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EDITORIAL

## THE PARALLEL IS GOOD.

By DANIEL DE LEON

**T**HE *United Mine Workers' Journal* is editorially felicitous in establishing a parallel between Terrence V. Powderly's act of making the K. of L. an appendage to the Roman Catholic Church machine through his manoeuvres with the now Cardinal Gibbons, and John Mitchell's cheek-by-jowlship with President Roosevelt, Mark Hanna and other fleecers and representatives of the fleecers of the working class.

Powderly claimed the right to choose his friends; so does Mitchell. And what was it that caused Powderly to glory and insist in that right? It was the vanity, that his "exalted friends" filled him full with, of having him imagine that they cared for Terrence V. Powderly, whereas, in point of fact they cared not a "tinker's damn" for Terry, but a world for the General Master Workman, who, by virtue of his office, might, would and, as it proved, could be turned into a lightning rod to attract and along which to lead into the ground the revolutionary electricity of Labor, gathered in the K. of L. Local Assemblies. Just so now with Mitchell, whose hat is actually bursting with the swelling within, brought on by the carefully Roosevelt-and-Hanna-nursed vanity of imagining it is John they love, whereas what they dote on is, not the delectable John, but the President of the United Mine Workers' Union, whom they can play upon as upon a tin-whistle, thus superinducing continued ignorance among the miners on their actual situation, and occasional speculative strikes, to raise the price of bituminous coal for the bituminous coal mine barons.

Thus much for the parallel as it lies fully in the past. As the mists of the future rise the parallel will be found equally close.

Found out in course of time by his one-time dupes, Powderly began to be deserted, until he was finally dumped. He turned more than once to his "exalted friends" for that haven of refuge sought by all his likes—a political job. As the need therefor grew more pressing, the vision shrank. Powderly looked to a cabinet office, then to a foreign minister plenipotentiariaship, then to a humbler consulship, and finally received, through the aid of Archbishop Ireland, the still humbler post of

Commissioner of Immigration, which, however, was not too humble for Powderly to disgrace by the invitation to his subaltern McSweeney to pack a Republican caucus in Bridgeport, Ct., with Democratic voters. Whereupon Powderly became “impossible,” and was thrown out from there also. And so with Mitchell, as far as the mists of the future have lifted. Already he has booked himself for a cabinet office;—the rest will come in due time, when, to use the likewise felicitous language with which the *United Mine Workers’ Journal* closes its felicitous editorial, “the Hon. Marcus Hanna and other sincere and influential friends of labor who have untangled many a hard problem,” will be expected to untangle the problem of providing a job for John.

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

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