

EDITORIAL

THE MIRACLE IN THE AFFAIR.

By DANIEL DE LEON

THERE is nothing miraculous in the circumstance of the Dayton Cash Register's concern turning out to be guilty of violating the Sherman anti-Trust law.

For one thing, there is nothing miraculous in a capitalist concern's breaking the laws of its own class's enactment.—If the members of a Ruling Class do not practice illegality with impunity, what does the political privilege of membership in the clan amount to?

For another thing, there is nothing miraculous in the occasional conviction of members of the Ruling Class by their own Courts.—What better way to draw suspicion away from the fingers of the bulk of the Ruling Class in their three-card-monte game than occasionally to “catch” a batch of them, and with a great bray of trumpets, to convict them?

There is nothing miraculous in all that.

What is miraculous, in connection with the affair, is that the wage slaves of the concern have not “voluntarily” signed and presented a petition to the Court, setting forth the immaculate character of the officers of the concern, and the manifold proofs these have given of abiding love and affection for their employes—the petition to be accompanied with photographic exhibits of the Recreation Rooms, Gymnastic Halls, Music and Dancing Pavilions, Baths, Gardens, etc., etc., that these thoughtfully loving and lovingly thoughtful employers have provided for their Brothers-and-Sisters-in-Labor. And the miracle increases in miraculousness by the conspicuousness of the absence of letters, in the bourgeois dailies and magazines, from the hired men and women of the Charity Trust who are engaged to lead the revolutionary spark into the ground by blowing the iridescent soap-bubble of a “new

departure” that employerdom is making in promoting the welfare of their employes, a “departure” in which the Cash Register Corporation is a leader.

The story is told of the colored parson in a rural diocese, who, being asked to define a miracle, said:

“Do you see, Breddern, dat ’ere cow pasturin’ peaceably on that ’ere meadow, as peaceably as if the millennium had arrived? Well, dat’s no miracle.

“Do you see, Breddern, dat ’ere cactus sticking its pricks up in de air with de dew-drops affectionately clingin’ to their pricks, and shinin’ like diminds? Well, dat’s no miracle.

“Do you, Breddern, see dat ’ere thrush on de haunch of the branch ov dat ’ere apple tree, and do ye hear him sing as if his froat would burst wid melody? Well, dat’s no miracle.

“But, my dearly beloved Breddern, if dat ’ere cow were to sit down on dat ’ere cactus, and were to sing like dat ’ere thrush—dat would be a miracle.”

Dat ’ere cow, sitting on dat ’ere cactus, and singing like dat ’ere thrush, is not “in it” with the miracle of the conviction of the Cash Register Corporation—unaccompanied by the above-alluded-to petitions, photographic exhibits and letters to newspapers and magazines.

Transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the official website of the Socialist Labor Party of America.
Uploaded November 2014

slpns@slp.org