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EDITORIAL

## MAYOR GAYNOR SHOT.

By DANIEL DE LEON

**T**HIS time there is no chance for the bourgeois press, lay and clerical, to pretend to believe that the would-be assassin of Mayor Gaynor was a Socialist “bred to the gospel of class hatred.”

All the reports agree in giving James J. Gallagher a “clear title,” as a “regular” in bourgeois society. He was a “hand-down” of the Tammany administration. So sound and sane was he, so “patriotic” and so staunch a “pillar of society” that he was taken care of with a job in the Dock Department. There can be no doubt of the man’s “regularity,” political and clerical: he surely was a good Church member. No doubt can there be that Gallagher was a convinced anti-Socialist, and would have been among the foremost to “shoot to kill” any workingman on strike for living wages. The biographies of the Mayor’s would-be assassin—perhaps actual assassin: the Mayor is yet far from being out of danger—are clear upon all these beauty-spots on the Gallagher physiognomy. And this choice specimen, being discharged, rears himself into a law unto himself: and shoots the Mayor because he had received no favorable answer to his application for reinstatement.

Poor Gallagher!

The machine of capitalist evolution steadily grinds out more and more proletarians, and, simultaneously, burns the bridges behind them.

The proletarian whom the light of Socialism has reached loses not his balance. Disorder, riot, let alone assassination, is the last thing to enter his mind. Such thoughts can gain no admission with him for the sufficient reason that, seeing Socialism shows him a way out, a civilized way, revenge can not rise in his breast. He looks above the individual, he sees the system, and labors to overthrow that, gathering strength in his labors from the acquired consciousness of the loftiness of his labors—labors that pursue the goal of human emancipation, of actual

redemption.

Otherwise with the benighted ones whose heads are kept under the waters of densest ignorance by the clerical and lay agencies of Capitalism. Few, if any, are those whom the narcotic of “happiness in heaven” so completely unstrings as to remain passive under the harrowing workings of the capitalist harrow. Most of these, disillusioned of the economic lies they were stuffed with, and, Nature asserting herself over prelatical nursery tales, become irresponsible. Of these benighted ones the most wretchedly irresponsible are they who find asylum in a political job, and lose it. The others might still “seek” work elsewhere, and in the “seeking” wear off their animal energy: the benighted proletarian whose only asylum was the political job that he lost—he runs amuck.

Poor Gallagher!—the handiwork and victim of the misleading agencies of Capital, he touched the lowest rung. By them made a monster, he approved himself one.

By the bed of pain, perhaps Mayor Gaynor’s death-bed, Socialism sorrows over the stricken body. Down in the gloomy prison cell, perhaps the ante-room to the gallows where Gallagher is to expire, Socialism mourns over the human wreck. From both bed and cellar the Socialist emerges with concentrated determination in his call upon the Proletariat, the men of thought and the men of action, to hasten to cleanse the earth of the social pest of Capitalism.

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