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

VOL. 2

HOME, [LAKEVAY P. O.] WASH., NOV. 13, 1911.

NO. 1

PIONEERS OF PROGRESS

Every cause has its martyrs. The cause of labor is most prolific with them. On Friday morning, Nov. 11th, 1897, the black flag was raised over Cook county jail, in Chicago, signalizing the dark and venomous deed that was about to be committed there.

The black flag of capitalism, the meaningful emblem of tyranny, of the heartless greed of mammon.

For four men were to be hanged that day as a warning to all wage slaves of the fate that awaited them when they became rebellious. Four men were to be hanged for the heinous crime of loving their fellow men. The cruel vengeance of the ruling class was to be appeased that day with the red blood of labor.

Four men were hanged that day, and the gentle, silk-robed, jeweled ladies heaved a sigh of relief when the venal press heralded the glad tidings; and the captains of industry, the pillars of society, assembled in their clubs and passed round the flowing bowl, for anarchy was now dead, the slaves were cowed, society saved and capitalism once more secure in its God-given possessions.

Parsons, Spies, Fischer and Engel were hanged. Lingg had cheated the hangman. With the puff of a loaded cigar he had ended his life—with his own breath he blow out the noble life that was in him.

That these men had no part in the throwing of the bomb was perfectly plain to everybody. But that did not matter. It did not disturb in the least the ready flow of capitalist justice. For justice was blind and had to be lead around by a venal judge and a villainous prosecuting attorney. Gary and Grinnell will be remembered as the Torquemadas of the Modern Inquisition.

We have been hypnotized into the belief that justice is justice, that the legal lie that "all men are equal before the law" is a truth. One might as well believe that the forts at the entrance to New York harbor are there for the protection of a foreign invader as to think the courts are here for the protection of the working class.

The courts are truly a part of the fortifications of capitalism. The doubter can be easily convinced by a glance at the records of the trial of these men. The annals of court history cannot produce a more glaring farce. And this is saying a great deal, for justice has a very slimy record. Nor can the annals of history show a nobler, braver set of legal victims.

They were true heroes of the Social Revolution. They were clear sighted pioneers in the struggle for Industrial Freedom. They saw then what we never see. Among them was the prophet of revolution, the man who can see the working masses. They predicted exactly where the politicians would lead the masses. They predicted that political socialism would degenerate into bourgeois reform. Their keen sociology, their penetration thirty years into the future and theBergerism of today, Milwaukee was an open book to them.

Debs well asked recently, "What's the matter with Chicago?" For in the old days Chicago had a bigger Socialist vote than it has today, despite the daily paper and thirty years of "propaganda," when they elected members to the city council.

The men whose memory we honor today were active in the Socialist political movement of the time. But their study and experience taught them the futility of political action. So they sluffed off the left wing, and stood with both feet on the industrial platform, and advocated economic organization and direct action with a force and eloquence that soon aroused the wrath and fear of the capitalist class. It was for this they were hanged under the black flag on that black Friday morning, Nov. 11th, 1897.

Any other men might, with the same justice, have been hanged for the bomb throwing. For it has never been learned who threw it. Only one man could have thrown it, anyway. It was the man, not the bomb throwers, the capitalists were after. They got the man, but we have their memory, their ideas, and from their deaths we date the era of the Social Revolution.

Man is mortal. He may be strangled by the gory hand of the state; he may be crushed in the mine or in the machine. At most, the life of the individual is but a flash in the great expanse of time. But ideas are deathless. Tyranny cannot touch them. Corrupt justice cannot hang them. Time alone determines their worth.

The ideas propagated by the Chicago martyrs have now become the ground work of the world's great labor movement. Anti-politics, economic organization and direct action are the watchwords of the I. W. W. in this country and of syndicalism in Europe. These organizations have already caused the ruling class to sit up and take notice. Their revolutionary tactics will break down the pillars of society within the next generation.

The beauty of direct action is that it can and will be applied by the minority. Its activities cannot be diverted from the straight road that leads to liberty. For that road has been built by ages of working class experience, and is illuminated by the lives of its martyrs.

