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EDITORIAL

## DUMPY AND SWEARFUL.

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**T**HERE are two men in the land, who, just now, are holding solitaire mass meetings, each in his own cabin and alternating between dumpiness at their bad luck and streaks of profanity thereat. These two are yclept William Razzle-dazzle Hearst and Victor Lollipop Berger.

Things were shaping themselves finely for the duo. The socio-political waters were greatly agitated and promised to become more so—just the kind of waters and weather for folks of the peculiar genius of Hearst and Berger to sail in. The screws of the upper capitalists were pressing hard upon the thumbs of the lower capitalists: the Capitalist Society Chamber of Horrors was full with the shrieks of the sufferers—shippers were up in arms against railroad companies, jobbers up in arms against shippers; the under-dog capitalist was having the upper-dog dittos investigated, insurance upper-dogs, gas upper-dogs, meat upper-dogs, sugar upper-dogs, banking upper-dogs. Under such disturbed conditions, the lower layers, the Working Class, also stirred. The Hearst-Berger genius consists in a special knack to utilize the discontent of the workingmen; to blend it with that of the bourgeois under-dog for the benefit of the politician reformer, intent only after political preferment{,} incidentally after pennies for their papers. What more ideal than conditions that would help bag the workingman's discontent and thus, to use a nautical phrase, sail with both wings spread before the wind—mainsail to catch the bourgeois breeze, spinnaker sail to catch the Working Class gale. Suddenly a bolt descended from a clear sky. Three leading workingmen—Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone—were kidnapped in obedience to a capitalist conspiracy to crush the I.W.W. by murdering the men, whose only offense is sterling loyalty to the cause that is to dethrone the capitalist Usurper.

Presto, the weather and the current changed! Breakers were heard ahead;

rocks peeped up all around, some clean above the waters, others just below threatening destruction. What to do? Both the spinnaker and the mainsail could no longer be left to the wind. Haul in the spinnaker and ignore the Labor gale? That would wreck the Hearst-Berger craft upon one set of rocks. Let the spinnaker sail swell to the breeze? That would take the wind out of the bourgeois mainsail, set it flapping and jibing, and wreck the craft upon another set of rocks. The social evolution has rendered the peculiar Hearst-Berger rigging useless. Weather and current, time and season now demand one thing or the other—either they must fill their sails with the wind of the capitalist calumnies against the wrongfully imprisoned miners, and then forego all assistance from the gale of Working Class indignation; or they must fill their sails with the gale of Working Class indignation, and then forego all help from the wind of capitalist calumnies. They will not do the former, they can not do the latter—and there they are.

The Hearst boom is badly battered. The Berger “businessmen’s” Social Democratic Mayoralty campaign in Milwaukee is scuttled. By trying to coquet both with the Capitalist would-be murderers of workingmen and with the workingmen themselves the two gentlemen have earned the distrust of both. Their respective barks are caught in an eddy, a veritable social Maelstrom; it is bound to founder.

Well may the two landlubbers, who presumed to ride the waves of the Social Revolution, feel in the dumps and indulge in swearful profanity. Thus ever are served the speculators upon the wounds of society, especially upon the wounds of the Working Class.

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

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