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EDITORIAL

THE HOWLING “TIMES.”

By DANIEL DE LEON

THE American “Black Hundred”—dummy Directors on Insurance boards, gamblers in Wall Street, defiers of the law which forbids the Director of a concern to do business with himself, getters up of “pushkes” (collection boxes) for private-pockets’ Jerusalems, debauches of “trial marriages,” grinders of the faces of the poor, associates of Western promoters of crime to be charged to innocent workingmen, chums of self-confessed multi-murderers who “turn State’s evidence,” promoters of life-crippling child-labor and woman-labor, ballot box thieves; in short, the whole pack of ruling bandits, whose conduct has caused even one of their own, Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw, to say to them last week: “To those of you who still pray, go down on your knees to-night and pray to God to save this country from its prosperity,”—emitted on the 17th instant a long, loud and prolonged howl through the columns of the *Times*. The howl betrayed how raw the one-time rhinoceros hide of the capitalist{s} is becoming under the lash of the indictment that is daily being swelled with fresh counts against them, and how sensitive that gentry are waxing. The howl was drawn by Joseph Schlossberg, the Editor of *Der Arbeiter*, the Jewish organ of the Socialist Labor Party.

Invited to address the monster Carnegie Hall meeting, tendered on the 14th instant as a reception to Gregor Gershuni, the intrepid Russian revolutionist now in America, Schlossberg said in substance: “A conflagration has broken out in Russia; that conflagration must be extinguished in the only way in which such conflagrations can be extinguished—by the downfall of tyranny; but in order to do the work effectively we should be aware and never forget the conflagration that is raging in our own home—America. In Russia, over the portals of the prisons stands the inscription ‘God bless the Czar,’ here in America, over portals inscribed ‘Liberty,’ we find the bullpens and the jails whither the Moyers, Haywoods and

Pettibones are bayoneted, or kidnapped.”

“Ouw, wauw!” went up the concentrated howl from the columns of the *Times*. It dared not deny the charge, least of all seeing they were in substance repeated by ex-Congressman Baker in the speech he made at the following Gershuni meeting the very next Sunday. What the *Times* did is what social criminals, caught and unmasked, ever do—retort with sneers and with slurs, attempt to raise false issues and false cries, seek to escape under a cloud of words and an affectation of patriotism—that last resort of the scoundrel.

So did the Copper-heads and Bourbons of half a century ago, under the lash of the Garrisons and the Wendell Phillipses. But it all booted naught. It did not then. It will not now.

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