

THE AGITATOR

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

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NO. 1.

IN THE HOUR OF EXECUTION.

1887.

Is this what we must bear, O Freedom, Mother,
To see thy face and but to touch thy hand?
Is there no easier way?
Must death another take, and yet another,
While tears and lamentations thru the land
Show the great price we pay?
Yet, if it must be, Freedom, none say nay.

See, Thou, these waiting for the hangman's halter;—
These friends of man, must these be given to death?
Freedom, we ask again!
If in the sacrifice we do not falter,
Wilt thou repay us for their strangled breath?
Wilt thou come nearer men?
Thou wilt, we hope. With groans we give these, then.

The debt is paid!—Thy martyrs lie before us,
Their mute lips speak thy words into our ears,
And bid us seek thee far.
Freedom, we know thy sun shall yet shine o'er us;
And looking up, exalted, thru our tears,
We cry, beneath thy star,
"Take these! Take us, if need be; thine we are!"

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

THE CHICAGO MARTYRS.

On the 1st of May, 1886, the United Workers of America laid down their tools and said: "Ten hours is too long for a workingman to toil each day, we therefore resolve not to again take up their tools until the employers agree to an eight-hour day." This was the first attempt at a general strike, and as a walkout it was a fair success. Every man who had promised to strike, did so and many thousands of non-union men and women marched out with their union comrades, and stayed with them until starvation drove them back to the factories and mills again at the old rate and hours. In many instances they won the eight-hour day, but since it did not become general, the employers that agreed to the demands of the workers were forced to return to the ten-hour day thru the inevitable workings of the law of competition.

The eight-hour day did not become an actuality but a victory of far more importance was achieved by that strike. The workers learned the rudiments of social action upon which future success must be founded—unity, solidarity. The workers learned another thing of equal importance in the struggle against capital; they discovered that labor united and acting together, is a mighty giant, against whose strength it would be useless for even the combined forces of capital to contend. They saw clearly that the cause for their failure did not lie in the great strength of united capital, but rather in the lack of sufficient unity among themselves. This was the most dangerous knowledge of all. So long as the toilers were kept in darkness relative to their own strength when united in a common cause the way of the exploiters was easy, but once let them see the possibility of asserting their independence, of achieving their liberties, and of improving their social and economic conditions, and they would never again rest upon their oars and adjust themselves to the miserable conditions that surround them. To be sure, they had gotten glimpses of this knowledge in previous struggles, especially in the strike of 1871, when they routed the soldiers at Pittsburg and drove them from the city out into the tall grass; but it required a movement like that of 1886 to fix the matter definitely, and for all time, in the mind and in the traditions of the working class of America.

As was expected, the police were extremely active during the strike, excessively cruel and harsh in many instances. They clubbed everybody, right and left, along Blue Island avenue and Madison street, where the street car men were striking. And at the so-called McCormick riot they killed and wounded many without provocation, by shooting into the crowd volley after volley. As an "innocent onlooker," I was badly scared when a bullet plowed thru my coat, carrying a portion of my finger with it on its journey to the breast of a striker who stood directly behind me. The poor fellow swooned and fell, but was quickly carried away to his squallid "home" by his comrades. I afterwards learned he died as a result of the wound, leaving behind a penniless wife and five small children, to weep and curse the fate that brought them to "free" America. That was but one of very many similar cases that occurred all around me on that fateful day.

The Haymarket meeting was a public protest against those atrocities. Surely, it had good and sufficient justification. But, momentous as was the occasion for it it would not now be one of the leading historic

THE MONUMENT



Erected by the Workers in Memory of Their Martyred Friends.

events in the world's labor movement had not the police attacked it. There was not the slightest excuse for dispersing the meeting, not even from the "law and order" point of view. The strike was in full swing, and the masters had undoubtedly become greatly alarmed at the show of unity and resistance displayed by the workers. The police certainly had special orders to use every means at their command to suppress the strike, law or no law. Law is observed by the authorities only when it can be used to suppress the workingman; when it protects him it is ignored.

An unknown hand cast a bomb into the midst of the platoon of police that was descending upon a peaceful and orderly meeting of citizens, gathered together to discuss their just grievances. Eight policemen died as a result of the explosion. Then eight men were coldly and deliberately picked from among the leading, and, consequently, the most "dangerous," Anarchists, and put on trial for murder and conspiracy. No responsibility for the throwing of the bomb was traced to any one of the eight men. The bomb thrower has never been discovered. The law says a case must be proven beyond a reasonable doubt before conviction can be had. This was a case where the law interfered with the execution of the wishes of the authorities, so it was quietly set aside. Here was a chance to rid the community of eight dangerous men; men whom the glare of gold could not silence; men of proven ability as organizers of the discontented; men whose teachings were far-reaching and deep-rooted, the practical application of which would destroy every privilege enjoyed by the rich and powerful; here was the golden opportunity to rid themselves, once for all, of those desperate enemies of society. But the good work had to be given the semblance of legality. It would never do in this enlightened, progressive, free country to kill our enemies in the crude fashion of barbarous Russia. Besides, the Russian method might produce a reaction more terrible than the pestilence they sought to destroy.

