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EDITORIAL

WILSON TAKING REST.

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THE President-elect is at Hamilton, Bermuda, recuperating from the exertions of the campaign, and “taking in coal” of strength for the “four years hard labor” to which, as he puts it, he has been sentenced.

Hamilton, Bermuda, is just near enough to the United States not to lose the “color” of events, and just far enough to overlook minor details and take in a comprehensive view of the socio-political panorama.

As Woodrow Wilson sits there in Hamilton, Bermuda, a procession of events is sliding before his eyes fit to startle and puzzle and threaten the success of his purpose to “return power to the people” without first returning to the people the material things from which power flows—fit to startle and puzzle and threaten the success of his purpose to “restore honesty in business,” in an economic atmosphere that breeds rapine.

There will slide before the watching eyes of Wilson a succession of shocking railroad accidents, due, every one, to the straining after large dividends, another way of saying “the beating down of expenses.”—How prevent that while the railroad companies have the backing of the press-influencing stockholders?

There will slide before the amazed eyes of Wilson the spectacle of the clash at the taking of testimony in the Government suit for the dissolution of the Steel Trust—a clash in which, with all the arrogance of a feudal retainer, the Trust’s counsel browbeat the representatives of the over-lord.—How get around that with the Trust having its “friends at court,” that is, its pockets full of politicians in office?

There will slide before the tearful “Manchester eyes” of Wilson the, to him, seeming prodigy of mining companies closely merged with carrying companies, despite the Sherman anti-Trust law; and despite the heap of Supreme Court decisions that “smashed” the Trusts; and, worse yet, the said supposed smashed Trust owning

the retail coal yards as they own their trousers.—How break that combination without its feet are deprived of the ground upon which to plant themselves, without first establishing the material conditions, without which all attempt to stop Trust iniquities is as ludicrous as the attempt to mop back the floods of the Atlantic at springtide?

There will rise before the watching eyes of Wilson the revolt of the Democratic cotton mills, in league with the Republican, against any reduction of the tariff, a revolt all the more determined seeing that such tariff reductions will wipe out the generous dividends that have been declared without a thought to necessary repairs, and thus bankrupt the mills.—How allay that spirit of revolt within his own Democratic camp when the choice that is offered the citizen is either “do others,” or “be done by them”; either be an exploiting brigand or an exploited proletarian?

There will rise, even more startlingly, before the capitalist-Presbyterian eyes of Wilson the ominous alliance of Protestant and Jewish capitalists with their supposedly arch-enemy, the Roman Catholic political system of despotism, annulling the freedom of the press by blocking the postal highway for information to travel on.—How break the combination without first making branch-and-root work of the Upas tree of private property in the requisites for the production of the necessaries of life?

President-elect Woodrow Wilson went for rest to Bermuda. His Bermuda rest will be found vastly more troubled than the task of dealing at home with a horde of hungry and thirsty place-seekers. The absence of these allow the more serious problem to loom up all the more distinct before him.

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