EDITORIAL

THE SCORPION STINGING ITSELF TO DEATH.

By DANIEL DE LEON

A MONG the officials of the Western Federation of Miners, now in prison at Boise, Idaho, is Vincent St. John. The circumstances of his arrest are no less grim than the circumstances under which Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone now find themselves in the same jail.

Vincent St. John is held in an Idaho jail to be extradited upon requisition papers, brought from Colorado, by Floyd Thompson of Cripple Creek, Secretary of the Mine Owners’ Ass’n. The charge is alleged murder in Colorado. While the Mine Owners’ Ass’n., together with its Colorado-Idaho political puppets, is, on the one side, straining every nerve to “keep on the shirt” of the cant of “law and order” by purchasing men to swear that the objects of its persecution have committed murder, or some other heinous crime, its less guarded lackeys, the Pinkertons, on the other side, are letting out the real secret. Indeed, as fast as the Mine Owners’ Ass’n. manages to get some perjured testimony incriminating the W.F. of M., some blabbing Pinkerton drops words enough to knock the bottom from under the “law and order” document. It is so happening in the St. John case. At the same time that the Secretary of the Mine Owners’ Ass’n. was rushing from Colorado to Idaho with the “law and order” papers for the extradition of St. John, a detective at Boise, who for the past six years had been in the Coeur d’Alenes in the employ of the Mine Owners’ Ass’n., and who had been instrumental in arresting St. John naively declared:

“St. John has given the mine owners of the district more trouble in the past year than any twenty men up there. If left undisturbed he would have the entire district organized in another year. As it is, there are hundreds of miners added to the union membership through his efforts.”
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So, that is the crime! St. John’s activity in the work of redeeming the miners of the Coeur d’Alenes from their helpless, because disorganized, condition, and organizing them into the I.W.W.—that is the real crime! The danger that in another year “he would have the entire district organized”—that is the hurry!

The letting out of this secret by the nasty, and happily unwise, menials of the Mine Owners’ Ass’n., is much like the act of the scorpion, which, when excited, curls its tail with such a twitch over its own head that it stings itself to death.

The Mine Owners’ Ass’n. is, scorpion like and like the scorpion that it is, stinging itself to death with its own tail.


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