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EDITORIAL

CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

By DANIEL DE LEON

TO the r-r-r-r-revolutionists of the Socialist party, whose ticket for the National Executive Committee of their organization was headed by Mr. Louis Duchez, the miner who “works nine hours a day under ground,” but who consented to come from under for a spell, and stayed on the surface just long enough to be photographed on horseback by Messrs. Kerr & Co.’s *International Socialist Review*—to these sorely afflicted brothers the *Daily People* would administer the following crumbs of comfort:

“Be ye not down-cast; true, your ticket was snowed under, yet not your principle; there still is balm in Gilead; look around; what, if not r-r-r-r-revolution triumphed?

“There is Robert Hunter—others talk r-r-r-r-revolution; he performs it. What more r-r-r-r-revolutionary in biology than the theory that the influx of ‘degraded immigrants,’ while leaving these prolific, smites with impotence and barrenness the males and females, respectively, of a nation’s ‘noble old stock’? What more r-r-r-r-revolutionary in American history than to make Tom Paine a signer of the Declaration of Independence? Others may live longer yet never perform such r-r-r-r-revolutionary antics.

“Then, there is Morris Hillquit—others project the Socialist Commonwealth, he puts the thing into practice by incorporating the American Wholesale Co-operative. While others are voting for, or would ‘direct-action’ the Co-operative Commonwealth, he deftly incorporates it. R-r-r-r-revolution never reached sublimer ‘climbax,’ as the immortal Artemus Ward would say.

“And Victor L. Berger—the cockles of what r-r-r-r-revolutionist’s heart do not titillate with rapture at sight of the acrobatic r-r-r-r-revolutions performed by the ‘Wisconsin Idea’? One day, in America, moving an increase of Gompers’ salary and

voting Gompers and his lieutenants saintly, the next day, in Europe, pronouncing the self-same gentry 'the deadly foes of Socialism.' One day, in America, pronouncing himself a 'Socialist,' the next day, in that very America, staging as the incarnation of the 'Wisconsin Idea.' If that is nor r-r-r-r-revolution, what is?

"And, fourth on the list of the victors, is not John Spargo? A superstition has long obsessed the human mind that, to claim personal acquaintance with a man, you must have known him; that to claim personal experience in a Movement you must have been in it; that to write upon a thing you must know something more than what may be fished out of cyclopedias. And yet does not Spargo talk about Marx as though the two herded pigs together? does he not bestow on a patient public his seventeen years' experience in the Movement in Yonkers, when it is barely six since he first bestowed himself upon our shores and became a fellowshipee of the Rev. Herron? does he not glibly write on Socialism and on art with the profundity of a babbling brook? The above named superstition lies a heap of ruins thanks to the r-r-r-r-revolutionist instinct of Spargo.

"True, Simple Simon was beaten, awfully beaten. That was a serious wound dealt to r-r-r-r-revolution. The r-r-r-r-revolutionary idea of going for water in a sieve cannot be easily matched. That's admitted. But is there not a salve to the wound in the election of James Carey in Simple Simon's place? Did not Carey, out of love for Labor, vote a \$15,000 armory appropriation in Haverhill? And did he not, when finally dumped by ungrateful Labor, turn an honest penny as John Tobin's walking delegate to fetter the chains of wage slavery upon the boot and shoe workers? And did he not groom himself for the presidential nominee of his party by antecedents so r-r-r-r-revolutionary that even his party gagged and thrust him aside? Carey certainly is up to the r-r-r-r-revolutionary mark.

"Again, r-r-r-r-revolution surely got a black eye by the unseating of John M. Work, the Iowa genius who conceived the r-r-r-r-revolutionary idea of recouping his party's heavy loss in votes in America by attempting to bounce the S.L.P. from the International Bureau in Europe. But is there not also in this instance r-r-r-r-revolutionary consolation in the substitution, for Work, of George H. Goebel? What more r-r-r-r-revolutionary than Goebel's boasted prowess of preventing Unity in New Jersey by the simple method of preventing the transactions of the Unity

Conference from being discussed?

“As to the seventh member, Lena Morrow Lewis, being as yet to fortune as to fame unknown, the lady may approve herself un-r-r-r-r-revolutionary. But what could one such do against six r-r-r-r-revolutionists?

“So, then, ye sore distressed of the Kerr & Co.’s ticket, take comfort. In the flesh ye failed, yet in the spirit did ye triumph. Your party could not be otherwise than r-r-r-r-revolutionary, try as it may.”

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