At last justice prevailed, and law and order were vindicated. The farce was ended. The prisoners must hang. Despicable and disgusting as was the whole proceeding up to the last, the end of it was sublime. Can imagination picture a grander climax in contrast to the whole unmanly and dishonorable proceedings of that trial, than the sight of the condemned men rising in their seats and, in words charged with dignity, honesty and a defiant indignation, denouncing the whole infamous court, with its gally of mental prostitutes, perjurers, scoundrels and hypocrites, and the entire system of wage-slavery and wealth-knavery that support and maintain it, bidding defiance to it all, and declaring themselves ready to die for the principles they loved, and which, they were sure, one day, would liberate mankind and make life a pleasure and a joy worth living?

Parsons worried the court for six hours; the speeches of the other comrades were not so long, but they are masterpieces of their kind, and have traveled around

the world and given hope and courage to hundreds of thousands of toilers, in a dozen languages.

Spies, Fielding and Schwab signed a petition for clemency. The others refused, absolutely, to make any appeal for mercy. They insisted upon either liberty or death. Spies had signed the petition on the advice of his counsel and friends, tho under protest, and soon regretted his action, and penned the powerful letter, printed in this issue, asking that he be allowed to pay the penalty for all. This and the other letters show the true spirit of the men. No compromise; liberty or death. Schwab and Fielding were willing to accept imprisonment rather than death. Their sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. They were afterward released by Governor Altgeld, together with Oscar Neebe, who had been given fifteen years by the packed court that condemned his comrades to death.

The funeral was long, solemn, impressive. Thousands of workers marched behind the five hearses that slowly carried the remains of their crucified friends and comrades to the depot, whence they were conveyed by train to Waltheim cemetery. On Sunday, December 18, 1887 the five caskets were placed side by side in an underground vault, over which a monument stands, a cut of which appears on this page. The monument is inscribed with the last words of Spies. Thus I have related in brief a chapter in the great social drama of the nineteenth century.

JAY FOX.

CHILDHOOD AND REVOLT.

Come with me and contemplate the predicament of government because of the efforts of Francisco Ferrer. Assuredly all doubt of the obvious must vanish and we who are most concerned must recognize the importance of the rational education of the young.

Among a people by nature and temperament dramatic, seeking always every pretext for donning uniforms and the tinsel and glitter of collective murder, his work with the youth of Spain, tho carried on under the usual persecution of obloquy, resulted in the most splendid resistance to militarism obtaining in any time, and thru the modern school brought about a class solidarity among the adult Spanish workingmen, not heretofore possible by direct appeal to them, until now over the world we are saying that we will not again murder each other in the quarrels of our masters.

We may use the term, government, interchangeably with the despotic mastery of the folk everywhere. It must first be known that education of whatever kind exists in spite of, rather than with the assistance and encouragement of government.

Even our "standardized" teaching was in the beginning machine made,—an humble dozen of weavers in Philadelphia, thrown together in production, simply engaged a tutor or "governess" in common. Government promptly denounced this beginning of our present school system as "Anarchistic" and subversive of established order. Finding common education inescapable, and because of the invention and use of complicated machinery in production, that common or mass education was not undesirable. Government even in that day said: "It is simply necessary that we see to this education the people are to have." So with the technical efficiency acquired by the people in production, that most essential function in social life, the attention of the workers has never been allowed to rest upon their own relation to the industries, nor to each other in production. Government said that in these schools if good, law-abiding citizens are to be made we must keep the attention of the young upon our heroes. And that other black ally of the powers of might that prey, the church, said: "When your people are not thinking of your heroes we shall keep their prayerful gaze upon our icons, so they may not become as undesirable citizens." And the government bargained saying "for this we will protect your institutions, we will make of you a privileged class and we will not tax your vast properties."

Surely in this I am not expected to attack the whole curricula of the standardized school in America to show that government rests firmly and effectively upon it, or to make a special plea for the rational education of the young, as opposed to our iniquitous institutionalism. I need to take the topic of history alone. Government's standardized school texts deal with our military life and with our swash-buckling heroes, whereas the true history of the country is its industrial history, because it is in the industries that the people have their only progress and the source of life and well being. Almost the entire text is a treatise on our wars while industries which

(Continued on Page Four.)

THE AGITATOR.

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

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.

GREETING TO YOU ALL.

THE AGITATOR, long hoped for by many and never expected by some, makes its entrance into the world on this memorable date—Nov. 11—a date that will go down in the labor history of America as recording the most important event in the nineteenth century.

The publishers are glad to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Chicago martyrdom by the publication of a paper that stands for the freedom throttled by Gary and his co-conspirators Nov. 11, 1887.

THE AGITATOR will stand for freedom first, last and all the time. It will insist upon the right of every person to express his or her opinion. Whether it will approve of what is said or written shall have nothing to do with the matter. A man's ideas may be absurd, he may be a blatherskite, but his rights, by the natural law of equality, are equal to those of the philosopher. Roosevelt has as much right to speak as the smartest man in the country.

THE AGITATOR contends that the greatest need of the world today is men and women who can popularize the knowledge that is laid away in musty tomes in the libraries. How many working people know anything about Darwin's theory of evolution? What is known of Spencer, who built a philosophy of the universe without a god and would leave it without a government? What is known about Proudhon, Marx and Kropotkin, whose ideas would free the masses from the economic and political bondage that enslaves them?

How many workers know about man in his relation to the other animals? How many know anything about the origin and development of man, about the social organization, the religious and economic systems he has lived thru during his history?

