

Confession
of
Harry Richard

CHAPTER I.

A Short Sketch of my Early Life.

I was born in Northumberland County, Ontario, Canada, on the 18th of March, 1867. My father was born of English parents, and my mother of Irish. I was brought up on a farm and received a common school education, but as my parents were poor I had to work as soon as I was old enough. I never advanced farther than the third grade. I was one of a family of eight children, consisting of six daughters and two sons.

While we were poor and had to work for a living, we always had plenty and dressed respectably. The country was prosperous and poverty was a thing almost unheard of in the country at that time. Most everybody worked there at that time, either for themselves or for some one else, as the chief industry there was farming, and the people were happy and contented. The cost of living there then was much less than it is today, and the people dressed and lived much plainer then than now.

I was brought up to love and fear God and to believe in a hereafter. My parents usually attended church and I was sent to Sunday School and church, and always had to observe the Sabbath as there was no manner of work practiced there on the Sabbath except chores about the farms that were necessary to be done. Most of the people in that section of the country belonged to some church and usually attended it on Sunday.

I was next to the oldest of our family and my brother next to the youngest. We bought a small farm when I was about ten years old, and I and my sisters used to work and help father all we could, as we used to raise garden truck for market. I used to work on the farm summers and go to school winters. As soon as I was old enough I used to work out for some close neighbor, sometimes by the day and sometimes by the month, but parents always got the benefit of my work until I was past twenty years

old. When working away from home I always looked forward to Sunday as I would have a chance to go home and spend the Sabbath with my folks, and they always looked for us on that day if we were away from home. It makes me feel sad now when I look back over those happy days and think especially of our dear loving mother and the anxiety she had for our welfare, and the many hard weary days she toiled and worked and underwent many privations for us, as a loving mother will do for her family. We may not have had as nice clothes as some of our neighbors, but they were always clean and neatly mended. I always loved my mother very much and thought I was good to her, but I can look back now and see that I did not love her half as much as she did me, and I might have been much better to her. My dear mother is dead and gone many years ago, and I am glad in my heart on her account that she never lived to see me where I am today. My father also died since I left home.

When I was about twenty-one years old, I thought I ought to keep whatever money I earned myself as my parents were not able to give me anything, and they did not object, so I worked away from home all the time then and saved all I earned. I had never been very far away from home and always worked on a farm. When I was twenty-two I think, I went to Saginaw, Michigan, to work in the lumber woods as wages were much more there. I found things very much different there than at home. I had never been used to see any working on Sunday, and the first Sunday I was in Saginaw I noticed some kinds of work going on the same as on any other day. While I had been brought up to observe the Sabbath and attend church on that day, I did not make any profession of religion, but believed in it and thought it very wrong to work on Sunday.

I stayed in the city only a few days and got a job and went up to a lumber camp. I worked there only a short time when I was taken sick and came back to Saginaw. I got another job and went up to another camp and stayed all winter.

I had been keeping company with a young lady at home and was engaged to be married. I went back home from there and went to work for a farmer I had worked for previous to going to Michigan. I had saved up a little money by this time and got married the next summer and went to keeping house a little time after.

My wife had worked in a cheese factory before we were married and learned how to make cheese, and as that was a great industry there and paid pretty well, we thought we would try to get a factory and try cheese making. We had no money to buy a factory, but that winter we succeeded in renting one and moved there in the spring. The cheese making was carried on only during the summer months, about six or seven months. We did not have any money left to start with, but got credit for what we needed and started out pretty well. It was an old factory we rented and pretty well run down, but we worked up a pretty good trade and had some good friends that helped us. Competition was keen and a person had to understand the business perfectly to make a success. My wife understood it thoroughly as she had learned with a man that was very successful, but I knew practically nothing about it. We did our own work at first and got along well.

A great many of the factories were owned and operated by private individuals and some by stock companies, but most sheesemakers were under bonds to make a cheese that would bring the highest market price that would look all right at first, and at first our cheese went all right, but I soon discovered there were many little tricks in the buying and many ways for the buyer to job the maker.

