

# DAILY PEOPLE

VOL. 1, NO. 89.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1900.

ONE CENT.

EDITORIAL

## A SILVER BUG, AND A LADY BUG.

By DANIEL DE LEON

**M**r. Hearst, silver-mine owner, trust-owner, millionaire, anti-imperialist, and several other things, is much exercised over the fact that McKinley refuses to allow his paramount issue to stand, and that he still persists in running on a gold standard platform. The Republican papers retort that the Democrats cannot hide the true state of affairs by raising the cry of imperialism. The one thing for which they stand is free silver, and on that issue this campaign must also be fought.

It is much like the fight on the tariff question. When free silver bobbed up in all its rugged health and manly beauty four years ago the Republican press asserted that no such scheme would mislead them for an instant. The issue was the tariff, and the campaign must be conducted accordingly. Then the tariff was forgotten, and it remains in oblivion today; a relic, a political antiquity, an aged thing to which only the aged refer. Both sides found that the tariff was worn out and that a new hallucination must be given to the American voter.

So with free silver. Both sides, fervently accusing each other of bad faith, back away from it, relegate it to the rear; and in backing away they leave behind them all the sublime literature and all the unique philosophy that made the financial discussion the most obvious piece of freak politics that ever warped a nation's judgment.

Mr. Hearst, personally, let the question of free silver go by the board with a great deal of regret, as he is interested in the matter from many standpoints. If he was successful as a silver bug, he would have much more opportunity to be successful as a lady bug. Fate is against him, and free silver can descend to some minority party as a cast-off hope of the great Democracy.

In blinding the voters to the real state of affairs it is not customary for either



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

party to sterilize the tongues or pens of its speakers and its writers. They are supposed to infect, and the matter which is now being printed and spoken is in the most germ-laden condition.

There is the ridiculous side, there is the cowardly side, there is the treacherous side, and there is also the dangerous side. Hearst, to uphold his bright red reputation, has gone perilously near the danger line on several occasions. The mere fact that he is a travesty on honesty and intelligence does not seem to injure him. He defends the working class—and he cuts down his newsboys. He speaks with tears in his colored supplement of the wrongs suffered by the women of the working class—and he tries hard to establish a reputation for himself. He attacks the Republican party on the score of its duplicity—and at the same time he deserts, under cover of deep, heartfelt prostrations, every principle for which he stood in 1896.

The men who read his paper, and who drink in large draughts of editorial wisdom from its columns, should contrast any two successive issues. A longer period than that never goes by without a contradiction or an equivocation. In this he is typical of his class. There is but one principle: make money. There is but one duty: spend it in riotous living. There is but one thing for the human race: debauch it. There is but one course with the working class: brutalize it. Mr. Hearst attempts all these things. His success is conditioned upon the lack of class consciousness in the working class. Just as steadily as that rises, just so steadily does his power fall. We may, if we so will, exterminate the political and economic vermin, and a little intelligence well applied is the best possible thing with which to rid the world of the present insect brood.

**Transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the official Web site of the Socialist Labor Party of America.**

**Uploaded September 2005**