Do not mourn over the death of our comrades. Let us rejoice that such heroes have lived.

J. F.

THE MONUMENT IN CHICAGO

DAY OF MARTYRDOM

November Eleventh has introduced a new era. On this day we have born immortal souls marching on in the hearts of the down-trodden to animate, inspire, and encourage in the path of duty.

Early in the morning our comrades were awake. Parsons ate fried system, and seemed to enjoy them. While breakfasting he recited Marc Cook's beautiful poem, entitled "Writings," with smiling features.

"Tell me, O sounding sea, I pray,
Eternally unslumbering,
Where is the good ship that sailed away
Once on a long-gone summer's day—
Sailed and left me waiting?"

After a while in conversation, the question of his funeral arising, he again drew upon his retentive memory and expressed his inmost thoughts in these beautiful lines:

"Come not to my grave with your mourning,
With your lamentations and tears,
With your sad forbodings and fears;
When my tips are dumb
Do not come!

"Bring no long train of carriages,
No house crowded with the multitudes,
Which the gaunt glory of death illumines;
But with hands on my breast
Let rest.

"Insult not my dust with thy pity,
Ye who're left on this desolate shore,
Still to suffer and lose and deplore—
'Tis I should, as I go, Pity you.

"For me no more are the hardships,
The bitterness, heartaches and strife,
The sadness and sorrow of life;
But the glory divine—
'This is my place.

"Poor creatures! Afraid of the darkness,
Who groan at the anguish to come,
How sail I to my home?
Cease your sorrowful bell:
Am well!"

Engel rose at 6 o'clock, having had a good, sound night's sleep. "If we hope to have a nice day and have a good time," he said, jokingly. "If another minister comes let me see him. I hope I will do him more good than he does me." George Engel, kind, tender-hearted, reserved with strangers; a cool, philosophical thinker, needed no "consideration." The last words written on the morning of his martyrdom were:

Pater Freihalt und Recht
Wir konscent nicht schlecht.
For freedom and right
We made a good fight.

The Jenkins of the press report: "Beneath the outer surface of the man there was more than even the closest observers dream of. When his hand touched the pen for the last time it did not tremble. Engel was a painter, and had given the angular letters of the Teutonic script quite an artistic flourish, signing beneath them his name in a firm hand."

"Fischer," said one of the deputies, "is the jolliest fellow of the lot. When I asked him last night what was his last wish, he replied, sarcastically: 'A bottle of champagne,' with the coolness and sangfroid of a veteran. Fischer was the youngest of the four, talked calmly of the situation, spoke tenderly and feelingly of his wife and family, and with a shrug of his shoulders said: 'I am far easier for me to die than for my enemies to bear the burden of it.'"

Upon turning away from his morning ablu-

Spies was asked how he felt; he simply
THE AGITATOR

Issued twice a month, on the first and fifteenth, by THE AGITATOR Publishing Association from its printing office, 249 North Main Street.
Entered at the postoffice at Laclede, Wash., as Second Class Matter.

Subscription, One Dollar a Year.
Two copies to one address $1.20.
Address all communications and make all money offers payable to THE AGITATOR, Laclede, Wash.

Articles for the column may be written LEGIBLY on one side of the paper only.

THE AGITATOR does not bear the union stamp because it is not printed for profit. But it is union, every letter of it, paid for by subscriptions and their friends for the economic and political education of those who buy it and for the dissemination of truth. Much of the labor is given free. On the whole it is a work of love—the love of a idea, of a world fit for the free.

newspaperman, noticing the courtesy with which he was treated, said, "Tell me, young fellow, what is the news of the day?"

"The news of the day is that the government is going to war," was the reply.

"And what is the cause of this war?"

"The cause of this war is that the government is going to war.""—The Agitator, November 19, 1887.

such that he could not render a fair verdict where one of them is involved, is a disqualifying

And so, in the end, it was decided that perhaps the case could be tried in another court.

