

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS"

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

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WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

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THE HAYWOOD-MOYER --- OUTRAGE

The Story of Their Illegal Arrest and Deportation
from Colorado to Idaho

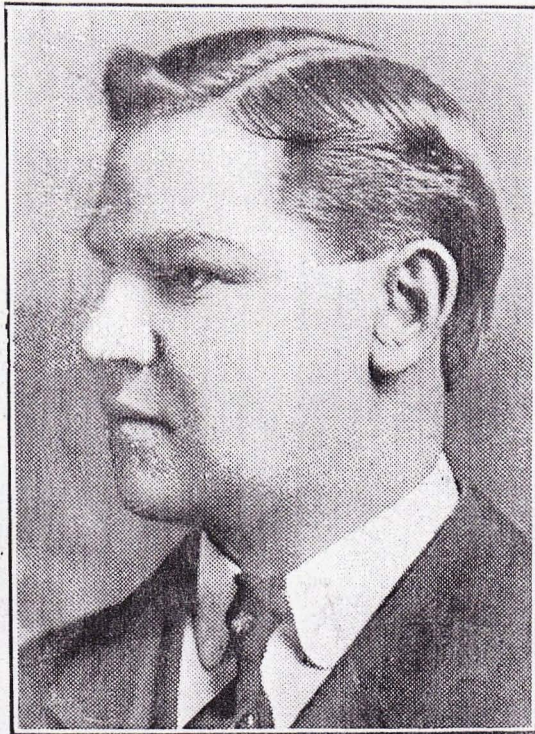
By JOSEPH WANHOPE

Special Correspondent for Wilshire's Magazine, New York



CHAS. MOYER

President Western Federation of Miners



WM. D. HAYWOOD

Secretary Western Federation of Miners

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JOSEPH WANHOPE

Special Correspondent for Wilshire's Magazine

The Story of the Haywood-Moyer Outrage

By JOS. WANHOPE

Special Correspondent *Wilshire's Magazine*

ON the night of December 30th, of 1905, ex-Governor Frank Steunenberg of Idaho was assassinated at the front yard gate of his home in Caldwell, Idaho. A bomb, placed in such a position that when the gate was opened an explosion was inevitable, was the instrument used. Steunenberg died in a few hours without speaking. There is little doubt but that the crime was perpetrated by some miner who had suffered from his cruelty in the "bull pen" in 1899. At least this theory is far more probable than one now in circulation that his death was due to the vengeance of cattle breeders who were angered against him on account of his connection with the sheep industry. While there is and has been for years a feud between the cattle and sheep raisers, and many murders have resulted therefrom, all of these so far have been through the medium of firearms, bombs never being used in this particular warfare.

This was the chance the mine owners were looking for. If this crime could be charged to the officials of the Western Federation of Miners, it might be possible to destroy them under that pretext.

So, on the night of February 17th, a sudden coup was decided on, and put into operation.

Charles Moyer, President of the Federation, was arrested in Denver, while on the point of leaving for an organizing tour in South Dakota. William Haywood, Secretary-Treasurer, was placed under arrest near the headquarters of the union, and George Pettibone, formerly an official of the organization, was also arrested in his home.

The arrest was secretly and illegally carried out. The wives and families of the men were given no intimation of what had happened. The prisoners were held a few hours in the county jail, and then rushed by special train into Idaho.

The Federation attorney, Mr. Richardson, who attempted to secure the release of the prisoners on a writ of habeas corpus, based on the unlawfulness of the arrest, describes the history of the transaction as follows:

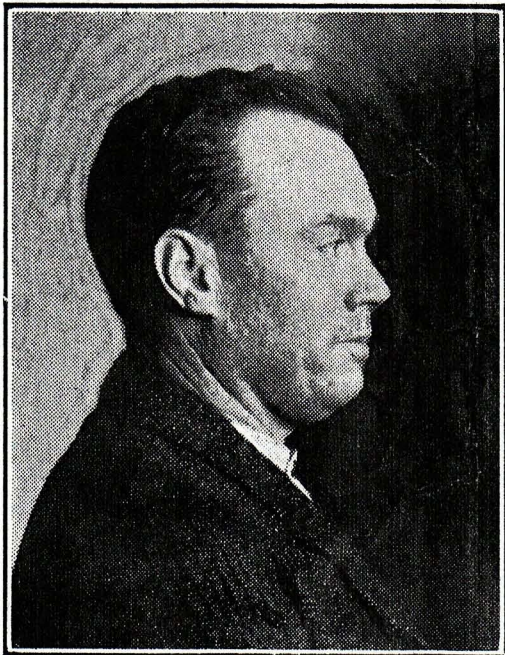
"It reads like one of the raids of Dick Turpin or of Robin Hood. It was gentlemanly in the extreme, but it was dastardly in the execution."

That the writ of habeas corpus was denied was to be expected. It was not probable that the conspirators would permit any such foolishness to rob them even temporarily of their prey. Possession was more than nine points of the law in this case, and it proved to be all of it. The Federation attorneys have appealed to the United States Supreme Court.

Then came the opportunity of the press to play its part. The guilt of the prisoners was at once assumed. A torrent of lies, rumors, reports and alleged confessions poured forth through the columns of the press almost hourly, to be contradicted in the succeeding issues, and new stories fabricated.

One Harry Orchard had confessed the entire plot and clearly implicated the prisoners. It was upon this alleged confession that the complaisant governor of Colorado was induced to secretly issue warrants for the extradition of the accused men. Next day this was denied by a detective named McParland, who evidently desired to monopolize the credit of the arrest to himself and the Pinkerton agency, with which he was connected. There was no Orchard confession. He, McParland, all alone, had worked out the case. He had evidence not only of the complicity of the prisoners in the Steunenberg murder, but had also connected them with thirty odd murders in other places not named. But the report of the Orchard confession,

though denied daily, and again asserted, still persisted. And then McParland determined to assimilate it. Yes, there was an Orchard confession, and he was the one who secured it. He had worked on the sentimental side of Orchard; reminded him of his childhood days and the godly training he had received from a pious mother, and extracted a full confession. The fact that Orchard's mother had died when he was two years old might seem to discredit this narrative somewhat, but little discrepancies of this sort are of no particular importance.



HENRY ORCHARD,

The Man Who Alleges He was Paid by Moyer and Haywood to Assassinate Steunenberg.

There possibly is something purporting to be an Orchard confession. At least there is such a person. He was at one time a member of the Federation, and was deported from Cripple Creek, came to Denver, and for a time hung around the headquarters of the Federation. Nothing much was known of him. Amongst a crowd of refugees, he was no more conspicuous than any other. Yet this unknown individual had penetrated the "inner circle" of the Federation, and, under their direction and instigation, had placed and exploded the bomb that destroyed Steunenberg.

Then Detective McParland began to dig. He discovered bombs placed here and there and everywhere by the "inner circle," and began to dig them up.

Some years before he had dug up a suit of clothes on the banks of a Kansas river, in order to acquit a notorious criminal of a charge of murder, the finding of the clothes being evidence that the deceased had committed suicide. Two witnesses employed by him, who swore to the digging, went to the penitentiary for perjury, though the murderer was acquitted. This incident occurred in Parsons, Kansas, between 1881 and 1885, and is a matter of court record.

Several days later Orchard's confession was substantiated by that of one Adams—in the newspapers at any rate, if nowhere else. More, no doubt, will be forthcoming in the future. In the meantime the astute McParland has assured the public that "Moyer and Haywood will never leave Idaho alive," that nothing more is needed in the way of evidence to complete their destruction.

The accused men, on their arrival in Idaho, were placed in the penitentiary at Boise. Though waiting trial, they were assigned to the quarters of prisoners already convicted. Moyer and Haywood occupied separate cells, one between them being occupied by a convict—or more likely a detective assuming that character. The rules applied to them were those for convicts. Their correspondence was limited to one letter every two weeks. Mrs. Haywood, a helpless invalid, assured me that she had received but one letter from her husband since his arrest.

Detective James McParland is first presented to the readers of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE.

I regret to say that it wasn't possible to secure a photograph, but it seems that McP. has a rooted objection to posing—at least for that purpose. I have had a photographer laying for him for a week—one can have the most repulsive objects portrayed for money—but this old fox is both wary and irritable, and as my man has so far failed to "get" him, a pen picture must perforce suffice.

