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EDITORIAL

## MORAL MORGUES.

By DANIEL DE LEON

**A**T the time of the allied intervention in China, when the allies began getting into one another's hair telling tales concerning each other's rascalities against the Chinese, and Count Waldersee was sent over to establish order, an Italian illustrated magazine published a cartoon descriptive of the situation. Count Waldersee stood, with bristling moustache and peeled teeth, before a row of soldiers emblematic of the allies. At the head of the row stood England, France followed, then Germany, then America and so on. England pointed his left thumb surreptitiously at France as the culprit, France did ditto at Germany, and so down the line to little Spain, who stood last, and pointed his right thumb back at England. The cartoon was good, the satire fitting. Such is the picture presented to-day by the string of capitalist culprits, before the angered and avenging Genius of the Age, at whose bar they all feel summoned. Senator Lodge, of mill owners' atrocities, throws the blame upon the meat-packers; the meat-packers throw the blame upon the Standard Oil; the Standard Oil throws the blame upon the railroad Presidents; the railroad Presidents throw the blame upon the mine owners; the mine owners throw the blame upon the Insurance Companies; the Insurance Companies throw the blame upon the Gas Companies; and so all along the line until it has come down to President Nicholas Murray Butler, who tries to throw the blame upon the "moral morgue."

Addressing the graduating classes of Columbia University, President Butler joined the chorus of lamentation on the way the "Pillars of Law and Order" were being shaken to a fall, and, the "Old Adam" asserting itself within him, he sought, in alliterative language, to roll the blame off his own shoulders upon the shoulders of the "shriveled souls" that are exposed in the "moral morgue"—as though he himself were on the outside.

Not a whit less in degree to the infamy of the capitalist establishments that are pitchforked (and of the rest that will be) is the infamy of the capitalist factories, yclept Universities, which turn out the adulterated instruction that Columbia University turns out of its professorial mills on economics, social science, history and kindred departments, and the pestiferous example that it sets in the glorification of the Depews, the Rockefellers, the Baers, etc. Depew certainly lies with “shriveled soul” in the “moral morgue.” But is he entitled to a niche in the “moral morgue” only for his swindles as an insurance director, and not before, when he perennially picked the pockets of the railway employes with false economics, for which Columbia University sang his praises? Was it, perchance, a mere accident that, when last year the miserably-paid and worse treated employes of the Belmont lines struck for redress, the Manager of the lines, needing scabs, quickly turned to Columbia University for a supply? Or was it accident that the call was promptly answered, and that the incubatees of President Nicholas Murray Butler promptly responded, and marched to their ignominious scab work through the streets in platoons, singing College slogans? Putrid meat is no worse than putrid tuition—canned, bottled, or otherwise. The former produces ulcers on the body, the latter on the mind. It inspires scabbery.

All capitalism is a “moral morgue,” and in that morgue with “shriveled souls,” lies every individual capitalist and every individual upholder and beneficiary of capitalism—whether his business is to turn out dog-meat sausage or grammatical scabs.

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

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