EDITORIAL PARAGRAPH

{OUR “KOSSUTH HUNTS.”}

By DANIEL DE LEON

FOR quite a while after Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot, lost his last fight against Austria and fled, there never was a shot fired anywhere about Hungary but police and militia went crazy with fear. The shot was instanter attributed to Kossuth, who was supposed to be in hiding, right there. The panic over Kossuth gave rise to the “Kossuth hunts,” dashes made by the Austrian Government in all directions, to capture the man. With humble apologies to the shades of the mighty Hungarian, the Bummery, alias Chicago I.W.W., is the spook that in our generation has got on the nerves of our officials. A riot anywhere is promptly attributed to the “I.W.W.” The latest instance has happened in Wheatland, Calif. Some demented Mexican, or Portuguese workmen having shot the District Attorney and two deputies dead, the despatchers forthwith call the rioters “I.W.W.” Kossuth established his reputation for tenacious valor, and could not be supposed by Austria to have given up the fight; the Bummery established their reputation for a Bakouninistic horde “with the devil in their bowels,” and they can not be supposed by organized society to have quitted devilry—from officiating as constables and breaking strikers’ heads, and stealing, up to murder. Thus one’s reputation lives after him.