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SECOND EDITORIAL

WAR, AND RUMORS OF WAR, IN THE OTHER POLITICAL CAMPS

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The faction fights in both the Democratic and Republican parties are given more than unusual prominence this year. The Republican press accuses the Democrats of splitting up into all sorts of infinitesimal atoms, and the Democratic press retorts in kind. There, defections from both sides are tabulated, and much ado is made because some man, for a consideration, deserts his former side of the same fence and vaults into a better standing ground.

It is all so much like the missionary work carried on by the zealous young parson who is on trial before his congregation. He points to the number of souls he has saved, and he insists strongly on their quality. He ranges beyond the confines of his parish, and he snatches brands from the burning, and instead of fearing the scorching of his fingers by the former operation, he fears the loss of his job if it is not done. Politics resembles religious proselytizing in every way. There are the same cheap, meretricious, sentimental appeals, and there is the same deep-rooted knavery behind it all.

The fights in the opposing political parties will not serve the working class in any way. It is impossible to trick a villain into a worthy act, and it is impossible to mislead politicians at their own game. The fights that occur, and the evidences of bitter animosity given out for publication, are not the bait to catch gudgeons. If there was any real cause for war, one side among the fighters would be forced to strike at the class that gives the Democratic and Republican parties birth.

This they are not willing to do. They fight, but it is for personal ends, or else to stave off for a longer period the inevitable defeat that they must sustain at the hands of the working class. There is as much instinct in politics as there is among a pack of wolves in the depth of winter. They run in a pack, because they are wolves. Politicians are under the same necessity for hunting in droves. Change their ground as they may, hunt in forest or plain, despoil sheep-cotes, or rend travelers in shreds, a wolf is a wolf, and he follows his instinct, and he knows where his feeding lies.

The politician also understands the nature and position of his victim. He may simulate kindness, he may keep to windward so that his cries and odor are not perceptible, but he is still a politician, and his one object is prey.

The present apparent fight among the political wolves is only a ruse, but it will deceive many. When the wolf is dead, he is a good wolf. When the politician, as a politician, is killed, he is a good politician. At present, he is only resorting to the tricks of his trade in order to lure his victims nearer.

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

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