EDITORIAL

WHOSE THE BLAME?

By DANIEL DE LEON

THE echoes have not yet subsided of the great speech recently delivered by the New England Senator [Henry Cabot] Lodge on, or rather, against immigration. It was a great speech if greatness is to be measured by the stupendousness of an effort to make a pyramid stand on its apex. In that speech Senator Lodge attributed the hard times to the foreigner who comes to these shores—they, poor, ignorant, unskilled, and otherwise no good were the cause of Labor's troubles. That speech should be read by the light of the report, published in these columns, of the recent S.T. and L.A. strike at Vassalboro, Me. The facts brought out in that strike and given by the Maine local papers with regard to the foreigner are nothing new, but they come in timely to appreciate the monstrousness, or falsity of Senator Lodge's theories.

It is difficult to imagine a more self-damaging attitude than that of the anti-immigration capitalist jingo. He does not seem to realize how he contradicts himself. If the immigrants are so worthless, how can they take the places of the worthy natives? Can worthlessness displace worth? If the immigrants are so poor, how can they control the jobs which are the gift of the rich natives and capitalists? Can poor fellows force the hands of these rich natives and compel them to kick out natives and put foreigners in their places? The posture is too absurd for contemplation. The Vassalboro strike furnishes the facts.

Whatever “foreign trash” came into the place was fetched thither by the woolen company and THE SELECTMEN OF THE TOWN. Without the urgent labor of these, the “foreign trash” could not have come, and much to the sorrow of these natives and capitalists, so few were the foreigners that the strikers have inflicted irreparable loss upon the place. Unwilling to submit, they left town, and the now deserted place has become a free academy for the tradesmen, whose shops are now
empty, to ponder over the beatitudes of capitalism.

On the New England soil, Senator Lodge’s New England, in Vassalboro, we see
to-day the native tradesmen and the rich Lodge-loving capitalists on their mental
knees, before mental “furriners,” mentally imploring these to come in—and do
what?—save the nation?—No; help drag it down by lowering the standard of living
and of manhood!

It is American capitalism that is dragging the native down to ruin; and it is
Labor, whether native or “furrin,” but class-conscious and characterful that gives it
the only hope of salvation.