

THE PEOPLE LIBRARY

Monthly

Per Year, 60 cents

January, 1900

Vol. II.—No. 1.

# THE BULL PEN



By THOMAS A. HICKEY.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.

PUBLISHED BY THE

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY,

2 to 6 New Road Street, New York City.

# THE STORY OF THE BULL PEN

AT WARDNER, IDAHO.



By THOMAS A. HICKEY.



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NEW YORK LABOR NEWS COMPANY.



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NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY,  
2 to 6 New Reade Street, New York City.

## MIKE DEVINE.

BY STANISLAUS CULLEN.

CRISPUS ATTUCKS, murdered by British Soldiers in Boston, in JOHN BROWN, hanged by Slaveholders in 1859. [1770.  
MIKE DEVINE, murdered by the Capitalist Class in the "Bull Pen" at Wardner, Idaho, 1899.

With the glaze of death in his eyes and the death rattle in his throat, Mike Devine raised himself on one elbow, gave one last loving look at his fellow prisoners, and exclaimed: "Boys—these murderers. Stand by the Union. Don't sign the permit." Then he fell over, dead.

Revolutions have their Baptists. "Make straight the way," they cry.

Crispus Attucks was our first one: "Come on, boys, let's do or die."

Then John Brown cried: "Death to slavery." Now we hear the words: "Don't sign!"

And we answer back, class conscious: "You're our Baptist, Mike Divine."

Shall we build him a monument, comrades? Shall we carve on granite his name?

This man of our Class, who died as he lived—a martyr, a hero, whose fame

Will resound when we've passed from this life and our Class slaves no more in the plutocrat's mine,

When free men will lay wreaths on his grave and repeat the words of the hero: "Don't sign!"

Seventeen hundred and seventy saw Yankee men shot dead. In fifty-nine John Brown was hanged—read ye the omen red. King George went down; black slavery died. Ye Capitalists, mark the sign:

Ye tolled the knell of your system's rule when you murdered Mike Devine.

Listen, O Workers, and answer: How shall we best serve the Cause

He was murdered for defending? How best change the brutal laws

That they tortured him to death with? Heed the words of Mike Devine:

Vote to own the mine and workshop. For the Robber Class "don't sign."

Death to the rule of the robber; raise ye the Socialist flag. From Germany, Belgium and France they cry: "Why do our comrades lag?"

Give to the world this message: "We are building a monument fine,

With the broken chains of the wage-slave, in memory of Mike Devine."

# THE STORY OF THE BULL PEN.

NEVER TOLD BEFORE—NOW TOLD BY  
THE SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY.

## INTRODUCTORY.

For the past eight months, in every portion of the nation, the term Bull Pen has become a household word. Just what is meant by that term, the people at large have but a vague conception. The capitalist newspapers have made explanations that did not explain; the "labor" papers and the labor fakirs have added to the confusion; the annual banquet of the American Fakiration of Labor has been eaten, and we are as much in the dark as ever. Why? Because the recital of the story of the Bull Pen and all that leads up to it, with the lessons that it teaches, would, if learned by the working class, cause them to throw the fakirs overboard, stop their scab labor sheets, abandon their capitalist papers, kick their capitalist politicians down and out, and march with the militants of the Socialist Labor Party to the conquest of the public powers.

It follows, therefore, that it is left for the Socialist Labor Party to tell the tale of the Idaho Bull Pen.

## CHAPTER I.

### PRE-HISTORICAL.—BEFORE '92.

Idaho is one of the sage-brush States in the West that has grown up with the present generation. Like her sister States of Wyoming, Montana, and Utah, her chief resources are her mineral products. In '82 gold and other minerals were discovered in that portion of Idaho known as the Coeur d'Alene country. From all over the West prospectors flocked, with hardtack in their satchels, hope in their hearts, and a Fifth avenue palace in their minds.

The prospectors speedily found that the mines were not easily worked; large capital was needed to develop them. The money came, and for a time all went well; \$3.50 a day was the wage. As has happened from Pennsylvania to the Slope, the fine art of skinning Labor through pluck-me-stores and other devices all came after other things were well settled. So, in '85 the Company started a Company store, finally a Company bunk house—all about as comfortable as the boudoirs in the steerage of a tramp steamer.

In June, '87, the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Company, the prop-

erty of the Standard Oil Co., sought to reduce the miners' wages from \$3.50 to \$3.00, and the other underground men from \$3.50 to \$2.50, but failed to reduce their board, which remained at \$1.00 per day.

When the miners refused to accept this reduction, the Company was forced, on account of the scarcity of miners, to return to the old schedule of \$3.50, but refused to pay other underground men more than \$3.00, which was a cut of 50 cents per day for these men.

Here we see the irrepressible conflict between Capital and Labor, each striving to get the most of the product that Labor produced. At this early stage of the Idaho mining development, we see four distinct reductions of the men's wages:

- 1st—The Company store;
- 2d—The Company boarding house;
- 3d—The Company bunk house, with its rents; and
- 4th—The fifty-cent reduction in July, '87.

Under the lash of these repeated reductions, on November 17th, 1887, the first union of miners in the Coeur d'Alenes was organized and was called Wardner Miners' Union.

In 1890 the men employed by the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mining Company demanded the prevailing wages paid in the district, \$3.50 per day, for all underground men, which was refused, and a strike ensued. It lasted two weeks, and ended in the defeat of the Company, it agreeing to pay the same wages as the other mines in the district.

This defeat enraged the President of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine, Mr. John Hays Hammond.

#### JOHN HAYS HAMMOND BUYS GUNS AND HIRES TOUGHS TO FIGHT THE MINERS.

And who may this Mr. John Hays Hammond be? The answer will incidentally throw not a little light upon the internationality of Capitalism, and help to explain the recent disgraceful scenes of love and affection displayed at the banquet of the "Sons of the American Revolution" for the whipped Britishers in South Africa. This Hammond is the gentleman who afterwards went to Africa, and, together with the protege of Cecil Rhodes and Joseph Chamberlain, the filibuster, Dr. Jameson, conspired a midnight raid upon the Boer Republic. Just as he smuggled rifles into Idaho in '92, so in '97 he showed his training by smuggling rifles in carloads of coke into the Transvaal. Oom Paul, however, pulled him up short, and ran the scoundrel out of the Transvaal.

This international hiring of Capital at once organized a Mine Owners' Industrial Protective Association for the sole purpose of reducing miners' wages in the West to \$2.50. This for a starter. Later reductions to follow until that glorious day would dawn on Shoshone County when the miners would be as hungry and as helpless as in Pennsylvania.

The Mine Owners' Protective Association had a grand work before it. But the "foolish" miners, with wives and children to support, could not see it that way.

The first move of Hammond's Association was to raise the sinews of war. This was done by assessing every member of the Association 12 per cent. on every ton of ore shipped from their mines. The collections went into a sinking fund for the purpose of buying guns, hiring toughs, and raising the devil generally. The poor devils who moiled and toiled in the mines at the risk of life, health and limb, should have the last ounce of surplus value squeezed out of them by peaceful means; if not, the Association would buy enough toughs to shoot it out of them.

Right here, mark this down: Up to this time, January 1, 1892, not a blow was struck, not a shot was fired, naught save a whispered curse in an outraged worker's throat; while all the preparations for war were going on from the other side, the "Law and Order Abiding" side.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BIG FIGHT OF '92.

The polished plugugly who presided over the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine felt that all his plans were safe for the starting of his conspiracy. So with all his wires laid, the Courts "fixed," guns purchased, and Pinkertons ready, he issued the order to shut down every mine in the county on January 17th, '92. Thousands of men were thrown out of employment in midwinter; credit in the Company stores was forthwith denied them; and eviction threatened.

On April 1st, the Mine Owners' Protective Association offered to resume operations at a reduction of \$1.00 per day for miners and 50 cents for all other men. That was the first part of the scheme. The men, starved out during these months, their funds exhausted, and with no credit, were expected to be found pliant; if not, there were the Courts, guns, etc., ready for them. The prospective participator in the future Jameson raid miscalculated on the first point; but he was absolutely certain on the second.

The miners refused to accept the proffered reduction, and Mr. Hammond ordered his Courts, his State and Federal Rep-Dem. Capitalist officials, to the front.

Without a particle of disturbance of any description as a basis for their application the Mine Owners' Association applied for an injunction against the Miners' Union; this was granted by Judge Beatty, of the Federal Court, with a break-neck quickness. Right upon that, the Mine Owners' Association applied to the Governor to declare martial law in that peaceable territory; and he, like Judge Beatty, a ready and complacent tool of the Company, did so forthwith.

#### CAPITALIST JUDGE BEATTY ENJOINS THE MINERS, AND THE CAPITALIST GOVERNOR DECLARES MARTIAL LAW.

Having taken its Judge out of its right-hand pocket, and pulled its Governor out of its left-hand pocket, Hammond's Mine Owners' Association was ready to unleash the Dogs of War. And it did so; five hundred rifles were bought and distributed at the different mines, to be used by the toughs that were to be brought in from

the large cities to create riot in the name of "Law and Order," and thus furnish justification for the Capitalist brutality in contemplation.

