EDITORIAL

“WHY ALWAYS BRAUN?”

By DANIEL DE LEON

The report comes from several parts of the city that whenever Socialist Labor Party men interrogate the Social Democrats, either at public meetings or in private conversation, upon Mr. Morris Braun, their municipal candidate for President of the Board of Aldermen, the gentlemen grow nervous, and angrily inquire, “Why always Braun?” Why always Braun? For a very good reason. One has not always time for a “full talk,” whereas Braun is a sort of syllabus, or synopsis, or be it a compendium of the virtues of the other two candidates who are his running mates.

The Social Democratic ticket is an A.F. of L. ticket. The point must be brought out, or rather the Socialist mask torn from its face. True enough this could also be done well by pitch-forking the other two candidates, the one who runs for Mayor and the one who runs for Comptroller. They are both smirched with the smirch of A.F. of Hellism, and show it by slandering the Industrial Workers of the World. Nevertheless, Braun is the fellow who typifies the bunch. He is the man, who but the other day sang the praises of Gompers; he is the man who, just before that, upheld Stone and Belmont against the Interborough strikers by declaring that “the strikers had done wrong”; he is the man who, before that, jointly with the ex-Warden Archibald, was rewarded with presents by the brewery bosses for helping them to tie up the rank and file of the brewery workers—a dark affair, the full details of which we shall within shortly publish as an invaluable page of history. He, in short, is the man who has an uninterrupted record for A.F. of L. labor-fakirism, and who, in recognition of his record, was elevated by the Volkszeitung Corporation party to the well merited dignity of their candidate in permanency, and fit companion for the other two on the ticket. That is the reason why Braun is always picked out. In him is summed up all the virtues both of his fellow candidates
and of the private publishing corporation that runs his party, and that, in the
interest of the A.F. of L., suppresses all information concerning the I.W.W., or even
vilifies the I.W.W.

Why bother with petty pimples when one has a pusful boil in plain view? Why
rake up the inuendos against Industrialism and the underhand support of
Gompersism, when, without diving and raking up, the A.F. of Hellism of the
Volkszeitung Corporation can be exposed by prodding Mr. Morris Braun?

That’s why.