

# THE AGITATOR

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

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## THE PASSING SHOW.

### The Martyrdom of Ferrer.

The Roman Church murdered Francisco Ferrer Oct 13th, 1909. Ferrer was not a revolutionist, in the active sense of the word. He was a teacher. He believed that all lasting revolution must begin in the youth. He did not fire a gun, he flashed a thought. His barcade was built of books. He practiced the logic of the church. He said, "Give me the minds of your children for a few years and in one generation the Revolution will be achieved and there will be no reaction; for the rebels will know what to do after the battle. I will teach them only the simple truth. I will not ram a dogma into their heads. I will not conceal from them one iota of fact. I will teach them not what to think, but **how to think.**"

The Roman Church never took kindly to anybody who could think outside of its priesthood. It early learned that a thinker soon ceased to be a believer. So it pressed the lid down tight on all knowledge. It substituted the prayer book and the Lives of the Saints for science. It hounded every man to death who dared utter a word of truth that conflicted with the "truths" it taught. It ruled the world for centuries. The period of its domination is known in history as "The Dark Ages." Dark because not a ray from the light of truth was permitted to enlighten its domain.

Of all the countries it ruled, only Spain remains in its grip; France and Portugal having lately thrown off the yoke. Ferrer tackled the monster in its lair. He challenged it to intellectual combat. He said: "I will put my mind and method against your entire priesthood. Let the children decide."

The children did decide. They flocked to the modern schools as fast as Ferrer could establish them. In a short while over sixty schools were giving the youth of Spain a taste of that for which it has hungered for a thousand years—Truth, simple and undefiled.

A secret council was held by the church, orders were given the government to "get" Ferrer, and close his schools. They "got" him and closed the schools. The shot that killed Ferrer rang around the world, and carried the modern school to every part of the globe. "Long live the Modern School."

### A Strike for Industrialism.

The railway shopmen of the Harriman system are on strike for a principle. This is not the first time, only the principle was different before. Then they struck for the principle of Trade Unionism; now they are on strike for the broader principle of **Industrial Unionism**. The big bosses are perfectly willing to treat with them as trade unionists, but draw the line on their federation.

Say the workers to the railroads: "We blot out trade lines so far as our dealings with you are concerned. We have learned it strengthens our position to deal with you as one man. We meet you as railroad men, not as tradesmen. You are all the departments rolled into one, we seek only the same footing."

The railroads make answer: "Nothing doin' in that line, fellows. These trade agreements, all expiring at different times, are good enough for us. Anyway, we don't like the looks of

that one man business, on your side of the fence. It's too much like an infringement on our plan. **It's rank Industrialism**, and if we were to permit it in the shops it would be a bad example for those fools of trainmen who are split up into half a dozen unions, each distrustful of the others; and if they took it into their heads to join your federation, where would we get off at? Notlin' doin'."

So the stockades were built, and union trainmen are hauling scabs to take the jobs of the industrialist shopmen, and Pinkertons to shoot them.

This is neither new nor strange. It has been the practice for ages that one union scab on the other by refusing to aid it. Such conduct is treason to the cause of labor, and it must be made despicable and classed as detestable as the act of direct scabbery.

Industrialists may well rejoice at this railroad strike. It doubly proves the value of their ideal. On the side of the men it shows the evolution, the trend of the labor movement towards Industrialism; and the resistance of the bosses proves the danger of Industrialism to them. It is victory, win or lose.

### SOCIETY VS. THE INDIVIDUAL

The way the capitalist system kills and maims its slaves is sad to contemplate. Harry Jenssen, a young, sensitive worker of twenty, full of life, and boiling over with the desire for Freedom, was out of work. He couldn't find a job in Tacoma. He had no bank account. He was hungry.

What was to be done? Leave the city! How? Walk! But one can get nowhere afoot in this big west.

Young Jenssen, like thousands of other free American slaves, was clearly up against it. He could either stay in Tacoma and starve, or steal a ride on the railroad he helped to build, and seek elsewhere that scarcest and cheapest of all American commodities, a job. He chose the latter, went down into the yard and boarded a freight pulling out, he knew nor cared not wherefor. What difference. He was hunting a job, and jobs are as scarce in one place as in another.

