

THE AGITATOR

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

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HOME, (LAKEBAY P. O.) WASHINGTON, MAR. 1, 1912

WHOLE NO. 32

The Passing Show

Capitalism Fears the Future.

Judge Gary, head of the steel trust, warned his fellow thieves at a big feast that the workers are becoming wise to their game, and that "things are being said now similar to the things that were said just before the French Revolution." He advised them to get busy doing something "to improve the condition of humanity," or "changes will come mighty quick, and the mob will bring them."

In plain speech, something must be done mighty quick to divert the course of the Social Revolution or it will swoop down upon them and change the water of their trust stocks into blood.

Judge Gary evidently knows his history. He knows the mob is a dangerous animal to monkey with, and that once aroused no human mind can measure the extent of its bloody work. He knows it won't bargain with him for the return of its stolen wealth; that, on the contrary, it may expend the wrath of its vengeance on his pampered plutocrats for the ages of suffering it has endured at their hands.

He sees it is infinitely wiser to sell out to Berger now, take their government bonds and retire to some safe retreat, before the storm comes. Gary has foresight. As a purely business proposition his recent offer to sell out to the government cannot be beaten.

Most people thought he didn't mean it, that he was just "putting one over" on the "probers."

The idea of a trust magnate offering to relinquish control of his vast wealth was quite beyond their comprehension. But Gary knows the game better than the alleged Socialists, who are ready to play into his hands.

Capitalism is reaching the stage where it will fall of its own weight if left to itself. The foreign market, on which it has depended for the sale of its surplus output, is fast vanishing.

The international decentralization of industry has destroyed the foreign market. Every country is now manufacturing articles in abundance.

The loss of the foreign market, which lessens the required output of the factories, and the ever increasing improvement in machinery, which is constantly lessening the demand for labor, is filling the highways of the country with an army of unemployed that has already become a serious menace to the system, and is causing keen eyed men like Gary to sit up and take notice.

What is capitalism going to do with this ever increasing army of unemployed? That is the question which Gary undoubtedly asked himself and answered in the negative.

If the system goes on as it is for a few years this army will become so large as to entirely overwhelm it, and the depredations of the Goths and vandals will become a sideshow to what will happen when these barbarians attack "civilization" from within. It was surely a picture of this inevitable end which inspired Gary's warning to the banqueters in New York.

There is only one safe avenue of escape: Sell out to the government and throw the responsibility back onto the people. The government bonds received as the price will insure a perpet-

ual revenue for the exploiters and their heirs for centuries. And the government, with the vast industries in its hands, will become a benevolent despotism, with a Roosevelt at its head, and of such vast power that it will take centuries to overthrow it.

This is what Socialists and others who are urging government ownership, are helping to bring about.

Government ownership is the last refuge of capitalism, its last hope of protection from the hungry mob its greed and rapacity has created.

But The Daily Socialist says: "There will be no mobs. The educational work done by the Socialist movement will save the capitalist class from the terrors of a violent and undisciplined revolution."

Isn't that reassuring? Isn't it the true spirit of friendship? Isn't he a true friend who will come to the aid of him who is in distress?

And the socialists are ready to go even further than to protect the capitalists from mob violence. They want to buy them out, to take the white elephant off their hands. Gary is proving he has the superior brains.

Lawrence and the \$3500 Feast.

A woman in Washington gave a dinner recently at which she displayed the possession of a more than ordinary amount of wealth. The spread cost \$3500, divided at the rate of \$700 a plate, and the hostess wore her best calico dress and was decorated with jewels worth \$600,000.

In the next paragraph we read about the destitution among the 20,000 Textile Workers in Lawrence, who were forced to strike against a reduction in their scanty wages. And now, as I write, I have before me the news that the police and soldiery prevented these strikers from sending their children to friends in other cities, rather than see them starve at home; and that in accomplishing this dastardly outrage they "clubbed men and women alike until a mass of unconscious humanity lay on the ground."

Who with a heart so small it will not burst into a flame at the sight of such brutality as this? The system that perpetrates such inhuman outrage should not be allowed to stand twenty-four hours.

We have all read about the brutality of the Russian Cossacks and the coarse barbarity of the aristocracy that hurdled them on the people, and we have thanked progress that no such crimes were committed in this country. Can Russia duplicate this latest official American outrage? Can Russian exploitation duplicate the \$700 a plate feast, or the diamond studded slippers that appeared at another fete?

