

## Lock Out of Miners

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Both the Western Federation and the United Mine Workers have tried to organize the coal camps but met with little success.

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President Tom Gibson of District 32 and others who have tried to organize the camps have been refused room and board at the hotels, the proprietors of the hotels acting under the instructions from the company officials fired them out as soon as it became known that they were trying to organize the men.

Efforts have been made to reach the company by placing the product of the mines on the unfair list but this failed owing to the half-hearted support given on the boycott by the workers of Butte.

The revolutionary spirit has taken hold of the miners.

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Upon inquiring in regard to the sentiment of organizing and finding it unanimous in favor of organization, they then posted notices, calling for a mass meeting for Tuesday evening, May 21st, to be held at the opera house.

When the meeting was called to order about 15 minutes before eight o'clock, the building was packed to the doors. Not only were all the seats filled, but every foot of space for standing room was taken up as well, and between two and three hundred people were unable to get into the building.

Prior to the opening of the meeting some of the Union Pacific officials had hand bills printed and distributed among the miners, which stated that they (the company) had been notified by representatives of the United Mine Workers of America that an attempt would be made to organize the miners

of Rock Springs, Wyo., (which was correct) and also stated that "this notice is to advise all miners and others in our employ that we will not in any way help to support such a union at this place and that all who join will be expected to call for their time.

(Signed) Capital Coal & Coke Co.,  
By F. P. Gridley, Supt.  
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Now regardless of those notices, at least fifteen hundred (1,500) men employed by both of these companies attended our mass meetings and not one dissenting voice was heard from any of them in regard to organizing. The only friction being when one of the company's detectives tried to interrupt the meeting. After the speakers had finished all men who wanted to put down their names to organize a local here were asked to do so. The officers of the district remained there until about 12 o'clock, taking down the names. Some who wished to have their names on the list and did not have the time to wait, stated that they would come back the following day. After the meeting had adjourned there were about four hundred who had signed the roll to organize.

The following morning as the men went to their work, the superintendents at the different mines, met the men and asked them if they had signed their names to join the union. Those who answered that they had, were told to return to their homes. This continued for three days until the companies had no men to do their work and had to shut the mines up all together, and the chances are they will remain closed for some time, unless the companies recede from the position which they have taken in regard to organization, as the men employed at Rock Springs are determined to no longer submit to the domination of the Union Pacific over every act of their lives as they have in the past.

The companies are now threatening to expell all the miners from their homes by giving them three days' notice to vacate the houses.

At Hanna, an other small coal camp along the Union Pacific railroad, they have notified the men in their employ that if they organize they will shut off their water supply and let them go without water.

Oh, just God, and they call this a free American country, and tell you

to be a good citizen and respect the American flag! How can you be a good citizen when you have to live under conditions such as exist in this state! The great wonder is that there is not more anarchy in this country than there is, when a corporation is allowed to hold people in subjection such as this is.

There are a lot more matters I would like to write you if I had the time,

and you would allow me the space; about this great state of Wyoming.

The men here are conducting themselves like gentlemen. All are keeping perfectly sober and are attending to their own affairs, in fact the town is far more quiet and peaceable now than when the mines were working full force. The miners have the sympathy of the people almost to a man in their struggle against corporation tyranny.

## Capitalist Court

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It has not been the purpose in these reports made for the socialist press to give all the sensational details, the possibilities and impossibilities of daily gossip that came up from day to day in connection with the trial. The daily press is filled to suppletion with this sort of stuff—mostly guess work—mostly made by reporters to fill space.

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The fact of the matter is that the Gooding gang have all they can do in keeping Hawley sober enough to handle this case. He has braced up pretty well, so that the ponderous beer keg that he carries in front of him has become considerably reduced in size. But Saturday he had broken loose, and the beer keg was again puffed out. He got very angry at a little facetious remark of Mr. Richardson's, and appealed to the court. But the judge magnanimously recognized his condition, and told him to sit down. He was ready to fight, but when he saw the defense attorneys took him good-naturedly he became friendly again. They then played a joke on him by giving him the wrong law section to read, which he read very gravely and did not discover his mistake till they were all laughing at him. This again filled his breast with indignation. If Hawley gets drunk at the wrong time it will be fraught with weighty results to the case in hand.

Pinkertons are all over town and an occasional happening is reported in connection with them. Mrs. MacMahon, wife of Wilshire's man here, and herself a correspondent for several papers, slapped one of them in the face the other day that had been hanging around her house.

A number of the toughs employed as deputies in Colorado are here. Meldrum and Reynolds, two of the most notorious characters from Telluride are here. Meldrum hit a union printer and then drew his gun on him in a boarding house for expressing sympathy with the men accused. Bystanders interfered, and the police were put on Meldrum's trail. Federation men say he is still in town.

Everywhere McParland goes he has the faithful Springe bodyguard with him. One sees them eating in restaurants, and everywhere on the street together.

The Rev. E. S. Hinks, dean of the episcopal diocese of Boise, is adding the weight of his clerical robes to the sorry stage farce of the sincerity of Orchard's repentance. People repentant for crimes committed do not look so sleek and fat and self-satisfied. They show some sort of compunction for their crimes.

Boise, June 1.

Judge Wood's court opened Friday morning after an intermission of three days to admit of the new venire of 61 men being summoned.

Laughable stories were told of the trouble the deputies had in bringing many of the men. One man was even said to have been prodded out of a hay-stack with a pitchfork. It is the busy season for the farmers and they do not relish being hung up on a jury all summer. Twelve of the venire were excused at their own request for

statutory cause.

