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EDITORIAL

## A WHIPT CONSPIRACY.

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**W**HEREVER in the states of Colorado, Nevada, or Idaho to-day there sits a member of the Mine Owners' Association, there sits a whipt conspirator. The dropping of the case against Chas. H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, applies the third shower of stinging stripes to the already sore backs of a crew of men who, to safeguard their profits trampled the law of the land and of the states in the mire, snapped the bonds of a civic right won by the barons of England and the conquerors of the Bastille in France—the *habeas corpus*, and were ready to proceed to the cold-blooded murder of three men known to them to be innocent of the crime imputed to them. The first and most excruciating shower of blows to descend upon the startled capitalist conspirators was the triumphant acquittal of Haywood on July 28 last; the second was the acquittal of Pettibone on the 4th inst.; the subsequent freeing of Moyer without trial completes the job. The conspiracy is whipt to a standstill—blasted—shattered.

From the kidnapping of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone from Denver on the night of February 17, 1906, after the courts had been closed and Gov. Jesse McDonald of Colorado, who secretly honored the extradition papers without a hearing for the men had skipped the town, down to the very last days of Haywood's trial, everything pointed to a predetermined intention to railroad the three officers of the Western Federation of Miners to death, either with or in spite of the evidence. The illegal method of procedure against the three intended victims, the secrecy maintained about their projected capture, the U.S. Supreme Court's legalization of their kidnapping, the prominence in the case of James McParland, of murderous fame in the Molly McGuire affair, the glaring falsity of the confessions put into the mouths of Harry Orchard and Steve Adams, the repeated decisions of trial Judge

Wood in favor of the prosecution, all pointed with irresistible force to but one conclusion—judicial murder, if possible.

Yet the murder was stayed, the hangman's noose fell harmless to earth. The united voice of Labor, shaking the throne at Washington and beating about the prison cells at Boise, forced the would-be felons to hold their hand. Begun first by the Socialist Labor Party press, the cry of outraged Justice filled the country, entering even the deafest of capitalist ears. Led by the Industrial Workers of the World, the working class as one rose to demand the law for their brothers, forcing even the most reactionary officers and organs of the A.F. of L. to wheel into line on the side of right. Protest processions of thousands and mass meetings of tens of thousands filled the streets and halls of every large city of the land. Equity, supported by the million voice of Might, drove the conspirators from their quarry. The three men are to-day free and vindicated—and the alertness of the working class did it.

Were a wolf, driven off by determined fight from his prey, to wail as he slunk away, his tail between his legs, "You see, all your excitement was unnecessary: I didn't touch it anyway," he would be an Aesopian counterpart of that capitalist class which is to-day proclaiming the "unnecessariness" of the working class agitation which freed Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. The wail but emphasizes the thoroughness of the whipping received by the barefaced conspiracy.

Transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the official Web site of the Socialist Labor Party of America.

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