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EDITORIAL

UNMASKED, ALL ALONG THE LINE.

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FROM the very start, the Interborough employes on strike put their capitalist fleecers in a hole. No doubt, the capitalist has the advantage in all strikes in two matters of importance—they have cash and need not starve, while the men are poor; secondly, badly off as workingmen who go on strike may be, capitalist society always has in reserve rafts of other workers who are still worse off, and will be found ready to take the strikers' places. For all this, there is hardly a strike of any magnitude at which the respective capitalist is not in a hole. The general reason for the hole is the fact of the inherent weakness of capitalism; and capitalism being developed at its fullest in America, is here weakest. In each separate instance the specific reason for the hole is different. The specific hole into which the Interborough Company was thrust by the strike was the danger to its charter. Within twelve hours after the tie-up, the Company's charter was forfeit,—a ticklish thing in these days of popular awakening. Similarly with all other strikes of any magnitude. This circumstance almost neutralizes the otherwise advantage that the capitalist starts with in a strike. Why is it that, this notwithstanding, the great strikes are uniformly lost ignominiously to Labor? Some of the salient events connected with the Interborough strike furnish the answer graphically.

Confident though the Interborough may have been of ultimate triumph, it needed a swift triumph. Unable to obtain that, it resorted to a series of devices to give it the semblance of a triumph. As these devices came one after the other into play, the whole line of the capitalist entrenchments came to light.

First came the outspokenly capitalist press. It gave excruciatingly accurate tables of the time that the trains were alleged to be making—an absolute lie. The trains are not making that time to-day, near a week after the strike. But the Company was merely manufacturing evidence to prove that its charter was not

forfeit.

Next came the stab in the back given to the strikers by their national officers. The bringing out of these masked capitalist guns was intended to hustle up things. In what a hole the Company must have felt itself to be may be judged from the indecent precipitancy of these national labor fakirs. There was no time to save appearances. Their masters, the Company, needed help quickly. So the national labor fakirs did not even give the men's side a hearing, but openly swung in line with the capitalist and accepted his view that the men had "broken their contract."

But more was needed; the two previous moves did not suffice; to a great extent they were counteracted by the Socialist Labor Party and the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance. For one thing, the truth of the situation found expression in the *Daily People*, the only paper in any language in the city that nailed the lies of the capitalist press. The strikers' side was vocal. The scheme to drown their voice under volumes of capitalist papers' lies failed. For another thing both *The People* and the Party and the Alliance speakers together with a telegram from the national officers of the A.L.U. in Chicago infused new courage into the men. The men found that they did not stand alone and forsaken, their courage revived. The capitalist then felt constrained to unmask some of his masked batteries—the New Yorker Volkszeitung Corporation and its Social Democratic manikins in the Central Federated Union. Both did their share last Sunday. With the overwhelming majority of the men still standing out boldly, with the lines going to ruin, with some of the lines wholly crippled, and disaster after disaster taking place on the elevated, in short, with the Company's charter still in danger, the *Volkszeitung* came out on Sunday echoing the capitalist lie: "Nothing More to Save," "The Striking Railway Employes Give Up All Hope," "THE TRAIN SERVICE MORE REGULAR," and the paper's Social Democratic manikins in the Central Federated Union took the cue. With Morris Brown, alias Bauma, at their head their scabby tongues clove to the roof of their scabby palates. They, so wordy for "Socialism," for the "Class Struggle," for the "Workingman," whenever the occasion is for declamation, now, when 5,000 workingmen on strike were being trampled on by the combined capitalist class and its press—now they remained silent as the tomb! It did not suit the advertising interests of their scabby *Volkszeitung*; it required manhood and not wind-

jamming;—so they “bored from within.” They and their prostituted paper acted as a resounding board for the treasonable national officers.

The strike is still on; the men are firm; they care not now whether they win or not; they are determined not to be stampeded by capitalist and labor fakir intrigue; they are determined that, whatever else the issue, this will be a battle to reckon from—and they exemplified the fact by firing from their meetings the *Volkszeitung* reporter along with the reporters of “all other capitalist papers,” as they put it themselves.

The strike of the Interborough employes has caused the enemy to unmask his guns all along the line. It has been an eye-opener.

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