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EDITORIAL

MULVIHILL'S FIX.

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A YEAR or so ago Mr. Mulvihill was elected Mayor of the city of Bridgeport, Ct. He was a workingman, was picked out of a union by capitalist politicians, and set up and run as a Labor candidate, and elected. His election was the signal for shouts of joy from certain quarters. Mr. Debs gave the "Labor Mayor" his pontifical blessing, and the cry went up that "Labor was coming by its own."

Since then, the trolley employes of Bridgeport and vicinity went on strike. These hard-worked men, who have to do the work of two or three persons—conductors, switchmen, and what not—who are kept in a state of perpetual high tension and receive for that starvation wages and inhuman hours;—these men demanded better conditions, were refused, and struck. That's the status to-day,—and Mulvihill's fix is on.

As Mayor on a capitalist platform, the "Labor Mayor" is caught in a cleft stick of many clefts:

The pure and simple Unionism that he is the "Labor" of is in itself contradiction enough for any man, especially if in public office. Such Unionism moves instinctively, but only up to a certain point, along class lines: "it wants more." But there it stops. Another of its principles, "the rights of capital," blocks the logical development of the class instinct of Labor. If capital has rights, its right to live must be granted. Seeing, however, that Capital cannot live except by increasingly grinding down Labor, pure and simple Unionism runs into a blind alley. A compromise results, and that is the political corruption of the leaders, or, to be more specific, the Mulvihill "Labor Mayors," etc.

But that, of course, is no solution. The original class instinct at times gets the best of the "compromise," but being entirely blind takes absurd turns. One of these is violence at strikes, in other words violent endeavors to establish harmonious relations. Such absurd moves bring the absurdity of capitalistically poised "Labor Mayors," etc., to a

climax. The result is that Mulvihill is struck by brick-bats by the strikers, and at the same time has his nose brought within a quarter of an inch of the out-and-out capitalist Sheriff's fist.

The fix of Mulvihill should be a warning that the straight road, the logical road is the only road: the road of compromise leads into a hole.

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