EDITORIAL

WILL THE MIRROR BE LOST UPON THEM?

By DANIEL DE LEON

WHO has not heard the charge brought against the Socialist Labor Party that its tactics repel? And who is not aware of the answer regularly given, backed with illustrations? The answer ever was that the S.L.P. does not seek to attract the elements which it positively repels; that the elements which it hits and hits hard it means to repel; and that, in pursuing such a policy, it simply attests its unswerving adherence to the Class Struggle: all those whose material interests are hostile to the class interests of the working class, and who yield to such hostile interests, must be repelled from the field of the Labor Movement: their presence and activity there only tend to blur the lines of the Class Struggle, and thereby to endanger the Labor Movement. The incident described in the Pittsburg, Pa., despatch of the 18th instant is pat. It holds the mirror up to the set from whom the charge proceeds in a way never before held up.

Summed up, what occurred was this:

On the 18th a labor mass meeting was held in the Old City Hall, Pittsburg. Workmen and their friends were particularly invited. They attended in large numbers, the crowd being increased by the presence in the city of delegates to the miners’ and the bricklayers’ conventions. The men on the platform showed to the knowing that the meeting was in charge of the Organized Scabbery of the land, with Ben Tillet as a sweet-scented flower on the lapel of their coat. What that meant was evident. The large mass of workingmen present was to be duped by these labor lieutenants of the capitalistic class. One speaker after another, including Ben Tillet, “spoke his piece.” Thereupon a member of the Socialist Labor Party rose from the floor of the hall, and tore the speakers to shreds by exposing the A.F. of L., from its Gompers down. The Comrade’s words worked like a draft of fresh air in a fetid hall. The audience—in whose minds were latent certain convictions, the which the meeting was meant to lull into slumber—found themselves vocal by the words of our Comrade, and applauded lustily, spontaneously uttering the cries of “Traitor!”
and “Scab!” with which the names of Gompers and his pals were greeted; on the other hand the Organized Scabbery, discomfited at the turn of affairs, either vanished, or started a fight, as M.A. Garland did, and “found temporary refuge on a lot of chairs,” whither they were hurled pell-mell. In the midst of the fracas, above the din of which were heard lusty cheers for the S.L.P. and for bona fide Trades Unionism, the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance, Mr. Ben Tillet stepped forth and completed the picture by saying:

“With your tactics you can’t attract the men you should.”

That completed the mirror, will it be lost on the preachers of “attraction”? The S.L.P. does not want, neither should it, seek to attract the Organized Scabbery. The Organized Scabbery is not to be attracted. It is to be repelled most repellently. The class interests of the Organized Scabbery are at war with the class interests of the working class. Their presence confuses the workers. The Class Struggle orders: “Draw sharp the line!”—and the fighting S.L.P. does.

Nothing, at the present stage, is of equal importance with the tutoring of the workers on the class line, with the divorcing of them from their non-class habits of thought. Nor is there a more effective way than to wage uncompromising war on the Organized Scabbery, that, but too willingly, would be attracted.

Mr. Ben Tillet—a visitor from the classic land of that abortion known as “Pure and Simple Unionism”—witnessing rank and file men of the workers follow the lead of their Socialist fellow wage-slaves, brand and, where necessary, “hurl for refuge on a lot of chairs” the scurvy crew of the Organized Scabbery, and then coming forward with the exclamation:

“‘The English Socialist Movement would not act in this way’;

and then warning the American Socialists that

“With such tactics you can’t attract the men you should”;

certainly completes and holds up a mirror to a crew of which he is one himself.