EDITORIAL

ACROSS LOTS TO MEXICO.

By DANIEL DE LEON

A CONVENTION, extensively packed with office-holders, even from the North but especially from the South, has nominated William Howard Taft of Ohio as the Republican candidate for President.

Since before the winter’s snows had melted, the President’s orders went out to his party—Taft or Me. And he continued his unperturbed course. Sixteen years ago a shock went through the land at the large number of civil service placemen at the Minneapolis convention that re-nominated Harrison. The Minneapolis convention pales before the Roosevelt product—the Chicago convention.

No pretence was made from the White House. Orders were issued, with the knowledge that they had to be obeyed. Even the platform was dictated. Nothing was left for the convention but to register the decrees from Washington. Before the convention had actually organized; before the Committee on Resolutions was appointed; before this committee had chosen its sub-and-acting committee—before any of these preliminaries had taken place, the platform was published in the New York Times, and thence telegraphed to the country. The Committee got the platform from the news boys in Chicago; the delegates got it as soon as the Committee.

This is traveling across lots to Mexico.

Mexican is the style of the President dictating his successor. The first nominee for the Presidency, dictated from the White House, is the Republican nominee for President in the year 1908.

Mexican is the style of not caring even for appearances. Diaz orders—the rest obey.

We are traveling fast.

But why wonder? Capitalist concentration has reached the point of autocracy. The Administration to which the Constitution is there simply to be evaded is above
all considerations, except that of perpetuating “its policies.”

The manner in which Taft was nominated is the boldest step yet taken to disfranchise the working class. It is the old Roman Empire style of an Emperor “adopting” his successor. Who knows what further revelations are in store for the campaign!

Let the revelations be what they may, and, the worse they are, then, all the stronger reason—the hour calls upon every Socialist Labor Party man to stand at his post, to spread the Party’s propaganda, to enlighten the workers upon the great work at hand.