Rome at its worst was no worse than America today. The system that with club and gun keeps hungry children before the eyes of their parents, that the latter may be the sooner forced to submit to the exactions of the Textile Kings, is approaching the end of its reign. Another such outrage may flame the torch of the Revolution.

The Free Speech Fights.

Reports to hand show that the attack on free speech is becoming general throughout the country. It is plain the ruling and employing class is making a concentrated effort

to drive the agitators off the streets. To the eternal credit of the agitators and workers, they are making a brave fight.

Vancouver and San Diego are the storm centers at present.

In Vancouver mounted cossacks are being used to trample liberty in the dust. Meetings were stormed by these mounted brutes, who, with clubs and whips, beat the people on the heads.

In San Diego the jail is filled with liberty lovers to the number of 125, where they sing revolutionary songs. The crowd on the street joins in the chorus, and the spirit of the Revolution wells up in one's breast.

Will this coercion halt the marching host of the Revolution? Think of a few policemen and jailers changing the course of social evolution. Some meddling nonentities really think they can.

Old King Canute was honest in his swollen egotism. He'd had so much success in commanding the pin-heads that surrounded him, he really thought he could command the tide. But the old fool had to move back out of its way.

The Mexican Revolution.

Do you know that the Mexican Revolution is the most significant upheaval the world has ever known? Not because it is a revolution, for there has been thousands of revolutions, but for the thought that is behind it. Most revolutions aim merely at a change of rulers. The Mexican revolution aims at a change of property.

"Land and Liberty" is the war cry of the Mexican peons. These ignorant men and women, who never heard of Marx, Kropotkin or George, are actually fighting the Social Revolution, while we fancy philosophers continue our learned parlor discussion about shades of belief. We are so greatly incensed that anyone should start something without our consent and approval that we refuse to recognize the Mexican revolution, and even condemn it as a banditti. We have become so esthetic and so highly inflated with egotistic verbosity that we have actually come to think we can achieve the Social Revolution with lead pencils on a bit of blank paper.

Get "The Mexican Revolution," by Wm. C. Owen, 5 cents, "Regeneracion," 914 Boston St., Los Angeles, and learn something real about this first concrete, practical attempt to realize the real thing.

JAY FOX.

HUXLEY SAW YOUR FINISH

"It needs no argument to prove that when the price of labor sinks below a certain point the worker infallibly falls into that condition which the French emphatically call 'la misere,' a word for which I do not think there is an exact English equivalent. It is a condition in which the food, warmth, and clothing which are necessary for the mere maintenance of the functions of the body in their normal state cannot be obtained, in which men, women, and children are forced to crowd into dens, wherein decency is abolished, and the most ordinary conditions of healthful existence are impossible of attainment, in which the pleasures within reach are reduced to bestiality and drunkenness, in which the pains accumulate at compound interest, in the shape of starvation, disease, stunted development, and moral degradation,—in which the prospect of even steady and honest industry is a life of unsuccessful battling with hunger—rounded by a pauper's grave.

THE AGITATOR

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THE AGITATOR does not bear the union stamp because it is not printed for profit. But it is union, every letter of it. It is printed and published by unionists and their friends for the economic and political education of themselves and their fellow toilers. Much of the labor is given free. On the whole it is a work of love—the love of the idea, of a world fit for the free.

**'Tis Liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it.—Cowper**

ON TO SAN DIEGO!

Fellow Workers: Once again the cry has gone forth for assistance; this time from sunny Southern California.

The very common "Common Council" of this city has passed an ordinance forbidding free speech. The fight is on. Eighty four men and women are in jail. Socialists, Industrial Unionists and Trade Unionists. We have a hard fight before us, as many of the prisoners are charged with "criminal conspiracy"; among whom are E. E. Kirk, Kasper Bauer, Laura Emerson and myself.

The boys sent me out on bail to deliver the following message: "Tell the boys thruout the country that we will fight to a finish."

We need MEN and MONEY.

No place in the world has a more beautiful climate than San Diego. Let the "tourists" roll in. In behalf of those in jail I appeal to you. Hold protest meetings. Send men and money. Help us save Local No. 13 from defeat. Today we need you. Tomorrow you may need us. All winter we have stood by the workers in trouble. Now it is our turn. Will You Help Us?

Address all communications to the undersigned, marked: (personal).

Hoping this appeal will have the desired effect, I am
Yours for speedy action, JACK WEYTE.
P.O. Box 312, San Diego, California.

