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DIALOGUE

UNCLE SAM & BROTHER JONATHAN. {42-43}

By DANIEL DE LEON

BROTHER JONATHAN—Well, well, the Conference on the Unemployed is broken up!

UNCLE SAM—Broken up? Not much! It is strong and powerful, stronger and more powerful than ever in all that it was possible for it to accomplish.

B.J.—But 7 unions and 13 delegates left it on the 16th.

U.S.—(Holding his sides) Seven unions and 13 delegates! Seven paper concerns and 13 humbugs would be nearer the truth!

B.J.—What? There was the Spanish Waiters' Union.

U.S.—The Spanish Waiters' Union is a mythical concern; it does not exist.

B.J.—And Russell's Fruit-handlers' Union?

U.S.—A fake concern from Fakirville.

B.J.—And the United Coat Pressers' Union?

U.S.—Another bogus concern that never was.

B.J.—And the United Trades Unions?

U.S.—The biggest bogus and fake affair of all.

B.J.—Then those delegates, Russell, Barondess, Mee and the rest of them are fakirs all?

U.S.—Every one of them. They are Democratic and Republican heelers, some are outright fakirs, others are vitriol squirters, others again are riff-raff; the whole pack was



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only a source of danger to the Conference. They came into the Conference in the hope they could capture it for their particular boodle parties, or at least keep it away from the bona fide party of Labor; but they found the New Trades Unionism had grown to such wonderful proportions that they were nowhere; from that moment they tried to scuttle the Conference, but they failed, and now only genuine organizations are in, who really have at heart the cause of the workers.

B.J.—Then all this noise is humbug and nonsense?

U.S.—Absolute nonsense; the Socialists are on top; the fakirs are played out!

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BROTHER JONATHAN—What fools these Whites, Weissmanns, Barondesses, Dalys, Archibalds are!

UNCLE SAM—Why fools?

B.J.—That they should be so wild at the Socialists.

U.S.—There is where they are wise.

B.J.—Indeed!

U.S.—Yes. Don't you see, the growth of the Socialist and the New Trades-union Movements, as evidenced at the mammoth Madison Square Garden {meeting} and at the Labor Conference, has lowered the market value of fakirs and professional workingmen generally.

B.J.—How their “market value”?

U.S.—I'll show you. These people made their living by trying to make politicians and some foolish workingmen believe that they had a large following. The politicians would give them little jobs, and the foolish workingmen would go into their unions and give them their dues. The late events have shown clearly that they have nobody with them . . .

B.J.—Yes, yes, I see!

U.S.—What politician would now care for them, and what workingman would stay with them?

B.J.—Of course, none!

U.S.—And that is the very good reason for all their tears and growls at the New Trades Unionists and Socialists.

B.J.—But, what will now become of those fakirs?

U.S.—Well, Jeremiah Popgun Archibald may return to Ireland and become a “Castle Cawtholic”; he will try anything for pay.

B.J.—And Barondess?

U.S.—Now that Silver Dollar Smith has no more use for him, and that the genuine cloakmakers’ union won’t support him any more, he may try to organize a “Pretzel Varnishers’ Union” or any such fake concern, and if that don’t work, he will resume his flight from the country and try his luck in some other clime.

B.J.—And Weissmann?

U.S.—Well, there are no more bakers who take any stock in him; he may try and get from Fleischmann another \$1,000 bill, and if he fails in that set up a show of freaks on the Bowery with himself as the chief attraction.

B.J.—And Daly?

U.S.—If he is not thrown into jail for daring to libel his betters, I don’t know how he will live; he has lost caste and has proved himself a turn-coat everywhere.

B.J.—Let them rip!

U.S.—So say I.

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

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