

# THE AGITATOR

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

VOL. 1,

HOME, [LAKEBAY P. O.] WASH., APRIL 15, 1911.

NO. 11

## THE PASSING SHOW

A judge in Spring Valley, Ill., has fined three men \$50.00 each for distributing a political cartoon. He said the picture was immoral, and therefore it was a crime to paste it on the fences of the city. How did the working men who pasted this picture on the fences know what the judge's opinion of it would be? Was the picture immoral before the pure souled dispenser of justice pronounced it so?

Suppose he had said it was not immoral? It would still be the same picture; and these working men would not be serving \$50.00 fines in the county jail.

The point is this: The fiat of a lawyer defines our morality, tells us what sort of picture is bad for us to look upon, and punishes us for looking at it before he has decreed its moral status, and before we can tell what that moral status is.

The lawyers tell us the law is common sense; decide for yourself.

The law cannot define the undefinable. Morality is purely a matter of opinion; and opinion, especially on indefinite matters, is influenced by temperament, social standing and geography.

The Italian workingmen who distributed the cartoon in question differ in all three respects from the lawyer whose opinion sent them to jail.

But the law is "common sense."

The offending cartoon, whatever else it may be, surely is not art. It was not created as a work of art. It was made to convey an idea; it is a picture with a purpose. It fulfilled its purpose well; and herein I suspect has its immorality.

It shows, at a glance, two phases of political life better than a volume of words could do. I could call it: "Before and After Election."

One side of it shows the spellbinding office seeker, haranguing the voters, promising them everything, including the moon, if they will only vote for him. The other shows him mounting the steps of the city hall after being elected, one hand to his nose and the other exposing a picture of the moon on his trousers.

The idea is quite commonly used in Europe, where the people are not so highly civilized as the Spring Valley judge. Over there the people have a sense of humor, and a good joke is not penalized as impurity.

There no vengeful politician dare use the threadbare cloak of morality as a cover for his perfidy.

The pin-headed politician who uses the sword of office to punish his political enemies should be driven from the bench.

Will this jail term convince these men that they were wrong? Will it show them that the politician is other than what they picture him? Will it convince anybody of anything?

It will. It will confirm these men and their fellow fighters in their convictions. It will serve as a concrete example of the truth of their theories.

"But," you say, "justice has been outraged and innocent men are languishing in jail."

To which I answer: Justice has been out-

raged so often she is used to it; and the workmen behind the bars have liberty so large in their hearts they don't mind suffering for it.

On another page will be found a description of the horrible scenes that attended the factory fire in Newark, N. J., some time ago. Below is printed an account of the frightful capitalistic crime in New York March 25th, where 142 young lives were snuffed out to appease the maw of mammon.

Trapped on the top floors of a burning factory building, supposedly of the most modern fireproof construction, more than half a thousand persons had the choice of probable death by fire or by jumping to the stone pavement below.

Of those who jumped three survived, while the others were crushed out of all human semblance. Some of the others managed to reach the street by means of the stairways and two of the four elevators with which the building was equipped. The remainder perished miserably, while firemen and spectators raged impotently on the street powerless to do anything.

Men wept, while others stormed to and fro, vainly endeavoring to do something for those who were beyond human aid.

It was shortly after 4:30 today when fifty students in the Professional School of New York University, which fronts on University Place, were startled by the crash of falling glass. Instantly there was a rush to the streets and as the youths reached the street there they saw the first body sailing down. It was that of a girl, apparently not more than 17 years old. Her clothing was on fire. She was killed instantly.

One after the other, ten more jumped, while the people on the street gazed in helpless horror.

When the first piece of fire apparatus reached the scene every window on the eighth, ninth and tenth floors was filled with shrieking men and women, some begging for help, while others were praying.

The eighth floor windows were pouring out smoke and flame, while framed in them were both women and men, who, as they realized they must choose between two modes of death, for the most part jumped.

