EDITORIAL

TWO FLIES WITH ONE SLAP

By DANIEL DE LEON

THE Jamestown, N.Y., Morning Post of June 29 gravely informs its readers of the doings of the “now extinct Socialist Labor Party,” and heaves a, sigh of relief, audible all the way to this distant burg, over the “gradual fading away of the Socialist Labor movement.” At the same time the Morning Post takes occasion to deliver itself of puff after puff for the so-called Socialist party, apropos of its recent Schenectady convention, at which it nominated for Governor the man whose idea of a Socialist editorial page was to “cut out the serious editorials and correspondences from comrades, and fill the space with calendars of trade union meetings and funny stories.”

It is really too provoking, the way the Socialist Labor Party has, of kicking up its heels all the livelier, of growing robuster and taller, of steadily gaining in power and influence, with what one must needs admit is most discourteous disrespect for the veracity of its unimpeachable friends who hourly, minutely, gather to chant its requiem. Why can’t the pesky thing die when it is told to?

But the righteous provocation felt over this singular obstinacy on the part of the Socialist Labor Party should not cause to be lost the dual lesson chalked high on the blackboard by the Jamestown Morning Post. On the one hand, there is the Post, a daily paper, pretending to accuracy, at least to an honest intention of accuracy, and aspiring to pose as a leader of thought and information for its community. Yet on what husks and chaff of fact does it feed its readers—on what airy figments of imagination, thoughts fathered by its own wishes, and notions which even a correspondence-school acquaintance with modern political progress would prove to be baseless! If all its mental pabulum is as hollow as its allegation that the S.L.P. is “faded away” and “extinct,” its readers’ minds must look and feel like a threshing-floor with the husks flying.
On the other hand, behold the Socialist party—from only whom such distorted facts could have been poured into the editorial mill of the *Morning Post*—a party that brands the capitalist press for what it really is, a falsifier and a sounding-board for the master class; a party which bleeds its members confessedly of hundreds of thousands of dollars to maintain a paper “devoted to the interests of the working people,” on the ground of the capitalist press’s antagonism to labor; behold that party rushing with open arms to the bosom of that same capitalist press with falsifications against the Party from which it is a desertion, which taught it all it knows, and its debt to which it hates to acknowledge.

The German cobbler, when the flies annoyed him, let fly his belt at them, and ever after bore thereon the motto, “Seven at one blow.” The falsifying Jamestown *Morning Post* and the falsifying Socialist party being not seven but only two flies, the motto is hereby raised: “Two flies with one slap.”