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EDITORIAL

ALDRICH'S JOKE.

By DANIEL DE LEON

TURNING, during the debate on the woollen schedules, upon his assailants, Senator Aldrich let them know plump and plain that he did not consider them representatives of any interests engaged in the woollen industries, including the woollen operatives. And he triumphantly announced that, as far as the latter were concerned, he had not heard a word from them in opposition.

This is a good joke—as good as Sam Weller's at the trial of Pickwick for breach of promise to marry.

The Aldriches have done everything in their power to keep the working class from being heard in the halls of Congress. It must be admitted that this is logical enough. Political Congresses are not meant for, they are meant against the under class. At the same time the fact remains that the working class, in more than one locality, on more than one occasion, taking for true the declamation of the Aldriches about our Government being of, by and for the people, have endeavored to enter Congress, but at all such times had found either their path barred by the Aldriches, or a banana peel thrown in their way by the same element, so that they slipped and fell with their noses flat against the pavement. Whatever of legislation was schemable was schemed, and put through by the Aldriches, to keep the workers out of Congress “legally”; whatever of chicanery was conceivable, in order to supplement the “legality” was conceived and practiced with the view, successfully carried out, of keeping the working class muzzled, out of and away from Congress. If counting out was not considered a sure enough means, then some bogus “Labor Party” was set up to draw away the votes for the workingmen's candidate; if a bogus “Labor Party” did not turn out effective enough, then counting out was resorted to. The end of the song was the same—Labor's voice barred from Congress by the Aldriches.

In view of these facts, the sight and sound of an Aldrich putting his hands to his

ears in the Senate and denying that Labor raises any objections because he hears none is a good joke.

Sam Weller looking at the ceiling of the court room to find, by order of the Court, the man who had interrupted the proceedings by calling out: “Spell it with a w, Samivel, spell it with a w”—that humorous character does not hold a candle beside Aldrich straining his ear to catch a protest, if any, from Labor in Congress.

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

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