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EDITORIAL

## TWO PICTURES; NAY THREE.

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I.

**T**HE bell rings. The curtain rises. The scene is the Court House in Buffalo. Czolgosz is arraigned before the magistrate. Every inch of the distance between his cell and the bar is lined with a thick cordon of police officers and jail attendants. Moreover, not by the ordinary way is this route laid; the route on this occasion is a subterranean passage connecting the jail with the Court House. Are these steps taken as precautionary measures against the prisoner? Is there any fear of his escape, that is thus to be balked? What these steps mean is to transpire in the Court House. These precautionary steps are but a fitting prelude to the drama to be enacted at the Court House, and they form with it one continuous pageant.

The District Attorney, in solemn voice, reads from a document, addressing the prisoner. It is a True Bill found by the Grand Jury, and indicting him for the murder of William McKinley in the first degree, maliciously, wickedly and feloniously committed. At the close of the reading the prisoner is called upon to make his plea: he remains silent. He is called upon again and again: his silence remains unbroken. For him is then entered the plea of "Not Guilty;" and, at the request of the Bar Association, the Court itself assigns two distinguished lawyers to defend him.

The drama is complete. Not against Czolgosz, but in his favor were the police and subterranean route precautions. Tho' unquestionably guilty, he was not to be exposed to the fury of a possible mob. Deliberately and in measured steps the wheels of Justice started to revolve. Tho' unquestionably guilty, no advantage was to be taken from his refusal to plead, and he was furnished with guardians to safeguard the civic rights that civilization clothes the human being with, especially when arraigned before the bar of Society. In other words, the public powers of Society saw to it that one crime be not visited by another, and did all in its power to

curb and keep under whatever bestial instincts might be lurking under the grass. The drama here presented is a glorification of Social Order.

The curtain drops.

## II.

The bell rings again. The curtain now rises over another scene: the length and breadth of the land, with the capitalist press holding the center of the stage. With dissonant language, in notes shrill and strident, these spokesmen of the Macbeth class seek to lash the unthinking into acts of violence against the Socialist Labor Party, which disturbs the orgies of their pay-masters, and which they know has rung the death-knell of their rule. From assault and battery to homicide and murder, this press is inciting the populace by its cowardly viperous falsifications. The click of an assassin's pistol is the signal for that press to unchain its propaganda of mob rule. Every low instinct, every prejudice born of ignorance, every riotous leaning in the public, that press now seeks to fan into a flame, and it does that to the tune of "Law and Order." The drama thus unfolded is the desecration of Social Order.

## III.

The third picture represents the solid ranks of the Socialist Labor Party organization. As befits its dignity, the soundness of its poise, the nobleness of its purpose, it alone is left standing on the field of the Labor Movement, unterrified and unterrifiable. All other bodies that presumed to dispute its title to leadership are scattered to the winds. The storm has played havoc with them. The dapper Anarchists have postponed their "Revolution," from Barnegat to Puget Sound they have ducked; the Kangaroo Social Democrats have crept into holes. The Socialist Labor Party stands above the ruins: the storm center of the capitalist press rowdyism: the earnest that Social Order will not perish.

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

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