In this age of printing every man should know something real about himself. But to every man has not been given the mind that can follow the weighty philosophers and scientists with any great success after serving his capitalistic master eight to sixteen hours a day.

The system saps the vitality out of the modern worker as much as the systems of old did his ancestors, and what little energy he has left after his day's labor must not be used in attempts to unravel obtuse problems. The problems must be reduced to simplicity. Science must be expressed in common words.

Education, like leisure and travel, has always been the luxury of the rich and privileged class. The toilers have toiled that the loafers might loaf. Knowledge is the most dangerous thing in the world. Theodore Parker, a Boston preacher of fifty years ago, said; "Did a mass of men know the actual selfishness and injustice of their rulers, not a government would stand a year; the world would ferment with revolution."

The catholic church knows well the danger of education. It killed the greatest educator the world has produced. Francisco Ferrer possessed one great faculty coupled with one grand desire. He had the faculty for assimilating great quantities of the most abstract learning and reducing it to the language of the simplest child, and he had the over-mastering desire to plant that learning in the minds of his fellow-countrymen. The catholic church marked Ferrer from the start and put a volley into him at its first opportunity.

THE AGITATOR will do its best to develop simplifiers of science in this country where they are as badly needed as in Spain. It is not the children alone that come under the banner of the modern school. THE AGITATOR is dedicated to the modern school for grown-ups.

THE AGITATOR will advocate the industrial form of organization among the toilers, because experience has shown that the various trades acting singly can not cope with the modern capitalists, who have learned the lesson of industrialism. The coming struggle will be industrial capitalism vs. industrial labor. The capitalists are already organized and beginning to reap the fruits of their foresight. It is now up to the workers to swing into line and present an unbroken front to the enemy.

The I. W. W. is a vigorous young organization. The A. F. of L. is slow to move, like all large bodies, but it is advancing towards industrialism. The building trades department and the metal trades department are duly chartered by the parent body. The building trades have been the most successful of all the unions because they

have used the industrial method more often; and they were the first to apply for recognition as a separate industrial entity.

THE AGITATOR will urge upon the rank and file of the trades the dire necessity of quickly adopting the industrial form before their unions are disrupted by the ravages of industrial capitalism, and the result of their fifty years of effort be entirely lost. Some think the old unions will have to be broken up before we can have the industrial union; but this is not the place to discuss that or any other subject. We will have ample opportunity for discussion as we go along. We invite discussion and urge the workers to express freely their views for the benefit of us all.

THE AGITATOR will not attack any set of workers groping towards the light. It will advise with them and appeal to their reason and experience when it thinks they are going in the wrong direction. Its object is to help create that unity of effort and solidarity among the workers necessary to their emancipation; necessary even to the preservation of the present conditions, bad as they are. For the aim of organized, industrial capitalism, plainly to be seen, is the reduction of the toilers to a state of helpless non-unionism, where the individual will be completely at its mercy, and the open shop ideal have full sway.

THE AGITATOR is very well aware that labor has a common enemy living off its weary toil, and against that common enemy it will direct such harsh words as it may choose to make use of; but it is too well grounded in its knowledge of life, too deeply impressed with the ideal of labor solidarity to turn its tongue upon its own kind.

THE AGITATOR will help to banish all of the many varied superstitions handed down from the mystic past as much as its space will permit; but its main object of assault will be the errors surrounding the economic and political life of the people. It will use plain language. It will call a political mountebank by his right name, and an economic vampire will be accorded the same politeness.

THE AGITATOR is convinced that so sure as the tendency in modern industry is toward one great combination of capital and one grand union of labor, the inevitable outcome will be a great struggle for mastery, and that great struggle, organized on the economic field, will be fought out there. So it is not going to ally itself with any political movement. It would be glad indeed to espouse the utopian dream of politics, for it has a leaning toward poetry, but its knowledge of evolution, its experience of the past, its observations of the present, are all against it.

How do we propose to change the system? We have no scheme for that purpose. The world does not work according to schemes. It follows well defined natural phenomena. The scheme idea has been tried by the Roman church and failed. Humanity will not fit itself into a mould, nor will it be forced into one. The duty of every student of the labor question is to study the law of social growth. It will be part of THE AGITATOR'S work to present its readers with articles and pamphlets on this question; and we have no hesitancy in predicting that our studies will lead us to the conclusion that this big industrial union, now in its infancy, will attend to the change without us bothering about it now. Unions usually strike when they want something. So the inference is strong that the industrial union will strike its way into freedom.

With this partial outline of its purpose THE AGITATOR presents itself to the students of toil and the comrades of freedom for their approval or indifference. We will be glad to hear from all who have an opinion and the interest to pen it.

ANOTHER KING GONE.

Portugal has fired her young king, thrown him out upon the cold world to shift as he may, just as an American capitalist serves his undesirable workmen. Only there is no great stir outside the little obscure family circle when a lowly worker loses his job. That is the difference between a drone and a worker.

And the sensible people drove out a flock of vultures to keep company with their banished king. The priest, the sleek and salvy saviour of sodden souls, has ever been the object of revolutionary ire. It is little wonder the church is the inveterate enemy of progress.

The bulwark of thrones, the upholder of institutions, the cloaked enemy of the people. The great stand-patter of the world, it is befitted that the priest should go with the king. They are brothers in treason to the people's cause; and when the people find them out the same treatment is accorded to both.