So far all was peaceable at the mines. Not one of the villainous gang, who plotted the scheme with their assistant Judges and Governors, has ever dared to declare otherwise. Yet the first act of their imported toughs was to attempt to drive the miners out of the county. So they started to raid the town of Gem on July 11.

MINERS DRIVE THE TOUGHS OUT OF THE COUNTY, BUT THEY COME BACK ESCORTED BY GOVERNMENT TROOPS.

At this point the miners felt that things had gone far enough. The right of self-defence was now enforced upon them. They acted as their class always acts in such cases—slow to begin action, but chain-lightning-fire-and-brimstone when they start. To be locked out and threatened with starvation for no crime was bad enough; and they could stand that. But when a gang of bums, loafers, and drunks—the scourgings of the cities—came into Shoshone County to drive them and their wives and families out as a drover would drive his hogs, this was more than flesh and blood could stand. So they picked up their shot-guns, Winchesters, and all, and sallied forth at daybreak to meet the foe, although outnumbered 2 to 1. They met them. Oh yes, they did. And they did not do a thing to them. They shot them; they clubbed them; they took their guns off them; they threw them down and danced on them—the toughs, not the guns—until there was not a bum plug-ugly in Hammond's brigade but wished he had never deserted his dive to monkey with these "wild Western miners." The miners disarmed over five hundred of them, marched them out of town, buried their dead, succored their wounded, and told them that if they ever dared to return, they would find a neat little hole in the hillside for their hides. Just then the Federal troops arrived, one thousand and six hundred men strong, under General Curtin. They arrested every miner in sight, whereupon the "bold" toughs re-appeared, burned the miners' union hall to the ground, insulted the miners' wives, beat their children, and raised hell generally, like the bold, bad men that they were, now that the defenders of these women and children were hemmed in by a wall of steel.

Some of the Union men were "tried for riot," were found guilty, appealed to the United States Supreme Court, and were discharged, the Supreme Court of the United States holding that the men were absolutely blameless for the occurrence of July 11, '92.

On that July morning when the miners were fighting for their stunted liberties and miserable homes, three of their brave comrades were killed by the imported toughs. Their memory is kept green in Shoshone County. On the 11th day of July in each recurring year since '92, every mine in the county shuts down. The whole population turns out to the little cemetery on the hillside. While speeches are made and prayers said, their graves are decorated by the children, and washed by the tears of the women they died for. There will be more graves to be decked this year—Mike

Devine, Mat Johnson, and others are there now. Bigger than ever will be the celebration this year, held as it will be under the shadow of the Bull Pen. And these celebrations will continue until they will be merged in that grand celebration that will commemorate the final downfall of the class that Hammond represented.

At that very time when the United States Courts were acquitting the miners, the Associated Press was sending out red-eyed tales about the "murderers of Shoshone County," "Dynamiters," "Scoundrelly Ruffians," etc.

TACTICS OF THE CAPITALIST PRESS FORESHADOW THE LATER TACTICS OF THE NEW YORK WORLD AND JOURNAL.

They lied, they knew it; but the rascality of the Mine Owners' Protective Association had to be hidden in this cloud of dust, and yet again there was another gain to be made by this uproar: This Coeur d'Alene country was undeveloped in the main; the cream of the wealth hidden in these hills had only been skimmed; new leads and mines were being continually discovered; the district was a new El Dorado; the Capitalist clique in control desired no more outside capital to come in; Capital was always timid they knew. Now, if they could cause Eastern investors to believe that this territory was overrun by robbers, dynamiters, and murderers, the capital would not come in, and all the wealth of the Coeur d'Alenes would, from time to time, come under their control. Hence their desire for trouble:

First—To cut the men's wages to starving point.

Second—To scare outside investors away.

In the latter they succeeded admirably. The determined fight of the men caused them to fail in the former. Every mine in the district consented to pay the Union scale except the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Company. The men returned to work, happy over their successful fight; they were determined to make another of the same kind when necessary; so they oiled up their Winchesters while the Angel of Peace was folding its wings.

### CHAPTER III.

#### POLITICS IN IDAHO.

The Union miners of Idaho at no time knew any more about politics than the law allowed.

In a dim way, they realized that political power was at the bottom of the whole situation. They wanted to capture that power, but just what to do with it they were not clear. To use that power as a class-conscious, therefore revolutionary, political party of workingmen would use it, did not occur to them. To use that power as an adjunct to the union in Shoshone County "to get something now" was all they could see. "A bird in the hand was worth two in the bush," they thought; and it must be said they had better reasons for this position than is usually the case, for the political power in the county was in their hands. But in the State of Idaho itself the Mormon farmers, who had come across the State line from Utah,

held the balance of power, and, as middle-class farmers, they had nothing in common with the miners. Hence, the miners looked after the county offices alone, leaving the political Sword of Damocles in the State suspended over their heads.

THE MINERS CAPTURE SHOSHONE COUNTY AND THE CAPITALISTS OF IDAHO BUILD A BULL PEN FOR THEM.

We may easily imagine what followed. The miners had the county officers, sheriff, tax commissioners, etc.; the Capitalists had the State officers. The row between the Union and the Capitalists breaks out; then the State steps in, erects the Bull Pen, arrests the sheriff and tax commissioners, as well as all the Union men—and commands the situation in the interest of the Capitalist class. God is always on the side of the strongest battalions. The *State* was stronger than the *County*, hence the State, or, rather, the Capitalists, won, and the Union miners learned the bitter lesson that the bird in the hand was not in the hand at all, but, on the contrary, was in the Bull Pen; that the only way the bird can be securely in the hand is by capturing, not Shoshone County, but the State, and the nation.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BATTLE OF APRIL 29, '99.—HOW THE CONCENTRATOR WAS BLOWN UP.

After the battle of '92 was over, and the men had won, the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mining Co. found out that it had troubles of its own. For a long time its mines remained closed. Its president, Mr. Hammond, had to seek fresh fields and pastures new, which accounts for his appearance before the Boers, who spanked him even worse than did the miners.

The prosperity of the town of Wardner depended on the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mine. The cockroach business-men were at their wits' end. The red rag of the auctioneer never left their minds, even in the dead watches of the night. They finally organized a Militia Company; the mine owners having made such a disastrous experience with imported bullies, they would try home talent. The Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mine was thereupon opened, and the business-men commenced to sing. Non-union men were running it under reduced wages—miners at \$3.00; muckers, as the other men in the mine are called, at \$2.50.

THE CLASS STRUGGLE MANIFESTS ITSELF.

From time to time these Wardner non-union men visited the other towns in Shoshone County—Gem, Burke, Wallace, and Mullan. They were disgusted to find these union men making \$1.00 per day more than themselves, so they determined to do a little organizing on their own account—in the spring of '99.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY PLOTS TO BLOW UP THE CONCENTRATOR.

One Burbidge, the manager of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mining Co., and worthy successor of Hammond, determined to upset the men's plans. Again, as in '92, the Standard Oil manager imported toughs; armed them; and, anxious to avoid the union

men's brand of trouble in the county, he proceeded to run things in Wardner with a high hand, believing that later on the county would be his. His reason for believing this was simple. He was to turn to his advantage, against the prospective Union that was looming up from amidst his non-union workers, the sentiment of the other mine owners against their union-men. Maddened by the success of the Union, and desiring, as much as he, to discourage capital as before, all the other mine owners in the Coeur d'Alenes were determined to make a last great effort to smash the Union as he had done; an effort that—they had seen to—was to be backed up by Judges, Governors and military, as before, only in a slightly different way.

The scheme of the mine owners was as follows: The Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mine had a concentrator, (an immense machine for extracting the ore), very much out of date, despite continuous tinkering. This concentrator was insured for four times its value. Into the Union some tools of the mine owners were to be introduced. They would advocate the dynamiting of the concentrator. This being done, then more Federal troops, injunctions, etc., with their wished-for accompaniments, to wit, a smashed union, lower wages, and capital scared away. It was certainly a pretty scheme, but not new to these gentlemen, by any means. The Standard Oil officials had already been convicted in the courts of the State of New York of blowing up opposition refineries; arson had been traced to their door; so a little thing like a concentrator was easy for Burbidge, the representative of the Standard Oil interests in Idaho, to fall in with.

Side by side with the developing of this plot went the discontent of the non-union men in Burbidge's own Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mine. It culminated on April 24, '99, in a demand made upon Burbidge for the payment of the prevailing wages in the district. This Burbidge refused; he then discharged every man who indulged in this "un-American" act of asking for an increase, and started to import scabs to take the men's places, and more toughs to help the game along.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY'S PRIVATE POLICE TAKE POSSESSION OF THE ROADS LEADING TO THE MINES.

