

EDITORIAL

THE POLICE, EMMA GOLDMAN AND HAYWOOD.

By DANIEL DE LEON

WITHOUT the police, and the yellow press, Emma Goldman would have been forgotten long ago, and the lady would have been compelled to adopt some occupation other than that of “lecturing” for a living. As it is, Emma Goldman is a “national character”; one might almost say a “national institution.” This she has to thank to the police, who always stupidly, frequently brutally, closed up her meeting halls, and even hounded her; and to the yellow press who delighted in such write-ups. In that way the blunderbussness of Anarchy was extensively advertised. People wondered what kind of a being in petticoats that was who so aroused the activity of the otherwise so somnolent police. Not a few went to hear, that is, to see her, which brought her in a considerable number of admission fees, altho the audiences, with hardly an individual exception, never returned. The sufficiently scatter-brained theory of Anarchy was not improved through the medium of the lady; nor could the lectures on “literature,” seasoned with artificially galvanized sexualities, which she sandwiched in between her “political” talks, relieve the latter of their flatness. Nevertheless, whenever the audiences threatened to fail, the activity of the police furnished them. The circumstance caused a British paper to conclude that Emma Goldman was in the pay of the police,—a stupid conclusion, seeing that, if there was any collusion between the lady and the police, it must have been the police who was in her pay, as her advance and advertising agent, not she in the pay of the police.

As with Emma Goldman, so with William D. Haywood. Beginning with Denver where he was unlawfully arrested, further on in Lawrence, where police stupidities and brutalities advertised the man, down to recent events in Paterson, the impu-

dence of the police, seasoned by the fathomless ignorance of the blue-coated tribe, together with their superstition that they are “it,” regularly came in to puff the sails of Haywood every time they flapped; plump up his purse every time it looked thin; and thus give him a new start.

Emma is a candle by which to see “Big Bill”; “Big Bill” a candle by which to look at Emma.

As the female “Big Bill,” the male Emma has so weak a mentality that the Anarchy of both becomes in his hands an even more scatter-brained affair than the original article.

As the male Emma, the female “Big Bill” has a “private grievance against society,” thus rendering unsoothable the bitterness of her heart towards the “minions of the law.”

As the female “Big Bill,” the male Emma is a subject of attraction for the “dangerous age” of both sexes.

As the male Emma, the female “Big Bill” has for the working class the contempt and at the same time the love and affection that the oyster eater has for the oyster.

As the female “Big Bill,” the male Emma is just the kind of a spook to cause the dull tribe of the police to throw fits.

As the male Emma, the female “Big Bill” is a source of confusion to the revolutionary class.

Finally, both the female “Big Bill” and the male Emma find their notoriety and financial account in the advertising that police and yellow press give them.

Superficial observers, as in the instance of the British paper above referred to, may conclude that the two personalities are police agencies. They are not that,—altho’ police-made.

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