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EDITORIAL

“THE SISTERS THREE.”

By DANIEL DE LEON

A MODEL strike, epoch-marking in this country, is on in the silk industry in New Jersey, with Paterson as its main center, and the I.W.W. in command. From the start, the manufacturers were foiled. Their policy of inciting riots, so as to furnish a pretext to fetch in the militia, was thwarted by conduct so exemplary in its orderliness, and, at the same time, firmness, that mill after mill surrendered, and the spark of class-conscious working class action fell upon contiguous cities, firing the wage slaves to emulation. The city of Passaic became the center of this second stage of the strike, and has continued to be such—inhuman exploiters, the Botany Mills leading, and inhumanly exploited working people locking horns, the former representing the whole Capitalist Class, the latter the head of the column of the militant Working Class.

With this conflict as center, round about it three Macbethian witches are dancing frantically.

The Haywood-Thompson combination, together with their police spy Pless Domo of the O'Brien detective agency, as the first witch, tears around the battle ground intoning its canticle:

“Round about the cauldron go
“In the poisoned entrails throw.
“Toad of Anarch that in ratholes
“Days and nights hast ages long
“Sweltered venom sleeping got
“Boil thou first i’ the charmed pot.”

As the second witch, the combine of the Newark *Star*, organ of ex-Senator Jim Smith, known during his incumbency as “The Sugar Trust Senator,” and the New York *Times*, organ of “Dummy Director” Schiff, reel with frantic headlines round

and round the field of conflict to the tune:

"Fillet of a fenny snake—
"Lying headlines—
"in the cauldron boil and bake;
"Eye of newt, and toe of frog—
"Whooping Anarch agencies;
"Wool of bat, and tongue of dog—
"Libel-yarns;
"Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting—
"Swindle news;
"Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing—
"Calumnies galore—
"For a charm of powerful trouble,
"Like a hell-broth boil and bubble."

The third witch is the Passaic Local of the Socialist party with bundles of the New York *Call* in her hands. Her wild dance is accompanied with rauky screeches, each screech followed with throwing a copy of the paper into the field of combat:

"Scale of dragon; tooth of wolf—
"As samples of 'Neutrality';
"Witches' mummy maw and gulf
"Of the ravined salt-sea shark—
"Tokens of our love for Labor;
"Root of hemlock, digg'd in the dark—
"From our Back-bite cave;
"Nose of Turk; and Tartar's lips,
"Finger of birth-strangled babe,
"Ditch-delivered by a drab—
"Symbols of our Integrity;
"Add thereto a tiger's chaudron
"Type of our own entrails—
"For the ingredients of our cauldron."

And thus the weird sisters, hand in hand, do go about in such a giddy reel that, at times, each is hard to tell from the other, the three frequently merging into one diabolic Hag, separately and collectively consumed with rage at the utter impotence of their efforts to crush the I.W.W. strike—the one in the interest of its hungry and thirsty "agitational" stomach, the other in the interest of Capital, the third in the interest of the A.F. of L.

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