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EDITORIAL

A NOVEL SANCHO PANZA.

By DANIEL DE LEON

IN point of wild-eyed, open-mouthed credulity and admiration for the vaporings of insanity, Mr. William Brown Meloney throws Sancho Panza into the shade.

Mr. Meloney blossoms forth in last week's *Public Opinion* (by the way, how comes that publication by its name?) with an article on "Strikebreaking as a Profession." "Settling back in his big touring automobile as he swung away downtown," Jim Farley, looking down upon Mr. Meloney like another Don Quixote, proceeded to answer off-hand the question, How he could get men enough to do his work of strike breaking? How easy the proposition is he explained with the following illustration: "I have three or four hundred Columbia students working for me down there in the subway now; there are a couple of lawyers there too, and a physician; and there is a boy chopping tickets at one of the stations whom I know to be worth \$300,000 or \$400,000 in his own right."—And like a wild-eyed, open-mouthed Sancho, Mr. William Brown Meloney took it all in, and wondered to himself what a prodigy that Jim Farley was.

Of course, the "three to four hundred Columbia students" was purely a bit of Jim Farlian imagination. The Columbia students, who disgraced themselves by offering to drag their fellow men down, never were half that number; and those who did go, were promptly recalled when the faculty was made to realize what a "give away" on the subject of the class war the conduct of those lads was. Of course, even if there were the said number of Columbia students, together with the lawyers, the physician and the incipient millionaire boy, who chopped tickets, all at the disposal of Farley, packed in the subway and in the "L" road barracks, and ready to work, not a train could have been moved by them. Not a train could have been moved because none of Farley's social refuse, from students down to \$300,000–\$400,000-owning ticket choppers, could attend to a motor. Hardly a train was moved until

“Chief” Stone unmasked his labor-fakir capitalist battery, and thereby gave the signal for other motormen, members of Stone’s Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to feel free to do scab work; and even then, down to now, nobody better than the Interborough Company knows that the strike is on, and its possibilities for mischief to the capitalist class ever more threatening.—But of all this the wild-eyed, open-mouthed Meloney knew and knows nothing.

Strike-breaking as a profession is nothing new. It is as old as the day when the capitalist class put its livery upon the leaders of the pure and simple Trades Union, and made them act as its labor-lieutenants. What is new is the brazenness of their conduct, as displayed by the Stones, Mahons, etc.; and the newness thereof is but one of the many manifestations of the rising tide of Socialist thought. These labor lieutenants of the capitalist class are becoming demented, as demented as rats in a hole that feel the ferret after them.

Neither is there anything new in a Farley, whose career started with an overdose of cocaine, partly imagining himself a “deus ex machina” of modern conditions, and partly delighting in stuffing a credulous Sancho Panza. These are all things that are as old as the hills.

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