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EDITORIAL

HALT!

By DANIEL DE LEON

THE Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis is in the wool of the Rev. George D. Herron. The occasion is a dinner of the Get Together Club to be given at the Pouch Gallery, Brooklyn. The Rev. Herron is to be the principal guest. The Rev. Hillis was invited to grace the ceremony with his presence. He declined vehemently in a lengthy statement, in which he reviews the Rev. Herron's desertion of his wife for another and wealthy woman, the former's recently secured divorce from her truant husband, and the latter's paying the alimony. In the course of his statement the Rev. Hillis says:

“The whole affair is monstrous. Why should I go to the Get Together Club to hear Mr. Herron's views upon any subject? I cannot hear what Mr. Herron says because of the sobs of his deserted babes thundering in my ears. If he will publicly renounce his woman friend and break his pledges to her for their announced marriage, if he will then rinse out his mouth with sulphuric acid and clean it of foul pledges, if he will ask the Judge to remarry him to his deserted wife, if he will return to his little children, and when they are old enough to understand it beg their forgiveness, I will after I am confident of his penitence, gladly meet him on any platform, though I will never have an interest in the economic statements of the man whose intellect can be guilty of such vagaries.”

Upon reading this tirade, the Socialist—the only being who in modern society joins to a healthy body a healthy mind and spirit—justly turns with scorn upon the Plymouth Church Pharisee, tears the mask from his hypocrite face, and in thundering notes of indignation calls out, “HALT!”

The Socialist has scant cause to love the Rev. Herron, and none at all to shield him. Afflicted with a diseased mind and an equally diseased heart, the Rev. Herron has been unconscionable enough to cast upon the Socialist Movement the miasmas of his own life and sickly thoughts. All his life engaged in the trade of retailing phrases, and full of that vanity that animates the superficial man, he thought himself amply equipped, and the season favorable, to sail the waters of the Socialist

Movement, and to exploit it as he had exploited other Movements before. Already with odds enough against it to render its task arduous, the Socialist Movement of America, during the last five months, has had the additional obstacle of Rev. Herronism to contend against. In a clapper-claw in which the Rev. Herron should happen to be engaged, even tho' he be the under dog, the Socialist would, under ordinary circumstances, be the last to think interference necessary. Let swine rend swine. Not so now.

Who is this paladin that enters the lists against the Rev. Herron to do battle for the weak, the wife, children—the family, in short? To hear him, one would think the voice of the avenger speaking, fired by the cries of womanhood, childhood,—the family in short—trampled under foot by the hundreds of thousands, and torn to pieces by the Capitalist Class, mostly ensconced behind front pews. Who is this avenger? 'Tis the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis: the paid blasphemer of Plymouth Church; the paid traducer of the Evangel of Socialist Science; the paid chancleer of the Capitalist System, that rends the family as no Attila ever did, and whose march is kept tempo to by the groans of children and mothers, to say nothing of their fathers; the paid apologist for the social system of to-day, that raises “he-towns” and “she-towns,” tearing apart the sexes; the paid praise-singer of a social system in which prostitution is a corner-stone!

Condemnation, unqualified and unstinted, the Socialist has for the Rev. Herron. But for the hypocrite Rev. Hillis, the Socialist has a sharper whip. If sulphuric acid is needed to cleanse the mouth of the Rev. Herron, there would not be enough left in the land to-day for the Rev. Herron to use were the Rev. Hillis to first cleanse his own: to the foulness of whooping it up for pay for a social system that is watered with the tears of babes and mothers, the Rev. Hillis adds further foulness, the infamy of Phariseeism.

“HALT!” calls out the Socialist to the doubly impious Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis,—HALT! Thou shalt not drown the sobs of the hundreds of thousands of babes, immolated by your pay-masters on the blood-stained altars of Capitalism, at which you officiate in high canonicals,—thou shalt not drown their sobs with the clatter of your affected pity for the imaginary sobs of two or three!

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