EDITORIAL

UP-START DULLNESS.

By DANIEL DE LEON

THE New York Evening Post is perplexed at what is going on in Great Britain. It can not, for the life of it, understand how “a problem of finance” can produce the “political passion” which it sees produced by Mr. Lloyd-George’s budget, and how such an innocent affair can be “distorted into something very near revolution.” So as to illustrate its point, the Evening Post cites the peroration of a recent speech delivered by Mr. Lloyd-George, as follows:

“Who ordained that a few should have the land of Britain as a perquisite, who made 10,000 people owners of the soil and the rest of us trespassers in the land of our birth; who is it—who is responsible for the scheme of things whereby one man is engaged through life in grinding labor, to win a bare and precarious subsistence for himself, and when at the end of his days he claims at the hands of the community he served a poor pension of 8d. a day he can only get it through a revolution; and another man who does not toil receives every hour of the day, every hour of the night, whilst he slumbers, more than his poor neighbor receives in a whole year of toil? Where did the table of the law come from? Whose finger inscribed it? These are the questions that will be asked. The answers are charged with peril for the order of things the Peers represent, but they are fraught with rare and refreshing fruit for the parched lips of the multitude who have been treading the dusty road along which the people have marched through the dark ages, which are now emerging into the light.”

And, quoting these lines, the Evening Post wonders why such “violent language,” why such “social dynamite,” when the new taxes could be defended “sensibly.”

History narrates that, about a hundred and odd years ago, when on a certain occasion the starving Parisian populace marched the streets yelling violently for “bread,” the Queen Marie Antoinette, asked innocently, “If they have not bread, why do they not eat cake?”
Marie Antoinette and the New York Evening Post!—How different, and yet how much alike! The French Queen, the daughter of a hundred Queens, naively dull, the New York Post, the up-start dullard—both unable to comprehend.