EDITORIAL

A BONE TO THE DOGS.

By DANIEL DE LEON

WINFIELD Scott Stratton, a multi-millionaire mine owner, who has just re-invested $10,000,000 in Cripple Creek mines, has applied for membership in the Carpenters’ Union of Colorado Springs. Two sets of dogs will now rend one another over this bone; that is to say, over the event.

One set will maintain that Mr. Stratton’s action is a complete demonstration of the fact that the capitalist sits up at night in terror over the “Pure and Simple” Union. So terrorized will the capitalist be declared to be, that he surrenders; simply lays down his arms and requests to be swallowed up by the Union,—and no questions asked. This set consists of the Labor Fakirs.

Another set of dogs consists of the Freaks, to whom the words “Labor” and “Union” are repulsive; who deck themselves with the feathers of Socialism; who imagine Socialism to be a sort of spiritual manna, that will some day come down from the skies and permeate the human race; and who are of the opinion—an opinion that they religiously put into practice—that all that is wanted, to urge on the day when the Socialist manna will come down, is a goodly quantity of windjamming. This set of dogs will snarl at the first, and maintain that what the Millionaire Stratton incident really means is that Socialism is coming with a mighty “come.”

While these two dogs quarrel over the incident, the S.L.P. man, with arms folded, looks on and admires that Providence, whose inscrutable ways furnishes an antidote to every poison. It matters not whether the Fakir is the poison, and the Freak the antidote; or whether the Freak is the poison, and the Fakir the antidote,—clear it is that the poison of corruption will consume the antidote of tomfoolery and the antidote the poison, leaving the nuisance in such a debilitated state that the S.L.P. will all the more easily sweep it into the ash-barrel.