EDITORIAL

{WHAT’S IN A NAME?}

By DANIEL DE LEON

THERE is a certain question that greatly agitates us. It is some time since we do not find in our exchange basket a precious little New York city paper called the Republic. Has it expired? We hope not. We watched that paper with a palpitating heart. Its career, as far down as it was known to us, spoke volumes. It or rather the names it went under were each a sermon in itself; the whole series was a collection of the most eloquent sermons, on a certain topic that we know of.

It was first called The Nationalist. Presently that name seemed open to objection, and the paper appeared under the title of The True Nationalist. But all of a sudden that name, too, was dropped. The readers were informed that the former name sounded too foreign; it thenceforth called itself The Republic. That was the last we saw of it.

Surely the Republic did not suspend for want of a specific and exclusively native name? It could have proceeded to call itself “The True Republic.” If that did not yet suit it might have adopted the name of “The Only Original Republic on the Block.” If that still had too foreign a flavor, it might have hoisted to its masthead the name and style of “The American.” If that was found to be open to misunderstanding, “The Genuine American” might have been tried. And, finally, if the perverse and malicious spirit of our people still insisted on looking through names at things, and by doing so to detect under all these varying masks nothing but Socialism, all would not yet have been lost. The Republic, alias True Nationalist, alias Nationalist, might have gone on playing cuttlefish under the successive names of “The Squaw,” “The Wigwam,” “The Pappoose,” “Big Injian,”
“Spotted Tail,” “Sitting Bull,” “Bogus Dog,” etc., etc. Before it had exhausted all the available aboriginal and unquestionably American names it could have, with much better grace than some papers we know of, gone on claiming for an indefinite period that it was “educating” the people in the principles of Socialism.

And yet there are people who maintain there is nothing in a name. Let our extinct friend tell what he knows on that head.

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