

EDITORIAL

## NO CLASS DISTINCTION, EH?

By DANIEL DE LEON

**A** NUMBER of miners lie entombed in the Alpha Mine in Nevada. Every day, every minute is precious. Human life hangs by a thread. And yet, under the presence of such an emergency, Superintendent Gallagher calmly announces—"The entombed men must wait."—Thus is the wage slave treated.

How fares the wage-slave driver, the capitalist?

A financial panic breaks out. Not the lives of any capitalists, but their luxurious living, are entombed under the panic. No sooner does news thereof reach the Federal Government than the Secretary of the Treasury "gets a move on him"—a hurried move—a precipitate move. The doors of the Treasury are thrown open with a bang—money is shoveled out "on securities," the depreciated panic securities—and this help not being sufficient to disentomb the "victims," the order is issued for a \$100,000,000 issue of fiat Treasury Notes, whereupon mints and paper presses are set to work overtime to come to the relief of the entombed capitalists.—They were not told to "wait."

The miners of the Alpha Mine are entombed through no fault of theirs: the fault lies wholly with the mine owners, whose rush for 100 per cent. dividends rendered them reckless of human life. The entombed miners must "wait." Neither the State nor the Federal arm is lifted in their behalf. They are to "wait"—just "wait"—like good, orderly, patriotic, law-abiding citizens; and their friends on the outside, and their wives and children, must also wait—just wait—shivering, sorrowing monuments of American law-and-order abidingness.

The capitalists who were entombed under the avalanche of the panic got into their fix through their own doings. They received but a dose of their own medicine; a taste of their own methods and theories. The "best of all possible social systems"

gave a sample of its excellence by crumbling down over the heads of its apostles. They were where the logic of their actions took them. They did not have to “wait.” By wireless telegraphy their cry for help was heard. Instantly the concentrated arm of the nation was set to work to shovel off the dirt under which they lay entombed. “Wait”? It would be utterly unpatriotic, and subversive of law and order to let them wait. Did not their friends hold their breath? Did not their wives and children need their “daily bread” of luxuries? Of course! Consequently help rushed to them in breathless haste. It could not save all—some died of “apoplexy,” others died of other “accidents.” But even these, at least their shades, had the satisfaction of knowing that “waiting” was not to be their portion.

“There are no classes in America!” “We are all equals before the law!”—so runs the slogan of those who own the Government. “Class rule, class distinctions, class government reigns as supreme in America as anywhere else!”—so runs the slogan of those who toil and “wait.”

Both cannot be right. Some one is lying.

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

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