

EDITORIAL

ROMANCE IN ECONOMICS.

By DANIEL DE LEON

LONG has political economy been pronounced the “dismal science.” It is not the fault of Miss Violet, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Brocklebank, if the opinion should continue. The young feudally noble lady has done her share to show that, either the romance of Love can penetrate into the most dismal of sciences, or that, after all, economics being an offshoot of man’s doings, can not be inherently dismal, but may any moment thrill responsive to the magnetism of Fact.

The Single Tax advances the theory that ownership of the land is ownership of the people on the land. The theory does not limit itself to explaining that such a state of things was only an early manifestation of society; that the manifestation was possible only when the creation of Capital had not yet been fashioned, and had not yet stepped in between man and land. The Single Tax theory set itself up as of all time, for all time. With a view to compress its economic reasoning into a picture, the Single Tax quotes from a Hindoo tract the following passage: “White parasols and elephants mad with pride are the fruits of a deed of land.” The quotation is graphic. It implies that landlordship imparts such a degree of haughtiness that the latter manifests itself in the expensive luxury of parasols of spotless white, and that it pervades even the owner’s beast of burden, rendering the same “mad with pride.” Into this “dismal science” Miss Violet has injected the romance of fact.

Pittsburg despatches announce the engagement of the young lady with George Westinghouse, Jr., the heir of \$50,000,000 in capital. The despatches also tell how the young lady inspected the Westinghouse plant, taken thither by her parents, out of “mere curiosity”; how her eyes alighted upon one of the workingmen (as he seemed to be) in greasy overalls; how the charmingness of his bearing took her eyes captive; how she approached and asked him a question; how the Orphean sound of his voice pierced her heart; and how it was only a year later when she discovered

that the “workingman” was the millionaire heir.—Tableau!

Sic transit gloria White-parasolis and Elephantis mad with pride. The heiress of landlord feudality, walked down into a “horrible” and “vulgar” capitalist establishment sniffing for a capitalist bridegroom.

Social science is the touchstone of facts. Fiction can not stand its test. Capital is to-day the Ruler to which all other previous rulerdoms bow submissive, and not always coyly.

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