After the jury box was full again, and each side had one preemptory left, a council of the attorneys was held. Mr. Hawley then spoke to the judge, and though it yet lacked some time till the noon hour, court was dismissed till the afternoon.

At the afternoon session the court asked Mr. Tourtelotte if he still wished to make any statement. The architect replied that he did not feel that he could not take the oath on account of his scruples against capital punishment. He was accordingly dismissed.

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The word socialism has been thrown into the limelight in an unpleasant manner this past week.

One C. H. Duncan was arrested on the street in an absurd disguise, and carrying a sack containing a number of deadly weapons and a quantity of socialist literature. When he was taken to jail it was ascertained that he was a member of the Socialist Labor Party. He said he knew Wade Parks, who is here reporting for the "People." When Parks was interrogated, he said bad blood had sprung up between the two at the I. W. W. convention in Chicago, and he was afraid Duncan had come here to do him injury.

Duncan's trial took place in the police court Friday, and he was given the limit in a municipal sentence, \$200 fine and sixty days. The justice said if he was playing pranks it was time for such foolishness to be discouraged.

Duncan sent for Darrow to act as his attorney, but Darrow absolutely refused to have anything to do with him, and he pleaded his own case.

The socialists in the city are well pleased at his punishment. They consider that it throws a reflection on all of them to have such crazy actions taking place by one who claims to be of their number.

Mrs. Alice Johnson, who is here representing the "Daily People", took cognizance of the matter very sensibly. She naturally felt that since he belonged to the S.L.P., the party members might in some way be looked upon as responsible for him. So she went to see him in the jail, censured him severely for his actions, and told the chief that their party had absolutely nothing to do with such foolishness. After the sentence she said it was time such people were learning that the socialist republic would be builded of different material.

Duncan was at one time the leader of his party in the Cripple Creek district, and as such was well known to the writer. He is well educated, and has a bright mind, and it is certainly curious as to what could produce such unhappy results upon him.

At a critical time like this, when socialism on trial before the American people it is of the utmost importance that the socialists at the scene of the conflict conduct themselves with prudence and superior discretion.

If we have a superior analysis of social problems we must prove it in our dealings with these problems. It will require a high degree of efficiency to supplant the capitalist class in industrial control.

## Missoula's Mud Geyser

### Dixon's Flunky at Boise Runs Against the Real Thing and Is Promptly Knocked out by Shoaf

I am discovered!

The shining robe of sanctity that has heretofore hidden my personal pulchritude from the gaze of men lies torn in shreds my iniquities have been laid bare to the bone, and my soul, once the inhabitant of a cobra de capello, now hangs transfixed betwixt the eternities—a thing accursed of man and God!

Alack and alas, I am exposed and undone! Life for me has lost its meaning and existence stretches out an endless, cheerless, startless blank. Born in the slums with class hatred in my heart, my hand was against every man and my desire was—to strike and kill. Until now the sole ambition of my life was to save civilization by blowing it up with dynamite. In my dreams I saw my ambition realized in a continent of smoking ruins through which gleamed ghastly corpses of plutocrats and plebs—fit victims of infernal work. But now these bloody pictures have been swept away with the dreams civilization is saved and my evil plotting has been handed a solar plexus blow.

No longer can I mask my countenance in a sweet-scented smile and use the socialist party as an instrument with which to raise hell. No longer will my designing villainy lie buried beneath the undulating folds of my snake-like skin—the hide has been removed and the world is viewing with horror the Colozgos anarchy of my murderous heart. Even this commission I am alleged to bear direct from Almighty God will avail me nothing in this crisis. I have been unfrocked and ex-rayed and shot through with the shafts of publicity until nothing now remains but the memory of a bad smell. In a little while, the waves of eternity will wash the last lingering trace of that smell from the shores of time, and I will be completely dead and damned and forgotten.

Who made the discovery, and what produced this wondrous change? The answer is easy. Out among the volcanic rocks and sage brush hills of Montana, in a wide place in the road, called Missoula, there is published daily a paper whose editor is owned body, boots and breeches by that particular branch of capitalism which operates the industries and dominates the politics of the state. From the safe distance of several hundred miles this subsidized biped has been reporting the Haywood trial, and, incident-

ally trying to heap odium on the socialist writers who possessed the temerity to brave Gooding's wrath and attend court. His first journalistic effort was to portray Dr. Titus and Ida Crouch-Hazlett in the act of eating second-hand grub at a Chinese restaurant. He then landed on Clarence Darrow with both feet by roundly criticizing the Chicago lawyer's recent address on Walt Whitman. Those who have seen both Darrow and his critic assert that they strike a comparison similar to that which exists between the matchless grandeur of Niagara and a sudden squirt of tobacco juice from the mouth of a syphilitic saloon bum. A roast of Darrow by this intellectual hireling is about as apropos as Harry Orchard's attempt to lift himself into beatitude through the saving grace of James McParland, or Gooding's effort to win the plaudits of the American people by fastening the stigma of assassination on Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. It was after he had tried his hand on Titus, Hazlett and Darrow that he discovered your humble servant.

Now are all my fond dreams shattered and my life's work completely wrecked! Since my infancy every aspiration of my soul has trembled toward the hour now about to strike. I had hoped to seize upon the culmination of the present order of development as an opportunity to deal capitalism a blow that would send it spinning to the realms of chaos, and, now that events are shaping themselves for that opportunity, and I am about to realize it, I am unexpectedly exposed and my plans held up to public scorn. The editor of the Missoulian, in choice Anglo-Saxon, says that I am an "anarchist" and "dangerous". He further declares that I am "fierce, vindictive, tireless, unrelenting, desperate and would scruple at nothing to gain a point."

