EDITORIAL

WILSON’S TRIUMPH.

By DANIEL DE LEON

HOWEVER interested—bourgeois selfishly interested—the praises may be that are being sung of Woodrow Wilson by Democratic papers, on the score of the passage of the tariff bill in the Senate, and its certain passage within shortly by Congress, there is that in the triumph that the Socialist may well join in hearty applause of.

The Cleveland who first undertook to shake the tower of Protection was found too “beefy” to achieve success. His own party “ran away with the bait”; and the bill, that was finally submitted to him for signature, was grumblingly allowed to become law with poetic allusions to freedom having been stabbed in the house of its friends.

The same fate would have been Wilson’s, were he not a man of different stamp. From the hour that he took the helm, one stroke of genius after another marked his moves in the handling of the forces nominally at his command, in fact, however, ready at any moment to desert and stab him in the back. The culminating stroke of genius was Wilson’s cleverly worded broadside on the “powerful and insidious lobby” at work against the bill, and his cleverly worded declaration that the people should know what influences affected their representatives in Congress. The effect was magical. Thereupon a sight was seen unimaginable before it was actually seen. One Senator after another, one after another the members of that Club of Old Millionaires, called the Senate, felt constrained to step forward before the Senate’s own committee of investigation and testify to his sources of revenue. The lid was raised: the curtain was drawn aside. There they stood—the stockholders of cotton mills, the, stockholders of woolen mills, the stockholders of mines, or railroads, or lumber syndicates, etc., etc., Democrats and Republicans. It was as if sharpers at the card table had been compelled to lay their cards down face up. The rest of the game, and
its final issue, never for a moment was uncertain after that. The triumph was won then; it only became a recorded fact after that.

For his triumph in causing his bill to pass the President deserves praise.

And now, having praised what was praiseworthy, the Socialist is free to register his dissent from the economic errors that the bill is reared upon.

The Underwood-Simmons bill will not remove the existing Discontent. The Trust will not be scuttled. Prices will not drop to the extent that is expected; and whatever drop in prices there may be will accrue, not to the benefit of the large majority of the population, the proletariat, it will accrue to the benefit of the middle class only. As to the proletariat—their price in the Labor market will be found to decline, along with other prices. Though, perhaps, dampened for a moment, the flames of Discontent will flare up anew and afresh. The problem, whose manifestations the tariff bill, and the currency bill to boot, mean to tackle, is a problem that neither tariff nor currency bills can solve. That problem demands radical treatment—treatment that is radical in fact, and not a tinkering with surface manifestations—it demands the abolition, not of “predatory wealth,” but of the cause that there is predatory wealth,—it demands the abolition of the Capitalist Social System along, of course, with the Political State. In short, it demands Socialism.

Woodrow Wilson’s triumph in causing the tariff bill to pass, is a triumph whose breakdown will herald another triumph for Socialist principle.