

# DAILY PEOPLE

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EDITORIAL

## OUR TENTH ANNIVERSARY.

By DANIEL DE LEON

**T**HE *Daily People* was the answer given by the Socialist Labor Party, the head of the column of the American Labor, or Socialist Movement, to the conspiracy against it that came to a head on the night of July 10, 1899, and was intended to bag, by muzzling, the Party. The answer was given within a twelve-month of that July night. It was the logical answer.

Long had the S.L.P. been struggling for a daily tribune in the English language, and in the metropolis of the land, in order to render more effective the propaganda in English that then proceeded from its weekly, *The People*, only. Its efforts had been successfully thwarted by the allies—within the Party and centered around the *New Yorker Volkszeitung*—of various more or less visionary, more or less reactionary elements, to whom the enlightened, without being pedantic; the sound, without being dogmatic; the scientific, without being in the clouds but being pre-eminently practical; and the aggressive without being blustering S.L.P. propaganda, carried on through the Party's weekly, was, to some a source of envy, to others a rebuke, to all a menace.

The leaders of the conspiracy having been successfully resisted and routed on both the fields which they had first chosen—on the physical field, by being clubbed and kicked down the stairs of the Party's Headquarters which they had sought to invade; on the field of the capitalist courts, whither they had subsequently summoned the Party, by being convicted out of their own mouths of rendering false testimony, and being thrown out of court—the Party's activity was no longer hampered. The consequent result was the speedy realization of the Party's immediate aim—the establishment of its English daily. The *Daily People* was launched ten years ago, on Sunday, July 1, 1900.

From the day that the approaching event of the launching of the *Daily People*

cast its unmistakable, well defined shadow across the path of the conspirators, the conspiracy began to assume a mass character. The visionary and reactionary hostile elements above named reached out for further allies. Their kindred, more pronouncedly impure than even themselves, flocked to their standard—Anarchists of both the rose and the dirty water persuasion; anti-Socialist labor lieutenants, corporals and sergeants of the capitalist class; Christian Socialist preachers without pulpits; lawyers without briefs; fishy professionals; promoters of get-rich-quick and other three-card-mote speculators upon the unsuspecting working class; hungry politicians; thirsty editors and literati; etc.; etc.; all rushed together, a veritable mob of barbarians, upon the S.L.P., the citadel of the Party, the *Daily People*, being instinctively the objective of all.

The experience of the S.L.P. resembles, as time will more and more clearly bear out, the experience made by Rome at the time of the first inroad of the barbarians upon the civilization of the Roman republic, at the time struggling for a footing. The barbarian Gauls dashed against the Roman territory carrying devastation before them. The weaklings fled to distant safety; the virile, driven back, gathered for a last stand on the Capitoline Hill. Against that citadel the hordes of the Gauls dashed their heads in vain. There were traitors among those who had gathered on the Hill; and they deserted; but their conduct left the true undaunted. These—in the language with which two thousand two hundred and ninety-five years later the Philadelphia Socialist party paper, the *Tageblatt*, rendered unintentional homage to the S.L.P., “counted neither their own fewness, nor the multitude of their foes.” The intrepid band on the Capitoline Hill knew they were the Ark of Civilization. They stood their ground. The barbarian force spent itself; the logic of its illogical pretenses dissolved their ranks. The threatening flood receded. Astounded Latium recovered its breath and flocked to the support of the conquering band that now descended from the Capitoline. The barbarians fled, never more to appear before the walls of Rome except as Roman captives—and Rome re-rose—and fulfilled her historic mission.

A Capitoline Hill to the Socialist Republic of the land—that has been the *Daily People* so far—and will prove itself to the end, through the whole gamut of events. The barbarian hordes that assailed the *Daily People* were resisted; their stratagems

to throw dismay into the hearts of the men at bay, now with false halloos of “Victory!” then through the corruption of unprincipled individuals among them, proved vain. Never counting its numbers, and never recking the multitude of its adversaries; conscious of its historic mission; the logic of its own historically sound, the logic of the historically unsound posture of its adversaries steadily working in its favor, the intrepid S.L.P. throughout the land stood its ground on its Capitoline Hill.

Well may the S.L.P. to-day, on this tenth anniversary of the *Daily People*, and with the foe visibly melting away preparatorily to the stampede in store for them, proudly recite the words of the Latin poet—

We have raised a monument more lasting than brass,  
Loftier than the regal stature of the Pyramids,  
A monument that neither the tooth of the rainfall, nor the blast of North  
Wind  
Is able to wear away, nor yet the numberless  
Sequence of years, nor the flight of Time.<sup>1</sup>

Transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the official website of the Socialist Labor Party of America.  
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<sup>1</sup> [Attributed to Horace (Quintus Horatius Flaccus) Roman poet (65 B.C.E.–8 B.C.E.)—*R.B.*]