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DIALOGUE

## UNCLE SAM AND BROTHER JONATHAN. {325}

By DANIEL DE LEON

**B**ROTHER JONATHAN—Hooray for Bryan! Hooray!

UNCLE SAM—Why “hooray?”

B.J.—Because he is going to stop the bloodshed in the Philippines.

(U.S. looks B.J. over carefully.)

B.J.—Why are you examining me so close for?

U.S.—I was trying to see the color of your skin.

B.J.—Well?

U.S.—I find it isn’t yellow.

B.J.—’Course not!

U.S.—It looks white to me. You are not a Filipino; you are what I always took you for; a man of the white race.

B.J.—So I am. But is that any reason why I should favor the slaughter of other races? As a good, free and patriotic white-race American, I loathe slaughter, whatever the slaughtered race may be, and therefore I hooray for Bryan who will stop the slaughter of the Filipinos.

U.S.—Hem! What is that crepe you wear in your hatband for?

B.J.—I had two brothers murdered in the Bull Pen.

U.S.—The Bull Pen which the Bryanite Governor, Steunenberg, set up to imprison striking miners in?

B.J. (Gives a start)—Yes!

U.S.—And what was your wife in mourning for last year?

B.J.—For the death of three of her brothers.

U.S.—And how did they come to die?



UNCLE SAM & BROTHER JONATHAN

B.J.—They were miners in Tennessee. They struck against convicts being brought in and reducing wages.

U.S.—And who shot them?

B.J.—The Tennessee militia.

U.S.—And who ordered them to?

B.J.—The governor of Tennessee.

U.S.—A McKinley man?

B.J. (gives another start)—No! by thunder! A Bryan governor!

U.S.—And why is your eldest daughter in mourning?

B.J.—For the loss of her husband.

U.S.—And how came he to die?

B.J.—He was shot at the Buffalo strike by the militia.

U.S.—Was it a Republican governor who ordered out that militia?

B.J. (strikes himself on the forehead)—Thunder! It was a Democratic governor, a Tammany governor!

U.S.—Jonathan, it seems to me that death has stalked among your family at a lively pace. The dead were slaughtered right here at home; they were men of your own kin; and they were slaughtered by the very Bryan party that you are now whooping it up for.

B.J.—It never struck me!

U.S.—Now that it does strike you—and this slaughter of your relatives by the Bryan party has struck you pretty hard—what would you think of the man who would whoop it up for such a murderous party? What would you think of the man who, knowing what crimes such a party has committed upon our own people, right here at home, will take any stock in the humane talk of that same party toward people situated far, far, away from him in strange countries and strange climes?

B.J. (strikes his forehead again and lets drop his head)—I was an ass!

U.S.—Jonathan, I will not be hard on you. Your good heart has been captured by a lot of brigands against your own interest. All honor to him who has a heart that beats for the slaughtered Filipinos. But charity begins at home. Let us first stop these butcheries of the working class in America and then see to other people. If we don't, neither they nor we will profit. The butcher class will remain on top. If you were a Filipino I might understand your placing Filipino interests ahead of

American workingmen's interest. But you are no Filipino. Thus you incur the double blunder of neglecting to put your own house in order, and you incur the second blunder of taking the insane belief that you can intrust the breakers-up of your own house with the mission of setting in order the houses of others. Are you a patriot?

B.J.—I am.

U.S.—Are you a man of good heart?

B.J.—I am.

U.S.—I think so, too. Now, if to love of country and to a good heart you join common sense, then vote straight the Socialist Labor Party ticket, from Malloney and Remmel down. Only that vote is a blow full in the face to the Bryan-McKinley party and class that is taking our country to the devil.

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