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EDITORIAL

## TO THE SHADES OF KINNEALLY.

By DANIEL DE LEON

**W**RITING in the *Lancet*, a British scientific publication, Sir Lauder Brunton just makes the unblushing statement that “there has been a continuous increase in the expectation of life from a little under forty years in 1854 to a trifle less than forty-eight years in 1900”; and the scientist concludes, and the class for whom he writes repeats the falsehood, that the longevity of the masses of the people has increased on an average eight years in half a century.

The worst of all lies is the half truth. The half truth, in this instance, is that the years of the IDLE CAPITALIST have increased. Were the half truth stated explicitly, then the other half of the truth would leap to sight—“the years of the WORKING PEOPLE are declining.”

Whether in England or America the mortality among the working class is a striking phenomenon of the day. Among the children of the poor, the death-rate is appalling; among the toilers, the statistics furnished by the trade journals of the railroad workers read like the reports from a battle field, and the reports that could be daily gathered, were the physicians' fraternity to furnish such a report truthfully, would read like reports from pest-infected cities. With a declining wage; with an increased cost of living; with the systematic adulteration of food and clothing; besides all this, with intensified labor and long protracted periods of enforced idleness; finally with the reckless disregard by capitalism of safety appliances for the men, women and children at work, the average life of the working class population falls decidedly below forty years—as is but too pathetically pointed out by the lowering “dead line.” At this very writing the Socialist Labor Party is thrown into deep mourning by one of the “accidents” that cut short the lives of workingmen in their prime, by the “accident” that smote Kinneally and hurled him

into a premature grave. No doubt the premature death of our dearly prized comrade means green years to his exploiters and their class; no doubt the poverty to which he was held by the plunder of the bulk of his product, and that held him lashed to his life-endangering occupation, watered the roots of the health, the safety, the longevity of his dividends-raking employers—no doubt. But they are not “the people”—they are the barnacles on the people.

The murdered working people tread close upon one another's heels. Kinneally is the latest victim we know of, yet surely not, by this writing, although barely twenty-four hours after his agony, the latest on the Record Book. The shades of John J. Kinneally, joining the throng of his sacrificed fellows of both sexes and all ages, at once point the finger of scorn upon the “scientific” prostitutes of Capital of the Sir Lauder Brunton stamp, and summon his comrades in arms to firm, to unflagging efforts to blot out the Rule of the Capitalist Class.

Aye, the summons is harkened.

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

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