LAWRENCE STRIKE PROTEST

What was perhaps the greatest revolutionary demonstration ever occurring in Seattle, or the Northwest for that matter, took place here Sunday, reaching climax in a monster meeting in Dreamland Pavilion, and resulting practically, in a collection of \$300.00 for the relief of the striking Textile Workers. This, notwithstanding the fact that the Socialists are bending every energy and every loose cent in a municipal election, and the fact that the Industrial Workers of the World are not noted for financial opulence. Between three and five thousand people assembled in the largest auditorium in the city, on short notice. One could really say that it was spontaneous, all bubbling up in about three days and beyond a few hundred hand cards was unadvertized.

We depended on the regular issue of 25,000 copies of "The Socialist Voice" with free distribution, and the City Central Committee of the party directed that a four inch double column display head in the Voice announce the meeting. This was accepted by the "Board of Control" but strange enuf it did not appear. On the contrary an announcement in 48 point black face type of a campaign "rally" did appear on the front page of "The Voice" to take place at the same hour and within a block of our meeting. We have located the head of this get-votes-any-way tapeworm and we'll feed it on tobacco juice soon as we can get to the critter.

It all come about in this way: At a special meeting of the City Central Committee which had been called to correct a mass meeting program prepared by the campaign committee wherein they left out the party's working class candidate for Mayor, Comrade Fred Isler of the I. W. W. appeared and addressed the Committee on the need of immediate relief for the Lawrence Strikers. We answered him very promptly with a proposition to take the Dreamland Pavilion for a Protest Meeting to cost \$100.00 for rent alone, and to invite all labor. The call was so issued. The Central Labor Council sat in the comfortable chloroform of the labor skate candidates for office and refused to act. But the Building Trades Council came over in great shape and we made their Secretary Comrade H. W. Pohlman, Chairman, because the Com-

mittee understood that he was about to be arrested on a capias from the Indianapolis Grand Jury.

The socialists apportioned the time allotted them in the meeting between David Bugess, candidate for Councilman, Kate Sadler, (not caring for anything, thank you) and H. M. Wells, candidate for mayor. The I. W. W. (the good Lord only knows what hellishness they did plan) chose to give all their time to one Ed. Lewis, who is some Apostle of Revolt, and, believe me, he did start something. He said among sixty five minutes of other good gatlin stuff that we ought to get thru with the "protest" dope and start some "defiance" meetings. Due to Lewis's remarks the "P. I." for the first time in a long time roasted the meeting. And since Monday morning half the people of Seattle have been hoping that he would do anything, and the other half have been hoping that he would. When you get to him, all he does is to swear that he's goin' to organize the water front-front slaves or be damned.

BRUCE ROGERS.

INDUSTRIALISM IN AUSTRIA

"Wohlstand Fuer Alle", for Jan. 10, contains an appeal to the revolutionists of Austria, from which the following extracts are taken:

"We have learned from experience that in the fight in which we are engaged we must depend solely upon ourselves.

"The number of comrades who have endeavored to propagate voluntary co-operation, direct action and anti-militaryism in the social democratic unions and the Social Democratic Party, and were expelled; their names are legion.

"From this date we must stir our comrades to organize federatively; not into a compulsory, coercive, highly centralized, dogmatic institution; but into a voluntary association, based upon the ideal and courage of the individual, and the voluntary association of all its members. That this organization can rest only upon an industrial foundation is obvious. Locals will be autonomous in all matters concerning their particular locality. The General Executive Committee will act as an intelligence bureau, only; and have no authority over the locals; its main functions to be the distribution of literature and be a center of information."

If the working class would only get rid of the "Messiah" idea, which has been haunting the vacuum of their conceptions for centuries, they would have the key to the economic situation. Then what a joke institutions would become!

CHAS. A. MYERS.

INDUSTRIAL IMPRISONMENT

(The prison referred to being a business office and its inmate a stenographer employed there.)

With a feeling of sadness and yearning do I look from my prison window. I chafe against my narrow habitation as the bird in captivity beats its wings against the door of its cage. Each succeeding day finds me in my cell, and I have by this time grown quite accustomed to the routine of my prison duties.

Why am I thus confined, and what crime do I expiate? It is merely this: It has fallen to my lot to be a wage earner in a large city; hence this penalty. The time for the serving of my sentence is quite indefinite. If Fortune is particularly favorable to me, I may be freed from my imprisonment altogether; or it may be that my sentence will be commuted to a less severe and lengthy one; but, if Fate is inexorable with me—I may have to serve here for a life-time.