I will explain briefly how the cheese were mostly sold at that time. There would be a salesman for every factory, and they would meet at the most central city and had a regular cheese board of trade and had a regular secretary and caller, and every salesman would give out the

number of cheese he had for sale and the name of his factory, and the buyers would call off what factories he wanted and offer so much for first selections, and another so much for his selections, etc., and competition was pretty keen amongst the buyers. The board met every week during the early summer and after they had bought the cheese they would send out their inspectors to the factories they bought from. This would sometimes be several days after they had been sold and often the market fluctuated a good deal, and if it happened to fall during the time the inspector was inspecting the cheese he often culled them and would leave some of them on your hands or would take them at a reduced price, and I always noticed they were a great deal more particular if the market went down than they were if it went up.

In the first place a maker did not like to have it get out that his cheese had been culled. That would give him a bad reputation and hurt his trade, and in the second place he would not afford to make up much out of his own pocket, and the buyers knowing these things, I think some of them took advantage of it. I did not know what to do at first when an inspector culled some of our cheese, but he told me if I would weigh the cheese and knock off a pound or so on a cheese and make out two invoices, give our treasurer the short one and send him the correct one and also a copy of the short one, that he would accept them and no one would be any the wiser. I at first thought there was no harm in this but I kept it to myself; I do not think I even told my wife.

It takes lots of patience to make cheese and especially if a person is not particular in taking in the milk. The patrons will not all take good care of their milk, and it often comes to the factory tainted with some bad smell, either from the cows eating something or drinking bad water, and it often comes from the milk being kept in some filthy place, and it takes lots of work and time to get this out of the

curd, often all day and part of the night, whereas if you had all good pure milk you could get through in eight or nine hours, and I think after I had worked at the cheese making a while I was not as particular as my wife and often hurried it up to get done early, and that you cannot do if you have bad and gasey milk. It is like making bread, it has to take its own time, and often then you cannot make a strictly first-class cheese but you can take nearly all the bad flavor out by heat and steam. While we were bound to make a first-class cheese, we also had the patrons bound to furnish first-class milk, but we did not have them bound to send any at all if they did not see fit, and as I have stated, competition was very keen and a good many of the patrons were so situated that they could send their milk to different factories, and if we would send it home and tell them it was not good, they would often do it, and we had to take a chance on lots of milk that we ought not, especially in hot weather.

This throwing in a few pounds of cheese to the buyer would seem all right, but if you did much of this you would run the average away up and it takes too much milk to make a pound of cheese. As it takes about ten pounds of milk to make a pound of cheese, we had to keep pretty close to this to compete with other factories, and thus the only way to do this was to weigh the milk short, and still another difficulty confronted us as a great many of the patrons weighed their milk at home and if there was too much difference they would kick, and so the man that did not weigh his milk at home suffered the most. We could usually find this out through the man that hauled the milk. Our salesman and treasurer was on to all this as he had been in the business a good while, and he said it was all right, and a maker hadn't ought to make up any deficiency at the price he got for making, and that they did not pay enough any way. This man was a good friend of mine and helped me in many ways.

They used to most always contract the last two or three months make about the middle of the season and often the market would fall and

this worked a great hardship on the maker, as the buyers were more particular. The first year we made cheese they contracted the last three months make and the market fell afterwards and they left several hundred dollars worth of cheese on our hands, and I sold them to the man I rented the factory from. He failed to pay all for them and I had to borrow about four hundred dollars to make up this and I never got it from him as he had sold the factory and was not worth it. I never did get it. We bought the factory after that and stayed there four years.

I just want to relate these circumstances to show the reader where I first fell and began to be dishonest. This was the first business I had done for myself and as I was handling quite a lot of money and it was quite a change from working for somebody on a farm sixteen or seventeen hours a day for twelve to fifteen dollars a month. As long as I stayed home with my wife and worked in the factory I was all right, but I thought I would keep a team of horses and haul a milk route and haul away the cheese to the depot, and hire a man or girl to work in the factory to help my wife when I was not there. As I already had one horse I bought another, and at first this was all right; I would attend to my business and come home. Then I got to buying the whey at the factory and keeping hogs there and feeding them, and all this took me away from home more and more all the time and took me to the city a good deal where I met a different class of people from those I had been used to. I got to drinking some and spending a good deal of money and staying away from home longer than my business required, and I got mixed up in politics some, and to make a long story short, I got to living beyond my means and going in company that I was not able to keep up my end with. The patrons of our factory noticed this and talked a good deal about it, and I kept living a little faster all the time, my credit was good and if I wanted money I could go the bank and borrow it.