A brakeman, a fellow slave with a job—and a craft union card, no doubt—spied him on the bumpers and ordered him off. Why not? Jenssen was now a tramp, invading the scared rights of private property. What has a slave with a job in common with a jobless slave? The slave must protect the master's property. A ride on the bumpers of a freight train is private property. Jenssen must leave the train and thank his stars it's not in the grip of a policeman. He protested against leaving a moving train, but the job slave insisted and pushed him off. Jenssen fell under the wheels. He is now in the County Hospital and one of his legs is buried in the potter's field.

His fellow workers of the I. W. W. visit him daily. They have collected evidence and will bring action against the railroad.

Now the question is: What will society do for this young man whom it starved and crippled? **Nothing.** Anybody can answer that. It is the commonest knowledge.

The case of young Jenssen is the case of the working class. We are all starved in one way or another. We are all crippled, if not by the trains or the factory wheels, by the priests,

politicians and press. Society cripples us and then punishes us for being crippled. Is such a society worthy of our respect? Is it any wonder we are striving to tear it down and rebuild it on a plan that will provide all with the means to live?

### Nick Carter to the Front.

The latest stunt of the Pierce county prosecutor is to insinuate and charge, in the most glowing Nick Carter style, that I was a party to the destruction of the Los Angeles Times building. He claims to have "evidence" which he submitted to Fredericks, the district attorney of Los Angeles, but he admits that gentleman "is not as enthusiastic over it as I should think he would be."

Why isn't he enthusiastic over it? Surely Fredericks is not overlooking any evidence likely to fasten the responsibility for the Times disaster.

The answer is plain. The Pierce county "evidence" is "all rot," an expression very aptly applied to it by my attorney, Col. J. J. Anderson.

I will not dignify such absurd, sensational trash with a detailed denial; and I would not notice it at all, except that I want to call public attention to the tactics pursued by the prosecuting attorney's office.

I am to be tried in a few days on a charge of "publishing matter tending to create disrespect for law."

The alleged crime is nothing more than the exercise of my constitutional right, to criticize the finding of a court or the conduct of a trial.

Now the effect of these sensational newspaper stories about dynamite is to prejudice the minds of the jurors and the judge; in short, the whole people of the county against me, and thus make it impossible for me to get a fair trial. Prosecutor Nolte knows this very well. He also knows, if he has any knowledge of psychology, that no matter how widely this denial of his rabid talk may be circulated, it will be impossible to wholly destroy its effect.

What other effect will these stories have? They bring Mr. Nolte's name prominently before the public eye and create the impression that he is a watchful "public servant." An achievement devoutly to be wished by every young man in politics. But other men would disdain to mount the ladder of fame in such a manner.

JAY FOX.

### SOCIETY FEARS MEN OF IDEAS.

Let us not fear to say that we want men capable of evolving without stopping.

Capable of destroying and renewing their environments without cessation—of renewing themselves also.

Men whose intellectual independence will be their greatest force; who will attach themselves to nothing, always ready to accept what is best.

Happy in the triumph of new ideas, aspiring to live multiple lives in one life.

Society fears such men; we must not then hope that it will ever want an education able to give them to us.—Francisco Ferrer.

One generation abandons the enterprises of another like stranded vessels.

## THE AGITATOR

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Wherever you have met a dozen earnest men  
pledged to a new idea, you have met the beginning  
of a Revolution. Wendell Philips.

NECESSITY FOR THE MODERN SCHOOL  
I.

Were it possible for us to roll back the historic film for, say, four hundred years, and see the moving-picture of life at that date, how different would some things be, and many others—how alike to the present! Would we not see the peasantry steeped in that noxious ignorance peculiar to agricultural pursuits, and workers who were robbed of their products, ravaged by militarism, the prey of baronial despots; pursued, even in their heavy slumbers, by terrifying phantoms, spooks and devils spawned from the dizzy ideology of priest and sorcerer?

In the walled cities—the “free cities”—despite his powerful guilds, we would see the craftsman, no less than his fellow worker of the fields, robbed of his products, class-ruled, and likewise a servile victim to the “tyrannies of the dark.”

