
Appendix

The Law's Majesty Falls with Heavy Hand on ARU: The Arrest of Debs, Howard, Rogers, and Keliher — Hair Trigger Grand Jury

Published in *The Railway Times* [Chicago], vol. 1, no. 14 (July 15, 1894), pg. 1.

Beaten at every point, failing to embroil the members of teh ARU in the riot and bloodshed they themselves had invoked, recklessly assenting to the property left in their trust going on its road to ruin, invoking the outrage of the invasion of federal troops, the general managers still held back what they supposed would be their trump card. n the afternoon of 10th instant [July 10, 1894], they played it. It turned out to be a nine spot of an off suit.

A grand jury was specially called in the United States District Court to consider the dismal and disastrous condition of affairs growing out of the Pullman Strike. Good men for the purpose had evidently been carefully selected....

* * *

The court delivered an exhaustive charge to an attentive jury. The right of labor to organize was affirmed, its right to stop work was assented to, but as the charge has doubtless appeared in the news press, it will be omitted on account of space demands.

The jury retired. At 3:30 pm they began consideration of the case against Debs et al. At 4:07 pm they returned to the courtroom — 37 minutes in all — and presented true bills as against Messrs. Debs, Howard, Rogers, and Keliher, for conspiracy. Inasmuch as there was great danger lest the indicted men would take a Pullman sleeper and leave for foreign shores, warrants were quickly made out, and at 4:49 pm the desperate Debs was brought into court, just an hour and 19

minutes after the jury, in following the court's instructions to maturely and with calm deliberation to consider the matter, had their attention called to it.

That's the way to do business. If the Senate, for instance, could get that kind of a move on it, the tariff question would have been decided about ten hours after it was introduced.

Of course, the testimony must have been overwhelming from start to finish, as will be demonstrated on trial. Debs says he does not know where the heavy part came in, and its production on trial of the case will be in the nature of a great discovery. Apprised of Mr. Debs' arrest, Messrs. Rogers and Howard waited for an hour at the Leland Hotel for an escort. They did not want to go give themselves up for fear they might take a notion to run away en route. Secretary Keliher met his man at Uhlich's Hall, and was in shortly after Mr. Debs' first appearance as a prisoner. The quartette of alleged desperate conspirators were compelled to remain in the office of the clerk until nearly 7:40 pm by reason of that official not wanting to miss his dinner. Bail was on hand a few minutes after Mr. Debs' arrival.

Notwithstanding the overwhelming testimony aforesaid, sufficient of itself to warrant a \$10,000 bond for each of the accused, and maybe in possession of some secret information of dreadful import, the United States of America, like *Oliver Twist*, wanted more. The staggering effect of the few minutes of production of testimony was not enough, so they sent — but here the narrative must get a jolt, there are two stories as to what followed, one from six people in the office and the other from special something or other Stewart, of the postal service.

While the marshals were gathering in the chiefs a band of men, men, ten in number, swooped down on the general office [of the ARU], 421 Ashland block. Deputy Marshal White came in first, and finding Mr. Keliher not in, asked Mr. Maynes who represented the secretary in his absence? Mr. Maynes replied that he did. Mr. Stewart, who was outside with the ten stalwarts, came in and in a rough way told the marshal to read that paper, have the men seize all the papers and effects, the whole proceeding being on a par in style with what a lot of detectives would do and how act had they suddenly come across a thieves' den. Maynes remonstrated at the clean-up, when Stewart swelled up and said: "Don't you interfere. Keep your mouth shut or I'll have you arrested for contempt of court." The secretary's wife was present, and observed that she didn't think it was legal. The

gallant Stewart made the same observation to her. The lady typewriter pleaded for Debs' unopened correspondence, which included a love letter or so from his wife. These damning evidences of conspiracy were not spared, and Stewart and his gang — would not do to say “looters,” would it? contempt of court — moved off with their arms full of blanks, membership cards, and a bundle of *Railway Times* put up for mail.

It is only fair to say that Mr. Stewart said to Mr. Keliher, when that gentleman ventured a few conservative remarks on the exploit, that he didn't do nothing, had nothing to do with the matter whatever, merely asked with his eight inspectors to go down and help carry the stuff.

A tip to courts. If you allow such fellows as Stewart to represent himself as the deputy court, and acting the bully when under the protection of a dozen men, the deputy court will get into contempt, and contempt like the measles is catching.

The papers and goods taken have been returned, so far as the office knows. The captors refused to give an itemized list, as required by law — an institution, by the way, in this end of the woods that is worked for all it's worth when labor is concerned — and it is not know whether any of it is stolen or not.

The bluff of the general managers will be called.

The moral of these arrests, the outrage put upon the union by the raiding of its office is, as to cowards and coffee coolers: don't strike. From its very nature a railroad strike is a conspiracy against the recently deified mail train. If shopmen will not repair the engine that might be wanted to pull mail, that is a conspiracy. If the trackmen refuse to shim up the ties over which it passes, that is a conspiracy. If the trainmen who haul the mail car refuse to work, that's conspiracy. If a boarding house refuses to feed the scab engineer, ... that's conspiracy. In short, any strike against a railroad might and probably does interfere with prompt transmission of mail. In short, put your neck under the mail sack, and thus fettered give railroad corporations the unquestioned power to pound away at the lower extremity of your stomach behind till they get tired of the sport. Failing in pursuing our true and substantial happiness in the line laid out by conspirators — legislative, executive, judicial, and corporate — you are a conspirator.

Edited by Tim Davenport

1000 Flowers Publishing, Corvallis, OR · December 2016 · Non-commercial reproduction permitted.