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EDITORIAL

INCORRIGIBLE WORKINGMAN.

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IT seems a hopeless task to cause the workingman to take a sensible view of things. The fellow is simply incorrigible.

With statistics it is shown to him that he is progressing swimmingly. The per capita of wealth was \$514 in 1860; it is shown to him that, steadily and without a break, the per capita has risen from decade to decade, until, in 1900, it rose to \$1,236:—And yet the fellow insists that the figures do not concern him; he will have it that those figures simply prove how much he is robbed of. He insists that he does not get his per capita, and pretends to be a better judge of that than the cultured essayists who prove to him that he does.

In language both choice and cogent the Presidents of the leading “seats of learning” prove to him that what the Capitalist Class really has at heart is to insure his freedom.—And yet the wrong-headed fellow will have it that freedom to starve is not what he is after.

Gallons upon gallons of midnight oil have been expended by the capitalist editors and essayists to demonstrate how necessary the Capitalist Class is to the welfare of the Working Class.—But all the answer made to that by the perverse fellow is that the potato-bug is not necessary to the welfare of the potato.

Free, gratis and for nothing have the Government statisticians of the Treasury department arrayed the magnificent figures of deposits in the savings banks as a proof of the large savings of the Working Class.—And yet, would one believe it? So impervious to reason is the churl that with a wave of his hand he seeks to overthrow the whole statistical structure of his affluence by saying that myriads of stars are in the skies, but the fact that they are there is no proof that they are in his pockets.

Classic articles unnumbered have been written for his specific benefit, making

it clear to him that he now lives longer than ever.—But the, we must be plain, the scoundrel persists in pointing to the long row of grave stones bearing the inscription of the early deaths of the workers.

If anything was ever made clear to the fellow it is that “the loftiest intellects” have condemned Socialism and proved it to be “a nation of fatherless children.”—But what does the miscreant do but impertinently raise the curtain upon the private lives of the “loftiest intellects” and of the “pillars of law, order and morality” and show that their ideal is a nation of “childless fathers and mothers”! The ribaldry of it!

Time, money and brains have been expended in thrilling pulpit oratory to touch the workingman’s heart and kindle it to the truth that Socialism means theft.—But the unconscionable fellow answers back saying: “The motto of Capitalism is that wealth is the product of Toil and the reward of Idleness.”

The fellow can even become impudent and forget the respect due to those whom God has placed over him. When he is told that “To labor is to pray”, he retorts: “Practice what ye preach, oh ye generation of vipers!”

It is quite clear that the workingman is incorrigible. There is no help in him, miserable sinner.

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