My wife did not like my being away from home so much, but she

made no serious objection, but looked after things the best she could when I was not there. For that part she would do it better than I because she understood it better and was more particular, and if I had attended to my business and done my work and saved the money we would have been all right and could have saved some money. But I could not stand prosperity and kept good horses and rigs and lived a pretty fast life and did not deal very honestly with the patrons.

Where I made the greatest mistake of my life was in not telling my wife anything about my business transactions or very little, and I think this was the cause of our first estrangement. I did not keep this from my dear wife because I did not love her, but I knew if she knew about how I was doing the business she would not stand for it, and would wonder what I was doing with the money. If she asked me about something I did not want to tell her, I would either tell her a falsehood or put her off some other way, and I think the truth began to dawn upon her and she got so she did not ask me anything much about business matters at all. I thought at the time I was only saving her pain. I knew I was doing wrong, but still kept doing more to cover up what I had done, and so it was I kept on. I did not drink to excess, nor did I seem to spend any great amount of money. We made pretty good money through the summer but nothing in the winter and as I kept two or three horses all the time and had to buy everything, the money got away, and after working there four years and selling the factory for about four hundred dollars more than we gave for it, I think I was some in debt yet, although most folks thought we had some money.

The way we came to sell the factory was like this. The patrons began to get dissatisfied and the treasurer and salesman advised me to sell and found a buyer for me, and no doubt it was a good thing for me. I might say right here as I look back over that part of my life, I believe

if I had confided in my wife and told her the truth that her influence over me at that time would have saved me, for I thought more of my dear wife than I did of my own life, but I could not see I was taking the very course that grieved her most. She never said very much, but I know now that she knew where the trouble was, but thought to avoid unpleasant things and said nothing. We most always went to church and she would try to get me to lead a better life and I did try too sometimes, but it was not from my heart, only for appearance, and I have made hundreds of good resolutions, but I know now why I did not keep them. I was depending upon my own strength instead of giving up all to God and relying upon his promises.

We moved from there the next spring and went to make cheese for a company near my home. There was not as much money in this as we had been making. We had more work to do in the factory as there was more milk to handle. I was at home more here, and as we were amongst my own folks I tried to lead a better life. We had an uncle who was a preacher and we were close to his church and usually went to church. I had many good Christian friends there that gave me good advice and tried to get me to lead a better life, and I did try but to no purpose. I only tried to keep my wicked life away from my Christian friends, and I would make some excuse to get away from home as often as possible to the city or away hunting and fishing, any place to get away from home and have a little time as we called it. We stayed there three years, but the people did not like the way I lived as most all the patrons were Christians and my actions would get out, and part of the time I professed to be a Christian and did have a desire to lead a better life at times, but when I would think of some of the dishonest things I had done I thought I could not confess them. And I cannot help but think the evil one used these as a trump over me.

I had some good friends that managed to get the factory for me three years, but at the end of that time I lost it, and a friend of mine put up money to buy a factory and I was to manage it and pay him back. That winter I started to build a new factory a few miles from the one we bought, and this kept me away from home a good deal that winter. I stopped in a town ^{near where} where I was building the new factory. This was the beginning of my downfall. I boarded there with a man and became infatuated with his wife and she with me.

I finished this factory and moved there about the opening of the cheese making season. There was a dear little girl born to us this spring and thus my dear wife was no longer able to look after the cheese making as she had formerly done, and I had to depend altogether on hired help. I rented a nice house in town shortly after our dear little girl was born and lived there. This was the same town I stopped at when building the factory. It was close to the new factory and not far from the other, and I was away from home most all the time now, and when I was not at the factory I was down town. My once happy home had lost all attractions for me now and my dear wife would often complain and plead with me to stay at home or at least to come home early. I did not think she knew the real reason that kept me away from home so much, but I have found out since she knew many things, which I thought she did not, but kept from coming out openly with them to avoid unpleasant things, as I would not listen to her when she would accuse me of her suspicions. To make a long story short, I lived away beyond my means and was some in debt and my credit was not so good, and as I neglected to look after the making of the cheese and depended all on hired help, they did not turn out any too good, and my chief prop was not able to look after this as she formerly had done.

