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EDITORIAL

## YOU TICKLE ME, I TICKLE YOU.

By DANIEL DE LEON

**T**HE Newark, N.J., *Call* has no sense of humor. Its issue of last January 21 contains, as a mere news item, a transaction that took place between Captain Mortimer C. Munn of Company C and the Auger & Simons Silk Dyeing Company of Paterson. The transaction consisted in a \$100 check from the latter to the former. The former, being now in need of cash to redecorate and refurnish the headquarters where they practice “the riot-drill”, is extended the glad hand of help in the shape of a \$100 check by the latter, as a return compliment for the former’s assistance when, in 1903, there being a strike in the mill district, the latter was in need of, and received from the former, the proper military aid to rifle-diet the workingmen into subjection. Now, it does seem, that such an item of news deserves a better heading, a more suggestive and enlightening heading than that of merely “General News of the Guard” which the *Call* bestows upon it. We suggest as more appropriate the heading: “You Tickle Me, I Tickle You”.

During the June, 1903, strike in the mill district of Paterson, what Company C, headed by the redoubtable warrior Captain Mortimer C. Munn, did was to tickle the Auger & Simons Silk Dyeing Company under the fifth left rib. Now, nothing is done for nothing anywhere. Among civilized people kindness is returned with kindness. In capitalist society everything being reduced to a dollars and cents standard, the Company C act of kindness to the Auger & Simons concern has been measured by the capitalist money standard; it has been found to be equivalent to a \$100 check; and the Auger & Simons concern returns the tickle by tickling Company C under the fifth rib with a \$100 check.—A humorous exchange of tickles almost under the shadow of the Statue of Liberty.

In the meantime, while these tickles are being exchanged over their heads, so to speak, what about the workingmen of Paterson? They had struck for living

conditions and found themselves enfiladed between their Brother Capital, the said Auger & Simons concern, and Company C, a limb of what they, the workingmen, had been made to believe was “their Government”. Under the double scourge of the whip of hunger cracked over their heads by their Brother Capital and the bullet laden rifles of Company C, these workingmen and not a few women, had to go back to work at starvation wages. They got something on that occasion. A “tickle” it was not; whatever else it was, it was not that. They are ruminating, they have been ruminating. They have, through their tears-dimmed eyes perceived that the alleged “Brother” is no “Brother” but the opposite; and through the same tears-dimmed eyes they are perceiving that the capitalist Government, together with all its agencies, is not THEIR Government, but the privately owned club of their plunderers, wherewith to supplement the whip of hunger, wielded by the capitalist master.

It can only be a question of time, when, armed with the ballot of the Socialist Labor Party and drilled in the economic organization of the I.W.W., these Paterson workingmen{,} jointly with the rest of the Working Class, will return the joint Company C and Auger & Simons “tickle” with the “tickle” that will put an end to their nefarious practices. On that day, not Armories but Labor’s homes will be redecorated and refurnished. It ever was and will be—“tickle” for “tickle”.

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