These "armed guards," as they were termed, were placed around the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mine, although there was no danger of any description, but it was part of the plot to make it appear that there was. Then the "armed guards" took possession of the country road, and, without provocation, halted people who were attending to their business. This usurpation of authority by private individuals continued until Sheriff Young stepped in, yanked these toughs off the public road, and notified the Bunker Hill manager that this thing had to stop.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY ORDERS ITS "GUARDS" TO PREVENT THE MINERS FROM HOLDING MEETINGS.

On April 29, the discharged miners of Wardner—not members of the Miners' Union—decided to have a demonstration—very natural

under the circumstances, seeing they were at loggerheads with Burbidge, the manager of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mine. The demonstration differed in no way from thousands of similar ones that we see held all over the country. But Mr. Burbidge concluded that he did not want any demonstration. So he ordered his "armed guards" to stop it. To this high-handed proceeding the non-union men objected. Then ensued the liveliest kind of time. As soon as a meeting would start, the "armed guards" would proceed to break it up absolutely without right—legal, moral, or otherwise. Thereupon would follow a Donnybrook fair, Kilkenny-cat kind of time. Twenty different kinds of fighting would go on at once. Up and down the country road with sticks, clubs, fists, stones, and guns they fought. They fought in the style of five different nations, while they cursed in seven tongues. The non-union men belted the guards as bad as we belted the Kangs;\* only, unlike the Kangs, the guards held their ground. Nothing was barred, from a stranglehold to a punch below the mark, while the ground and lofty tumbling was a solace to the eye.

Wardner is surrounded by a number of other towns, all controlled by the union men. But few were at work that day. The largest mine in Shoshone County—the Standard, employing 450 men—was closed on the previous day, ostensibly for repairs, but really as a move in the plot already outlined. When the union men learned of the non-union men's fight in Wardner, some of them determined to go down and take part in the row on general principles, it really not being their fight at all. At this moment a freight train, with a mail-coach attached, was leaving Burke for Wallace. Some of the men clamored aboard. The people being wildly excited, a stampede ensued; women, with babes in their arms, girls, and even small children, climbed on. The populace was turning out to see the fight.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY ACCOMPLISHES ITS PURPOSE—THE CONCENTRATOR IS BLOWN UP.

After leaving Burke, a most remarkable incident occurred; one that shows as clear as crystal the final working of the plot to blow up the concentrator. When the train reached Gem, it stopped. A dozen men jumped out and walked a few yards to the magazine of the Helena and Frisco Mine. The manager—Joe MacDonald—was there. This MacDonald is a bull-necked, fighting Irishman. He has the reputation of being a bad man to have trouble with, and is known as one of the best, if not the best, rough-and-tumble and gun fighters that ever crossed the trail in Idaho. With him his property comes first, even at the risk of his life. Yet when he saw these men go to his magazine and take his dynamite, he offered not the slightest objection, but, on the contrary, he smiled with pleasure and said: "Go ahead, boys! I wish you luck. These

\* "Kang"—abbreviation for "Kangaroo," a term of derision applied to a clique of middle-class taxpayers and pure and simple labor fakirs, who, in the summer of 1899, tried to get control of the Socialist Labor Party for the purpose of switching it from its revolutionary course and making a reform party out of it. The Kangaroos were annihilated.

people (meaning the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mining Company) ought to be made an example of. I hope you do so." When the inquest took place a couple of weeks later on the bodies of the two men killed on April 29, he testified before the coroner's jury against the non-union men, denounced them in unmeasured terms, and swore the dynamite was taken without his knowledge or consent, thus clearly showing that he was in league both with the tools of the mine owners, who were on the train, and with the Standard Oil manager—Burbidge.

With the boxes of dynamite on board, a fresh start was made, and in a few minutes the train pulled into Wardner Station.

To put the dynamite under the concentrator was the work of a moment, the fuse was applied, and then—bang! The Standard Oil Company had duplicated the performance, for which they had been convicted in the courts of the State of New York. It would be interesting to have Mr. Rockefeller's views as to which is the easier—blowing up concentrators or refineries.

After the explosion, there was no further disturbance. Every one who participated in the blowing up left the State. The men who came down on the train without expecting any such ending went back in a rush. Two lives had gone out earlier in the day during the riotings already described. A deadly quiet settled over Wardner. The Angel of Peace again folded her wings, slightly ruffled, it is true, in the midst of the concentrator's ruins.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE BULL PEN.

We guide our footsteps in the present by the light of experience we have had in the past.

The band of capitalist criminals in Idaho had had plenty of experience. With Hammond whipped in '92, despite his Governors, Courts, and military power; with their pals convicted in New York for blowing up a rival refinery—these gentlemen took care that no mistake was made this time. So they worked their plans exceedingly well, and were repaid as follows:

1. They had a played-out concentrator blown up, and collected enough insurance to get a new one.
2. They sent poor, timid capital flying.
3. They smashed all the workers' opposition, both non-union and union.

THE DEMOCRAT POPULIST GOVERNOR STEUNENBERG APPLIES TO THE REPUBLICAN PRESIDENT M'KINLEY FOR TROOPS.

4. They disfranchised hundreds of miners, and made it possible to swing Shoshone County into the clean-cut capitalist-political camp again—this being of the utmost importance, as two Sections of the Socialist Labor Party had just been organized in Burke and Mullan, and well the mine owners' fraternity in crime knew that the Socialist Labor Party alone was the labor organization able to spread out beyond Shoshone County, and reach to a purpose the other people in the State.

The blowing up of the concentrator made all this possible. Their free-silver Governor commenced to move at once. Without consulting the Sheriff, as is always done in such cases, the Bryanite-Democratic-Populist Governor Steunenberg applied to the Republican President for troops, and got them. The county was put under martial law, and thus "Sound Money" and "Bogus Money" Capitalism, that had sworn eternal enmity, shook hands over the mangled body of Labor.

THE REPUBLICAN PRESIDENT M'KINLEY SENDS TROOPS OF THE REGULAR ARMY TO WARDNER.

General Merriam was dispatched post-haste from Colorado with "Veterans of the Cuban War," and from Spokane, Wash., two companies of colored troops were sent to Shoshone County.

THE FREE SILVER "FRIEND OF LABOR" SINCLAIR CONCEIVES THE BULL PEN.

In the meantime the precious Steunenberg appointed State Auditor Sinclair as his representative. A splendid selection, indeed! It would be hard to find a better representative of crookedness than this crook. This is a small pen-picture of that worthy:—He has always been a shyster lawyer of the shysterish type. He was at one time a "gold standard Republican labor protector;" when the free-silver, "labor-loving," "no-government-by-injunction" wave came along, he became a "free-silver friend of labor." He was at one time Land Commissioner. Judge Beatty, mentioned earlier in this narrative as the complacent judicial supplement under charges of embezzlement. This being the second charge against him, it looked as if he was booked for the Penitentiary, but his friends came to his assistance, and saved him. Finally he was elected on the "Fusion" ticket for State Auditor on the principle, probably, that embezzlers make good capitalists and labor fakir auditors, as a rule. This is *the* fellow who conceived the idea of the *Bull Pen*.

THE MINERS AT WARDNER ARE ARRESTED AND SENT TO THE BULL PEN.

On May 4, 1899, in the forenoon, the Bull Pen was ready for the the Shoshone Proletariat. It consisted of a few sheds, that might have been transplanted from the Chicago stock yards, with yellow-fever paint on the boards; on the floor there was straw for bedding—like the cradle of the Nazarene, but the Proletariat had the cross before the cradle. Of toilet accommodations there were none. Ditto culinary arrangements. Just a pen for cattle; that was all.

On May 4, having corralled the non-union innocents in Wardner, Major Smith, with the Sixth Colored Cavalry, made a sortie on Burke. They surrounded the town. As the men came out of the mine in their wet overalls, they were held up, and told they were under arrest. For six hours they were kept standing, waiting for the train to take them to Wardner to the Bull Pen. The business men were also arrested. The women asked permission to give their husbands dry clothes and supper; they were refused. At 1 o'clock P. M. next day they got their first meal after a 25 hours' fast. Black

coffee and "mulligan" was on the bill of fare (mulligan is a mysterious beef stew).

On May 5, the men in Mullan were arrested. May 6, Gem got in line; the business men were released, but 1,200 miners had to stay to be starved, ill treated, and made a jibe of by the colored troops of Spokane.

Company M, Twenty-fourth Regiment, Colored Cavalry, Captain Bachellor, was now placed in charge. The women, knowing how their husbands and brothers were being treated, cooked two dozen hams, and brought them down to the men. Bachellor took the hams, confiscated them for his troopers, who walked around leering at the poor, hungry devils, while they ate the hams that the men's wives had prepared for their husbands. Next, the men's wives sent a dozen boxes of cigars; again they were confiscated, while the miners were asked by their tormentors what they thought of the smell of the cigars.