In the four hundred years intervening much has happened. Three great social forces march across the historic firmament, spreading their light into the dark of ignorance, shaping and reshaping the social structure until, out of the tangled past is born that modern potentiality, the class conscious proletariat—is born the Revolution—is born the concept of **revolution as an ideal.**

The first of these forces is, perhaps, that intense analysis (or philosophy) which clears the air of theologic miasma; whereupon, in the bright light of Reason, occurred the death of the gods.

Secondly—Science and the scientific method; whereby we come to know about things through investigation, experimentation and comparison—of the things themselves.

Third—The evolution of mechanics, which has increased our mastery of natural forces, accelerated and revolutionized methods of production and distribution.

These two latter forces have supplemented one another, and are, no doubt, impossible one without the other. The two, in their reciprocal evolution, have necessitated an education of those who, historically considered, are the same class-ridden masses of four hundred years ago. This education met with great resistance until it was discovered that the workers “must be educated in order that the economic situation of one country hold its own and make headway against the universal competition.” The masters of life no longer opposed education.

Such an education as has been found necessary to operate the machine society in which

we live has now existed for some generations. Its institutions are increasing in all capitalistically developed countries. The “rights of the child” to this education are axiomatically proclaimed, “And we have seen the most reactionary governments follow this movement; they have realized perfectly that their former tactics were becoming dangerous to the economic life of the nations, and that it is necessary to adapt popular education to the new necessities.”

Upon its inception and general establishment, such valliant souls as fought for an emancipation of the workers, thought it would accomplish the Deliverance. They thought education meant Freedom! But, is it not peculiar—even suspicious to lovers of Freedom—that, despite the existence of this education, we find an “educated” proletariat who is not free, and that, **somehow**, he has inherited or perpetuated precisely those greivous chains which bound him to slavery four hundred years ago?

There are well intentioned, but poorly informed persons, claiming an “impersonality” for modern education. They state its sole function to consist of “training the mind to think.” It is not far fetched to assume, if this were so, that education would by its very nature insure the destruction of bondage and the liberation of the workers. Instead, in acquiring such education as is needed to operate the capitalist machine, each new generation **somehow** accepts things as they find them—unquestioned; that **somehow** they also acquire that scourge of the ages, race prejudice—and become soldiers; that **somehow** the virus of rent, interest and profit has entered their veins, and they assent to that mad struggle called in a capitalistic age “success,” and this when rent means parasitism, when interest means usury (long tabooed even amongst primitive men), when profits mean exploitation, wage slavery; that **somehow** into the innocence of knowledge has crept a **something** which makes liars and hypocrites and prudes; that **somehow**, despite certain philosophic, scientific and mechanical truths in the text book of this “education,” the proletariat **does not think!**

If, then, the proletariat has this great tool for the mastering of life which was unknown to the peasantry and craftsmen of four hundred years ago, a tool that would appear by its very nature competent to have long since emancipated them, and this tool has so far failed, does it not behoove us to question either the tool itself or the manner of its manipulation?

Francisco Ferrer turned his interrogations in this direction and came to the discovery—which is, perhaps, his greatest contribution to the revolutionary movement—that it was not the tool which prevents the liberation of the proletariat, but that “the leading inspiration of all education is the principle of **discipline** and of authority which guides educators at all times.”

Now it can scarce be questioned that discipline in the home and school has perpetuated class rule. A child environed with discipline, whose whole habit of mind has been formed through adherence to authoritative models, will be nothing less than a slave. Upon his maturity such a one will not revolt against the tyrannies of class rule, wage slavery, race prejudice, superstition, respectability. His slavery is accomplished before he is confronted with the sterner facts of capitalistic life.

However, the subject matter of present edu-

cation is open to attack as much as the method of its induction. To destroy the false ideals of capitalistic education it is necessary to have a new ideal. A new ideal necessitates new subject matter, and a new interpretation of such existing subject matter as is advantageous to perpetuate. Do we possess this new subject matter? Have we this new ideal?

FRANK CHESTER PEASE.

TWELVE HOURS OF AGONY—HOW FERRER  
DIED

After the sentence of death had been decreed, Francisco Ferrer was taken from his cell to the chapel of the Montjuich fortress. The governor of the prison came to him there, accompanied by two black-hooded monks, and informed him that he was to be shot the next morning, and that the orders were to place him in the chapel all night so that he might prepare for his death.

