

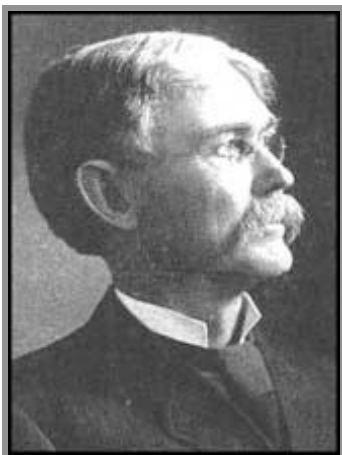
EDITORIAL

AT THE BIER OF WAYLAND.

By DANIEL DE LEON

A MAN, between whom and this office there was for two-and-twenty years an almost uninterrupted exchange of shots only, lies dead at his Girard home—dead at his own hand—a suicide, from the effect of a bullet deliberately fired into his own mouth.

Wayland's parting words, left in a note between the leaves of a book lying on his death bed—"The struggle under the competitive system isn't worth the effort; let it pass"—brings a tear to eye.



JULIUS AUGUSTUS WAYLAND
(1854-1912)

There is no time, in the clash of opinion over so solemn an issue as the emancipation of the proletariat and, thereby, the final redemption of Man, for fine distinctions as to motives, or the causes of individual action. The simple fact suffices—do the blows, a man strikes in the fray, fall upon the head of the foe? If they do, he is a comrade. If they do not, then, we place him on the side of the foe.

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Tested by all the canons of the Movement, the policy pursued by J.A. Wayland in his *Appeal to Reason* was harmless to the Ruling Class, as a Class. However much his policy might at times irritate them, not one blow could pierce their armor; not one blow had the constructive power to help steady the ground upon which to

form the battalions of Labor's Army. Wayland's blows "cut the air"; they cut the air with a whizz; they cut the air with so loud a whizz as to justify the conclusion that he was a speculator upon the Movement—and he was treated accordingly by *The People*.

Wayland's parting words draw the curtain away from real personality, and show the conclusion to have wronged him. His parting words explain his course. He was a sentimentalist. The "struggle under the competitive system"—that which should have nerved, and does nerve the systematic Socialist, unnerved him. The "struggle under the competitive system"—that which, like the smell of gunpowder in the nostrils of the war horse spirits the charger, sickened him. The "struggle under the competitive system"—the point of departure for the glories of the Socialist Republic—became to Wayland a game not worth the candle.

At Wayland's bier—at the bier of the Wayland who discloses himself as having been all heart—well may a tear be dropped—a tear of sorrow for the victim of the self-consuming fire of Sentimentalism; a tear of sorrow for blows dealt that, however the exigencies of the fray demanded and will continue to demand, cannot, in this instance, but be regretted.

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