

EDITORIAL

NERONIANISMS.

By DANIEL DE LEON

“**J**OHAN M. MCCORD,” reports the Milwaukee, Wis., *Sentinel* of the 25th of last month, “applied in Louisville, Ky., at the office of City Attorney Robinson on Friday for a permit to kill his family and then himself because they were destitute. ‘My wife is ill and without medical attention; my children are starving and we have been ordered out of our home by the landlord. I can not find work and I guess we’d be better off dead,’ said McCord. The police found the statements true,” etc., etc.

This is only one of thousands of similar instances. Most of them are hushed up. But, hushed up or not, they are lambent flames in a nationwide conflagration.

And, while the conflagration is consuming the land—

the Chief Executive is being saluted with salvos of artillery, any one of which consumes more wealth than would feed scores of workingmen’s families;

Civic Federation banquets, opiparous enough to superinduce the gout, are being eaten by the Gomperses in vis a vis with the Seth-Lows;

weddings of our heiresses are reported, giving in detail the costumes worn by them and their brides-maids that would clothe untold wives and daughters of the land’s proletariat,

christenings of Trust magnates fill our papers’ columns with the superfluities provided for the magnate’s babes, superfluities that would rescue thousands of little ones from early graves, and dry the tears of their distracted mothers;

the executives of the States, echoing on their fiddles the lying notes from the fiddle of the Chief Executive, call for Thanksgivings for “the Nation’s prosperity.”

The “Soul of John Brown” has been shoved aside by the soul of Nero, who fid-

dled while Rome was burning with an incendiary fire kindled by himself. That Soul is not stalking over the Nation.

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