EDITORIAL

THE PITY OF IT.

By DANIEL DE LEON

At a meeting held in the Central Metropolitan Tabernacle last Friday evening, and said to be attended by “a number of policemen’s wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, to uphold the policemen who have recently ‘revolted,’ and to favor the three-platoon system,” one of the policemen’s wives, Mrs. Frank W. Dunn, said:

“We are worse off than widows. We don’t know when we are going to see our husbands; our children scarcely know that they have fathers.”

Such a statement is heart-rending in itself, but the worst of it all is that the connection in which it is made rather tends to harden the heart against than to soften it towards those who make it.

In the first place, apart from some useful services to society, the bulk of the occupation of the policeman is anti-social, anti-human. He represents the brute force that is needed to keep in equilibrium the scales of a perverse social system. That under the existing social system, there are, for instance, robbers to guard against by an extensive force, is simply a proof that there is wholesale robbery legalized and crystallized under the very law that creates the police. Robbers would be curiosities where society guaranteed to all its members equal social and natural opportunities. The troubles that afflict the policeman’s family, the object of their sufferance, is but a reflex and result of the very conditions that bring the policeman into existence. To complain, on the part of these, is a ticklish affair. It would have to be done cautiously and intelligently. Only then can their complaints deserve the attention of the just.

If the policeman, or his family, stood up and said: “The existing perverse social system that robs ever broader masses of the people of a chance to live and that
renders ever more precarious the living of us all, has driven us to our present occupation: we know that most of our work consists in shoring up this perverse social system; we know that in doing so we reduce the mass of the working class women to virtual if not actual widowhood, and deprive their children of the proper contact with their fathers; we know all this, and shall ‘revolt’ to a purpose: we shall exercise our freedom of suffrage and hammer away at the ballot box with the Arm and Hammer of the Socialist Labor Party until we shall have, jointly with all its victims, overthrown this inhuman capitalist system”;—if they did that, what good and sensible man would not at least sympathize with them, and to the extent that he could, aid them in securing some present relief?

But they do not! Not only do they, at least as a whole, stand for the capitalist system, but they emphasize the fact by surrounding themselves, as they did last Friday, with such notorious characters as the Rev. Arthur McArthur, notorious among the obscene birds engaged in the blasphemous business of blessing and approving with a text whatever damned error suits the plundering class of the capitalist.

He who invokes Justice in his own behalf, must attest his right thereto by practising it himself.