Well, that settles it! With the "cunning of a maniac" I foresee my finish. Nothing dissolves conspiracies or thwarts the plans of anarchists to overthrow society better than the calcium light of publicity. Until my discovery by the editor of the Missoulian I plotted in the dark. So long as I came and went unobserved my schemes prospered and bid fair to develop an explosion. But it is all off now. The game is up. Society is saved and I am a dead one.

"Farewell, a long farewell," etc.  
GEORGE H. SHOAF.

## REVOLUTION NOT A PASTIME

The trial of Fred Warren in the federal court as managing editor of the Appeal to Reason, on the charge of publishing an incendiary and seditious sheet is liable to be a serious proposition for the "dear old Appeal" at this stage of the miners' fight.

In the first place the paper has been obliged to employ the ablest attorneys in the state of Kansas to defend it, and the heavy expenses incidental to a government trial like this are a considerable item in itself. Of course, the Appeal could make this up by its cheerful elasticity in getting new subscribers, for at every misfortune it appeals in such a heartrending manner to the public as to make a fresh prosperity boom. But in the face of a vicious attack by the government on its subject matter whatever goes into the paper while action is pending must necessarily be censured by the attorneys in charge of the case. In consequence matter that is published will have to be comparatively moderate and unobjectionable in tone to the powers that be. Debs' flaming 'Arouse, ye Slaves!' could not go now. And there is no doubt but what everything in connection with the Western Federation affair will undergo a strict tuning down. Indeed this result is already visible.

Those who are prosecuting the miners in Idaho are no doubt the ones who are after the Appeal. Borah did not have his interview with Roosevelt

for nothing. The capitalist class intends to crush the Western Federation out of existence, and everything that savors of socialism in the unions. The Appeal has been recognized as a tremendous fighter and rouser of public sentiment in this case, no matter what may be thought of its reliability in promoting the cause of American socialism.

This is plainly discernible in the attention given to it by the attorneys for the prosecution. Every juror is sounded as to whether he is a reader of the Appeal, and Hawley has issued loud-voiced tirades against it in court. The mine owners mean to put it out of business through the government.

At this time such a movement is a striking blow at the defense, as there is no other paper, on account of its circulation, equal as a medium of spreading the working class side in this damnable outrage.

But by far the greatest import to the American working class movement will be the fact that the American government will begin a policy of repression against socialist papers.

Well, it is only the most shortsighted that do not expect this. A real repressive policy that will give the lie to the "land of the free and the home of the brave" will put iron and backbone into the real socialists in this country, and will divide the fair weather socialists from the heroes of the storm.

## ECHOES OF TELEPHONE STRIKE

War is hell, is a true saying and never more true than in this present class war that is being waged throughout the world. It is a hell from which none can escape and from which none ought to escape. Yet we see many people who cannot understand why they should be drawn into the struggle and complain bitterly about the injustice on one side or the other because the "rights" of certain individuals are trampled upon by the contending forces. One way or another, sooner or later, every individual has got to learn his obligations to society and this is the only way some people can be made to realize that they have no rights separate from the rights of the rest of society, and that the welfare of the individual is bound up in the welfare of the whole.

Much complaint has been made about the way the public has been made discommoded by the strike of the telephone girls. Has the public ever concerned itself about the way the telephone girls were discommoded by wages barely sufficient to feed and clothe them? Would it ever concern itself about them so long as the telephone service was running smoothly, even though oiled by the blood of the girls? Never! The public concerns itself about nobody until forced to—and then what a wall goes up. They tell us of a child that died because

the telephone could not be used to call a physician, and of a man who had recently lost a leg, falling and starting a hemorrhage and would have bled to death only a doctor "happened" along. We regret that such things must be, but war is hell. When Sherman's army marched through Georgia they did not, because of any sentimental reasons, hesitate in the crushing of a few individuals. When two armies are drawn up in line of battle, they do not postpone the conflict because a wheat field lies between them. They just go right on with the fight and trample down the grain. The owner of the field may think that he is a perfectly disinterested party but before the battle is over you will find him taking sides with one or the other of the contending parties; and his material interests, in so far as he can see them, will decide which one. If he thinks by joining one certain side he can help to win and get paid for his wheat, that is the side he will join.

These girls, like all organized workers are fighting for life and they are not going to call off the battle because the public is discommoded, or even the lives of a few individuals sacrificed, and if the "disinterested public" don't like it, the best thing it can do is to get interested and line up with one side or the other and help finish the war.

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Now are all my fond dreams shattered and my life's work completely wrecked! Since my infancy every aspiration of my soul has trembled toward the hour now about to strike. I had hoped to seize upon the culmination of the present order of development as an opportunity to deal capitalism a blow that would send it spinning to the realms of chaos, and, now that events are shaping themselves for that opportunity, and I am about to realize it, I am unexpectedly exposed and my plans held up to public scorn. The editor of the Missoulian, in choice Anglo-Saxon, says that I am an "anarchist" and "dangerous". He further declares that I am "fierce, vindictive, tireless, unrelenting, desperate and would scruple at nothing to gain a point."

Well, that settles it! With the "cunning of a maniac" I foresee my finish. Nothing dissolves conspiracies or thwarts the plans of anarchists to overthrow society better than the calcium light of publicity. Until my discovery by the editor of the Missoulian I plotted in the dark. So long as I came and went unobserved my schemes prospered and bid fair to develop an explosion. But it is all off now. The game is up. Society is saved and I am a dead one.

"Farewell, a long farewell," etc.  
GEORGE H. SHOAF.