But the priest is cuter than the king. He will make his peace with the republic and get back in his old place again. He will show the new "government of the people" that he can be as useful to it as he has been to the king. The republic will soon have enemies like the

king had. It has the same work to do. It must protect vested interests. The fruits of the robbery done in the kingdom must be protected by the republic. "Property" is as sacred in the republic as it was in the kingdom. The president will order the troops to fire on the "riotous" striker as quickly as the king did. He will have more political power than the king, for he presumes to speak, not in his own name, but in the name of the people. Capitalism will flourish under his rule, oppression will continue, discontent will grow and spread the people will find out the republic, the services of the priest will be welcomed.

The people will find out the republic! yes, we are finding out ours! We are learning that republics are the convenient watchdogs of capitalism; that it is property that selects and elects the president; that as capital is the economic master it is likewise the political boss. But, in the evolution of society, republics is a forward move.

COMRADES AND FRIENDS.

THE AGITATOR is issued for the propaganda and its existence is based upon its ability to fulfil the objects of those lovers of freedom who are endeavoring to spread their ideas among the masses. For many years the English speaking movement has been without a propaganda paper, and we hope THE AGITATOR will fill the gap. But it must have support. It has its own printing plant, and the cost of publication is very much less than in the cities where rents, food and fuel are high. This place has been deliberately chosen by the editor because of these advantages, and the further advantage that he has a group of comrades here that will help him in every way it can with the work. No place on the continent is nearly so well suited to the purpose of publishing a revolutionary paper of this character than Home, all present conditions considered.

If THE AGITATOR gets a reasonable amount of support from the libertarians it can be made a powerful factor in the struggle between capital and labor. The press is the most powerful engine of thought in existence. The bosses know its power. They control all the big newspapers and magazines; and those they can't control they try to suppress. A paper is the greatest, cheapest and most effective means of propaganda for general use. Few are gifted with the power of speech making or the faculty to marshal facts so as to make an effective argument. But every man, woman or child with a paper in hand is an orator. One can put a paper in a man's hand who has not the time to listen. We can slip one to the conductor and motorman, and leave one on the seat. We can take copies to our union meeting leave them around the workshop slip them in the mail boxes. There is no end to the round of use one can make of a paper, and that at a small cost. This is the strongest argument in favor of newspaper propaganda. Cheapness is an important factor in this work. The problem of poverty faces nearly every propagandist. THE AGITATOR aims to solve that problem.

We suggest, as a very good way to help the paper and further the cause, the formation of AGITATOR groups. Unity is necessary to work of any kind. Comrades must get together; and a chain of AGITATOR groups over the country, all connected thru the paper would be the greatest thing for the propaganda. Reports would be published and each group would know what was going on. Thru this means the groups could co-operate and arrange lecture tours for speakers, who could travel from end to end of the country spreading the voice of freedom.

THE AGITATOR aims to be a live issue, and it is going to stir things, and its first attempt will be that of arousing the comrades and friends of freedom. There is no use of dallying any longer in the philosophical mazes of contemplation. We must "dig in" and do. If the workers are going to be liberated we must do our share, and if the future society is going to be a free society, we, who appreciate the real value of freedom, must get busy. We must do our part or get down and out of the proletarian revolutionary movement. We must stop prating about educating the masses. We must produce the goods—the papers, pamphlets and books must be forthcoming.

We are ready to do our part—we have begun to do it. It is now up to you to join in. We will be greatly disappointed if we don't hear from every part of the country very soon. We are optimistic enough to feel that the spirit of liberty is not yet dead in this country, that scattered everywhere are a few waiting for the call.

We want live articles, and we invite every libertarian and agitational writer to send us articles. We want newspaper clippings of important happenings thruout the country for editorial comment and ask every friend to constitute him or herself a clipping bureau. This is important. We want to discuss live issues, to comment on the happenings of the day, and to keep well posted. The newspapers won't exchange with us and we cannot afford to subscribe for many.

We want the names and place of meeting of all radical organizations for publication in our list of "where to go."

Pending the formation of AGITATOR groups we want volunteers in every city and town to be agents for THE AGITATOR. Write us at once. Greeting to you all.

THE AGITATOR PUBLISHING ASS'N.

LETTERS OF THE MARTYRS.

It appears to be appropriate for us to reproduce, at this time, the letters of the Chicago martyrs that were addressed to Governor Oglesby:

FROM A. SPIES.

The fact that some of us have appealed to you for justice (under your pardoning prerogative) while others have not, should not enter into consideration in the decision of our cases. Some of my friends have asked you for an absolute pardon. They feel the injustice done them so intensely that they cannot conciliate the idea of the commutation of sentence with the consciousness of innocence. The others (among them myself) while possessed of the same feelings of indignation, can perhaps more calmly and dispassionately look upon the matter as it stands. They do not disregard the fact that, thru a systematic course of lying, perverting, distorting and slandering, the press has succeeded in creating a sentiment of bitterness and hatred among a great portion of the populace that one man, no matter how powerful, how courageous and just he be, can not possibly overcome. They hold that to overcome that sentiment or the influence thereof would almost be a psychological impossibility. Not wishing, therefore, to place your excellency in a still more embarrassing position between the blind fanaticism of a misinformed public on the one hand and justice on the other, they concluded to submit their cases to you unconditionally.

