvation of being rich.

Only the Pyramids remain of what was once the rich and proud Egyptian nation. The upper class was killed by debauchery, the lower class by oppression and starvation. The temples and spires raised to the glory of debauched and puppet kings and which lined the banks of the beautiful Nile have all crumbled away. The only account we have of the display of discontent among the Egyptian slaves is where we read of the brickmakers complaining against making bricks without straw.

Greece had her labor question, and dearly did she pay for it. Labor built beautiful Athens with its Parthenon and other marvels of architecture. It toiled and sweat that the parasites might have glory and wealth, that the soldiers might destroy, and have honor and rank; and that the Socrates, Platos and Aristotles might discuss learnedly on every subject under the sun, except the labor subject.

How little thought the thinkers of those days gave to the labor question is well illustrated by Plato and Aristotle. Plato, the great Plato, could not dream of an ideal Republic without having a system of slavery in it. And Aristotle, one of the wisest of men, he who laid

the foundation for all our systems of knowledge, says in his "Politics" that the best and the most perfect commonwealth, is the one that provides for the happiness of all its members. We would rise to applaud this grand truth if we had not read further on that "although artisans and trades of every kind are necessary to a State they are not parts of it."

Thus we see the learned Greeks did not regard those who fed them as men, but as necessary tools to the perpetuation of the State. Aristotle later was gracious enough to say that possibly a working man had half a soul. "Slaves we must have," thought the Greeks, "and slaves are slaves, and cannot be men like us, and that settles it."

I said that Greece paid dearly for her neglect of the labor question. This is how it happened: In the third century before Christ, the rivalry that existed between Athens and Sparta culminated in a war between these two cities, a war for the leadership of Greece. This war lasted twenty-seven years, and ended in the defeat and partial destruction of Athens. Her slaves, who furnished the munitions of war, under the whips of cruel masters, struck, and went over to Spartans, who offered them more pay, and proud Athens fell. She had neglected the source of her power and greatness,—the laborer. It was unpatriotic of them to desert, but what could Athenians expect from men whom they regarded as less worthy of consideration than their dogs?

The Romans went out and conquered nations and brought hordes of prisoners back to Rome. These they chained and put down into mines. They were never again permitted to see the light of day, once they descended into those living tombs. How horrible the contemplation of such a living death! Others again were trained as gladiators and forced into the arena to slaughter each other for the amusement of the aesthetic Roman aristocracy. This was a more "civilized" way of treating the laborers than that of their earlier ancestors, who ate their prisoners. But it was no less despicable and vastly more cruel and painful. J. F.

INDUSTRIALISM VS. POLITICS.

Votes, as well as laws upon the statute books, says Walter C. Smith, in Industrial Worker, require an economic organization for their enforcement, and industrialists are prone to remark that if their union has power to enforce the desires of its membership they care not to wait four years to vote; nor do they care whether their demands be upon the statutes of the state. Even the political socialists hold that laws are made and administered on behalf of the ruling class because these rulers possess the means of production and distribution; yet they inconsistently advocate the notion that a change in laws will shear them of their power.

Finally, industrialists oppose political action because they know the parliamentary position to be at fault and because they realize their own self-sufficiency. The class struggle exists in the mines, mills, factories and workshops, on the farm and in the forests; not at the ballot box. It exists continually; not once every two or four years. Political parties are formed because of a similarity of opinion; the industrial union is based upon the identity of interest of all wage-workers.

A socialist political party must necessarily, because of its construction and tactics, become less radical in time. Recruits are sought from

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STRIKE

Sons and daughters born of toil,
Whom the proud, the rich, despoil,
Will you longer starve and moil,
Driven like dumb beasts?
Comes a time for this to end;
Selfish power shall surely bend;
No mind and body spent
For their idle feasts.

Let all service halt. Be done!
Night by night, and sun by sun,
None shall labor; no, not one,
Nor heed them any more.
Clasp each comrade hand in hand;
Be as friend thro'out the land;
Swear an oath to stanchly stand
Till Mammon's rule is o'er.

They have strength, but so have you;
They are rich; be you then true?
Wrong is old, your hope is new;
Yield not, and they yield!
You have life and you have light;
You have truth and wisdom's might;
On your side there stands the right;
Learn the right to wield.

Starve and smile, nor break with care;
Fail not, tho' your back be bare,
Nor shelter greet you anywhere—
Victory loves the brave!
Let them crowd their prisons well;
Let their tortures taste of hell;
Triumph shall ring thru the knell,
Tho' you find a grave.