My prison mates are numerous; as I peer from the window of my place of confinement, I can see the faces of my fellow-workers look from their prison windows across the way. I see in their faces a kindred desire and yearning for freedom and deliverance. At noon-day, when out for a brief repast, we sometimes exchange friendly words of greeting and kindly glances, but always return to our respective prisons.

When skies are gloomy and grey and the atmosphere dense, we are less apt to rebel against our lot, but when the sun beams warm and friendly and skies are bright and birds twitter, telling us of the nests they have built in the leafy branches of trees, and we catch a breath of Zephyr breezes, our hearts fill with a longing for out doors and we yearn for release.

Our mother Nature never intended us to pass our lives in such abodes; she laughs at the artificiality of it and mocks at the conventions set up by man to which we are compelled to conform.

Our lot is a hard one, and the rules of our prison life rigorous, and were it not for the fact that one day out of each week we are released from the toils, it would be unbearable.

MARY JUNGHANY.

Dont "believe" THE AGITATOR. Just toss what it says into your reason box. Slaves only are believers.

HELL ON EARTH!

The following from the "Seattle Star" proves it:

"A baby between the ages of one minute and five years living at Fall River, Mass., has one-fifth the chance of living that a child living in Seattle enjoys.

"Likewise they kill little children more than twice as rapidly in Pittsburg than in Minneapolis, St. Paul or Omaha.

"In Lowell, Mass., three little white hearses go cemetery-ward to San Francisco's one.

"In the infant mortality statistics for the year 1910 just published by the government, Fall River, Mass., leads with the high rate of 922.7 deaths among children under the age of five to 100,000 of population. Lowell comes next with 782.1; Newark's rate is 505.7; Pittsburg's, 652.2; Buffalo's, 545.4.

"St. Paul, 330.4; Omaha, 307.5, and Minneapolis, 299.2, are the big mid-west cities that seem to have made it more difficult for little children to die.

"Seattle takes the first prize; her rate is 189:

"Los Angeles, 234.4, and San Francisco, 229.9, are other Pacific Coast towns at the top of the honor roll.

"The figures of Ohio cities afford cause for comment. Cleveland leads with a rate of 495.3 deaths; Cincinnati did much better, 355.3. Columbus has a rate of 300.3.

"Why is there a higher death rate in one city than in another?

"Can the cotton mills of Fall River, the factories of Lowell, the coal mines of Scranton, the steel mills of Pittsburg, have anything to do with it?

"Can the law wages that impel improper housing and insanitary methods of living have anything to do with it?

"Can long and tiresome hours of labor by women in the factory before and after baby's coming have anything to do with it?

"Can the wretched life enforced upon the wife and children of a Scranton miner, or a Pittsburg steel worker have anything to do with those cities' abnormal rates?"

And the following from the same source, compares with Jack London's "People of the Abyss," describing slums in Whitechapel and Bethnal Green, "four or five families living in one room."

"A legislative committee is now investigating the condition of the striking mill operatives at Lawrence, Mass. The conditions disclosed are disgraceful. Wages so low that families would band together and hire a tenement in order to economize, four or five living in one room. It was found that right next door to Boston, the so-called Hub of our culture and refinement, conditions exist similar to those portrayed so vividly by Zola in 'Germinal.'

"Why is it that industrial conditions which are a reproach to civilization should be permitted to continue until a great strike occurs, before we investigate? And, generally, government's answer is the militia and coercion. If violence is to be avoided those who toll must have a government which truly represents them and will see to it that investigations are made and remedies are applied before hopelessness and desperation have dethroned patience and reason."

Bills, Bureaus, and Committees can't touch the cause.

"It's war we're in, not politics;

It's systems wresting now, not parties;

And victory in the end will fix

Where strongest faith and truest heart is."

So wrote James Russell Lowell. War! Economic, Industrial War!

"My people perish for lack of knowledge," wrote the old Hebrew Agitator, and it's so today.

Here's what Geo. D. Herron writes about it:

"It is only through the systematic misinformation of the people, through the darkening and deceiving of the common mind, that ruling classes and their retainers perpetuate themselves. It is because the people are still under the spell of the huge and strong delusion of authority, still hypnotized by the belief that the might and morals of property are sacred, still without a social mind or will, that they permit the few to own the resources of all and to make laws and institutions by which to privately appropriate the labor of all."

He says further: "We are recasting and forecasting the history of the man who works, the man who makes the world for his misters and will yet make it for himself—the world of comrade labor and ransomed love."

"Then temperance for all, and in all things peace, joy, righteousness, founded on the bedrock of justice

The Abolition Agitators.

