Mr. Samuel Gompers stands as a candidate for office in these elections on the tickets of two capitalist parties—the Republican among the two.

This fact may be a surprise to those who still labored under the delusion that Mr. Gompers is anything but an appendage and a prop to the capitalist system.

Again and again we have unmasked this misleader of the working class, and shown him up, by his associates and his opinions, and athwart all his swindling quibbles and duplicities, that he works hand in hand with the exploiters of the toilers.

To us his conduct is not surprising. Mr. Gompers takes to a capitalist platform as a duck does to a mill-pond. There he is at home. There he can associate with such professional workingmen as assistant Commissioner of Immigration McSweeney, who booms the labor oppressor Senner, alias Samuely; with Foster, the Democratic Massachusetts Labor heeler; with Archibald, the alleged paper-hanger, but the chronic applicant for political jobs; with Lennon his pal, who declares it is sophistry to claim there is any antagonism between the employer and the employee, etc., etc., and there he is sure to meet with applause when he pats the capitalists on the back, and declares “they are entitled to their profits under the present system!”

This campaign has been an eye-opener in many respects. Mr. Gompers’ candidacy will help enlighten those who, foolishly
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enough, still took stock in him: with two full days in which to withdraw, had he really felt out of his element on a capitalist platform, he tried to deceive the public with the statement that fain would he withdraw “but it was too late under the law.” In one breath he thus gave proof both of his bad faith and of his pro-capitalist instincts.

The incident is to be welcomed. Mr. Gompers has stood in the way of the emancipation of the working class long enough. The dust he cunningly knew how to raise concealed his crooked work for years, and prevented his exposure. This, however, has become more and more difficult, until it is no longer possible. His grave is now dug in the labor movement. The election returns will bury him, a baffled schemer, beyond the reach of the hand of resurrection.

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In His Element


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