THE AGITATOR
A SEMI-MONTHLY ADVOCATE OF THE MODERN SCHOOL, INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM, INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM
VOL. 1.
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THE PASSING SHOW.
Money Versus Men.
The trial of the McNamara brothers will be one of the most important acts in the great social drama, "Labor vs. Capital." The destruction of the Times building will be merely the legal phase of the matter. The real battle will be between men and money. Every lover of mankind, every friend of progress, every real man and woman will be arrayed on the side of the McNamara.

Every capitalist, every lickspittle, every tool of tyranny, every jabbering idiot, whose mushy pate is filled with the yellow froth of modern journalism, will be with Mad Otis.

For the moment Otis typifies the money power, while McNamara stands for man. The lines are being tightly drawn. Every man must take his place on one side or the other. There is no neutral ground in this battlefield. You are either for us or against us.

If you are indifferent, take to the woods, hunt a safe retreat and burden us not with any hypocritical soft talk.

Roosevelt has tried to disguise his attitude by passing as philanthropist. But the bungling bully has made a sorry mess of himself in the Outlook.

"Murder is murder," says he, profoundly. "Assassins are assassins, say I. But what has that to do with the kidnapings of the McNamara? What to bring to the half million subscribed by the bosses some months ago to further the cause of open shipwreck? Who is paying gum shoe Burns and his gang of bloodthirsties? Who is paying Rogers and his bunch of legal sharks? Who is preparing the public mind for the expected slaughter by publishing wild stories of "dastardly crimes committed by this filthy gang of dynamiters?" Who is it that has assumed all the pre-eminence of the state and city, and is pursuing the prosecution of these poor, shackled, helpless, working men with all the vigor of hungry wolves trailing their prey?

What is the impulse that is urging this gang of capitalists higher and higher to assume the labor and expense of prosecuting public 'criminals'? What ingrate dares question the public spirit and philanthropy of Otis and Kirby?

In view of all the facts in the case, so far disclosed, the mouthings of syphilitic molly-coddles like Roosevelt are disgusting.

Shall We Petition Congress?
The social democrats are urging us to petition Congress to make a public investigation of the kidnapping of the McNamara. How such an inquiry can help the men now on trial for their lives is quite beyond my understanding. Such an investigation would take months to complete. While under way public attention would be diverted from the trial. The forces that should be concentrated in Los Angeles would be divided. The men would be railroaded to the gallows, while the public eye would be turned toward Congress. Even should an investigation prove the kidnapping illegal before the men are tried, what good would that do?

It would only delay the case and keep the men longer in the pain of suspense. The legal forms are in the hands of the enemy, and the supreme court has decided, in the case of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, that kidnapping is constitutional.

The Socialists agree with us that Congress is in the mit of the millionaires. If they really believe this, where is their consistency in petitioning that subsidized body in behalf of Labor? It is either rank hypocrisy or damnable. From whatever standpoint one approaches the question, he arrives at one or the other of these dilemmas; and there don't seem to be any choice between them.

There is only one possible explanation for this foolish action on the part of the social democrats, and this explanation proves the falsity of their position and the utter uselessness of "success" at the ballot box.

They have a member in Congress, whose election has been hailed as one of the greatest triumphs of Socialism and Labor in America. This class conscious Congressman had to do something in behalf of his class. All he could do was to introduce a bill. He did his best. The bill is in committee; and if reported favorable will be one of the most disastrous things that can happen to the men on trial.

That is the very best politics can do. Berger is not to be blamed. He went the limit. It is well he did. We all now see the limit of politics.

A General Strike.
The efficiency of methods are finely contrasted by the position the I. W. W. has taken in the McNamara affair.

On the day these fellow workers are put on trial for their lives, say the I. W. W., let the workers of America drop their tools, let the wheels of commerce cease to turn, let a General Strike be declared. Tie up the country. Paralyze the system. Show the world the real power of Labor.

These are not the words, but the essence, of the Industrialists' position. How majestically it stands out when compared with the petty Bourgeois petition-Congress position of the social democrats!