The clothing on nearly every body that struck the street was afire and in some cases before they finally dropped it had been burned almost completely off.

The first engine company on the scene rushed with a canvas life net directly under the main entrance and the captain in charge shouted to those above to "keep cool and jump one at a time."

The frenzied people could not understand or the heat was too fierce, and three persons jumped at the same instant. The impact of the bodies tore the net into shreds, rendering it useless.

A big extension truck rolled up to the structure and the ladder was swung into place and hurriedly raised. A groan from both firemen and the terrified spectators went up as it was seen that the ladder reached only to midway between the sixth and seventh floors.

Two firemen grasped scaling ladders and started up only to be driven back by the fire, that was now feeding on the wooden window casings and burning as rapidly as though fed with oil.

The clang of the fire apparatus coming from all directions and the shouts of the excited people attracted crowds from all directions, and in a short time all streets leading into Washington Square were jammed. As each body crashed to the pavement the women nearly went insane. Several men fainted from the horror of the sight, while others sank to their knees and prayed and cried, completely unstrung.

The news dispatches of April 8th tell us that: "117 convicts die in a mine disaster in Alabama," and that: "74 miners were killed in an explosion in the Pancoast mine, at Troop, Pa."

When one reflects that these accidents were preventable, did the greed of capitalism permit proper precautions being taken for the protection of human life, he can hardly discuss the matters with coolness. Without straining the bonds of reason, this wholesale slaughter of human life can be called murder.

When a man lures another into an alley, and robs him, and kills him for resisting the robbery, we do not hesitate in calling it murder.

When a man lures men, women and children into fire-traps for the purpose of robbing them of three-fourths of the product of their toil, and they are consumed in the flames, we hesitate to call that murder. But it is. The series of articles on "The Criminality of Business" furnishes all the arguments and proofs.

The crimes of capitalism are uncountable. We often find ourselves speaking with much gusto about the horrors of war, what about the horrors of peace. What battlefield produced the horror, the pain, the heartaches to equal the New York fire?

Peace has more victims than war, and these disasters are brot prominently before your eyes, that you may be moved to greater activity in the work of bringing about a system of society where human life will be regarded as more important than the amassing of big fortunes.

A letter published elsewhere in this issue shows the fine revolutionary spirit of the I. W. W., better than a bushel of chin music. The fellow worker writes that all the members are over the line fighting with the Mexican rebels.

There is a class of revolutionists in this country who are willing to do anything but fight. They will jabber and vote and petition and scoff at those with the courage to fight. The I. W. W. boys are true to their colors. They are direct actionists, and they are active.

JAY FOX.

## ANARCHISM DEFINED.

The emotions of the ignorant are continuously kept at a high pitch by the most blood-curdling stories about anarchism. Not a thing is too outrageous to be employed against this philosophy and its exponents. Therefore anarchism represents to the unthinking what the proverbial bad man does to the child—a black monster bent on swallowing everything; in short, destruction and violence.

Destruction and violence! How is the ordinary man to know that the most violent element in society is ignorance.

Anarchism is the philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence and are therefore wrong and harmful as well as unnecessary.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

THE AGITATOR

Issued twice a month, on the first and fifteenth, by THE AGITATOR Publishing Association from its printing office in Home, Wash.

Entered at the postoffice at Lakebay, Wash., as Second Class Matter

Subscription, One Dollar a Year.  
Two copies to one address \$1.50.

Address all communications and make all money orders payable to THE AGITATOR, Home, Lakebay, Wash.

Articles for publication should 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. 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.

None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe they are free. — Goethe

MINORITY VERSUS MAJORITY

"When, in the course of development, class distinctions have disappeared and all production has been concentrated in the hands of a vast association of the whole nation, the public power will lose its political character. Political power, properly so-called, is merely the organized power of one class for oppressing another." The quotation is from the "Communist Manifesto," and the "International Socialist Review" deems it worthy of prominent display in a special box. But has anybody ever troubled to analyze that passage? Let us see.

