EDITORIAL

THE HARRIMAN BULLETINS.

By DANIEL DE LEON

If Dr. Cook, or Commander Peary, or some gifted musician who waked to ecstasy the living lyre, or some medical, or mechanical genius; if some man of exceptional qualities, whose life was a blessing to man, or one whose life spread contagion through war and through rapine;—if, in the instance of any of these the public press filled columns with the ups and downs in his health, and even more columns on his death, the thing would be easily accountable. Everybody takes an interest in him from whom good or evil emanates for the race. But why such solicitude for Harriman?

Harriman may or may not be what lawyer Cromwell said of him—a man whose mind travels in realms of finance where none other enter. All the same, neither for weal nor for woe did the condition of the health, or does the death of Harriman effect the volume of the world’s happiness or sadness one particle.

Why then this voluminous and intense anxiety about him?

When the hearts of those who control the press went a-pitty-patting over whether Harriman had a relapse or not; whether he gained in flesh or had lost; whether he must have more rest or was ready for business; what they did was to betray the secret that all their boasted individualism, which capitalism is to be thanked for, is just so much fiction.

If ever there was a system that smashes individualism it is the capitalist. It smashes the individualism not of its victims only, it smashes the individualism of its pets as well. There is nothing comparable with a herd of bleating sheep like a lot of stockholders in a corporation. They follow the bellwether blindly. As has often been tested with sheep, if the bellwether jumps over a stick, then all the sheep, even if the stick is taken away, likewise jump at the spot. Exactly so with stockholders.

And that’s all there is about the recent solicitude for Harriman, and present
excitement over his death. The capitalist concerns which he headed will not melt away. If they did good, the good will continue, seeing they are the product, not of Harriman, but of society; nor will the harm, in the shape of human exploitation, end. But the scuttled capitalist intellects who are stockholders, being wholly scuttled of individuality, which would be a hindrance to their own advancement, were naturally bewildered at the prospect of their bellwether's demise, and are now stunned that the threatened blow fell.