Then came another set of agitators who sought to disturb the beautiful peace of chattel slavery.

Lovejoy, the agitator, who advocated the vicious doctrine of negro emancipation in a little newspaper, was murdered at Alton, Ill., and his print-shop destroyed by a gang of ruffians inspired by the slave holding interests.

William Lloyd Garrison, the indefatigable agitator in the same cause, was marched through the streets of Boston with a rope around his neck by the respectable, law-abiding element of that community. But he would not down, nor cease his agitation. In the first issue of his paper, *The Liberator*, published Jan. 1st, 1831, Garrison wrote:

"I am aware that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice, on this subject I do not wish to think, or speak, or write, with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen—but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal and hasten the resurrection of the dead."

There was an agitator for you. He was imprisoned, maligned, spat upon, declared a mad man, pronounced a dangerous character, a menace to society, and narrowly escaped being lynched. But we all love him today, for we know it was largely through his agitation that the emancipation of the black man was brought about.

Garrison was an Anarchist. He once wrote: "No person will rule over me with my consent. I will rule over no man."

A monument stands on aristocratic Commonwealth avenue, in Boston, as a tribute to the memory of this once reviled and hated agitator.

Wendell Phillips was won over to the cause of abolition by the sight of the mob in broadcloth dragging Garrison through the streets.

Phillips was the greatest orator America has produced. He threw all his powerful force into the cause of negro emancipation and labor in general, for it was death only, on Feb. 2nd, 1884, that stilled his mighty eloquence. For fifty years this gifted agitator battled for the rights of man. With tongue and pen he lashed the enemies of progress and the oppressors of labor. Like all agitators, he was hated and maligned but we love him for the enemies he made. He looked upon Free Speech as the greatest gift of liberty, and had the most supreme contempt for those who attempted to suppress that right. He once said:

"The community that will not allow its humblest citizen to freely express his opinion, no matter how false or odious the opinion may be, is only a gang of slaves."

See in these eloquent and burning words his profound hatred of tyranny: "Every line in our history, every interest of civilization, bids us rejoice when the tyrant grows pale and the slaves rebellious."

Has the need for the agitator past? Have we reached that stage in the evolution of society when no further progress is necessary?

Not quite. With ten thousand of the daughters and sisters of the working class driven yearly into prostitution by want of the common needs of life; with three millions of the working class at present out of work; with the wealth and industries of this great country in the control of half a dozen billionaires; with corruption rampant in politics; with slums in every city that are increasing so fast and becoming so polluted as to become a terrible source of pestilence and a gigantic monument to the injustice of the age, and the absolute failure of the present social system? Not quite. The need for the agitator is not yet past.

Never in the history of the world was the agitator more in demand than he is today. The agitator must come to save the world from its own destruction.

J. F.

"The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion"

Edmund Burke

ENGLISH RULERS THANK SCABS.

"At the monthly meeting of the city council, Sir Charles Petrie, on the proceedings of the tramways and electric power and lighting committee, stated that he wished to say something regarding the great services rendered recently by certain gentlemen of this city. They were very much indebted to some 500 gentlemen, including nine clergymen, who volunteered and acted as stokers at the power station, thus keeping up the supply of electric current all over the city. But for the magnificent work of these citizens Liverpool would have been plunged into darkness, the trams would have been stopped, and electric power generally would have been cut off. Again, if it had not been for these gentlemen some £3,000,000 worth of perishable goods in the cold storages of the city would have been destroyed. He felt, therefore, that he was only echoing the universal sentiment when he expressed high appreciation and gratitude for this splendid display of civic patriotism (hear, hear). He also paid a high tribute to the special constables who had guarded the power station and prevented interference which might have been disastrous (applause)."—*The Liverpool Weekly Post*.

"Five hundred gentlemen, including nine clergymen" made a "splendid display of civic patriotism" by descending to the depths of scabbery. It was an Englishman, Samuel Johnson, who said: "Patriotism is the last resort of scoundrels." The patriotism that will help to enslave mankind, that will rivet the shackles of wagedom upon the ankles of labor, is the patriotism of scoundrels, and the applause it calls forth is the applause of silk mitted scoundrels who live in luxury by the slavery of their fellow men.

And nine black robed clergymen helped to swell the blackleg crew, and got their well-merited thanks.

There are blacklegs and blacklegs, but the blackest of all black rascals is the black-robed preacher who will volunteer to do the dirty work that only the hungry and degraded of the working class ever does. But could we expect anything better from the church? J. F.

