

DIALOGUE

## UNCLE SAM AND BROTHER JONATHAN. {361}

By DANIEL DE LEON

**B**ROTHER JONATHAN (jubilant)—We are getting there; we are getting there fast! We Social Democrats are the fellows to get there, not you Socialist Labor Party people.

UNCLE SAM (looking around)—Where are you getting?

B.J.—We are getting fast to the Socialist Republic.

U.S. (looks incredulous)—Inasmuch as to which?

B.J.—(taking a paper out of his pocket)—See here. I live in Hoboken—

U.S.—You look it.

B.J.—None of your metropolitan impudence! I live in Hoboken—

U.S.—A very wondrous place, I know. It has New York for one suburb and Philadelphia for another. You ought to get along fast there.

B.J.—Well, we do! Do you see this paper? It is the *Observer*. See what a large paper it is. Ten pages. Isn't that quite a paper?

U.S.—Yes.

B.J.—Well, this big paper is OUR official organ. We Social Democrats of Hoboken so decided at a meeting last Friday. (Throwing out his chest.) How long would it take you S.L.P. men to do as much?

U.S.—Let me take a look at the paper, I'll then tell you.

B.J. hands the paper over to U.S., who runs over its columns.



UNCLE SAM & BROTHER JONATHAN

U.S.—I can tell you now: It would take us, S.L.P. men, all eternity, for the simple reason that we would not try to get as our official organ a paper that prints poison for the working class mind. For such a paper we have no use except to smash it, along with the capitalist class that it represents.

B.J.—What does it print?

U.S.—Look at this editorial. It is upon the Public Schools. It quotes certain charges made against their efficiency, and then it comments as follows:

“We believe that the change is, in a great measure, due to the BOOK AGENTS but for whose rules we are convinced children in the lower grade of schools at least would still be taught nothing but the studies of which a thorough knowledge is absolutely essential to their success in life.”

Fine Socialist teaching that is! The book agents, themselves a result of capitalist grinding, are the cause of the children not having the proper books, and proper books is all that is wanted to equip the children for “success in life”! That passage alone should be worth thousand{s} of dollars to any capitalist with a grateful heart. He can want nothing better than to have attention called away from him, whose reduction of the wages of his employees is emptying the schools, and fasten attention on the “book agent.” He can want nothing better than to have the delusion perpetuated about Knowledge being the proper substitute for Capital, and is enough for “success in life”!

B.J. chews his cud.

U.S.—Then look here. (Pointing at another passage.)—Look at this other editorial gem:

“The courts of Massachusetts have administered a severe blow to the ice trust. Local ice dealers have been temporarily restrained from turning their stock over to the trust. Should this injunction be made permanent the fate of the trust shall have been sealed. The trust has received another setback from Justice Craig, of Pennsylvania, who has decided that the trust’s four-mile dam and the eleven smaller ones on the Lehigh river, must be removed.”

Why, that’s pie for the capitalists! What better can they want than to have the rot dealt out to the people that the Trust can be smashed! A sufficiency of that sort of sand thrown into the eyes of the people will suit the capitalists exactly. The Trust is not

smashable. He who says it is, is either a knave or a fool, sometimes both. The Trust can cease to do mischief only by wrenching it from the capitalists' hands and placing it in the people's hands. The people are being educated to that point by the Socialist Labor Party; the capitalists are seeking to counteract that education by means of just such articles as this one from your official organ.

And this is the kind of paper that you boast about having secured as your official organ?!

B.J. looks as if he felt he was standing on his head.

U.S. (holds up the paper, stretched out with both hands over B.J.'s head, and brings it down with such force that B.J.'s head goes through it, and the paper sticks out like a 17th century Spanish collar around B.J.'s neck)—Go to! You are now “equipped.” Dupes ever fit their dupers!

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