The statement is that concentration in one association destroys classes and, therefore, political power. It is a statement contradicted by the experience of our daily life, for every one knows that those who control the majority of stock in a corporation have the minority at their mercy. In other words, men agree to pool their issues in one association. Thenceforth, according to the claim, so far as their interests in that particular association are concerned there are no class distinctions, all being interested in furthering the welfare of the enterprise.

In reality, however, a new class has been formed and a new conflict of interest has developed—that of the majority versus the minority. But that all-important fact Messrs. Marx and Engels found it convenient to forget.

The superficial reply may be made that Marx and Engels were dealing with public affairs, whereas my illustration is from the experience of private industry. I answer that precisely same principles hold good and may be seen continually at work. For example, here in Los Angeles, the city from which I write.

Los Angeles was naturally anxious to become a seaport, and for that purpose persuaded San Pedro to consent to consolidation. But between San Pedro and Los Angeles lay the town of Wilmington, commanding the inner harbor and much valuable water frontage. Wilmington, therefore, must also be taken into partnership.

Now Wilmington, under a bond issue of its own, had been dredging its channels, preparing for the erection of municipal wharves and taking other steps toward what it considered a public-spirited program. It hesitated much as to the wisdom of going into partnership with the rich and powerful Los Angeles, but finally consented, eighteen months ago, after securing a series of most definite pledges designed to protect its interests. Wilmington today finds it necessary to plaster Los Angeles with an appeal to public justice, in which it is stated that not one of those pledges have been kept, that all its improvements have been brought to a standstill, and that its taxes, on the other hand, have been increased more than 100 per cent. and its water rates more than 130 per cent. The details will not interest readers, and the case is given obviously merely by way of illustration; but I have interviewed many of those whom I consider fair-minded citizens, and they all agree that Wilmington is in the soup, helpless save so far as the courts can give redress.

Here you have the concentration of the public interests of three communities, all of which agreed to pool their issues. According to Marx and Engel, classes should have disappeared and with them political power, as we understand the term. In actual fact, the majority—Los Angeles—has been clothed with practically absolute political power, and the minority—Wilmington—is at its mercy.

Show me how the result would have been different had the whole nation of ninety millions been concerned instead of the four hundred thousand or so involved in this particular political deal!

Everlastingly the Socialist craft goes to pieces on the rock of majority versus minority—the most important of all class distinctions, with interests often, if not almost invariably, opposed.

In my judgment no work is needed more urgently today than an analysis of the fundamental positions on which political Socialism, taking its cue from Marx and Engels, has erected its house of cards.

W. C. OWEN.

A CAPITALISTIC CRIME.

In the April number of McClure's Magazine, Mary Alden Hopkins, in her article on the Newark fire, tells of the outrageous conditions existing in the box factory, burned down November 26, 1910.

It is a gruesome story of the perfidy of capitalism, where the boss does the thinking and the workers toil and die.

"The fire that brought to light these abominable conditions broke out in the Anchor Lamp factory on the third floor. A young girl, Sadie Hampson, was 'flashing filaments' for lamps at her machine. She placed the filaments, or carbons, in a vacuum-pump, removed the air, and filled the vacuum with gasoline vapor, switched an electric current through the filaments, and thus carbonized them. This is the process, but the girl had no understanding of it at all. All she knew was that she pushed carbons into an opening and pressed buttons, 'like it was a typewriter.' She also knew that at night she must cover the meter and carry it into the office. Beyond this she knew nothing at all about her machine. She wasn't hired to understand about the vacuum and the gas and the electric current; she was hired to press buttons, and, if anything went wrong, to call the boss. That is the common way in factories—many girls at machines to perform mechanical actions, and a boss to do the thinking for all.