But why dwell longer upon the records of this so-called trial? The whole 800 pages are black with lies and falsehoods, and the entire tribunal has been utterly worthless.

The foul deed was done! Our comrades sleep the sleep of the just, and we pursue it not because we are not men or human; but because the cause for which they died is not as noble as it was; or because the world is indifferent to the sacrifices that were made for its wrongs.

The stoic, stoic mind of the agitator, is not moved by the record of the Vergil. It is the love of freedom that moves it. Freedom... freedom... freedom... and the world is worth struggling for, the question of how to lift humanity from poverty and despair. This question is the everlasting theme of ages. It is useless for the ruling class to stand on the shore of discontent and attempt to force this tide back to its depths of poverty. But when it swells up to the hearts of the people. And though they should erect galleys along all the highways and byways, build prisons and increase armies, the tide will continue to rise until it overwhelms them in a world-wide revolution. This is the lesson of history.—Lucy E. Parsons.

THE HEROES OF CHICAGO—1887

"Blame on the costly mockery of piling stone on stone.

To those who won our liberties, the heroes dead and gone;

Waltz; we look round and see, law-licensed riff-raffs

The men who fell would win their own, the heroes

Son of James Russell Lowell at a great crisis in America world-history.

His burning intensity would have been equally strong and signed for him the death warrant of the martyrdom of Parsons, Spies, Fischer, Engel and Lingg; not forgetting Fielding, Neebe and Schwab, on November 11th, 1887.

Capitalism hanged four men. Man, good and true.

We hurl at the bangers of them now: "You can hang, or shoot, a man—but you can't shoot a prin-

Civil Liberty lives; and as George D. Herron trench

antly puts it, "Until Labor comes to its own, nothing will be safe—nothing."

"Let the voice of the people be heard," spoke Par-

sons—and his defiant, clarion challenge materialized into an immortal slogan for liberty!

Spies, the refined and cultured, with prophetic and Habakkuk faith as of a modern Amos, or later Voltairs,

declared: "The time will come when your silence will be more powerful than the votes you struggle today.

The old Liberty Bell, now sleeping in the old state house of Philadelphia, rang out in the words: "Proclaim Liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof!" It rang, and died—these men were martyrs.

And Swinburne and William Morris join in the
cchoral of victory. Thus Swinburne.

"The light, the purest, as I may call it, the
dowering slumbering spirit.

When Tims, whose hand is thunder, Lays hands upon the pin, And shoots the bolts reluctance, bidding all men in

"Rise ere the dawn be risen;" And be all souls fed, From field, and street, and prison, By the All-sustaining Feast, Live, for the truth is living—wake, for the Night is dead!"

Sure! Listen! That mental and mechanical Har

nian, the thundering hammers, the roaring mill-crafts, the
cunningworkman, artist and poet, and prophet and rebel, of whom Ruskin wrote, "He died when England could best spare him;" William Morris, voiced the victory of MEN OVER MURDER:

"It grows and grow—are we the same, The noble band, the few?

Or what are these eyes afeare, And hands to deal and do?

This is the honest answer, By what word, "NO MASTER, HIGH OR LOW.

A lightning flame, a searing sword, A storm to overturn all.

So be it! All hate the memories and influence of the heroes of Chicago—not of war! Victims of the class-war."—JACK WOOD.

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THE TRIAL & FORGE

On June 26, 1886, Oscar Neebe, Michael Schwab, Adolph Fischer, Samuel Fielden, George Engel, Louis Lingg and Anton Spies were tried in the county court, charged with the murder of one Mathias J. Deegan, in the Haymarket Square on May 4, 1886, as per indictment of said grand jury, above quoted. In the mêlée (June 20) Albert R. Parsons surrendered himself to be tried with his comrades. On August 21, the jury brought in a ver-
dict of death for seven, and a sentence of Neebe to State's prison for 15 years. Gov. Ogilvy commuted the sentences of Schwab and Fielden to prison for life, and Gov. Altgeld released them all three six years later.

So that it is of our five comrades who sleep in the silent mound in this State we will speak.

