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EDITORIAL

## {THE ELECTION RETURNS.}

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**T**HE slow freight train which, the day after election, we remarked was operating even more slowly than ever before with the election returns for the Socialist Labor Party, has at last delivered its cargo, as per invoice, in full. With this issue we enter on the standing roll of the S.L.P. vote in Presidential years, at the head of the editorial column, the poll for 1912.

It is 33,070 votes, or more than double by over 4,000, the poll of the previous, 1908, presidential year.

The increase recorded by the 1912 poll is vastly more significant than even the figures indicate.

Reading the 33,070 votes by the light of accessible facts—the vast amount of S.L.P. literature ordered from and consumed in quarters where the S.L.P. has as yet no organization, hence, where as yet the S.L.P. has no means to count the “heads of the beloved”; the tell-tale correspondence that flows into the several national offices of the S.L.P., admitting the correctness of the stand of the S.L.P., admitting also the untenableness of the stand of the Socialist party, nevertheless expressive of the fatuous belief that by voting, “at present,” the S.P. ticket “the area of Socialist sentiment will be more effectively enlarged,” and the still more fatuous hope that “later the S.P. will (with the aid of the element whom the respective correspondents represent) be rescued” from both the Hillquit-Berger and the Haywood rock on which their party threatens to be dashed; last, not least, the accidentally-on-purpose, or purposely-accidental whooping up of the S.P. by the bourgeois press, on the same principle that the same press so broadly advertises the Anarcho-Syndicalist Chicago so-called I.W.W., whereby none but the very best informed are kept from confusing the S.P. for the S.L.P. and casting for the former a vote intended for the lat-

ter;—read by the light of these, together with numerous other and kindred facts, the 33,070 S.L.P. poll of 1912 not only actually represents many more thousands, but is itself a sign-post that points to most encouraging conclusions.

As illustrative of the extent, to which the last of the facts above recited goes, the following droll incident is worth recording.

The writer has a 10-year-old “hopeful” who attends the grammar school in the country-side where his father resides. A week before last election day the teacher took a straw-vote. Votes came from the boys and girls in the class for Wilson, for Roosevelt, for Taft. When it came to his turn to state his Presidential preference, he rose bolt upright and announced “Arthur Elmer Reimer!” “Reimer?” queried the teacher with a puzzled look, “Reimer? What party is that?” “Socialist Labor Party!” came the prompt reply. “Socialist?” remarked the teacher; “That is Debs,” and she started to enter a vote for Debs. “No!” insisted the little shaver, “Not Debs, but Reimer” and he repeated “Socialist Labor Party!” “That’s all right, my little boy,” said the teacher, “Socialist, that’s Debs.” And Debs it was on her list. And so Debs, who polled not a single vote in the class, was credited with one vote and that vote from an S.L.P. source, to the exclusion of Reimer,—by the grace of the teacher.

Was the teacher animated by partisanism? or was she animated by malice? Not at all. The good soul was under the control of the ignorance on the subject with which Ignorance her bourgeois papers had garrisoned her mind.

The party that flies revolutionary colors and receives votes to which it is not entitled, whether the vote is given it because as yet the Party that the vote would go to has not yet raised its standard in that locality; or whether the vote is given it under some fatuous expectation or other; or whether the vote given to it comes from bourgeois-press-engendered lack of information;—such a party will, in the end, profit as little by such a vote, as the Party of the Revolution could ultimately suffer by being temporarily deprived of its own. Well has it been said: “Place them in hospitals, put them in jail in yellow overalls, do what you will, young Jessamy finds young Jenny.”

The “carre”—the military “hollow-square”—of the S.L.P. has successfully withstood the onslaught of the many-colored foe to whom the Party’s colors were and continue to be a challenge to the fray. Supposed to have been pounded to the point of breaking in 1908, the “carre” emerges in 1912 from the clouds of dust and powder

with ranks fortified, with flanks extended, and with its banner waving intrepidly; as ever—if not more so.

The Jessamys are finding their Jenny.

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