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DIALOGUE

UNCLE SAM & BROTHER JONATHAN. {190}

By DANIEL DE LEON

BROTHER JONATHAN—I've been reading the sweetest thing I ever came across.

UNCLE SAM—Pass it over and let me participate in its sweetness.

B.J.—It is the *American Fabian*.

U.S. (with a wafture of the hand)—No, thank you; excuse me. Life is short, to spend that shortness foolishly were too long.

B.J.—Ah, there you have it. You Socialists are so violent you want to destroy everything. You insist on the class struggle. You want to abolish them. The Fabians are sweeter; they want to save them. It did my heart good to read that they want to save the middle class.

U.S.—Do you know what the middle class is?

B.J.—It is a class that is ground down by the big capitalists.

U.S.—And does it not grind down anybody in turn?

B.J.—Not that I know of.

U.S.—Is a small groceryman a middle class man?

B.J.—Of course.

U.S.—Does he employ anybody?

B.J.—He employs his help, I guess.

U.S.—How do they get paid?

B.J.—Wages.

U.S.—That is to say they do four dollars' worth of work and get paid fifty cents in



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wages. Ain't it?

B.J.—W-e-l-l.

U.S.—Don't Fabianize; yes or no?

B.J.—Yes.

U.S.—And that is the class that you—a workingman—and other such noodles as you, wish to save!

B.J.—Is that really the middle class?

U.S.—Exactly. The middle class is a class of small capitalists. As such they have to compete with the big capitalists and get left.

B.J.—Would you leave them to the mercy of these big sharks?

U.S.—Why are they at the mercy of those big sharks?

B.J.—Because these {those?} fellows have bigger capital.

U.S.—Now, then, if the lack of sufficient capital disables them from competition, in what position does the working class, who has no capital at all, stand towards them.

B.J.—I should say in a worse condition.

U.S.—If, then, the big sharks can grind down the small middle class is not this middle class, in turn, a bigger shark class towards the working class?

B.J.—Y-e-s.

U.S.—This Fabian British importation, accordingly, wants to save a shark class. Can you escape that?

B.J.—But are these American Fabians, so-called, a lot of damned crooks?

U.S.—Be gentle; don't swear. Some are; most of them are simply unbalanced in that their sentiment is too much for their brains. Let me tell you a story:

Once upon a time there was a man who earned his living with a dancing bear. He traveled from village to village and collected pennies with the performances of his animal, and he, of course, kept him in food. As a result of that, the bear loved him dearly. On a certain occasion, while moving from one place to another, he had to cross a forest. It was a sultry summer day. He tied his bear to a tree; rolled his coat around his fiddle; placed the bundle at the root of the tree; stretched himself out on the ground with the bundle as a pillow and fell asleep. The bear, sitting close by on his haunches, watched his master. Presently he saw his master tossing restlessly: A fly was buzzing at

his ears, flitting over his forehead, tickling his nose. The loving bear felt angered at the impertinent fly that so disturbed his master; he picked up a rock and watched; and just as soon as the fly made another landing on his master's forehead he fired the rock straight at the fly—

B.J.—Heavens!

U.S.—Well may you jump. The fly was killed, but so was the man, too. His head was smashed and the fiddle along with it.

B.J.—What a ruin!

U.S.—The Fabian composition is the composition of this bear; in their ignorance they would do mischief unspeakable; fortunately they are back numbers.

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

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