The day of appeals and petitions are gone by, if they ever existed. Power is the only weapon of progress. Pleaders never yet won a victory. The bosses understand this natural law only too well. They never plead, they take. They never petition, they send a battlship after what they want.

It is the workers who have crippled and crawled in the mire; who have they got after centuries of begging? They still have the weight of the world on their shoulders, with its pains and palpitations; and it will rest there securely till eternity, if they will do nothing more radical than petition and plead and arbitrate.

Stop feeding your tormentors, fellow workers. Cease making the cannon with which you are shot. Stop running the trains that carry your pleasure-seeking masters. Cease belief in the law whose meshes trap you.

Drop your tools, strike! Strike for the liberty of your fellow toilers in Los Angeles basin. Strike for their liberty, for only as you strike for the liberty of your fellows will you attain to your own.

Taft and Union Labor.
The President spoke before a Railway Union convention the other day and, among other things, said he could not see how the government could tolerate a union among its employees.

"What would the government do in case of a strike?" he asked in his suave, legal manner.

The fetish, Government. The all-powerful, all-mastering modern god, how dare we think of crossing its divine desires! What? Strike against the U. S. Government! 'Treason! Treason!' That's the proper name for it. "There's never a crime but the law can name."

It is a very healthy sign of the times is the manner in which they slavery in the government service are nursing the spirit of discontent.

Uncle Sam is no longer the fetish he used to be. The under-paid, over-worked men and women in his employ are harboring strange ideas about his goodness and justice.

The spirit of unionism is growing among them and it is only a matter of time when they will have a union—an Industrial Union embracing all employees in the postoffice and other departments.

The government service must be brought down to the level of every other employer. The French workers are not afraid of their government. They strike against it as frequently as against other employers.

Some day the workers in the government employ will have to take their place beside the rest of us in the big strike that is coming when all employers, high and low, will be elevated to the heights of labor.

Strikers Start a Paper.
In London the printers on strike for a shorter work day have started a daily labor paper, and it is meeting with good success. These printers are wise. The day is not far off when the workers as a whole won't stand around idle waiting for the bosses to "settle" with them, but will pitch right in and produce for themselves, and let the terrified masters see what they can do about it.

JAY FOX.
THE POWER OF THE PLUTOCRAT.
"I think that nowadays if—I do not say some prominent villain such as Nero, but—some most ordinary man of business wished to make a pond of human blood for diseased rich people to bathe in when ordered to do so by their learned medical advisers, he would not be prevented from arranging it, if only he observed the accepted and respectable forms; that is, did not use violence to make people shed their blood, but got them into such a position that they would not live without shedding it; and if, also, he engaged priests and scientists; the former to consecrate the new pond as they consecrate cannons, iron-clads, prisons and gallows; and the latter to find proofs of the necessity for wars and brothels."—Leo Tolstoy.
THE AGITATOR

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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 against war and militarism is begun, very soon every young worker will be forced to serve two or more years in the army learning the noble art of killing his fellow-workers, in the most scientific manner the genius of war can devise.

It is coming, and there is no use sinking our heads in the sand of tradition. American tradition has taken to the tall timber long ago. Big business calls for big guns, and plenty of them; and big business never yet balked at anything, either in heaven or on the earth, when its interests are at stake. Big business goes after what it wants in a manner most glorious to emulate. It knows the value of power, of unity, of direct action, if you please.

It is up to every young man who would save his honor from the taint of enforced military service, all parents who would save their children from the inhuman taunt, to join in the agitation against war and its brutal consequences.

The miners of Springhill, Nova Scotia, have been on strike for over twenty months, fighting for recognition of their union. Fight it out, boys. Progress is a battlefield.

The J. F. L. has sent out a circular letter appealing for funds for the defense of the McNamara brothers.

J. F.

TO THE FIREBRAND SUBSCRIBERS

Owing to the continued ill-health of the publisher, The Firebrand has been compelled to suspend publication. The last issue bears date of November, 1910. All subscriptions and donations received since that date have been returned.

