

DAILY PEOPLE

VOL. 2, NO. 253.

NEW YORK, MONDAY, MARCH 10, 1902.

ONE CENT.

EDITORIAL

TWO PERFORMANCES, WORTH A THOUSAND.

By DANIEL DE LEON

THE State of Massachusetts has recently been the theater of two events, that may, or may not, seem connected—the visit of Prince Henry and the Supreme Court decision holding that the treasury of the Teamsters' Union, then on strike, was liable in damages to the employer. But whether connected or not, certain simultaneous performances in the Legislature of the State connect the two events; at any rate the two events combine to illustrate the said certain performances. The stars in the said certain performances were two individuals with seats in the Legislature: James F. Carey and the Rev. F.O. McCarthney, both representatives of the “Social Democratic,” alias “Democratic Social,” alias “Socialist” party.

The bell rings, up goes the curtain, and performance No. 1 starts:

A resolution is before the House expressing, in paste-board style, the gratification of the body at the visit of His Royal Highness. Carey and McCarthney swagger forward, and, in bombastic language, hollow phraseology, incoherent terms, but strident voice and emphatic, indignant gestures, denounce as an insult to the country at large, the State in particular, the visit of this “representative of autocratic power.” Their pieces having been spoken, they take their seats, the resolution is carried as if only a couple of geese had been cackling against it, and the curtain drops on that performance.

Again the bell rings, up again goes the curtain, and performance No. 2 is in full blast:

As clear and distinct—tho' not exactly written out, as in the instance of the resolution complimentary to Prince Henry—another resolution is now before the House. It is the tacit approval and commendation—that approval that is emphatically implied by silence—of that Supreme Court Judge who, by his decision,

had just interfered in a conflict between Employer and Employees in such a manner as to disarm the latter and hand their weapons over to the former. That tacit resolution of approval bumped itself against the collective and individual noses of the members of the House. Carey and McCarthney again are conspicuous,—by their silence, this time. They do not now swagger: they act deliberately; their language is not now bombastic, their phraseology hollow and their terms incoherent: in strong contrast with that, their silent language becomes pithy, its phraseology pregnant, its terms consistent. Their eloquent pieces having been spoken in eloquent silence, they silently keep their seats, that resolution is carried by an eloquent unanimity of consenting silence, and the curtain drops on performance No. 2.

Fate ever conspires against Fraud. Sufficient, to the knowing, would have been the silence of legislators, claiming to be Socialists, at such an outrage as that perpetrated by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts against the Teamsters' Union, all the more when such kind of Trades Union, as that of the Teamsters, is considered by such Socialists to be engaged in "nobly waging the class struggle." The knowing would need no more to perceive the brand of TREASON on the Carey-McCarthney brow. Bona fide Socialist legislators would have been heard in a prompt and emphatic motion to impeach the reprobate Magistrate. But, as if to come to the aid of the less observant masses, and give point by contrast to the Carey-McCarthney performance in this respect, Fate coupled to it the Prince Henry episode. And lo, the Fraud stands fully exposed. Word, and wind, and gestures in abundance are at the command of these stool-pigeons of the Capitalist Class when the opportunity is for empty declamation, and all the safer when it can be indulged in under the protecting guns of the blatant Democratic Congressmen, whose anti-royal words they but parodied. But when the opportunity is for the practical application of the Class Struggle on the political field; when the opportunity is for a man's work of intelligent, firm, deliberate and effective daring; when the opportunity is for the true Representative of the Working Class to step upon the breach and shield the Working Class;—when the opportunity is for that, then the mask falls off the faces of the decoy-ducks for the Capitalist Class, then the white-feather is shown: the whining Parson McCarthney skulks with a nasal skulk, and the Armory-Builder Carey wraps his capon-lined belly and whiskey-cured carcass in the cloak of silence.

Fate is doing her work and doing it to perfection.

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

Uploaded September 2006