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EDITORIAL

THAT TIME IS GONE BY.

By DANIEL DE LEON

THE evidences are ample of uneasiness, even dread, among the Labor Fakir brigade on the score of the light thrown upon them by the Socialist Labor Party. The senseless virulence into which they break out in some instances, the doublings they are forced into in other instances, the silly tricks they are resorting in others,—all point to the effectiveness of the onslaught of the S.L.P. upon the breastworks of the Organized Scabbery. While this is so everywhere, in no set of the Organized Scabbery is the fact as manifest as among the place-holders of the Cigarmakers' International Union. This circumstance aids in understanding around what particular thorn their flesh is quivering.

“We shall call them scabs!” howled Mr. Adolf Strasser, a place-holder in the Cigarmakers' International Union, six years ago at a newspaper reporter who foreshadowed the inevitable attack that the Socialist Movement would have to direct against the Labor Fakirs. “And suppose the Socialists persist?” queried the reporter. “We shall call them scabs still harder till they give up.” Much is implied in Mr. Strasser's threat. His theory was to fight the Socialists with calumny; and he believed the plan effective for two reasons: In the first place, he had not yet got over the delusion that the S.L.P. he was then facing was still the silly thing, run by freaks and poltroons, that he had been once a member of; he confidently expected that calumny, well blustered, would cow them. In the second place, the S.L.P. had then no daily English organ; its weekly could, accordingly, make little execution; the voice of sense, he expected, could be easily drowned; nor did he imagine for a moment that the Socialists (always having in mind his Timbooctoo acquaintances), could ever rise to the sublime height of themselves forging so powerful a sword as an English daily. Wrapped in his double error, Mr. Strasser felt invulnerable. He typified his set,—the whole raft of Labor Lieutenants of capitalism. Those were the days of then.

Accordingly, the air grew dark with “scab” and similar interjections, hurled at the Socialists, the moment the ranks were finally sufficiently formed to start the

assault. The Socialists persisted; the Organized Scabbery brigade, all along the line, followed Strasser's programme strictly: "scab" and similar cries flew harder and thicker. Still the Socialists persisted; still harder and thicker were the volleys of calumny (re-echoed, of course, by the capitalist press), that were fired from behind the Organized Scabbery mud-banks. But these presently seemed to think that their ammunition of calumny could be effectively supplemented by that of physical force. This plan came to a head on the night of July 10, 1899. The S.L.P., which was to be crushed, smote the foe, coming out infinitely more resolute to continue the attack,—and, alack! alas! its press, that was to be muzzled, slipped their fingers, not only, but within a year developed from a weekly into an English daily!

Like a locomotive, plowing its way along the track through a swarm of mosquitoes, the S.L.P., the Fighting S.L.P., moves onward unconcerned by howls, unterrified by calumny, undeterred by intrigues. Each shot it fires makes a lodgement: truth must prevail.

When the Strassers now gather around their campfires, contemplate the impotence of the weapon they had relied on and behold the vigor of their assailants, they observe to each other, while rubbing their bruised ribs:

"The day is gone by when 'scab' and other imprecations could stem the tide that is drowning us; this is not the old S.L.P.; the DAILY PEOPLE out-thunders us."

Transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the official Web site of the Socialist Labor Party of America.

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