With the cold, wet clothes, bad food, and general ill treatment, sickness broke out amongst them. They suffered awful agony from piles, dysentery, and kindred diseases. Lying on the floor like sheep, without toilet accommodations of any sort, the most revolting incidents occurred that decency compels me to omit. The Black Hole in Calcutta was a bridal bower compared to it.

THE MURDER OF MIKE DEVINE.

As an instance of the savage way in which the men were treated I shall take the case of Mike Devine. Devine was always a staunch union man. He was the life and soul of the union, and one of the charter members of Section Burke, Idaho, Socialist Labor Party. An honest, hard-working, jolly, fighting Irishman; as brave as a lion, as strong as an ox, and as guileless as a child. As a result of having to stay so long in his wet clothes, he got pneumonia. He asked to see his wife and child; both requests were denied him. The little delicacies that a sick man craves were turned back from the door of this pest house. Loving hands were stretched out to him, only to be driven away by the colored scoundrel in charge.

Finally, always being a fervent Roman Catholic, when he realized he was dying, he asked for a priest—a request that never is refused a prisoner in a civilized nation; but it was denied in the Bull Pen. This maddened the dying man.

*With the glaze of death in his eyes, and the death rattle in his throat, he raised himself on one elbow, gave one last loving look at his fellow prisoners, and shouted:*

*"Boys, — — — these murderers! Stand by the Union! Don't sign the permit!"*

Then he fell over, dead.

GOVERNOR STEUNENBERG, A MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, ISSUES THE PROCLAMATION BY WHICH THE MINE OWNERS ARE ORDERED TO REFUSE EMPLOYMENT TO UNION MEN.

Below is an exact copy of the "Proclamation," issued by the Governor jointly with General Merriam, and containing the match-



lessly infamous "Permit," or "Application for Permit," against which Mike Devine uttered his last class-conscious breath:

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, The following notice has been served upon the mine owners of Shoshone County by the duly constituted State authorities, by whom martial law has been declared, to wit:

"TO THE MINE OWNERS OF SHOSHONE COUNTY:

"CERTAIN ORGANIZATIONS OR COMBINATIONS EXISTING IN SHOSHONE COUNTY HAVE SHOWN THEMSELVES TO BE CRIMINAL IN PURPOSE, INCITING, AND, AS ORGANIZATIONS, PROCURING PROPERTY TO BE DESTROYED, AND MURDERS TO BE COMMITTED, BY REASON WHEREOF IT HAS BEEN TWICE NECESSARY TO DECLARE MARTIAL LAW IN SHOSHONE COUNTY;

"YOU ARE THEREFORE NOTIFIED THAT THE EMPLOYMENT OF MEN BELONGING TO SAID OR OTHER CRIMINAL ORGANIZATIONS DURING THE CONTINUANCE OF MARTIAL LAW MUST CEASE. IN CASE THIS DIRECTION IS NOT OBTAINED, YOUR MINES WILL BE CLOSED."

THEREFORE, In order to carry into effect the spirit of the foregoing notice and restore the industries of the district as far as possible, it becomes necessary to establish a system by which miners who have not participated in the recent acts of violence and who are law-abiding people, may obtain work, that order and peace may be established, the following is promulgated for the guidance of all mine owners and employes in the affected district:

All parties applying for underground work in any of the following mines will be required to obtain from Dr. Hugh France, the duly appointed and authorized agent for the State of Idaho for this purpose, or his deputy, at Wardner or at Wallace, a permit authorizing said persons to seek employment in any of the following mines: Bunker Hill and Sullivan, Last Chance, Empire State-Idaho, Consolidated Tiger and Poorman, Hecla, Mammoth, Standard, Helena-Frisco, Gem, Morning, Hunter, and such others as may be hereafter included in the above list. Parties applying for such permits must be prepared: First, to deny all participation in the riots of April 29, 1899, in Shoshone County, and second, to deny or renounce membership in any society which has incited, encouraged, or approved of said riots or other violation of public law.

MINE OWNERS MUST REFUSE EMPLOYMENT TO ALL APPLICANTS FOR UNDERGROUND WORK WHO DO NOT PRESENT A DULY SIGNED PERMIT AUTHORIZING THE SAME. SUCH PERMITS WILL BE DEPOSITED IN MINE OWNERS' OFFICE SUBJECT TO PERIODICAL INSPECTION.

All parties now under employment by any of the mines above named will be required to procure within ten days from this date

the permits above referred to as a condition to their remaining in the service of their respective companies.

By order of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief,  
BARTLETT SINCLAIR, State Auditor.

Examined and approved:  
H. C. MERRIAM, Brig. Gen. U. S. Army.

Dated, May 8th, 1899.

The application for permits to seek work which union men must sign is as follows:

Application for leave to seek employment in the mines of Shoshone county.

To Dr. Hugh France, State Representative:

Sir—I hereby make application for issuance to me of a permit allowing me to seek employment in the mines of Shoshone county.

I am a.....by occupation.

I am a native of.....and am a.....  
.....citizen of the United States.

I last worked at the.....mine, in.....  
My shift boss was.....

Heretofore I have been a member of.....Miners' Union.

I did not participate, actively or otherwise, in the riots which took place at Wardner on the 29th of April, 1899. Believing that the crimes committed at Wardner on said date were actively incited, encouraged and perpetrated through and by means of the influence and direction of the miners' unions of the Coeur d'Alenes, I hereby express my unqualified disapproval of said acts, and hereby renounce and forever abjure all allegiance to the said miners' union, of which I was a former member, and I solemnly pledge myself to obey the law and not to again seek membership in any society which will encourage or tolerate any violation of law.

.....  
Dated this.....day of.....1899.

The application which non-union men must sign is as follows:  
Application for leave to seek employment in the mines of Shoshone county.

To Dr. Hugh France, State Representative:

I am a.....by occupation.

I am a native of.....and am a.....  
.....citizen of the United States.

I last worked at the.....mine, in.....  
My shift boss was.....

I have not been for.....years a member of any miners' union.

I took no part, either actively or passively, in aiding, assisting or encouraging the perpetration of the crimes committed at Wardner on the 29th of April, 1899.

I solemnly pledge myself to obey the law.

.....  
Dated this.....day of.....1899.

It was around this incident that Comrade Stanislaus Cullen wrote the beautiful poem at the beginning of this book.

But Devine was not the only man murdered there. Amongst those arrested was a miner named Mat Johnson, an innocent Swede, a typical "Yon Yonson," as gentle, simple and innocent in his make-up as any man that ever lived. Knowing of his guilelessness, the military authorities thought to scare him into telling tales on the union. They told him they would hang him if he did not tell all he knew. He protested in broken English that he knew nothing. They made more threats, that so terrified Johnson that he became insane. While he was being taken from the Pen to the Asylum, he feared they were taking him to hang him, whereupon he jumped into the river. Dr. Hugh France, the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine doctor, who had been appointed Sheriff in place of Sheriff Young, who was also thrown into the Bull Pen for "not stopping a riot" that he knew nothing about, ordered the soldiers to shoot. Poor Johnson was pulled from the river with three bullets in his brain, a corpse—another of the murdered ones, whose souls, like John Brown's, go marching on, while their bodies lie mouldering in the ground, awaiting the Appomattox of this generation.

The degree of civilization a man, a class or a nation has arrived at, can be tested by their treatment of woman. Apply this test to the ruling class in Idaho, and they stand forth as savages. Every code of honor imaginable was smashed to pieces by the soldier brutes at Wardner. With their defenders under lock and key, the women were abused.

BULL PEN SINCLAIR THREATENS TO BUILD A "COW PEN" FOR THE WIVES OF THE MINERS.

Sinclair was approached by a Mrs. Goldenstein, who went to intercede for her sick husband. This gentlemanly State Auditor said: "Get out of here. I have put up a BULL PEN for the men; I'll put up a Cow PEN for you women."

Dan Kildeas' wife, with a baby in her arms, was thrown out of the Bull Pen on her head for asking to see her husband.

A couple of affidavits made by the wives of the miners will throw additional light on the brutality of these gallant "Defenders of Law and Order:"

GEM, Idaho, July 8, 1899.

Mrs. D. M. Gillen personally appeared before me this 8th day of July, 1899, personally known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to this instrument. As I was walking along the country road about a quarter of a mile above Gem, Saturday afternoon, June 23d, a soldier roughly accosted me and ordered me on the railroad track. I walked on, when another soldier called: "Throw her off; jerk her off; anybody that walks this road will be knocked off." I told the soldier to call the corporal of the guard, but he said: "I am corporal enough to throw you off this road." I walked on after being thus humiliatingly insulted on the common highway.

MRS. D. M. GILLEN,

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of July, A. D. 1899.

[Seal.]

L. LEIGHTY, Notary Public.

GEM, Idaho, July 8, 1899.