Think, think, only of your cause
Care not for the world's applause;
Fear no vile enjoining laws;
Strong be heart and brain.
Strong until the masters pale,
Strong until their hands shall quail,
Strong until their power must fail
'Neath your grand disdain!

Strike at forge, at mine, at mill;
Strike at loom, at lathe, at still;
Be the prospect well or ill,
Strike unitedly!
Power and arms and gold defy—
Strike against the social lie;
Strike until oppressions die;
Strike for liberty!

—WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

every region of discontent, regardless of their knowledge of socialism. These new members modify the program so that it may serve as bait to those who are slightly less radical than themselves. This continues until the party is committed to the defense of every decaying institution and is nursing an ardent desire for votes and a wish to make socialism respectable in the eyes of its enemies.

On the economic field no worker joins except through economic causes and each member adds strength to the organization because of a consciousness of greater power. As strength is gained the union makes even greater demands of the employing class; in fact, becomes more revolutionary. The industrial union fights the every-day battles of the workers and at the same time builds up the structure of a new society.

The state is simply the mailed fist of industry and can not be wielded to the workers' purposes. Industrial unionists know that no institution has ever been changed by agreeing with it; and that dissolution takes place only when an organization on the inside grows powerful enough to cast aside the shell and function of itself. So did capitalism grow in feudalism, finally bursting the bonds that held it in leash; and so must industrialism grow within capitalism until it develops the power to cast aside the outgrown covering, political and otherwise, and emerge as the workers' world—the Industrial Republic.

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THE CRIMINALITY OF BUSINESS

(Concluded)

Every man is more or less cautious, crafty and diplomatic, and these things are all foreign to truth and honesty. All of us respect the weaknesses of human nature because we are also human, the only thing is we must not be too human. We must not be weak enough to waylay a woman in the street, but strong enough to ruin her privately and escape detection.

We must not be weak enough to hold people up in the highway, but strong enough to be merchant princes and rob them by paying them less than enough wages to live upon decently. The world admires strength and not weakness; look how it receives the poet and how it receives the pugilist. Look how society receives us and how we are sought after by mothers with marriageable daughters.

We are regarded as the friends of womanhood, as upright, law-abiding citizens. We rob the people and then give some of the booty back to them in the way of public institutions, and they call us great. Great are the people and great are the men and the things which they call great!

Suppose you were the father of all the women in Chicago, whose fate would cause you the most sorrow, the ones occasionally ravished and murdered or that of the thousands unpaid and underfed victims of the system we uphold? There are at least fifty thousand prostitutes in Chicago, and if they were all your daughters you could not believe that all of them are what they are through choice. And you are not different from fifty thousand other fathers whose children are forced into vice and crime by a system which makes it impossible for every one to live decent lives.

Prostitutes are what they are because they are not strong enough to meet and triumph over modern commercial conditions, and while we do not care so long as our own daughters escape, we should not try to deceive each other by saying we are honest and useful citizens. I am not trying to convince you that you are a consummate scoundrel in order to reform you that you may try to reform the world. As a friend I simply do not like to see you in error in regard to yourself.

Another thing, when talking about crime (I mean that of thugs, ravishers, highwaymen, and so on, and am not talking about ourselves) rampant in Chicago, don't cease to blame the saloons and dance halls. Continue to represent the saloon as the breeding place of the thug and thus keep popular attention turned away from ourselves and the system for which we stand. Continue to support the newspapers with large advertisements, for as long as we give them a part of the plunder they will continue to give the people editorial chaff and front-page sensations.

Both the press and the pulpit are solidly with us, and we must join them in assailing the saloon as often and as violently as possible. One saloon to every two or three hundred people indicates that something is wrong, but it is not the saloon that is wrong but rather that which causes people to go into the saloon business. It must be easier to go into the saloon business than into ours, else more people would be going into our business.

The money required to open a saloon would start a small dry goods store, but men like ourselves have so monopolized business opportunities that men who would otherwise engage in respectable pursuits are compelled to open "dives" or starve. And when capital monopolizes the saloon business, as it is now attempting to do, we will see the opening of still lower dives and places of popular resort. Where people are unable to amuse themselves with the artistic which always comes high they fall back upon the coarse and vulgar which may always be had cheaply.

A beautiful woman, and even she who is not beautiful, may always have an audience to see her make a vulgar exhibition of herself, and as the poverty of the people deepens the number of women who will make such exhibitions grows. What is true of women is also true of men, and thus social vice of all kinds traces itself back to the fundamental cause, the social system which we uphold.

