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EDITORIAL

## “LEMONADE WITH A STICK.”

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**I**N this year of grace, when the discontent bred of capitalist unfitness has spread over the land like confluent smallpox; in this year of grace when the supreme duty of the hour is to drill and organize the existing discontent; accordingly, in this year of grace when it behooves the Socialist to impart to Discontent eyes with which to see, ears with which to hear, feet on which to stand, arms with which to do, and a heart with which to dare;—in this year of grace, nigh to 300 individuals, men and women who call themselves Socialists, and most of whom believe the myth, gathered at Indianapolis and slung together a platform that is essentially populistic,—populistic in declamatory spell-bindery, looseness of terminology, fly-papery stickiness, and vote-fishing all-things-to-all-men-ness:—

Instead of eyes to see being furnished to Discontent, sand is thrown into its eyes with phrases of puling sympathy for the “general consumers,”—a term than which none more harmful to the clearness of vision for the Social Revolution. The only “general consumer” there is is the Capitalist Class. It not only consumes all things, except the shoddy, in food as well as clothing, that it bestows upon the Working Class, the Capitalist Class consumes only: it produces nothing. Not as consumer is the Working Class exploited. It is exploited as producer—the sole producer. Consumption will take care of itself if Production is rewarded. Exploitation is in the shop—nowhere else. All talk concerning “the consumer” is talk that blinks at cheapness—a bourgeois talk.

Instead of ears to hear being furnished to Discontent, wax is jammed into its ears; with ill-judged and supposedly clever expressions that blur the class line between the farmer and his serf, the ill paid, overworked, hounded, cheated and almost feudalized farm-hand.

Instead of feet on which to stand being furnished to Discontent, its sufficiently

unsteady underpinning is paralyzed with a hypodermic injection of diluted Neutrality towards Unionism, the dilution consisting of platitudinous expressions of "appreciation" of the "full significance of class organization," and conspicuous absence of even the remotest indication, let alone condemnation, of anti-Socialist A.F. of L-ism.

Instead of arms with which to do being furnished to Discontent, the bones of its arms are broken in the effort to cause them to embrace more than they can encompass—the interests of the farmers who are "plundered by the increasing prices exacted for tools and machinery," etc.

Instead of a heart with which to dare being furnished to Discontent, the tone of Discontent's heart is lowered with smirks to catch the most incongruous suffrage breezes tending to prop up the Political State instead of harnessing the storm under which the Political State is to be shattered and the Industrial Republic reared.

Bar-rooms dispense a compound for people who can not stand strong drink and yet have an itching taste for the same. The compound is weak lemonade with a dash of whiskey. It goes by the name of "lemonade with a stick." The dash of Socialist phrases thrown into the big bumper of populist lemonade entitles the platform adopted at Indianapolis by the Socialist party to be labeled a "political lemonade with a stick."

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