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 baracuda 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 concur from them one iota of false. 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 the 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 for the laws of the Indies; the Bible for the laws of 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 method and method against your eternal 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 unadorned.

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. They sought 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? Not in 'doin' it.'"

So the stockholders were built, and union trainmen are hauling scalps to take the jobs of the industrialist shopmen, and Pinker tons to shoot them.

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

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 evo- lution, the trend of the labor movement toward 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 Jensen, 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 about in this big west.

Young Jensen, 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 a railroad he helped to build, and seek elsewhere that scarcely 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? Jensen was now a tramp, invading the sacred 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. Jensen must leave the train and thank its 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. Jensen 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 Jensen 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 gentle- man "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 paper 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 demand 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 thus hope that it will ever want an education able to give them to us.—Francisco Ferrer.

One generation abandons the enterprises of another like straggled vessels.
NECESSITY FOR THE MODERN SCHOOL

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 peasantries steeped in that noxious ignorance popularly conocer as agricultural workers, and workers who were robbed of their products, ravaged by militarism, the prey of baronial despotisms, pursued, even in their heavy slumber, by terrifying phantoms, spookis and devils, spawned from the daisy 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 ages!"

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 antagonism—proletariat—is born in 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 theological miasma; whereupon, in the bright light of Reason, occurred the death of the old order.

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 mechanisms, which has increased our mastery of natural forces, accelerated and even promised 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 head against the universal competition." The masters of life no longer opposed education.

Such an education as has been found necessary to operate the machine in which we live has not existed for some generations. Its institutions are more or less 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 as 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 valiant souls as fought for an emancipation of the masses, 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 perverted precisely those givens 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 is to turn people into "conformists". Is it 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 individual somehow accepts things as they find them—unquestioned; that somehow they also acquire that sourness of the ages, race prejudice—and become solders; that somehow the virus of rent, interest and profit has entered their veins, and they have been sent to that "dark age" called a capitalist age "success," and this when rent means paritism, 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 proleariat does not think, if, then, the problem lies in the great tool for the mastery of life which was unknown to the peasantries 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 beseech us to question either the tool itself or the manner of its manipulaton?

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 itself, nor the generation 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 enveloped 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 tyranny of authority, race prejudices of the society, superstition, respectability. Its slavery is accomplished before he is confronted with the sterners facts of capitalist life.

However, the subject matter of present education is open to attack as much as the method of its infliction. To destroy the false ideals of capitalist 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 CHESTNUT PEAU.

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 fortress came to him and with stiff, black-hooded monks, and informed him that he was to be shot the next morning, and that the orders to place him in the chapel all night 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. Ferrer, turning every now and then to ask 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 make his confession.

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 at his death he was 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 Ferran- yer, 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 before. He was up and about the entire of 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, a priest came in without saying a word, and urged 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 bodies lying in the street with the body of Francisco Ferrer in the arms of a soldier, who was weeping and crying 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 truery!) 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. After betraying before the obscenity of the heart-wrenched, he looked at him and awaited his questions. "Have you any last request to make, or any wish
TO THE POPE

To the Pope, O arch fake, in the name of the stake, another confession I owe; On my knees I come to beg you to let me kiss, if you please, Thy sacred Italian toe.

I know thou art he who unlocketh for me The doorways to a thousand destinies. Because I refuse, like the heretic Jew, To buy what thy priests have to sell. Because you believe it is wise to deceive, Not to answer a single question. And if we are blind, we mortgag our mind And prostitute yourself to pious nones.

You capitalize the sick, the sickly Monopoly heavenward—

For fear I should die without mansions on high,

On earth thy omen is to mar and to mar
The mind of the rational man.

And when you succeed you are happy indeed,
The less you know is under heaven.

When you had a throne and the world was your, You burned and you stetched on the rack The lives of science who were in defiance Of thee and thy servants in black.

While liberty lies in its crucible and dies You murder Francisco Ferrer, Because he was not yet able to educate Spain "To him that hath ears let him hear;" The "Land of the Free," a misnomer must be, Thine is a strange and deadly land. 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.

For long he had kept his eyes fixed on the face and replied: "It only wish, it is possible that I may not be forced on my knees and bandedage." A long cogency took place among the officers. Could he show a proper respect for his position? After an exchange of opinion in undertones, the governor de- cided the question by granting Ferrer the right to promote his students to do in that way? After an exchange of opinion in undertones, the governor de- cided the question by granting Ferrer the right to promote his students to do in that way? After an exchange of opinion in undertones, the governor de- cided the question by granting Ferrer the right to promote his students to do in that way? After an exchange of opinion in undertones, the governor de- cided the question by granting Ferrer the right to promote his students to do in that way? After an exchange of opinion in undertones, the governor de- cided the question by granting Ferrer the right to promote his students to do in that way? After an exchange of opinion in undertones, the governor de- cided the question by granting Ferrer the right to promote his students to do in that way? After an exchange of opinion in undertones, the governor de- cided the question by granting Ferrer the right to promote his students to do in that way? After an exchange of opinion in undertones, the governor de- cided the question by granting Ferrer the right to promote his students to do in that way?