What of the jury who tried them and sent them to their unlivable graves? Let the record of the court answer.

The constitution of the United States, and of the State of Illinois, both declare that any person charged with crime is entitled to be tried by an impartial jury. Now what of the jury which tried our comrades? In an article entitled, "Jury Nullification," Janis H. Walker said that he had formed an opinion on the question of the guilt or innocence of the defendants of the murder of Deegan. Journal he had entertained and had expressed it to others. Asked as to whether this opinion would influence his verdict, he replied. "Well, if I believe my opinion would handicap my judgment, possibly, I feel that I could be governed by the testimony.

"Then you believe that you could listen to the testimony and any other proof that might be introduced, and the charge of the court, and decide upon that alone, uninfluenced, unpredisposed and unbiased by the opinion you now have?"

"No, I don't say that."

"That is what I asked you."

"I said I would be influenced."

"He also said he had prejudices against Socialists, anarchists and Communists. The court, interrupting, "But do you believe that you can fairly and impartially render a verdict in accordance with the law and the evidence in the case?"

"I shall try to do so, but if I cannot, I shall say so."

"The court, Interrupting, 'But do you believe that you can fairly and impartially make up your mind from the evidence, whether that evidence shows that they are guilty beyond a reasonable doubt or not?"

"I think I could, but I should feel nevertheless that I was handicapped in my judgment, etc.

"The court: 'Well, that is a sufficient qualification for a jury in the case. Of course, the more a man believes that he is right, the more he will be guarded against it.'—Court Record, pp. 261.

"How could any other verdict have been rendered under such rulings? Why, the more one felt that he was handicapped by prejudiced the more "impartial" he was, according to Gary's ruling.

Of the 12 jurors who tried the case nine admitted that they were prejudiced; had formed and expressed opinions, but they had to be accepted by the de-

fense, because the court ruled that that fact did not disqualify them. That is, such a jury should reach a verdict in three hours, sending seven
to the gallows and one to prison for fifteen years? Justice simply abdicates at the demand of capital.

This is the language of the bailiff that had charge of summoning the jurors: "I am managing this case and I know what I am about. Those fellows will hang, as certain as death. I am summoning such men as jurors, because I am compelled to keep the people in隆重 peremptory, and when they have exhausted their peremptory challenges, they will have to take such a jury as is satisfactory to the State."—Record, pp. 352.

Here is a sample of the language, used by the judge, in the case of the jury, when the defense objected to the method of examination adopted by the State: "I know, or the court indifferently, what are the objects of Communists, So-

cialists and Anarchists, and I must presume that I know because it has been decided for a man to say that he is prejudiced against horses thieves is no grounds for impeaching him any misconduct as a juror. Now you must assume that I know either that Anarchists, Socialists and Communists are worthy objects, or else cannot say that a prejudice against them is wrong."—pp. 490.

Here was a suggestion by the court that he knew, and prejudicial (of course, not legally), what were the objects of Anarchists, Socialists and Communists, and then by way of illustrating that he knew, he said, "one of my prejudices against him is, as a pernicious and unjustifiable as the vocation of horse thieves; and therefore a juror's prejudice against this class, even though he admits that it is
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THE CHICAGO MARTYRS

They stood before the people,
To tell them the people's story;
And boldly faced the fury
Of man's inhuman laws.
They told the wrongs that lurk,
The crimes of soulless wealth,
The greed that clothed the toiler,
And plundered him by stealth,
They dared to speak of falsehood,
And not to call it good;
Theyourguts the human vamps,
That mark so base a jury
They showed the good time coming,
When all men should be free,
And hailed the glorious dawning
Of human liberty.

They stood before the people,
And drew a free breath
Then there is blood, plenty of blood
Who sentenced them to death.
They neither paled nor faltered,
To bear the hours of doom;
But walked with martyr-courage
From that piloted room.