I implore you not to let this difference of action have any weight with you in determining our fate. During our trial the desire of the prosecution to slaughter me and to let my co-defendants off with slighter punishment was quite apparent and manifest. It seemed to me then, and to a great many others, that the prosecution would be satisfied with one life—namely, mine. Grinnell, in his argument, intimated this very plainly.

I care not to protest my innocence of any crime, and of the one I am accused of in particular. I have done that, and I leave the rest to the judgment of history. But to you I wish to address myself now, as the alleged arch-conspirator (leaving the fact that I have never belonged to any kind of a conspiracy out of the question altogether) if a sacrifice of life must be, will not mine suffice? The state's attorney of Cook county asked for no more. Take this, then; take my life. I offer it to you that you may satisfy the fury of a semi-barbaric mob, and save the lives of my comrades. I know that every one of my comrades is as willing to die and perhaps more so than I am. It is not for their sakes that I make this offer, but in the name of humanity and progress, in the interests of a peaceable, if possible, development of the social forces that are destined to lift our race upon a higher and better plane of civilization.

In the name of the traditions of our country I beg you to prevent a seven-fold murder upon men whose only crime is that they are idealists, that they long for a better future for all. If legal murder there must be, let one, let mine suffice.

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FROM A. R. PARSONS.

I am aware petitions are being signed by hundreds of thousands of persons addressed to you, beseeching you to interpose your prerogative and commute the sentences of myself and comrades from death to imprisonment in the penitentiary. You are, I am told, a good constitutional lawyer and a sincere man. I therefore, beg of you to examine the record of the trial, and then to conscientiously decide for yourself as to my guilt or my innocence. . . . I am guilty or I am innocent of the crime for which I have been condemned to die. If guilty, then I prefer death rather than go like the quarry slave at night scourged to his dungeon. If innocent, then I am entitled to and will accept nothing less than liberty. The records of the trial in Judge Gary's court prove my innocence of the crime of murder. But there exists a conspiracy to judicially murder myself and imprisoned companions in the name of and by virtue of the authority of the state. I speak for myself; I know not what course others may pursue, but for myself I reject the petition for my imprisonment, for I am innocent, and I say to you that under no circumstances will I accept commutation to imprisonment. In the name of the American people I demand my right—lawful, constitutional, natural, inalienable right to liberty.

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FROM GEORGE ENGEL.

I am not aware of having violated any of the laws of this country. In my firm belief in the constitution which the founders of this country bequeathed to the

people, and which remains unaltered, I have exercised the right of free speech, free thought and free assembly, as guaranteed by the constitution, and have criticised the existing conditions of society, and succored my fellow citizens with my advice, which I regard as the right of every honest citizen. . . . This I have done in good faith in the rights which we are guaranteed by the constitution; and, not being conscious of my guilt, the powers that be may murder me, but they can not legally punish me. I protest against a commutation of my sentence, and demand either liberty or death. I renounce any kind of mercy.

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FROM ADOLPH FISCHER.

After explaining the occasion of his letter he goes on: Auent this action of a sympathizing and well-meaning portion of the people, I solemnly declare that it has not my sanction. As a man of conscience, as a man of principle, I can not accept mercy. I am not guilty of the charge in the indictment—of murder. I am no murderer, and can not apologize for an action of which I know I am innocent. And should I ask mercy on account of my principles, which I honestly believe to be true and noble? No, I am no hypocrite, and have therefore, no excuses to offer with regard to being an Anarchist, because the experience of the last eighteen months have only strengthened my convictions. The question is, am I responsible for the death of the policeman at the Haymarket? And I say no, unless you assert that every abolitionist could have been held responsible for the deeds of John Brown. Therefore I could not ask or accept "mercy" without lowering myself in my self-estimation. If I can not obtain justice from the authorities, and be restored to my family, then I prefer that the verdict should be carried out as it stands.

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FROM LOUIS LINGG.

I am impelled to declare with my friend and comrade, Parsons, that I demand either liberty or death. . . . Referring to the general and inalienable rights of men I have called upon the disinherited and oppressed masses to oppose the force of their oppressors—exercised by armed enforcement of infamous laws enacted in the interest of capital—with force, in order to attain a dignified and manly existence by securing the full returns of their labor. This, and this only, is the "crime" which was proven against me. . . . A mere mitigation of the verdict would be cowardice, and a proof that the ruling classes, which you represent, are themselves abashed at the monstrosity of my condemnation, and, consequently, of their own violation of the most sacred rights of the people. Your decision in this event will not only judge me but also yourself and those you represent. Judge them.

ANARCHY ON TRIAL.

Extracts From the Famous Speeches Made Before the Court Twenty-Five Years Ago.

What have we said in our speeches and publications? We have interpreted to the people their conditions and relations in society. We have explained to them the different social phenomena and the social laws and circumstances under which they occur. We have, by way of scientific investigation, incontrovertibly proved and brought to their knowledge that the system of wage is the root of the present social iniquities—iniquities so monstrous that they cry to heaven. We have further said that the wage system, as a specific form of social development, would, by the necessity of logic, have to give way to higher forms of civilization; that the wage system must furnish the foundation for a social system of co-operation—that is, Socialism. That whether this or that theory, this or that scheme regarding future arrangements were accepted was not a matter of choice, but one of historical necessity, and that to us the tendency of progress seemed to be Anarchism—that is, a free society without kings or classes—a society of sovereigns in which liberty and economic equality of all would furnish an unshakable equilibrium as a foundation for natural order.

