EDITORIAL

“GOING IN TOO DEEP.”

By DANIEL DE LEON

WHAT Charles M. Schwab, ex-president of the U.S. Steel Corporation, doesn’t know about the capitalist class, isn’t much worth knowing. He has loafed with them, reveled with them, “worked” with them—and worked the workers with them, till he ought to come pretty near knowing what he is talking about when he speaks of them.

As he stepped aboard the Lusitania on the 8th inst. to go abroad, he said of Chas. W. Morse, the fleeing ice-trust, lumber-trust, and steamship-trust ex-head:

“Charley Morse is a good fellow. I like him; we all like him. He simply got in too deep.”

Some queries may appropriately be made as to this “going in too deep.”

Was it simply going in too deep, to throw 150,000 men, women and children out of employment in New York City alone, not to speak of the thousands and hundreds of thousands laid off in the rest of the land?

Was it simply going in too deep, to produce a condition of want and destitution in which these thousands and hundreds of thousands of workers, who produced all the good things of life, are now in daily and excruciating want of a crust of bread, a hod of coal, or a pair of shoes?

Was it simply going in too deep, to load suffering on the shoulders of the producers so heavily that scores of them took refuge in self-destruction from the horrors of starvation and freezing, not a day passing without even the capitalist press recording one, two, or even more such sad occurrences?

Or to go back to a time which was not a panic time, was it simply going in too far, to cause hundreds of infants to die and thousands more to drag a tortured existence through one of the hottest summers on record, as Morse did in 1900 with his ice-trust manipulations?
Morse is bone of the capitalist bone, flesh of the capitalist flesh. Not one of the frightful crimes recorded above can justly be laid to his individual door. In the twenty-eight district concerns of which he was a nominal director, he found his partners in guilt. These in turn, in all the other twenty-eights of capitalist enterprises they “directed,” plotted similar attacks on the welfare of the society they infest. One and all tarred with the same stick, Morse but stands as the present, because just now notorious, example.

Still, Schwab was right when he called such a career of disaster “simply going in too deep.” According to his conception, the same conditions, only a little less glaring, are the beau ideal of capitalist society. Working-class exploitation, working-class misery, working-class murder, it banks on and must have in order to maintain its existence. The working-class itself must soon put an end to this mad career of its exploiters by declaring that no capitalist, whether he go in “simply too deep” or “simply too shallow,” shall in future live on their backs. No more “going in,” of whatever depth or degree must be tolerated—when workers’ blood and sweat are what the “going in” is done through.