THE EDITOR'S DEFENCE

The Editor of this paper has been convicted on the charge of "encouraging disrespect for the law". If this verdict is allowed to stand every radical paper in the State will be at the absolute mercy of the prosecutors, and may be thrown into jail at any moment.

The interest of free speech demands that this case be appealed, and we urge that you subscribe to this fund. The Free Speech League.

NATHAN LEVIN, Treas. Home, Lakebay, Wash.

THE WORKERS' UNIVERSITY.

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THE FULL DINNER PAIL

The parties each season still swear without fail To give to the worker a full dinner pail, To the worker who gives them wealth, comfort and art, And all of products of mine, mill and mart, Their libraries, colleges, churches and schools!— And they have to reward him, the simplest of rules; They promise him every fourth year without fail, (Tho they never fulfill) a full dinner pail! But what if they did? Would that be any more Than they gave to the slave and the villain of yore? Is it all they can do for the toilers? Confess; The cruelest of slave-holders never did less. Oh the full dinner pail, the full dinner pail! I see their intention as thru a rent veil, And here in reality's just what they mean, The owners of Factory, Land, and Machine: "Be obedient workers, and stay in the mill! As long as you do so your bellies we'll fill; We'll keep you alive on a pittance of pay— When you work for a day, you must eat for a day. You must fashion us Leisure, and Comfort and Art, And Riches and Luxury—then for your part, We will give you one thing (But to give that they fail, The frauds and the liars!) A Full Dinner Pail!" —HARRY KEMP.

"And shall be repeated the poet's dream—not alone in the woods—but in all avenues of human activity: "The sounding aisles of the dim woods sang with the anthem of the free!"

New concepts are on the march. For instance, What is a great city?

Contrary to popular opinion, good old Walt Whitman describes "Where the Great City Stands," thus: "The place where a great city stands is not the place of stretched

Wharves, docks, manufacturers, deposits of produce merely,

Nor the place of ceaseless salutes of newcomers, or the

Anchor-lifters of the departing,

Nor the place of the tallest and costliest buildings, or Shops selling goods from the rest of the earth,

Nor the place of the best libraries and schools, nor the place

Where money is plentiest,

Nor the place of most numerous population."

After the mouthings and masqueradings of normal mental and moral soothsayers it is invigorating to hear his description in the affirmative.

"Where women walk in public processions in the streets,

The same as men; Where they enter the public assembly and take places

The same as men. Where the city of the faithfulest friends stands,

Where the city of cleanliness of the sexes stands,

Where the city of healthiest fathers stands,

Where the city of the best bodied mothers stands, There the great city stands."

Further: "Where the slave ceases, and the master of slaves ceases, and

Where the populace rise at once against the never-ending audacity of elected persons."

Another world-light and compeer of Whitman, wrote "We do not ride on the railroad, it rides upon us." See? And other things, too.

Thoreau saw the truth, and Mrs. Eddy joins in the world-wide chorus of the hour, and cries "Break Earth's stupid rest." Society resting on force, an exploitation, on child-labor. And the same author aptly states, "The modern lash is less material than the Roman scourge, but it is equally as cutting."

"It's coming yet for a 'that'."

Charles Kingsley, the chartist's friend in 1848, stated the case thus:

"There's blood on your new foreign shrubs, Squire, There's blood on your printers' feet—

There's blood on the game you sell, Squire, And there's blood on the game you eat!"

Human blood, squeezed out in the wine-press of Capitalism, on which Indian Durbars, Newport orgies and Monte Carlo "games" thrive.

Production for profit will cease, or society will. Industrialism voices the incoming of Universal International Brotherhood.

And Lawrence, Mass., will be on the map, a living, starving, bleeding guide-post to the One Big Union.

JACK WOOD.

Around the World

Rose Markus, a fifteen year old girl, is lecturing in San Francisco. March 5th her subject will be: "The Modern school as Advocated by Ferrer" Hear this pupil tell the teachers where to drop off at. Jefferson Square Hall, at 8 P. M.

The "earnings" of the steel trust for 1911 were 105 million dollars, while 65 per cent of the steel workers received less than the actual cost of living, and worked from ten to fourteen hours, seven days a week, to earn it. "My Country 'tis of thee."

The Engineers, Firemen, Trainmen, and conductors, numbering 3000 men, have formed a federation on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. Industrialism is taking root among the most aristocratic set of workers in the country.

Congressman Berger has introduced a bill in congress calling for the government ownership of railroads, telegraf, telephone and express properties. After this revolution has been accomplished he will present another bill to governmentize the remaining trusts; and that will be Socialism — Milwaukeeized.