McParland.—A Sketch

I was quite familiar with that heavy, slow-moving figure, with its legs slightly bowed, the right hand grasping a bone-handled "blackthorn" stick with which it tapped the pavement—for McParland is nearing three-score and ten, and the infirmities of age require the support of a staff—hat pulled well down over the eyes, and a thin plaster of silver hair showing under the brim. I had seen him, too, uncovered, at closer range, and noted the large, round, knobby head, the heavy jowl overhung by a drooping gray

mustache—rather a venerable looking personage at first glance—the substantial citizen type—there being always a certain impression of respectability attached to gray hairs, especially when in conjunction with a portly frame and well tailored garments. The gold-rimmed spectacles serve to heighten the impression, but a still closer inspection reveals behind them a pair of small beady eyes, whose shifty and sinister expression totally offsets the venerable effect of the silver locks. Ruddy cheeks and slightly crimsoned nose give occasion to the capitalist scribes to depict this savior as “a well preserved man despite his sixty-seven years,” though certain evil-disposed persons, my friend Kelly among them, insist that the preservative is partially alcoholic in its nature.

The big chief is ostensibly a modest, retiring creature and it is somewhat difficult to catch his eye, but when once caught, the impression is not a pleasant one—it suggests creepy things to the beholder, and, knowing something of his work, the mind is irresistibly driven to serpentine comparisons—you feel as if you were confronted with a bespectacled, patriarchal “Father of all the Cobras”—of the genus Pinkerton. This isn’t a “green old age” under consideration. Crafty, is the adjective required.

Not a Conventional Type

At the same time, the famous sleuth isn’t at all “sleuthy” in appearance. There are dozens here prowling around under his charge who fill the dime novel conception far better than he. Turn around suddenly most anywhere and you may catch one of them transfixing the back of your neck with an eagle eye. Take a walk towards the depot or the jail and you can detect one or more slinking after your heels and pretending to look unconcerned. In the hotels they eye you furtively from the corners of the lounging rooms, and if you are careless enough to leave your door unlocked, your baggage may be examined. But these little attentions are rather ridiculous than annoying and Socialist agitators are too well used to the “sizing up” process to take it other than philosophically.

Can’t Break Into “Society”

But the great and only McP. doesn’t indulge in these primary professional stunts. The wretched little scribe on the local capitalist sheet here, whose business it is to pronounce sentence every day on the Western Federation of Miners in particular, and warn trustful workmen against the wiles of Socialists

in general, at times essays the task of writing the apotheosis of McParland by calling attention to the purity of his motives, his unblemished record and remarkable love of justice, but with little apparent success. Local “respectability,” which pretends to regard him as a savior, is curiously shy in accepting him in any other relation. Socially, he is impossible. Bourgeois society, though not particularly scrupulous, does draw the line at the professional hangman. Mr. McParland is emphatically not one of “our prominent citizens” here in Boise, though on general principles he may be regarded as a useful one.

The Central Figure

It is a curious profession this of preparing your fellow man for the gallows, and stranger still it seems to be the chief role in the murder drama being enacted here. The means and the end are the same; also the beginning; for every clue followed up, every conversation reported, every discovery of hidden explosives, every fake report circulated, every shift and apology of the dull, blundering creature that sits in the governor’s chair, seems traceable to the busy and cunning brain that looks out under that silvery thatch through those treacherous, beady eyes.

Just one block away where a dilapidated “old glory” flutters from the top of a weatherbeaten tower, stands an edifice doing double duty as courthouse and jail. Down in the basement behind thick walls and barred windows are three men—men who can look you or I or the whole world in the face without flinching. They are “destroyers of society,” and the blinking, shifty-eyed one is its “savior”—that is, he will save it by murdering them.

Professional Skill Required

Such seems to be the program. Murder as a business proposition. Away in the background loom up indistinctly the shadows of high and mighty personages to whom the three men in the basement have for years been obnoxious. Again and again have they vainly tried to “get” them, and are at last compelled to call in the highest professional assistance. It is, however, a strictly business proposition—a contract to be let to the lowest approved tender.

A Business Proposition

“Get these men. Don’t care how you do it, but get them. Don’t bother us about details—that’s your business. We don’t want to appear in this thing more than is absolutely necessary. We are disinterested spectators. We will supply

the necessary material for the job; we have it on hand now—the courts, the judges, the governors, the politicians, the press, the means of molding 'public opinion.' We will see that these tools and materials are supplied you and kept in working order. Now go and get these men. We want results—how much do you want? We are ready to consider tenders. This is a business proposition."

Competitive Rivalry

There is some competition to secure the contract. A rival detective agency is in the field, and it is the survival of the slickest. Pinkerton eventually swipes the contract from his competitor, Thiel, who already has contracts in the same

newly arrived brethren the most direct road to the shambles. He was an experienced beast, never displayed undue excitement over the scent of blood, as the novices did; was an adept at inspiring "confidence," and always led the trustful procession in an orderly manner to the killing floors. A little recess just outside the door was built for him, and into this it was his custom to slip while the procession passed on ahead and he went back for another batch. But "Black Tom," regarding not the passage of time, grew old and tough in the service, and the little tin gods who direct the destinies of the Beef Trust determined to pass him over the dead line. So next day, while leading the usual procession; he found his little recess barred, and, suspecting



THE LATE EX-GOVERNOR STEUNENBERG'S HOME
Showing Effect of the Bomb Explosion.

service, but isn't considered competent to attend to more than the Coeur D'Alene district. Being in the same employ, the defeated rival accepts the situation, sulkily at first, but eventually shuts up lest worse happen. Competition brings out the best that is in us, and—behold McParland! He has secured the business. How he will thrive remains to be seen.

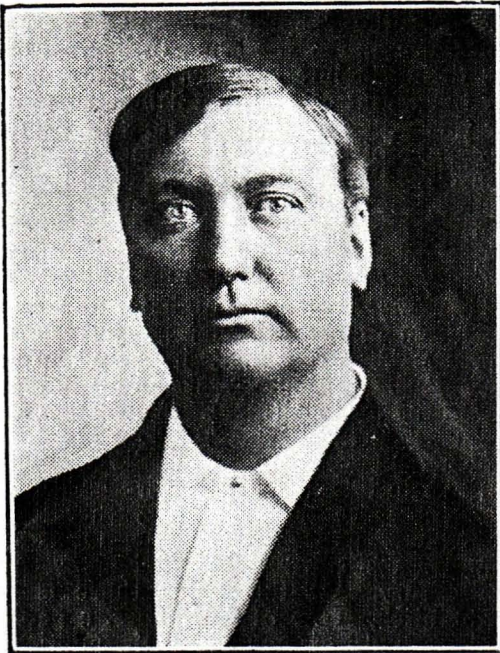
The Legend of Packingtown

Several years ago in that other delectable paradise of slaughter, the Chicago stockyards, an intelligent and talented steer, popularly known as "Black Tom," earned a dishonest *living* by showing his

no evil, passed on. He never came back. Fate, in the form of a human automaton with a pole-axe, was waiting in there for him, and he was relieved permanently of further duty as a steering committee.

History May Repeat

And knowing something of the story of this ancient decoy with the silver hair and gimlet eyes, I feel comforted by the thought that history may possibly repeat itself in this instance also. Our "savior of society" is also old and tough, familiar with the scent of blood, apparently recks not of the passage of time, and though he also has rendered his employers much meritorious service, yet



EX-GOVERNOR STEUNENBERG.

the crime of '73 in Pennsylvania may not be so easily repeated in Idaho in 1906. The parallel may rather be found in the stockyards legend.

Behind the Scenes

But it is indisputable that McParland is now occupying the center of the stage in this murder drama. The personnel of those behind the scenes may never be definitely known—the stage directors, prompters and scene shifters are only occasionally visible—while many of the actors may not be fully aware of the nature of the work in hand, for several have already given exhibitions of crudeness and have been promptly called down by the star actor. But if we cannot distinguish the figures in the farthest background individually, there is little doubt of their identity as a class—the Mine Owners' Association—using the legislative, judicial and executive powers of the two States about as they please. So far as the supplying of the necessary butchering tools is concerned, they have lived up to the contract. There is not a single incident that has taken place since the admitted illegal seizure of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone that does not prove beyond dispute that "business facilities" in all these departments have been placed entirely at the disposal of their agent.

Fair Professions

Readers of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE will remember the description of the arrest given in the April issue. The curtain was raised on a man-stealing episode con-

ducted under a seeming process of law that has since been explicitly admitted as unlawful by the legal mouthpieces of the stealers themselves. Since then the performance has proceeded along similar lines almost without a hitch. All the unities have been preserved. Law and legality are seemingly what the actors wish, and they profess to wonder why any one should doubt their "fairness." In these professions of fairness they have been drilled to perfection.