"No one knows what the trouble was. The extension-ladder would not work. It reached a third-story window. Miss Haag was in a window in the fourth story. She leaned far out, choking and gasping. The smoke rolled over her in clouds. Sometimes she was hidden from view. Then came a belch of smoke flecked with red flame. "To hell with this damned ladder!" sobbed a man. Miss Haag jumped. She landed at the man's feet, and three days later she died in the hospital.

"At the other end of the factory is an alley. It was here that most of the girls jumped. No ladder could be raised at this corner, because of a large tree, a gateway, two steam-pipes crossing twelve feet in the air, and a telegraph-pole heavy with wires. One girl struck the tree, and was dead before she reached the ground. One girl broke her ankle on the steam-pipe. Another came down astride the steam-pipe. Another caught by her cheek on the open picket gate, and hung until the picket broke. But the things that happened there are too horrible to relate. Here the men held the life-net—till it broke. At first the girls who leaped into the net came one by one, in rapid succession. One broke her back, twisting in air. Another hit the window-sill at the third floor and again at the second. Another bounded from the net back against the brick wall. Then three girls struck the net at once. The lock snapped and the net tore. There was only one life-net, and there were many windows, each window jammed with girls.

"The firemen got the fire under control, and finally made their way to the bodies on the fourth floor. Five were bunched together in a heap, all unrecognizable. Three of these were sisters who had delayed too long, looking for one another. A sixth body sat upright at a machine. This was a woman sixty years old, and she had not moved from her chair."

THE CRIMINALITY OF BUSINESS  
(Continued)

No one is bound to take up the wrongs of innocent persons, but if he does not he cannot honestly ask for assistance when he is wronged himself, a thing which he is certain to do. Thus everyone who is indifferent to the miseries of others is essentially dishonest, and he could not justly complain if society were wise enough to treat him accordingly. For if I contribute indirectly to another's murder I cannot complain if some one indirectly contributes to my murder, and it would be rascally to cry for

help when assailed.

Material injuries are not the only injuries, for to say that a man is a thief and thereby keep him from getting employment is criminal. It is also criminal to listen to slander without trying to refute it, and it matters not whether an individual or a nation is slandered. Mere silence, however, is not so bad as upholding the slander and helping to spread it, and what is true of slander is also true of anything else that maliciously injures one man or any number of men.

If the mayor of Chicago is injuring the city for his own profit, and I know it, I cannot honestly ignore it. To support him by voting for him is to become as criminal as he, and what is true of Chicago is true of the nation, for we honestly owe as much to all mankind as we do to our own neighbors. Simple race prejudice is dishonest and active race prejudice, the denial of a man's rights because he is a negro, is criminal.

The secession of the South from the North was a criminal secession, and everyone who was neutral was at least dishonest. For if he had been a slave he would have welcomed a deliverer, and by not doing for others what he would have others do for him, he gives himself the lie. We are neutrals of that kind for we choose to see others innocently injured—industrially enslaved—rather than deny ourselves the pleasures of wealth.

All that the ravisher of women does is to prefer the injury of others to the denial of self the pleasure of sexual gratification. Both he and you refuse to restrain your passions out of regard for others, and as the clod is brother to the star so are we brothers of the sex-perverts, the passionate murderers of women and children. His crime is our crime, his excuse is our excuse; and while we cannot afford to admit it to the public it will do no harm to confess it to each other.

The people are simply not taught to regard us as criminals, and as there are savages among whom robbery, rape and murder are not regarded as criminal the time will come when some university professor will classify us with cannibals, slave-drivers and rape-fiends. Perhaps it will be thought that Carnage(y) and Rockyfellow and Morg(ue)an and G(h)oul(d) were named after their manner of living, but this of course is only a joke.

So far you agree with me as to what constitutes an honest man and what constitutes an injury, but I am also to show that our employes are not only being injured by a bad social system, but also that we are knowingly and therefore criminally sustaining it in every possible way. You admit that there are thousands of people willing to work that they may live, but who are unable to find work; for you once had the same experience yourself. You also admit that the country is large enough to engage the labor of all and productive enough to sustain all if things were in some way arranged to that end.