Mrs. E. K., being duly sworn, testifies as follows:

I was sitting in my home in Gem, about 11 o'clock p. m., when a colored

soldier of Company K, under Sergeant McNabb, tapped on my window. I went to the door and asked him what he wanted. He answered: "Is your husband at home?" I told him no. He said: "I want to come into your house and talk with you." He attempted to force admittance, making improper proposals, saying: "You were all right when your husband was in the bull pen at Wardner." I ordered him off, and he said: "Oh! I'm not afraid; the government has given me plenty of cartridges." I informed Sergeant McNabb, but he failed to find the man.

MRS. E. K., Gem.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of July, A. D. 1899.

[Seal.]

L. LEIGHTY,

Notary Public.

The colored troops took pleasure in telling the prisoners that they would look after the women in their husbands' absence, and explained their meaning to the already distracted prisoners by obscene gestures.

Night after night the women were insulted, both by officers and men, until they feared to leave their homes after sunset. More than one woman saved her honor with a gun, for these Western working women are as brave as they are pure. One of the most hopeful signs in the Far West for the development of a revolutionary movement is the magnificent spirit displayed by the women. When their husbands were locked up, they did not sit around and cry, but went to work to help them in the fight. To speak with these women is a revelation. Earnest, courageous and faithful, they are fit mates for the men who, outnumbered two by one, whipped Hammond's toughs in 1892. Large in size, as in courage, they impress the Eastern observer, as he notes the flash in their eye that might have been caught from the sheen of our flag. Their day is coming; they know it; they will speed it all they can.

It must not be imagined that the miners were the only occupants of the Bull Pen. There were others. Any man, regardless of his station, who would express sympathy for the miners, even in a sidewalk conversation, was instantly locked up.

Sheriff Young, the legally elected Sheriff of the county, was thrown in on the flimsiest pretext, because the mine owners could not use him for their own ends.

Ex-Sheriff Heney was arrested because he was collecting evidence for some of the men in the Pen.

W. H. Stewart, editor of the Mullan "Mirror," took the strikers' side; he was fired in, too. But of him more anon.

Two of the regularly elected Tax Commissioners were pitched in for a similar "offence." The Concentrator at the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine was insured for \$200,000. The Tax Commissioners assessed it for \$250,000. Burbidge went before the Board of Equalizers and swore it was only worth \$52,000. Unwillingness to be used was proof of crime; so into the Bull Pen the Tax Commissioners were rushed when martial law was declared.

TUNNELING FOR LIBERTY.

I can now take up one of the most remarkable incidents of the Bull Pen. The men, unaware of when they would be tried, were nearly crazed by their confinement. Accustomed, as they were, to the freedom of a prospector's life, when they could roam

in gay abandon through the hills, ravines, valleys, and gulches of Idaho, this confinement was the most awful punishment that could be devised. This caused them to make an attempt to get out at all hazards. Many schemes were suggested. Eight men did succeed by bribing the guards and getting away. So close was the watch after this that other methods had to be adopted. So the men hit upon the scheme of tunneling their way out. This was feasible for two reasons. As miners they were accustomed to such work; then, also, they were alone in the Pen all day.

By putting boards over the tunnel, which started under one of the bunks, they could work with comparative security. With a butcher's knife and a 24-inch bar they sunk a shaft 6 feet deep, 4½ to 3½ feet in width, with 30 inches for the tunnel. Their other tools were a vegetable box, some gunny sacks and a wooden shovel.

The picket fence, beyond which lay liberty, was 90 feet away, hence they figured that if they could go some 90 feet in the tunnel all would be well. For three days they worked like Trojans, and drove the tunnel 75 feet. Work was now no longer possible without some air. The man in the tunnel at this juncture poked a small wire up to the surface for this purpose. A soldier who happened to be lolling in the sun noticed it. He at once gave the alarm. In rushed the officers with Sinclair, and the tunnel scheme, that promised so well, was dead. A second attempt was also nearing success when some one informed, and again the prisoners were foiled.

As a punishment for this conduct the prisoners were lined up in the burning sun the following day, and made to stand still for eight hours under pain of instant death if they moved. This treatment was meted out to the men for eight successive days, and would have continued, were it not that many men commenced to give evidence of insanity under the strain. During their punishment, Captain Edwards, the mercenary in charge of the Bull Pen, marched up and down the line of the defenceless prisoners reviling them, calling them names and cursing them, although he knew well in his black heart that, in a fair fight, not a man Jack present but would have demolished his military joblots in a jiffy.

It would but unnecessarily shock the readers to continue this side of the story longer. Many pages more could be filled, and then the tale would be but half told. But the spirit revolts at the recital of the crimes committed by these upholders of capitalist "Law and Order."

The Bull Pen is a black spot in American history.

It can only be wiped out with the wiping out of the class that built it.

Speed the day.

## CHAPTER VI.

### HONESTY AND THIEVERY.

The Spokane (Wash.) "Spokesman Review," the organ of the mine owning criminals, has been continually harping on the dis-

honesty, immorality and general crookedness of the Union men. Foul lies were never written. It is an attempt to cry wolf, an attempt to hide the rascality of their own followers. Surely a more thieving set never stretched hemp than the deputies of the mine owners, worthy servants of their masters.

I have already told how the officers confiscated the hams and cigars supplied by the miners' wives, but that was not all. The tobacco in the men's possession was taken from them and never returned. The same with the prisoners' razors and knives. The troopers took everything that was not nailed down. But they were discounted by the deputies on the outside.

After the wholesale arrests, these worthies went around to the companies' boarding houses, bunk houses and hotels, and marched off with the valises, trunks, watches, libraries and clothes of the men. Not one of them was brought to account, although they robbed in broad daylight. They acted on the principle that if the master can rob on a large scale, the servant can rob on the small. On the other hand, prior to April 29th, every door in Shoshone county was on the latch. Keys were never in demand. The utmost confidence in the integrity and honesty of one another prevailed. Thievery of any sort was unknown, as the court records show. Dishonest, immoral miners! Well, I guess the boot is on the wrong foot.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE LEGAL SIDE.—CAPITALISTS AS LAW BREAKERS.

The men who were continually shouting "Law and Order" seemed, as the record shows, not to know what these terms meant. They broke more laws than their toughs broke heads.

When martial law was declared, the Sheriff, as pointed out before, was not consulted. Without any cause shown, he was thrown into the Bull Pen. The Tax Commissioners of Shoshone County followed. But worse than either of these cases was the case of W. H. Stewart, editor of the Mullan "Mirror."

The "Mirror" was a small weekly. When the Bull Pen was built, the Editor took the Union men's side. Merriam ordered the Editor into the Pen. Mrs. Stewart, knowing that the paper was the only means of support for herself and three young children, tried to get it out. One issue appeared. Thereupon a company of cavalry invaded the place, confiscated eighteen cases of type, and all the advertisements, leaving the unfortunate woman destitute.

The first amendment to the Constitution prohibits Congress from abridging freedom of speech or of the press. What Congress is prohibited from doing, Merriam does. But to paraphrase that wonderful statesman, Tim Campbell: "What's a little thing like the Constitution amongst Standard Oil friends!"

Having smashed the law,

First—By the arrest of the Sheriff;

Second—By the arrest of the Tax Commissioners;

Third—By the arrest of Editor Stewart;

Fourth—By confiscation of the property of Stewart;

Fifth—They ordered the men in the Bull Pen to work at the point of the bayonet—like a chain-gang—although these men were not tried as yet, and, their trial being wrongfully and unconstitutionally delayed, stood innocent in the eyes of the law and hence should not be compelled to work against their will;

Sixth—They held men without indictment or hearing, and refused all bail;

Seventh—They smashed open the safe of the Burke Miners' Union, without warrant of law;

Eighth—They arrested men for preparing evidence for the defence of the miners;

Ninth—They arrested men for expressing sympathy for the miners in private conversations;

Tenth—Dr. France, who was appointed Sheriff by the Governor, is an employe of the Bunker Hill Company. He called a grand jury of 40 picked men; every one known to have any sympathy with the prisoners were excluded;

Eleventh—This Sheriff was also Coroner, thus illegally holding two offices;

Twelfth—The Coroner's inquest on the body of the Union man killed on the 29th of April was made a secret inquest. It was in fact turned into an inquisition for the purpose of securing evidence against the miners;

Thirteenth—Into these secret sessions of the Coroner's Jury, JUDGE CURTIS H. LINDSAY, ATTORNEY FOR THE BUNKER HILL AND SULLIVAN COMPANY, WAS FREELY ADMITTED AS A PROSECUTOR, WHILE SENATOR PATRICK H. REDDY, THE COUNSEL FOR THE MEN, WAS DENIED ADMISSION!!!

Fourteenth—Every man who applied to give testimony at this "inquest," and was known to be friendly towards the miners, was arrested and thrown into the Bull Pen.

