

# DAILY PEOPLE

VOL. 1, NO. 270.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1901.

ONE CENT.

EDITORIAL

## THE NATION'S PRESENT COLLEGE.

By DANIEL DE LEON

**T**HERE was a time when the presidency of a College was considered a top-notch post. There was honor, also emoluments attached to it, but it had no "beyond." It was considered the end-twig of a branch, the educational pursuit, with nothing more beyond than eventual rest from long mental strain, enjoyed amidst the comforts that the dignity of old age is entitled to. This seems to have changed. At least it is changing rapidly, as indicated by the meteoric gyrations of President Hadley of Yale College.

The new departure may be said to have started with President Seth Low of Columbia, who is now in the plumbing business, proper: the post of College President is not a finality with him; it is used simply as a vantage ground to "lay pipes," that may lead to high political jobs. And now comes President Hadley. One Sunday he delivers a Lenten address at the Old South in Boston, the next he is heard of on the Pacific coast.

The Presidency of a College is no sinecure. The duties are numerous and arduous. To attend to them properly, the day barely has hours enough. The President's hand must be constantly on the throttle. It is expected of him that every department feel the magnetism of his touch. Indeed, he is chosen with an eye to his capacity to make the whole institution thrill responsive to his animating breath. A conscientious College President has his hands full and his time engaged up to the handle in the work of keeping the establishment under his charge abreast of its educational requirements.

How comes it that President Hadley can find time to cavort all over the country, making speeches? The answer is plain. The post of College President is, with him, simply a title. It is a title intended to lend resonance to his name, and by means of which, it is hoped, his pro-capitalistic, intellect-benumbing economic and social pills, distributed around in parcels neatly wrapped in speeches, may be lubricated down the throats of the public mind. To put it in other words, the conduct of Yale's

President marks a turning in an important respect in the country's history.

Colleges, however spacious, can accommodate only a limited number of pupils. The time has come when the number of "pupils," that the Labor-exploiting capitalist class finds it necessary to cripple the minds of, is infinitely larger than any one, or all our Colleges put together, can accommodate; it is the masses of our people. Accordingly, in the country's history, the time has come when the College bounds are bursted, and the Nation's confines only constitute the College walls. A critical time that is. The "appointing-power" ceases to be the exclusive possession of usurpers' committees; the masses take a hand in the choosing of the lecturers for that National College. Argument then is weighed by its merits. Privilege is burned to ashes in the fire of democracy. When that time has come, above all, when the usurper class in power becomes aware of it, and sends its lackeys out to lecture the people, the season is at hand for portentous changes.

Such changes are accelerated not a little by the bizarre postures that, in its nervous excitement, the usurpers' class is thrown into. Such a posture is the picture presented these days by President Hadley scurrying from one end of the country to the other. It is the posture of the panic-stricken man, who, being thrown off his horse, tries to hold it back by the tail.

Good luck to the horse!

Transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the official Web site of the Socialist Labor Party of America.  
Uploaded January 2006