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EDITORIAL

SUMMER'S NEAR, SURE!

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THE calendar, astronomical, botanical, and zoological observations, they all may have their way of determining the approach of the seasons. We have no quarrel with those theories. Nevertheless, allowing them all the full meed of accuracy, attention should be called to a still better, a more unerring method. It is the political-weather method.

The Organized Scabbery has for its motto "No Politics in Unions." That is a winter motto, applicable to that season of the year when politics are dormant, anyhow. That season extends deep into the Spring. But when Spring begins to shade into Summer, then no astronomical observation of the sun's path, no pale anemone timidly raising its slender head above the damp sod, no fore-runner lark winging its path by our houses, is as sure and unerring a sign of the season as the appearance of the Organized Scabbery with schemes to set up an "independent Labor party," so as "to right certain wrongs recently perpetrated on the workingman!" When that stink-weed pops up its head above the political sod, when that lurid meteor crosses the ecliptic, when the croak of that obscene bird is heard, then, neither botany nor zoology nor astronomy, nor all of them put together, whatever they may say to the contrary notwithstanding, can furnish as certain an indication that the cold weather is over, and that from that moment on our people may look to a steadily increasing degree of heat, the temperature in which politics bubble, and out of the bubble of which the Organized Scabs may pluck "an honest penny" or two by a grand bluff, and a still grander political sell-out.

Taking the tip from this unerring sign of the season, the country may now feel quite sure the Summer has got the cold season on the hip, and that henceforth, till the return of bleak November, the weather is going to be warm: The "Building Trades Council" of this city has croaked the signal for the "setting up of an independent Labor political party." Whatever else the croak may leave unsettled, it settles the season question.

What will follow may be as stale as a dull tale, many times told over. The same unclean and balderdashy “champions of Labor” will give themselves “credentials” to a “convention of the Organized Labor” of New York; debates will be held and speeches made with an eye to the “Labor reporters” present, and will re-appear in the columns of the capitalist press according to the greenness of the aforementioned reporters; committees will be appointed; picayune politicians will shiver; then mutual criminations and recriminations of bribery will be made by the competing cliques of crooks; and the inevitable smash-up will follow just as soon as the leading spirits of the performance have either succeeded or lost hope in securing the haul they started after.

Brush up your summer hats, get out your summer under and upper wear, place ready your light suit, draw up your programmes for outings: Summer is near, sure! The croak for an “independent Labor party” has gone out from the throat of the Organized Scabbery!

Transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the official Web site of the Socialist Labor Party of America.
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