With perfect self-possession Ferrer threw away the cigarette he was smoking, and said, “It is unnecessary to place me in the chapel, for I do not believe in your religion and do not require its ministrations.” But the governor replied that orders must be obeyed.

The six yellow candles on the altar feebly lightened the gloom. The monks at once began to offer Latin prayers, turning every now and then to offer their services to Ferrer, only to be gently waved away.

The prisoner was visited by a Jesuit and by a representative of the Bishop of Barcelona, who spoke to him of the repose of his soul, and begged him to confess.

Ferrer replied, “Leave me to die in peace. I have my ideas and I am as firm in my convictions, as you are in yours. If you wish to argue we will talk, or otherwise you may go.”

Ferrer asked to see his counsel, Captain Galceran, and maintained perfect serenity until the latter arrived. Then he was greatly agitated.

He gave a farewell message to his daughters. “Tell them,” he said, “that their father dies with a clear conscience and that his only crime is that of trying to break the blackness of superstition and ignorance in which his country is enshrouded.”

As his counsel, who was deeply moved, prepared to say farewell, he embraced Ferrer, who at this point broke down and wept bitterly.

Ferrer next expressed a desire to dictate his last will to a notary; and they fetched Ricardo Permanyer, who remained with him for more than seven hours.

Ferrer, who would not kneel down, had to stand up all the time in the chapel where he was obliged to spend the last hours of his life, and all the night he walked up and down with a rapid step in the limited space left to him between the rows of priests and monks telling the beads of their rosaries.

Later, as the dim light of day entered the chapel window, a priest came in to say mass and to urge Ferrer to make his confession and receive holy communion. He refused firmly.

At last the death bell of the chapel began to toll. It might have been seven o'clock when the inhabitants of the neighborhood saw with a shudder two Brothers of Peace and Charity walking slowly up to Montjuich, carrying with them the coffin for the condemned man.

When, at eight o'clock, General Escrin arrived, who was to command the shooting party, some fifty overlooking the moats of Montjuich, and could see the squadrons of cavalry take up their position in the moat of Saint-Eulalie, surrounding the two companies of infantry who were to do the honors and—shoot.

It was a quarter to nine exactly when they came to apprise Ferrer that he must prepare to march to his death. He had been in the chapel since eight o'clock the previous evening!

He at once declared that he was ready.

At last all was arranged. The escort formed, and, placed in the middle, Ferrer marched in step with the soldiers.

At the post Ferrer was received (an administrative irony!) by the governor of Montjuich, who awaited him as a distinguished guest. He was surrounded by all the other functionaries who were present out of duty or curiosity.

Ferrer continued to walk forward firmly with head erect. Arriving before the governor, where the escort paused, he looked at him and awaited his questions. “Have you any last request to make, or any wish

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## TO THE POPE

To thee, O arch fake, in the name of the stake,  
Another confession I owe;  
On my trembling old knees let me kiss if, you please,  
Thy sacred Italian toe.  
I know thou art he who unlocketh for me  
The gates of thy nethermost hell,  
Because I refuse, like the heretic Jews,  
To buy what thy priests have to sell.  
Because you believe it is wise to deceive,  
You teach us that hell is our due,  
And if we are blind, we mortgage our mind  
And prostitute reason to you.  
You capitalize theological lies,  
Monopolize heavenly sod—  
For fear I should die without mansions on high,  
Please give my regards to your god.  
On earth thy one aim is to mar and to maim  
The mind of the rational man,  
And when you succeed you are happy indeed,  
For knowledge is under thy ban.  
When you had a throne and the world was your own,  
You burned and you stretched on the rack  
The lovers of science who died in defiance  
Of thee and thy servants in black.  
While liberty lies in its cradle and dies  
You murder Francisco Ferrer,  
Because with his brain he dared educate Spain  
"To him that hath ears let him hear:"  
The "Land of the Free," a misnomer must be  
As long as a Priest-ridden class  
Can swallow the dope handed out by the pope,  
And kiss the big toe of an ass.

—Urbane L. Barrett.

to confide to me?" the governor asked.

Ferrer looked him straight in the face and replied:  
"I only wish, if it is possible, that I may not be forced  
on my knees and bandaged."

