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EDITORIAL

SAMMY AND MAXY.

By DANIEL DE LEON

A TITANIC struggle is going on in the land. Mr. Samuel Gompers and Mr. Max Hayes are making each other's fur fly. The former charges the latter with affiliation in a political party that seeks to destroy the American Federation of Labor; the latter charges the former with lying. Strange as it may sound, both combatants are right, and both are wrong.

However numerous were the "intellectual" elements to whom the Socialist Labor Party offered no opportunity for vainglorious stage strutting, and who about five years ago foregathered to "smash" the Socialist Labor Party, they did not furnish the organized body that was to do the job. The organized body was furnished by the labor-lieutenants of the Capitalist Class—Mr. Gompers, for short; say, Sammy, as a collective term. In they sailed. The Kangaroo conspiracy was the result. It drew in all the American Federation of Labor placemen. Partly scared for their jobs, partly following their own unclean bents, they flocked to the Sammy standard. Mr. Hayes, for short; say, Maxy, as a collective term, was among the lot, and they were received with open arms, and given additional jobs by Sammy, and ordered to "sail in." They did. They did their best. But their best fell far short of the job that they undertook to put through. The Socialist Labor Party was not smashed, could not be smashed. To kick at it was to kick against pricks. Matters were even worse. Maxy, ever true to her contract, and in no way deserting the Sammy standard, found herself driven by the whip of the Socialist Labor Party, and had to hold Socialist Labor Party language here and there; and thus, the conspiracy of Sammy against Socialism turned into a promotion of the very thing that was to be "smashed."

In view of this, Sammy charges Maxy's party with seeking to kill the American Federation of Labor. Obviously Sammy is right and wrong. He is wrong when he

implies that Maxy is doing the thing on purpose; he is even cruel in his charge, because the charge implies no sympathy for Maxy's lacerated back, lacerated by the whip of the Socialist Labor Party that drives her to serve God while meaning to serve the Devil. But again, Sammy is right. One grain of sense, one S.L.P. word, does more for Socialism than all the anti-Socialist Labor Party vituperation that, obedient to contract, Maxy indulges in. And so it happens that Sammy feels the groundswell of Socialism, and that, of course means death to all organizations that claim to be of Labor and that preach "Brotherhood of Capital and Labor."

Inversely Maxy is wrong and right when she retorts to Sammy with: "You lie!" She is wrong because, as shown above, she has been compelled to use S.L.P. language, and what that means everybody knows. On the other hand she is right, because, without intent there is no crime.

And so the two are at it, and may they never let up. Nor could they, even if they would. The Socialist Labor Party will see to that. The sight is inspiring. It is inspiring to see Sammy hoisted by his own petard; it is as inspiring to see Maxy tangled up in her own meshes.

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

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