But I managed all right until we had to settle up in the fall, and this woman and I had planned to run away together, and I had to have

money to do this, and to cover up some other misrepresentations on the books the factory I built burned up and I got the insurance, and I left there a month or so afterwards, and this woman followed me a short time later and met me in Detroit, Michigan, and we went to Nelson, British Columbia. We stayed there three months or so, and I found out that she had written home and her folks knew where she was, and I bought her a ticket and she went home, and I left there and came to Spokane, Wash. I did not hear from her after I came to Spokane only in an indirect way. I wrote to a friend of mine about six months afterwards. He told me she was living with her husband again and everything was all fixed up. I told him I was going to Alaska. He also told me my wife had written to him and wanted to know if he knew where I was. He said she said some pretty hard things and said he thought it would not be best for me to come back there. I had no notion of going back, and did not let him know where I was.

I was a very miserable man and began to see the great mistake I had made, but did not know how to repair it. I thought my wife would never forgive me, and I made up my mind to begin life over again and forget the past, but alas, that was not so easy to do, but I thought that was all there was left for me to do, and I started in to do it.

I got a job up at Wallace, Idaho, driving a milk wagon for Markwell Brothers, and thought I would start over and save up some money and get in some business. I went under an assumed name and worked steadily for a few months and saved my money, and bought an interest in the Hercules Mine. It was only a prospect then. I bought one-sixteenth interest for five hundred dollars and if I had kept it I would be worth probably five hundred thousand today. I worked on that milk wagon nearly a year but the last few months I got to drinking and sporting around and could not content my mind on anything and tried to drown my sorrow in many evil

ways and kept going from bad to worse. I quit the milk wagon and bought a wood yard in Burke, the mining camp I had sold milk in. I might have made good money had I attended to business, but I got to gambling and spent my money faster than I made it. I was pretty well acquainted there and had a good business; I worked hard all day but stayed up at night until I spent what I made that day.

A brief sketch of the Coeur d'Alene mining district.

I bought out the wood yard and one team at Burke, Idaho, early in the year 1897, and quit the employ of Markwell brothers. I was well acquainted in the camp, having delivered milk there nearly a year.

The Coeur d'Alene district is composed of the following towns and mining camps as they are called; this is one of the greatest silver and lead producing districts in this country: Wallace is the largest town in the district and a distributing point for the rest of the camps, also the county seat of Shoshone County; Gem, Mace and Burke are all up Canyon creek, Burke being the farthest up and the end of the railroad being about six miles from Wallace. There are several large mines up this canyon. Then Mullen is about ten miles up another canyon, and there are also several large mines up there. Wardner is about twelve miles down the Coeur d'Alene river with several more large mines. Then Murray is about twenty-six miles from Wallace, this is mostly a gold producing camp and is the oldest camp in the district. At the time I was there there were about four or five hundred miners working in and around Burke.

I will endeavor as far as I know to give the past history and also the history during my stay there for the next three years or so. I do not know the past history only from hearsay, so that is the sense in which I will speak of it, but what I will speak of to the best of my knowledge did happen, but as to the next three years or thereabouts, I will only speak of what did actually happen. I shall endeavor to give the reader the facts and let him be the judge. I shall also give a little description of the miners and their habits; I hope I may be excused for this but my object is to show the temptations which many of the miners are

surrounded by, and it may be some person or persons would feel it their duty to study the conditions and be able to suggest some remedy for the great evils that exist in most mining camps.

There were six saloons there and they all run gambling and the other things that go with such places were there; there were no churches there. I am speaking now just of the town of Burke. Some say saloons and gambling make a town lively, but I think it is as a Judge in Spokane once said when he was suppressing gambling and that plea was made to him; he said that gambling made a town lively like hornets made a horse lively. There were two general stores, drug store and post office. Most of the saloons kept some furnished rooms. There were also one or two restaurants there, and a big company boarding house.

The men were well organized; I do not think there was a man working there that did not belong to the unions. The men working underground belonged to the Western Federation of Miners, and those working on the surface belonged to the Knights of Labor. They could transfer from one to the other. Of course there were men working there that did not belong to the unions, such as held some official position connected with the mining companies. The unions would not admit these.

When I first came to work for Markwell brothers, almost the first thing they asked me was if I belonged to any labor organization or had ever had any trouble with them. I told them I had never belonged to any nor ever had any trouble with any. Mr. Markwell then explained to me some of the conditions up at the mining camps and told me of some of the former troubles they had had during the strike of 1892 and 1893. He said it nearly broke them up in business and the only way they could settle it with the unions was to buy their father out and for him to leave the country, and the dairy was in the three brothers' names.