A long colloquy took place among the officers.  
Could he be permitted to die in that way? After an  
exchange of opinion in undertones, the governor de-  
cided the question by granting Ferrer the right to  
meet his death standing, but it was absolute that his  
eyes should be bandaged.

"I thank you," Ferrer said.

He was then conducted to the end of the moat, by  
the wall near which the infantry were drawn up in  
lines behind the two rows of the execution party.

Ferrer's hands were tied behind his back; his eyes  
were bandaged; and he was left alone. At the mo-  
ment when the commanding officer of the firing party  
drew his sword, Ferrer cried with a strong voice:

"Aim carefully, my children. It is not your fault.  
I am innocent. Long live the Modern—"

The word "School" was lost in the crack of the  
rifles.

## THE SCHOOL TODAY

Oh, what have people not expected, what do they  
not expect still, from education! The majority of  
progressive men expect everything from it, and it is  
only in these later days that some begin to under-  
stand that it offers nothing but illusions. We per-  
ceive the utter uselessness of this learning, acquired  
in the schools by the systems of education at present  
in practice; we see that we expected and hoped in  
vain. It is because the organization of the school,  
far from spreading the ideal which we imagined,  
has made education the most powerful means of en-  
slavement in the hands of the governing powers to-  
day. Their teachers are only the conscious or un-  
conscious instruments of these powers, modeled  
moreover according to their principles; they have  
from their youth up, and more than any one else,  
been subjected to the discipline of their authority;  
few indeed are those who have escaped the influence  
of this domination; and these remain powerless, be-  
cause the school organization constrains them so  
strongly that they cannot but obey it. It is not my  
purpose here to examine the nature of this organiza-  
tion. It is sufficiently well known for me to char-  
acterize it in one word: constraint. The school im-  
prisons children physically, intellectually, and moral-  
ly, in order to direct the development of their facul-  
ties in the paths desired. It deprives them of con-  
tact with nature, in order to model them after its  
own pattern. And this is the explanation of all  
which I have here set forth: The care which gov-  
ernments have taken to direct the education of the  
people, and the bankruptcy of the hopes of believers  
in liberty. The education of today is nothing more  
than drill. I refuse to believe that the systems em-

ployed have been combined with any exact design  
for bringing about the results desired. That would  
suppose genius. But things take place precisely as  
if this education responded to some vast entire con-  
ception in a manner really remarkable. It could not  
have been better done. What accomplished it, was  
simply that the leading inspiration was the principle  
of discipline and of authority which guides social  
organizers at all times. They have but one clearly  
defined idea, one will, viz.: Children must be accu-  
stomed to obey, to believe, to think, according to the  
social dogmas which govern us. Hence, education  
cannot be other than what it is today. It is not a  
matter of seconding the spontaneous development of  
the faculties of the child, of leaving it free to satisfy  
its physical, intellectual, and moral needs; it is a  
matter of imposing ready-made ideas upon it; a mat-  
ter even of preventing it from ever thinking other-  
wise than is willed for the maintenance of the insti-  
tutions of this society; it is a matter of making it  
an individual strictly adapted to the social mechan-  
ism.

Francisco Ferrer.

## MESSAGES THAT FERRER WROTE ON THE PRISON WALL

When Ferrer was imprisoned in Madrid in 1907 on  
a charge of complicity in Mateo Morral's attempted  
assassination of the King and Queen of Spain, he  
wrote the following expressions of his faith on the  
prison walls:

"As long as a nation harbors a body of men au-  
thorized to inflict punishment, as long as there are  
prisons in which such a body can carry out those  
punishments, that nation cannot call itself civilized."

"Never hope to get anything from others. Remem-  
ber that the wise and the powerful, even if they give  
you the most beautiful things, make slaves of you at  
the same time."

"To seek to establish the accord of all men in love  
and fraternity, without distinction of sex or class—  
that is the great task of humanity. To it we have all  
devoted ourselves in the rationalistic schools, where  
we teach our pupils only that which is based on sci-  
entific truths."

"These same truths, vouched for as such by experi-  
ence and by the teachings of history will eventually  
point out to the disinherited classes the road to  
victory."

"And here is another truth for them: The working  
classes will emancipate themselves from slavery  
when, convinced of their strength, they take the  
direction of their affairs into their own hands with-  
out trusting any more to the favored classes."