To illustrate: Suppose that either of our stores employs 1000 people selling \$20,000 of merchandise daily at a fair profit. If at night the cashier should say, "We can pay the salaries of the most of the clerks but not all of them!" Would you promote him or discharge him? Now, what is the difference in principle between our stores and the country at large? Do not the same economic principles apply to both just as the same mathematics and bookkeeping apply to both?

The country needs the labor of all; everybody will work or can be made to work, and it is the business of those in office to work out the details of a practical industrial system. If you owned the country, then, the same as you own your store, what would you do with your general manager, the president, and your clerks, the congress and courts? Would you, under existing conditions, continue them in office to your own great financial loss, or would you discharge them?

Of course you cannot escape the conclusion of the argument, and again I ask you if you would discharge a cashier for not having enough money for the payroll when more than enough had been taken in, what would you do with a congress that can not run the nation without borrowing money? Why, then, do you endow a college to teach that the condition of the nation is all right, a nation that is constantly going into debt notwithstanding it is strong enough to get on a cash basis? You are well aware that outside of the rudiments of learning there is nothing taught in the universities worth knowing.

(To be continued.)

# THE AGITATOR

## A MARCHING SONG

With us the fields and rivers,  
The grass that summer thrills,  
The haze where morning quivers,  
The Peace at heart of hills,  
The sense that kindles nature, and the soul that fills.

With us all natural sights,  
All notes of natural scale;  
With us the starry lights;  
With us the nightingale;  
With us the heart and secret of the worldly tale,—

The strife of things and beauty,  
The fire and light adored,  
Truth and life-lightening duty,  
Love without crown or sword,  
That by his might and godhead makes man god and lord.

These have we, these are ours,  
These no priests give nor kings;  
The honey of all these flowers,  
The heart of all these springs;  
Ours, for where freedom lives not, there live no good things.

Rise, ere the dawn be risen;  
Come, and be all souls fed;  
From field and street and prison;  
Come, for the feast is spread;  
Live, for the truth is living; wake, for the night is dead.

—SWINBURNE.

## MARRIAGE AND MORALITY.

Most women are still married with religious services, in the course of which they promise to "love, honor and obey." I remember in my boyhood that occasionally someone would read out of a newspaper an account of a woman who had insisted that the word "Obey" should be omitted from that formula; and I remember how very amusing I thought it was. But I no longer think it is amusing. On the contrary, I think that any woman who is willing to repeat the formula without modification, is in need of some educating.

A friend of mine, reading this manuscript as I write, interjects the remark, "That is making a big fuss out of a small matter, because nobody really means it—it is simply like the buttons on the back of our coats, which were once intended for sword belts, but stay on, though we no longer wear swords."

"Let us see," I answer—"is the sword so entirely obsolete in this matter?"

A woman marries a man, loving him and trusting him; and after she has become the mother of his children, she discovers that he is a base man. She has promised to "love, honor and obey," thinking it was simply a formula; and she resolves that she will "love, honor and obey" no longer. But what does she find? She finds, for one thing, that if she leaves him, he can take her children away from her. She finds, in many states, that she cannot get a divorce, no matter how cruelly he has treated her. He may be as drunken as he pleases, but she is defenseless. He may be as unfaithful as he pleases, but she is defenseless—unless she is able to get evidence and prove her case. If, for instance, he chooses to go off to some city and commit debaucheries, and returns without telling her where he has been, what defense has she? Suppose that, being unwilling to leave her children, she continues to remain in his house; then she finds that he may come home after his debaucheries and compel her to yield to his embraces. He can do things to her which, if she had never promised to "love, honor and obey," would enable her to send him to state's prison for ten or twenty years. But our courts have ruled that there is no such thing as rape within the marriage state.