Three I. W. W. men, Fernaro Palonarez, R. A. Dorname and S. Lomos, confined in jail at El Paso awaiting trial on the charge of "violating the neutrality laws", have issued an appeal for financial aid to employ an attorney. This case is urgent. These very active fellow worker will be railroaded for long terms unless they are helped. Address: Fernando Palomarez, County Jail El Paso, Texas.

A Cable from Paris says several dynamite bombs were exploded by striking taxicab drivers in the garages where they are on strike, destroying much property. A bomb exploded in a policeman's hands. The strike has been on since November 1st and 6,500 taxicabs have been idle since then. A large number of the Paris Taxicab drivers own their individual cabs. These men are each paying a dollar per day to support their striking comrades.

THE SEATTLE AGITATOR CLUB

The greatest example of what a few people can do when they work unitedly in a common cause, is the Seattle Agitator Club. This little group has actually kept The Agitator alive. While other comrades and friends were guessing whether the next issue was going to come out, this club was working to see that the next issue would come out. And the 32nd is now before you.

But the fund is low and the subscriptions are coming in slow, so this club has decided to give another dance. This time it will be a Hard Time Ball, where you dress in old rags or cast off overalls.

The date is Sunday, March 17th, St Patrick's day. Not thru love of the ancient snake charmer, nor deep reverence for the Editorial Ancestry, but just because it's convenient.

The place is Reddings Hall, 24th Ave. and Jackson St. Go where rags only will be respected.

This Group has opened a Club Room at Room 326 Pacific Block, corner Yesler and Occidental, where study classes, meetings, etc. will be held.

That is life. Real and active life. Life that one can contemplate with Joy. For it has fulness. It is creative. It is the life worth while. Oh, that we had more such clubs.

Wouldn't The Agitator become a power!

KEEP THE AGITATOR GOING

Dear Comrade: We read in the last issue about your sentence, and in a way we feel sorry for you. But we know you so well we are sure it wont effect you. Only we are sorry for The Agitator, as it is a good paper. We look forward with delight for the day when it arrives. We hope the comrades will keep it up for the time you are in jail; and we, from far, will stay by it. We enclose five yearly subs for The Agitator. \$1 for James Robinson, one for Pat King, one for Paul Cooney, and two for ourselves.

Your Comrades,

Butte, Montana. A. & A. Edelstat.

What Is Your Answer?

Fellow rebel: How are you going to meet the extra expense of keeping The Agitator up while you are in jail? I dont ask this question of you only, Jay. I put it up to every reader of our paper. My personal answer is that I will contribute \$1. a week. J. M.

CAN MEXICO BE CRUSHED?

Some ten days ago the United States press worked itself up into a fever over the report that a couple of Los Angeles men were proposing to sell Nagdalena Bay to the Japanese government. It appears that these gentlemen lay claim to more than 5,000,000 acres of Mexican soil, their alleged property having a sea frontage of 500 miles. At this moment the United States press is in hysterics over the discovery that the entire Mexican nation is in arms for the recovery of its heritage. Ten days ago the Los Angeles speculators were cursed by everybody as unpatriotic, and they found it necessary to rush into print and deny the rumored sale. Today the Mexicans are the target for the entire newspaper vocabulary, from "Anarchists" downwards. Nobody appears to have thought it at all objectionable that foreigners should gobble up what is an empire in itself, and nobody appears to think that Mexican revolution may have its root in a natural objection to being gobbled.

The workers of the United States, it will be said, have enough troubles of their own, and in the face of more than fifty indictments against labor leaders for alleged complicity in dynamiting; of the Lawrence strike; of the sufferings of the unemployed. I should be the last to combat that argument. Nevertheless, I put forward with the utmost confidence the opinion that all these combined shrink into insignificance when compared with the conflict now looming up between the United States and Mexico. To say that every worker in the United States will be affected by it most profoundly is to understate the case. The whole world may be affected, for it is quite within the range of probabilities that it may bring to an end one scene and put on the stage another scene in the never-ending drama of social evolution. Not because I am connected with "Regeneracion," but because I consider this the most important subject of the day, this letter will be devoted exclusively to the situation as between the United States and Mexico.

The Atlantic fleet has been ordered to Mexican waters; fifty thousand troops are being sent to the Mexican border, to "preserve order;" the war office has completed plans for the immediate mobilising of an army of one hundred thousand. All that sounds fairly big, but that is not by any means the really big thing. The really big thing is that, as now acknowledged on all sides, the people of Mexico are in universal insurrection to recover what they consider their stolen lands, and that the United States government apparently intends to put down that insurrection and prevent that recovery.

