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EDITORIAL

## “CARNEGIE VETERANS.”

By DANIEL DE LEON

**W**HEN a few years ago, the merger took place, now known as the Steel Trust, and thereby the properties, with which Andrew Carnegie’s name was identified, lost their identity to some extent, twenty-four of the ironmaster’s old lieutenants formed themselves into an association to which they gave the name of “Carnegie’s Veterans.” On the 18th instant, the occasion being the housewarming of Mr. Carnegie’s fine new house in this city, the “Veterans” met, unanimously elected Mr. Carnegie president, and were regaled by him with a sumptuous banquet “around an oval table, decorated with pink roses, orchids and ferns, placed in the dining room, which runs the whole width of the house and adjoins the conservatory, and which the guests reached by marching through a lane of all Mr. Carnegie’s servants, wearing Highland costume, the fifer with his bagpipes among them playing as the guests appeared,”—and more after this style.

There are those who imagine names are fanciful or accidental. Was it a mere fancy or accident that guided these gentlemen to designate themselves as “Veterans,” as “Carnegie’s Veterans”? Assuredly not.

With Carnegie as the chieftain of the band, and these twenty-four as his surviving lieutenants, war, or, rather, rapine, was waged, and waged long against the Working Class. In the course of this war, or rapine, hundreds, aye, thousands upon thousands of workingmen fell. They are to-day under the sod in paupers’ graves, or, mutilated in health or limb or both, drag along an existence to-day, much like veteran soldiers of many other wars do, whose distress occasionally appears in print when one of them dies of starvation, or deliberately speeds his exit from the world. These veterans of the war—a class war—conducted by Carnegie went down in the struggle.

The other veterans of the same war—the “Carnegie Veterans”—now share the

plunder; and what that plunder is may be gathered from the magnificence of the house in which they gathered, and the opulence of the banquet table.

Nor yet is this all. Not the plunder, merely, enjoyed by the “Carnegie Veterans,” nor yet the bare fact of the despoiled condition of those out of whose bone and marrow the plunder was taken, throws the appropriate light on the situation. Capitalist veterans do not plunder merely, they also debase. The monkey tricks to which the Carnegie servants were subjected, as the sweet back-ground or sauce to the plunderers’ enjoyment, is, perhaps, the most significant of it all. When man debases his fellow-man he debases himself also. The social structure, in which human degradation is a stone, is itself rotten.

The “Carnegie Veterans” chose their name well,—they are veterans in social transgression.

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