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EDITORIAL

A MILITIA-OF-CHRISTER AS FIREMAN.

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THE fireman's work consists not merely in putting out the fire where a fire has broken out. That, certainly, is an important part of the fireman's work. A much more important work for the fireman to achieve is, when the fire proves too much for him, to prevent contiguous buildings from being drawn into the area of the conflagration.

Such is the work that Mr. John Golden, of the Militia of Christ, and International President of the United Textile Workers, affiliated with the A.F. of L., is now engaged in.

The Lawrence strike of the textile operatives is not at all to the liking of Mr. Golden. It is a conflagration upon scale much larger than that of 1906, when the I.W.W. textile operatives went on strike in Skowhegan, Me. Even on that occasion Fireman Golden had his hands full putting out the fire. The hose of false, capitalistic economics played upon that conflagration to no purpose; its pourings were speedily turned to impotent steam; but when the hose of extra wide diameter, pouring down A.F. of L. scabs, was turned upon Skowhegan, the fire went out in short order. The situation in Lawrence is more serious.

Sufficiently I.W.W. in its economics to resist the usual effects of the hose of capitalistic false economics, and the numbers in revolt being so many times larger than in Skowhegan as also to render ineffectual the hose of scabs, the conflagration of Lawrence has baffled Fireman Golden's efforts. Fearing that that fire can not be put out, Fireman Golden, like the expert fireman he is, has turned his efforts to preventing the spread of the conflagration. With his fire-engine puffing to bursting, and all his hoses of false, capitalist economics hard at work, he is endeavoring to keep the contiguous residences, the mill towns of Fall River, New Bedford, Providence and others, from taking fire.

Fireman Golden's fire engine is *The Union Worker Magazine*, commented on before now.

One hose plays a stream to the tune that "sympathetic strikers" are utterly utter.—What can there be more un-A.F. of L.-ic than for one Union to sympathize with another? Are they not autonomous?

Another hose plays a stream to the tune that it is wrong for "employers who have always been fair and just to their men to be made to suffer through the means of a sympathetic strike."—What can there be more un-A.F. of L.-ic than to understand that a "fair and just employer" is as impossible a thing as a fair and just vampire? Is it not a teaching repellent to A.F. of L.-ism that the employer is fed by the employe, consequently that the law of the employer's existence is larger and larger shares of the employe's product?

A third hose plays a stream to the tune that "the grievance or fancied grievance" of the employes in one mill do not concern the employes in another mill where there are no grievances.—What can there be more un-A.F. of L.-ic than to proceed from the theory that the wage earner who has no grievance is a constitutional slave, walking on all fours; or that, even supposing that there should happen to be no grievance in one mill for employes to sit by and allow their fellow slaves to be beaten in another mill is but to dislocate the arm of the Working Class?

Still another hose pours out a stream to the tune of the brotherly relations that should exist between employer and employe.—What can there be more utterly un-A.F. of L.-ic than to preach class strife, class struggle, and such un-patriotic, un-religious, un—un—un all other good things?

A fifth hose plays a stream to the tune that it is wiser to remain at work so that "those who remain at work may furnish the necessary funds to prolong the strike." The only note missing to this tune is that the employers of the employes who remain at work should act as financial secretaries for the Union of their men, and check-off their men's strike contributions. If that note were not missing then the tune of that stream would be the identical one sung by John Mitchell when, in 1902, he thereby caused the bituminous miners to remain at work, that is, scab upon the anthracite miners in the interest of the bituminous mine barons, Mark Hanna among the lot.

There are more hoses. The streams they are pouring upon the “contiguous residences” to keep them from taking fire are copious. The Militia of Christer fireman Golden is doing his best. Will he succeed? That all depends upon the intensity and thoroughness of the sociologic flames that have enveloped the wage slave pen of Lawrence.

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