The Agitator will fill all unexpired subscriptions. Those who are already subscribers to The Agitator will have their subscriptions extended.

Comrade Jay Fox has very kindly consented to this arrangement, although there is no financial remuneration for The Agitator, and I trust that The Firebrand readers will demonstrate the same spirit by renewing their subscription to The Agitator.

Fraternally,
ROSS WINN,

TOLSTOY AND REACTION

In an article in the New York Call on "Tolstoy's Philosophy of Life," J. B. Garry concluds as follows:

"Notwithstanding the breadth and the wide appeal of many of his views, Leo Tolstoy was a great artist, but philosophically, merely a social reactionary, with his face turned toward Calvary and his eyes averted from the rising sun—social democracy."

Well, to call Tolstoy a "reactionary" without ample proof to back the statement is certainly unfair.

It cannot be for the reason that Tolstoy had his "face turned toward Calvary" that the writer comes to that conclusion, for in the same article the writer declares that he was "not a Christian in any orthodox sense of the word. Love, service, consideration—these constitute the essence of Christianity, and form the basis of life, according to Tolstoy's view." He certainly despised miracles and dogmas in the most decided manner; so his reaction must be credited to him for having "his eyes averted from the rising sun—social democracy."

Well, according to his views, social democracy is going to be realized only and not before the individual will first reform and democratize himself; for the individual is the unit—therefore, the source of society.

He did not believe in the class struggle, as he did not in class rule! he denounced all government, all man-made law, all authority. "The basis of authority is bodily violence." Again, "The man who is controlled by moral influences acts in accordance with his own desires. Authority, in the sense in which the word is ordinarily understood, is a means of forcing a man to act in opposition to his desires. The man who submits to authority does not do as he chooses, but as he is obliged by authority." ("The Kingdom of God is Within You," p. 173.)

His revolution is not a bloody one, as you can readily see from the following lines: "There can be only one permanent revolution—a moral one; the regeneration of the inner man" (Some Social Remedies, p. 29). According to him, force can not overcome evil. "Resist no evil with force," for it cannot be a perfect cure, it is merely shifting vice, power and oppression from one direction to another. "To utilize violence is impossible; it would only cause reaction. To join the ranks of the government is also impossible—one would only become its instrument. One course, therefore, remains to fight the government by means of thought, speech, action, life, neither yielding to government nor joining its ranks and thereby increasing its power." (Ibid, p. 27.)

Her certainly goes to the root of the evil. "Smite the capital, that the sills may quake."—Amos ix:1. In order to attain the Golden Age, true brotherhood, we want in individual to reform, to regenerate, for only through the uplift of the individual can society be elevated to a higher plane of civilization. He urges the individual to cast away all superfluities or dress, diet, etc.; to commence with one's self at once; not to delay the practice of all higher sentiments until after the Social Revolution. Before tumults and morals, yourself become moral and humane, as he says: "And yet in our world everybody thinks of changing humanity and nobody thinks of changing himself!" (Ibid, p. 29).

No one has more emphasized the need of more importance, practiced such ideas, "reactionaries" is to be shortsighted. The facts is that Tolstoy had "strong insight of human nature, his vision was broad, he had eagle eyes; as a single individual he was most probably unsurpassed in searching after the truth.

His feelings were tender and noble, he was highly susceptible; but his keen intellect, his reasoning faculty was his guide. So I, at least, can hardly see where his reaction comes in. If he differed from the political socialists, if he abhorred all government, that, is no reason to class him as a reactionary. According to my opinion he was the greatest moral force of our generation. He was the leading figure of our times, the most conspicuous soul of modern times.

M. L. LITTAUER.

SABOTAGE IN FRANCE

Sabotage is a subtle strike method which is causing no little perturbation in France at the present time. Complaints of delay in the delivery of goods by railroads are accumulating, and questions are being asked in the Chamber about it.

