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EDITORIAL

## A SUGGESTION.

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**T**HE despatches announce that President Roosevelt is to be in Wilkesbarre to-day, where he is to address the anthracite miners; the despatches add with various notes of comment that John Mitchell, the President of the United Mine Workers, is to preside on the occasion. Knowing that the *Daily People* will be in Wilkesbarre before the performance opens, and also aware of the keen interest with which President Mitchell pores over these columns, we may still be on time with the following suggestion, to wit, that he commit to memory, or, if time is too short for that, that he read off the following as his introductory speech:

“Fellow workingmen and citizens of Wilkesbarre:

“Not to every man does the happy lot fall that falls to me this day. The wise man says that excellence depends upon seasons. What is excellence in winter may be abomination in summer. You know that a rose may be a weed on a cornfield. ‘Dirt,’ said an English wit, ‘is matter out of place’. In its proper place, all matter is ‘clean’, any vegetation is ‘flower’; out of place or season, clean things become dirt, flowers weed. It is so with men’s pursuits. What the vulgar mind considers absolute excellence, time and season may prove to be uncouth; and what the vulgar mind considers absolute uncouthness, time and season may approve as supremely excellent. Tight-rope dancing, or the foot-in-the-mouth posture, is an illustration in point. The vulgar mind attaches to these the clown or the hypocrite idea: it condemns them: the wise man condemns or approves them according to the season. Out of season they are dirt and weed; in season they are clean and flower. The real question ever should be, What is the season? Upon the correct answer depends the ‘dirt’ or ‘weed’, the ‘clean’ or ‘flower’ opinion we should entertain of a man. It is the theory of the survival of the fittest put in different terms, pictorially applied. The season we now are in requires the tight-rope dancer; only the hypocrite, the man with the foot in the mouth can survive. He accordingly is paragon. (Turning to Roosevelt, pausing, and contemplating him admiringly with hands outstretched, palms inward.) I shall lack voice—

“The deeds of Teddy should not be uttered feebly. It is held to-day that

hypocrisy is the chiefest virtue, and most dignifies the haver: if it be, the man I speak of cannot in the world be singly counterpoised. He declaims against race-suicide yet favors blood and thunder; he declaims in favor of peace, yet strains for mighty military and naval establishments with an army of trained butchers panting for the opportunity to ply their trade; he poses as peace maker, yet stirs war between nation and nation; he announces himself a 'friend of labor', yet upholds the system that slaughters the workingman like sheep in the shambles; he preaches purity in government, yet promotes his Paul Mortons and Loomises; he rears against the violation of law, yet he sets the pace in law-breaking to the extent that some silly folks have pronounced him to be 'essentially of a law breaking mind'; he sings the hymns of Christianity, yet declares that 'the most exhilarating thing' to him 'is a man-hunt'; bravery is his theme, yet he lunched all runaways o' the garland at San Juan, as Col. Bacon attested. His pupil age man-entered thus, he waxes like a sea, and stands to-day the paragon of that hypocrisy that alone can flower and, consequently, is flower and excellence at this season.

"I take him for my model: I commend him to you as your model: the political job I am soon to receive from him speaks for itself, for myself, for himself.

"Fellow workingmen and fellow citizens, I turn, metaphorically speaking, ten somersaults of delight in introducing to you the fittest to survive in modern society—Theodore Roosevelt, the President of the United States!"

We offer this as a suggestion.

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