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EDITORIAL

TAFT THE MOUSE.

By DANIEL DE LEON

IN the closing paragraph of his appeal in behalf of himself in the symposium of presidential candidates published in the October 24 issue of the *New York Independent*, President Taft says:

“I believe that my countrymen can and will answer this question [who should be elected] in the only way to secure for the nation the blessing of peace, prosperity and happiness which it now enjoys.”

La Fontaine has a fable about a fat mouse that lived in a good, round cheese, and one day, a lot of starveling mice having come around complaining of the hardships of this world, the denizen of the cheese, his face shining with the oil of prosperity, and his coat slick with good cheer, looked reproachfully down upon the complaining crew, and addressed them in about this language—we quote from memory, the substance:

“Be not muck-rakers, rend not the blue welkin with unseemly complaints. This is a beautiful world to live in. Happiness and prosperity smile upon us all around. Why introduce such discordant notes into the harmony of the spheres? Food is abundant. The blessings of peace are on the land. Smiling faces, bright eyes vie with the smiling rays of the brilliant sun and the glint of the stars and the moon. Why mar the celestial and terrestrial symphony with hellish and annoying wails? Cultivate content—it is an apostolic virtue. Eschew envy—it is a cardinal sin. Calamity-howling comes of depravity. Take warning. Mend your ways. Be gone!”

There is a creed called the Re-incarnationist. According thereto the souls of men re-appear in animals, and the souls of animals make their reappearance in men. Is President William Howard Taft a re-incarnation of the mouse in the fable.

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