

The People.

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SECOND EDITORIAL

And Yet Another

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There is just now a veritable epidemic among so-called labor or radical papers. They are dying off fast! So fast that it is hard to keep up with the mortuary processions, and pronounce an oration over each departed paper soul. It happens, though, that in most cases, of late, the deceased belonged under some category or other over some specimen of which we had already duly wept, and thus a formal valedictory was not thought urgent. The latest “casualty” that we are informed upon is, however, an exception to this rule. Its exact type well deserves some space, to point another moral and adorn another tale.

The Lawrence, Mass., *Cloth and Yarn*—our well-known friend T.P. Cahill’s workshop—has been gathered to the bosom of Abraham.

The *Cloth and Yarn* was built upon the plan that rum shops are gotten up in Prohibition States. In front, such shops look innocent enough, some of them look positively pious. We have read of such a shop, in a Maine village, whose front was a book store in which prayer books and bibles prevailed. Behind this outward pious show, beer was tapped, and rum was dealt out, and rioters held high carnival. So with the *Cloth and Yarn*. Outwardly it was a labor paper; indignantly it frequently, from the front windows of its columns, “denounced” the wrongs of labor, “arraigned” unfair employers, and twittered its “labor” roundelays; but all the while that was going on in front, in the rear Democratic capitalist politicians held their midnight conclaves with T.P., and laid the wires, for which T.P.’s palm was properly greased, to keep the blinkers of ignorance clapped close to the eyes of the workers, and steer them into the political shambles of their bosses.

The parallel between the *Cloth and Yarn* and the Maine liquor shop, just quoted, is perfect in another respect besides external appearances. One day, so the account ran, the roistering crew, who had been imbibing in the rear of the Maine shop, grew so forgetful of the requirements of the place that they broke into the front room and

playfully began pelting with the bibles and hymn books an innocent parson who happened to be examining them with intent to invest. The result, as may be judged, was disastrous to the pious-looking rum shop. Similar was the finale of the *Cloth and Yarn*. Its Democratic capitalist backers grew so over-confident that they were not satisfied with the “work” T.P. assured them he was doing on a quiet “on behalf of civilization” in the ranks of labor. His patrons pushed him aside, as the patrons of the Maine shop did their shop-keeper, stepped forward to the windows at which T.P.’s voice only had been heard, stuck there a large advertisement in behalf of last year’s Democratic candidates—and thereby gave away the secret.

Still the *Cloth and Yarn* might have survived if luck had been with it; but luck was against, dead against it. The Democratic brigade of the capitalist political army of Massachusetts was swept away by its Republican counterpart. Discredited by the public, and abandoned by its defeated Democratic backers, the *Cloth and Yarn* gave up the ghost. The same blast that drove that other Massachusetts fakir, Harry Lloyd, out the State to try his luck elsewhere, wafted the *Cloth and Yarn* out of existence.

The labor paper, whose life shall be assured, must be built upon a plan less “practical” than that of the Maine rum shop in the story. Its foundations must be laid on the solid rock bed of “unpractical” Socialism. Its motto must be:

“Swindle never can be practical.”

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

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