Fifteenth—When the non-union miners were imported from Missouri, some of the miners asked them in a peaceable way to return home; they were then arrested for "agitating;"

Sixteenth—The cooks at the mine were ordered to work or be arrested;

Seventeenth—The owners of the Hunter mine were not allowed to start up because their men did not have "permits;"

Eighteenth—The pump men at the Tiger-Poorman mine, at Burke, attempted to quit work; Lieutenant Lyons and his soldiers forced them back to their places at the point of the bayonets, thus offering the strange anomaly of union men, supposed to be prevented from working unless they secured "permits," being forced by the military arm to go to work without them;

Nineteenth—Dr. France, the employe of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Company, having summoned the Coroner's Jury, then packed the Grand Jury, next proceeded to summon the trial jury.

Twentieth—This France, owned body and soul by the Bunker Hill Company, was given the power to issue the "permits." If ever

document was illegal, this infamous one was; it manufactures evidence for the company by making the men declare, as a condition to get to work, that the occurrences of the 29th were the work of the union men. If ever there was a case of extortion and subornation of witnesses, this is one. France's "permit" intimidates the men into giving up their membership in their union—a procedure doubly illegal, inasmuch as there is a State law prohibiting any such proceeding.

ALL CORCORAN SENTENCED BY A PACKED JURY TO SEVENTEEN YEARS IN THE PENITENTIARY.

Twenty-first—Finally, Paul Corcoran, Secretary of the Burke Miners' Union, is sentenced to 17 years' imprisonment by Judge Stewart, who, for years, had the reputation of being an outspoken enemy of the working class. Corcoran was tried for shooting a man he never saw, and who died in another State. His jury was packed by the Standard Oil employe, France, and most of the evidence secured against Corcoran came from the "inquest" at which his counsel was not allowed to appear.

After reading this crushing array of facts, all showing the lawless character of the capitalist "Law and Order" brigade in Idaho, where is the workingman so blind and dull as not to be able to see the absolute correctness of the Socialist Labor Party's contention that ALL LAW IS CLASS LAW.

Where is the workingman who will deny the correctness of the Socialist Labor Party policy when it says: Every man in the labor movement who votes a capitalist ticket, who endorses or speaks for a capitalist candidate, is an enemy of the working class?

*Where is the workingman who will deny that all unions that and for capitalist politics are a snare and a delusion at best, and ten but criminal arms of the criminal capitalist class?*

And finally, who will deny that in the conquest of the political power alone lies the safety and salvation of our class?

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE LABOR FAKIR.

The layman who reads this narrative must have said to himself before now, "What did the great organizations of Labor do when they found their brothers treated in this shameful fashion; their own existence threatened by the establishing of the 'Permit' precedent, the erection of the Bull Pen and the smashing of the union by martial law?"

The answer is simple. They did nothing. They would not do anything if they could; they could not if they would. Why? Because every "pure and simple" union in the land is organized on the antiquated lines of fifty years ago, hence the rank and file, blinded by false principles, is misled by fakirs, who, growing like a fungus in the jungle of reaction, fatten on their ignorance and lead them to capitalist shambles in the interest of the ruling class.

The touch-stone to apply to the "pure and simple" organization,

so-called union, to discover its utter worthlessness, is a conflict of just this sort. It was so in the A. R. U. strike of '94; again in the great coal miners' strike of '97; and yet again in Idaho in '99.

The political and the economic powers of capital are inseparable and are not separated; for that reason the economic and the political powers of the workers must not be separated or disastefollows as daylight follows the dawn, and the pure and simple stands before the thinking workers of the nation a thing to be pitied.

Booth never presented a more tragic picture, nor did Grimaldi ever cut up funnier capers than the pure and poor and simple fakir leaders when the shadow of the Bull Pen darkened the lives of the miners of Idaho.

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION DOES ITS "DUTY" BY HAVING GOMPERS MAKE A SPEECH.

After boycotting \$100 cash registers, that the workers do not want, and can't buy; then boycotting West Virginia coal, although the workers buy their coal by the pail; after boycotting the Union Stock Yards, in St. Louis, presumably in the interest of the vegetarians, as that is the only place in St. Louis to get meat; after fawning on every capitalist politician in Washington for months in the interest of the eight-hour law, and then getting spat on for his pains, Mr. Samuel Gompers looked around for other opportunities to make an ass of himself—which I would not mind, were it not that by so doing he makes asses of the workers, too. He hid himself to Idaho; peered through the chinks in the Bull Pen fence; rushed over to Butte; made the same speech he has made for the past twenty-nine years: "Organize, organize, organize!" and then he disappeared. The A. F. of L. with its million (?) members had done its "full duty;" but the Bull Pen kept doing business at the same old stand.

Then came the annual Convention of the American Fakiration Labor. Of course, the Bull Pen was "discussed," but as well knew would be the case, the capitalist politicians, who control these "conventions," saw to it that no action was taken. Every fact set forth here was known to Gompers and the Executive Board, for he had been on the spot and learned the whole tale from Ed. Boyce. A stupid resolution condemning outrages in Idaho was passed, that was all. Not a word of warning or advice was given to their members; they feared for their positions as spittoon cleaners in public buildings. The "boring from within" fakirs—the Hayes' type, who bored from within in the Socialist Labor Party so well that they bored themselves out, did a ghost dance

<sup>1</sup>Max Hayes is a kangaroo "pure and simple" labor fakir of Cleveland, Ohio. He belongs to the International Typographical Union, and contends that he is a "socialist borer from within." He bored from within so successfully that the International Typographical Union refused to discipline in any way Steunenberg and Kennedy and the other Bull Pen politicians, who are members in good standing of the International Typographical Union. In the summer of 1899, Hayes was expelled from the Socialist Labor Party for being a traitor to the Working Class.

were laughed at by the fakirs, and the incident closed. They were not there to help their suffering brothers in the Bull Pen. They were there to solve the labor problem in their own sweet way, viz., by sponging a political job from the capitalist class. The borers may now get it in their thick heads that putting a poultice on a cancer is a more sensible proposition than trying to reform the A. F. of L.

Then the "K. of L." had their turn through his crying nibs, Jeems Sovereign. Jeems, when the trouble broke out, was running a paper in Shoshone County called the Idaho "State Tribune." With an eye to future pickings as a capitalist stump speaker he discoursed on everything from free silver to free lust, but not a line on how labor could free itself.

Fear of the Bull Pen caused him to write in a wishy-washy way, until finally he cleared out and informed the unfortunate miners that he was going to work for free silver and Bryan. Unfortunately their presence in the Bull Pen kept them from accelerating his progress with the toes of their boots, for these miners well knew that, although they had helped to increase the circulating medium enormously, the only increase they had received was an increase of bullets in their hides, an increase of tears on the pale faces of their wives, an increase in the misery of their class.

Exit Sovereign!

The next band of labor fakirs to appear on the scene was the infamous "Industrial Commission," formed for the purpose of giving fakirs a job and bamboozling the class they were supposed to represent by side-tracking them from the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, as was admitted by Senator Perkins, of California, when in the debate on the Commission he arose and said: "This is how workingmen are commencing to organize now," and then, to the astonishment and dread of the capitalists present on the floor of the U. S. Senate, he read the declaration of Principles of the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance as follows:

#### DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

*WHEREAS, In the natural development of capitalism, the class struggle between the privileged few and the disinherited masses, which is the inevitable and irrepressible outcome of the wage system, has reached a point where the old forms, methods and spirit of labor organization are absolutely impotent to resist the aggressions of concentrated capital, sustained by all the agencies of government, and to effect any permanent improvement in the condition of the wage earners, or even to arrest for any length of time their steady and general degradation; and*

*WHEREAS, The economic power of the capitalist class, used by that class for the oppression of labor, rests upon institutions essentially political, which in the nature of things cannot be radically changed, or even slightly amended for the benefit of the working people themselves, except through the direct action of the working people themselves, economically and politically united as a class;*

*THEREFORE, It is as a class, conscious of its strength, aware of its rights, determined to resist wrong at every step and sworn to achieve its own emancipation, that the wage workers are hereby called upon to unite in a solid body held together by an unconquerable spirit of solidarity under the most trying conditions of the present class struggle. As members of the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance of the United States and Canada, we shall constantly keep in view its great object, namely: The summary ending of that barbarous struggle at the earliest possible time by the abolition of classes, the restoration of the land and of all the means of production, transportation and distribution to the people as a collective body, and the substitution of the Co-operative Commonwealth for the present state of planless production, industrial war and social disorder; a commonwealth in which every worker shall have the free exercise and full benefit of his faculties, multiplied by all the modern factors of civilization.*

This move carried the day, for well the capitalists knew that if the impure and poor and simple "unions" went down, one of their strongest bulwarks was gone, and the bill creating the Industrial Commission was passed.

Needless to say, the labor leaders, who got their fat jobs, were owned body and soul by the capitalist class who appointed them. To send such men to investigate the Bull Pen was equivalent to sending Satan to rebuke sin.

JOHN L. KENNEDY, A LABOR FAKIR BELONGING TO THE INTERNATIONAL TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, LAUDS THE DEMOCRAT STEUNENBERG AND ENDORSES SENDING THE TROOPS TO WARDNER.