"If men were reasoning creatures, they would not  
allow injustices against themselves or against their  
fellow-men, nor would they feel any desire to inflict  
such injustices."

"Let no more gods or exploiters be worshipped or  
served! Let us all learn instead to love each other!"

"My ideal is teaching—teaching what is rational  
and scientific—teaching like that of the 'Modern  
School,' which humanizes and dignifies."

"Time respects only those institutions which time  
itself has played its part in building up. That which  
violence wins for us today, another act of violence  
may wrest from us tomorrow. Those stages of prog-  
ress are alone durable which have rooted themselves  
in the mind and conscience of mankind before re-  
ceiving the final sanction of legislators. The only  
means of realizing what is good is to touch it by edu-  
cation and propagate it by example."

The school imprisons children physically, intel-  
lectually and morally, in order to direct the develop-  
ment of their faculties in the paths desired. The  
education of today is nothing more than drill. I like  
the free spontaneity of a child who knows nothing,  
better than the world-knowledge and intellectual de-  
formity of a child who has been subjected to our pre-  
sent education.

Our own ideal is certainly that of science, and we  
demand that we be given the power to educate the  
child by favoring its development through the satis-  
faction of all its needs, in proportion as these arise  
and grow.—Francisco Ferrer.

Age is no better, hardly so well, qualified  
for an instructor as youth, for it has not  
profited so much as it has lost. One may almost  
doubt if the wisest man has learned anything  
of absolute value by living.

## WOMEN ARE NOT HUMAN

Rheta Childe Dorr, famous as the author of "What  
8,000,000 Women Want," comes forth in an article  
in the September number of Hampton's Magazine  
and bluntly announces the discovery that women  
are not human. She says that it is because men  
have persistently denied them admittance into the  
human race, and have kept them down to the level  
of being merely a sex, that women have been un-  
able to get their rights. Among other things, Mrs.  
Dorr says that the conduct of our public schools and  
colleges has much to do with the retarding of wom-  
an's progress.

"By the time the girl child reaches school age she  
has pretty firmly rooted in her mind the idea that she  
belongs in a special class," says Mrs. Dorr, "not ad-  
mittedly inferior to boys, but different, widely, essen-  
tially different. Many things which boys do, say, or  
think, the girl child knows would be improper for her  
to do, say, or think. A different interpretation is  
given, for example, to the word play. This prepares  
the girl's mind to encounter in school a different  
interpretation of work, of destiny, of life itself. The  
public school curriculum is based on the theory that  
the male child tends to variation. That his destiny  
may be commerce, law, medicine, engineering, or  
merely manual labor. The female child is held to be  
destined for one position only—housekeeper to a  
man.

"The census of 1900 reported in the United States  
approximately 6,000,000 women engaged in gainful  
occupations outside the home.

"By all the rules of the romancers and the success-  
ful novelists, marriage settles the destiny of woman,  
provides for all her future emergencies, relieves her  
forever from the responsibilities of life. The stub-  
born way in which real life refuses to conform to the  
rules is very baffling. Every day some woman, train-  
ed to the ideal of idleness, secure in the belief that  
she was born to be taken care of, finds herself tossed  
out into the main current, left to sink or swim as  
fortune wills.

"As a matter of fact she cannot swim and she is  
strongly averse to sinking. There is nothing left to  
do but cling, with a stranglehold of grim death, on  
the first strong person who comes her way. If there  
is anything sadder than the spectacle of these re-  
duced 'gentlewomen' playing at earning a living,  
camping in the dooryards of relatives, forced into all  
sorts of unlovely subterfuges and compromises with  
honor in order to exist, I do not know of it. This  
poor parasite is the visible image of the false  
theory which excludes women from their rightful  
heritage of humanity."

## AMONG THE OCTOBER MAGAZINES

Hampton's and the Columbian have been molded  
into one by their new owner, Frank Orff. The leading  
article in the consolidated "Hampton Columbian" is  
by Mabel Potter Daggett, on "The Heathen Invasion  
of America." She shows how American women are  
losing their fortunes and reason seeking the eternal  
youth promised by the swarthy priests of the far  
east. Charles E. Russell, in an article on "Speed,"  
gives the appalling record of human slaughter on  
American railroads.