Hypnotizing the "Good Citizen"

It is their stock in trade wherewith to keep the gaping audience content. In fact they are willing to sink their individuality altogether in the matter. They are only humble instruments of justice—chosen by the "great State of Idaho" to see that the scales are balanced. Any imputation on their sense of justice is at once skillfully construed as an insult to "the people of Idaho." And the ordinary good citizen bristles with indignation—not so much now as at first, thanks to the persistent agitation of the Socialist press—at the suggestion that everything is not fair and above board. It is a reflection on his honesty and that of every other good citizen in the State. He has been hypnotized into the belief that he is the deciding factor in the case—a comfortable belief and easily assimilated as a tribute to his importance. How dare you insinuate that he won't give a fair trial! He is an unprejudiced person, not engaged in the struggle, being neither miner nor mine owner. He will judge fairly. Corporations don't control Idaho—he does. Haven't the newspapers told him so every time they tell him the accused are guilty?

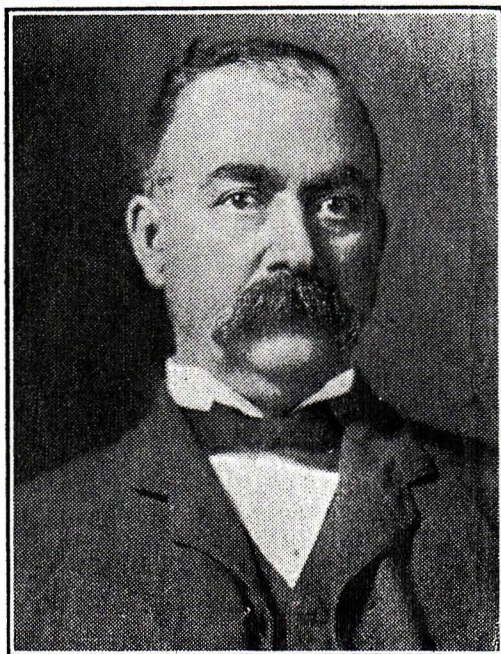
A Warrior's Protest

The first protestor is that disinterested hero, General Bulkely Wells. With the modesty that always distinguishes a great warrior, he admits that, being a mine owner, a few people might possibly suspect him of being somewhat biased, but he assures them that he was only on the "pirate special" as an "interested spectator." He knew that Deputy Warden Mills of the Boise Penitentiary was legally (?) in charge of the train and the prisoners, but he only took charge out of his hands because he knew his friend the warden was overworked. That he also took charge of the keys of the irons on the prisoners is explained similarly. The fact that he is a mine owner doesn't lend the slightest support to the suspicion entertained by a few evil minded persons that the Association had any special interest in the case. That he had striven to "get" the prisoners on several former occasions during the recent un-

pleasantness in Colorado is merely a coincidence that has no particular meaning. Equally unmeaning is the presence of Colorado militia men on the train—they were just “interested spectators,” too—nothing more. Who paid for that special train? Why, how should he know? The “great State of Idaho,” he presumes. He was on it, it is true, but in “no official capacity.”

In the “Pen”—and Out

The scene now shifts to Boise Penitentiary, into which the untried men are thrust with convicted felons and subjected to humiliation and indignities at the hands of Jailer Whitney, who is decidedly “onto his job.” The next card to



J. H. HAWLEY,
The Real Prosecuting Attorney.

play is the desperate character of the accused, therefore twenty-five armed guards must be constantly on watch to repel the imaginary hordes of “suspicious characters” who have lately arrived in town and who are known to be planning a rescue. But the lawyers for the defense have by this time got to work. The outrageous and utterly illegal procedure of placing men waiting trial in a penitentiary among convicted criminals is their first point of attack. None the less they are kept there twenty-four days twenty-three hours of each day in solitary confinement, without warrant, at the dictation of McParland, with the approval of the prosecuting counsel and the knowledge and consent of the Governor of the State—all these gentry well

knowing the absolute illegality of the procedure and at the same time protesting their absolute fairness. Finally, under the threat of a writ of habeas corpus, for this proceeding is too rank to stand any sort of a test, the prisoners are transferred to their legal place of detention, the Canyon County Jail in Caldwell.

The Immaculate Juror

Then the day draws nigh for the examination of the prisoners. The grand jury has been especially impanelled for the first time in many years and promptly returns an indictment. A grand jury is an excellent device for keeping the evidence concealed so that the defense can get no inkling of its nature until the case comes to trial, and may therefore be caught unprepared. The Orchard confession is considered sufficient by the grand jury. At this point there is a slight hitch. One of the jurors, a petty banker, and, of course, with political aspirations, has been previously holding a conference with the Governor. Counsel for the defense objects to him on these grounds. The Governor has publicly proclaimed the accused guilty innumerable times, and this juror may have been prejudiced. Objection not sustained, though conference, at first denied, is finally admitted. But it is explained that they didn't talk about the trial, but about the weather or some such more important matter. Besides, doesn't everybody know that Governor Gooding is a paragon of fairness? Hasn't he said so himself every time he has declared his belief in the guilt of the accused? It is simply ridiculous to question the integrity of Juror Moss, banker and capitalist. It's an insult to the “great State of Idaho.” Objection is therefore overruled. The men are indicted, plead not guilty, and their counsel asks bail. It is refused.

Judge Smith's Surprising Solicitude

Then Judge Smith “springs a little surprise,” as the local daily gleefully puts it. He is anxious about the health of the prisoners. Caldwell jail is too small and unsanitary besides. Smith is perfectly certain they would be far happier back in the penitentiary amongst the convicts at Boise. He is so anxious to be fair that he will give them permission to go back if they so desire. He had even made a personal inspection of the penitentiary solely on their account, and knows they would have far more liberty there and better arrangements.

Attorney Richardson, for the defense, objects. Doesn't want his clients to go back there and neither do they. He had trouble enough to get them out as it was. Their confinement there was admit-



ATTORNEY E. F. RICHARDSON,
For the Defence.

tedly illegal. Besides, Jailer Whitney has threatened evil things to them if he ever gets them in his charge again, and they want to keep as far away from him as possible.

Judge Manufactures Some "Law"

Smith now shifts ground and works his "surprise." He wants those prisoners separated. If they won't go back to the penitentiary, then they will be placed in different county jails. Says that he fears a rescue by suspicious characters—also that the enraged community of good citizens of Caldwell might take it into their heads to lynch the prisoners, and he wants them separated. Says he took this on himself and consulted nobody. Doesn't know whether it's legal or not, but he'll do it anyhow.

Overruled

Then Richardson gets angry at "the trick played upon him," as the local scribe joyfully chronicles. He demands immediate trial for his clients, as they have pleaded not guilty. Smith overrules. Says grand jury has adjourned. Richardson again requests bail, and is again refused. Finally he asks, even implores, that if the men are to be separated, Moyer shall be the one to remain in Caldwell, as he is sick with asthma, but improving in the jail. Smith answers this request by turning to Moyer. "Mr. Moyer, prepare yourself to go on the noon train to Boise for the Ada County Jail." That's all. Everything eminently fair, and Richardson is squelched—"knocked out," as the local scribe has it.

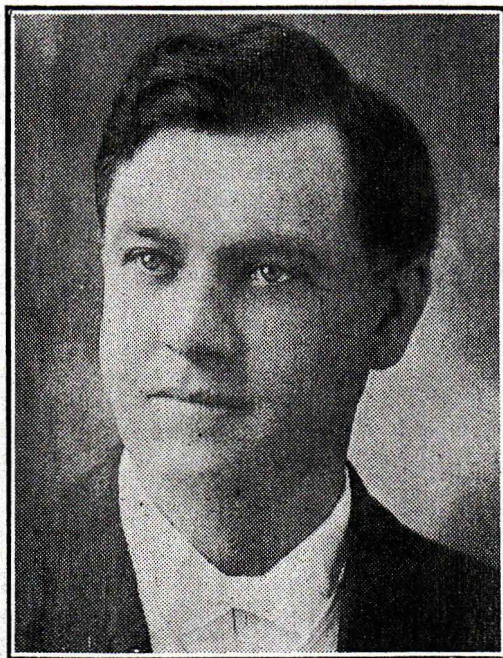
Moyer goes to Boise. Haywood gets ready for the Washington County Jail, and Pettibone remains in Caldwell. But the Washington County folks object. Their jail is small and overcrowded also, and there's no room in it for Haywood, who also goes to Boise next day, and a few days later Pettibone follows. The three men are together in Ada County Jail at Boise, where they still remain at present writing, and the separation "trick" doesn't work after all.

Habeas Corpus. Borah's "Confession"

Once again the scene shifts to Boise. Attorney Richardson applies for a writ of habeas corpus for his clients on grounds of illegal arrest before Judge Beatty. Attorney Borah, for the prosecution, another gentleman with political aspirations, declares to the full bench of the Supreme Court and before two hundred spectators that there was no way under the Constitution that these men could be legally arrested, and explicitly admits the utterly illegal character of the seizure. But we have got these men—that is the main point. They are under our jurisdiction now and—"What are you going to do about it?" We've got them, Constitution or no Constitution, and what's the Constitution between friends, anyhow? Don't we all want to be fair?

