

DAILY PEOPLE

VOL. 8, NO. 301.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1908.

ONE CENT.

EDITORIAL

DANSONS LA CARMAGNOLE!

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MRS. A.G. VANDERBILT sues her husband for a divorce, “naming” a “romantic actress.”

Howard Gould and his wife have dragged each other before the bar under a variety of charges—she, that he treats her cruelly and Castle Gould, their home, is a hell; he, that she drinks a quart of brandy a day, besides cocktails and champagne.

Katherine Elkins sheds off “the creed of her fathers” and becomes Catholic in exchange for a royal duchessdom.

Theodora Shonts is rushed into the arms of the Duke of Chaulnes, since deceased, whom his Paris and London tailors were heartlessly pursuing with demands that he settle for his bills—almost as old and seasoned as the bridal wine poured on Theodora’s hymeneal altar.

Anna Gould casts off the Count of Castellane and hitches on with Prince Hélié Talleyrand-Périgord, and off they go to Europe.

Consuelo Vanderbilt divorces the noble Duke of Marlborough, her husband, and “visits the poor” in silks and satins, in \$25,000 automobiles, and after “dainty lunches” at the lawyers’ club.

Bank presidents, directors, army officers, college professors—all patriotic Socialist-killers—commit suicide or die in mysterious ways, “ruined through speculation.”

“Predatory wealth” is denounced by the President, and returns the compliment by sticking out its tongue and making faces at him.

Anti-Anarchist capitalist papers denounce “Anarchist incitation to murder,” and prove their anti-Lynch Law instincts by advocating Lynch Law against all those who disagree with their tenet that idleness is the source of wealth.

The right of peaceful assemblage is trampled under the hoofs of mounted Police,

whose mail is forthwith loaded with “letters applauding their valorous conduct”—says Police Commissioner Bingham.

The same Police Commissioner proclaims the fact that there are in this metropolitan city of New York organizations that will let out men to commit any crime for a small pay, and that these organizations are strongly entrenched behind political “infloence.”

The Grand Jury declines to indict insurance magnates on the ground that, if it indicted them, it would have to indict all the officials of the leading financial institutions, and Senator La Follette furnishes corroboration to the opinion of the Grand Jury with facts and figures that warrant him to conclude that the conduct of these financiers is “always speculative, and often unlawful in character.”

Miss Gilhooley-Lawrie, the daughter of the millionaire New Jersey Judge Patrick Gilhooley vanishes, obedient to one “impulse”; marries; comes, subject to another “impulse,” and seeks a divorce and re-marriage, preparatorily to some later “impulses,” all of which are floated with wealth wrung from Labor.

The Philadelphia Police force, so patriotically on the alert against Anarchists as to disperse a meeting of lamblike Zionites on the ground of the suspicious circumstance that “Zionite” rhymes with “Dynamite”—that Police force is found so honeycombed with crime that one half of them are declared to be thieves.

Frank Gould and his wife are in a divorce court. Says she: “He’s no good!” Says he: “She’s no better!”—and the millions produced by the Gould wage slaves are quelled over like carrion by sharks.

Hart McKee is suing for a divorce from his wife whom he accuses of “riotous living,” while she accuses him of gambling away a fortune at Monte Carlo. The couple belong to the elite circle of San Francisco millionaires.

When the Old Régime took a header to the dogs in France of the closing years of the eighteenth century, the masses of the people sang and danced to the tune of “Dansons la Carmagnole!”—That song and dance was performed on the grave of the feudal Old Régime. In these opening years of the twentieth century, it is the capitalist Old Régime that is dancing a Carmagnole fandango—upon the deck of its own sinking ship.

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Uploaded January 2010

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