

# DAILY PEOPLE

VOL. 5, NO. 302.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1905.

ONE CENT.

EDITORIAL

## REFRACTING INFORMATION.

By DANIEL DE LEON

**I**N his speech before the Montauk Club the other day Senator Chauncey M. Depew gave several illustrations of the changing of the times. One of them was this:

“I spoke of new books, authors, art and adventure the other day to a charming woman, who said, ‘Oh, these things are old-fashioned and a bore. Tell me about “Smelters.” Are they going up?’”

With majestic effrontery the candleholders for the grovelling, dissolute, and brigand class of the capitalist have preached to the Working Class that the Capitalist Class is the Ark of Intelligence, of Morality, of lofty Aspiration, of Law and Order. The workers were the reverse of all these virtues, and society would crumble into chaos and sink into brutishness were it not for the Capitalist Class, its holy men and saintly women, who keep lighted the lamp of all the Virtues, and thus perform the mission of social light-house keepers.

Of late, the myth has been receiving rude knocks; the thefts and breaches of Law committed by the holy capitalists have virtually filled the public press, except for the grewsome reports of the wholesale slaughter of workingmen in mines, factories, and other establishments; Hyde banquets, Seeley dinners, Seligman Anita-Sotherland escapades and the like exhibitions of capitalist morality have caused people to wonder open-mouthed; Loomis charges, preferred by Minister Bowen, have thrown the calcium light upon the bent of mind of capitalist officialdom. But still, these were all men. Woman, the Vestal priestess at the hearth of Society, was still unassailed. Her aspirations might still be of the loftiest. The virtues, that we are told have taken refuge in the Capitalist Class at large, may have fled to the cock-loft of female capitalism, may be there awaiting a returning of

purser, better days, and may from their high perch be guiding erring humanity. But that theory is dashed. Depew's story dashes it.

Stocks of smelters, and, of course, of other concerns—stocks, prosaic stocks—stocks, the tentacles, through which the life-blood of workingmen, workingwomen and working-children are suctioned into the veins of the vampire Capitalist Class—stocks, and not art, poetry, books, authors, or any other elevating subject, but low down stocks, only as these go up or down is the “charming woman” of the Capitalist Class cheered or depressed—only stocks interest, all else bore her!

Depew may be growing senile in acting as the refractor for such a ray of information on his own sacrosanct set. But whether it be an act of senility in him or not, no one will doubt the excellence of the refracting lens for its purpose.

Transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the official Web site of the Socialist Labor Party of America.  
Uploaded December 2007

[slpns@slp.org](mailto:slpns@slp.org)