It is not likely that the honorable Bonfield and Grinnell can conceive of a social order not held intact by the policeman's club and pistol, nor of a free society without prisons, gallows and state's attorneys. In such a society they probably fail to find a place for themselves. And is this the reason why Anarchism is such a "pernicious and damnable doctrine?"

Grinnell has intimated to us that Anarchism was on trial. The theory of Anarchism belongs to the realm of speculative philosophy. There was not a syllable said about Anarchism at the Haymarket meeting. At that meeting the very popular theme of reducing the hours of toil was discussed. But, "Anarchism is on trial!" foams Mr. Grinnell. If that is the case, your honor, very well; you may sentence me, for I am an

Anarchist. I believe with Buckle, with Paine, Jefferson, Emerson, and Spencer, and many other great thinkers of this century, that the state of castes and classes—the state where one class dominates over and lives upon the labor of another class, and calls this order—yes, I believe that this barbaric form of social organization, with its legalized plunder and murder, is doomed to die, and make room for a free society, voluntary association, or universal brotherhood, if you like. You may pronounce the sentence upon me, honorable judge, but let the world know that in A. D. 1886, in the state of Illinois, eight men were sentenced to death because they believed in a better future; because they had not lost their faith in the ultimate victory of liberty and justice.

"You have taught the destruction of society and civilization," says the tool and agent of the Bankers' and Citizens' Association, Grinnell. That man has yet to learn what civilization is. It is the old, old argument against human progress. Read the history of Greece, of Rome; read that of Venice; look over the dark pages of the church, and follow the thorny path of science. "No change! No change! You would destroy society and civilization!" has ever been the cry of the ruling classes. They are so comfortably situated under the prevailing system that they naturally abhor and fear even slightest change. Their privileges are as dear to them as life itself, and every change threatens these privileges. But civilization is a ladder whose steps are monuments of such changes! Without these social changes—all brought about against the will and the force of the ruling classes—there would be no civilization. As to the destruction of society which we have been accused of seeking, sounds this not like one of Aesop's fables—like the cunning of the fox? We, who have jeopardized our lives to save society from the fiend, the fiend who has grasped her by the throat; who sucks her life-blood, who devours her children; we, who would heal her bleeding wounds, who would free her from the fetters you have wrought around her; from the misery you have brought upon her, we her enemies! Honorable judge, the demons of hell will join in the laughter this irony provokes!

AUGUST SPIES.

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In the effort of the prosecution to hold up our opinions to public execration they lost sight of the charge of murder. Disloyalty to their class, and their boasted civilization is in their eyes a far greater crime than murder. Anarchy, in the language of Grinnell, is simply a compound of robbery, incendiarism and murder. Now, your honor, this is the official statement of Mr. Grinnell, and against his definition of Anarchy I would put that of Mr. Webster. I think that is pretty near as good authority as that gentlemen's.

What is Anarchy? What is the nature of the dreadful thing, this Anarchy, for the holding of which this man says we ought to suffer death? The closing hours of this trial, yes, for five days the representatives of a privileged, usurped power of despotism sought to belie, misrepresent and vitiate the doctrine in which I believe. Now, your honor, let me speak of that for a moment. What is Anarchy? What are its doctrines?

First and foremost it is our opinion, or the opinion of an Anarchist, that government is despotism; government is an organization of oppression, and law, statute law, is its agent. Anarchy is anti-government, anti-rulers, anti-dictators, anti-bosses and drivers. Anarchy is the negation of force; the elimination of all authority in social affairs; it is the denial of the right of domination or one man over another. It is the diffusion of rights, of power, of duties, equally and freely among all the people. But Anarchy, your honor, like many other words, is defined by Webster's dictionary as having two meanings. In one place it is defined to mean, "without rulers or governors." In another place it is defined to mean, "disorder and confusion." Now, this latter meaning is what we call "capitalistic Anarchy," such as is now witnessed in all portions of the world and especially in this court room; the former, which means without rulers, is what we denominate communistic Anarchy, which will be ushered in with the social revolution.

Socialism is a word which covers the whole range of human progress and advancement. Socialism is defined by Webster. I think I have a right to speak of this matter, because I am tried here as a Socialist. I am condemned as a Socialist, and it has been of Socialism that my friend Grinnell and these men had so much to say, and I think it right to speak before the country, and be heard in my own behalf, at least. If you are going to put me to death, then let the people know what it is for. Socialism is defined by Webster as "a theory of society which advocates a more precise, more orderly, and more harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind than has hitherto prevailed." Therefore everything in the line of progress, in civilization in fact, is Socialistic. There are two distinct phases of Socialism in the labor movement thruout the world today. One is known as Anarchism, without political government or authority, the other is known as State Socialism or paternalism, or governmental control of everything. The State Socialist seeks to ameliorate and emancipate the wage laborers by means of law, by legislative enactments. The State Socialists demand the right to choose their own rulers. Anarchists would have neither rulers or law makers of any kind. The Anarchists seek the same ends by the abrogation of law, by the abolition of all government, leaving the people free to unite or disunite, as fancy or interest may dictate, coercing no one, driving no party.

ALBERT R. PARSONS.

THE MODERN SCHOOL.

The Ferrer memorial meetings held thraout the country on Oct. 13th., the first anniversary of the martyr's death were a great success. In New York 5,000 could not get into big Cooper Union hall. After addressing the vast throng within the speakers talked to the overflow on the outside.