Take all of the saloon men of Chicago and those who patronize them and place them alongside of an equal number of clergy, newspaper men and owners of department stores, and if you do not tag them you cannot tell them apart. But still let us not tell the truth about the saloons, for we need them in our business, and so while we have no real desire to do

away with them it is well to blame them with all the ills from which society suffers. This helps the church along and the church does more than anything else to keep the people in ignorance to the great benefit of ourselves.

Well, my friend, I think I have quite accomplished what I set out to accomplish, prove that our conduct in the city of Chicago is as reprehensible as that of its worst criminals. And now that we understand each other better we can work more successfully for the contemplated increase of our business during the coming years as well as for the giving of the city the great public institutions we hope to give her, as a constant reminder to future generations of the greatness and goodness of ourselves and our methods.

EDWIN RENARD

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BRAZILIAN NAVAL MUTINEERS.

Last year we read of a sudden mutiny of Brazilian sailors, how they had put themselves in possession of one of the large warships and threatened to direct its guns on Rio de Janeiro. Those who have even the slightest notion of the absolute submission in the navy can understand that only unendurable conditions could have driven those men to open mutiny. The authorities were dumfounded at the daring of their sailors. The Brazilian Parliament, which was sitting at the time, offered the mutineers full amnesty if they surrendered. This the men did, relying on the promise of Parliament. But the military and naval authorities had other ideas about the sacred discipline which has to be maintained in spite of honorable promises. Parliament went into recess for Christmas, when the military and naval chiefs had for at least a time a free hand. The commander, Marquis da Rocha, then found a fiendish way of punishing the sailors who were still under arrest.

The Correio da Manha (Brazil) gives some details of how those poor men were tortured on the Island of Cobras, situated a few hundred yards from the capital, Rio de Janeiro. The solitary cells are meant to receive a single prisoner, who has not even enough space to stretch himself on the floor of his cell. The only ventilation is a small, barred hole in the door; even in the middle of the day those cells are in utter darkness. In these cells the sailors were put, not one in a cell, but twelve to fourteen men in each of these holes! The last arrivals had literally to be packed and pressed in before the door could close....The poor wretches, unable to move, soon began to feel the torture of their condition, and to realize that it was meant as a new and cruel way of killing them. Towards eight o'clock in the evening, from the interior of those cells cries of supplication and anguish were heard:—"for the sake of the flag which we have served, commander, have pity on us! For the sake of yourself and those you love, have pity on us!" Later, their appeals for help proving useless, cries of revolt and fury, violent maledictions were heard:—"Cowards! You fled when we had guns to defend our rights. You offered us amnesty only to kill us easier."

An officer on duty who had heard all, addressed himself to the Commander, Marquis da Rocha, explaining the dreadful suffering of the unhappy sailors, but he obtained only this answer:—"Leave them alone. Do not open the doors of the cells!....." Towards midnight the cries ceased. The poisoned air of the solitary cells had begun its work. When in the morning the doors were opened the corpses fell down. Joao Canido and some others were not yet dead; they were dragged out. What happened afterwards to these men is unknown.

The next evening a heavily laden barge, without any light, approached the beach of Caju, where the cemetery is situated. The administrator of the cemetery seemed to have been warned of the visit, and in a short time the corpses were transported from the barge to the cemetery. By order, all was done in darkness. Before leaving, the sergeant in charge of the barge said that next morning another load of ten corpses would arrive. So the sixteen sailors, tortured and killed, were laid silently and secretly in their tomb.....

Till now it is impossible to know what befell

the other sailors who trusted the word of honor of the authorities.—London Freedom.

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

Headquarters of Locals 62 to 16, I. W. W., 273 Gratiot Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Whereas, The Mexican people have been subjected to inexpressible degradation under the so-called Republican form of government, which is an abominable farce, having arrived at the limit of their endurance and having risen in revolt against their despot, Diaz, and his coterie of fellow vultures to overthrow the leeches that have been sucking the life blood of the working class, and,

Whereas, The Mexican people have been subjected to slavery, the workers being denied the right to organize and the free use of the ballot, without which there can be no liberty. The industrial conditions are such as would make Russia look like a Utopean paradise.

