EDITORIAL

THE DAILY PEOPLE RECALLS.

By DANIEL DE LEON

On the 15th of this month, a correspondent, Publicus, vouched for by this office in point of integrity and sobriety of judgment, had a letter in these columns, summoning the Editor of the Call and its Business Manager by name to deny over their own signatures, in their own paper, certain unheard of, damnably damaging statements that were going the rounds, which reflected seriously upon all those who are responsible for the conduct of that paper, and which amounted to nothing short of a positive menace to the whole Socialist Movement.

The letter of Publicus is reproduced in this issue for the benefit of new readers. The ten days given by Publicus for his summons to be responded to having expired without a denial having been dared, there is now no doubt of the guilt of the parties concerned. Under its present management the Call’s editorial policy is for sale to the worst foe of the Proletariat and of Socialism—the Top Capitalist.

This is the worst yet.

Fusing with capitalist politicians is treasonable enough, in all conscience; to conceal the fact, or condone it, is demoralizing enough; to publish get-rich-quick advertisements is disgraceful—these and numerous other practices, indulged by the privately owned press of the Socialist party, are scandals sufficiently heavy for Socialism to bear. The act that the Call is now convicted of is of vastly deeper dye; its consequences infinitely more serious. It is the “limit.”

Such is the general political and other demoralization that the bourgeois has infected the public mind with, that, mischievous though dickers with capitalism are, they are not fraught with just the dangers that such conduct, as now brought home to the Call, is fraught with. For one thing, the capitalist concerns and the politicians, that the regulation S.P. misconduct brings their Socialism in touch with,
are of the small fry variety; for another, such misconduct is considered “clever” by the bourgeois. The misconduct of the Call is of a different breed.

The several Syndicates that are contending for what is a veritable Empire—the Subway Franchises of this city—belong in the tier of the Top Capitalists. The sums they handle are counted by the scores of millions. As a consequence, they have their hands in the courts, and in all the branches of the government, especially in the repressive branches. Even if the officers of the Call should have succeeded in keeping this their scurvy act a secret from their own rank and file, there is one set of people they could not keep the secret from; there is one set of people that knew all about it;—the above described politically powerful Subway Syndicate. It knows that editorials written and ready for publication in the Call can be repealed and destroyed at the behest of fat advertisements. It, consequently, knows that the Call, supposedly a Temple of Socialism, is in fact a house of merchandise and prostitution. Such knowledge, held by such mammoth political and economic concerns as the Subway Syndicates, translates itself, when least expected, and whenever convenient, into some act of political brutality against the body known to be corrupt. Garrisons, placed in hostile forts, may turn at will against the fortifications. The Subway Syndicates’ garrison placed in the pockets of the Call may at any time cause fire to be opened, not upon the Call alone—that would be retributive justice—but upon the whole Socialist Movement in the land. If the Law can be broken against the pure, characterlessness and the depravity of venality towards the Foe are political felonies that invite lawlessness with impunity.\(^1\)

To a paper that flies the colors of Socialism, together with the men responsible for it, capable of perpetrating the hellishly corrupt and corruptly poltroonish crime that the Call has perpetrated, and that it has since aggravated by denouncing bourgeois papers for driving the identical traffic in editorials that it does,—to such paper and officers the membership and vote of their party are mere assets.

The Call’s conduct is a summons to every Socialist for speedy, for emphatic action; for the repudiation in tones unmistakable of the paper under its present disreputable management. Such action is a duty that the individual Socialist owes to himself, and that he owes to his great Cause. To neglect the duty is to condone

\(^1\) [This sentence seems to be jumbled.—R.B.]
the crime.

When, three years ago, the Call made its appearance, the Daily People greeted it fraternally. The Daily People now washes its hands of the filthily criminal thing, cleanses the skirts of the Socialist Labor Party of any tolerance therefor,—and recalls the greeting.