EDITORIAL

THE MODERN MONOMANIAC.

By DANIEL DE LEON

THE paroxysms of wrath into which President Roosevelt and his political family are flying anent the Chinese boycott is one of those occurrences to “set the mind agoin’ and start the slothful thought aboundin’.”

President Roosevelt and his political family are, if nothing else, the incarnations of humanity; they are, if nothing else, perambulating lumps of Christian piety. Other Presidents there have been and their inner circles who quoted Pope on “man’s inhumanity to man”; other Presidents have we had who were deacons in churches, and with deacons took counsel. But none of those, nor all of them put together, was a circumstance to the “House of Roosevelt”. And now comes the Chinese boycott of American goods and raises wicked reflections.

Is wealth more precious than life? Humanity and Christianity would say nay. The House of Roosevelt says aye. In Wyoming, in Texas, in California mobs of American citizens have massacred inoffensive and unarmed Chinamen. The deeds were perpetrated on our very soil, quite within the “three-mile limit” of American jurisdiction. And yet they left our Roosevelts in undisturbed and placid contemplation of the beauties of Christianity and the sanctity of humanity, or the sanctity of Christianity and the beauties of humanity. But now, lo and presto! in distant China the Chinese are beginning to—what? destroy? No!—to leave American goods severely alone, and the fact so “gets on the nerves” of the House of Roosevelt that they quiver at every inch of their anatomy.

Still agoin’, still aboundin’ the started thoughts inquire, Is the House of Roosevelt exceptionally hypocritic? And the boundin’, goin’ thoughts peer deeply into the secret. There is no hypocrisy in the case, only a well known, well authenticated feature of human nature. Silas Marner, that statue chiseled by George Eliot, preaches the fact that a monomaniacally pursued occupation,
eventually burns the bridges ahead of it. It forgets what it was intended for, and comes to look at itself as the goal, not a means. It is so with capitalism. The pursuit of wealth is but a means to an end—the promotion of life. But capitalism presently becomes monomaniacal in its career. Life, meant to be supported by wealth, is turned upside down, inside out, and becomes but a feeder of the furnace that is to bake more wealth. Instead of wealth remaining a means, it becomes the goal; and life, instead of remaining the goal, becomes the means. Thus capitalism, a veritable maniac to-day, knows not how to live, enjoys not the beauteous present but tears along, in a headlong course, a heathen in heathendom immolating life to the fetish of Wealth.

The House of Roosevelt fitly typifies that social system. What wonder that the House of Roosevelt considers life less precious than wealth, and that, acting up to that monomaniacal principle, it even considers life less precious than the gold that wealth might, could, would, or should bring in the foreign markets?