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EDITORIAL

“ST. ANNES” ALL OVER.

By DANIEL DE LEON

A CONTRIBUTOR sends an indignant article, indignantly protesting against the “St. Anne fraud,” which, “being committed under the auspices of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste,” causes people to acquire so slight a respect for the truth that “altar boys and grown persons declare they saw a Mrs. Purcell, who was blind, grope her way to the altar, kiss the case that holds the relics of St. Anne, and immediately walk out with her sight restored.” Our correspondent also expresses condemnation of “*The People* for keeping quiet when such a peculiar swindle goes on and is reported in all the papers.”

Obviously our correspondent has still to learn that there is nothing “peculiar” in the St. Anne performances. He obviously has still to learn that there are “St. Annes” all over, in fact, that, from the moral or the fraud point of view, the capitalist system bristles with “St. Annes.”

What are the get-rich-quick advertisements which Republican, Democratic and Socialist party papers publish with frequency—what are they but a “St. Anne” bunco game?

What are the prospectuses issued by pillars of society reporting—in the prospectuses for foreign consumption—tremendous dividends with the foot note that labor is here cheap; and reporting—in the prospectuses for home consumption—much reduced dividends (so as to escape taxation) and much higher wages (so as to escape the charge of sweating the workers)—what are these prospectuses but a “St. Anne” goldbrick affair?

What are the Census reports, giving the average wages much higher than they are in fact, and padding them with the huge salaries of Directors and their pets,—what is that but a “St. Anne” saw-dust trick?

What are the patent medicine “certificates,” the advertisements that offend the

eye and with which our public conveyances are crowded, the land-booming placards, the sanctimonious pulpit praises to the Rockefellers, the by gold inspired and after more gold winking magazine articles lauding, one day, the Czar as a benign being; another day, King Edward as muster of domestic virtues; another day, Roosevelt as a brave man; etc.; etc.; etc.—what is all this but so many “St. Anne” three-card-monte pranks?

Fact is, the *Daily People’s* lash is perpetually playing a tattoo upon the back of “St. Annism.” If any one doubts it, let him but mention *The People’s* name to any “St. Anne” manifestation—and then take a snap-shot of the sight he will see.

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