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DIALOGUE

UNCLE SAM AND BROTHER JONATHAN. {335}

By DANIEL DE LEON

BROTHER JONATHAN (very angry and excited)—The Socialist Labor Party is a union-wrecking party! Its candidates are scoundrels! (Growing redder in the face.) They are scabs!

UNCLE SAM (cool as a cucumber)—If you don't control yourself you will be struck down with apoplexy.

B.J.—Apoplexy, or no apoplexy; (livid in the face) these men are scabs, I say, scabs!

U.S.—Do you know what you put me in mind of?

B.J.—What?

U.S.—Of medicine quacks. They expect one to swallow their medicine without looking at it. And so do you expect me to swallow your vituperation without examination. Guess both you and the medicine quack have good reason to try to avoid people's looking closely into your stuff: it won't bear examination.

B.J.—I tell you they are scabs!

U.S.—Proofs!

B.J.—I'll give you the proofs. They scabbed it in the cigar factories.

U.S.—Do you call proving an assertion to utter another of the same stamp?

B.J. (with a hang-dog look)—They are scabs.

U.S.—And you are nailed. You can't prove your calumny, and you know it is calumny. But now I am going to prove to you that YOU and the rest of you Labor Fakirs are scabs.



UNCLE SAM & BROTHER JONATHAN

B.J. (noticing the look of determination on U.S.'s face, tries to get away)—I have to catch a train!

U.S. (grabs him by the coat and holds him)—No, you won't. That train will have to go without you. Is it a fact or is it false that Governor Flower sent the militia of the State to shoot down the switchmen of Buffalo and help the railroad magnates break the 10-hour law?

B.J. tries to get off.

U.S.—Answer!

B.J.—It is a fact.

U.S.—Is it a fact or is it false that the Democratic State Senator Cantor applauded this crime upon Labor.

B.J. tries to swallow his tongue.

U.S.—Answer!!

B.J.—It is a fact.

U.S.—Is it a fact or is it false that your Sam Gompers, right upon that, endorsed this Cantor for re-election in a letter published in the *Daily News* over Gompers' own signature?

B.J. makes violent efforts to catch that train.

U.S. (holding fast to B.J.'s coat)—Answer!!!

B.J. (seeing that U.S. is in dead earnest)—It is a fact.

U.S.—Is it a fact or is it not a fact that the Socialist Labor Party unremittingly denounced the Flower crime and all its abettors, like Cantor? Answer!!!!

B.J.—It is a fact.

U.S.—Now answer this, and p.d.q. too: Who is the scab, Gompers or the Socialists?

B.J. (seeing there is no escape)—Gompers.

U.S.—That is proof No. 1. Now to proof No. 2.

B.J. is all the time acting like an entrapped rat, trying to escape; but U.S. holds him too fast for that.

U.S.—Is it a fact or is it false that Judge Freedman of this city is a Democrat, a Tammany Democrat.

B.J. (who does not yet see the point)—A Tammany Democrat, of course; every man knows that! It is a fact.

U.S.—Is it a fact or is it false that during this cigarmakers' strike, this year, this Judge Freedman issued an injunction against the strikers?

B.J. (who does not yet see the hole that he is being led into)—Yes, that's a fact.

U.S.—Is it or is it not a fact that Mr. Sam Prince is the Tammany candidate for Assembly in the Sixteenth Assembly District?

B.J. tries to pull away.

U.S.—No, sir. You can't get off. That train is gone. Answer!!!!

B.J.—It is a fact.

U.S.—Now, who is the scab, this cigarmaker, Prince, who works with the party of Freedman that bullies the workers, or the Socialist Labor Party, which consistently denounces and fights the Freedman party?

B.J.—Lemme go!

U.S.—No, you shan't, you vile calumniator and hireling of the Organized Scabbery. Answer now, or you'll never "catch your train."

B.J.—Prince is the scab.

U.S.—Yes. You are right this time, but you deserve no credit for being right. Your rage at the Socialist Labor Party is not the rage of righteous indignation. It is the rage of the trapped rat. You and the rest of the Labor Fakirs, the real and only scabs, are furious at the S.L.P. and its candidates because they don't allow you any longer to use them for hoodwinking the workers. They are tearing the mask off your faces, and thereby they are putting an end to your occupation of drawing the Judas wages. (Flinging him off.) Now, go and "catch your train."

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