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REPORT

## GLEANINGS 'LONG THE ROAD. {7}

By DANIEL DE LEON

**S**POKANE, WASH., APRIL 18.—Nine days ago I mailed my last report to *The People*. Since then, there has been another magnificent succession of mammoth meetings, beginning with Portland's on the 10th, Tacoma's next day, Seattle's on the 14th and Vancouver's, B.C., on the 16th. Little Pasco, with a struggling population, and where, thanks to the stalwartness of Comrades Norling and Kurzman, a meeting was held last night with 82 people, mostly railroad men, in the audience, should not be slighted off the roll. The number of comrades, I.W.W. fellow workers, friends and sympathisers who greeted me at the depot upon my arrival here this afternoon was so large that it justified my observing to them jokingly we seem to have more friends in Spokane than there was population in Pasco.

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An experience struck me with special forcefulness during these last days—the general opinion spontaneously expressed to me by workmen of the blessing that last year's so-called split in Chicago has been to the movement. It is a natural, a quite pardonable error into which the unguarded and uninformed are liable to fall into of deploring every "split." They imagine that the labor movement is to have a parade march to victory. A split interferes with the parade illusion. Thereupon tears. These good people fail to realize that there are splits and splits, some harmful others healthful. The unthinking fail to realize that splits are healthful when they are bound to come by the evolutionary process; and that in such cases the rupture is only a preparatory step towards a higher plane, a fitter organization reachable only via the experience made at the previous split. No intelligent man to-day deploras, for instance, the 1899 split in {the} Socialist Labor Party. The higher plane upon which the political organization of Socialism is now drilling could never have been reached but for the experience made thanks to the split, and the contrast afforded

between pure and simple politicians' Socialism, and the revolutionary, working class article. It is so with regard to recent events in the I.W.W. From St. Louis and Kansas City westward, increasingly so from Denver westward, the spontaneous utterances of workmen who attended the meetings of this tour, stating they never understood what Industrialism meant until after the late Chicago convention, were an experience worth traveling to make. At first I attached not much importance to these words. I do now. Is it an awakening of the masses? These are some of the ways in which the view was expressed:

“At first, when I heard of that Chicago affair, I felt like throwing up the sponge. I see it otherwise now. Had the revolutionist submitted to Sherman, then the jig would have been up for fair.”

“I never understood what Industrialism meant until this Chicago row started. I thought Industrialism was Unionism dealt around after a new shuffle. The row taught me that Industrialism is much more than a mere economic organization. It is the working class organized to build up a new nation.”

“I'm awfully glad that split came on. It discouraged many, but those whom it discouraged were not the men to build upon. The ranks may be thinned, but the principle has been made to survive. Limbs have been torn apart. They will be joined again—not for emancipation in a 1,000 years, but for emancipation in OUR days.”

“Say, if it were not for that split, Industrialism would have been swallowed up by the A.F. of L. as smoothly as a snake draws a frog into its jaws.”

Of course the language of the capitalist press has been aidful. People who remember the bouquets the capitalist press showered upon the A.F. of L. when the I.W.W. was launched and see the same bouquets now showered upon Sherman; people who remember the vituperation hurled at the I.W.W. by the capitalist press when the organization was lamented in 1905 and who now see and hear the identical vituperation hurled from the same camp at the so-called Trautmann-De Leon faction—such people are materially aided in determining where the I.W.W. is to be found. But such determining is something vastly inferior in caliber to the sense that a great victory was won for the working class when the revolutionists, finding themselves confronted with a conspiracy to scuttle the ship of the I.W.W.,

fell to, and made the conspirators walk the plank.

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Readers of *The People* will be interested in learning of the latest “deep laid plot” that I have been discovered in deeply laying. There are two vagabond journalists, among the many another of that tribe produced by the privately owned Socialist Party, now vagabonding in the Northwest. The one is a Dr. Titus—I.W.W. when his newspaper tent is set up in an I.W.W. neighborhood, A.F. of L. when the tent is raised in an A.F. of L. bailiwick, the other one Kingsley—a gentleman as crazy as a March hare when unionism is the subject of discussion. He will have none of it, is too “intellectual” for unionism. The former is now plying his trade south of the Canadian line, in Seattle, the latter north of the line in Vancouver. Of course, both are S.P. Now, like a bolt from a clear sky (they pronounce it a bolt) Prof. Mills moves into the Northwest and is about to start a paper of his own. The consequence is that both Titus and Kingsley fear for their dwindling subscription list. The further consequence is that both, Kingsley especially, have started to denounce Mills, the charge being that he has come to “disrupt the Socialist party” in that region. What is the deep laid plot I have been detected in? The beatific S.P. declares I sent Mills to burst up the S.P.! The innocents are sincere about it, too. They have not the remotest inkling of the principle that a fisherman dropping his private line into the stream and supposed to be making catches, unavoidably attracts other fishermen with their private lines. They have no idea it is they who invited, not I who hurled Prof. Mills upon their heads.

Whether Prof. Mills is aware of the mission upon which he {is} said to be sent by me I know not. He seemed blissfully ignorant of any such orders from me when he stepped upon the platform after my Seattle meeting and courteously introduced himself.

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Who can guess from what source the following passages are extracted:

“On Sunday, March 17th agitators at Salt Lake made an attempt to bring back to life the Socialist Labor Party of that city, a political organization that has been wiped out by public opinion in Utah. It is reported that a baker’s dozen of malcontents attended the meeting and that even these enthusiasts realized the futility of disturbing the rest of the dead and gone party. The meeting, however, did one thing of note. It endorsed the I.W.W. movement. It is a striking fact that every organization

of agitators and trouble makers in the country willingly swears allegiance to the red flag of I.W.W.-ism.”

From what paper of what camp is this taken? The Salt Lake meetings were abreast of the most successful of this tour. The “baker’s dozen” of malcontents filled the spacious halls to the utmost; the party that “public opinion in Utah” had “wiped out” reorganized in force, with the most desirable elements of the S.P. among the new organization. From what paper in what camp does this yelp, that betrays the whipped cur, come? It comes from the *Tonopah Sun*, reproduced in the *Goldfield News* of April 6.

Who will deny that “the enemy is ours,” as St. John puts it?

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Some light upon the yelp may be thrown by the following program of the ball with which Tonopah Local 325 of the I.W.W. celebrated its annual ball:

Independence .....	Two Step.
One Union, One Label, One Enemy .....	Schottische.
Skeleton of Wage Slavery .....	Rye Waltz.
The Red Label .....	Waltz.
Labor Is Entitled to All It Produces .....	Two Step.
Emancipation .....	Quadrille.
Social Revolution .....	Waltz.
Eight-Hour Work Day .....	Two Step.
No Child Labor .....	Schottische.
Woman’s Suffrage (Ladies’ Choice) .....	Waltz.
I Won’t Work for a Capitalist Master .....	Two Step.
Downfall of Capitalism .....	Waltz.
Down with Social Anarchy .....	Schottische.
Liberation of Our Brothers in the Idaho Bull Pen .....	Waltz.
Home, Sweet Home—The Socialist Commonwealth .....	Waltz.

These “malcontents” seem to be a pretty jolly set. Woe to oppressors when “malcontents” rejoice. Their merry-making ever has been the harbinger of the oppressors’ doom. No wonder the Tonopah-Goldfield mine owners’ papers yelp—would not we in their shoes?

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