EDITORIAL

POT-AND-KETTLE CLATTER.

By DANIEL DE LEON

“HERE I stand,” said John Sharp Williams, the Democratic leader in the House of Representatives, as—in imitation of Richard Coeur de Lion riding wildly along the front lines of the Saracens and challenging his foes—the Hon. John pranced up and down the aisle and shook his fist at the Republican side:

“Here I stand. I stand to challenge you that every dollar that goes into a campaign shall be published to the world the day after it is received so that the world may know the motive of the giver, and may judge the means of corruption in the hands of the recipient.”

And the Hon. Henry Watterson, writing in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, commented upon the episode with the satirical remark: “The silence that followed could be heard three thousand miles.”

That happened several weeks ago. Several weeks later, speaking in the same House in favor of a rider to the Campaign Publicity bill providing for cutting down the representation in Congress from the Southern States, the Republican leader Dalzell strutted up and down the identical aisle, and pointing the finger of scorn at the Democratic side, thundered out:

“There is nothing in the bill that should not meet the approval of every patriotic citizen who believes in the maintenance of representative institutions under a Constitution. Everybody admits the great evils growing out of excessive campaign contributions; but there is a far greater evil, in fraudulent registrations, and in permitting men to come to Congress by the suppression of votes of their fellow citizens.”

And surely some Republican Editor commented upon the incident with the scathing remark that that silence also could [be] heard far and wide.
Who is it that makes excessive campaign contributions thus swelling the corruption fund?—Surely not workingmen. They have hardly money enough to pay their grocery bills. The contributors towards corruption are capitalists.

And who is it that directs “fraudulent registrations” and engineers schemes for “permitting men to come to Congress by the suppression of the votes of their fellow citizens?”—Surely not workingmen. They are kept with their noses to the grindstone of toil in the shop, or the still rougher grindstone of hunting for work. For such sport as manipulating election returns the workers have no leisure. Those with leisure for such sport and who indulge in it are capitalists.

And thus the Dem-Rep pots clashed against the Rep-Dem dittos; and the clatter strikes up the following campaign tune to the workers:

“Kick us both. Kick us down and out. That is all that we deserve. We are each worse than ’tother. Oh kick! Oh kick us out! and clean this dirty stable!”