They stood before the people,
To tell you, a jury,
And faced the frowning gibbet
With proud and steady eye,
To bear no cry of weakness,
And saw no craven tears;
Their minds were calm and joyful,
That our sons bear the fear.
They stood before the people;
Their words are with us still,
While wrongs remain unrighted,
And tyrants work their will.
They bid us heed the message,
And strike for liberty,
And out of our labor,
Till all the world is free.

JAMES P. MORRISON, JR.

FROM THE SPEECHES

Verbal Evidence of the Motives of Our Martyred Comrades.

I reply, the prosecution has not established nor legal guilt, notwithstanding the purchased and perjured testimony of some and notwithstanding the originality of the proceedings during the trial. And as long as this has not been done, and you pronounce the sentence of the appointed vigilance committee acting without the right, to you, the alleged servants and high priests of the law, are the real and only law breakers, and in this case you go to the extent of admitting that the people should know this. And when I speak of the people I do not mean the few co-conspirators of Grinnell, the noble patriots against the wrongs of those whom they have chosen to oppose. Those citizens may constitute the State. They may control the State. They may have their Grinnells, Benfolds, and their bradleys. But those the other road, and instead of that stand here today upon the scaffold. This is my crime. Before high Heaven this and alone is my crime—Abert R. Parsons.

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I feel that I will be sentenced to death because I am an American, and not because I am a murderer. I have never been a murderer. I have never committcd a crime in my life; but I know a certain man who is being tried before a jury for a murder, an assassin, and that man is Grinnell—State's Attorney Grinnell—because he brought men on the witness stand where he knew would swear falsely; and

I publicly denounce Mr. Grinnell as being a murderer and assassin, if I should be executed.

Adolph Fischer.

What are the crimes of which I am accused?

What did I desire beyond the machines, and that the technical perfections of the age should be used to the interests of all of the people? As truly as the air, and the water, and the fire are common property, so the inventions of scientific men should be the common property of all the people.—George Engel.

***

Anarchy is called the crime. Anarchy is opposition against the order of things which does not allow a man to live a life that is worth living. I declare once more here openly with all my powers, with all my mind, I must oppose this abomination and such a sordidly act.—Louis Ling.  

Anarchy as defined by us is called an idle dream, but that dream was called by God a divine blessing. One of the three great German poets and a celebrated German critic of the last century has defined it. Anarchy is a dream, but only in the present. It will be realised, for reason will grow in spite of all obstructions. Who is the man that has the cheek to tell us that human development has already reached its culminating point? I know our life will not be accomplished in a year or next year, but I know it will be accomplished as soon as possible—some day in the future.—Michael Schwab.

Today, as the beautiful autumn sun kisses with balmy light the cheek of every free man, I stand here never to bathe my heart in its rays again.

I have loved my fellow man as I have loved myself. I have hated treachery, dishonesty and injustice. The Nineteenth century commits the crime of killing its best friend; it will repent of it. But as I have before said, if it will do any good I freely give myself up. I trust the time will come when there will be a better understanding, a more enlightened and advanced civilization, and above the mountains of stupidity, wrong and corruption, I hope the sum of righteousness, truth and justice will come to bear a balmy light an emancipated world.—Samuel Fielden.

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"LEADERS AND LEADERS.

Students are often asked, "How can human society exist without leaders, without a head?" If our questioner is one of the myriads who, we believe, lightly and superficially upon any subject, we could promptly dismiss him by answering that those who have so few of their own must necessarily borrow one, no matter if one be of a thick and dense variety, commonly called in popular parlance, blockhead. If, on the other hand, he is really well informed and prompted by earnest spirit of investigation, we would readily concur with him by admitting that with leaders—true leaders—the world cannot exist and will be without light.

Amidst the rising tide of human misery, of abject degradation, of sordid gain, of slaves submission to whim of ruling power, someone must break through the despotism of tradition, and superstition and superstition have shackled upon us; someone must lead in the work of social regeneration so that the world can live and the human race can flourish.

From these leaders we need sources of them.