A Complaisant Judge

Thus Mr. Borah. Judge Beatty quickly shows what he is "going to do about it," and denies the writ. Even if they



FRANK J. SMITH,
The Judge of the Court at Caldwell.

were illegally arrested, he adds, he has no power to order their release. Richardson takes an exception to the decision and notifies Beatty that he will appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, and, as this can't be very well overruled, it goes. In the meantime the prosecution takes the offensive and succeeds in having stricken from the records certain parts of the answers of the accused men, referring to the method of the extradition proceedings.

Brace Game Works Perfectly

So ends the legal proceedings for the present. Every move of the defense has been blocked so far, regardless of legality or illegality. The courts have declared and the judges have decreed, and every point has been scored against the prisoners. It is, of course, merely a coincidence. "The great State of Idaho" means to be fair, above all things—and McParland has no reason to complain of the quality of the tools supplied.

"Fourth Estate" Gets Busy

All this while the local capitalist press is busy. The imagination of the "Idaho Statesman" reporter, not very fertile at best, is overtaxed. Dynamite scares, bomb discoveries, resolutions against agitators by prominent citizens who don't sign their names, denunciations of Debs by imaginary "Socialists," accounts of mysterious strangers purchasing dangerous chemicals at local drug stores, etc., etc., follow each other in rapid succession. These are swapped for similar goods from Eastern news factories, and there is a brisk circulation of commodities. The local editorial writer on the same sheet (it is the political organ of Governor Gooding) plunges valiantly into the fray with a series of driveling tirades against "Socialists and Anarchists and outside agitators who insult the people of Idaho by their presence." These productions are interspersed with eulogies of McParland, Judge Smith, Gooding, and in general everybody who declares his fairness by asserting the guilt of the prisoners. Then the news of the monster protest meetings agitates him considerably. The "Appeal to Reason" starts its work of contamination, and Titus of the "Toledo Socialist" blows in from Seattle, gathers copy for his paper, and speaks to small groups of local comrades in Caldwell and Boise, and the "Statesman" hack feels called on to redouble his efforts. The "Appeal" is duly "roasted," and Titus comes in for a feeble scorching, but the pace gradually becomes too hot, and when Hearst, somewhat tardily, at last wheels his papers into line for the defense, the "Statesman" collapses with one last raucous yelp

at "yellow journalism" and temporarily subsides. Not even a big Socialist meeting which I held in Caldwell—the biggest meeting of any sort in the history of that burg—can make him sit up and take notice. A still bigger one in Boise which I held ten days afterwards, only a block away from his sanctum, fails to rouse him from his stupor. These things are disconcerting and seriously threaten the success of the murder scheme.

Introduces a New Actor

The industrious McParland meanwhile is cut collecting more "evidence"—feels it incumbent on him to give some foundation to the innumerable stories of bomb discoveries so assiduously circulated in the press. Digging operations must commence forthwith, expeditions organized to unearth long-buried explosives, and finally the necessity culminates in the Pocatello expedition and incidentally introduces another heretofore hidden stage property in the drama in the person of "Steve Adams."

A Mysterious Entry

Not much is known of this particular character, who seems a sort of "mysterious Mr. Raffles" in the play. His connection with the case is equally hazy. He is in the penitentiary, though there is neither charge nor indictment against him so far as is known. Some time ago a nameless "abstract" lawyer came somewhere out of Oregon with Adams in tow and landed him in the penitentiary. How and on what grounds he was able to accomplish this feat is still a mystery. Then the lawyer disappeared, and Adams' existence began to be known to the public by his "confessions." Just how many murders he committed isn't exactly certain, but rumor says he far outclasses Orchard's record of twenty-six. A recital of his crimes to Governor Gooding brought from that worthy the statement that they "were so revolting as to be almost incredible," though Gooding apparently found no difficulty in accepting the "almost incredible" as certainly true. Out of these lurid reminiscences came the wonderful Pocatello expedition.

Adams, so the story runs, was an agent of the "inner circle" of the Miners' Federation. In September, 1903, he was entrusted by them with four bottles of an explosive known to the "inner circle" as "hell fire," alias "Pettibone dope." With this compound he was detailed to blow up or burn a train load of "scabs" who were coming from the West to Colorado to fill the places of striking miners. On his arrival at Pocatello he found that he couldn't kill the scabs without destroying the lives of other passengers, so he

buried the "dope" in the vicinity and the plot fell through. Then he informed his father confessor, McParland, that he could, no doubt, find it if brought to Pocatello.

"Wild and Woolly"

So on March 27th the expedition set forth with McParland and Gooding in charge. The Governor of a State digging for bombs might perhaps excite comment in the effete East, but not in "the great State of Idaho"—at least just now. The reporter of the "Statesman" went along, but it is fairly certain that his crude and unpolished account of the affair didn't go East in the shape it went into the columns of the "Statesman." I regret that space forbids its insertion in full in WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, but some of the most significant portions may be given to illustrate the "fairness" and crudeness of the report. Here, for instance, is how Adams appeared to this unsophisticated journalist:

"His face is weak. He impresses one as a man who could easily be led, but not as one who could plan any action himself. He was full of jokes and appeared anxious to get to Pocatello to prove the truth of his assertions."

The reader can judge for himself to whom a man of this type would be most useful—the Western Federation of Miners or McParland.

"Adams seemed to be an absolutely free man on the train. While he was under surveillance at all times, it was not evident."

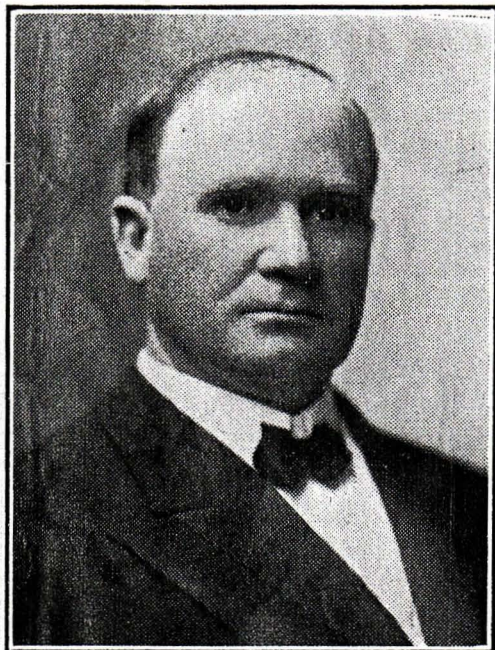
Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone were shackled heavily on the road to Boise from Denver. Adams, a confessed dynamiter and many times murderer, wanders freely around. Perhaps McParland didn't regard him as dangerous—possibly thought his "confession" "incredible"—unlike Governor Gooding. It is worthy of remark that the reporter relates that on the train Adams was referred to as "Bill," and answered to that name. There is some mystery about this creature which yet remains to be solved. Captain Swain, of the Thiel Detective Agency, who failed to secure this business, knows Steve Adams familiarly, but was never allowed to see and identify this fellow, though he offered to do so frequently. Here is how the digging is described:

"Governor Gooding took his turn with the pitchfork while Adams used the shovel. Adams remarked, 'This will be something to tell about *in my old age*'—this shoveling dirt with the Governor of Idaho.' 'This isn't the first time I've done this kind of work,' responded the Governor between grunts."

Evidently "Bill," or Adams, has no fear of the gallows, despite his innumerable murders. And Gooding seemingly forgot the "revolting" character of his fellow workman. It is a question, however, whether he suffered any loss of dignity by the association in labor.

Grief Turned to Joy

The report goes on to state that the digging revealed nothing, and the "party was much disappointed." Afterwards, through information given by the local



GOVERNOR GOODING OF IDAHO

chief of police, they unearthed a glass stopper and an old tin can. The effect of this discovery is thus described by the guileless reporter: "Every member of the party was overjoyed at finding the remains of the bottles, but Steve Adams from his actions appeared the most delighted of all."

The Cheerful Idiot

Gooding returns "highly elated," and proclaims that this important find has removed the last doubt in his mind of the guilt of the accused. This glass stopper was proof positive of the existence of four bottles of "dope," and if you don't believe it, why here's the tin can that held them. The "dope" melted the glass, but, of course, could have no effect on the tin can. "An' there ye are," as Dooley might say. Could anything be fairer or more reasonable? No wonder Orchard's "confession" convinced him.

