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EDITORIAL

## NOT ALL AMERICA, VLADIMIR; NOT ALL!

By DANIEL DE LEON

**T**HE Grand Duke Vladimir who superintended the recent butcheries of workingmen in St. Petersburg is indignant at the “exaggerations” of the foreign press, and, reproachfully looking at the correspondent of the Associated Press, asked why should all America point the finger of scorn at Russia?

The Grand Duke is in error. All America has not pointed and does not point the finger of scorn at his country. Though not many, still there are some quarters in this country whose pulse beats high for the land of Vladimir. They are not all heels-over-head enough to come out openly with their predilections. But some few are, at least one is. He is Mr. Thomas C. Quinn, the Editor of the New York *Daily News*.

Surely not the most exacting Grand Duke, together with his most pious Gens. Trepoff and Cossack whip-wielders, could wish his country’s virtues to be depicted in warmer colors than does Mr. Quinn, or could wish their methods to be done justice to in language more turgid. Mr. Quinn informs the American people through the columns of Mr. Munsey’s wreck, otherwise known as the *Daily News*, that “the Czar is a sovereign solicitous of the welfare of his subjects”, that he is “far from being indifferent to the working class”, that “of his own accord and without suggestion from anyone” he has given “serious and sympathetic attention to their needs”; that “the vast majority of the Russians are loyally attached” to the reigning dynasty; that Russia is ruled by a sort of entente-cordiale between the Czar and his cherished and cherishing people; that the workingmen who are now rising are a “riotous” lot and will never be able to overturn the glorious fabric of the glorious bureaucracy; that,—but the long panegyric need not be run through. It is enough to say that while Mr. Quinn does not suggest it directly, the suggestion is quite clear that he is not clear in his mind but that the Czar, the Grand Duke and the Trepoffs are re-incarnations of the heavenly hosts, who may at any time feel disgusted at the

ingratitude of a carping world, take wings, re-ascend to heaven, and leave the workingmen of the world at large, of Russia in particular, to paddle their own canoes.

There are those who may see nothing wonderful in a Quinn's panegyrics on the Russian barbarians. They will recall that the gentleman is opposed to the facilitating of public school attendance by furnishing meals to the thousands upon thousands of children whose parents are too poor to feed them in condition to attend school; they will remember that the gentleman considers the streets to be good enough and proper playgrounds for the workingmen's children; they will remember that the gentleman and his paper sing the praises of the well-being of the American workingmen who are starved, and then shot down for protesting against the Vladimirian caresses bestowed upon them. They will remember all that. And they will remember another thing. They will remember that the Irish capitalist and bourgeois—who in America dispossesses his tenants as ruthlessly as any British landlord; who fleeces his workingmen, whether Irish or otherwise, as greedily as any capitalist; and whose one ideal is to get Ireland free from England so that he may get the whole hide of the working class of Ireland, now almost wholly appropriated by the British—is a flute on which England can play at will, and through which England can produce any political tune she pleases. If England toots a black tune of foreign politics, the Irish labor-fleecer whistle will emit a white tune and vice versa. All England has to do, in order to obtain from that whistle a certain tune, is to whistle the opposite. As England is now whistling the tune of "Japan", the Irish bourgeois whistle is now emitting a "Russian" melody. To-morrow, when England may be cooing with Russia and looking daggers at Japan the Irish bourgeois whistle, will change its tune, whistle a Shintu melody and screech at Russia. Truly a talented posture that goes far towards explaining the wretched conditions of Ireland and her working class.

If there is any comfort to be had from the Quinns, the Vladimirs may rest content.

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

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