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TWO CENTS.

EDITORIAL

SILVER LEE CRIB.

By DANIEL DE LEON

ELSEWHERE in this issue will be found the substantiation for this article.¹ Without the substantiation, the news item upon which the article is based, the article itself might be deemed a figment of the mind.

While working human beings are slaughtered wholesale and outright in mills, in mines, and on railroad lines; while by the wholesale, tho' not outright, yet as surely the health of working human beings is being undermined till their lives are prematurely extinguished "from natural causes"; while shoals of these corpses are dumped into Potter's Fields, or quickly and quietly laid into hurriedly improvised graves;—while such treatment annually falls to the lot of wealth-producers in numbers so large that they eclipse the "casualties" of the bloodiest of battlefields, and the grewsome happenings pass unnoticed of "society," or are noticed simply as unavoidable incidents, "inherent in things," the death of Silver Lee Crib, the bull dog pet of a Salt Lake City dame killed by an automobile, is entered on the list of the dead, the medical name of the cause of his death is registered, the body is embalmed, it is shipped for burial to Detroit, Mich., and papers in Kansas City and Detroit, the several homes of the animal, are requested to "please copy."

Though published neither in Kansas City nor Detroit, the *Daily People* readily complies with the request "please copy."

"Doc," as Silver Lee Crib was fondly called by his mistress, has not died in vain—'tis to be hoped. Better, more fully and luminous than his life, does Doc's death point a moral and adorn a tale.

Wherever Property is held more precious than Life, the life sacrificed is the life of human beings, while brute creation receives first attention. As in Rome chattel

¹ [See "Undertaker Called for Dead Dog," page 3.]

slaves were fed to rare fish, now wage slaves are sacrificed to blooded dogs. In order for one Doc to enjoy the home he did, hundreds, aye, thousands of proletarians must live the life and die the death of dogs, and live that life while sweating the wealth that goes to the keeping of the Docs in comfort, and to embalming them and transporting them to distant graves under “drooping elms.”

Wherever Property is held more precious than Life, the senses of the Ruling Class are perverted. The fountains of love for humans are dried up, and a sickly affection takes the place of healthy sentiment. Lap-dogs take the place of children, and their memory becomes dearer than the memory of human beings.

Wherever Property is held more precious than Life Doc tombs arise—the headstones of these, at once monuments of Working Class degradation, and spurs for Working Class emancipation.

UNDERTAKER CALLED FOR DEAD DOG.

(From Salt Lake City *Herald-Republican*, May 9, 1912.)

MISTRESS FAINTS WHEN BANKER'S AUTOMOBILE KILLS SILVER LEE CRIB.

EMBALMED AND SENT AWAY

Will Be Interred 'Neath a Drooping Elm on
the Old Homestead.

DIED

CRIB—At Salt Lake, May 8, 1912, Silver Lee Crib, son of Yankee Doodle Crib and Beauty; of cerebral hemorrhage. Body shipped to Detroit, Mich., for burial. Kansas City and Detroit papers, please copy.

Silver Lee Crib, a prize Boston bull, better known among dogs on the outer border of canine aristocracy as "Doc," was run down and instantly killed in front of Hobday & Wray's flower store, 247 South State street, at 10.40 o'clock yesterday morning by an automobile owned by Thomas W. Boyer, cashier of the Continental National bank and occupied by Mrs. Boyer and a chauffeur.

The fatal accident occurred in the sight of Mrs. S.B. Ricoby of the Semloh Hotel, owner of "Doc." She was in the flower store buying roses. When she saw her pet prize winner fall under the wheels of the automobile Mrs. Ricoby screamed and fainted. The automobile stopped and the chauffeur carried the little body of "Doc" to the side of the street.

Upon recovering Mrs. Ricoby called the O'Donnell Undertaking Company. The body of the dead canine was placed in the

"dead wagon" and taken to the mortuary of the undertaking establishment. A post mortem examination revealed that "Doc" died of cerebral hemorrhage. The body was embalmed and at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon expressed to the home of James Barnes, Detroit, Mich., brother of Mrs. Ricoby, with requests that it be buried under a drooping elm on the Barnes homestead

Flirtation Causes Death.

"Doc" was permitted to promenade with Mrs. Ricoby, out of leash, yesterday afternoon and when his mistress entered the flower store it seems that he struck up an acquaintance with another dog almost of his own blood. His newest acquaintance ran in circles and he followed until the stranger started over the street. "Doc" darted after.

The automobile then was going north on State street. By a few feet the chance acquaintance escaped the automobile and turned just in time to see "Doc" struck by the machine.

Mr. Boyer called on Mrs. Ricoby late yesterday afternoon and offered to replace the dog if it was in his power to do so. But the owner then was too grieved to think of recompense. She says she will not give that matter any attention until the effect of the unfortunate accident which took the pet from her has worn away.

"Silver Lee Crib" was born at the Wytchmere kennels, Kansas City, Mo., October 22, 1911, the son of "Yankee Doodle Crib" and "Beauty," both aristocratic Boston bulls. He made his debut into dog society at the Kansas City bench show in December, winning a blue ribbon. Prior to this event he had become the property of Mrs. Ricoby. She brought him to Salt Lake early in the year.

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