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EDITORIAL

## HANNA CLUCKING.

By DANIEL DE LEON

**L**IKE a good, sensible, kind-hearted hen, when kites threaten her chicks, hen Hanna, his chicks being insulted by Mr. Parry of the American Association of Manufacturers, clucked a series of clucks as the guest of honor at the banquet tendered in Columbus, O., on the 21st instant to the convention of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, and cuddled his chicks warmly under his downy wings. This was as it should be. Every link in the performance—from Parry's denunciation to Hanna's words of comfort—was logical.

But Hanna, besides being a kind hen, is a wise hen. His apology for and even justification of his chicks, might set bees a-buzzing in their bonnets. The danger of this Hanna knows but too well. Accordingly he felt it incumbent upon himself to administer to them a mental hypodermic injection to keep them where he wants. It was clucked in these words:

“Many of the great captains of industry to-day, men who are at the head of very many of our great industrial concerns all over this country, worked at the bench, at the puddling furnace, at the loom, in the mines and factories. They did not seize anybody's money. They earned it by their intelligence and experience. The workingmen of fifty years ago, who are still alive, many of them, are the employers of to-day.”

Kings also “rise from the ranks”; and among their Lords and Ladies, not a few were raised from the dirt into the “nobility,” with the King's aid. These are facts. Say, then, that one of these Kings, facing a collection of his vassals, some of whom have noses slit, others hands chopped off, others ears cropped—slit, chopped off and cropped for “lese majeste”—were to address them as follows:

“Many of the Kings of to-day, men who are at the head of very many great

nations all over the world, worked one time in the trenches, at the guns, in the camp, and in the foraging departments of the army. They did not seize anybody's crown. They earned it by bravery and boldness. The common soldiers of fifty or a hundred years ago, who are still alive, many of them, are barons, dukes and marquises to-day."

Would not such a King be telling an actual truth, and yet suggesting an actual falsehood? The King "rises from the ranks"—too true! A fact he does not always like to admit, being rather inclined to have himself considered as descended from heaven, hence inviolate, just as happens with our Hanna capitalists. But once a King, there can be none other beside him in that country (industry): the chance of all others to the distinction is in direct ratio with his chances of being cashiered. And so with his barons, dukes and marquises: a vacancy must precede, or be created, for the elevation of "new men." Exactly the same with the "Captains of Industry," and their "nobility" the "employers."

It was the veriest mental hypodermic injection that hen Hanna clucked to his assembled chicks, when he held out to them—wage-slaves—the lury prospect of a Captainship of Industry. In the olden days in the South the "white trash" used {to} be narcotized into enthusiasm for negro chattel slavery with the lure that, some day, some how, they might, could, would or possibly should be slave holders themselves. It would be interesting to learn how many of hen Hanna's chickens at the banquet succumbed to the narcotic.

In the meantime kite Parry and hen Hanna are plucking each others' feathers.

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