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EDITORIAL

## LADY WARWICK.

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**W**ith flaming headlines and much blowing of trumpets, the capitalist press announces in its despatches from London that Lady Warwick has “joined the progressive forces of England,” that these have thereby “received a valuable addition,” and that “her Lady-ship now pronounces herself a Socialist.”

If Socialism is really recognized by the capitalist press to be a progressive force, by what miracle do they make the admission? If Lady Warwick’s pronouncing herself a Socialist and joining such forces is recognized to be a valuable addition to them, by what miracle does the capitalist press hasten to herald the fact with such sensational headlines? Socialism IS a progressive force; but that is equivalent to saying that it foreshadows the downfall of the Capitalist Class. Every valuable addition to its forces DOES add inches to its stature and vigor to its blows; but that is tantamount to saying that its destructive power over Capitalism is proportionally increased. This being thus, the perplexing riddle confronts one, Why do these mouth-pieces of Capital display such delighted alacrity in publishing the news? The riddle is solved by carefully reading the account to the end. In an interview with Lady Warwick, her Ladyship expresses herself with the following clarifying words:

“I connect myself with no party,—BECAUSE IT WOULD DO HARM TO OTHER MATTERS IN WHICH I AM INTERESTED.”

The riddle is solved; the cat is out of the bag.

Socialism, as an abstract theory, is as harmless, consequently ineffective, as steam in the spheres. For steam to be effective, it must be found in the boiler; for Socialism to accomplish results, it must be brought down to the narrow channels of organization. What the boiler and engine are to steam, that is a political party to Socialism. Well may be capitalist press rejoice: Lady Warwick’s Socialism will add

not an atom of effectiveness to it; on the contrary, it may serve to scatter, to help the steam escape, and paralyze the revolutionary engine.

The time is not so far back here in America when, to style oneself, or be styled, a Socialist carried nothing alarming with it; it neither disconcerted the drawing-room, nor interfered with “the other matters in which the ‘Socialist’ was interested.” On the contrary, it may have even promoted those “other matters:” it added zest to the bearer, rendered him often positively interesting. That, of course, all came to a dead stop just as soon as the zest ceased to be a zest, just as soon as the zest assumed a practical character, and, turned into the engine-boiler of a political party, girded on its loins for practical work.

We know not accurately enough how things stand in England; here, however, we know that the Lady Warwick element, tho’ long strenuously at work, has regularly suffered shipwreck in its attempt to introduce the vapid, purposeless days of yore by scuttling the ship of the S.L.P. with the claims of abstract Socialism, and the excellencies of such methods.

The Lady Warwick element is one of high and low degree: it presents itself simultaneously in the claw-hammered evening-dress coat gentility and the Label Committee fakirity. May our British comrades have eyes, strong enough to penetrate the fraud, and arms powerful enough to resist and drive it back to attend openly to “the other matters in which it is interested.” Here the Party has fully cut its wisdom-tooth. With arms open to receive additions to its forces from all honorable quarters, it demands of every member a flat-footed stand upon the class struggle, and undivided allegiance to the only boiler-engine that can pull the Revolution to its consummation—the SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY.

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

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