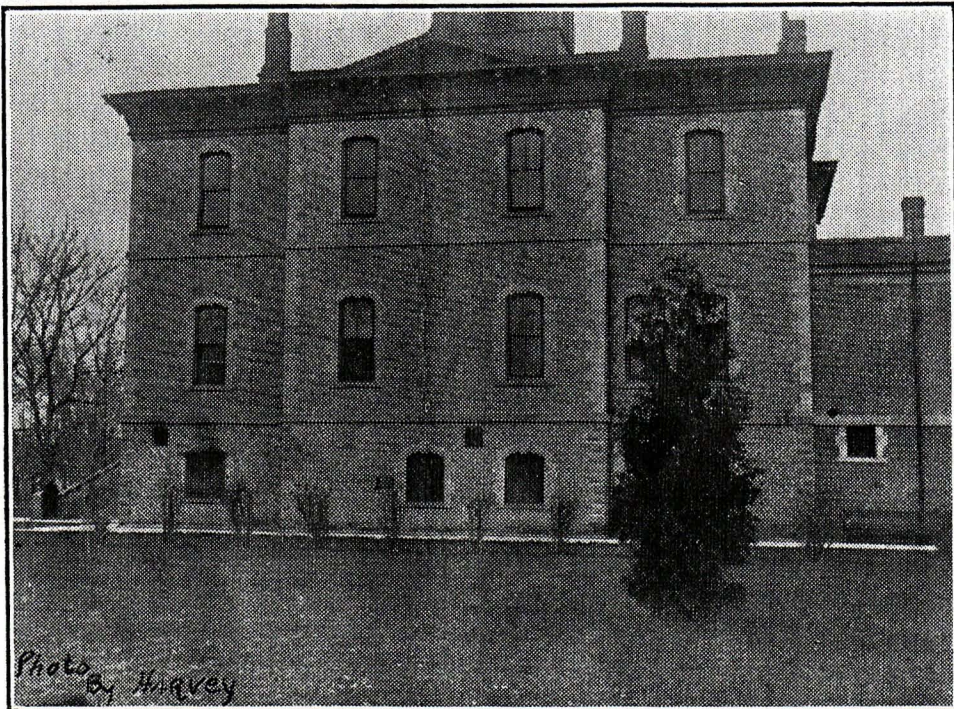
Doth Protest Too Much

Governor Gooding seems to be the one "bad actor" in the cast, and has given the star no end of trouble. He is seemingly possessed of two beliefs that he is anxious to proclaim on all occasions—his own fairness and the guilt of the prisoners. The former is generally accepted by the public on the well-founded assumption that he is considerable of an ass—the usual blundering fool who often endangers well-laid plans by indiscreet blatting, but who for other reasons is necessary to the success of the scheme. As Governor he is an undoubted asset; as an individual his value is somewhat dubious.

that the prisoners were being well treated. The attempted exhibition of fairness ended in a pitiable exhibition of folly. The fact seems to be that Gooding was badly rattled over the tremendous protests crying out against the job from all directions, and the reader will easily see how a person of this mental caliber could readily believe in the guilt of the prisoners.

Some Politics in This Union

The explanation is that Gooding is a weak, dull-witted person with an overweening political ambition. The renomination for Governor is the bait that the "interests" dangle before him, and to se-



THE COURT HOUSE, BOISE, IDAHO.

Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone Are Confined in the Cellar.

If You Don't Believe It, Come and Look at Orchard

A case in point is his invitation to labor organizations to send delegates west to hear Orchard's confession. He was at once sharply called to time by McParland and Hawley, and then denied that he had extended any such invitation, which was false. Then he shifted ground and asserted that all he had asked was that the delegation should hear Orchard say that he had made a confession. When Mr. Gompers, to whom the amended invitation was sent, naturally questioned the utility of such a proceeding, Gooding finally declared that all he wanted the delegation for was to assure themselves

cure this there is nothing seemingly at which he would stop. If there is a conviction, the nomination is his—if not, he may take out a card in the "down and out" club. The same reason explains the attachment of other officials, or would-be officials, of the State to the prosecution. They want office, and the only way to get it is to assist the corporations, in whose gifts the offices are, to carry out the conspiracy of murder. It is a commonplace in almost every political conversation to hear the political future of such and such people connected with the acquittal or conviction of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. And a host of little parasites who hold small "appointments" or hope to secure them attach

themselves to the clique who are after the bigger political plums, and echo their sentiments. The politicians of the State, big and little, actual or potential, have a substantial interest in falling in with the plans of the powerful Miners' Association and allied groups of capitalists.

How They "Got" Orchard

Orchard, whose classic features are reproduced elsewhere in this issue, now claims some attention. If his "confession" is as remarkable as the manner of his arrest, "sensational developments may be expected," as the press asserts.

The residence of the late ex-Governor Steunenberg is fully three quarters of a mile west of the hotel where Orchard lodged in Caldwell. For several days before the murder he had been observed reconnoitering the premises in a rather ostentatious manner, in full view of the neighbors. He had paraded around the house in every direction and had been noticed scrutinizing it with a field glass. During this time he had posed as a dealer in explosives, talked freely of his wares, and displayed samples. He is supposedly the actual assassin. On the night of the assassination he stood just around the corner of the Steunenberg residence and pulled the string of the infernal machine as his victim entered the gate. Two minutes later he was in his lodgings at the "Saratoga" Hotel, three quarters of a mile away—a rather remarkable feat of pedestrianism. Forty minutes later Governor Gooding and one D. D. Campbell were searching his room (No. 19, which is locally known as "the Orchard room") for explosives—another curious coincidence. They found small portions of dynamite on the washstand, under the mattress and scattered here and there through the room. Two days later Orchard was arrested, seemingly made no effort to get away, and confessed the crime almost immediately. He seemed to be staying around waiting for the detectives. These statements were made to me by several Caldwell people at different times and repeated in substantially the same form by all. There was a general skepticism as to Orchard's actual perpetration of the crime and as general a belief that he knows the perpetrator. I made a most minute survey of the locality, examined closely the scene of the explosion, traces of which still remain, was in the Orchard room, and gathered from every conceivable source and from all sorts of people their views on the matter and found them as above stated. Very many were visibly reluctant about speaking on the matter at all, but I found none who regarded the arrest as a transaction void of suspicious features. It may be mentioned

also that Orchard's confessions of previous murders are said to lay special emphasis on the careful preparation for the "get-away" previous to the act—indeed, if the twenty-six murders are to be credited at all, this needs no emphasis. But in this case all "get-away" precautions seem to have been curiously neglected. It is further worthy of remark that he had a large sum of money on his person at the time of his arrest—thus giving convenient support to the theory that this money was part of the reward for the murder of Steunenberg. Perhaps it was, but just who provided it remains to be seen. Orchard, I may add, when taken around to substantiate certain portions of his "confession," was, like Adams on the Pocatello expedition, "seemingly an absolutely free man," as the "Statesman" reporter puts it. This self-confessed murderer was smoking cigars and chatting in the lounging room of the "Saratoga," while Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone were lying shackled in solitary confinement in the Boise Penitentiary, at the mercy of the ruffianly jailer Whitney.

Facts All Point One Way

What I have written so far is the result of careful research, the statements of eyewitnesses, the opinions of reliable persons in the district, the admissions of the local capitalist press, the statements of the prisoners themselves, and of many in close touch with them—all of which I have carefully measured and compared and striven to verify as far as humanly possible. I admit that little can be had from the prosecution, the crafty McParland superintending the game too closely and keeping his hand so concealed that the defense may be kept in ignorance of what is really being framed up for them—the "springing of little surprises," à la Judge Smith, as the untutored Indian on the "Statesman" repertorial staff naively puts it. But at least I have shown the illegal arrest, the equally illegal confinement in the penitentiary, the bias of the courts, the unholy joy of the press over every rebuff to the efforts of the defense, its incautious admissions of suspicious details, the blunt admissions of illegal procedure on the part of the lawyers for the prosecution, the innumerable suspicious circumstances under which Orchard and Adams are manipulated, the local political ramifications attached to the case, the blundering professions of fairness by Gooding coupled with his assertions of the guilt of the accused, and a hundred other minor details, all pointing in one direction. Before starting this investigation I tried to view the matter as impartially as was possible, but long before I began writing this article con-

clusions were forced upon me by a multitude of significant details and accumulated impressions, there being practically nothing to offset them that I could discover anywhere.

"There's Murder Afoot"

My deliberate conviction, then, is that a murder plot is being engineered, the preparations for which probably began years ago. That the entire machinery of the law courts, the executive, judicial and legislative powers of the States of Idaho and Colorado are entirely at the disposal of those who desire to carry it through; that the apparent agent is the Pinkerton Detective Bureau under the superintendence of James McParland, the actual movers being the Mine Owners' Association with allied local capitalist groups, having contact with the still greater combinations of capital that rule our land; that the immediate object is the destruction of the organization of the Western Federation of Miners through the destruction of their ablest men, and the ultimate object to deal a blow at the growing Socialist movement, which already has become a menace to the exploiting class. The dummy pretext under which the prosecution is being pushed is that comfortable fiction, "the great State of Idaho" If this is not so, then either a thousand circumstances have combined to deceive me or I have lost my power of reasoning.