Mutilations are yet dominated by religious beliefs, bigotry still before the human intellect, the somber recencies of many minds as still obscure the future; the devastation that has been wrought by the war leaves a still vitalated sacred geesefront before idols and images, the truth is yet crushed beneath the foundations of god's temples. Many champions have added to this formidableness; it has partly crumbled, 'tis true, but many more leaders are needed who will bear the torch of truth, of the beauty of science and the elements. Armed upon the new realm now obscured by ignorance and superstition. Thousands are needed.

The field of literature and art is teeming with opportunity for expression. Nature's greatest gift—the faculty to convey by pen, brunt or chisel her most noble images because the most kind starvation: that sacred beacon that uplifts man's hearts to loftier spheres is trammeled by statutes of conventionality and rebellion. "The crowns crowned and of the insidious heroes still pollute our literature and defile our art. Lord Macrofame finite ready. Consecution

rings supreme. Artificiality and cosmeology run rampant. Leaders are needed, masters of them, who, disdaining to be mere automatons and mere intellectual prostitutes, will champion life's realism, with courage, without slavery. There is earnest demand for leaders who will rise above the commonplace, above the prevailing decadence of form and content."

The cause of labor is seeking its leaders, its champions. This promising field is open to all believers in its ultimate ideal. It is the ideal upon which was founded upon the gullibility of the masses, not leaders—"who, surreptitious to their political ambitions, endeavor to accomplish the most absurd and incomprehensible alliances. Not leaders" who graze about the community of interest between capital and labor, who dine in lordly fashion while the humble toil for bread and clothes. No, not these leaders; We scorn such leadership. Away with this species—the sooner, the better. We must have real leaders, plenty of them. Men of self-abnegation, wisdom, clear vision are needed; men who will, suffer for the consumption of their ideals; foremost in the struggle amidst decision and wars of those who do not understand and prudently lurk behind. We welcome millions of these leaders with open arms.

The true leaders always pursue their course through life without ostentation, without hope of reward. Their ultimate aim is to translate philosophy into action. For no ideal can ever attain its highest manifestation until life and experiment give it sanction—this is the true meaning of revolution. We welcome these coming civilizing as our leaders. Let it be understood: A true leader is he who preaches by example. "Tis well that the world will never dispense with these leaders.

R. DUMONT.

ON TO KANSAS CITY!

Oh, that I lived in Kansas, or some other place where the hollow mockery of liberty does not rest, a country unencumbered with the brazen hypocrisy"free speech." Of all countries Americas is the greatest liar, the biggest hypocrite, the most pronounced fraud.

We want freedom and wealth. Every swelling pul met off the soap box for telling the people the truth about the capitalist robbers who fleece them, and jail editors for printing these same truths.

More than that. Men are being arrested in Kansas City for the "crime" of wearing an I. W. W. button. And still worse: men arrested have been denied a jury trial and fined $500. The I. W. W. is concentrating its forces in Kansas City and will fight the capitalist hirelings to a finish by flooding the city with men ready to go to jail for the right to speak to fellow slaves about their slavery.

To Kansas City!

J. P.

ANOTHER FREESPEECH CASE

The editor of this paper is under $1000 bail to appear for trial in the Superior Court on the charge of "publishing a matter tending to create insurrection and rebellion." This is a clear case of trampling on the rights of free speech, and the libertarians of the country are invited to assist in the defense by subscribing to the defense fund.

Nathan Lewin, Sec.

Home, Lakewood, Wash.

Free Speech League.

DEFENCE FUND

Previously acknowledged. $868.

C. T. Spring.

$300.

Adolph Kettler.

$200.

HOOFFISCO!

The Agitator from St. Louis, Missouri, have made arrangements for a Ball, to be held in Jefferson Square Hall, Saturday November 19th. Let every friend of the papers come. Meet in the Hall, Talk about it, think about it, get your friends to go.

RECEIPTS

Spradling, Karch, each $1; Heiman, Mikulich, Kim all, each 50c. Heash, Riley, Clark, each 25c.

If it will be a balm to those Home anarchists, we are ready to admit! that between bathing in the nude and wearing a "lustful" coat, we are inclined to believe the former more modest.—Tacoma News.

