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SECOND EDITORIAL

HEAPING INSULT UPON INJURY.

By DANIEL DE LEON

THE New York State Constitutional Convention rejected the Tucker amendment proposing that the question of woman's suffrage be submitted to the people. This action virtually settles the fate of the Woman's Suffrage amendment. This was expected; nothing else could be looked for from a body as absolutely owned by the capitalist interests as the capitalists own their coats. It was and continues to be a Utopian dream on the part of woman to expect emancipation from the class whose economic interests demand her subjugation and consequent degrading status. Freedom for woman can be the award only of Socialism—that movement alone on whose banner is written indelibly: "Freedom for Mankind." That, however, on top of the wrong of denying woman her rights the convention should have added insult was hardly to be expected. Refined rascals might at least have been decent.

It was an insult to woman, as gratuitous as it was blackguardly, to claim, as did Mr. Root, that the withholding of the suffrage from her was requisite to keep her sex from degradation. To insinuate that she is not capable of purity except when held up by man can be the act only of a mind steeped in depravity; to strike the magnanimous posture of upholding female decency by treating the sex as a ward is a bit or ruffianly insolence. But worst of all does this mock chivalry look when examined more closely.

Who are these who deny woman equality with man? The very paladins of the class that first levels her with the male wage slaves by driving her into the factories; who invade her home, tear her from the household duties for which they affect such delicate feelings, and lastly, not leastly, crown their long list of infamies

by robbing her of her chastity and driving her to prostitution!

Sisters of toil, turn your backs upon the polluters of your fair sex's name! Like the hero women of old, drive your husbands, sons, brothers and sweethearts to the modern field of battle—the hustings; refuse them the solace of your company unless they fight manfully, and riddle with the bullet of the Socialist ballot the carcass of the fiendish system that desecrates your lives.

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