A Glimpse at the Other Side

So far I have said nothing of the other side of the question, the presumptive innocence of the accused. And yet there are almost as many circumstances which point to it as there are which point to conspiracy on the other side. Let me briefly relate a few:

First, the apparent absence of motive. Even admitting that there is something to be gained by assassination, there was absolutely no reason for the murder of Steunenberg by the officials of the miners' organization. On the contrary, it would simply invite their destruction—it could accomplish nothing else. And these men are not fools.

Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone were not officials in the organization when the Coeur D'Alene trouble occurred. They had no connection with it, and were never in the district.

Steunenberg was politically dead—had retired from politics for years. There was no possible chance that he could ever injure the organization again.

If they desired revenge, the murder of Wells, Peabody, Bell and others to whose brutality they had been personally subjected a few months before would have

been a thousand times more probable. Haywood had been nearly clubbed to death by Bell's militia men; Moyer spent 102 days in the "bull pen."

Innumerable times charges of murder had been brought against them and other members by the Mine Owners' Association and its agents. In every case the prosecutions fell through for lack of evidence. The only results of these persistent attempts have been to overwhelmingly establish the innocence of the members of the miners' organization. There are none of them in jail as a result of these charges, but there are several of the agents of the mine owners now doing penitentiary sentences in Colorado for savage assaults, theft, and other violations of the law.

But it would be an interminable task to recount the one hundredth part of these matters—matters of court record, not of hearsay. If any of the readers of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE are curious to learn more of this subject, I refer them to Federation Headquarters, at Room 3, Pioneer Building, Denver. Literature will be supplied. For lack of space it is impossible to go farther into these matters here. I have only touched upon them.

A Temporary Cessation

Just now there is seemingly a lull in the proceedings. The "confessions" and "startling sensations" have temporarily ceased. The dynamite scares, bomb discoveries and digging expeditions are abandoned, the men are in jail, where they will probably remain until the trial, and both the prosecution and the defence are preparing quietly for that event. But we who wish to save our comrades cannot rest. We must continually and without ceasing spread the details of this infamy far and wide amongst our class, the working class, for there is danger.

Where the Danger Lies

The chief danger to the defence and the chief asset to the prosecution is the "great State of Idaho." Leaving all capitalist cant aside, by this is meant the ordinary citizen of the State in general, and of Canyon County in particular, from which the jury will be drawn. Capitalism howls against the insinuation that these men will not give a "fair trial." Let me explain. They will, if they know how; but they don't, and don't know that they don't. It is the unconscious prejudice of the agriculturist for the industrial worker that the prosecution relies on. The farmer has only heard one side—indeed, isn't aware that there is another side, and the prosecution intends to keep him that way if possible. He is honest, wishes to be fair, but in his present state

of mind he can, after what seems to him an "honest and fair" trial, be induced to pronounce the prisoners guilty, and with a perfect belief in his own conscientiousness.

✓ **Must Foster Prejudice**

To-day Canyon County is being literally flooded with the falsehoods of the "Idaho Statesman" and the local weekly journals, the editors being in every case creatures of some local politician or clique of political workers. In every case the guilt of the prisoners is assumed, and every incident tortured and twisted to leave that impression. The uncritical agriculturist reads and believes, entirely innocent of the fact that there is another side to the question. It is represented to him that the "agitators" want no trial at all, but seek to have the accused released through mere clamor, though the lawyers for the defence have again and again vainly demanded immediate trial. He is told that he is being insulted by their insinuations of unfairness against him. The prosecution knows that it must prejudice the people of the district from whence the jury is to be drawn and that now is the time. Its organs howl against the entrance of any literature except their own in the district, and the appearance of a Socialist paper therein fills them with fear and rage. They print resolutions passed by "prominent citizens," or said to have been passed, imploring the people of the county not to speak to strangers about the case, and even solicit the women to keep quiet. They try with all their might to block any attempt of the defence to secure evidence of the state of public opinion in the county—as the latter have a perfectly legal right to do—lest a change of venue be obtained. Everything that can assist the prosecution and injure the defence is being done by them, and there is no falsehood too base, no insinuation too devilish, but they will use to accomplish the desired end, while keeping up a constant hypocritical whine about their anxiety for "a fair trial."

Where Our Work Lies

Our press must counteract this work. We must deluge Canyon County and the entire district with our literature despite the shrieks and howls of the opposition about "poisonous Socialist doctrines." Poison be it, then. Poison as an antidote for poison—Socialist poison for capitalist poison. Our comrades may be convicted by a jury of honest men who know nothing of the facts, and who are carefully prejudiced without their own knowledge beforehand, but not otherwise.

And the meetings of protest held over the length and breadth of the country must not be allowed to die down. On the contrary, they must increase in number and volume. We must show these plotters that our protest is not spasmodic, that the sound we give forth is no uncertain one, and that they will fail to heed the warning at their peril. That if the "fair trial" they clamor for is of a piece with the previous illegal "legal" procedure, there will be an explosion at the ballot box that will discount all the "hell fire" and "Pettibone dope" ever conjured up by the evil brain of James McParland.

Conclusion

And we can do it—and will. The conspirators and their tools are by no means invincible. Their real power is considerably less than their pretensions. The statement that the "people of Idaho" are "indignant" against the agitators is a lie. If a secret poll were taken now, it would be found that probably half the people of the State suspect there is a conspiracy afoot to destroy these men. Ninety per cent. of them know their politicians are notorious liars, bluffers, cowards and time servers, as the breed commonly are. But they do not yet clearly see that these hungry seekers after office and preferment must do certain work and take certain attitudes in this case, and that their jobs and political future depends on such service; that to "make good" they must get in line with the corporate interests that seek the lives of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone; that their part is to "set class against class"—as they charge Socialists with doing—by fostering and exciting the traditional prejudice of the farmer against the trades unionist workman.

This is what we must show them, and the time to do it is now. Much has already been done, but much more yet remains to do. Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone shall not be sent to death by the verdict of honest but misinformed men. We can prevent that crowning infamy, and we will. Get to work! We have the press, the literature and the speakers. We have the organization to use them systematically and effectively. We have the means to shatter this conspiracy to pieces; to explode that Chinese stinkpot in the faces of its concoctors and cover them with their own shame and filth; to pluck their victims from the dungeon and scaffold, and set them free to again resume the battle for the emancipation of our class, and, through it, of all humanity. Once more: To work!

The Prisoners in the Idaho Jail

WANHOPE'S PERSONAL INTERVIEW ON APRIL 1st, 1906, WITH
MOYER, HAYWOOD AND PETTIBONE

AS I may want to repeat the visit, the readers of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE will excuse me from reciting the details of how I managed to secure a three-hours' interview with Charles A. Moyer, William D. Haywood and George A. Pettibone in the Ada County Jail at Boise, Idaho, during the early part of last month. It must suffice to say that there were no false pretences, and no complicated "pull" to be worked. It is not my fault that there may be some persons in authority in Boise who do not know that WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE is a *Socialist* publication, and I am under great obligations to the capitalist press of the city for not mentioning the fact in their columns, a very large Socialist meeting held a few days previously at Caldwell even failing to draw from them the slightest notice of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE or my unworthy self as speaker. It is usually a good policy to ignore the existence of "pernicious agitators" in the community, but at times there are exceptions. Anyhow, it was simply as a representative of "WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE of New York" that I gained entrance where others so far have failed. Perhaps the name sounded "respectable" and was calculated to allay suspicion.

Accompanied by a friend, whose services in procuring the interview are here thankfully acknowledged, I found myself one Sunday morning standing in the sheriff's office and being introduced as above mentioned. We sat in the guard room while the sheriff assured himself that the permission was genuine. A large stove stood in the center of the bare whitewashed room, for the weather was cold, snow having fallen heavily the night before. Half a dozen guards were lounging around on the chairs, apparently untroubled by the desperate character of the three prisoners in the adjoining cell, for no arms were visible.

Credentials having been pronounced satisfactory, the sheriff led the way, and

I found myself within the grated door with my three comrades. A big man swinging his legs idly from a table in the center of the cell started to his feet on hearing the announcement, "Mr. Wanhope, of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE," and the next moment a huge hand had grasped mine, and its owner was saying, "I'm glad to see you, Comrade Wanhope." It was Haywood's big fist—the same that dropped on the necks of half a dozen militia "heroes" a year or so before in the memorable scuffle at the Denver Union Depot—that first grabbed me. The man sitting on the lounge, with thin face and pale complexion, was Charles Moyer, while George Pettibone, the alleged manufacturer of the "dope" that McParland has connected with his name, occupied the chair on the other side of the cell. Introductions followed, and, despite the grim surroundings, I was soon at my ease with my friends, who were genuinely delighted with the meeting.

