

# DAILY PEOPLE

VOL. 6, NO. 136.

NEW YORK, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1905.

ONE CENT.

EDITORIAL

## ANOINTING THE FETICH.

By DANIEL DE LEON

**T**O-DAY the twenty-fifth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor opens its sessions in the city of Pittsburg, Pa. The ceremony will be imposing. It must, or the farce would fail. Never yet was a fetich anointed without an imposing ceremony. The less the real value of the anointed, the more elaborate must be the performance. It is so with the under-sized, spindle-legged and shallow-chested remnants of royalty, such as have to be padded to fill the thrones of England, Italy and Russia to-day, and who have to be heeled into sufficient stature to be at all seen; it was so in the days when the degenerate Do-Nothing Kings of France were furnished with false beards, in order to be anointed at the gatherings of the Frankish warriors. Ceremony ever increases in elaborateness in inverse ratio to the decrease of the substance. Accordingly, Mr. Samuel Gompers, President, Editor and chief hierophant, has found it necessary to add a superlative or two more to his last year string of superlatives heralding the convention:—"It will undoubtedly be the most important meeting of workingmen of this or any other country in the history of man." With the fetich thus padded and a goodly supply of false beard stuck to its emaciated cheeks, the anointing will proceed swimmingly.

With our mind's eye we see the superb array of President August Belmont's Civic Federation lieutenants, headed by Mr. Samuel Gompers, march and counter-march during the performance, and singing solos of praise to the poor fetich, the A.F. of L., upon whom the eyes of all mankind are riveted to-day. With our mind's eye we contemplate the swarm of sub-lieutenants, emulous of their superiors, echo the praises of the fetich, its wonderful achievements in the past, its more wonderful achievements that are awaiting achievement in the future. With our mind's eye we see on the one side, within hailing distance from the temple where the fetich is being adored, the long line of pens or fenced-in barracks where the "scab," the

legitimate product of pure and simpledom is housed at the Carnegie works, and on the opposite side the public buildings raised with scab labor that was partly paid for with the moneys from the treasury of the glass-workers' Union. But we must not allow our mind's eye to roam over the numerous monuments of the fetich's effectiveness which cluster around the coke and coal region of sooty Pittsburg. We prefer to look within and take in the show of the performing priesthood around the fetich itself.

But our mind's eye persists in roaming abroad. What's that it descries in the nearby future? Oh, horror! The fetich bundled by an organized mass of workingmen, and thrown out of the window, with all the glee of the mouse, that the story tells of and that waltzed over and scattered the limbs of the gingerbread cat with peppercorn eyes which the but too long silly mouse had stood in dread of, thinking it to be a real life thing.

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

Uploaded October 2008

[slpns@slp.org](mailto:slpns@slp.org)