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EDITORIAL

WELCOME XX CENTURY!

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Pregnant with the fate of the race as was the century, whose scroll was rolled up with the last stroke of the midnight clock last December 31, the century, whose virgin scroll opened immediately after, promises to mark a new era, a higher departure in the affairs of man.

The century just closed represents the culminating point of a preparatory human evolution towards the final goal of which the race has all along been marching,—the emancipation of Humanity from the thrall of the animal condition, that absorbs man's best efforts in securing the wherewithal to satisfy his physical needs. All along through the ages the slow alluvial deposits have been gathering towards the final consummation. The process moved at an immensely accelerated pace during the last one hundred years; in that interval it may be said to have reached its fullness.

Thanks to the titanic labors of the last century, the conservatism of the past stands now stripped of all excuse. No longer is the blood-stained drama of "The Contradictions of Capitalism" enacted in corners, so to speak, on the petty stages of isolated nations. That stage is to-day the whole world. On that world-encircling stage, with the whole suffering human family as the simultaneous spectators, we find to-day modern "Civilization" unwittingly, and like the lepers at the outer walls of Oriental cities, exhibiting its chronic weakness with clashing armaments of never equaled size and might, it is bearing testimony to the impotence that Socialism charges it with to encompass the well-being of man, or even sustain itself.

The materials, having been gathered during all previous ages, and piled up during the XIX Century, it now remains for the XX Century to solve the Sphinx-like problem that, as an heirloom has been handed down from generation to generation, bathed in tears and soaked in human sweat and gore,—the problem of the Emancipation of the Race.

Uttering itself through the mouth of one of its choicest members, patient Humanity, while hopefully peering into the future, gave in the early days of the last

Century, vent to the pent-up sigh:

“Long are the ‘times’ of heaven: the orbits of angel-messengers seem wide to mortal vision, they may enring ages; the cycle of one departure and return may clasp unnumbered generations; and dust, kindling to brief, suffering life, and, through pain, passing back to dust, may meanwhile perish out of memory again, and yet again. To how many maimed and mourning millions is the first and sole angel visitant him Easterns call Azreal!”

As the generation now alive—the progenitor of the generation that will constitute the man’s estate of the next one hundred years—enters the portals, of the XX Century, its sensitive and thinking member, the Socialists of to-day, cheer the rising sun of the new cycle, confident that theirs will be the noble task of solving the vexed question of all previous time, and rear the dome of the Socialist Republic, under whose aegis man can stand erect, and no slave will ever crouch.

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