A prison is a house of care, A grave for men of love.
RECESSIVENESS FOR THE MODERN SCHOOL

It has been discovered that society consists of two classes—a class of wage-savers and a class of exploitation. The condition in the school is the function of revolutionists to effect an aggressive alliance between these two classes. In the new condition we have a competitive educational ideal in exact position to that of a capitalistically managed school.

In the light of modern research we find that history is a living record of ruling class individual and national competition. It is seen in the quality of the race, the because the majority has always been the worker, and while the workers have always been the majority in past society, this fact is carefully excluded from capitalist test books. They say, with a sense of government interest, "a rascal's life will serve to illustrate the inner lives of a people."—(Nelson's Encyclopaedia). Through an abnormal interest in their competitors, it becomes competitive ideal. A child that learns only of competition in the past, will have no idea of any kind of social structure that is not (0) in that sense. The approach to education, 016 in turn, sustains the lies of the present.

Geography is a fictitious division of the earth based upon competitive and economic conditions, or the priority of discovery or colonization. If such a study ever had any value for the working class except to point out these mistakes, it has long since disappeared. The teaching of it is preserved by itself, or the exploitation of competition by the children. The whole national conflict is seen in the teaching of competitive ideals, as well as in the study of "history." It perpetuates a small, national, race prejudice: in short, the whole network of competitive ideals.

In a word, the children are taught to hate the rich, to see the only value in the rich, and to understand or question the disastrous result of this false ideal—that is, exploitation. No simple study assists the formation of competitive ideas more than the present teaching of mathematics. The competitive associations interwoven with mathematics begin with simple numeration and continue to an age where the child is honey-combed in this taxonomy until it ceases almost an impossibility to dissociate some place of competitive ideas essential to a simple arithmetic concept. This is the greatest obstacle to that universal cooperation of some kind which the working class must establish to emancipate itself as a class.

It is impossible in the public schools to learn or write without incorporating the complex ideas of capitalist society. Here is the same subtle method of eliminating the children's mind upon competitive lines as can be seen in all other basic studies. Present-day text books of grammar, "reading," are filled with original platitudes and appeals to competitive ambition. Lines are deliberately falsified upon children for "copy" which are then used as examples, and while it is pointed out that the "Golden Rule" is taught, as well as a host of other humanitarian ethics, these amount to little more than futile sophistries, when the child reaches the age of productive activity; this activity being based upon competitive designs.

Physiology is in a condition of innocuous estrangement when it reaches the school desk. That scientific knowledge is essential to the well-being of the child is filtered through the censorship of moralmakers whose chief aim is to exclude all knowledge of this essential knowledge. The class struggle, and leaning chairs or test books in physiology will convince the child of a lie somewhere; either the artificial education or the child's own look. It doesn't matter which, for in either case it is not to be mentioned. This is a means of further the interests of the rich, and in the children's look, it doesn't matter which. In any case it is not to be mentioned.

The consequence is a system of suffering caused by some form of ignorance that is beyond measure, but its the capitalist system of competitive slavery with all the atavistic prevalece of design. Real education is beneficial to capitalism—there were not many other reasons—such teaching of physiology is alien to the interests of wage slavery.

This kind of education is wage slavery in the making. Offtimes it is not direct teaching so much as indirect instruction of ideas. To present facts of life as the revolutionists conceive it is the task of the modern school educator. While it may be taught by some that it is rather their task to present facts "impassionally," trusting that such presentation would, sooner or later, abolish the universal injustice of the present-day society, this view is not strictly correct.

The world's revolutionists have a distinct task before them. It is not a task to destroy wage slavery, wherever the infinitely varied individual and collective possibilities have for the first time an opportunity for expression and development, unhampered by the presence of capitalist material economies and the corrosions inherent therein.

This kind of education is anything but "impassionally"—it is positive. The simple presentation of facts is not enough. Capitalists and the multitude of judges of force that the social ideas of the individual today, are powerful enough and ingenious enough to mould all "impassional" knowledge to their own ends. Educators must present facts so that their revolutionary significance become known.

