

Daniel De Leon

Editorial: Crime-Soaked

Mother wishes to have her child adopted from birth. Apply Mrs. A. 351 West 59th street.

This advertisement appeared recently in a New York City morning paper; it was inserted by Mrs. Mary Anderson, a young widow about to become a mother.

Inquiry brought out the following statement from Mrs. Anderson: "Shortly after I was married, about a year ago, my husband went South, where a good situation had been offered to him. I intended to join him as soon as he had become established in his business. He was killed in a railroad accident on the journey down, and I was left almost penniless. I am trying to find some trustworthy person who will adopt my child at its birth. I am unable to give it proper support, and I feel that it would be better for us to part before we become attached to each other."

When the prophets of old looked down upon a society, whose heart had been petrified and whose morals yielded the pharisee at one end of the line and the swine at the other, they emptied the vials of their wrath upon the class that could beget such a social monstrosity; yet one ransacks in vain the terms of execration hurled by the prophets at yon accursed society in search of terms strong enough to scourge our own, the capitalist social system, with.

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Not a tender cord of the heart but our accursed social order of capital ruthlessly tears to pieces. The above advertisement tells the tale of a family literally broken up into each of its constituent parts: first the husband pulled away from his wife in search of bread in a distant locality; then the mother ready to cast off her child out of well grounded fears that she may not be able to support it, and that separation at a later day would be still more painful than at birth!

What pestilential visitation has or can do worse by husband, mother and child? What flaming sword wielded by the most savage horde under the leadership of the most cruel chief yet heard of has scourged humanity with deeper woe?

Every instinct of the human breast wells up with indignation at the sight of the affliction inflicted upon man by this capitalist order of fiendish disorder.

Mary Anderson is but one of an immense class—the working class—whose every member throngs to the bar of conscience and pointing upon the modern Moloch of Capital utters the sob-smothered cry—“Guilty!” “Guilty!”

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*A De Leon editorial transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the
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