
Carnegie as a Squeezing Philanthropist

by Eugene V. Debs

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Andrew Carnegie is obtaining a national reputation as a squeezing philanthropist. The *Western Advocate*, published at Mankato, Kansas, says he

“is giving his laborers another squeeze by adopting the Spring Valley plan. Some time ago he shut down his steel-rail mills ‘temporarily,’ and the men have eaten up what little they had saved from their scanty wages while waiting for the works to reopen. The employees are now notified that the mills will be closed for an ‘indefinite period,’ and the result will be just what Mr. Carnegie is working for. The men are too poor to move their families elsewhere, and by the time the mills are reopened they will be humbled sufficiently to accept any reduction in wages and any terms and conditions that the great and good author of Triumphant Democracy may propose. There is a growing suspicion among the people that if such enterprises as that owned by Mr. Carnegie were owned and operated by the government, the laborers employed herein would be better clothed, better fed, and better educated, while the cost of the product would not be enhanced, if indeed it were not materially lessened. Mr. Carnegie’s vast fortune, like that of all our monied kings, has been built up by robbing his employees with one hand while the other was in the pockets of the people.”

Carnegie is one of our modern sublimated pirates, and yet he is a production of our much-vaunted civilization, of laws which are the most infamous travesty upon justice the world ever contemplated.

Andrew Carnegie, the man of millions, adds to his store by practicing usury like that expressed in Shylock’s bond. He is forever cutting away the flesh of workingmen nearest their hearts, and is careless

of the quantity of life-blood that flows. He adds a million to his fortune annually, as the rattlesnake adds a rattle to its tail annually. Carnegie, like the reptile, rattles and bites. There are fangs in his methods, and the poison they inject into their victims is productive of poverty, degradation, and eventually death, or that which is worse than death, and yet this Andrew Carnegie poses before the world as a philanthropist, and his professions of sympathy for the poor are sufficiently fireproof to pave the streets of the country we read about, where the fires are never extinguished, not even on Sundays.

Edited by Tim Davenport

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