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EDITORIAL

A BLIND CASSANDRA.

By DANIEL DE LEON

THE story tells us of the days when destruction hovered over Troy, the city of the mighty King Priam, and when his blind daughter, though unable to see the things that threatened danger, felt them. In those days she wandered through her fathers' halls, and moaned, and wrung her arms, and foretold of evil days to come.

Blindness is not necessarily a physical defect. That it can be a mental malady as well, is being illustrated by Chancellor James R. Day of the University of Syracuse. Like another Cassandra the mentally blind gentleman stood last week in Crouse College Hall and emitted a string of long and weird wails. Said he: "The sowing to Anarchy and Socialism has brought the reaping whirlwind of hatred of Government and God's social order." The report does not describe how the Chancellor thereupon dropped his arms in abject despair. We can imagine how it all was.

Yes, the Chancellor was right; he is right—as right as his blind prototype. The Troy of capitalism is seeing her last days. What with the Troy of old was an "avenging Nemesis," the more learned generation of to-day calls "Evolution." The Past is crumbling. It is a way that Past has ever had. They sow to their destruction by raising the brood of the Present which engulfs them. That Past does not love Presents and Futures is also a feature of Past. They love to call the approaching supplanter hard names. No ruler loves the heir apparent. And so the blind Chancellor calls his Past "God's social" and spews out anathema upon the Socialist Republic.

Poor Cassandra! Poor Chancellor—but it can't be helped—

over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes.¹

¹ [William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*.]

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