

EDITORIAL

## WAS THAT DOCTOR'S NAME FUNSTON?

By DANIEL DE LEON

**T**HE despatches from the West announce that Gen. Funston is hurrying to Goldfield because he “expects trouble” there to-day.

The story is told of a Connecticut Yankee, whose profession at home was peddling wooden nutmegs, deciding that the West was a fitter theatre for his talents, and medicine a fitter object for his professional attention. To the West he went—away beyond the Mississippi. There he hung out his shingle, announcing to the villagers that he was a physician. That same night he was awakened out of bed by impatient rappings at his street door. When he opened he saw before him an excited man. The visitor informed the doctor that his little boy was taken ill, and he wanted the doctor to come with him on the spot.

“What’s the matter with the boy?” queried the doctor.

“He has small pox!” exclaimed the father stamping impatiently.

“Oh!” replied the doctor with a look of contempt. “I don’t know anything about small pox. But you give the little cuss this,” handing him a little vial. “That will throw him into fits. Then send for me. I’ve graduated on fits.”

Gen. Funston, hurrying to Goldfield in order to quell the trouble that he is justified in expecting, seeing that the trouble will be wholly of his own making, is a performance of a piece with that of the Yankee physician who held himself ready to hurry to the assistance of people that his own drugs threw into fits.

There is no “trouble” in Goldfield that a Federal secret service man, employed to corral issuers of false money, could not handle singlehanded. He would find no lack of evidence to swear out a bench warrant against the members of the Goldfield Mine Owners’ Association; and he could easily muster up the requisite posse to conduct the delinquents to the nearest Federal District Court. Outside of that “trouble,” there is none—none to quell, none to prevent. But, as in the case of the

boy, who did not have fits and was first to be thrown into fits, in order that the physician who had graduated on fits could quell the trouble, Goldfield, peaceful Goldfield, is to be thrown by Gen. Funston into the fits of disorder and tumult; and the fit being on, the expert fittist, who has graduated on just such sort of things, will then “suppress the trouble.”

All tragedy has its humorous side. Of such contradicting elements is made up the drama of human life—and infinitely more so the drama of the social struggle between the Capitalist Class and the Working Class, the former to uphold a social system that Civilization has pronounced against; the latter to establish the Reign of Peace, where he who works shall live, and he who can, but won't, shall be free to die according to all variations of his individualism.

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

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