How well they did their dirty work can be seen from the fact that on their return to Washington, J. L. Kennedy was interviewed by a Washington "Post" reporter. He denounced the miners; called them "dynamiters," "murderers" and "assassins," and claimed that Steunenberg was a good union man, but he had to declare martial law; Merriam was also right; the Bull Pen was just the thing, etc., etc.

This heading of his interview will give a good idea of its tone:

"IDAHO LABOR TROUBLE."

"VISIT OF INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION TO COEUR D'ALENE."

"MARTIAL LAW WAS JUSTIFIED."

"Reign of Lawlessness Had Existed for Years and the Local Authorities Had Become Terrorized—Mr. John L. Kennedy Gives the Results of the Official Inquiry Into the Conditions that Led to Murder and the Destruction of Property."

Kennedy's version is wholly at variance with that given by the Western Federation of Miners. Kennedy heard the testimony of the mine owners and the testimony of the miners. That testimony differed in important respects, and Kennedy announces that he considers the testimony of the mine owners as the most reliable. The whole interview is an insult to the working class and clearly shows that Kennedy does not care a continental about that class.

It may here be stated that Kennedy is a workingman that never works. He carries a card in Columbia Typographical Union, of Washington, D. C., but he has not set a line of type for twelve years. From 1889 to 1893 he was a foreman in the Government Printing Office at \$1,800 a year, and all that a foreman there has to do is to draw his pay and talk politics. From 1893 to the time he got his appointment as member of the Industrial Commission he hung around Washington, doing a little newspaper corresponding and spending the rest of his time trying to get on the soft side of members of Congress and other politicians.

WASHINGTON TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, TO WHICH KENNEDY BELONGS, ENDORSES KENNEDY.

The August meeting of the Columbia Typographical Union met on August 20, the same day that interview appeared. Comrade Julian Pierce took the interview down there, read extracts from it, spoke on the subject, and then introduced the following resolutions:

"WHEREAS, John L. Kennedy was endorsed by thousands of printers for appointment to the 'Industrial Commission'; and

"WHEREAS, John L. Kennedy, in an interview published in the Washington Post of August 20, 1899, upholds the capitalist class by contending that the martial law recently declared at Wardner, Idaho, with all its accompanying brutalities, was fully justified; therefore be it

"RESOLVED, By Columbia Typographical Union No. 101, that we censure John L. Kennedy for thus upholding and defending the latest method by which the capitalist class seeks to enslave the working class."

The President of the union (the Jones who "used" \$30,000 to get the increase of wages bill through Congress) ruled the resolutions out of order on the ground that they were "charges" and would have to take the course prescribed for charges. Pierce then amended the resolutions by calling for the appointment of a committee of five to interview Kennedy as to the authenticity of the interview. After debate the motion was tabled by an overwhelming vote.

Columbia Typographical Union is the union that recently assessed each of its members employed in the Government Printing Office Twenty-Five Dollars to raise a fund of Thirty Thousand Dollars, to be "used" to persuade Congress to raise the wages of the printers in the Government Printing Office from \$3.20 to \$4 a day. The money was placed in the hands of the President of the Union, a Republican, named Jones, who "used" it so effectively that the bill raising the wages was passed without a murmur from any member of Congress—a very remarkable result, considering the fact that for twenty years the same union had been striving to get the same bill passed, and had always failed, not being backed up with a \$30,000 corruption fund. But Mr. Jones, with \$30,000 in his pocket, shot the bill through Congress with lightning-like rapidity. And the tragic thing about it is that Mr. Jones never gave the Union a statement of expenses, and no one but Jones knows how much of the \$30,000 got into the pockets of members of Congress, and how much stuck in Mr. Jones' pockets. Julian Pierce, who was employed as a compositor in the Government Printing Office at that time, has in his possession a duplicate of the note that was presented to him. He refused to sign it. An emissary of Jones' then presented to Pierce some "persuasive reasons" as to why he should sign the note. Pierce told Jones' emissary to go to a warmer climate than this, and a few weeks later Pierce was discharged from the Government Printing office, after having worked there five years and under two administrations.

Jones is a Republican. So is Kennedy. Jones "persuaded" Kennedy to "use" his influence at so much a "use" to get the "four-dollar-a-day bill" passed. Jones as president of Columbia Typographical Union had his political clique there. He passed the word along that Kennedy should be "protected," and the politicians in the union saw to it that the Republican Fakir and International Typographical Union Bull Pen admirer, John L. Kennedy, received no word of censure from his "union."

BOISE TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, OF WHICH "BULL PEN" STEUNENBERG IS A MEMBER, ENDORSES STEUNENBERG.

Thus the Sub-Fakirs come to the assistance of the Chief Fakir, and, as far as his own "union" and the International Typographical Union generally is concerned, Kennedy is safe. How true is this may be learned from the fact that the Boise, Idaho, Typographical Union, of which Steunenberg is an honorary member, endorsed him, the fakirs again pulling the wires, while, on the same day, the New York "Sun" backs up Boise Typographical Union, and shouts honor to Steunenberg, and at the same time kicks the Boise Union's fellow members in New York in the face, and hires Pinkertons to club them. Verily, verily, the ways of the pure and simple union are strange, and their conception of solidarity is amazing.

*Let us ask ourselves a question right here: Can such a thing be called a union? No; unless it be a union of vampires, sucking the proletarians' red blood.*

Are the Kennedys, Ratchfords, Gompers, Donnellys, et al., leaders of the proletariat? Again, no. They are stool pigeons of the capitalist class.

What then is our duty in the circumstances?

*To serve notice on the rank and file, whose honesty we never doubted, that their Fakir Leaders must go, and their worn out principles must be abandoned. And that if they refuse, they must expect to have their union smashed over their heads, and smashed, too, by the hammer of the Socialist Labor Party.*

*And it is but right and proper that this should be so. The Socialist Labor Party is the child of conflict and the progress of the race is its reward for its battles; and progress we will, if needs be over the bodies of every fakir in the land, and through the debris and ruins of all their capitalist "unions"—such "unions" being but just so many capitalist outposts of capitalism that must be shattered.*

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE POLITICAL SIDE.

It has been the custom in the past when labor troubles occurred in a Democratic district, and the usual clubbing and shooting would take place, for the Republicans to say: "Oh, my dear Mr. Workingman, how cruel are not these Democrats; we Republicans, good friends of Labor that we are, would not treat you this way. Vote for us."

In a Republican district the Democrats would sing in the same key.

This was continued when the straight Pops came along, while the Fusionists whistled the same old "friend of Labor" tune.

Not until this trouble broke out could the Socialist Labor Party put its hand down on the whole crowd, and say:

DEMOCRATS, REPUBLICANS, AND POPULISTS IN IDAHO JOIN HANDS IN MURDERING THE MINERS.

"See, fellow-workingmen, here is the whole gang, all working together at the same time against you. Just look at them. Gold-standard Republican McKinley sends in the Federal troops at the call of Free-Silver Demo-Pop Steunenberg, and here is the straight Populist Governor Smith, of Montana, helping along the game. See them: Gold-Standard Republicans, Silver Republicans, Democrats, Fusionists and straight Populists—every one against the striking miners, men of your class; the lines are drawn clear and straight; stand up for your own party, the Socialist Labor Party."

A brief review of this mixed political situation is in order.

When the wave of political unrest in the West was at its height in '92, Idaho got caught in the undertow. The State went Populist, but there were two brands: The miners' brand in Shoshone County and the farmers' brand in the agricultural centers.

Later on the Republicans went for silver, the Democrats, too. Finally, the issue narrowed itself down to a straight fight between the Union men in Shoshone County and the rest of the State.

Steunenberg, with his International Typographical Union card and "union" backing as a decoy, was elected the first time with the assistance of the miners. During his first term he showed himself such a friend of the corporations that at the next election, with a Democratic endorsement, he just squeezed in, the miners voting against him.

Although called a Pop ticket in Shoshone County, it was not a Pop ticket in the usual sense. It was really a Miners' Union ticket. Steunenberg knew this, and, although by cajolery, threats and bribes, he sought to win the miners over to him, they stood solid and refused all offers.

STEUNENBERG TRIES TO SCUTTLE THE SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY IN SHOSHONE COUNTY.

A new danger, then, presented itself to the politicians. An active Socialist agitation had been carried on for some time in the county. This sentiment was now crystallizing in the form of sections of the Socialist Labor Party, organized in Burke and Mullan. Well did the political gang know that this step meant the placing of a straight Socialist Labor Party ticket in the field, with all that that implies. Steunenberg wanted to go to the United States Senate. To get there he needed the votes of Shoshone County. The Socialist Labor Party would prevent all that. Need we wonder, then, that Steunenberg loaned a willing ear to the Standard Oil scheme to smash the union, build the Bull Pen, and thereby disfranchise the workingmen of Shoshone County, leaving as voters

business men who hated the Union miners on general principles hated them so deeply that when the colored troops came to the county first some business men offered a gold watch to the colored trooper who would kill the first Union miner.

