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EDITORIAL

CONGRESSIONAL GLEANINGS— DEMOCRACY PHOTOED.

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EARLY one-half the thick issue of the *Congressional Record* for last June 24 is taken up with the speech of Henry Sherman Boutell, Republican Representative from Illinois. Voluminous though the speech is, one wishes it were longer. The speech touches nominally upon the tariff, upon prices, and upon kindred matters. But all these are mere "details" to the speaking picture that the Congressman drew—the picture of the Democratic party, incidentally also of the "Insurgent" and the "Progressive" Republican.

The gist of the speech, or the point upon which its many lines converged rendering the picture complete is contained in the following passage:

"What a radiant spectacle these party leaders present in their efforts to beguile the voters of the country—the poor wind-broken Democratic donkey at his old trick of walking the slack rope of discontent, and trying to maintain his equilibrium by flapping one ear in promise of high prices for the producer and wagging the other ear in assurance of low prices for the consumer."

Live a thousand years and a better photo of Democratic-Insurgent-Progressive mentility could not be taken.

Whosoever, within the camp of capitalism, strikes the poise of "oppositionist" can not choose but transform himself into Representative Boutelle's donkey, "walking the slack rope of discontent," with each ear flapping and wagging contradiction to the other. The requirements of their class compel the Insurgent-Democratic-Progressive hordes to strain for and promise high prices to employers; the recollections of bourgeois radicalism induce the Progressive-Insurgent-Democratic "revolutionist" to hearken to the cry of discontent with declamations in

favor of cheapness. The contradictory tunes merge into a bray.

Logical is the posture of the Stalwart Republican against the Democratic-Progressive-Insurgent combination—a veritable chambul of barbarian Tartars; easy, therefore, the job of tossing these on the horns of reason.

If capitalism must prevail, then "Opposition" to it can only serve as a flint for the sword of Capital to whet itself on. The one flint against which that sword breaks into chips is the flint of Socialism.

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