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EDITORIAL

## MICROBES TO SHOW.

By DANIEL DE LEON

**D**R. JOHN COMMANDON, the talented French physicist, has just rendered the science of medicine the inestimable service of combining the microscope and the cinematograph in such a way as to procure a permanent record of the life of organisms so infinitesimal as heretofore to have baffled all attempts at seeing them. In this way a recent gathering of physicians observed thrown on the screen, as large as eels, tripanosomes, the minute microbes which cause sleeping-sickness.

Having done this service to medical science, Dr. Commandon might now confer no less a benefit upon social science. He might throw upon the screen the microbe which makes one man own so many houses that there is not time enough in a year for him to spend a month in each of them, while other men live in dark-room tenements.

He might project to his audiences the microbe which renders thousands of girls so poor they fall into the White Slave's lot, while another woman declares on the witness stand she needs \$50,000 a year to dress to fit her station.

He might show the microbe which makes one man eat so much he has to play golf to save his stomach, while another searches in an ash-barrel a crust to save his life.

He might exhibit on his curtain the microbe which makes one mother to see her infant starve to death before her eyes and be buried in wretchedness, while another keeps her dog in a silk-lined basket with a French nurse to tend him, and when he dies he is buried under a marble headstone.

Dr. Commandon might reveal the microbe which sends a Ferrer to the firing squad for liberalizing education, while the do-nothing kinglet who sentenced him is pampered and adulated and protected behind a double hedge of bayonets.

Or he might record the activities of the microbe that makes millions of men, women and children strain at toil that deadens body and mind, while one man flaunts over the face of the earth at ease, spends his winters in Florida, his summers in Europe and never works harder than to turn the latch of his safe upon his dividends.

Of course, there are some who say, and loudly too, that all these are not many microbes, but one, and that it's name is Capitalism. But those are carping Socialists. Don't mind them.

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