Whereas, The American pirates of Wall Street, Morgan, Rockefeller, Aldrich, Guggenheim, are in partnership with the unspeakable monster, Diaz, for the purpose of exploiting the Mexican people to the limit of their endurance. The wealth of that country that should belong to all the people is controlled almost exclusively by the American robber barons, who have shown an utter disregard for human life and liberty, and,

Whereas, Our so-called President, Taft, who is the poorest excuse of American manhood that ever served the master class, at the behest of the Morgans and Robafellers called out their organized murder brigade, commonly known as the American army, who Taft himself has termed "the scum of the country," to crush the cause of liberty for which our forefathers fought and died; Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the Industrial Workers of the World, of Detroit, assembled, do solemnly protest against the army being used by Taft in the interest of the capitalist class of the United States to keep the working class of Mexico in subjection. Our words are as adequate to express our condemnation of that reprehensible infamy as the physical energy of a gnat to stop the progress of this capitalist owned earth in its orbit. If the army is afflicted with inertia, they could be put at some useful labor where they would confer a benefit on humanity; and be it further

Resolved, That we pledge our moral and financial support to the limit of our resources to assist our fellow workers in that plutocrat-cursed country to not only win their present struggle, but also to win their final emancipation. And be it further

Resolved, That we send a copy of these resolutions to the President, the congressman from this district, our fellow workers in Mexico and the Press.

HUBERT THORNE,
Secretary.

AT HOME.

To us unlearned city people the process of preparing the soil and planting the seed is extremely interesting—I mean it's interesting to watch the other people work. Tilling the soil has ever been regarded a lowly occupation—by the fellows who did the writing, the praying and the loafing.

It is one of the greatest marks of human stupidity that people should despise those who feed them. I am ashamed of the ancestry that invented the stigma, and I am doubly ashamed of the contemporaries that perpetrate it.

Women were the first agriculturists. They turned the sod with a crooked stick, while their masters, the men, stretched in the shade and urged them on with tender curses—between naps.

Women are still on the job, as a cursory glance at the Home gardeners will show. But, to the credit of the men, be it said, they dig in and help.

Among the recent settlers are Dr. Rasnick and wife, of New York. Bessie Brout and her boy, "Bobbie," from Seattle, and the Halpern family from Frisco.

Bessie is located near the wharf, where she has hotel accommodations for visitors.

Dr. Rasnick is looking after our masticators and the Halperns are busy building a "neat little cot on the hill."

THE AGITATOR EXCURSION

The second annual excursion to Home Colony, given by The Agitator Group of Seattle, will take place on

SUNDAY, JUNE 11th.

The steamer "Fairhaven" will leave Pier 3, foot of Madison street, at 8 a. m. sharp, returning in the evening.

Baseball, dancing, boating and other amusements will be provided.

Refreshments served on the boat. Dinner at Home, 50 cents. Tickets, \$1.00. Children under 12, 50 cents. Tickets for sale at Lavroff's stand, 604 Third Ave., and Raymer's old book store, 1522 First Ave.

Judging from the success of the trip last summer, the demand for tickets will be trebled this year.

The number of tickets is limited, so if you wish to be sure of the opportunity to take this delightful trip, get your tickets now.

Some New Fighters.

"The Masses," a socialist monthly published at 112 East Nineteenth St., New York, 50 cents a year, is in its fourth number. In style and makeup it reminds one of "The Comrade," a magazine that died some years ago because it was too good to live. From a literary viewpoint "The Masses" strikes even a higher key.

Its editorial staff includes such talent as Thomas Sultzer, George Allen English, Eugene Wood and Ellis O. Jones. Long live "The Masses."

RECEIPTS

S. Lavroff, and A. Marcus, \$5; Wassilefsky, \$3; N. Hurman, Muirhead, Nielsen, Lerner, Louche, each \$1; Lang, 50 cents. Axelsson, Kremer, each \$1; Wilhite, 50 cents. Wolf, 25 cents;

SOME VERY WORTHY PERIODICALS.

<p>"SOLIDARITY." A weekly revolutionary working class paper. Published by P. O. Box 622, I. W. W. NEWCASTLE, PA.</p>	<p>"MOTHER EARTH" Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature. 10c a copy. \$1 a year EMMA GOLDMAN, Publisher 210 E. 13th. St., New York, N. Y.</p>
<p>"FREEDOM" A Monthly Journal of Anarchist Communism. 36c per year. 127 Ossulton Street, London, N. W., England</p>	<p>"INDUSTRIAL WORKER" A Weekly Agitator For Revolutionary Industrial Union. Published by I. W. W., 236 Main st. Spokane, Wn \$1 a year, Foreign, \$1.50</p>

For Sale—in Home—a two-story frame house of seven rooms, bathroom, pantry and cellar, with two acres of land, partially cleared. Well situated, commanding an excellent view of bay and mountains. Full particulars may be had of THE AGITATOR.

For Sale—near Home: seventeen acres uncleared waterfront timber land; will divide. Apply to THE AGITATOR.

For exchange—Dental work; for any other kind of work. Apply to THE AGITATOR.

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.

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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.

LORENZ BROS., OWNERS.