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The trial of Fred Warren in the federal court as managing editor of the Appeal to Reason, on the charge of publishing an incendiary and seditious sheet is liable to be a serious proposition for the "dear old Appeal" at this stage of the miners' fight.

In the first place the paper has been obliged to employ the ablest attorneys in the state of Kansas to defend it, and the heavy expenses incidental to a government trial like this are a considerable item in itself. Of course, the Appeal could make this up by its cheerful elasticity in getting new subscribers, for at every misfortune it appeals in such a heartrending manner to the public as to make a fresh prosperity boom. But in the face of a vicious attack by the government on its subject matter whatever goes into the paper while action is pending must necessarily be censured by the attorneys in charge of the case. In consequence matter that is published will have to be comparatively moderate and unobjectionable in tone to the powers that be. Debs' flaming 'Arouse, ye Slaves!' could not go now. And there is no doubt but what everything in connection with the Western Federation affair will undergo a strict tuning down. Indeed this result is already visible.

Those who are prosecuting the miners in Idaho are no doubt the ones who are after the Appeal. Borah did not have his interview with Roosevelt

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This is plainly discernible in the attention given to it by the attorneys for the prosecution. Every juror is sounded as to whether he is a reader of the Appeal, and Hawley has issued loud-voiced tirades against it in court. The mine owners mean to put it out of business through the government.

At this time such a movement is a striking blow at the defense, as there is no other paper, on account of its circulation, equal as a medium of spreading the working class side in this damnable outrage.

But by far the greatest import to the American working class movement will be the fact that the American government will begin a policy of repression against socialist papers.

Well, it is only the most shortsighted that do not expect this. A real repressive policy that will give the lie to the "land of the free and the home of the brave" will put iron and backbone into the real socialists in this country, and will divide the fair weather socialists from the heroes of the storm.

## ECHOES OF TELEPHONE STRIKE

War is hell, is a true saying and never more true than in this present class war that is being waged throughout the world. It is a hell from which none can escape and from which none ought to escape. Yet we see many people who cannot understand why they should be drawn into the struggle and complain bitterly about the injustice on one side or the other because the "rights" of certain individuals are trampled upon by the contending forces. One way or another, sooner or later, every individual has got to learn his obligations to society and this is the only way some people can be made to realize that they have no rights separate from the rights of the rest of society, and that the welfare of the individual is bound up in the welfare of the whole.

Much complaint has been made about the way the public has been made discommoded by the strike of the telephone girls. Has the public ever concerned itself about the way the telephone girls were discommoded by wages barely sufficient to feed and clothe them? Would it ever concern itself about them so long as the telephone service was running smoothly, even though oiled by the blood of the girls? Never! The public concerns itself about nobody until forced to—and then what a wall goes up. They tell us of a child that died because

the telephone could not be used to call a physician, and of a man who had recently lost a leg, falling and starting a hemorrhage and would have bled to death only a doctor "happened" along. We regret that such things must be, but war is hell. When Sherman's army marched through Georgia they did not, because of any sentimental reasons, hesitate in the crushing of a few individuals. When two armies are drawn up in line of battle, they do not postpone the conflict because a wheat field lies between them. They just go right on with the fight and trample down the grain. The owner of the field may think that he is a perfectly disinterested party but before the battle is over you will find him taking sides with one or the other of the contending parties; and his material interests, in so far as he can see them, will decide which one. If he thinks by joining one certain side he can help to win and get paid for his wheat, that is the side he will join.

These girls, like all organized workers are fighting for life and they are not going to call off the battle because the public is discommoded, or even the lives of a few individuals sacrificed, and if the "disinterested public" don't like it, the best thing it can do is to get interested and line up with one side or the other and help finish the war.

## Lock Out of Miners

### Miners of Rock Springs Organized—Fourteen Hundred Join in a Body Company Discharges Men

For years efforts have been made to organize the coal miners in the coal fields of southern Wyoming which is controlled by the Union Pacific railway and U. S. Senator Rawlins.

Both the Western Federation and the United Mine Workers have tried to organize the coal camps but met with little success.

Organizers for the United Mine Workers have gone into Rock Springs to be run out of the camp.

President Tom Gibson of District 32 and others who have tried to organize the camps have been refused room and board at the hotels, the proprietors of the hotels acting under the instructions from the company officials fired them out as soon as it became known that they were trying to organize the men.

Efforts have been made to reach the company by placing the product of the mines on the unfair list but this failed owing to the half-hearted support given on the boycott by the workers of Butte.

The revolutionary spirit has taken hold of the miners.

During the early part of May, the district office of District 22, U. M. W. of A., received some communications from men employed at Rock Springs, Wyo., asking them to send organizers to Rock Springs, as the men employed at that place desired to become organized and affiliated with the U. M. W. of A. On the nineteenth of May, Pres. Gibson and Dist. Sec. Treas. Morgan, with John P. Fahey and Fred Benzer, arrived in Rock Springs. On the following day International Executive Board Member Purcell arrived.

Upon inquiring in regard to the sentiment of organizing and finding it unanimous in favor of organization, they then posted notices, calling for a mass meeting for Tuesday evening, May 21st, to be held at the opera house.

When the meeting was called to order about 15 minutes before eight o'clock, the building was packed to the doors. Not only were all the seats filled, but every foot of space for standing room was taken up as well, and between two and three hundred people were unable to get into the building.

Prior to the opening of the meeting some of the Union Pacific officials had hand bills printed and distributed among the miners, which stated that they (the company) had been notified by representatives of the United Mine Workers of America that an attempt would be made to organize the miners

of Rock Springs, Wyo., (which was correct) and also stated that "this notice is to advise all miners and others in our employ that we will not in any way help to support such a union at this place and that all who join will be expected to call for their time."

