ANITA TO BE A QUEEN.
By DANIEL DE LEON

HOWEVER sensational the Neue Freie Presse, which publishes the tidings, may think are the reports concerning Prince Miguel of Braganza, whose wife is our New York heiress Anita Stewart, making ready to “receive a call” from Portugal, and to respond to the call by speedily mounting the now vacant throne, there is in the tidings much that is solid.

The shout of the Portuguese bourgeois—emblemized by the flag of the Republic thrown to the winds over the Portuguese Bank upon the first roar of the cannon trained upon the then King’s palace—had hardly subsided when the Portuguese working class rose from their knees, and began to make “impossible demands.”

This was as was to be expected.

The Dead Hand of a clerical political regimen being lifted from off the neck of the working class, the Portuguese proletariat could not otherwise but begin “to feel their oats.” The consequence was the making of “demands” never made before.

The same Dead Hand being cannonaded off the back of the bourgeois, the consequence was inevitable that these should succeed to the class shoes left vacant by the clerical monarchy. They fell heir to the Class Whip. The consequence of these two combined facts—freedom from the Dead Hand and possession of the Class Whip—was the holding for “impossible” the demands of the proletariat.

A situation thus engendered leads to one of three things:

Either—a return to things as they were before;
Or—a rapid move forward;
Or—a compromise measure.

The tidings from Vienna would indicate that things in Portugal have ripened too far for a return of the Dead Hand—altogether a likely theory.

The tidings also indicate that things in Portugal have not ripened far enough
for a rapid move forward, which would mean the proclamation of the Socialist Republic—also a likely thing.

Finally, the tidings indicate that conditions in Portugal dictate the third course—a compromise.

The raising to the throne, however left-handedly, or incidentally, of the daughter of an American bourgeois meets the exigency of the moment. If imperial Caesar, turned to clay, may stop a hole to keep the wind away, what more natural than that bourgeois clay, turned imperial, should stop a hole to keep away both the Dead Hand of clerical Monarchism and the Live Hand of “impossible” Socialism?