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EDITORIAL

## THEY FURNISH THE MUSIC.

By DANIEL DE LEON

**C**HEERING to the soul of the militants in the camp of the Labor Movement is the howl of concentrated rage that, with increasing bitterness and volume, is going up from the Republican-Democratic camp of capitalist usurpation at the nomination of M.R. Preston (the innocent workingman now in the State penitentiary of Nevada for no other offence than for having maintained his right to do picket duty for his Union) for President of the Nation by the Socialist Labor Party.

The Demo-Rep capitalist press, who hailed the self-confessed multi-murderer Orchard as a deliverer, who raised the felon to the dignity of their patron saint, and who were licked out of their boots upon the field of their own choosing, the Court of Boise, Ida.—that press, from one end of the country to the other, is in hysterical indignation at “the insult” of nominating “a murderer” for President of the United States.

The New York *Evening Sun*—a limb of the New York *Sun*, the paper that headed an editorial “All Hail, Sheriff of Luzerne!” upon that officer’s shooting in the back a lot of inoffensive workmen on strike in Pennsylvania—together with the *Evening Post*—the paper that prescribed “the rifle diet” to workingmen on strike, and that, on another occasion, suggested that Mayor Cleveland, of Jersey City, have his neck broken for siding with strikers,—these two Repo-Dem papers have taken the lead, and all the others have nicely followed, swelling the chorus of “righteous indignation.”

Well may the Repo-Dem press howl, and spew the venom of their wrath at the Socialist Labor Party.

The nomination of Preston has acted as it was meant to act. The S.L.P. harpoon has penetrated the self-satisfied rhinoceros hide of the Demo-Rep capitalist press.

The nomination of Preston was the most emphatic and effective assertion possible at this juncture, on behalf of the Working Class, that, not in the keeping of the Capitalist Class, but in the keeping of the Working Class itself, is the character and standing of the members of militant proletariat. Not capitalist class interests, but the class interests of the proletariat set the standard of felony or honor.

No wonder the howl is loud, long, prolonged, intense and vast. It is the howl of the wounded beast of prey in the jungle.

When the Spartan hero held with a handful of warriors the pass of Thermopylae against the hosts of Xerxes he was notified that when these cast their spears the sun was darkened. "So much the better," answered the intrepid man of the occasion, "we shall then fight in the shade."

And so, to-day, the compact battalion of the S.L.P., with Preston and Munro inscribed on their banner, takes its stand, intrepid, on the field of this year's presidential contest, cheered by the howls emitted by the manifold foe. "So much the better! Let them howl! The louder the merrier! We shall fight to the inspiring martial music furnished us by the howls of Plunderbund itself.{"}

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