That, in my opinion, is the really big thing—a thing so big that it will take the most thoughtful and far-seeing much time to grasp it. It opens up an enormous horizon of probabilities, and I address myself, first and directly, to what seems to me incomparably the most important of them all. I believe that if the United States invades Mexico the people of the world will have set before them the entire social problem as it never hitherto was set before them. I believe the social problem will be forced into the middle of the stage; a grim, colossal, uncompromising figure that none can evade. I believe that the efforts of plutocracy to force land monopoly on an entire nation that regards land monopoly as its dearest enemy will compel the world at large to consider and determine whether this magnificent earth is to be for the use of all or for sale to the privileged few. That is the problem with which humanity has been laboring for years, and it may well be that the invasion of Mexico by the United States will strike the hour for its solution. If so, one of the most remarkable chapters in human history will be opened.

Of course, such an argument will be set down as the vaporing of a wild-eyed dreamer, nevertheless he is bold enough to hold the facts are with him. He thinks the American public pitifully deluded if it fancies that the conquest of Mexico will be an easy task, and he reminds readers that British military authorities have declared it far harder than was the subjugation of the Transvaal, to which Great Britain had to send nearly half a million soldiers. He thinks half a million soldiers cannot be raised in the United States without conscription, which will lead to an immense anti-military crusade and an infinite deepening of social discontent. He thinks that the resistant capacity of the Mexicans—a nation of 15,000,000—is being grossly under-rated, inasmuch as a large percentage of the people is now excellently armed, has all its naturally keen fighting instincts

roused, is peculiarly adept at the guerrilla fighting to which the mountainous character of Mexico so readily lends itself, and has in its favor a climate most deadly to the northerner but to which the native is enured. These considerations are submitted without argument, to stand or fall by the test of events.

Furthermore, it is a fact that the Anarchist revolutionary movement has had, for years, its stronghold among the Latin races, and for thoroughly sound, fundamental, racial reasons. The Latin does not love work for work's sake, as so many of the Anglo-Saxons seem to do, in accordance with the philosophy of commercialism, which is that the production of commodities is the one end and aim of life. The Latin may love money, but he loves pleasure more. He may profess devotion to law and order, but he has an instinctive antipathy to strong, centralized governments, preferring to be his own policeman both in defense and attack; for which reason he is generally looked on by the Anglo-Saxon as a may-be violent and undesirable citizen. But I regard it as certain that these racial traits will bring him into sympathy with the Mexicans, to whom he is also bound by the great tie of a common language, spoken from Texas, in North America, to Cape Horn. It is submitted, therefore, that, even if racial war should not spring from this most pregnant situation, there will develop an intensity of feeling as between the two great divisions of the European family, each of which has marked characteristics of its own. Both the international Socialist and Anarchist movements will be affected most profoundly, the former leaning toward government as the restorer of peace and the latter condemning it, far more remorselessly than it does today, as the natural ally and champion of monopoly. The effect on the labor and emancipation movement of the world will be very great.

WM. C. OWEN.

RECEIPTS

Seattle Ball, balance, \$53.25; Edelstat, Besselman, each \$2; Pease, Watermoler, Marksall, Local 13 I. W. W., Cooney, King, Robinson, Lavroff, 'Friend' each \$1. Moreau, Clover, Schilling, Junghany, True, Bell, Erbs, each 50c.; Appel, 45c.; Penhollow, Scarceriaux, Levine, Eklund, Engel, each 25c.

THE DEFENSE FUND.

Previously acknowledged, \$159 38
Home I. W. W., \$6.11; Morel, Alt, each \$1.; Marx, 50c.

REGENERACION

Weekly organ of the Mexican Revolution; published by the Mexican Liberal Party. \$2. a year; 3 months 50c. 914 Boston St. Los Angeles, Cali o

<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>
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<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 \$,50</p>
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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.

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.

Agents for THE AGITATOR.

Seattle: Lavroff's stand, 115 Prefontaine Place.
Raymer's old book store, 1522 First Ave.
Lynn, Mass.: S. Yaffee, 233 Union Street.
New York City: B. Waselevsky, 212 Henry Street; M. Maisel, 422 Grand Street
New Zealand: P. Josephs, 43a Willis St., Wellington.
England: T. Keell, 127 Ossulston St., London, W. C.;