I invite every one of my readers to take that

statement and sit down and meditate over it for fifteen minutes, and realize precisely what it signifies in this question of "marriage and morality." Consider the weaknesses to which women are subject; the physical and mental distress which they have to endure; the condition in which they find themselves for five or six days every month. Consider also the agonies of childbirth, the tragedies and mutilations which sometimes result, and the conditions in which a woman finds herself for a month or two afterwards. And then think that she is expected to step up to the altar, or to the bar of a court, and give a man permission to commit rape upon her at any time that he sees fit! And that the only way she can escape from this peril is to leave her home and her children in the hands of the man she fears!

Under the old-fashioned idea of marriage the woman was the property of the man; he protected her, not merely from enemies, but also from too-admiring friends. He denied her the right to think of any other man's love—he denied her the right to leave him, even though she might wish to. In earlier days that was the universal attitude of the man; for instance, the tragedy of "Othello" is based upon it, and scarcely a week passes that one does not find in the newspapers an account of some man who has shot another man in obedience to what is termed the "higher law." I do not exaggerate in saying that this is universally considered the proper thing to do in the South; it is called "protecting the honor of your home." I trust that I shall not be understood to be advocating marital infidelity when I protest against this attitude of husbands toward their wives. There may be many things in this life which I do not in the least want to do, which yet I do not care to be prohibited from doing under penalty of death. The habit of killing the object of one's jealousy is happily going out of fashion, with the advance of civilization; but the jealousy itself remains, and is the occasion of much bitter unhappiness. It is my contention that no woman should permit herself to be regarded as property: that she should set her face firmly against any such convention, and should make clear her attitude—that she gives her love freely, and does not yield it to force.

The reason I lay so much stress upon this is because of all the implications of this old attitude of sex mastery. It is precisely because of her failure to assert her rights as a free and equal being that women today suffer so cruelly as they do in the "holy state of matrimony." It is my contention that the first and most fundamental law of morality in the married state is that the woman should remain absolutely mistress of her own person; that she herself should lay down the conditions under which she bestows her love. I protest against marriage as a bargain, involving a transfer of ownership or rights. I maintain, in other words, that marriage should be a perpetual courtship—that a man should have no more right to force his wife than he has to force his sweetheart. And I say that every woman who contemplates marrying should make perfectly clear in advance her attitude; that she proposes to give her love to her husband precisely as long, and only as long, as his conduct disposes her to give it. She should make it clear that she intends to take that stand and adhere to it; that she is willing, if need be, to go out into the world and her her living for herself and her children, rather than recede from it.—Upton Sinclair, in Physical Culture.

## NEW BOOKS.

"Doggerel for the Under Dog," (The Labadie Shop, 74 Buchanan St., Detroit; 75c). A little book of verse, by Joseph A. Labadie, is a good example of what a man can do who has will and work in him. Joe wrote the book, he printed it, he made it; it is entirely the product of his brain and hand. The verses are not the sort one would select for reading at a pink tea party. They taste of the grime of labor. They are done in the rough finish of the workshop. They exhale the odor of the slave. Only a slave can read and understand them. But through the rough, unpolished exterior there shines the soul of a man unbeaten though held in the iron grasp of The System. The poet is free, though the man is bound, and he utters a plea to the under-dog, the great modern Prometheus shackled to the rock of gold. Let the lowly one read and strain and his chain, for the reading will give him strength. The power he lacks lies in him; it needs but to be aroused. And woe unto the curs above when the under dogs rise up. For:  
"No human force can stop the spread of labor's mighty plea,  
That those who plant shall own the fruit, and every worker free."

J. F.

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# THE AGITATOR

## THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

The following letters speak for themselves, and should make special appeal to all workers and opponents of slavery:

Office of the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party, 519½ East Fourth Street.

