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EDITORIAL

WALSH IN HIDING.

By DANIEL DE LEON

THE question, Where, oh, where is our leader? Where in heaven is J.H. Walsh? which is agitating the minds of the “Free Speech” dupes in Spokane, may cause the groundlings to laugh, but should cause the judicious to pause.

Anarchy is no new manifestation in the Labor or Socialist Movement. Its measure has been accurately taken, its anatomy accurately dissected, its composition accurately ascertained and established. The Movement in Europe and more than one event in this country have done all that for our generation. Whenever Anarchy manifests itself in these days, in however incipient a stage, all about it is known in advance.

Anarchy is the social ulcer which comes to a head through the contact of the mental crook with the mental cripple. Without the mental crook the mental cripple would “evaporate.” Without the mental cripple the mental crook would have nothing to fasten on and “organize.” When the two come together, like the tuberculous bacteria and the run-down lungs, then the social hemorrhage, technically known as Anarchy, sprouts forth.

The function of the mental crook is to gain the confidence of the mental cripple; the method is to out-Herod him in Herodism. Accordingly, the social tuberculous bacteria becomes an ultra-revolutionist. Sane, rational methods are denounced as the “cowardice of politicians”: only the extreme of outrage is sanctified, or petty crime, like petty theft. It goes without saying that the mental crook does not do all this “for his health.” Liebknecht said that, from his experience, wherever there were three Anarchists two were police spies—“agents provocateurs”—inciters of weaklings to crime. But, whether the Anarchist inciter be a police spy, in pay as such, or an unclean being and mental crook, who loves to fling about military

phrases, set himself up as a graduate of some Army or other, and to egg on people to “direct action,” one thing is certain, at the hour of danger he or she wilts, vanoses the ranch, and leaves his, or her dupes in the lurch—not infrequently hanging by the neck. When the Spokane riots began against the smaller Employment Agencies, leaving untouched the real culprits in the employment agency game, as those of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads, and when it was remembered that the riots were preceded and accompanied by violent denunciations of the ballot box, to which “the axe should be applied,” and casuistic recommendations of theft as revolutionary methods, the rough outlines of what was coming were in sight. They were plainly in sight with regard to what was to be expected from the leaders. The authentic reports from Spokane of how Mrs. Elizabeth Flynn-Jones and other semi-leaders—who deemed themselves in safety at “headquarters” while the dupes were being arrested—wilted when the police came down upon them, and how they sought to disclaim responsibility was, entirely in line with expectations. The latest with regard to Walsh, the leader-in-chief, completes the expectations. Walsh is in hiding, and was from the start.

Laughter-provoking as may be the sight of the mental crook hiding under beds, in barrels and behind curtains, the sight is also a thought-provoker.

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