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EDITORIAL

THE LAWRENCE FLAG-DEMONSTRATIONS.

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THESE are the days when the Lawrence wing of the class that rules and ruins the Nation seeks—longheadedly, it must be admitted,—to make hay while the sun shines.

Thick have the clouds been gathering over the acre of our bourgeois. True, never before did the cruel scythe of exploitation reap such abundance as of recent years; true, never as plentiful as of late were the crops that were garnered into the rapacious pockets of the Exploiter. At the same time, never before were the signs so portentous that the end of the harvest season was drawing wrathfully nigh.

The scudding of one set of the bourgeois for asylum under the wings of Ultramontane tyrant-mysticism; the scampering of another set for shelter under the Big Stick of military despotism; the fear-imposed fatuity of a third set for the formulas of the days of the American Revolution:—these manifestations, so striking during the present singular presidential campaign, attest to the social weather-wisdom of the harvesting, or Master Class.

At this season the sun suddenly breaks through the gathering clouds in the firmament over the head of the bourgeois at Lawrence. They could not have ordered things better from their weather-clerk. A set of human birds of evil omen—men and women without useful occupation, or inclination for any; with habits and antecedents of several degrees of blackness in the Labor Movement, including the attempt, arm-in-arm with police spies and in even tempo with the Exploiter, to sandbag honorable men, women and child wage slaves on strike for bread, as some of them did in Paterson and Passaic; flourishing a literature that sports the gospel of “Theft,” of “Sabotage” and even of assassination; so wholly bereft of the saving sense of self-respect as to delight in summing up their own status with the song, *Hallelujah, I’m a Bum!*; in short, the putrescence of the Slums;—alight upon the already suffi-

ciently affected proletariat of Lawrence, and, in pursuit of money contributions from the outside, befuddle the minds of many with such a caricature of labor-revolutionary language as to inflame them into outraging common decency, to say nothing of common sense, with parades that flaunted mottoes that desecrate the American flag.

The clouds over the Lawrence lay and clerical bourgeois were riven. Through the rift the sun shone upon them. It was their opportunity—and they seized it with the greed of a hen that snaps at a gooseberry. That instant, from Mayor Scanlon and the Hearst organ in Lawrence, up and down,—an element that, if left unchecked, would reduce the American Flag to the sorry function of waving over a nation-wide plantation of slaves;—an element the breath of whose nostrils is a denial of all that the American Flag actually represents;—an element whose whole activity is treason to the lofty principles that the American Flag symbolizes;—that element forthwith wraps itself in the American Flag,—and starts in “to make hay,” the hay of terrorizing the Working Class.

Such Flag-Demonstrations, as Lawrence is now the theater of, are the legitimate echo of Anarch Flag-Desecrations and similar insane misconduct. As the echo partakes of the original voice, the echo, that the Lawrence Flag-Demonstrations are, is essentially identical with the voice that started it—the voice of Turbulence and Strife, the storm that the standard of the Socialist Labor Party is beating against.

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