EDITORIAL

GENTLEMEN, DON’T FIGHT!

By DANIEL DE LEON

THE cry that has more than once been heard during this campaign from the lips of members, or affiliates of members, of the Socialist party’s Official-dom and Press is: “Gentlemen, don’t fight!” The cry, while seemingly addressed to Socialist Labor Party and to Socialist party agitators, is in point of fact addressed “to the galleries.”

Which reminds us:—

Thirty-four years ago, on a drizzly afternoon in May, a gentleman who had to pay $50 for a law advertisement to the Law Journal, then on Broadway a block or two above Chambers street, stepped into his bank on Broadway, a block or two below Chambers street. He drew the money. Intending to disburse the same immediately, only a few blocks further [sic.] up, and the day being wet, he did not care to unbutton his spring overcoat and stow the money away, but slipped the roll of five Tens into the ’change pocket of his overcoat, and, resting his right arm thereon walked out of the bank and up Broadway. On reaching the crowded Chambers street, and just as he was stepping off the curb, he felt a hand deftly pushed between his right arm and body and withdrawn. It was the hand of a pickpocket who must have been watching him in the bank. The gentleman stopped, discovered that his money was gone. Quickly he seized the thief, and recovered his roll of greenbacks. While Wrestling with the fellow who was making frantic efforts to escape, several pals of the thief interposed shouting: “Gentlemen, don’t fight!”

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