

EDITORIAL

OUT COMES ANOTHER CAT.

By DANIEL DE LEON

“YOU’D better be careful! You know what we’ve done in the past here to Lovejoy. Well, you’re liable to get the same thing!”

This reminder, admonition and threat was hurled at the Socialist Labor Party’s candidate for President, Arthur E. Reimer, as he was addressing an open air meeting at Alton, Ill., the town that enjoys the unenviable distinction of having endeavored to silence the distinguished Abolitionist Lovejoy, and, failing in this, of having murdered the man.

From whose chest did the threat come?

From some supporter of Taft, the creature of Vested Wrongs? No.

Did it come from some supporter of Roosevelt, the wielder of the Big Stick, the Gorilla candidate of the gorillas in the land? No.

Perhaps from some irate supporter of Wilson, irate at hearing the cool, calm, convincing exposition of the facts that prove Wilsonism to be the veriest of Utopias? No.

From whom, then, could such stupid-brutal threat have come. The utterer must be stupid, indeed, for not realizing that the felonious conduct to which Lovejoy succumbed is one for which Alton should be ashamed(;) he must be a brute for revelling in the memory of the felony, and reviving the same; he must have an extra coating of stupidity for not realizing that such a threat is the primmest of praise for S.L.P. propaganda, and the primmest of condemnation for the convictions from which the threat proceeded. From whom did the threat come?

Hold your breath, reader. It is truthfully reported that the threat came from a Socialist party man.

The individual in question, let out a robustious cat. As Wayland yelled “Anarchist!” at the S.L.P. man who suggested the idea of organizing Wayland’s *Appeal to*

Reason plant, and thereby “put a bone” into the otherwise dish-clout declamations of the S.P.; as J. Mahlon Barnes screams “Reds!” at people who would house-clean the national headquarters of the S.P. which the Barnes regime turns into a den of perverts; as Hillquit hisses “Impossibilists!” at, and back-bites those whose straight-forward propaganda of Socialism threatens the business prospects of his law office;—so did the Alton S.P. man in question feel every corn on the toes of his corrupt purposes trod upon by the S.L.P. man’s presentation of the issue; and, acting in the way that the Beast of Private Interests ever does when its instinct tells it that it is menaced, the Alton S.P. man threatened assassination.

No wonder Roosevelt stole from the S.P. He went to the shop whence his likes drawn their supplies.

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