(Signed) Capital Coal & Coke Co., By F. P. Gridley, Supt. Union Pacific Coal Co.,

By A. E. Bradbury, Asst. Gen. Mgr. Geo. L. Black, Supt."

Now regardless of those notices, at least fifteen hundred (1,500) men employed by both of these companies attended our mass meetings and not one dissenting voice was heard from any of them in regard to organizing. The only friction being when one of the company's detectives tried to interrupt the meeting. After the speakers had finished all men who wanted to put down their names to organize a local here were asked to do so. The officers of the district remained there until about 12 o'clock, taking down the names. Some who wished to have their names on the list and did not have the time to wait, stated that they would come back the following day. After the meeting had adjourned there were about four hundred who had signed the roll to organize.

The following morning as the men went to their work, the superintendents at the different mines, met the men and asked them if they had signed their names to join the union. Those who answered that they had, were told to return to their homes. This continued for three days until the companies had no men to do their work and had to shut the mines up all together, and the chances are they will remain closed for some time, unless the companies recede from the position which they have taken in regard to organization, as the men employed at Rock Springs are determined to no longer submit to the domination of the Union Pacific over every act of their lives as they have in the past.

The companies are now threatening to expell all the miners from their homes by giving them three days' notice to vacate the houses. At Hanna, an other small coal camp along the Union Pacific railroad, they have notified the men in their employ that if they organize they will shut off their water supply and let them go without water.

Oh, just God, and they call this a free American country, and tell you

to be a good citizen and respect the American flag! How can you be a good citizen when you have to live under conditions such as exist in this state! The great wonder is that there is not more anarchy in this country than there is, when a corporation is allowed to hold people in subjection such as this is.

There are a lot more matters I would like to write you if I had the time,

and you would allow me the space; about this great state of Wyoming.

The men here are conducting themselves like gentlemen. All are keeping perfectly sober and are attending to their own affairs, in fact the town is far more quiet and peaceable now than when the mines were working full force. The miners have the sympathy of the people almost to a man in their struggle against corporation tyranny.

## Capitalist Court

### A Packed Jury and a Drunken Prosecution Is the Square Deal That the Miners Are to Get

It has not been the purpose in these reports made for the socialist press to give all the sensational details, the possibilities and impossibilities of daily gossip that came up from day to day in connection with the trial. The daily press is filled to suppletion with this sort of stuff—mostly guess work—mostly made by reporters to fill space.

It is often remarked among the reporters here on the spot that this is largely a newspaper case. The reports sent out outside the routine work in court, are merely to make a showing.

On Saturday afternoon Mr. Hawley acted somewhat strangely to the amusement of the attorneys for the defense and the manifest chagrin of Borah.

The fact of the matter is that the Gooding gang have all they can do in keeping Hawley sober enough to handle this case. He has braced up pretty well, so that the ponderous beer keg that he carries in front of him has become considerably reduced in size. But Saturday he had broken loose, and the beer keg was again puffed out. He got very angry at a little facetious remark of Mr. Richardson's, and appealed to the court. But the judge magnanimously recognized his condition, and told him to sit down. He was ready to fight, but when he saw the defense attorneys took him good-naturedly he became friendly again. They then played a joke on him by giving him the wrong law section to read, which he read very gravely and did not discover his mistake till they were all laughing at him. This again filled his breast with indignation. If Hawley gets drunk at the wrong time it will be fraught with weighty results to the case in hand.

Pinkertons are all over town and an occasional happening is reported in connection with them. Mrs. MacMahon, wife of Wilshire's man here, and herself a correspondent for several papers, slapped one of them in the face the other day that had been hanging around her house.

A number of the toughs employed as deputies in Colorado are here. Meldrum and Reynolds, two of the most notorious characters from Telluride are here. Meldrum hit a union printer and then drew his gun on him in a boarding house for expressing sympathy with the men accused. Bystanders interfered, and the police were put on Meldrum's trail. Federation men say he is still in town.

Everywhere McParland goes he has the faithful Serrago bodyguard with him. One sees them eating in restaurants, and everywhere on the street together.

The Rev. E. S. Hinks, dean of the episcopal diocese of Boise, is adding the weight of his clerical robes to the sorry stage farce of the sincerity of Orchard's repentance. People repentant for crimes committed do not look so sleek and fat and self-satisfied. They show some sort of compunction for their crimes.

Boise, June 1.

Judge Wood's court opened Friday morning after an intermission of three days to admit of the new venire of 61 men being summoned.

Laughable stories were told of the trouble the deputies had in bringing many of the men. One man was even said to have been prodded out of a hay-stack with a pitchfork. It is the busy season for the farmers and they do not relish being hung up on a jury all summer. Twelve of the venire were excused at their own request for

statutory cause.

After the jury box was full again, and each side had one peremptory left, a council of the attorneys was held. Mr. Hawley then spoke to the judge, and though it yet lacked some time till the noon hour, court was dismissed till the afternoon.

At the afternoon session the court asked Mr. Tourtelotte if he still wished to make any statement. The architect replied that he did not feel that he could not take the oath on account of his scruples against capital punishment. He was accordingly dismissed.

During the afternoon the state used its last peremptory challenge.

Saturday morning when court opened it was announced that Haywood was too ill to be present. Mr. Richardson stated that he had been seized with an acute attack of toxine poisoning, so that it was necessary for the doctor to administer morphine. He was no better by the afternoon session, so court was adjourned till Monday.