Los Angeles, Cal., U. S. A., March 13, 1911.  
Emma Goldman, 210 E. 13th St., New York City, N. Y.:

Dear Friend and Fellow-Fighter in the Cause of Human Liberty—I write urging you to exercise on behalf of my countrymen in Mexico the influence you wield over a large section of the American public. Need I spend my breath in telling you that we are fighting the world-wide battle of human emancipation; that our cause is your cause; that we are struggling for what every intelligent man and woman knows as being absolutely indispensable for human happiness and development? I think I need not.

It is well known—has been proved beyond all peradventure of doubt—that, at the behest of the money power, hundreds of thousands of my countrymen have been driven from the lands on and by which they and their forefathers had lived since our history began. Thus they have been forced into such hells as the rubber plantations of the Valle Nacional and the hemp plantations of Yucatan, or driven into exile across the American border, where they struggle desperately for a starvation wage. Somehow or other men and women must live; or, at least, try to live.

What will become of these millions of men, women and children if the money power has its way? What will be the result if it succeeds in trampling them beneath the heel of militarism? And what will be the effect on the character and standing of the American nation if it suffers itself to be the obedient tool of the money power, and stands before the world the avowed defender of chattel slavery of the most atrocious type? Surely, to ask these questions is to answer them.

The American public does not understand; it cannot see the picture in its awful reality, for it is misled by the wilful misrepresentations of those who, having gigantic money interests at stake, are sparing no effort to delude it.

So long as the money power thought the struggle in Mexico was merely to displace one dictator with another it looked on indifferently; for such struggles have been frequent in the history of Latin peoples, and they alter nothing. But today it understands quite clearly that its own selfish interests are in the balance; that we are fighting for the restoration of millions and millions of acres of land, given away to foreign syndicates by the fraudulent connivance of Diaz' unspeakable government, and entirely without the consent of the rightful struction is the very thing anarchism is combating? Nor is he aware that anarchism destroys, not healthful tissue, but parasitic growths that feed on life's essence of society; that it is merely clearing the soil of weeds that it may eventually bear fruit.

Anarchism urges man to think, to investigate, to analyze every proposition, but that the brain capacity of the average man be not taxed too owners, the people; that we are determined that the poor shall come once more into what is justly their own. Therefore today the money powers in America, backed by the money powers of the world, are calling the American nation to arms.

In such a crisis will you be silent? I think

not; indeed I know you cannot be.

Yours for human emancipation,  
R. FLORES MAGON.

210 East Thirteenth Street, New York City.  
March 19, 1911.

Dear Friend—Enclosed is copy of letter received from Ricardo Flores Magon, president of the "Junta" of the Mexican Liberty Party. It speaks for itself and makes, to me at least, irresistible appeal.

The leading facts connected with the Mexican revolution are well known, thanks largely to the measures taken recently by the government of the United States, at the behest of Wall Street. Through countless articles and such well-authenticated books as Turner's "Barbarous Mexico," it has been proved beyond all doubt that slavery of an inconceivably brutal type is rampant in Mexico, and is supported mainly by American dollars. Thus this country has become once more a partner in that very chattel slavery which, less than two generations ago, it shed blood and treasure freely to overthrow, once and forever.

The American public would not tolerate for one moment that partnership if it understood the situation clearly; but it is being duped and misled daily by a press owned body and soul by the money power. Our struggle is against this terribly powerful combination, and, Herculean though the task may be, the education of the public is one imperative duty of the hour. Accordingly I urge you, above all things, to devote all the time and money you can spare to the education of the public on this Mexican question, doing so without delay, for time is precious.

Write to your friends; send letters and articles to the papers; use your own brains and think out for yourself the various ways in which you can be of service. And DO IT NOW.

MONEY MUST BE CONTRIBUTED, and for this we must look to an awakened public conscience. You will awaken that conscience best by yourself making sacrifices for this, which is our common cause.

Send all money and communications to "Regeneracion" (organ of the Mexican Liberal Party), 519½ E. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal. You may rest assured that every cent will be expended honestly and judiciously, for these people thoroughly understand the situation and have proved their sincerity by years of exile, imprisonment and heroic labor.

