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EDITORIAL

THE RIDDLE OF “THE COAST.”

By DANIEL DE LEON

PHILOSOPHY is the last refuge of unappreciated virtue. Often it also happens that when, with advancing years, a man’s vices begin to leave him, he flatters himself that he is leaving them, and that he is becoming virtuous. Which of the two experiences fits the case of Dr. Herman F. Titus of Seattle we shall leave for others to decide. We shall confine ourselves to a statement of facts.

Once Dr. Titus, that was a decade ago, was a foe uncompromising of the “execrable S.L.P.” True to the canonical warning he would not “compromise with the S.L.P. sink of sin”; he would not even listen to the “siren song” of the S.L.P.; he mounted guard over the portals of his mind’s stomach and would not “swallow the lies of the lying S.L.P.” Dr. Titus’s glistening falchion was swung with such fury that he created a positive vacuum of Titusian purity around him, and the vacuum, as is the way with vacuums, suctioned things into it. Into the Titus vacuum flew all manner of elements who fled from the “execrable S.L.P.” But the Titus star somehow struck a snag, and sprung a leak. Dr. Titus sought to improve its lustre by moving “Eastward, ho!” He gave up his *Seattle Socialist*, and started the *Toledo Socialist*. The change of air did not improve matters. Titus returned Westward, ho! to “The Coast”; but there, disaster, following fast and following faster, finally landed him outside of his own party, which he, in turn, began to abuse, we shall not say “like a pickpocket,” because that would be to prejudge the Titus case—the present Titus case.

After these varied experiences Dr. Titus now declares in his latest journalistic venture, the *Seattle Workingman’s Paper* of last February 26 that he “sees good in the I.W.W.; sees good in the ‘I’m a Bum’ song; sees also good in the A.F. of L., and even in De Leon’s S.L.P.”!!!!

Now comes the question, Is the present all around loving posture of the former S.L.P. execrator Dr. Herman F. Titus the case of an Old Scold whose scolding vices have left her, and who is not to be given credit for herself dropping her vices? Or is it the case of unappreciated virtue, which, like the philosopher Duke of Shakespeare, finding himself in exile and, once exempt from public haunt,

Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything?¹

That is the riddle of "The Coast."

Transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the official website of the Socialist Labor Party of America.
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slpns@slp.org

¹ [William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, Act II, Scene 1—*R.B.*]