He told me something of that trouble, but I do not remember the cause so I will not attempt to tell much about it. I know there was a

fight up at Gem on the 11th of July, 1892 or 1893, between union and non-union men; several men were killed and the Frisco mill was blown up with dynamite and completely destroyed and the non-union men were run out of the camp. The United States soldiers were brought there a little afterwards and a great many were arrested and thrown in the bullpen, and some were sent to the penitentiary, but they all were released in a short time. I do not know how this strike was settled, but the miners always claimed the victory and celebrated the 11th of July every year as long as I was there.

Mr. Markwell told me if any one up in the camps that I went to with milk was killed or run out of the camp to saying nothing about it or at least not to express my opinion one way or the other. He said that was what got his father into trouble, as he openly condemned these depredations and the unions boycotted them, and the best way was if anything like this happened to say nothing one way or the other. I thought this a queer condition of affairs at first, and began to think the stories told of the wild and wooly west were no dreams, and from time to time I heard of many such things that had taken place, but I said nothing about them to anybody except to Mr. Markwell.

They did not ask me to join the union while I was on the milk wagon and I got along all right, but after I quit the milk wagon and went to Burke, I joined the Knights of Labor. There were some men run out of the camp while I was there and one or two killed because they refused to go; I did not know who did this. They laid it to the Union but they denied any responsibility for it, but you would hardly ever hear a man express his opinion unless he was drunk, and they generally expressed themselves as well pleased, and no doubt this was best for them.

There never seemed to be much exertion on the part of the officers to find out who did these things, especially if there was just some one run out of town. The miners up there seemed to be a pretty good

lot of fellows, and seemed to be worse to themselves than anybody else. The worst trouble with them was that they drank and gambled, and some of them neglected their families on this account, and a man doing business up there had to carry a good many for a month, from one pay day to another, while a good many would pay cash and others would pay regular on pay day. There were always a few you had to watch and catch them down town as soon as they got their checks cashed on pay day; they would usually pay you if you caught them before they spent their money.

I know how to sympathize with some of these men for I have been through the mill myself. There are hundreds of men that have families and love them too who do not mean to neglect them and they work steadily all the time. I have seen plenty of men myself that had families depending upon them and meant to be good ^{to} them. For instance they would be working night shift and get up pay day about ten o'clock in the morning and go down town to get their check, and would say to the dear wife, "I will be back in time for dinner", and no doubt they meant to be back then. But they got their checks and as there is no bank in the town Mr. Salooman always fixes himself for this and has plenty of money on hand to cash all the checks that come along. I have had them tell me that they would borrow money for a day or two and pay a month's interest on it just to have it pay days. Well, I need not tell you their object in going to all this trouble to accommodate the poor miner. Well this man gets his check and goes to the saloon and gets the cash for it and he sees a friend or perhaps several, and he says, "Come on boys and have a drink", and he spends fifty cents or a dollar or more as the case may be. This would not hurt much perhaps if it ended there and the man went on home. True there are some that do, but many others do not, and these are the ones I am speaking of.

Then this man's friends or at least some of them buy another drink and another and so on, and I need not tell you the consequences of

of this; you all know the effect and course of liquor, especially when a man tries to drink it all up at one time. Well this man may get just a little drunk and spend five, ten, fifteen or twenty dollars, and if he would stop then that might not be so bad, but he takes a look around and sees the roulette game, and perhaps the dealer spinning the ball to attract attention; the fare layout and poker games are all running and the money or chips to represent money are stacked up there, and this man who has been drinking and has lost his senses for the time he is under the influence of liquor sees these games running and perhaps thinks to win back what he has spent. He staggers up and tries his luck, but usually loses; he plays five or ten more as the case may be and he loses again. He is stuck now, as they say, and he does not leave as long as he has a cent. When he is finally broke, the dealer will usually hand him two or four bits and tell him to take his friend and have a drink.

I have seen many and many just such cases. How does that man feel when he goes back to his family and gets a little supper and hurries away to work if he is sober enough. They used to try to get back to work somehow as it was a rule at the mines if a man layed off pay day and did not have some reasonable excuse he was discharged.

Of course there are many other ways, and ^{all} men do not lose their money gambling, and many men gamble that do not get drunk. I have taken bills to women when I was on the milk wagon and after I had the wood and coal yard. We would generally present these bills the next day after pay day, and generally the women paid them as the men would be away at work or asleep, and almost invariably these dear women would make some excuse for their husbands if they had blown in their money and not tell the real cause. I did not understand this at first, and there were always a few we had to carry over. Mr. Markwell always told me when I was working for him not to quit any one if they did not pay, but to try to catch them the next pay day, and I cannot remember a case where we quit

leaving milk because they did not pay, although some would get a good ways behind.

