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DIALOGUE

UNCLE SAM & BROTHER JONATHAN. {147}

By DANIEL DE LEON

BROTHER JONATHAN—I am heartily in favor of the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, but—

UNCLE SAM—If you have any “buts” then you are not in favor, heartily or otherwise.

B.J.—I don’t like this attacking of the pure and simplers.

U.S.—You are off!

B.J.—Don’t the S.T. and L.A. attack the pure and simplers?

U.S.—In the first place, it is the pure and simplers, that is to say, the leaders thereof, not the rank and file, who first attacked us. Will you deny that?

B.J.—W-e-e-e—

U.S.—You see, the S.T. and L.A. is to these pure and simple leaders what Banquo was to Macbeth. They feel rebuked by its bare presence or existence. Its bare existence tells them they are a lot of scalawags and ignoramuses, just as Banquo’s bare existence told Macbeth that he was himself a scoundrel and bound to go down. As Macbeth sought to remove Banquo, without the latter doing any hostile act on him, so do the pure and simplers seek to waylay the S.T. and L.A.

B.J. scratches his head and looks down.

U.S.—But there is still something to be said on this subject.

B.J. looks up again.



UNCLE SAM & BROTHER JONATHAN

U.S.—Do you consider it wrong when you raise your hand and smash the mosquito that bites you on the hand?

B.J.—No!

U.S.—Do you consider it wrong to catch the rat that destroys your floor, and drown it?

B.J.—Why, no!

U.S.—Do you consider it {wrong} to go on the warpath against deadly microbes by fumigating your rooms and smothering the death-dealing things?

B.J.—By no means!

U.S.—Then you should not find any fault with the S.T. and L.A. for seeking to smash the mosquito labor fakir, drown the labor bunco steerer, smother out of the labor movement the deadly microbes of the labor heelers.

B.J.—But are these pure and simple leaders such things?

U.S.—Have you heard of Meyer Dampf, of the cigarmakers?

B.J.—The relative of Gompers who recently committed suicide and left a large deficit behind?

U.S.—The very one. Do you imagine that any amount of gentle talk would cause the fellow {to} side with the New Trade Unionists?

B.J. remains silent.

U.S.—Frank K. Foster, the Democratic labor heeler, do you imagine that arguments could be more powerful with him than Democratic bribes?

B.J.—Still silent.

U.S.—And Jack Hayes of the so-called K. of L., do you think you could talk out of him his fraudulent schemes to float the stocks of his alleged invention and gas company?

B.J. continues silent.

U.S.—Then there is Arthur of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, could you induce him to act in favor of his men and thereby disgorge the property he acquired by betraying them?

B.J.'s jaws remain set.

U.S.—Now go down the list of all the labor fakirs, who, as a matter of course, are

pure and simplers, and you will find that they have been blocking the path of the working class. They are responsible for all the misery, all the suicides, all the prostitution, in short{,} for all the sufferings of the workers. But for them our people could be free from the yoke of capitalism by this time. They are ignorant and{,} being vain, they become vicious and corrupt. To attack them is a necessity. They must be overthrown. Nor can they be overthrown too soon. What say you?

B.J.—Well, 'tis so. The sooner we clean them out the better.

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