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DIALOGUE

UNCLE SAM AND BROTHER JONATHAN. {327}

By DANIEL DE LEON

BROTHER JONATHAN—Down with McKinley!

UNCLE SAM—Which may be all right or all wrong, according to whom you mean to vote for.

B.J.—I mean to vote for Bryan and anti-trust.

U.S.—Off your trolley again, as usual.

B.J.—Are you for the Trust?

U.S.—Not as private property.

B.J.—That's a distinction without a difference. Private property or no private property (with blood in his eyes). I say, "Smash the Trust!"

U.S.—Well, I won't now discuss the question of how different a thing the Trust would be if it were public property. I shall leave aside the argument to show that the trust works mischief only when it is in private hands, that, however, it would work untold good if held as public property.

B.J.—I care nothing about these fine distinctions. I say, clip and clear: "Smash the Trust!"

U.S.—Very well; whether that be wise or unwise does not enter into this argument. What you want is to smash the Trust, eh?

B.J.—Just so; and p.d.q., too!

U.S.—And so wishing, you are going to vote Bryan, eh?

B.J. (stamping his foot)—Yes, sir! If I had a hundred votes I'd give them to Bryan.

U.S.—As a trust-smasher?

B.J.—Yes.

U.S. (takes out of his pocket a newspaper clipping and holds it up to B.J.'s



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eyes)—Do you see this?

B.J.—Yes.

U.S.—What is it?

B.J.—It is an advertisement of a big corporation, the Morton Trust Company; one of those damnable things that the Democratic party is going to smash.

U.S. (pointing to the list of directors on the advertisement)—Do you see these two rows of names?

B.J.—Yes.

U.S.—Who are they?

B.J.—They are the directors of that octopus that the Bryan Democracy is going to knock into a cocked hat.

U.S. (singling out some of the names with his forefinger)—Do you see this name?

B.J. (reading)—“D.O. Mills:” I know that fellow. He is a rampant McKinley man.

U.S.—That’s so. Now look at this other name, just ahead of Mills. Who is that?

(B.J.’s eyes bulge out as if he was seeing a ghost.)

U.S.—What are you afraid of?

B.J.—Why that man is a Democrat, it is Abram S. Hewitt!

U.S.—A rampant Bryan man?

B.J. (showing signs of collapse)—Guess so.

U.S.—He is that! Now look at this other clipping. What is that?

B.J. (reading)—It is the advertisement of another one of those huge corporations, the Central Realty Trust Company.

U.S.—Which the Bryan party promises to smash?

(B.J. makes an inarticulate sound away down in his stomach.)

U.S.—And this list of names, what is it?

B.J.—The list of the directors of the concern.

U.S.—Now read the name.

B.J. (starts back)—“John D. Crimmins.”

U.S.—A Bryan trust-smashing Democrat.

(B.J. remains stupefied.)

U.S.—Now look at this other name.

B.J. (with horror in his face)—“Hugh J. Grant!”

U.S.—Also a trust-smashing Democrat?

B.J.—And Tammany Hall man at that!

U.S.—Now, Jonathan, put your thinking cap on. Would you set the wolf to watch your hens?

B.J.—No, by thunder!

U.S.—Would you expect Trust Directors, Trust Magnates to smash their own Trusts.

B.J.—Looks knocked out.

U.S.—Now, then, I guess you have caught on the point; I see the point has caught on to you. When these Democratic Trust Magnates: the Hewitts, Crimmins, Grants, the Joneses of the Cotton Baler Trust, the McCrackens {McCrackens?} of the Sugar Trust, the Whitneys of the Traction Trust, and the rest of them;—when these worthies are seen on Democratic platforms, backing up Bryan speakers, who promise to smash the Trust, what must you think of them?

B.J. (indignantly)—I'm a booby! I'm gulled once more! These scamps can't want to smash the Trust. They are only trying to cheat me out of my vote.

U.S.—Correct, at last! Vote for Bryan in the hope of having the Trust smashed, and it is as good as a vote direct for McKinley who frankly upholds the Trust

B.J. (scratching his head)—But what to do?

U.S.—Vote for the Socialist Labor Party ticket; vote for Malloney and Remmel! No Trust Magnates are back of that party. That party alone can solve the Trust Question, because that party alone wields the hammer that will smash what should be smashed: that is the Capitalist Class, together with its Siamese Twins the Dem. and Rep. parties, and set up the Socialist Republic, in which the Trust will be public property, used by the people, for the people's benefit, instead of being what it is now, the private property of a lot of Democratic and Republican labor-fleecers, run for the benefit of a lot of Democratic and Republican, Bryan and McKinley capitalist idlers.

B.J.—Down with Bryan as well as McKinley!

U.S.—Down with both.

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