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EDITORIAL

ONE MORE PRELIMINARY.

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KKNOWN through Bible lore, through poetry and painting, the story of Belshazzar's feast is familiar to all. The depraved usurper, surrounded with the trappings of festivity, recked not these, they offered no nepenthe to his lacerated soul: he read the Writing on the Wall, read his doom, and collapsed in dismay. This was the picture presented last election night at the headquarters of the *Volkszeitung*, alias Social Democratic party in this city by the gentlemen and understrappers who preside over that "party."

Their returns were coming in; these showed an increase. Was not that cause for joy with them? No! Their rising figures turned to bitter fruit. Together with their own returns came those of the Socialist Labor Party. They had predicted, not merely a decline in the S.L.P. vote: they knew the Party's calibre and dauntlessness: they knew a decline would not have unnerved it; they needed nothing short of a smash-up; as late as 5 p.m. on election night they asserted positively: "De Leon will not have 2,000 votes in Greater New York," and the sense of what they needed carried them so far as to have ready, and even to send out of town, a special edition of the *Volkszeitung* announcing the smash-up of the S.L.P. The anticipated and needful smash-up of the S.L.P. failed. The returns denoted a vigorous S.L.P. rise everywhere; a rise right here, the real battle field; a rise so marked that it overtopped, not only last year's poor Keinard vote, but even the gubernatorial vote of two years ago—and this despite the latest onslaught on the Party by a baker's dozen of kindred spirits whom the *Volkszeitung* party had raised up as their allies, the New York City lampoonists. Unerring is the brute's instinct towards what threatens its life. What cares the wolf for a sleeker coat, or sharper fangs, when he scents his arch-enemy and predestined slayer, man, on his trail with a gun? Thus it was with the *Volkszeitung* party's politically corrupt chieftains. They had no

stomach for their own increased poll; they had not even stomach to conceal their mortification at their vote falling below, away, away below even one-half the confidently predicted 50,000 mark; they lost all spirit to draw comfort from whatever their increase was. They had no eyes for their own figures. Their eyes were riveted on the S.L.P. figures, and they howled with rage, a rage so genuine, so true, so instinctively correct and overmastering that it could not be repressed. The Writing on the Wall was clear. They saw their doom. Sound principle, upheld unflinchingly and planted on integrity, had approved itself proof against all imaginable volleys of calumny and perversion of theory. The S.L.P. was impregnable. Translated into the language of political sociology,—such a Party, plus time, is bound to triumph.

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