EDITORIAL

HOPELESS, HELPLESS HADLEY.

By DANIEL DE LEON

PROF. Hadley, now President Hadley of Yale College, is no unknown apparition to our readers. He is the same gentleman who, some ten years ago, there being quite a commotion among the Working Class and a corresponding sick feeling in the stomach of the Idle or Capitalist Class, blossomed into articles to allay the anxiety of the latter “showing” that the “affair” was and could be only transitory, and yet whose subsequent elevation to the presidency of Presbyterian Yale, he being a layman, was a crass innovation frankly stated to be absolutely necessary owing to the “economic and political ferment that the country was in and that threatened to grow intenser instead of weaker.”

A perambulating exemplar, by this one instance, of the futility of the art of “barking at the moon,” President Hadley seems to fear for his laurels in this direction. That is the only explanation possible for the second outbreak in prophecy indulged in by the gentleman on Sunday the 10th instant at the Boston Old South. His actual subject was the Trust. In the course of his address he said:

“The essence of a Trust is that you must trust the head of it to exercise his power wisely or abuse it according to the kind of conscience he possesses. Legislation will never protect us from the evils of the Trust. Trusts have got to be regulated by public sentiment. The alternative is an emperor in Washington within twenty-five years.”

If such, indeed, were the alternative, that Emperor will be there, and on time too. Fortunately, however, for the nation, the present President of Yale is now barking at the moon, no less so than was done by the quondam Professor.

The Trust is not a matter of “conscience,” it is not a psychic malady. Fact is, it is no malady at all, anymore than the inconveniences under which a woman, big with a child, may suffer, can be said to be a malady;—least of all a malady that needs “conscience treatment.” The Trust is a hard evolutionary fact. It is, in the economic political development of the land, the evolutionary climax that rends the
veil of the economic and the thereon grafted political illusions with regard to the private system of ownership in the means of production. Furnished with the material facts and with that intellectual rectitude that will not recoil before the inevitable conclusions, however much these may fail to chime in with one’s habits of thought, the system of private ownership in the tools of production could be and was foreseen to be purely transitory. It could be and was foreseen that, with the development of the tool, the ills inherent in such a system of ownership would grow until they became unbearable. The Trust stage brings out these evils in full relief, and thereby points out with equal clearness the way out. The secret, hitherto kept close, that economics are the groundwork of politics, leaps like a cat out of the bag, and, along with that, the twin cat that, in order to redress the evils which flow from economics that have outlived their usefulness, politics is the essential mid-wife. It is not the least valuable revelation that the Trust knocks, as with an axe into the popular skull, that Capitalism, of which the Trust is but the extreme and logical expression, is entrenched behind Legislation, and that, accordingly, it is not to be dislodged except by Legislation and all that thereby is implied—education, political organization, and force, if necessary, to back up the fiat rendered at the hustings.

Hopeless, helpless Hadley seeing ghosts, and tooting at the walls of Jericho with his penny-whistle!

The days when the walls of Jericho could be tumbled down with the trumpet blasts of conscience are no more. They must be stormed, and stormed they will be by the hosts that are marshaling under the banner of the Socialist Labor Party,—and nary an Emperor will prevail against them.