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EDITORIAL

BARKING AT THE MOON.

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THE Hon. William J. Bryan, the apostle of the middle class, has come out in favor of Denis Mulvihill, the Bridgeport “Labor” Mayor, for Democratic candidate for Governor of Connecticut. The purpose of this move is apparent. With Hanna corraling Labor, or at least trying to, in favor of the Republican party, Bryan tries to parry the blow by a display of love and affection for the commodity. But Bryan’s move is ineffectual. It is of a par with all his other moves. He is simply barking at the moon. Hanna may or may not get the labor vote; and, if Hanna gets it, it will be not so much by reason of what he and plutocracy may do but by reason of what Bryan may do. So long as Bryan and Bryanism will be kind enough to address the multitudes, the plutocracy need not bother: the masses will stampede to the Republican party. The point is subject to mathematical demonstration.

The burden of the song of Bryanism is that the workers should strain their efforts towards enriching their employers. The argument is that only by enriching the employer can the employee improve his condition. “Enrich your employers, that will enrich you,” so runs the Bryanistic refrain. And Bryanism can’t get away from that. Hannaism need hold no such language. Hannaism is not a bankrupt class. Bryanism is: hence Bryanism incessantly talks about better conditions for the employer. There can be no surer way of driving the unthinking masses toward Hannaism, as has conspicuously happened twice.

For every workingman employed by the middle class Bryan element, there are—it is safe to say—99 employed by the upper capitalist and the plutocratic class, that is, by Hannaism. Say, now, that Bryan addresses all told 8,000,000 workingmen, and inculcates them with the belief that the way for them to get along is to make their employers get along. What is the result? Plainly that 7,920,000 of

his hearers will say, “Clever man! He beautifully showed us in a way that only a fine speaker like him could, that our welfare depends upon the welfare of the employer; my employer is a Hanna man; consequently, I’ll vote for his candidate;”—and the Bryan crew is left with a cold 80,000.

Accordingly, Bryan’s booming of Denis Mulvihill is one more clear case of barking at the moon. The day of the political supremacy of the small producer is gone. He can’t open his mouth without uttering his death warrant. The day of Hannaism has come, and that day will not be darkened until the Socialist Labor Party principle takes hold of the masses and teaches them that it is a foolish claim that the workers’ prosperity depends upon that of their employers, as it were to claim that the dog’s prosperity depends upon the full-bloodedness of the fleas that live upon him.

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