I knew that there are hundreds and thousands of men just like this. They never intended to blow in their month's pay and neglect their families when they went to get their checks, but just go in and get their checks cashed and take a sociable glass and go home to the dear wife and family and give the wife the money to pay the little bills and get some little comforts for them. True there are many men that can take one glass and quit, and many others that do this for a long time and then find out to their sorrow that they cannot quit with one. It is a dangerous habit to begin with, and it gets away with all if they stay with it. I do not wish to condemn all the saloon men. I have known many a good kind-hearted saloon man. I have also known others that seemed to have no heart; their conscience had been seared and they would take the last nickel from a poor drunken man when they knew he had a wife and family almost starving. There are always good and bad in every class. There is many a good man who gets into this business and thinks he cannot make a living at anything else. It may be an easy way to make a living, but very few make more than a living. It seems to come easy and go easy, and it certainly is no desirable business and very few like it.

But here is the situation in most mining camps. A miner gets through with his day's work at four, five or six o'clock. I am speaking now of a young or unmarried man. He goes to his room and changes his clothes and goes to his boarding house for his supper. It is then not yet time to go to bed and usually his room has no fire and if it is cold weather he does not care to go and sit in his room any way, and there is no other attraction except the saloon, and the saloon man knows this and it is policy for him to have his place fixed up with chairs and a good fire if it is cold weather. He also has the billiard and pool tables, also the card tables, and it is policy for him to make everything as comfortable

and attractive as possible. This is business for him, and men gather together in these places and get to playing these games for drinks and pastime, and they take these drinks many times when they do not care for them; that is many of them do. I have done it myself thousands of times. If some do not have money, their credit is generally good at the saloon. Some do not pay, ~~xxx~~ but most all do; they usually take their checks there and get them cashed pay day and pay their little bill.

I have often thought if there was some other place of attraction for men to go it would keep many men away from the saloons. It has always looked to me if these conditions were properly presented to some of our wealthy philanthropists they might be induced to furnish money to build libraries and reading rooms and also have some sociable games to pass away a few hours. This, I think, would do much good in uplifting these men, or at least a part of them.

It has often been said that the Western Federation of Miners is an anarchist organization, but this is very wrong to speak of the organization as a whole this way, but I do believe, and in fact know that the head men of this organization from the time it was first organized until the present time have been murderers and anarchists, that is some twelve or fifteen years ago, I do not know the exact time it was first organized. I can speak from my own personal knowledge of some of them for the last seven years, and they have told me many things that I know did happen that the head men that preceded them were responsible for, and it is true the head men of this organization have been anarchists ever since its first inception.

But I think I would be safe in saying that there is not over one percent of this organization that know their leaders are anarchists and murderers and are personally responsible for many murders and depredations that have been committed throughout the many mining camps where they were organized. There is no doubt but a good many had a good idea where these

things came from and also approved of them but the great majority of them did not, especially when there was no trouble. It always looked evident to me where these things came from as the victim invariably was some one that opposed the unions. At that time at Burke it would be very hard to tell just how many did favor such proceedings as hardly any one would express an opinion. I think this was more out of fear than anything else, and you could not blame them. Any man that had been there for any length of time knew what had been done in the past and had gone on for five or six years, and he had no reason to expect any protection from the authorities as none of the many that had been run out of the canyon had had any protection by them. So I think most everybody that knew the past history of the camps in the canyon knew they had to protect themselves and the best way to do that was to keep their mouths shut, and as the old saying is, "When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do."

So after one considers these conditions can any one blame a man for keeping still even if he did not approve of these crimes and depredations which I believe the great majority did not but were afraid to speak out against them. I know it is an old saying that silence gives consent, and it may be said if the majority stood idly by and let a few run things to suit themselves they were equally guilty, but I think circumstances alter the conditions, and if a man had spoken out and condemned these things, he would have been like the boys that made it up to whip the schoolmaster. Of course, they always fix it up for the biggest boy to make the attack and the rest are to help him, but the boys often fail to support him and then the schoolmaster gives the attacking boy a good thrashing and that is the last of it, and I think that was about the way most men felt up there. A man never heard anything of these things in a union meeting, and during all the union meetings I ever attended I never saw nor heard any of the propositions mentioned except once and that was a special meeting.

