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EDITORIAL

THE WASTE OF MEN.

By DANIEL DE LEON

PITY of two such men—Woodrow Wilson and La Follette.

Hard as it is to meet with real intelligence in the political camp of capitalism; harder still though it is to come, in that camp, across intellectual and moral rectitude; nevertheless, candor extracts the recognition that La Follette and Woodrow Wilson deserve respect—the respect that all honorable men instinctively yield to a high degree of mental powers, especially when accompanied with integrity of purpose.

For that very reason—pity of two such men as Woodrow Wilson and La Follette.

Capitalism is not to be saved. If Socialism does not triumph now, then Imperialism will seize upon our society and establish a sort of feudo-capitalism that will set back the wheels of Progress, and force Freedom to start all over again along some fresh path.

At such it juncture, where are Woodrow Wilson and La Follette found? Surely animated, as the two men are, by lofty sentiments, their place should be in the camp of Socialism invigorating the Socialist forces with their sterling qualities. Impelling with their mighty shoulders the wheel of the Social Revolution. They are not. Guided by a fatal Error, they are both found in the anti-Socialist camp, pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp of restoring to the rule of the bourgeois of America the lustre of its infancy—a lustre never to return.

Engaged in the Sisyphus task of rolling up the bourgeois hill the rock of Freedom, Wilson and La Follette are wasting, and what is worse, are wearing out their energies, their physical and mental strength, the pulse of their noble instincts, eventually also their faith in men.

Pity of the two men laboring on the ungrateful field of Bourgeois Reform—gems of purest ray serene wasting their lustre on the desert field!

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