The word socialism has been thrown into the limelight in an unpleasant manner this past week.

One C. H. Duncan was arrested on the street in an absurd disguise, and carrying a sack containing a number of deadly weapons and a quantity of socialist literature. When he was taken to jail it was ascertained that he was a member of the Socialist Labor Party. He said he knew Wade Parks, who is here reporting for the "People." When Parks was interrogated, he said bad blood had sprung up between the two at the I. W. W. convention in Chicago, and he was afraid Duncan had come here to do him injury.

Duncan's trial took place in the police court Friday, and he was given the limit in a municipal sentence, \$200 fine and sixty days. The justice said if he was playing pranks it was time for such foolishness to be discouraged. Duncan sent for Darrow to act as his attorney, but Darrow absolutely refused to have anything to do with him, and he pleaded his own case.

The socialists in the city are well pleased at his punishment. They consider that it throws a reflection on all of them to have such crazy actions taking place by one who claims to be of their number.

Mrs. Alice Johnson, who is here representing the "Daily People", took cognizance of the matter very sensibly. She naturally felt that since he belonged to the S. L. P., the party members might in some way be looked upon as responsible for him. So she went to see him in the jail, censured him severely for his actions, and told the chief that their party had absolutely nothing to do with such foolishness. After the sentence she said it was time such people were learning that the socialist republic would be builded of different material.

Duncan was at one time the leader of his party in the Cripple Creek district, and as such was well known to the writer. He is well educated, and has a bright mind, and it is certainly curious as to what could produce such unhappy results upon him.

At a critical time like this, when socialism on trial before the American people it is of the utmost importance that the socialists at the scene of the conflict conduct themselves with prudence and superior discretion.

If we have a superior analysis of social problems we must prove it in our dealings with these problems. It will require a high degree of efficiency to supplant the capitalist class in industrial control.

## Missoula's Mud Geyser

### Dixon's Flunky at Boise Runs Against the Real Thing and Is Promptly Knocked out by Shoaf

I am discovered!

The shining robe of sanctity that has heretofore hidden my personal pulchritude from the gaze of men lies torn in shreds my iniquities have been laid bare to the bone, and my soul, once the inhabitant of a cobra de capello, now hangs transfixed betwixt the eternities—a thing accursed of man and God!

Alack and alas, I am exposed and undone! Life for me has lost its meaning and existence stretches out an endless, cheerless, startless blank. Born in the slums with class hatred in my heart, my hand was against every man and my desire was—to strike and kill. Until now the sole ambition of my life was to save civilization by blowing it up with dynamite. In my dreams I saw my ambition realized in a continent of smoking ruins through which gleamed ghastly corpses of plutocrats and plebs—fit victims of infernal work. But now these bloody pictures have been swept away with the dreams civilization is saved and my evil plotting has been handed a solar plexus blow.

No longer can I mask my countenance in a sweet-scented smile and use the socialist party as an instrument with which to raise hell. No longer will my designing villainy lie buried beneath the undulating folds of my snake-like skin—the hide has been removed and the world is viewing with horror the Colozgos anarchy of my murderous heart. Even this commission I am alleged to bear direct from Almighty God will avail me nothing in this crisis. I have been unroofed and x-rayed and shot through with the shafts of publicity until nothing now remains but the memory of a bad smell. In a little while, the waves of eternity will wash the last lingering trace of that smell from the shores of time, and I will be completely dead and damned and forgotten.

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Vote for the Party of Your Class

# MONTANA NEWS,

Abolish the Capitalist System

OWNED AND PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF MONTANA

VOL. V.

HELENA MONTANA, THURSDAY, JUNE 6 1907.

NO. 30.

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## Capitalist Court

### A Packed Jury and a Drunken Prosecution Is the Square Deal That the Miners Are to Get

It has not been the purpose in these reports made for the socialist press to give all the sensational details, the possibilities and impossibilities of daily gossip that came up from day to day in connection with the trial. The daily press is filled to suppletion with this sort of stuff—mostly guess work—mostly made by reporters to fill space.

It is often remarked among the reporters here on the spot that this is largely a newspaper case. The reports sent out outside the routine work in court, are merely to make a showing.

On Saturday afternoon Mr. Hawley acted somewhat strangely to the amusement of the attorneys for the defense and the manifest chagrin of Borah.

The fact of the matter is that the Gooding gang have all they can do in keeping Hawley sober enough to handle this case. He has braced up pretty well, so that the ponderous beer keg that he carries in front of him has become considerably reduced in size. But Saturday he had broken loose, and the beer keg was again puffed out. He got very angry at a little facetious remark of Mr. Richardson's, and appealed to the court. But the judge magnanimously recognized his condition, and told him to sit down. He was ready to fight, but when he saw the defense attorneys took him good-naturedly he became friendly again. They then played a joke on him by giving him the wrong law section to read, which he read very gravely and did not discover his mistake till they were all laughing at him. This again filled his breast with indignation. If Hawley gets drunk at the wrong time it will be fraught with weighty results to the case in hand.

Pinkertons are all over town and an occasional happening is reported in connection with them. Mrs. MacMahon, wife of Wilshire's man here, and herself a correspondent for several papers, slapped one of them in the face the other day that had been hanging around her house.

A number of the toughs employed as deputies in Colorado are here. Meldrum and Reynolds, two of the most notorious characters from Telluride are here. Meldrum hit a union printer and then drew his gun on him in a boarding house for expressing sympathy with the men accused. Bystanders interfered, and the police were put on Meldrum's trail. Federation men say he is still in town.