### FROM THE MAIL BAG.

Editor The Agitator:

Dear Comrade—At our last meeting we decided to assist The Agitator by sending you two dollars each quarter. I enclose herewith our first instalment of \$2.00. With best wishes.

Fraternally,  
M. GOODMAN,  
Sec. Branch 160 Workmen's Circle.

Paterson, N. J.

Editor The Agitator:

Fellow Worker—Your letter to hand. In regard to The Agitator, there ain't any of our members left here to hold a meeting. They are all across the line with guns, thinking that the best way. Fellow worker Wm. Stanley has a commission as captain in command. Enclosed find \$1.00 for a year's subscription.

Yours for freedom,  
Haltville, Calif. THOMAS RYAN,

Editor The Agitator:

A copy of The Agitator reached me some days ago, and I was glad to note that you are doing things. I like your "Passing Show" and also the general contents of the paper, and I sincerely hope that you will be able to reach a vast audience, as your work so well deserves. Herein is enclosed my subscription for one year, and with best wishes, I remain, yours fraternally,  
D. I. B.  
Chicago.

Editor The Agitator:

My Dear Fox—The real news value of The Agitator was most forcibly brought to my attention while reading the "biggest paper in the west" last Sunday.

To make sure that The Agitator would get before the editors of the "Times," I sent a marked copy by one of their reporters. Result: a verbatim reprint of the Madero exposure article.

When I called the attention of this reporter to the fact that The Agitator received no credit for an item of news worth reprinting in so conspicuous a part of the "Times," he said:

"You can hardly expect a great daily to give credit for a scoop to a weekly paper, and an Anarchist publication at that. So we faked the heading as a dispatch from Los Angeles."

You are giving us a real newspaper, Jay, and more grease to your elbow.

S. T. H.

Seattle, April 6th.

### RECEIPTS

Wassilevsky, Silverburg, Colish, each \$2; Cook \$1.50; Lazzar, Corna, Besselmsnn, I. W. W. 437, Brombery, Sager, Skulick, Brothers, Kinley, Wishaar, Osness, each \$1 Block, Parker, 50 cents. Wood, 40 cents. Atzenberger, Gentry, I. W. W. 68, I. W. W. 173, I. W. W. 318 each 25 cents Saunders, \$1.

### SOME VERY WORTHY PERIODICALS.

<p>"SOLIDARITY." A weekly revolutionary working class paper. Published by P. O. Box 622, I. W. W. NEWCASTLE, PA.</p>	<p>"MOTHER EARTH" Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature. 10c a copy. \$1 a year EMMA GOLDMAN, Publisher 210 E. 13th St., New York, N. Y.</p>
<p>"FREEDOM" A Monthly Journal of Anarchist Communism. 36c per year. 127 Ossulton Street, London, N. W., England</p>	<p>"INDUSTRIAL WORKER" A Weekly Agitator For Revolutionary Industrial Union. Published by I. W. W., 236 Main st. Spokane, Wn \$1 a year, Foreign, \$1.50</p>

**For Sale**—in Home—a two-story frame house of seven rooms, bathroom, pantry and cellar, with two acres of land, partially cleared. Well situated, commanding an excellent view of bay and mountains. Full particulars may be had of THE AGITATOR.

**For Sale**—near Home: seventeen acres uncleared waterfront timber land; will divide. Apply to THE AGITATOR.

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

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**NORTH BAY ROUTE**—Steamer *Tyrus* leaves Commercial Dock, Tacoma, for all points on North Bay every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10 a. m., returning next morning. **LORENZ BROS., OWNERS.**

### Agents for THE AGITATOR.

Seattle: Lavroff's stand, 604 3rd Ave.; Raymer's old book store, 1522 First Ave.

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

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

Winnipeg, Manitoba: Elkin's news stand, 796 Main St.