Steunenberg's scheme was ably seconded by Governor Smith of Montana, who had been elected on a straight Populist ticket and who, when the men were fleeing from the county after April 29th, gave instructions to his officials to allow the Idaho authorities to come in across the State line and arrest any Union miner they wanted, without any extradition papers, or any of the legal methods pursued in such cases; thus trampling on the State Constitution he had sworn to uphold. In five different towns in Montana his orders were carried out, and the unfortunate Union men were dragged back to the Bull Pen without any warrant of law.

How true it is that the desire to gain the political control in the county moved Steunenberg to act so, may be seen from the fact that a Populist mine doctor testified before the fakirs' Commission that he would "give \$5 a head for every man in the Bull Pen who was not a Populist" of the pro-Union type.

Furthermore, of the 1,600 inmates of the Bull Pen, less than twenty were tried for any offence, and only eight men were convicted.

The Bull Pen was closed in November; two months later, martial law was still on; the "permit" system continued, and the Federal troops were a fixture. To what lengths will not the capitalist class go when their political power is threatened!

Take notice, oh worker, and act.

That Steunenberg moved at the right moment to smash the Union may be judged from the fact that only a few days after the blowing up of the Concentrator, on May 5th, at the moment that the Union men of Gem were being arrested, the Western Federation of Miners, in their national convention, at Salt Lake City (the largest they have ever held), almost without a dissenting voice, endorsed the Socialist Labor Party.

Steunenberg won out temporarily; but watch for the aftermath.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS.

I have shown the rotten reed the workers have to depend on in the American Federation of Labor and the Knights of Labor. Let us now look at the organization that conducted the fight—the Western Federation of Miners.

The Western Federation of Miners is a progressive body; none more so in the economic field to-day, save the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance—its residuary legatee.

The Western Federation of Miners gave evidence of its progressive and honest spirit three years ago, when it broke away from the corrupt and reactionary American Federation of Labor.

Again did it display a forward, honorable spirit when it realized

the necessity of securing some political power for the workers in their conflicts, by capturing the political power in Shoshone County.

And yet again did it progress when it endorsed our revolutionary political program in '99.

It is no wonder that the Idaho mining capitalists feared a labor organization that showed such progressive tendencies. It is no wonder they introduced such archaic methods as the dynamiting of the Concentrator, hoping that, driven to desperation, the Union miners would take a leaf out of the Standard Oil books and follow their example.

THE FEDERATION HAS EXPERIENCE WITH THE "FRIEND OF LABOR" GABBERT.

Such a policy plays in the hands of the capitalist class. When a loud-mouthed yap yells for the shot-gun policy of dynamiting of any sort, the Standard Oil crowd smiles a smile of glee, for well they know that the man that does not know enough to vote straight will never know enough to shoot straight. THE SHOT OF THE CLASS-CONSCIOUS BALLOT IS THE SHOT THAT REACHES THE HEART OF THE CAPITALIST CLASS.

The shot-gun howlers in the West will later on learn that the Standard Oil Company will gladly organize shot-gun clubs and then send their Merriams in and ram their pop guns down their throats.

No, the shot-gun policy was the weapon of the English working class in the Lancashire factory riots at the dawn of the nineteenth century. With the sunshine of the twentieth century in our eyes the ballot is the weapon of our class.

Why should it be otherwise? We have the power in our own hands, we have the numbers. If we lack the courage and brains to use it rightly, then we ought to sink as cowardly nincompoops and slaves that are not fit for to be free.

Right here a word of warning to the Western Federation of Miners is necessary. The ballot is only safe as a weapon when properly directed. It may be an awful boomerang. The ballot that is not cast for a principle—and that principle the emancipation of our class—is a ballot cast for the ruling class, no matter who the individual may be that is voted for.

For instance, Paul Corcoran, late Secretary of the Miners' Union in Shoshone County, who was convicted by the capitalist court on perjured testimony, is a man who has the confidence of the miners and has earned it well.

But between him or any members of his organization running on a capitalist ticket and John D. Rockefeller there is no difference. The man must be merged in the principle, or that insidious fraud, the "friend of labor," appears.

The Western Federation of Miners has learned something of that breed of labor decoys recently. They are very well known in Colorado. The last State Legislature was just full of them. It happened this way:

In '97 signs of political revolt amongst the working class were



very evident. The silver mine barons wanted a corporation lawyer, named Thomas, in the gubernatorial chair. Thomas in the Cripple Creek strike had denounced the miners as savage dogs. Hence he was a dangerous man to nominate. But the difficulty was gotten over as follows:

THE CAREER OF DAVE COATES AS AN ALLY OF THE CAPITALIST CLASS.

An English labor fakir, named David Coates, president of the State Federation of Labor and editor of a crazy sheet, called the "Pueblo Courier," advised the nomination of a fellow with a "friend of labor" record as Lieutenant-Governor, and a Populist, named Gabbert, for the Supreme Court, and a lot of other friends of labor for seats in the State Legislature. Coates and his labor fakir cronies stumped the State for the "friends of labor" and promised a State eight-hour law if the ticket was elected.

The workers bit at the bait. Thomas, the labor denouncer, was elected, ditto Gabbert, ditto the Assemblymen friends of labor, the eight-hour bill was passed and the impractical Socialist was told to go bag his head.

GABBERT DECLARES THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

The Smelter Trust appealed to their Supreme Court, and the friend of labor, no-government-by-injunction Populist Gabbert was the first man to write "unconstitutional" across the face of the eight-hour law.

And when this infamous decision was given, what was the attitude of Coates? In his "Pueblo Courier" he proposed that the unfortunate smeltermen should continue to work twelve hours a day in the smelter's poisonous fumes for four years to come, until the State Constitution could be amended, while he knew in every vein of his heart that the Constitution of Colorado was all right—that the only question was *who interpreted it, a free silver capitalist Judge or a proletarian Judge.* This Coates is the Democrat-Populist politician who speaks for the retention of the political power by the capitalist class, when he knows that the issue at each election is: Shall the capitalists stand behind the clubs in the hands of the police, behind the rifles in the hands of the militia and the army, and behind the power of the Supreme Court, or shall these points of vantage be held by the miners?

The friend of labor is the worker himself. All others are stool pigeons, decoy ducks, frauds.

Kick Coates and Company out, is the moral of this "friend of labor" tale.

The Western Federation of Miners must learn this lesson well, must organize accordingly, and then they will be able to say, after their future battles, legislative and otherwise, have been won, as the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance men said after they won the Alleghany strike, that *"The irrepressible economic uprising of the proletariat can be successful and can be turned into a valuable coadjutor of emancipation only when backed and known*

*to be backed by a growing class-conscious political party of the working class."*

*"Only when backed and known to be backed, by ignorant and corrupt pure and simple fakirdom are the economic uprisings of the proletariat disheartening flashes in the pan."*

Let it be soon.

CONCLUSION.

THE SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY.

The tale of the Bull Pen is here told; and it is told by the Socialist Labor Party, the Party that alone is fit to tell it.

Reeking with blood and wet with the tears of our class as it is, the tale, for all that, is an inspiring, an encouraging one. Every drop of blood that was shed, every tear drop that fell on this page of the Labor Movement's history, emphasizes the correctness of the Socialist Labor Party's position and policy in the present and marks the way for progress in the future. Conflict being the price we pay for progress, we welcome it, knowing that out of the heat of battle will be forged the sword of our redemption.

ON TO THE BALLOT BOX AND THE SOCIALIST REPUBLIC!

It is now the duty of the Western Federation of Miners to see that the lessons the Bull Pen teaches are learned, and learned well: That nothing save the capture of the public powers by the working class, through the medium of a revolutionary political Party, pledged to overthrow capitalism, and to found the Socialist Republic will suffice, and nothing short of a trade organization, planted on that principle—as is the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance—can serve as the handmaid and aid to that end. From every hill, ravine, and house top in the West, the banner that is emblematic of the industrial freedom of our class must be floated. Error must be grappled with and overthrown, not compromised.

*Their position must be that of men standing in the trench with the sword drawn and the scabbard thrown away, never to be sheathed while wage slavery exists. They must vote themselves on the right side of the guns, the policemen's clubs and the deputies' bayonets. They must vote themselves into the ermine of the Judges on the Bench, knowing that if they fail to do so with the power in their hands, they are not fit to be free; but they will do it, and do it well, for in that way alone can Bull Pens be abolished.*

In their struggle they will be assisted by the Socialist Labor Party and Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance which have so far blazed the way through the jungle of reaction, and now march forward facing the rising sun, conscious of the dignity of our class, proud of our achievements in the past, lifted up and exalted by our abiding faith in our ability to carry out our historic mission: **THE OVERTHROW OF ALL CLASSES AND THE EMANCIPATION OF OUR OWN.**

THE END.