Everywhere McParland goes he has the faithful Springe bodyguard with him. One sees them eating in restaurants, and everywhere on the street together.

The Rev. E. S. Hinks, dean of the episcopal diocese of Boise, is adding the weight of his clerical robes to the sorry stage farce of the sincerity of Orchard's repentance. People repentant for crimes committed do not look so sleek and fat and self-satisfied. They show some sort of compunction for their crimes.

Boise, June 1.

Judge Wood's court opened Friday morning after an intermission of three days to admit of the new venire of 61 men being summoned.

Laughable stories were told of the trouble the deputies had in bringing many of the men. One man was even said to have been prodded out of a hay-stack with a pitchfork. It is the busy season for the farmers and they do not relish being hung up on a jury all summer. Twelve of the venire were excused at their own request for

statutory cause.

After the jury box was full again, and each side had one peremptory left, a council of the attorneys was held. Mr. Hawley then spoke to the judge, and though it yet lacked some time till the noon hour, court was dismissed till the afternoon.

At the afternoon session the court asked Mr. Tourtelotte if he still wished to make any statement. The architect replied that he did not feel that he could not take the oath on account of his scruples against capital punishment. He was accordingly dismissed.

During the afternoon the state used its last peremptory challenge.

Saturday morning when court opened it was announced that Haywood was too ill to be present. Mr. Richardson stated that he had been seized with an acute attack of toxine poisoning, so that it was necessary for the doctor to administer morphine. He was no better by the afternoon session, so court was adjourned till Monday.

The word socialism has been thrown into the limelight in an unpleasant manner this past week.

One C. H. Duncan was arrested on the street in an absurd disguise, and carrying a sack containing a number of deadly weapons and a quantity of socialist literature. When he was taken to jail it was ascertained that he was a member of the Socialist Labor Party. He said he knew Wade Parks, who is here reporting for the "People." When Parks was interrogated, he said bad blood had sprung up between the two at the I. W. W. convention in Chicago, and he was afraid Duncan had come here to do him injury.

Duncan's trial took place in the police court Friday, and he was given the limit in a municipal sentence, \$200 fine and sixty days. The justice said if he was playing pranks it was time for such foolishness to be discouraged. Duncan sent for Darrow to act as his attorney, but Darrow absolutely refused to have anything to do with him, and he pleaded his own case.

The socialists in the city are well pleased at his punishment. They consider that it throws a reflection on all of them to have such crazy actions taking place by one who claims to be of their number.

Mrs. Alice Johnson, who is here representing the "Daily People", took cognizance of the matter very sensibly. She naturally felt that since he belonged to the S. L. P., the party members might in some way be looked upon as responsible for him. So she went to see him in the jail, censured him severely for his actions, and told the chief that their party had absolutely nothing to do with such foolishness. After the sentence she said it was time such people were learning that the socialist republic would be builded of different material.

Duncan was at one time the leader of his party in the Cripple Creek district, and as such was well known to the writer. He is well educated, and has a bright mind, and it is certainly curious as to what could produce such unhappy results upon him.

At a critical time like this, when socialism on trial before the American people it is of the utmost importance that the socialists at the scene of the conflict conduct themselves with prudence and superior discretion.

If we have a superior analysis of social problems we must prove it in our dealings with these problems. It will require a high degree of efficiency to supplant the capitalist class in industrial control.

## Missoula's Mud Geyser

### Dixon's Flunky at Boise Runs Against the Real Thing and Is Promptly Knocked out by Shoaf

I am discovered! The shining robe of sanctity that has heretofore hidden my personal pulchritude from the gaze of men lies torn in shreds my iniquities have been laid bare to the bone, and my soul, once the inhabitant of a cobra de capello, now hangs transfixed betwixt the eternities—a thing accursed of man and God!

Alack and alas, I am exposed and undone! Life for me has lost its meaning and existence stretches out an endless, cheerless, startless blank. Born in the slums with class hatred in my heart, my hand was against every man and my desire was—to strike and kill. Until now the sole ambition of my life was to save civilization by blowing it up with dynamite. In my dreams I saw my ambition realized in a continent of smoking ruins through which gleamed ghastly corpses of plutocrats and plebs—fit victims of infernal work. But now these bloody pictures have been swept away with the dreams civilization is saved and my evil plotting has been handed a solar plexus blow.

No longer can I mask my countenance in a sweet-scented smile and use the socialist party as an instrument with which to raise hell. No longer will my designing villainy lie buried beneath the undulating folds of my snake-like skin—the hide has been removed and the world is viewing with horror the Colozoos anarchy of my murderous heart. Even this commission I am alleged to bear direct from Almighty God will avail me nothing in this crisis. I have been unroofed and x-rayed and shot through with the shafts of publicity until nothing now remains but the memory of a bad smell. In a little while the waves of eternity will wash the last lingering trace of that smell from the shores of time, and I will be completely dead and damned and forgotten.

Who made the discovery, and what produced this wondrous change? The answer is easy. Out among the volcanic rocks and sage brush hills of Montana, in a wide place in the road, called Missoula, there is published daily a paper whose editor is owned by boots and breeches by that particular branch of capitalism which operates the industries and dominates the politics of the state. From the safe distance of several hundred miles this subsidized biped has been reporting the Haywood trial, and, incident-

ally trying to heap odium on the socialist writers who possessed the temerity to brave Gooding's wrath and attend court. His first journalistic effort was to portray Dr. Titus and Ida Crouch-Hazlett in the act of eating second-hand grub at a Chinese restaurant. He then landed on Clarence Darrow with both feet by roundly criticizing the Chicago lawyer's recent address on Walt Whitman. Those who have seen both Darrow and his critic assert that they strike a comparison similar to that which exists between the matchless grandeur of Niagara and a sudden squirt of tobacco juice from the mouth of a syphilitic saloon bum. A roast of Darrow by this intellectual hireling is about as apropos as Harry Orchard's attempt to lift himself into beatitude through the saving grace of James McParland, or Gooding's effort to win the plaudits of the American people by fastening the stigma of assassination on Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. It was after he had tried his hand on Titus, Hazlett and Darrow that he discovered your humble servant.