The modern Sunday school in New York, conducted by Alex. Berkman, will soon be made a daily. Joseph J. Cohn has established a school in Philadelphia; Wm. Thurston Brown has begun the work in Salt Lake City, and Bruce Rogers will soon establish a school in Seattle, a prospectus of which will appear in the next number of THE AGITATOR.

No one ever heard a desperado, a murderer or an old soldier brag about killing anyone, especially by shooting in the back or from behind. It remained for Theodore Roosevelt to do this and in a book at that. On page 152 of "The Rough Riders," Putnam's edition, he says: "Lieutenant Davis's first sergeant, Clarence Gould, killed a Spanish soldier with his revolver. At about the same time I also shot one. I was with Henry Bardshar, running up at the double, and two Spaniards leaped from the trenches and fired upon us, not ten yards away. As they turned to run I closed in and fired twice, missing the first and killing the second. At the time I did not know of Gould's exploit and supposed my feat to be unique."

This delectable story has been made into a post card, illustrated, and will be sent by THE AGITATOR at 25 cents a dozen, the proceeds to go to the modern school in Seattle.

CHILDHOOD AND REVOLT.

(Continued from Page One.)

have created vast empires are dismissed with a footnote in small type, and then is ignored entirely by teachers.

Now tell me what difference our wars have really made in our development save to retard it. Suppose the war of the revolution had terminated otherwise and we had remained subjects of the British crown? Can any one successfully contend that our condition would be substantially different to that obtaining, save possibly that it would now be better, for do we not find numbers of our people migrating to British dominions asserting it to be a less autocratic rule? Yet in our school histories that utterly useless and indifferent affair is treated as an epoch and our youth given a semi-brigand and whole plutocrat, General Washington, as an ideal and exemplar of all manly virtues. And so with all our great wars, each in turn of no actual consequence, save to retard the march and advance of enlightenment; but each in turn making a ruler of some tinseled nincompoop, and in turn each fastening more securely than before the bondage of which we complain but are doing naught. Alas! I should like to treat of each of the wars in turn, particularly of the wholly unbeneficial and bloody civil war, but may not here. Truth is, that about our war with Spain, school children are not allowed to know that the two nations had no real quarrel and what they did have was peacefully settled before the "Maine," that the bone about which both sets of exploiters sent us to war was the rich insular resources, and that has given us an utterly besotted mouthing mountebank about whom the standardized history of our time will be written for school use.

Suppose on the contrary the industrial history of the country had been truly taught, would the workers not long ago have discovered their values in the essential concerns of life and their relations to the fetich of government which they so foolishly sustain? I think so and I think the judicial murder of the Chicago Anarchists, which in this season we contemplate with sadness and I hope with certain high resolves, could not have been.

Will the worker understand the value to him of the rational education of children? The government does. Even the detached hobo must know that he is concerned in this. Really it is to him more than to any one I would have this notion come, that in the only sense in which children may be regarded as property, they are the property of the commune. Let le Miserable shivering under the dripping electroliers understand that my toddling youngster is his, and that whether he grows up to shoot his kind, or to be his comrade in a better and brighter day.

We may be sure that the rationally educated child will say to government "We are thru with you and your murderous orgies—take your priesthood and your soldiery and—go."

BRUCE ROGERS.

Errata.—An error in date, not discovered until too late for correction, crept into the editorial column. The "twenty-fifth anniversary" should read the "twenty-third anniversary."

THE CAUSE OF POVERTY.

"What makes poverty?" Why, ages since, strong men of this world reached out their hands and captured the earth, and they owned it and the poor were their slaves; they took what was left. Down to the present time this state has continued; the powerful have taken all the coal and all the iron that nature has stored up in the earth; they have taken the great forests and appropriated these to themselves.

They have taken the shores of our rivers and the shores of our lakes and the shores of our seas. They have all the means of production and distribution. They have the great highways of commerce and the great mass of mankind, the poor, the despoiled, have nothing to do but to sell their labor and their lives to anyone who buys.

They clutch at each other's throats for a poor chance to live. They don't own the earth. They own no share of the coal that is underneath the earth.

The steel trust owns all the iron ore and the poor have none; they own no interests in the forests or in the land. All they can do is to look for a job and take such pay as the employer, the monopolist, sees fit to give.

There never has been but one way to abolish poverty in this old world of ours, and I don't speak of my opinions alone, but I speak the opinions of every political economist who has ever cared for the workingman; every one of them. You can't make the poor man rich unless you abolish the monopoly of the earth that is now in the hands of a few.

Until you organize society and industry so that the poorest child just born on the earth shall have the same heritage as the richest who comes upon the earth in the same way, until all have a common heritage and a like right, until that time comes there will be the rich and there will be the poor.

Have you looked back at the history of workingmen? If you do you will find that one hundred and fifty years ago in England and all over continental Europe he was a slave. He was bought and sold with the land. He wore one garment if you would call it a garment. His food was of the coarsest. He had no luxuries.

But gradually the light began to dawn in the minds of those toilers and they organized themselves into guilds and trade unions and they met in the forests and waste places and formed their unions.

They were sent to jail and died on the gallows fighting for liberty; fighting for better food, for better clothing, shorter hours, for something to drink, for some little of the luxuries which the rich had always claimed for themselves, and you, the poor man of today, you have profited by the brave fight that your ancestors made in the years gone by.

