## DAILY PEOPLE

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## EDITORIAL

## **ART THERE TRUEPENNY?**

By DANIEL DE LEON

HE textileworkers' strike, like a good hot fire, is bringing the scum to the surface of the social pot.

It will be remembered that the Hanna-Gompers Civic Federation, flushed with their recent spoils in Boston, hastened to tender their "good offices" to the textileworkers now on strike in New England to resist the introduction of the two-loom system. It will also be remembered that the strikers' committee, located in Providence, R.I., promptly spurned the tender. "We don't want to be sold out," said they, "like the Boston teamsters and other bodies, handled by the Civic Federation, were sold out." Upon the heels of that manly refusal, that revealed the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance spirit that has the strike in hand, important things happened, and queer too.

Despite the above refusal, the *Trade Record* published a story about the Providence Unions having appealed for backing to Henry White, alias Korkorwinski, who is the General Secretary of the Garment Workers and is one of the Labor skates on the Civic Federation Committee of Saw Dust; and the report went on to say that this White or whatever his name may be, "promised favorable action." How could the strikers, who refused the offer of the Civic Federation upon the excellent grounds that they gave, go out of their way and apply for support to White, perhaps the obscenest bird of ill omen among the bunch of twelve labor skates on the Civic Federation? The puzzle was soon solved. The solution was simple. It was this:

The report in the *Trade Record* was a pure fabrication, which the strikers promptly denied, but the report was evidently an inspired affair. The puzzle became all the less puzzling when it was ascertained that large clothing manufacturing establishments would have to shut down for want of material if the textile strike was not quickly ended: one of the capitalist limbs on the Civic Federation Committee to "settle" Labor is a gentleman named Marcus M. Marks: this gentleman is the President of the National Association of Clothing Manufacturers: and the noble Harry White, alias whatever it may be, is his "labor lieutenant." Is there any puzzle left? Kicked out of one door, in their attempt to settle the textile workers, as they "settled" other workingmen battling for existence, the Civic Federation sought to enter by another door; kicked out when they came in headed by Mr. Marks, they tried their luck via Mr. White.

That the Civic Federation is there to "do" the workers is evident; that the "labor" men on it are there to facilitate the "doing" is also evident. The two are there to work harmoniously in the interest of the usurping capitalist class that is leading the country to the devil. The manoeuvres of the Marks and Whites in this instance furnish further evidence: the interests of the workers are to be sacrificed in the interest of the capitalist class: the National Association of Clothing Manufacturers need cloth,—consequently away shall be swept the demands of the weavers to stop the two-loom system of intensified exploitation, and to this end the Harry White element is moving heaven and earth together to get their hands into the strike management.

In the midst of all this two other facts leap to view:

1st A strike run by S.T. & L.A. men is a horse of a different color from the article run by pure and simplers and labor fakirs; against the S.T. & L.A. article the capitalist intriguers can only shatter their heads, even if they knock down such strikes, they never can debauch them and that is the point to be kept in mind.

2d Long-headed are the capitalists and their henchmen in their efforts to kill the DAILY PEOPLE. Without the DAILY PEOPLE the Marks-White canard set afloat in the *Trade Record*, could not have been squelched, at least not with the promptness that it was squelched. But in this as in other respects, the Capitalists and labor traitors will find that the S.L.P. does not consist of wooden nutmeg peddlers. They will find that the DAILY PEOPLE will survive all their machinations, and live to put the quietus upon them.

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