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

VOL. 1.

THE PASSING SHOW.

THE KIDNAPPING OF THE THREE.

The promptness of the response of organized labor to the call of duty in the Los Angeles kidnapping 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 throughout the country that saved the lives of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone.

The gang of vengeant seeking brutes in Los Angeles, who work their nefarious rascality under the high sounding name of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, have nothing to do with 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 squealer, 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-caoked soul. Incidentally his "confessions" implicated the labor leaders. But the pretended religious fervor assayed 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 trage-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 it is--so long as somebody is. Otherwise no such institution will be a safe place to work in, and no such boss will get insurance on his carcass.

A few labor leaders strong hing 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 goeses, 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 strikes 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 have been 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 with them.

The Time for the Army to Strike.

The time for rebel warriers 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 property 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 "rull off" by the capitalists.

Muscatine, la., 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? Yes, even better.

Women are well worth watching when it comes to radical action. They are by nature direct actionists, and it is in 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, pan-"

THE AGITATOR

SKETCHES OF LABOR HISTORY.

The present wide discontent of the laboring masses has suggested this inquiry into the causes that produce such discontent, the trend it is tacking and the possibilities 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 rate with each other. That is to say, they are not equal intellectually 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 of 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, tending to the dictums of kings and priests, came the establishment of the working, or slave classes, in contradiction 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 gallling 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 debauch and puppet kings and which lined the banks of the beautiful Nile all have crumbled away. The only account we have of the display of discontent among the Egyptian slaves is where we read of the brickmakers complainig 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 parasitic might have glory and wealth, that the soldiers might destroy, and have honor and rank; and that the Sovereets, Patrois 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 Aristotel. Plato, the great Plato, could not dream of an ideal Republic without having a system of slavery in it. And Aristotile, 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, and the possibility 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.

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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 humane, but only those of us must not respect them. We must not be weak enough to waylay a woman in the street, but strong enough to rule 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 of their earnings less than the honest wages to live upon decently. The world admires strength and not weakness; look how it receives the poet and how it receives the puffin. 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 upstanding, 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 you cause the most sorrow, the ones occasionally ravished and murdered or that of the thousands unpaid and underfeeding victims of the system we uphold? There are at least fifty thousand and possibly more and all the things you are doing to your daughters you could not believe of all of them are what they are through choice. And you are not different from the fathers whose women 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 they do so with the proper safeguard, 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 not sentimental seconded in order to reform you that you may try to reform the world. As I simply do not like to see you in regard to the ethics of the nation.

Another thing, when talking about crime (I mean that of thievery, 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 thing and they 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 the pan 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 can sway the minds of the saloon so often and as violently as possible. One saloon to every two or three hundred people indicates that something is wrong with the saloons that it 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 to open a crime bureau, 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 "dive" or saloons. And when capital monopolizes the saloon business, as it is now attempting to do, we will see the opening of still lower forms of saloon descent. 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 good garb enhance her beauty and the people deepen the number of women who will make such exhibitions grows. What is true of women is true of society and of civic arts, and in some kind of traces itself back to the fundamental cause, the social system which we uphold.

Take all of humanity in Chicago and those who patronize them and place alongside of an equal number of clergy, newspaper men and owners of apartment stores who but 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 ill 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, the reputation of the business conducts 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 the public wealth during the coming years as well as for the giving of the city the great public institutions we hope to give her. As a constituent reminder to more generations of the greatness and goodness of ourselves and our methods.

EDWIN REWARD

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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 drive out the government if the men were to be discharged. This time they have even the slightest notion of the absolute submission in the navy can understand that only uncontrollable conditions could have driven those men to open mutiny. The authorities were dumbfounded 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 was in session 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, 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 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 right o’clock in the evening, from the interior of those cells of supplication and anguish were heard:—"for the sake of the flag which we have served, command, 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 maladies were heard:—"Courage! 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 those 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. 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 side by side and secretly in their tomb.

Till now it is impossible to know what belittled the other sailors who trusted the word of honor of the authorities.—London Freedom.

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

Headquarters of Locales 62 to 10, I. W. W., 271 Grant Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Whereas, The Mexican people have been subjected to a cumulative and irresistible 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 downtrodden lot, 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 such as are made Russia look like a Utopian 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 Morgan-Heimles and Rockefeller called out their organized murder brigade, commonly known as the American army, that Taft himself has termed the "scum of the country," to crush the cause of liberty for which our forefathers fought, 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 as to express our condemnation of that reprehensible infamy as the physical energy of a gaz to stop the progress of this capitalist owned work in its own country, when it is afflicted with ills, 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 photogenic-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 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 do not stop to consider 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 menfolk, the men in the shade above, 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. Rasmick and wife, of New York, Bessie Brout and her boy, "Bobbie," from Seattle, and the Haefnern family from Frisco.

Bessie is located near the wharf, where she has hotel accommodations for visitors. Dr. Rasmick is looking after our masticators and the Haefners are busy building a "little neat 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.

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.


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. It is styled and its fame gives it a "The Comrade," a magazine that does some years ago because it was too good to live. From a literary viewpoint, "The Masses" strikes even a higher key.

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