FRANK CHESTER PEASE

GREATEST FIGURE IN HISTORY

According to the numerous reports from across the border it is plainly evident that Madero has not succeeded in pacifying the Mexican people with his unfilled promises.

The cry of "Land and Liberty" will not down. The "ignorant" Peons will not trade their guns for socialist tracts. They will not give up their hope of freedom much more their promis of a social democratic heaven hereafter.

Education is good, but there is no greater learning than to the land and liberty for those who actually use it, and that liberty is the birthright of all.

When this is the case, it is coupled with the courage and determination to fight for it, the same of Social Revolution education is reached.

After following Marx through all the tiresome detail of his ponderous work, "Capital," I am re-warded with the knowledge that the land belongs to, likewise the tools, which the Mexican are not the important, but the important are not made in his country. I did not learn about the importance of Liberty. I did not learn how to attain my land and tools. I am no longer a slave to the courage to push them over a very strenuous course were it put up to me who is the better educated, the Mexican, with "Land and Liberty" on his lips and a rifle on his shoulder, or, I, armed only with phrases? I pur chase economic advantage. The Mexican is not the better educated, the Mexican is the better after the real thing. And for that he is the most important figure in history, not excepting the French Revolution, God's doctrine is clear and well pronounced in his acts.

The first thing he does upon the capture of a town is to throw open the prison doors, and next to the field to enlarge the field. Then hating all classes appropriates the big land owner, and turns the land over to the people who, in many cases, work it in peace, and live in content on the revolution so common. True, the French took the land from the church and barons, but their tactics and ideas were not nearly so clear cut as the Mexican's.

While we are reeling about the "great strike on the Southern Pacific" and the "great victory for Socialism at Los Angeles," the "ill-eate" Mexicans across the line is engaged in the first battles of the revolution. The idea of the revolution is to sweep capitalism from its base and establish industrial and political freedom. The crack of Freedom's guns is drowned in the general outburst of socialist activity. I have no patience for the party that will praise of being "revolutionary" and repudiate the Revolution, calling it a "Bolshevik plot." Let us all frankly and denounce it as an impostor on the Revolution Movement; an arrant fake that perverts the use of the masses in their demand for political and economic reforms.

All hail to you, my gallant Mexican fellow workers! I bow before your superiority. You know, do I mention talk. JAY FOX

THE FUNERAL OF A MARTYR.

"I will tell you something, brethren, which you will say impossible to a civilised country that is like America situated," said an earnest speaker addressing a large group of Bohemians. "writes Mary Field, in "On Strike," a collection of true stories of the Chicago garment-workers' strike, in the October American Magazine.

"You must excuse my bawling, but in regard for this big hall I must holler. One of our sisters is dead. She died on account of working 14 hours when she was out selling papers for the strikers. Tomorrow her funeral is, and we should all turn ourselves out to see how to work.

"And they, and hundreds of others, turned out by the thousands. As the endless stream filed slowly by the coffin, revelation American women crossed them themselves. The girl who died had tears in their eyes, a girl fainting, and flippant young men were green. Then eight strong men, Poise and Lindens, Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, bore on their shoulders through the streets the white casket of the little Jewish garment worker. Buried in it was the basket of flowers which her marty were, the prejudices, the hatreds, the intolerances of a thousand years. In the Valley of the Shadow of Death man learns that all people are one."

AUTHORITIES


SOLIDARITY.

A weekly revolutionary working class newspaper.

Published by P. O. Box 622, I. W. W., NEWPUNKAL, N. Y.

PRESIDIO


Published by Emma Goldman, 320 E. 16th St., New York, N. Y.

INDUSTRIAL WORKER

A Weekly Agitator for Revolutionary Industrial Union.

Published by 21 W. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

HENDERSON BAY ROUTE—Steamer Tyndall leaves Commercial Dock, Tacoma, for all points on Henderson, Bay including Home on Saturdays at 2:30, returning next morning. Sunday at 8 a. m., returning same day.

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