

DAILY PEOPLE

VOL. 2, NO. 294.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, APRIL 20, 1902.

TWO CENTS.

SECOND EDITORIAL

SHIP-WRECKED MARINERS.

By DANIEL DE LEON

THE below is not from *Puck*, it is not from *Punch*, nor yet is it from the Berlin *Kladderadatch*. It is from the *Kangaroo Worker* of this city. We land the fish and reproduce it in full for the edification of those who have the sense of humor. Here it is:

A CLEAR PATH AHEAD.

The death-throes of the S.L.P. are becoming violent. Publication of its Jewish party organ, the *Abendblatt*, has been discontinued. A local of the S.T. & L.A. was recently expelled and the party is continuously “purified” by the expulsion of members for “treason.” The whole subject of the Scab Trade and Labor Alliance is up for discussion in the columns of the “Peep” and the Alliance is roundly denounced by many members of the S.L.P. One day last week De Leon’s daily leaflet, “The Peep,” came out in an edition deluxe, one column short of its usual size, and presenting some two-weeks-old news items for the refreshment of its up-to-date readers. Now comes the announcement that De Leon is soon to take a three months’ vacation from his editorial labors without pay—which probably means that the astute Danny knows that the *People* is soon to die and doesn’t want to act as undertaker. De Leonism is about to expire, suffocated by the stench of its own rottenness; and thus one more obstacle in the path of the Socialist movement is cleared away.

But—there is a big “but” to be considered. Unless the members of the Socialist Party—in New York the Social Democratic Party—do their full duty, nothing will have been gained. The Socialist movement has been seriously impeded, especially in this state, by the antics of the S.L.P. The removal of that obstacle will be cause for rejoicing if our comrades go on vigorously with aggressive, constructive work—not otherwise. Six months remain before election. We should have two votes for the Social Democratic Party wherever there was one in 1900.

Comrades, it is up to you. Don’t be satisfied with the removal of an obstacle. Forward, on the road to victory.

The shipwrecked mariner, tempest-tost, and clinging to a rotten raft, does not

scan the horizon more anxiously for the approach of a sail, nor does his fevered brain more readily shape out of gathering mists ships hying to his aid than does the Kangaroo Social Democratic crew of this city. With their throats crammed full of the slanders they have uttered and that have been crammed back into them; with their own and the corruption of their allies in Webster, Haverhill, Peekskill, Hoboken, etc., etc., beating down upon them; with their Kangaroo party vote going to smash in Adams, Cincinnati, Chicago, San Francisco, etc.; everywhere left in the lurch and despised by the Organized Scabbery, as all traitors are treated even by those who would use them; with now an established reputation for imbecility; with all their hopes of stampeding the Socialist vote away from the S.L.P. gone to wreck; with their press unread and thrown upon the scheme of raising money under all sorts of false pretences;—in short, a derelict upon the waves of the Movement, sans reputation, sans prospects, sans support, the Kangaroo crew of this city has become crack-brained.

From one end of the country to the other, the firm-as-a-rock S.L.P. will cheer the above Kangaroo outburst. To the ears of the knowing it is the drowning man's cry of despair.

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

Uploaded September 2006