It is on the State managed Western Railway that the disorder seems worst. At headquarters they say that the cause of the disorganization is the want of sufficient rolling stock, but it has been shown that at the moment there were 700 freight trucks filled with merchandise sidetracked near the racecourse of Maisons-Laffitte and 280 cars lost in the depths of the Forst Saint Germain. Many of these have not moved from where they are since the beginning of December, and not a few of them contain perishable goods.

There whispers a sinister cause for all this trouble. This is what is coming to be known as a mere percée, literally the "perry strike," which may freely be translated as the "cutie" strike.

It will be recalled that during the recent strike of railworkers they were forced to submission by the employment by the French government of soldiers, the men themselves being called on as reservists to take part in putting down the strike. This action was very largely resented by the chemists, and though they had to yield they swore to find a means of getting even. What if what is said to be going on just now is true, they have invented a new and subtle means of reprisal, which leaves them immune and causes endless trouble and expense to the railway companies. This may be called the delicate art of sending things astray. Here is a practical example.

A goods car leaves Havre for Paris. By an unhappy mistake, the author of which can never be traced, it is turned aside on route and arrives, perhaps, ultimately at Lille. Again, the tickets of destination attached to the cars somehow get detached and mixed, and goods for one town find their way to another, and it is all a mix up and nobody can explain the reason for it all.

Employees may notice that cars have come their way which should have gone elsewhere, but they shut their eyes and pass them on. Only the other day a train containing 500 cattle and 1,000 pigs due at Paris failed to arrive and the
THE AGITATOR

THE SHADOW-CHILD

Why do the wheels go whirring round,
Mother, mother?
Oh, I see, they gants bound,
And they growl forever.
Yes, fury gants underground,
Shadows, little daughter.
Forever turn the wheels around,
And rumble, grumble ever.

Why do I pick the threads all day,
Mother, mother?
White sunshine children are at play,
And must I work forever.
Yes, I am shadow: the live long day,
Daughter, little daughter.
Your hands must pick the threads away
And feel sunshine never.

Why do the birds sing in the sun,
Mother, mother?
If all day long I run and run
Run with the wheels forever.

The bird may sing till day is done,
Daughter, little daughter,
But with your wheels your feet must run—

The wheels are always turning bright;
Do they grow sleepless never?
Oh, baby things, secret and white,
Daughter, little daughter.
The big wheels grind us in their might,
And they will grind forever.
And we will weep and never spin,
Mother, mother?
And the white cloth never done—
For you and me forever.
Oh, yes, our thread will all be spun,
Daughter, little daughter,
When we lie out in the sun,
And work no more forever.

And when will come that happy day,
Mother, mother?
Oh, do we laugh and sing and play
Out in the sun forever.

The child will weep, the child will weep

There is now a forever;

HEWITT MONROE

never since been heard of.

Twice trains have failed to slow up in time to save the St. Du Nord and have ripped up the platform. "Faulty brakes," say the drivers. "Ja grave peril," say the knowing ones.
There are constant other mysterious happenings, such as trains going off the rails without apparent reason, signals being blocked, switches tampered with. Industrialist.

THE RIGHTS OF THE HORSE.

I.

Capitalist Civilization has endowed the wage-earner with the metaphysical rights of man, but this is only to rivet him more closely and more firmly to his economic duty.

"I make you free," to speak the Rights of Man to the laborer, "free to earn a wretched living and turn your employer into a millionaire; free to sell him your liberty for a mouthful of bread. Read the imperial gun you eight, ten or twelve hours in his workshops; he will not let you go till you are wearied to the marrow of your bones, till you have just enough strength left to gulp down your soup and sink into a heavy sleep.

You have but one of your rights that you may not sell, and that is the right to pay taxes. Progress and Civilization may be hard on wage-working humanity, but they have all a mother's tenderness for the animals which stupid brutes call "lower." Civilization has especially favored the equine race. It would be too great a task to go through the long list of its many benefactions; I will name but a few, of general notoriety, that I may awaken and inflame the passionate desires of the workers, now torpid in their misery.