Now are all my fond dreams shattered and my life's work completely wrecked! Since my infancy every aspiration of my soul has trembled toward the hour now about to strike. I had hoped to seize upon the culmination of the present order of development as an opportunity to deal capitalism a blow that would sent it spinning to the realms of chaos, and, now that events are shaping themselves for that opportunity, and I am about to realize it, I am unexpectedly exposed and my plans held up to public scorn. The editor of the Missoulian, in choice Anglo-Saxon, says that I am an "anarchist" and "dangerous". He further declares that I am "fierce, vindictive, tireless, unrelenting, desperate and would scruple at nothing to gain a point."

Well, that settles it! With the "cunning of a maniac" I foresee my finish. Nothing dissolves conspiracies or thwarts the plans of anarchists to overthrow society better than the calcium light of publicity. Until my discovery by the editor of the Missoulian I plotted in the dark. So long as I came and went unobserved my schemes prospered and bid fair to develop an explosion. But it is all off now. The game is up. Society is saved and I am a dead one.

"Farewell, a long farewell," etc.  
GEORGE H. SHOAF.

## ECHOES OF TELEPHONE STRIKE

War is hell, is a true saying and never more true than in this present class war that is being waged throughout the world. It is a hell from which none can escape and from which none ought to escape. Yet we see many people who cannot understand why they should be drawn into the struggle and complain bitterly about the injustice on one side or the other because the "rights" of certain individuals are trampled upon by the contending forces. One way or another, sooner or later, every individual has got to learn his obligations to society and this is the only way some people can be made to realize that they have no rights separate from the rights of the rest of society, and that the welfare of the individual is bound up in the welfare of the whole.

Much complaint has been made about the way the public has been made discommoded by the strike of the telephone girls. Has the public ever concerned itself about the way the telephone girls were discommoded by wages barely sufficient to feed and clothe them? Would it ever concern itself about them so long as the telephone service was running smoothly, even though oiled by the blood of the girls? Never! The public concerns itself about nobody until forced to—and then what a wail goes up. They tell us of a child that died because

the telephone could not be used to call a physician, and of a man who had recently lost a leg, falling and starting a hemorrhage and would have bled to death only a doctor "happened" along. We regret that such things must be, but war is hell. When Sherman's army marched through Georgia they did not, because of any sentimental reasons, hesitate in the crushing of a few individuals. When two armies are drawn up in line of battle, they do not postpone the conflict because a wheat field lies between them. They just go right on with the fight and trample down the grain. The owner of the field may think that he is a perfectly disinterested party but before the battle is over you will find him taking sides with one or the other of the contending parties; and his material interests, in so far as he can see them, will decide which one. If he thinks by joining one certain side he can help to win and get paid for his wheat, that is the side he will join.

These girls, like all organized workers are fighting for life and they are not going to call off the battle because the public is discommoded, or even the lives of a few individuals sacrificed, and if the "disinterested public" don't like it, the best thing it can do is to get interested and line up with one side or the other and help finish the war.

## REVOLUTION NOT A PASTIME

The trial of Fred Warren in the federal court as managing editor of the Appeal to Reason, on the charge of publishing an incendiary and seditious sheet is liable to be a serious proposition for the "dear old Appeal" at this stage of the miners' fight.

In the first place the paper has been obliged to employ the ablest attorneys in the state of Kansas to defend it, and the heavy expenses incidental to a government trial like this are a considerable item in itself. Of course, the Appeal could make this up by its cheerful elasticity in getting new subscribers, for at every misfortune it appeals in such a heartrending manner to the public as to make a fresh prosperity boom. But in the face of a vicious attack by the government on its subject matter whatever goes into the paper while action is pending must necessarily be censured by the attorneys in charge of the case. In consequence matter that is published will have to be comparatively moderate and unobjectionable in tone to the powers that be. Debs' flaming 'Arouse, ye Slaves!' could not go now. And there is no doubt but what everything in connection with the Western Federation affair will undergo a strict tuning down. Indeed this result is already visible.

Those who are prosecuting the miners in Idaho are no doubt the ones who are after the Appeal. Borah did not have his interview with Roosevelt

for nothing. The capitalist class intends to crush the Western Federation out of existence, and everything that savors of socialism in the unions. The Appeal has been recognized as a tremendous fighter and rouser of public sentiment in this case, no matter what may be thought of its reliability in promoting the cause of American socialism.

This is plainly discernible in the attention given to it by the attorneys for the prosecution. Every juror is sounded as to whether he is a reader of the Appeal, and Hawley has issued loud-voiced tirades against it in court. The mine owners mean to put it out of business through the government.

At this time such a movement is a striking blow at the defense, as there is no other paper, on account of its circulation, equal as a medium of spreading the working class side in this damnable outrage.

But by far the greatest import to the American working class movement will be the fact that the American government will begin a policy of repression against socialist papers.

Well, it is only the most shortsighted that do not expect this. A real repressive policy that will give the lie to the "land of the free and the home of the brave" will put iron and backbone into the real socialists in this country, and will divide the fair weather socialists from the heroes of the storm.