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EDITORIAL

## ROJESTVENSKY GOODING.

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**I**N the fall of 1904 the Russian armada steamed out of the Baltic bound for the Pacific, intent upon sweeping the seas clear of Japanese men of war. As the armada was ploughing its way through the North Sea in somewhat misty weather, it fell in with some English fishing vessels. Fishing vessels should be the crafts least likely to be confused for war ships. Nevertheless, the innocent, unarmed, plodding and bulky English fishermen were taken for swift running Japanese torpedo boats: fire was instantly opened upon them at a signal from the Admiral's flag ship: several were sunk and not a few lives lost. After recovering from the first shock of horror, the public laughed heartily—at Admiral Rojestvensky; cartoonists and humorists depicted the Admiral and his crew in several states of intoxication. The accident was attributed to “voidka.” This was unkind. It was unjust. It was incorrect.

“Voidka” had nothing to do with the case. It was a case of “Police-Spy.” The same as the flatterer must live upon him who listens to him, the police-spy has to live upon him for whom he spies. As the flattered pays the bill for the flatterer, so does the patron of the police-spy foot the latter's bills. This fact has some grave, at times humorous, results. The flatterer can be successful only if he is gifted with imagination. He must imagine virtues non-existent, and these he must extol. Only in the measure that he can imagine virtues in the flatteree can he hold the latter's esteem. Precisely so with the police-spy. If there is anything to spy, why, of course, he has easy sailing. But spyable subjects often run dry. It is then that the genius of the spy must rise to the occasion. He must imagine spyable matter, and this he must report with circumstantial detail. The gauge of his bills is the eminence of his genius in imagining. The next stage in the process is obvious, although it is not usually thought of. Both the flatteree and the keeper of spies eventually become the

dupes of their hirelings. From being a dupe to becoming a maniac is but a slight transition. What monomaniacs flatterees can become Roosevelt is an illustration of. Rojestvensky illustrates the police-spy monomaniac victim. The Russian police spies knew a good thing when they saw it. Their pay went up in the measure of the importance of their revelations. Why not imagine some revelations? There was no reason why not, every reason why yes. And so they started in with positive genius. They imagined a whole fleet of Japanese torpedo boats lurking along the Atlantic coast and hiding in British harbors. This was particularly piquant to Russian ears. Circumstantially must these spies have described the Jap crafts and their whereabouts. Thus stuffed up to the muzzle, Rojestvensky sallied forth from the Baltic, with Jap torpedo boats on the brain—stuck there by his police-spies. The rest followed as a matter of course. The mist aiding, the first faint outlines of anything afloat became a Japanese torpedo boat and was fired upon.

Gov. Gooding is in Rojestvensky's fix. The McKenneys, the Beckmans, the Sterlings, the Scotts, the Orchards, the McParlands, the Steve Adamses, in short, the rafts of police and other sorts of spies that the Governor, as a member of the Mine Owners' Association, has long been in intimacy with, are no better and no worse than their species. They know carrion when they smell it. They "spied," and finding nothing to "spy" were not the fools to fight with their fees. They started to invent spyable subjects. Fertile in imagination, the thrillingness of their reports to their hirers knew no bounds. Presently, like Rojestvensky, Gooding was thoroughly stuffed, and, like Rojestvensky, he has become an irresponsible maniac. The other day some one in Boise dropped into a drug store and ordered some glycerine to soothe a scratch. Glycerine has something to do with dynamite. A police-spy caught the word and reported the occurrence with the exaggerations that may be imagined—and Gooding jumped out of his chair terror-stricken and ordered, no doubt, an extra bonus to his watchful spies. Another day some one dropped on the road to a mining camp a little package of blasting powder, an article that could not be used except in mines. The fact was quickly reported by the alert spy, who saw, not one little package, but a whole pile, with sinister men hiding behind trees and whispering "Gooding," "Moyer," "Haywood," etc. The Governor jumped out of his skin. He called out the militia. A conspiracy was on foot to free Moyer, Haywood and

Pettibone, and blow up Gooding himself. More recently, a fire took place at the Idaho University, burning down the main building. At a meeting of the Board of Regents Gooding held a speech in the course of which he said: "If you members of the Board of Regents of this University will cause a proper investigation to be made as to the cause or origin of this fire, I feel certain you will find the 'Inner Circle' of the Western Federation of Miners is responsible for it."!!!!

When Rojstvensky performed his feat on the North Sea public opinion declared the man was a dangerous lunatic to allow to remain afloat. Ditto, ditto Gov. Gooding. The one, as the other, is a case of Police-Spy-Degeneracy.

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