The American.—"On Strike," by Mary Field, a col-  
lection of true stories from the famous Garment  
Workers' strike in Chicago last winter, gives a lurid  
picture of the poverty and misery of the poor who  
slave in the sweatshops of our big cities. In a  
preface to the article the editor says of the strike:  
"No walking delegate called them out; no labor  
organization drilled them. It was a people's move-  
ment, deep-seated, leaderless; marked by all the  
folly, all the heroism, all the grandeur of a peasant's  
revolt."

Other important articles: "The Theatre," "The  
Real Foe of Serious Drama," "La Follette's Auto-  
biography."

McClure's.—If you would know how the working  
people of New York City are housed in dangerous  
firetraps, read the article by Arthur E. McFarlane  
on "The Inflammable Tenement." "Three and a half  
millions of people live in the tenements of New York  
at an average height of thirty-five feet above the  
ground."

Current Literature is up to its usual high standard.  
It contains the best of what is doing in every phase  
of life. No better digest of current literature ever  
appeared.

The Wide World has many fine articles, well illus-  
trated. The one on mountain climbing shows it to  
be the most dangerous work in the world.

# THE AGITATOR

## SABOTAGE.

The terms "Sabotage" which a few years ago was an "unknown quantity" among people of modesty and good manners, has become so universal in France, that it is almost impossible to conceive how people got along without it in the past. One cannot think of any dialogue between ministers, farmers, homeguards, school-children or workers in which the term would not be used in some of its manifold meanings. A newspaper in which it did not appear at least twice in each column would be an impossibility—yes, it would really be a result of "Sabotage." It is not alone in everyone's speech, but it is a dominant factor in every phase of French life, and on the other side of the boundary its use is preferred to illustrate to general characteristics of French decadence.

But looking from a greater elevation it is very probable that Nietzsche would have been delighted with the term, because it signifies, basically, the most energetic rebellion of the autonomic individual against laws, capitalists, boards of examiners—in short, against all yokes with which the State harnesses the individual.

But to portray "Sabotage" in order to have a clearer and better understanding of the term it will be necessary to give some concrete examples which are more tangible than analytical illustrations. Here are a few of them:

Between the 30th of October, 1910, until the 30th of June, 1911, 2967 railroad signal wires were cut—by former and present employees, to purposely block communication and transportation, and to create a pressure upon the State and railroad companies which would coerce them to comply with demands for better conditions.

During the uprising in the Province Champagne, the aim of which was to abolish a law restricting the name "Champagne" to the wine from the vicinity of Reims; the participants demolished more than two million bottles "Sect"; emptied innumerable hogsheads of wine into the streets; battered and burned a large number of wine presses, and destroyed entirely several large vineyards.

During an alteration in the tremendous track system connected with the largest railroad station of Paris a section of track only 67 feet long had to be changed, and to avoid any delay in the traffic, etc., this had to be accomplished on a certain night and at a certain time. But, here comes "Sabotage!" The work was carried on so leisurely that at the expired time nothing was in readiness for the resumption of traffic. More than a hundred trains were delayed for hours—some of them had to wait in tunnels. A hundred thousand of the bourgeois and judiciary had their day's work spoiled.

A few weeks ago, during the baccalaureate examinations at the Sarbonne, one of the tests was a verbal translation from the Latin of Cicero, and because of the absurdity and difficulty of the text, the hundred and fifty students arose simultaneously, tore the note books to pieces, smashed the desks and broke the windows of the Auditorium. They addressed the professor with such uncomplimentary epithets that his holy person hurriedly disappeared, which possibly served him from coming into more personal contact with "Sabotage."

A lighthouse on the coast of Corsica failed to function. It was discovered that the reflector was broken to pieces and the lamp taken apart.

The "Lightning Express," which runs between Havre and Paris, ran off the track a short distance from a bridge. Instead of going into the river it turned over. Without much trouble the tools with which the job was done were found. Also to avoid mistakes, as it were, about the occasion of this "accident" a number of revolutionary pamphlets were discovered with the tools; these strongly advocated "Sabotage" as a means to the liberation of humanity. —"Wohlstand Fur Alle."

