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EDITORIAL

NOT THREE BUT MANY.

By DANIEL DE LEON

HE New York *Evening Post*—organ of the free trade and rifle-diet-to-theworking-class wing of the capitalist class—is of the opinion that the panic killed three superstitions: the superstition that a Republican administration is good for business; the superstition that a high tariff is a bulwark against hard times; and third, the superstition that a large per capita of circulating medium means financial safety. Quite neatly the *Evening Post* proves we have a Republican administration, a high tariff and a large per capita, and still an appalling panic prevails. The *Evening Post* stopped short just when it threatened to become interesting. The series of superstitions which the panic either killed or crippled for life does not stop where the *Evening Post* stopped. The series goes on, to wit:

It used to be a widespread superstition that the capitalist is a "Pillar of Morality."—The panic made havoc of that superstition. It was not misfortune or accident that caused the panic, but downright swindle. The swindle having worn out its legs, it fell down, and capitalists in considerable numbers died of "apoplexy."

It used to be a widespread superstition that the capitalist class is an intelligent class, a class with the special genius required to keep business steady.—The panic staved in the head of that superstition. The capitalist is pitch-forked by the panic as a bubble on the wave; an ignoramus who trusts to luck.

It used to be a widespread superstition that Socialism simply slandered existing government by styling it "capitalist government."—The panic knocked the bottom from under that superstition by exhibiting the government ready to place the whole Federal financial resources at the disposal of the capitalist class, whereas the government has not a red copper with which to assist the workers in distress.

It used to be a widespread superstition that the capitalist is a tub standing on

its own individualistic bottom, and thereby the beacon of individualism.—The panic tore the superstition to tatters by exhibiting the capitalist class as a row of bricks in unstable equilibrium, leaning one upon the other, and dropping flat like windrows the moment any one of the lot was knocked over.

It used to be a widespread superstition that the capitalist class was an eagle in foresight.—The panic approved the capitalist as blind as a bat.

The series of superstitions that the panic treated roughly may be prolonged almost indefinitely. And therein lies one of the social missions of panics.

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