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EDITORIAL

WELL FOR HENRY!

By DANIEL DE LEON

BEN S. HENRY—a pivotal personality in the administration of the Socialist party's Mayor, the Rev. George R. Lunn of Schenectady, and leading member of the Socialist party, has withdrawn from the S.P. and from Mayor Lunn's administration. Mr. Henry's reasons, given to the public over his signature, are that "the wild clamorings, abusive language, wholesale denouncement of everything except what they want" on the part of the party that he was with, are "not unlike the opium fiend raving for dope," and that, unless he pulled himself at once out of that rut, he ran serious risks of becoming no better than they.

Well for Henry!

Not a few are the men and women whose better part is being attracted by the breath of Socialist aspirations, but who, lured, misled and suctioned by what another former member of Mayor Lunn's political cabinet, Walter Lippmann, correctly styled the mining-prospectus nature of Socialist party propaganda, are drawn away from the Socialist Labor Party, and fall into the hole of the S.P. Landed in that hole, the victim who is endowed with intellectual, moral and physical fiber experiences a series of shocks.

Coming with some mental training, he misses the constructive thought that is to reduce declamation to practical acts. He speedily perceives that declamation is the party's sole stock in trade. However uninformed himself upon the mechanics of the Socialist Movement, he realizes that the financial successes of the Hillquits, the Spargos, the Hunters, the Bergers, etc., etc., are not Socialism. Upon closer acquaintance with the articles he feels mental nausea.

Coming with a supply of mental fibre he balks at the fusions of his party all over the country; and when, the fact of fusion being documentarily brought home to his party, he sees the Stokeses deny the fact of fusion with the "reasoning" that there can be no fusion unless the party's conventions ratify the act;—when he en-

counters such mental contortions in a party which he expected to train its members and followers in correct reasoning, his mind staggers.

Coming with a supply of moral fiber, he shivers at the spectacle of the Barneses turning his party's headquarters into a brothel and a center not for extortion only, but, worse yet, from which slanderous charges radiate imputing extortion to a Mother Jones.

The victim, endowed with a thinking tank, loses his bearings when he sees his party's perennial presidential candidate denounce, between elections, the A.F. of L. as "contamination," yet, regularly, accept a contamination as his running mate; and when he tries to take the parallax of a Charles Edward Russell, twice in succession his party's gubernatorial candidate in this State, who runs for Socialist office now, fully a million years earlier than, according to himself, the workers will be united.

The victim, endowed with certain mental, moral and physical fiber, who comes in close contact with these manifestations, besides the unrebuked frauds committed upon the membership by his party's privately owned press—the *Appeal to Reason* with its series of penny-catching schemes, culminating with "Shoaf Revelations"; the *Call* with its trading of editorials for Traction advertisements; the *Volkszeitung*, contemned by the German workers whom it betrays also for capitalist advertisements, to the point that its circulation has dwindled down from 27,000 to barely 4,000; etc.; etc.;—the victim, who notices in the columns of these papers nought but vituperation and vilification of, even blackguardism against those who censure their course;—such a victim can not but conclude that Socialism is dope, pretty vile dope, at that, and get out quick as he can.

Such a victim differs, to his credit, from those who succumb to the opium. He is far above them. Time will come when he WILL become acquainted with Socialism. Then, upon the foundation of his moral, intellectual and physical fiber, will he rise, not blindly, as before, to Socialism. Then will he find himself an upholder of the banner of the S.L.P., under whose folds, not Dope, but Sense; not Shoddy, but the Straight Goods, are dispensed.

In the meantime, well for Henry!

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