My first questions were naturally inquiries after their health, comfort and general treatment. Let me say here that whatever these men have suffered in the Boise Penitentiary and Caldwell jail, they have no complaint to make of their treatment here under the circumstances. A jail, to be sure, is not a pleasant residence at best, but our comrades are perfectly satisfied with their treatment, and spoke in the highest terms of the justice, courtesy and humanity of Sheriff Mosely, in whose custody they are at present. They asked me to assure the readers of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE of this fact and thus dispel false stories of ill treatment at the present time, and at the same time do justice to the sheriff, a humane and, withal, independent man, who cannot be bullied or cajoled into mistreating those committed to his official charge, and this request I gladly comply with, adding my own testimony thereto.

The men are not suffering from lack

of food. The prison fare is by no means luxurious, but they can supplement it with food purchased outside. Tobacco is also unrestricted in supply.

Their mails are regularly delivered, subject, of course, to inspection, and they assured me that they had no reason to suspect that any mail sent is being kept from them. Books and newspapers are allowed without restriction also.

During the daytime they occupy one large cell—the one in which the interview was held—between the hours of 8 a. m. and 5 p. m., the remaining time being spent in separate cells, as the prison rules require. The day room is about 14x12, has two windows, barred and grated, of course, but admitting light freely. A table, chairs and a lounge are furnished also, and the prisoners have the use of a bath when they so desire.

Big "Bill" Haywood first monopolized me, and we engaged in an interesting conversation that soon disclosed the fact that the man was as big mentally as physically. Discussing the arrest and the subsequent proceedings, he observed: "We of course understand thoroughly what is at the bottom of this matter. Our persecutors do not fear us so much as they fear the Socialist movement, on which principles our organization is based. Tell the comrades that whatever may happen to us we have the certain satisfaction of knowing that no power on earth can stop Socialism. We are but incidents in the struggle of the classes—as individuals we can give our lives if necessary—but we know that the cause in which we have enlisted and spent ourselves is unconquerable, and that the work we have done will not be without effect in shaping the future. What more can we want?" And the big man looked me straight in the eyes as he made his confession of faith—which is also mine—and I swore to myself that these lives should not go out in the confines of a prison yard, if any efforts of mine by tongue or pen, however feeble, could assist in preventing it.

We discussed the various economic questions which are always uppermost when Socialist comrades meet, the Colorado troubles, the stormy career of the Western Federation of Miners, and the tremendous roar of protest arising from awakened labor all over the land as a result of the present outrage. I found William Haywood at home on all these questions, perfectly familiar with the philosophy of Socialism, and possessing the broad grasp and clear insight of a trained and logical thinker. Certainly I should not like to be the man to suggest murder as a solution of social problems to William D. Haywood, and I can

imagine just what would happen to a degenerate like Orchard or Adams daring to approach a man of this type with any such proposal.

During part of our conversation, Haywood, speaking of the meetings of the W. F. of M., declared himself strongly in favor of having them all freely open to whoever might desire to come and listen. "We have copied," he said, "probably because of custom, the method of exclusion adopted by the older unions in this matter. It is useless, for the capitalists know all that goes on there anyhow, and probably always will. Absolutely open meetings would go a long way to cut the ground from under the feet of those who charge us with secret work, and would render the 'inner circle' theory even more ridiculous and untenable than at present." Moyer agreed with this view, as I afterwards discovered in conversation with him.

Moyer looked rather sickly, but stated that, while he was a chronic sufferer with asthma, he thought he was slowly improving. He seemed delighted when I informed him that I had met Mrs. Moyer at the big protest meeting in Denver three weeks before, and asked eagerly how she looked and if she was bearing up well. This brought out some interesting matter concerning the arrest. The kidnapped men were far on their way to Idaho before their wives and families got any notification of what had happened. When Mrs. Moyer, suspecting something of what had taken place, telephoned an inquiry to the county jail where the men were first brought, the liar at the other end of the wire denied all knowledge of them. To balk farther inquiries the prisoners were taken from the jail at 3 a. m. in a closed carriage and kept in a room at the Oxford Hotel near the depot, until the "pirate special" started for Idaho at 5.30 the same morning. Moyer also recounted how Gen. Bulkeley Wells, merely as an "interested spectator" and in "no official capacity," took the charge of the train from Deputy Warden Mills of the Idaho Penitentiary, the legal custodian of the men—if the word legal can be applied at all to the proceedings—and how Wells also kept the keys of the shackles with which they were ironed during the run.

He expressed the utmost confidence in the outcome. "If there is even the slightest pretence of justice left in the capitalist law courts," said he, "our conviction will be impossible. There is nothing to conceal. Our books are open to the scrutiny of all who care to look. Mine has been such a busy life—and everything I have ever done in the organization is on record—that, even were

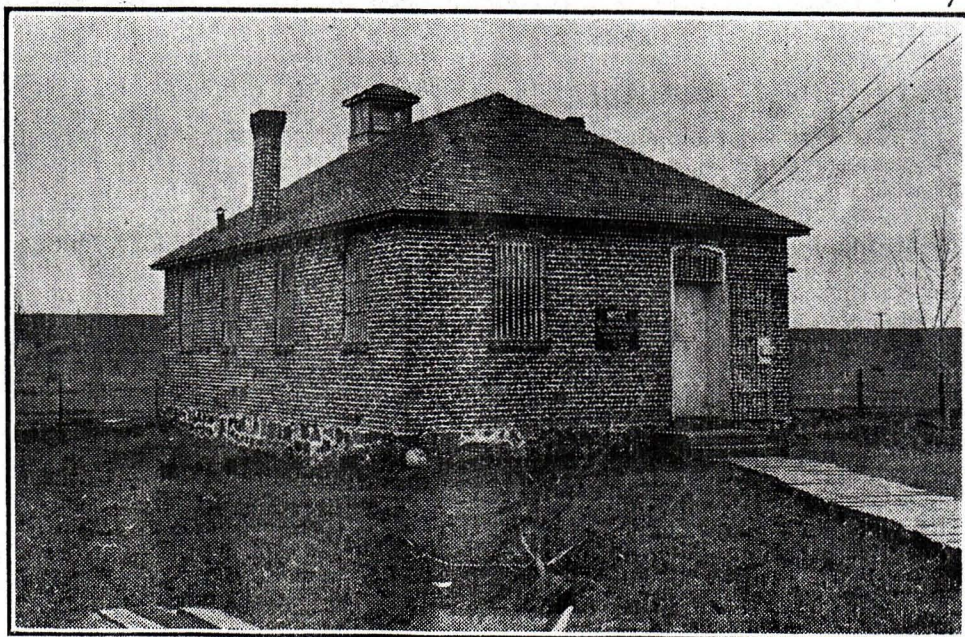
I so inclined, there would be no time to plan murder. I hardly know Orchard, and have not seen him for a long time. The charges against us are so absurd and ridiculous that I feel absolutely confident they will collapse, though I know now and have long suspected that the Mine Owners' Association has been planning for our murder."

"You are supposed to be now about ready to 'relieve your conscience' by making a 'confession' to McParland, according to the capitalist papers," I observed.

Moyer smiled. "McParland may make a confession for me," he replied, "but that's about the only sort he can get. Anyhow, McParland can't get access to us here, and he will have some difficulty in fabricating one under such circum-

betray the Western Federation of Miners, or bring discredit on the great Socialist cause." And that they will be good as their word no man doubts who knows them.

Meanwhile George Pettibone had been conversing with my friend when I butted in, and asked him how the celebrated "Pettibone dope" was compounded; that, according to McParland, he had rediscovered the lost secret of the famous "Greek fire." George modestly disavowed the honors in chemistry thus thrust upon him, and stated that his limit in that direction was compounding a furniture polish, he being engaged in the furniture business in Denver for years, and having no connection with the W. F. of M., though he sometimes conferred



THE JAIL AT CALDWELL,

Where the Prisoners Were First Confined Before Being Removed to Boise City.

stances." The idea of McParland as his confessor made Moyer laugh again. This sickly man possesses the same iron will and determination as his giant companion, Haywood. There is no mistaking the ring of the true metal from which the real Socialist is hammered, and Moyer and Haywood ring true every time. These men are prepared to meet whatever may betide, bravely and without fear or flinching. Though of different temperaments, Moyer being quiet and reserved, while his companion is quick and blunt in speech—the sort of man that doesn't refer to a spade as an agricultural implement—yet their parting words to me were curiously alike: "Tell the boys that we will never desert or

with Moyer and Haywood in "no official capacity"—à la Gen. Bulkeley Wells on the "pirate special."

