

EDITORIAL

THAT “HOBOS’ CONVENTION.”

By DANIEL DE LEON

DURING the first days of this month a gathering took place in Milwaukee under a variety of names. Its leader, James Eads How, called it a Convention of Unemployed; the Milwaukee press called it, not unsympathetically, the “Hoboes’ Convention.”

Whatever the name of the body that convened, it certainly was a symptom.—
What kind of a symptom?

A few convention incidents will tell:—

A motion was presented to demand of Congress the enacting of a law whereby \$7 a week shall be made the minimum standard of living. The motion aroused a storm that shook the building with protest. Good! The heart glows hopeful. But not for long. The storm was speedily allayed, and peace and harmony restored with a motion that the minimum standard of living shall be \$15.

This should suffice. But here is another incident thrown in for good measure.

The convention adjourned to march upon and meet in Washington. Good, again! Again the heart grows hopeful! But, yet again, not for long. The day for the meeting of the convention in Washington is May 1—a season in even years, except this Congress compels the calling of an extra session, when Washington, D.C., is empty of all but its pettiest of officialdom.

As the Genius of the Social Revolution stalked—as surely she stalked over the “Hoboes Convention”—and looked around inquiringly, her head drooped in sorrow. Militants never are satisfied with any but the highest standard; militants never “take a field” that is unoccupied and uncontested.

A \$15 standard of living—a gathering that marches upon Washington to meet there when neither Congress, Executive, nor Judiciary is likely to be “in town”—lo material that is raw—very raw—too raw for use.

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