

EDITORIAL

GLOSSES ON THE BELGIAN STRIKE.

By DANIEL DE LEON

WITH the paralysis of the industries of Belgium extending further and further in the land, from the mines and factories in the interior to the shipping on the seaports, owing to the determination, on the one side, of the Belgian proletariat to secure manhood suffrage, and, on the other, the equally stubborn resistance of the Ultramontane Roman Catholic Cabinet to keep “Christ’s Poor” politically muzzled, the conflict presents a spectacle rich in details.

For instance:—

Unable to obtain longshoremen at Antwerp, the lighters which could not be unloaded were sent to Rotterdam, in Holland. Rotterdam shipping companies promptly reached the hand of fellowship to their distressed Belgian fellow capitalists; and the Rotterdam wharf laborers as promptly reached the hand of fellowship to their struggling Belgium fellow proletarians. The wharf laborers refused to handle the lighters.—There are practically only two nations in the world, Exploiting Capitalists and Exploited Workers. The boundary line between is the Class Line. The respective emblems are the Sponge and the Busy Bee.

The printers of the capital joined the strike in a body. Only the Socialist organ *Le Peuple* (The People) appears.—Evidently there is no Lynch Militia-of-Christ to drive the Brussels typos to scabbing, and no Max Hayes Socialist party grafter on the Union to bless the breach of solidarity with perfidious and scrubby declamation on the “sacredness of contracts.”

The guests of the commandant of the military police at Seraign being at table, a large bottle crashed through the window and fell upon them. “The guests were greatly alarmed but no one was one was hurt.”—“No one was hurt” how familiar the expression! Neither, or very rarely, is anyone ever hurt when the constabulary of

Pennsylvania are fired at by “rioting miners on strike,” and use the shots, fired by their own agents, as a justification for slaughtering the strikers.

A bunch of employes of the National Arms factory in Herstal, who had struck, returned to work five days later.—There seems to be a good deal in the theory concerning a man’s character being affected by the nature of his work. Scabbery and a homicidal occupation are mutual reflexes.

At Mons, the workmen’s trains, conveying non-strikers on one of the suburban lines, were delayed for several hours one day owing to the strikers during the night having transferred the contents of a great lumber yard onto the railroad tracks.—“Haha!” goes up the exultant exclamation from the town of Lunkheadopolis. Unable to distinguish between “exigencies of war” and acts of individual viciousness, Lunkheadopolis will surely turn a somersault and shout: “Haha! There you have sabotage doing good!”—and Bumopolis will feel “justified,” and stirred to lie, steal and otherwise profit by the confusion promoted by Lunkheadopolis.

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