EDITORIAL

THE WORLD IS ONE CITY.

By DANIEL DE LEON

I
t was but the other day that the police of this city discovered a rat-hole into which infants were dropped. The thing was called a baby-farm; investigation showed it to be an infant slaughter house. Mothers, unable to take care of their babes, because they were forced to work out, dropped in that place the little treasures of their hearts and turned to face a hard world in which the demon of want held them to a life of struggle.

Now a similar discovery is made at the other end of the globe. The bodies of fifteen children are just found in Sydney, Australia, the victims of another baby-farm, which, in its turn, is but the effect of the same causes from which the New York variety had sprung. There, the same as here, want tore mother and child apart. It killed the latter outright and sent adrift the former, to wear out her life by inches in sorrow and in bitterness of heart.

The one and the other “institution” owed its existence to the capitalist system. Wealth enough is producible to-day to set the inhabitants of the earth free from the fetters of Poverty. Yet Poverty stalks abroad, her skirts clotted with the blood of humanity, thanks to the private ownership of the means that are necessary to production.

The accumulated woe this system is piling up already overtops mountains, and threatens to swallow up our civilization.

Dark indeed were the future but for the signs of the popular awakening that holds out the promise of a speedy deliverance.