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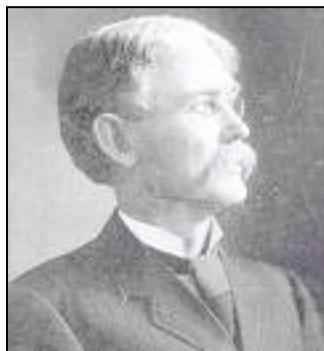
ONE CENT.

EDITORIAL

J.A. WAYLAND AND HIS PAPER.

By DANIEL DE LEON

A MAN may make any slip. In itself a slip is not an unpardonable offense. It may arise from lack of information, or heedlessness. A man's greatest wrongs in the past may even serve as stairs for him to rise to a proper and pure life. But then he must RISE. The repetition of the wrong, however, the persistence therein, is an evidence of incurable turpitude. It would be wrong to



J.A. WAYLAND (1854-1912)

hound a man and rake up the past if he has turned over a new leaf. But if he continuously returns to his vomit, then it is the proper thing to expose the past. His past, in such cases, throws light upon his present conduct, and his present conduct throws light upon his past. The duty of exposing such a reprobate becomes all the more necessary when his nefarious practices are indulged in, not on a strictly private field, but on the public and indeed sacred field of the Labor or Socialist Movement. This is the case with regard to J.A. Wayland, the private owner of the *Appeal to Reason*.

J.A. Wayland's incipient career of trying to Barnum the Socialist Movement has been persisted in. From one act of dishonor he has plunged into another. The man's motto seems to be old Barnum's—"the people like to be humbugged"—and he has stuck to it. From one fraudulent claim he has jumped to another—always with workers for his dupes; and, of course, being each time rapped over the knuckles by the Socialist Labor Party, his attitude towards the Party has been uniformly that of the hit viper—spewing venom. He is at it now. The reckless calumniator ever is the counterpart of the turpitudinous malefactor. His present conduct—at a time when the seething masses of the American working class are becoming a subject of alarm to the capitalist class, and when it is to the interest of this class to set suspicion

afloat among the workers—is just what capitalism can want. He is playing the role of “the man of the furred cap” in Eugene Sue’s superb historic story, “The Iron Trevet,” that was recently published as a serial in the *Daily People*. Whoever is versed on the role played by such characters cannot fail to see “the man of the furred cap” in the ignominious Wayland when he, of all men, sneaks around the crowd declaring that the Socialist Labor Party is in the pay of the capitalist class.

To the loose, unsubstantiated assertions of this penny-catching reprobate, we shall answer with facts, giving the gentleman’s record from the time that he turned his sawdust-game mind upon the Labor or Socialist Movement. The first serial of facts appears elsewhere in this issue.¹

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

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¹ [“J.A. Wayland’s Initial Bunco Game,” by unknown author.]