The world's goal is liberty. There is no other way. It has never yet had real liberty. It has never had enough. It has never had very much.

What we are hoping for and dreaming of is that real liberty will some day come to this old world of ours. If you look at the history of the human race, look at its progress in the past, slow and difficult, but still on the whole going onward and onward; if you look away back to where man first began, and it looked very hopeless, and look at the world now and you think he has a good deal.

Every step is marked with blood. It shows the toils and troubles of the human race, and yet thru all the world has gone on, moving upward and every step has led by one hope and one dream, and that is the hope and dream of liberty, the dearest to the hearts of men. —C. S. Darrow, before the Washington Personal Liberty League.

HOME.

A census of Home shows a population of 213 in 68 homes. There are 75 children, an average of a little over one for each home. The lowest average of children for any community in the world.

There are three co-operative stores; a hall, school, print shop, a bi-monthly paper, a wharf and warehouse.

To the outside world Home is a colony of cranks "Crank" is a very convenient term with which to brand those who don't follow the calf path of convention. In reality it is a colony of very sensible people who mind their own business to a greater extent, and therefore are not quite so busy as the residents of other communities in which we have lived.

Fifteen years ago three pilgrim families landed here, built shacks on the shore and began hewing their way into the dense forest of giant evergreens. Like the pilgrims of old their principal capital was a hardy courage. But, unlike the plymouth rockites, they did not set up a code of law. They bought some land, took two acres each and left the rest for others who, tired of the tangle of civilization, would come seeking refuge in the woods. Others came and, as like attracts like, they too were of the no rule order of intellect, and presently there was

an Anarchist colony; and magazine writers were coming to study this new order of genus homo for the diversion of their silk robed readers. Anarchists with land and homes, dynamiting stumps instead of kings! Marvelous revelation for magazinedom.

This colony differs from other colonies in that it was not started with the object of proving anything. It grew naturally, as all things should grow; and having grown in this way whatever it does prove counts. A colony evolved under the high pressure of fixed ideas seldom proves anything but a failure. Where is Ruskin, Burley, Equality, etc., those flowers of the utopian mind? All gone to seed.

Home has proven one thing very clearly: that the only sound rule to start a colony on is freedom. Home is not perfect, mistakes have been made, there is room for improvement. Yet it stands out in bold relief a living, practical example of the beauty, the wisdom of applied freedom.

"Liberty under the law," said Governor Morris to the old colonists. "Liberty THE law" say the Home colonists. The old colonists burned witches, the Home colonists burn stumps. It is truly surprising the amount of freedom a neighbor may indulge in without blighting ones' morals or potato patch. It has been asserted that the people of Home have no morals, that the place is a seething mess of immorality, and therefore the exercise of freedom can do no harm. But morality is merely a state of mind, a matter of opinion, age or geography.

Home is very nicely situated on the placid waters of Puget Sound, where the climate is mild, but watery in winter; yet it has the disadvantages common to all densely wooded countries. Clearing land is intensely hard work. Only great strength and courage dare attempt the cutting and rooting up of the big trees, many of them six to eight feet in diameter.

The cry, "back to the land," sounds well and the greater part of the people that are now flocking to the cities like moths to the lamp, must eventually return to the land, but under the present system where the workers are deprived of the use of modern tools two acres and liberty means very hard work.

WHERE TO GO.

Under this heading we will publish, free, the cards of radical lectures and reading rooms.

Chicago: The Francisco Ferrer Club, free library and reading room, 1015 S. Halstead.

Seattle: I. W. W. hall and reading room; lectures Sunday evenings, 211 Occidental ave., rear.

Tacoma: I. W. W. hall and reading room, 723 Commerce st.

THE PROSPEROUS PEOPLE.

"The people of this country continue to enjoy great prosperity."—Roosevelt.

Who are the people of this country? They surely are not the deformed creatures that spend their days and years hidden away in the depths of the earth, digging the coal and the iron, copper, silver and gold, that minister to the comforts, the luxury and vanity of others. These miner philanthropists cannot be the people, for they are not prosperous. Visit the mills of New England and those of the South, where the silks and the cottons are woven, where the children of ten do the work of men, while the men go about in search of a job. Are these the people? Not by the mark of prosperity.

Go to the great cities where the factories stand, and the sweat shops and hovels fill in the space between. Look there for the prosperous ones. No, these are not the people, for no wealth is to be found. Where, then, are the prosperous ones, and who are the people?

Follow me to the avenues and boulevards, where carriages and automobiles roll by, carrying handsome women in silks and furs, and well groomed men. No hovels or tenements here. No thin clad women or grimy men. No bleary eyed children to disturb the serenity of our passage. Great mansions abound in this grand place, the finest that art and toil can produce.

"Look up at the lights in that brilliant room, With its chandelier of a hundred flames! See the carpeted streets where the ladies come Whose husbands have millions or famous names."

At last, at last we have found the people, for surely prosperity flourishes here. Roosevelt is right, the "people" of this country are prosperous indeed.

FRED. MOE,

New York teamsters, the garment workers of Chicago, the railroad men of the West, the machinists of the Pacific coast are striking for better living conditions. Why this strike? Why are not these slaves contented with their lot, will someone interview Roosevelt on the subject? Nothing spurs the progress of the world like a revolutionary working class.