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EDITORIAL

## “WHOSE IS THE SWEAT,” ETC.?

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**T**HE slogan that has gone up from the peasant delegation in the Duma—“whose is the Sweat, his is the Land”—sounds like a bugle call from the disinherited of the Far East to the disinherited of the Far West. Like all right words, uttered at the right time, the call fits the case of the toiler wherever found, whether in factory or on field, whether down in the mine or up, at the top-gallant of the vessel at sea—whose is the sweat, his is the wealth.

Whose is the sweat in the rearing of a factory, his is the factory.

Whose is the sweat in the building of a machine, his is the machine.

Whose is the sweat in the production of bread, of meat, of nourishment, in short, his is the food.

Whose is the sweat in the production of calico or silk, homespun or woolens, linen or cotton, his is the clothing.

Whose is the sweat in the building of houses, his is the shelter.

Whose is the sweat at the throttle of an engine, or on the deck of a ship, or at any other place where useful, because necessary, service is rendered to society, his is the need.

Whose is the sweat in the contrivance of articles of beauty that elevate the mind, his are the goods.

Whose is the sweat in pressing the grape, his is the juice.

Whose, in short, is the Labor, his is the property!

A time there was in the history of the race when these slogans might have lacked the breath of the Brotherhood of Man: they might have savored of the individualism that sets man at war with man. These times of ours are not those. With the breath of life blown into its nostrils by Socialism, the Revolution of the Twentieth Century stands upon Twentieth Century elevation. To-day nothing is the

product of any one man or any one trade. The factory builder, the machine constructor, the raiser of food, the preparer of clothing, the framer of houses, the renderer of services, the contriver of art, the producer of wine, in short, all workers co-operate de facto in production. The work of each is the joint product of all. Thus the wealth of the earth is fruit of the joint efforts of the Working Class. The slogan, uttered by the light of Twentieth Century Science, translates itself into—"Ours, the Working Class's, is the Sweat, Ours also is the wealth, the Earth and the Fullness thereof!"

As the lightning that cometh out of the east shineth even unto the west, so does the bugle call of the Russian peasant that now goes up in the east, resound electrifying even unto the remotest west.

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