



DIALOGUE

UNCLE SAM & BROTHER JONATHAN. {310}

By DANIEL DE LEON

BROTHER JONATHAN—What nonsense is that I read in the papers you Socialists are now again after?

UNCLE SAM—What papers?

B.J.—The *Daily Telegraph*.

U.S.—And what is the nonsense that the Socialists are said to be after by that Tammany Hall paper?

B.J.—It says that they are about to start a daily paper, named THE DAILY PEOPLE, and then it goes on to give an account of the lines that the paper is to be run on. Here; let me show you; (*takes out the Telegraph and reads*)—“It will be

run on novel lines in every way, and, while aiming to give the news, it will strive to right the alleged wrongs under which the workingman now earns his three meals a day and a 1900 bicycle.” Now, I say again, to try to do such a thing is nonsense.

U.S.—The nonsense must be in the attempt to “right wrongs” suffered by the workman when, in fact, he “earns his three meals a day” and has a “1900 bicycle” with which he, I suppose, rides to and from his work, eh?

B.J.—Just so. If you people were to limit yourselves to righting wrongs that exist, for instance, the burden of \$100 taxes, that is crushing the workers, that would be sensible, but not other things.

U.S. (*has been turning over The Telegraph looking for the passage where it reports the starting of actual work on the big tunnel; he finds it and holds the passage*



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up to B.J.'s nose).—Never mind that taxation rot. Now let me read to you another passage out of your own *Telegraph* of the same date. Listen:

“James Pilkington, the sewer contractor who will make the change, appeared on the ground shortly after seven o’clock. Already a crowd of laborers, picks and shovels in hand and with high hopes of employment, were on the ground waiting to go to work. In less than an hour more laborers appeared, and it was only a short time until the street was well filled for two blocks. The word had gone out that tunnel work was to begin, and that was enough to those who needed work. Soon the crowd became a mass. Contractor Pilkington began by taking measurements. Soon he was surrounded by a clamoring mob beseeching him for work. Some of the men looked as if they needed a meal. (Did you notice THIS: “They looked as if they needed a meal.” Now let’s proceed.) But they were told to wait. Mr. Pilkington soon ran for cover. That is, he sought the aid of the police.

“The police had hard work. The crowd of workingmen with their implements of trade and willing arms, kept up their importunities.”

Did these men have three meals in them? Answer!

B.J.—No; they didn’t.

U.S.—Wherever the meals were, they surely were not inside of them. And, I suppose, these men stacked their “1900 bicycles” up against the trees in the Park while they were hunting for the job, eh? Answer!

B.J.—Guess they had no bicycles.

U.S.—Guess so, too. And where did these men come from? Did they drop from the skies, eh? Answer!

B.J.—Well, no; they are residents of this city and citizens.

U.S.—Just so. Now, learn this. The day is gone by when your capitalist press can cheat the workers wholesale as it used to. Such passages as you showed me will be resented by the mobs of the people described in the passage that I showed you. It is cruel insult. One thing, however, your paper does tell the truth in. The lines on which THE DAILY PEOPLE will be run WILL BE NOVEL, novel to those who, while clothing themselves with the ministry of education, that the press is supposed to be, have prostituted the office to the vile purposes of pandering to Wrong, of whitewashing vice, of keeping the working class in ignorance. That has become the usual way. Without exception, there is not one paper in this city that is free from the stigma. THE DAILY

PEOPLE will be a novel sight indeed, like the rays of the sun over fields long kept in black darkness. And the people's eyes will get accustomed to the splendor. Their minds being enlightened and their path clear, they will cease groping and bumping their heads. It will be a novel sight all around; so novel that even you and such as you will not need the aid of others to sweep from your minds such cobwebs as that *Telegraph* put there.

B.J. *preserves silence, and looks as though the prospect of such things were too much for him to comprehend.*

U.S.—In the meantime just take home with you that passage that you showed me and the passage that I showed you; cut them out; paste them along {side} each other; and look at them for a couple of days. You will presently see whole battalions of questions springing out of them: Why are these willing hands idle and hungry, while wealth untold is being produced? Whence comes it that with increasing wealth there is an ever broadening and deepening want? How is it that McKinley gold-protection “prosperity” is no better than Democratic bimetallic-free-trade? How is it that, whether Goo-Goo Reform or Tammany Bestiality is on top, the workers are always down? etc., etc. These and many other questions will suggest themselves to you. Take regularly THE DAILY PEOPLE, run on the “novel plan.” You will find your questions fully answered. It will be a liberal education to you; it will be bread and butter to you; it will be money in your pocket; it will be your redemption;—and you need it badly.

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