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EDITORIAL

## POOR, EMBARRASSED WILLIAM.

By DANIEL DE LEON

**W**HILE a small light may be hidden under a bushel, a great one can not; and so the attempt of Wm. D. Mahon, President of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electrical Railway Employes of America to bury his blushing pride among the far away cotton bushes and the cane brakes of Louisiana has failed. William's shrinking modesty is good to see. It might be a very pleasant catastrophe indeed, and one most palatable to the American working class if all the "leaders" of the A.F. of L. should become stricken with William's virginal coyness and hie themselves to parts remote to perpetrate their knaveries. And if the cannibals of Dahomey or the Niger made a meal off of them, nobody would be the worse off—except the cannibal.

But the Angel of the Wild went against William this time. His greatness, from which he would fain have hid his all too unworthy brow, has found him out. Steering clear of New York, where Belmont would have lavished the milk of gratitude upon him for breaking the Subway strike of 1905; steering clear of 'Frisco where the United Railways corporation would have decked him out in purple and fine linen for crushing the carmen's strike of 1906; steering clear of Hamilton, Ont., Louisville, Ky., and a dozen other cities where the admiring traction lords would have hugged him in joy to their bosoms, William shrinkingly chose New Orleans as the place of his late convention. There surely his fame had not yet been bruited; there, of all places, where the brewers were just now focusing attention on themselves by their shocking determination to resist dismemberment at the hands of William's bosom chum Samuel B. — there, if anywhere in this embarrassingly hero-worshipping republic his self-deprecating soul could meet his friends and tools, and throw a little more dust into the eyes of his dupes in peace, without having those annoying complimentary remarks passed in his presence.

But the best laid plans of mice and men have such a distressing habit of going a-gley! So, sad to relate, went William's. For in opening the convention Mayor Martin Behrman, the official representative of the capitalist interests of New Orleans with ruthless hand crammed on the overwhelmed and stage-frightened William's head the very wreath of laurels he had so painstakingly dodged from North to South. The Mayor said:

“In your organization we have in the concrete the embodiment and exemplification of what can be accomplished by an organization WISELY ADMINISTERED.”

And then William was presented, the reports say, with “a basket of posies and a gavel.”

Every one knows what “wisely administered” in this connection means in the mouth of a capitalist official. It means “wisely administered in the interests of us, the capitalists.”

How embarrassing to the retiring disposition of William D. Mahon, the arch street car strike wrecker of the country, must have sounded these praises of Mayor Behrman. Even if William deserved such high capitalist praise, the Mayor should have known better than to say it, and before all those people.

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