EDITORIAL

“DIVIDEND DAY.”

By DANIEL DE LEON

THERE are two of them.

One “dividend day” falls on January 1.
The other “dividend day” falls on July 1.

The latter “dividend day” has just fallen, that is, befallen.

On that day more than $266,000,000 in dividends and interest were mailed by railroads, industrial companies and other corporations to stock and bondholders “living all over the world.”

The published figures do not state the number of persons who were made to smile on this “dividend day” all over the world.

Considering that 400,000 and odd are the only ones affected by an income tax that does not start below $4,000, the supposition is safe that the smilers “all over the world” are not numerous enough to impart a smiling countenance to the population of the United States, the bulk of whom sweated the ticklings that produced the smiles.

Inversely, considering both the fewness of the smilers and the numberlessness of the sweaters, the supposition is likewise safe that “dividend day” is a day of sorrowful reflection to the thinking ones among the masses; a day when they obtain an inkling of the amount of sweating that they have done.

There is another supposition, likewise safe. It flows from the last. The reading and thinking ones among the masses are afforded on “dividend day” a peep”—’tis not a very full peep; yet a peep, all the same,—at the large hoard from which flow the corruption funds, the debauching effects of which are not the least of the burdens that the masses must bear; not the least of the difficulties that they have to contend with; not the least of the dangers that they must guard against.