## TWO SURPRISES.

Dame Fortune, kindly or unkindly, has pitchforked me into the home of the editor of "The Agitator" at Home, on Henderson Bay, Puget Sound, six and twenty miles from Tacoma, Wash. The great Mount Tacoma, distant some sixty miles, enrobed in snow, seems as though it were just over the bay—grand in its New and Old World Silence.

I had been reading of the decadence of politics international; of Blatchford's disappointment and disgust with the British Labor Party; of the wail from Bethnal Green (London Eng.), where the workers could not be charmed to vote the Socialist ticket after five and twenty years of incessant propaganda. Then I had perused 'Gene Debs' "What Is Wrong With Chicago?" and got the news from Canada of the total rout of the defenders of working class politics.

My first discovery and surprise here, at Home, nestling like a quiet, English fishing village, amongst the cedars and the firs, with its population of some two hundred souls—my surprise was to find an I. W. W. Propaganda League, with fifty-three members, in full swing.

Verily, "the old order changeth, yielding place to new," and Industrialism is on the march.

Surprise number two: The first newspaper handed to me was "The Syndicalist Railwayman," a newspaper fresh from London. And so its "hands across the sea" to the new concept for the deliverance of the working class. The magnificence of Mount Tacoma was equalled by the full hearted and cheery welcome given me by Editor Jay Fox, and the fellow workers here. The kindly greeting will live long. And he's in trouble, as readers of The Agitator are aware, for standing for human liberty and freedom. He'll not be left alone in this, his time of fight.

Long ago Victor Hugo wrote: "The Future is with Voltaire, and not with the Church; the Future is with the book, not with the Sword; the Future is with Life, and not with Death!"

For defending such sentiments—that Reason shall outstrip Tradition—that education, full and free, shall displace the ravages of war, that industrial death shall be supplanted by economic life, Jay Fox is under heavy bonds. Sure, there will be an international response at this juncture in the history of the stalwart agitator, Jay Fox.

Human beings have three great hungers:

First—The Bread Hunger;

Second—The Love Hunger;

Third—The Hunger for Self-Expression.

Not until Industrialism is victorious will these hungers be satisfied.

JACK WOOD.

The men who labor spend their strength in the daily struggle for bread, to maintain the strength they struggle with.

## THE CASE AGAINST THE AGITATOR

The arrest of Jay Fox, editor of THE AGITATOR, for an alleged violation of the law of the State of Washington, is the latest attempt to throttle free speech and a free press in this country.

THE AGITATOR is in danger of being suppressed and its editor is liable to a long term in jail. We must not let him go without proper defense. So the radicals of Pierce county, Washington, have organized a Free Speech League, and issue this call for financial assistance.

Editor Fox is charged with "publishing matter tending to encourage a disrespect for the law" and has been released on \$1,000 bonds, pending trial.

We need not remind the radical element of the country of the importance of fighting this issue tooth and nail.

This is every man's fight. The right to speak and print must be maintained at all hazards.

Today it is THE AGITATOR. Tomorrow it will be some other paper. One by one they will silence our press, unless we unite for defense.

Send all donations for this defense to.

NATHAN LEVIN, LAKEBAY, Wash.  
Secretary of the Pierce County Free Speech League.

## DEFENCE FUND

Previously acknowledged	\$29.25
B. Gross,	2.00
Nielson,	2.00
Frank Kremer,	1.00
Fred Mees,	1.00
Jacob Krauzer,	1.00

## RECEIPTS.

Solomon, \$5; Lavroff, \$1.20; Wigand, Cook, Edelson, Agursky, Nold, Marx, each \$1. Local 380 I. W. W., Caves, Braverman, each 50c.

The luxury of one class is counterbalanced by the indigence of another. On the one side is the palace, on the other are the almshouse and "silent poor."

A simple and independent mind does not toil at the bidding of any prince.

THOREAU.

<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 Sale**—In Home: Two acres on the water front; Five room cottage, furnished; barn, chicken-houses, etc; Easy terms; 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

Agents for THE AGITATOR.

Seattle: Lavroff's stand, 617 3rd Ave.; Raymer's old book store, 1522 First Ave.

Lynn, Mass.: S. Yaffee, 233 Union Street.

New York City: B. Vaselevshy, 212 Henry Street; M Maisel, 422 Grand Street

Winnipeg, Manitoba: Elkins' news stand, 796 Main St.