EDITORIAL

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

By DANIEL DE LEON

THE below paragraph is going the rounds of the Massachusetts press:

Senator Corser, in speaking of what has been done for the cause of labor in Massachusetts, says that the good work done for the prisoners in our prisons and jails is quite as remarkable. For instance, many will recall the case of Mrs. Robinson who was convicted of murder about sixteen years ago and sentenced to death, to have her sentence commuted to life imprisonment by the governor. Her crime was a dreadful one, that of murdering her husband, brother and children for their life insurance. She was tried and found guilty on one count. As there is no provision for women life prisoners in Charleston prison, Mrs. Robinson is confined in the Cambridge jail. There she has a nice room, 12 by 20 feet, with white bedstead and dainty furnishings, nice carpet, pictures on the wall, bric-a-brac disposed about her room and all the pretty comforts and even luxuries that a woman likes in her room. The state pays about $400 for her board at Cambridge. She has been a model prisoner, but with all her comforts she wants to get out. She says that she has been there long enough.

Senator Corser is a Holyoke manufacturer. Under him hundreds of the working class are employed; accordingly, thousands are connected with him. And what are the feelings of this capitalist toward the working class? Substantially those of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company towards its employees.

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company looks upon its employees as potential convicts, Senator Corser identifies the whole working class so closely with the criminals that, in speaking of what has been done for the cause of Labor, the only illustration he adduces is the prison and the jail, and he proceeds to illustrate his illustration with the kind treatment given a female murderer. Evidently the working class is but a subdivision of the “criminal class,” according to this Holyoke capitalist.

That the factory, mill and shop, that the mines, yards and railroad beds are but penitentiaries no one who has watched them closely can deny. But hitherto the
capitalists have veiled the fact with patriotic rhetoric about the “nobility of Labor,” and, like vampires that fan the spot from which they suck the blood, the capitalists have puffed the unthinking workingmen with the notion that they were perambulating peers of the Cosmos. But that time seems now over. Evidently, to judge from the cumulating facts, Messrs. Capitalists imagine themselves firm in the saddle; evidently, they imagine they can safely begin to throw off the mask, say what they mean, and begin to familiarize the ears and the minds of their employees with the sound and the idea of the convict status to which capitalism condemns them.

Whatever the real reason, it is unquestionable that the increasing frequency with which the capitalist class connects the working class with the criminals has its significance, deep significance.