

# DAILY PEOPLE

VOL. 1, NO. 112.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1900.

ONE CENT.

DIALOGUE

## UNCLE SAM AND BROTHER JONATHAN. {340}

By DANIEL DE LEON

**B**ROTHER JONATHAN—I say, glory be to McKinley!

UNCLE SAM—On what particular ground?

B.J.—On the ground that he is spreading the flag all over the world!

U.S.—To the glory of whom?

B.J.—To the glory of us!

U.S.—You among them?

B.J.—Why, yes! We all are partners with McKinley.

U.S.—What were you doing in the pawnbroker's shop a minute ago?

B.J. (dejectedly)—I went to pawn some little things.

U.S.—Is that the first trip you have made thither?

B.J.—The first? Would that it were! It is nearer to the twentieth. My pockets are lined with pawn-brokers' tickets. I have hardly anything left to pawn. I rather think that this has been my last trip to the pawn-broker's shop. I've got nothing left to pawn but the coat on my back.

U.S.—And you look hungry, too.

B.J.—So I am.

U.S.—I don't see why you should be hungry and in great poverty.

B.J.—You don't "see" why?

U.S.—No.

B.J.—Well, I AM hungry; and I am hungry because I am out of work, and when at



UNCLE SAM & BROTHER JONATHAN

work barely got enough.

U.S.—That's odd.

B.J. (becoming impatient)—What's the matter with you?

U.S.—Nothing. I have always been of the opinion that partners share each other's fate. If one partner fares well, the other fares well too; if one partner fares ill, the other is no better off. I always imagined that was the idea of partnership.

B.J.—So it is.

U.S.—Then I must again express my surprise at your misery.

B.J.—What has that got to do with it?

U.S.—A good deal. Is McKinley in misery?

B.J.—He is in clover.

U.S.—Is Hanna in misery?

B.J.—He is rolling in wealth.

U.S.—And Roosevelt, Platt and all the other McKinley politicians, are they in misery?

B.J.—“Misery”! How you talk! They are all a lot of nabobs.

U.S.—Now, you puzzle me! Did you not say that you and the rest of us workingmen were partners with McKinley?

B.J. begins to “see.”

U.S.—You said so. And now it turns out your partnership is a queer sort of an arrangement. It is a partnership in which one “partner” gets all the good things, and the other gets it in the neck.

B.J.—Well! Yes, but—

U.S.—Oh, bother your “buts.” Fact is there is no more partnership between you or all of us workingmen, on the one side, and the McKinley crew of capitalists on the other, than there is between a drayman and his horse.

B.J. listens attentively.

U.S.—The drayman needs his horse to make money with. But all the horse gets is hay and a dirty stable.

B.J.—That's all!

U.S.—Just so with the McKinley crew. They need us workingmen to do their work, but they live in affluence out of what we produce, while we have to get along on—

B.J.—Pawnbrokers' tickets, by Jericho!

U.S.—Now, don't it strike you as very foolish that, in this partnership, you should be satisfied with empty, hollow glory as your share, while you let the McKinley crew enjoy the substance plus the glory? Honest, now, isn't it foolish?

B.J. (after a short pause)—Y-e-s, that is foolish! (Then, bridleing up) Do you mean to say that the Bryan crew is any better?

U.S.—By no means! Pawn-brokers' tickets is all that either of the two sets has for the workingman. The difference between the two sets lies only in this:

B.J. pricks up his ears.

U.S.—The McKinley crew picks our pockets and hands us pawn-brokers' tickets to the tune of "Glory, Spread the Flag!" The Bryan crew picks our pockets and hands us pawn-brokers' tickets to the tune of "Humanity; let's stop butchering the Filipinos!"

B.J. looks to be in a sweat.

U.S.—To the McKinley crew, we Socialist Labor Party men say: "Bread first, Glory after!" To the Bryan crew we shout: "Humanity for American workingmen first, Filipinos later!"

B.J.—That's all right!

U.S.—Now, we can't get either bread or humanity for the America workingmen so long as we vote to uphold the Bryan-McKinley system of wage-slavery at home.

B.J.—Then down with it!

U.S.—Yes, down with it! Smash it with the Arm and Hammer of the Socialist Labor Party! Vote for Malloney and Remmel!

B.J.—That's just what I shall do.

Transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the official Web site of the Socialist Labor Party of America.  
Uploaded March 2009

[slpns@slp.org](mailto:slpns@slp.org)