Horses are divided into distinct classes. The equine aristocracy enjoys so many and so oppressive privileges, that if the human-faced brutes which serve them as jockeys, trainers, stable valets and grooms were not morally degraded to the point of not feeling their shame, they would have rebelled against their lords and masters, whom they run down, groom, brush and comb, also making their beds, cleaning their excrements, and receiving bites and kicks by way of thanks.

Aristocratic horses, like capitalists, do not work; and when they exercise themselves in the fields they look disdainfully, with a coupon-cliper's contempt, upon the human animals that plough and seed the lands, now and rake the meadows to provide them with oats, clover, timothy and other succulent plants.

These four-footed favorites of civilization command such social influence that they impose their wills upon the capitalists, their brothers in privilege; they force the lowest of them to come with their beautiful ladies and take tea in the stables, inhaling the acrid perfumes of their soiled and liquid excreta. And when these lords consent to parade in public, they require from ten to twenty thousand men and women to stack themselves up on uncomfortable seats, under the broiling sun, to admire their exquisitely chiselled forms and their feats of running and leaping.

It is fortunate that these horses, who can count more authentic ancestors than the houses of Orleans and Hohenzollern, have not been corrupted by their high social station; had they taken it into their heads to rival the capitalists inesthetical pretensions, profligate luxury and depraved tastes, such as weaving lace and dismond, and drinking champagne and Chateaux-Margaux, a blacker misery and more overwhelming drudgery would be impending over the class of wage-workers.

Thrice happy is it that these equine aristocrates have not taken the fancy of feeding upon human flesh, like the old Bengal tigers which rove around the villages of India to carry off women and children; if unhappily, the horses had been man-eaters, the capitalists, who can rule them nothing, would have built slums for other-houses for wage-workers, where they could carve out and dress by sifoins, woman hams and girl roasts, to satisfy their anthropophage tastes.—Paul Lafargue.

Some New Fighters.

"LIFE and LABOR" IS A WELL EDITED WORKING woman's magazine, published by the Woman's Trade Union League, 127 North Dearborn St., Chicago, monthly, $1.00 a year. Women have been slow to join us in the fight for freedom; we have kept them in the kitchen. But they are breaking out into the open road, and are building the barricades against oppression with us, and we hail them with joy.

"Der Anti-Authorizer" is a German monthly organ of Anarchist-Communism, now in its 12th number. It is vigorous in tone and number. It has been the most outspoken advocate of Freedom, and should be supported by every German lover of liberty. Address: Box 506, New York City. 50c a year.

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**THE AGITATOR**

**EMMA GOLDMAN'S LECTURES!**

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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 amuse-ments will be provided.


Judging from the success of the trip last sum-mer, 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.

Taft men friends may take regular boat at Commercial Dock 8 A. M.

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**LOOKING FOR A JOB**

A jobless worker asks why at 6 o'clock in the evening he feels like a race horse and nothing seems impossible, why he can brace up and throw out his chest and say to himself that in the morning he will go right out and find a job and ask for a job, why he can boast that he is afraid of no man on earth, and then wake up in the morning and feel like a whipped cur that has not even been in a fight.

Why, man, it's because you are a stranger on strange ground. You are a wanderer in an-other man's country. You trespass on an-other man's property and live by another man's grace.

Why, man, you are in the grip of another man's hand. You breathe by virtue of another man's will. You eat by permission of another man. You find a shack to put your body in when it is cold by the goodness of another man. You work and you are idle at the whimsical will of another man. You have a wife and chil-dren, according to the liberty that the other man gives you.

Why, man, you are a slave. You have chains around your neck and round your wrists and about your ankles. You have a lash over you and a scourge beating upon your back. You have a master squeezing the life blood out of you. You have an oppressor with an iron heel crushing you into the ground.

Why, man, you are a fool.

You can own the earth in which you sojourn. You can taste the salt in the air you are asking for. You can eat bread without any labor. You can cast away your master. You can break your chains, you can put down your oppressor.

Why, man, you can be free and hopeful and happy and have plenty.

You can if you wake up.—Daily Socialist.

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