I found Pettibone a quiet man and an interesting talker. He said that he had a considerable income from his business and might be regarded as a small capitalist. On comparing notes, I discovered that we were, in a certain sense, neighbors, he coming originally from the little town of Girard in Pennsylvania, a few miles from the city of Erie, where I at present reside. I inquired if he had seen the letter of John Kelly, a townsman of his, in the Erie newspapers, giving his history. He replied that he had; that he was much obliged to Kelly, and if ever I met the latter to give him his

kind regards. I remember Mr. Kelly's statement at the time, that it was simply incredible to him that Pettibone could be guilty of the crimes charged, as he had known him for many years as a quiet and inoffensive man.

The time passed quickly and pleasantly and the conversation became general. We talked somewhat of the case, but on this matter I must plead the privilege of Standard-Oil Rogers—"decline to say, on advice of counsel." I forgot to mention that one of the lawyers for the defense was also present. Haywood asked if I had seen his wife and daughters when in Denver, and I was glad to be able to tell him that I had visited them the night before leaving that city. The big fellow seemed proud when I spoke of Mrs. Haywood's undaunted spirit, though she has been a helpless cripple for many years.

At length it was becoming evident, or at least we thought so, that our visit was sufficiently prolonged, and that the sheriff's patience might be strained a little, though, to do that gentleman justice, he made no sign. So we rose reluctantly, and once more the handshakes and greetings were exchanged, with best wishes on both sides, and we passed out, the barred doors closing on our comrades behind us.

I hope to see these men at least twice again—at the trial and at their homecoming and reunion in Denver. I have no belief that the brutal boast of McParland, "that these men shall never leave Idaho alive," can be made good. If the working classes of this country

do their duty, this mangy old man-eater can be balked of his prey, and that they will do so I feel supremely confident. We require no million men with guns—two million men with ballots will suffice—and the prospects are that the agitation at present being carried on over this murderous attempt on the part of the Mine Owners' Association will crystallize into a Socialist vote that will serve as a warning to the ruling class that murder will not serve their purpose, and that we, upon whose toil they thrive, know how to enter our objection most effectively to such a program as they contemplate.

It is sad to think that forty thousand votes cast for Socialism in Colorado would have served to stay the murderous hands of the Mine Owners' Association had there been sufficient intelligence there to withstand the foolish cry of "Anything to beat Peabody"—a deceptive catchword that not only defeated its own object, but emboldened the conspirators to put in operation their bloody designs on the lives of our comrades. Surely the workers pay a heavy penalty for their ignorance—an ignorance which permits the capitalist exploiter to strike down their best and bravest with the power of the law, put into their hands by working-class votes!

As we passed out of the sheriff's office we thanked him in turn for his courtesy and civility. "Don't mention it, gentlemen," said that polite official.

"I must," said I. "That is part of my business as a representative of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, the greatest *Socialist* monthly publication in the world."



Strike to Set Them Free

By GAYLORD WILSHIRE

EDITORIAL IN WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL 1906

THE secret night arrest and deportation from Colorado to Idaho of Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone, of the Western Federation of Miners, is an event not only of the greatest interest to the labor movement of the United States, but is an act menacing the whole fabric of our present industrial and social structure.

Society to-day is held together by the large majority of the people feeling that if substantial equity is not done to every man by our present laws and customs, at any rate the equity is about as near as can be expected, taking one thing with another.

We Socialists know and are trying to make the people know, that the present economic inequality and injustice is the direct consequence of our competitive system, and we are endeavoring to show the people that the only way to avoid inequity is to establish Socialism, but it is admittedly a long, tedious, slow process to teach the people the economics of Socialism.

But when it comes to a question of the people deciding about life or death for a man, they do not hesitate a single moment. If the people think that a man has committed a crime against an individual or the commonwealth, there is practically a consensus for his execution. If, upon the other hand, they think he is not guilty, they have no hesitancy in expressing their feelings against the carrying out of the sentence. The common instinct of humanity is aroused at the thought of killing an innocent man, no matter who he may be. But when the man threatened is one who is known to have devoted his life for the good of his fellow men, and when the people feel that not only has he committed no crime, but that he is picked out for slaughter merely because he has devoted himself to their interests, then may we expect a great wave of indignant protest to sweep the nation.

Never before the arrest of Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone, has such a condition as this ever been presented before to the American nation. The nearest approach to it was probably when the Southern Confederacy threatened with execution a number of captured Union officers upon the false charge that they were spies. This so aroused the whole country that Lincoln, in response, advised the Confederacy that he would execute certain Confederate officers then held in captivity by the North, if the South should carry out its threat. This act of Lincoln's caused the South to change its mind, and the incident was over.

The execution of the anarchists in Chicago, in 1886, was similar in certain respects to the threatened execution of Moyer and Haywood. However, the execution in 1886 did not excite any great national protest, first because the labor movement was not developed to the extent that it is to-day, and, secondly, because the men accused had associated themselves, in the public mind, with the advocacy of bomb throwing, and the public felt that their execution, after a bomb throwing actually did take place, was only a matter of just retribution. The public felt that, even if the individuals accused were not guilty, they had at any rate excited some other man to throw the bomb, and to have deserved the hanging.

As I said before, the present Haywood-Moyer-Pettibone case is upon quite a different footing. The labor movement of America is to-day infinitely better organized than it was twenty years ago; not only is labor organized, but the people generally have had so many striking indictments of the present capitalistic system by such writers as Lawson, Sinclair, Steffens, Phillips and others, and have seen so many of their idols fall, like Senator Depew, and have been enlightened by the insurance investigations as to how graft permeates throughout our whole political

and industrial structure, that they no longer feel that keen resentment against the critics of the present system of society that they did at one time.

Instead of looking upon America as the perfection of all things, as we did in 1886, and looking upon the man who criticised us as one quite worthy of hanging, we now place our critics on the pinnacle of public esteem.

We no longer have the respect for the courts that we did have. We can no longer doubt that they are corrupt and venial. We cannot doubt that the money interest of the country controls them. Twenty years ago the courts were still an honored institution.

Then the growth of Socialism has made such progress in twenty years that thousands of people are to-day ready for a Social Revolution, and eager to listen to the words of a Revolutionist, where twenty years ago they would have mobbed him.

The public protest of to-day about the Heywood-Moyer affair is infinitely greater and more powerful than any similar protest. The labor unions from one end of the country to the other are making the case of Haywood and Moyer their own. At this writing \$200,000 have been subscribed for the defense fund, and \$1,000,000 can be had if necessary.

As Gov. Gooding, of Idaho, and his servile judges push onward the trial of the accused men, there is no telling how high public indignation may run. No one can say if this event may not be the spark which will inflame the American people to the inevitable Social Revolution.

The greatest crime against a free people in modern history is threatened in the trial of Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone for murder. No one who knows anything about the character of the men and the circumstances of the crime, can believe that they were connected with the assassination of Gov. Steunenberg. The trial is merely an attempt on the part of the mine owners of Idaho and Colorado to intimidate the labor unions. They think that the hanging of the leaders will mean such a complete cowering of labor that capital will forever have it at its mercy. If the working class of America do not make their protest sufficiently vigorous to prevent the possibility of this judicial crime, then the execution of Haywood and Moyer may be the beginning of a series of executions of labor union leaders from one end of the country to the other.

The time for us to make our protest is now, and not after the men are in their coffins. If we wish to prevent the murder of the men who have been fighting for us, then the time for us to act is right here and now.

Let indignation meetings be held from Maine to California. Let money be collected. Let parades be made in our great cities, parades in such numbers that their immense size will intimidate the capitalist class from carrying out their infamous program.

If the trial proceeds and if such a terrible event as conviction by the servile minions of plutocracy should follow, and if a single one of our comrades, Haywood, Moyer or Pettibone, is condemned, it should be the signal for the working class of America to rise—let that mark the date for the beginning of a Great National General Strike. Let every working man who has a heart in his breast make a mighty oath that not a wheel shall turn in this country from ocean to ocean until the verdict is set aside and every one of the accused is set free. Let our factories be closed; let our mills stop grinding flour, and our bakeries stop baking bread. Let there be a complete paralysis of railway transportation and telegraphic information. Let our coal mines close, and let us die of hunger and cold if necessary to make our protest heeded.

The working class in this country have it in their power to say to the plutocracy, "You shall starve to death if a hair on the head of either Haywood, Moyer or Pettibone is injured."

Let us show the world that the workingmen of America are not so lost to shame, not so devoid of the red blood of courage, that they will allow one of their comrades to suffer death at the hands of their enemies, when they have at their command a weapon which will set him free.

Hurrah for the General Strike!