"I thank you," Ferrer said.

He was then conducted to the end of the most, by the vor knowledge is under heaven.

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 the field is still as full of illusions as before. 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 organisation 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 uncon- scious tools of those powerful masses, molded, moreover according to their principles; they have from their youth up, and more than any one else, had theerved to be the tool of their masters. Very few indeed are those who have escaped the influence of this domination; and these remain powerless, be- cause the school organisation is so strong 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- acterise it as an "educazione". The school im- presses children physically, intellectually, and moral- ly, in order to direct the development of their facul- ties and capacities. It is the government which con- tact with nature, in order to model them after its own pattern. And this is the explanation of all which we call "character". The care which gov- ernments have taken to direct the education of the people, and the bankruptcy of the hopes of believers in literature, are due to this fact. The one is nothing more than a drill. I refuse to believe that the systems em-
ployed have been combined with any exact design$ forprofitizing alonethrough the handsof thewitted

Women are not human

Ketti Chidite Dorr, famous as the author of "What Women Want", has announced in the September number of Hampton’s Magazine and bluntly announces the discovery that women are not human. She claims that, although women have persistently demanded admission 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- en’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, one that is definitely the ab- solutely inferior to boys, but different, widely, essen- tially different. Many things which boys do, say, or think, the girl child knows nothing of how to do, or 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 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 or a nurse.

"The census of 1900 reported in the United States approximately 8,000,000 women engaged in gainful occupations outside the home.

"By all the rules of the romancers and the successful novelists, marriage settles the destiny of a woman. Provisions for all her future emergencies, relieves her from the responsibility for the welfare of herself and her own born way in which real life refuses to conform to the rules is very baffling. Every day some woman, trained to the idea of idleness, believes 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 will.

"As a matter of fact she cannot swim and she is strongly averse to sinking. There is nothing left to her except to cling, with a strangulation of grim death, on the first strong person who comes along. This is something sadder than the spectacle of these re- duced ‘gentlewomen’ playing at earning a living, cajoling in the doorways of saloons, 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 moulded into one by their new owner. The leading article in the consolidated "Hampton Columbia" by Mabel Potter Daggett, on "The Heathen Invasion of the American Woman" is how American women are losing their fortunes and reputations to foreign- born youth promised by the swarthy priests of the far country. 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: "To walking delegate called them out; no labor大纲 merely dressed them, they were a peace- ful, deep-seated, leaderless; marked by all the folly, all the heroism, all the grandeur of a peace- less war.

Other important articles: "The Theatre," "The Real Poe of Serious Drama," "La Pollette’s Auto- matic Death."

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 Tenements." A report of half a million people living in the tenements of New York at an average height of thirty-five feet above the

Current literature is up to its usual high standard, it contains the best of what is being done in every phase of work. The Chicory Case to be a better digest of current literature ever before appeared.

The Wide World has many articles, well illustrat- ed, which are of interest to those who wish to be in the most dangerous work in the world.
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, housewives, 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 every one’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 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 autonomous individual against laws, capitalists, boards of examiners—in short, against all authority which the State barasses 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 Chamagne, 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”! emplotted innumerable hogheads 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 systems running in with the largest railway 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 Cleerco, 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 Lille 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 was, 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 picked her hands into the affections of the editor of "The Agitator" at Home, on Hayden 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 walk from Bethnal Green (London Eng.), where the workers could not be charmed to vote the Socialist ticket after five and twenty years of immortal 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.

My first discovery and surprise here, at Home, nestling like a quiet, English fishing village, amongst the cedars and the fir, 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 no doubt 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 in the latest attempt to throttles free speech and a free press in this country. There is in danger of being suppressed and its editor is liable to a long term in jail. We must not let this 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 laws," 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 tool 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,
LAKESHAW, Wash.
Secretary of the Pierce County Free Speech League.

DEFENCE FUND
Precedingly acknowledged
$29.25
R. Gross, 2.00
Nielsen, 2.00
Frank Kramer, 1.00
Fred Moss, 1.00
Jacob Krauser, 1.00

RECEIPTS.
Solomon, $1; Lawford, $1.20; Wigand, Cook, Ridelon, Agnew, Holt, Mars, each $1.22. Locsin 380 I. W. W.; Caves, Braverman, each 30c.

The luxury of one class is counterbalanced by the indignity 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 toll at the bidding of any prince.

THOREAU.

"SOLIDARITY."
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