

# DAILY PEOPLE

VOL. 11, NO. 122.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1910.

TWO CENTS.

EDITORIAL

## “WHO’S WHO,” ETC.

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**O**BSERVERS of the Socialist Movement in America were long and deeply puzzled to solve the riddle—What, in the scheme of Nature, can be the mission of Mr. Thomas J. Morgan of Chicago, otherwise known as “Tommy-I-I-I”?

Mr. Morgan was one time a member of the Socialist Labor Party, Section Chicago. The gentleman had, and has preserved, certain elements of cleverness. For the sake of these the S.L.P. made quite a good deal of him, despite his serious laches in point of mentality. His laches can be summed up with technical term of paranoia; swelled-headedness, in the vulgate. He is one of the few curiosities—the writer, despite his extensive experience, has come across only two—who calmly, earnestly and sincerely inform you that Marx “never taught them nothing”; their “own sense” had told it all to them—history, economics, sociology, the whole library that Marx read and digested. The man’s egotism was such that he could never speak thirty minutes without going extensively into his own biography, on a certain public occasion in this city even into the grewsome details of his own birth in a shop where his mother happened to work. Hence the nickname that early clung to him—“Tommy-I-I-I.”

The time when such an individuality was bound to part company with the S.L.P. was within appreciable distance. A humorous incident oiled the wheels of his departing chariot. Sometime along 1898, Section New York, S.L.P., looking around for an outside agitator in the State and having thought of Mr. Morgan, communicated with Section Chicago on the subject, asking for terms. Mr. Morgan having got wind of Section New York’s plan, hastened in advance to put through his Section a resolution binding the members to accept no appointment out of the city except upon the following terms—\$15 for the first day, \$10 for the second day, and

\$5 for the third and subsequent days. Section Chicago having so informed New York, and seeing that Mr. Morgan bowed with democratic humility to the “will of the people”—these loud “boss-killers” and noisy paladins of the “will of the people” are all alike—, Section Chicago was requested to exert its good offices with Mr. Morgan, and induce him to start on such a “New York Popery”! Not Mr. Morgan. He soured on the S.L.P., and presently dropped out with righteous indignation.

The puzzle, What can the mission be of Tommy-I-I-I in the scheme of Nature?—a puzzle that had occupied the mind of the curious for some time before—now increased in interest; nor did, or could, the interest flag when shortly thereafter, the summer of 1899, the pure and simple politicians in the S.L.P. having bolted and joined their kind on the outside, Mr. Morgan joined the new body, now known as the Socialist party. On the contrary. The puzzle gained in interest and inscrutability—and continued so to gain for these ten years, when, at last, the puzzle is solved.

All the while the Hillquits in the S.P. were compiling “histories” and “theories” of Socialism which they were unable to grasp, hence produced in diluted plagiarisms; all the while the Robert Hunters were giving birth to highly original theories on infanticide, and still more original essays on American history; all the while the Spargos were performing “Lives of Marx” with so naive an ignorance of the subject as honestly to make citations that exposed their unfitness for the theme;—all the while Mr. Morgan was not idle. He was hard at work collecting material for the solution to the puzzle afore cited.

Leaving the Hillquits, Hunters and Spargos to flap their lame wings in the endeavor to soar up into the mists of the spheres, Mr. Morgan spread his pinions level with the ground. He stuck to the earth. He tracked and gathered the acts of corruption perpetrated behind the scenes by the leadership of his party against the Working Class. With a persistence that was admirable he began to publish the facts from week to week. Finally, realizing that such matter is most useful in compendious form, he has started the publication of a serial of pamphlets containing the connected counts in the indictments that he had been giving out piecemeal. The serial is entitled *Who’s Who and What’s What in the Socialist Party*. No. 1 appeared last September.

Of course, such work is the work of the scavenger. But no Socialist will prize it any the less for that. The Socialist knows that all useful work is valuable. Useful is the scavenger's work, hence valuable. No student of the Movement, even if he be no Socialist; no Socialist, even if he be no student, can afford to be without this serial. Above all it should be in the hands of every S.L.P. agitator. There will he find the "S.P. at work" behind the scenes. It will invigorate his own and the mind of his audiences on the intimate relation there is between a Movement and its officers. It uncovers behind-the-scene facts, which, supplementing the overt acts of political corruption that the S.P. leadership is guilty of, as amply exposed by the *Daily People*, help to explain why the S.P. could not choose but become a hissing and a by-word with the workers of America.

The puzzle is a puzzle no longer. Tommy-I-I-I's mission in the scheme of Nature was to harpoon the S.P. leaders, who are so dead set against Unity of Socialist forces in America, to harpoon them out of the S.P. ditches; string them up for exhibition; and thus render the Movement the valuable service of supplementing from within the cannonade directed from without by the Socialist Labor Party against the greatest impediment yet raised to Socialism in America—the privately owned S.P.

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Uploaded November 2011

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