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EDITORIAL

## “A HIGHLY CRITICAL TIME.”

By DANIEL DE LEON

**T**HE agony of the politicians who have hitherto sought jobs in and through the Democratic party is thrillingly summarized by the *Galveston Daily News* which shares the agony. The Democratic party is dead and does not know it.

Political parties are not bands of deprecators animated solely by the greed for booty. These do gather, like barnacles, around the ship of party. They are not the party. A political party, from the day that the violent turmoil of internal struggles was transferred from the field of actual battle, to the peaceful field of the hustings, is a reflex of economic interests. The economic interests, originally reflected in the variety of parties which finally merged in the Republican party have, in the natural course of events, assumed absolute control. The Democratic party with its old leaven of Jeffersonian An-Archism grounded on small holdings, is to-day a burnt-out star. Its light still glimmers through the political space: the star itself is dead. To-day the Republican party could elect and seat a yellow dog for President, if it chose to put up such. It would not be the yellow dog that would be elected and seated. The election and seating would merely attest the fact that the next party, the logical party to measure itself with the Republican was not yet powerfully enough evolved to take the political field, nor yet equipped with the economic “army of occupation” requisite to enforce its fiat.

Well may the political barnacles of the Democratic party deem their plight a critical one. The ship they once fastened themselves to has become but a raft, tossed upon the waves. It has lost its ship character. It no longer can land into port.

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