EDITORIAL

BELSHAZZAR, INDEED.

By DANIEL DE LEON

THE one double-leded editorial in the New York Sun of the 6th of this month condenses, better than anything that has so far escaped the guilty conscience of the Capitalist Class, the frame of mind in which our rulers are.

Roosevelt and Bryan are both urging amendments to the Constitution. Commenting on this the Sun says:

“It is difficult to understand how any voter who has a head on his shoulders capable of forethought can now contemplate, without a shudder, a call by Congress on the States to send delegates to propose amendments of the Constitution, and the assembling of such a convention.”

Afraid of the people!

This is the long and short of the wail that has escaped the harrowed breast of the paper that once exclaimed: “Hail Sheriff of Luzerne!” when the Sheriff of that coal-mining county shot in the back a number of fleeing and unarmed miners on strike.

Afraid of the people!

This is the sense of the shudder that runs through the frame of one of the leading journalistic apostles of that social system, whose rulers, the God-ordained Captains of Industry, have plunged the country into a panic of unprecedented depth and width, throwing millions of workers out of work and thrusting the skeleton of Want into the homes of the large majority.

Afraid of the people!

And well they may. Well may they shudder at the thought of a convention in which a chance shall be given to the masses to appear in their sovereign constituent capacity, and to summon to their bar the institutions under which they have been
marshalled to ruin.

Well may the class for which the *Sun* speaks, whose sentiments it shares, whose guilt it is imbued with, whose apprehensions are its own—well may that class shudder.

When an old rookery is coming down the rats shudder—preparatory to scampering.