

Viewed fraternally he is a Scottish Rite Mason, was a charter member of the Rathdrum Lodge of K. of P., and 12 years ago joined the I. O. O. F. at Coeur d'Alene City; is a member of the A. F. & A. M. of the same place, and is a charter member of the Redmen at Rathdrum.

Mr. Bragaw has been pelted with praise for no few of the many needed improvements he has introduced into his office, but no warmer and more general commendation has been showered on him than for the new State Brand Book that he has recently completed a book that he has perfected to a

remarkable extent and which will prove no less than a boon and a blessing to the stockmen of Idaho.

In brief, Mr. Bragaw is giving the people of Idaho a business administration which reflects great credit upon the commonwealth and himself.

A chubby little man, Mr. Bragaw—warm hearted and companionable, congeniality, indeed, is contagious with him, and as both official and man the State can view him with a deep sense of pride.

## Captain W. S. Swain.

By W. M. Simpson.

Inseparably identified from the beginning with the history of the Steunenberg assassination, the detective who arrived on the scene at Caldwell fully ten hours in advance of any other secret service man, and the man who not only gave the names of the conspirators and that of their henchman who carried out their diabolical plot, but the man who pointed out their photographs in his service gallery, was Captain W. S. Swain, Northwestern Manager of the Thiel Detective Service Company. Captain Swain has ingratiated himself into the confidence and esteem of the law-loving citizens of Idaho by reason of the fact that he has conducted the case, from the outset, with consummate skill, superb integrity and with a manly demeanor that shows he infinitely prefers the success of the cause he has espoused to the most alluring personal preferment. A man whose personality leaves the impress of silent, self-contained power, a power that forces to one side non-essentials and drives straight to the center of things actual and important.

Thiel's Detective Service Company is a complex piece of silent, forceful human ingenuity, that baffles conspirators, howsoever well intrenched or fortified by intrepidity and alertness, and is upon them ere they suspect its threatening presence. Though complex the system, it is wisely flexible and not lacking in celerity it encompasses the criminal with the tentacles of tireless and powerful espionage.

Unencumbered by conventionality or red tape, Captain Swain, though in thorough harmony with the complicated system of his company dominates rather than is shackled by it. The captain is neither a "one case man" nor is he a stranger standing in the ante-room, hat in hand, waiting to be called into public view. For he is one of the best generals in the manipulation of forces in American secret service work today, and both by reason of his innate modesty and yielding to the expressed will of his superiors he is one of the poorest advertisers in the business. As he tersely puts it himself "A brass band forms no part of the equipment of successful secret service work."

Be it said to his honor, that he swerves not from the path of stern duty from envy, but emphasized this demand to the writer, "I will not stand for any statement that might embarrass other officers in doing their full duty enthusiastically and triumphantly. The main thing is to convict the men who so foully murdered Frank Steunenberg, who was every inch a man. We do not want a victim to appease our warm

desire for vengeance, but we must convict the man or men who are guilty beyond the shadow of a doubt."

"Under the gallant leadership of Governor Gooding," continued the Captain, "who is determined and believes in fair play, this case will be brought to a successful termination."

These generous utterances should forever put a quietus upon the captiously critical. Anent this attitude of Captain Swain, a digression will be permitted that we may refer to the consensus of opinion in and about Caldwell. The people of Canyon county are in no mood to brook any attempt to defile or interfere with the administration of justice. They revere the memory of their martyred neighbor, but any purpose to prejudge the case is as obnoxious to them, as they know it would be abhorrent to the soul of Frank Steunenberg, whose unsullied honor and manly virtues "plead like Angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of his taking off." Knowing full well that they who coquette with the judicial honor of the country will bed at last with the strumpet of infamy. Assertion has been made frequently that mine-owners are behind this prosecution and that Orchard is the hireling of those opposed to organized labor. These ill-tempered accusations are but the natural outgrowth of the bitter conflict that has raged with unparalleled fury between the Mine Owners Association and the Western Federation. But it is incontestibly true that the people of Idaho and of Canyon county in particular, have no stomach for the belated "confessions" of this cringing monster, whether he be the subservient tool of greedy mercenaries or a co-conspirator with the so-called "Inner Circle." Or whether, marked for slaughter by his fellows, he fled to the security of the law and seeks to beguile justice by seeming repentance. Or glutted with crime his besotted soul sickened at last at its own monstrosity. Or, whether these "confessions" are the result of an abnormal desire for notoriety. By whomsoever compounded or from whatever source springs these tardy confessions are all matters of supreme indifference to the people. His doom is irrevocably sealed, his execution is long overdue. Let stern justice be done.

Much intemperate speech has been indulged in by vicious men who seek to embroil their fellows by an appeal to their baser natures. There is no question of unionism or non-unionism involved here. It is purely a question of guilt or innocence. Unionism is here and here to stay. It is not merely an ephemeral sentiment, but a positive, enduring principle of