The Western Federation of Miners is composed of a National President, Secretary and an executive board of which the latter is made up of one representative from each district who are elected at the regular annual convention. This convention is made up from all the unions in this country and Canada. The unions are entitled to send delegates in proportion to their membership. Each district also has what they call a district union made up of one representative from each union in the district. These districts, of course, are local and not the same as the executive member represents. The latter may represent two or more states. In some cases the local districts unions used to be called the central unions.

The initiation fee is five dollars and one dollar a month dues. A certain percent of this goes to the National Secretary-Treasurer, and the Secretary also sells the local unions the supplies they need such as membership and transfer cards and stamps, etc. Edward Royce was their first president and Charles Meyer the second. James Maher was their first Secretary-Treasurer, I think, and W. D. Haywood the second Secretary-Treasurer; the two latter being the present officers.

They have what they call an emergency fund which the President or Secretary can use as they see fit; the Secretary-Treasurer has power from the Executive Board to keep this fund up to twenty-five hundred dollars, and if this fund is exhausted at any time, he can take money out of the general fund to the amount of twenty-five hundred dollars, so the whole fund is practically an emergency fund. The great majority of the union men pay their dues and let a few run the unions and know practically nothing of the workings, and a great many never attend the meetings without they are compelled to by a fine sometimes being imposed if they do not attend every so often. This in my opinion is just where union men make the great mistake. The rank and file take no interest in the unions and

let a few men run things to suit themselves. This might be all right if the few men were good men, but usually they are not, or at least very often are very radical and often rib up trouble and agitate the union men, and often they listen to them or at least enough of them so they can call a strike, and then they will insist on making the settlement. But I will speak of this trouble later in just the way I have seen it come up myself.

During the latter part of the winter of 1899, I sold out my wood and coal yard at Burke, and did not have enough money to pay all my debts after working hard over three years making on an average of at least ten dollars a day, but I drank and gambled and sported it all. After I sold out I went to work in the mines. I then took my transfer from the Knights of Labor and went into the Western Federation of Miners at Burke.

I had worked only a little over a month when the strike at Wardner broke out. Wardner as I have stated was down the canyon about twenty miles from Burke. They never had paid the same scale of wages there as they had up canyon creek and had never recognized the union. Although there were a good many union men working there, the mines did not all recognize them, but the union men at Wardner thought they were strong enough to compel the mine operators to comply with their demands and recognize the union and pay the same wages the mines in the rest of the district did. I think myself this was a just demand as far as the wages were concerned as these mines were the largest and richest in the district, but they did not do it and in a few weeks the Bunker Hill & Sullivan, the largest mine there and employing from five to seven hundred men and the one which the principal fight was being made on, was working again nearly full handed, and the men kept breaking away from the union.

CHAPTER III.

The strike of 1899 in the Coeur d'Alenes and blowing up of Bunker Hill & Sullivan mill at Wardner.

On the morning of the 29th of April, 1899, as I was going up to breakfast in Burke, Idaho, I was told there would be no work at any of the mines that day, and that there was going to be a meeting at the Miners' Union hall early that morning, and they wanted every one that belonged to attend.

After breakfast the union men began to gather at the hall and it soon was crowded, and Paul Cochrane, the Secretary of the Burke Miners' Union, called the meeting to order and began to address it and to explain the object of the meeting at that unusual time. As he was the representative to the Central Union, as it was called at that time, and which I have previously explained as to how this union was made up, he told the men at the meeting that they had held a meeting the night before at Gem and had decided to go to Wardner in a body that day and blow up the Bunker Hill & Sullivan mill or hang the superintendent or both. I am not quite sure whether he stated openly of the latter, but I know that was talked of through the crowd. He went on and explained the conditions of the strike at Wardner, and said the rest of the mines besides the Bunker Hill & Sullivan had temporarily granted the demands of the union and would abide permanently by whatever agreement was made with the Bunker Hill, but that that company had absolutely refused to grant the demands of the union and furthermore to have anything to do with the Miners' Union; that the union men at Wardner were breaking away from the union and going to work and that other non-union men that had been driven out of the camp from time to time were coming back and going to work at the Bunker Hill, and that the central union had decided to go to Wardner that day in a body, drive the scabs from the mill and blow it up, and put an end to the strike.

He went on and outlined the following program which had been agreed to by the central union. The Northern Pacific train left Wallace for Burke every morning about eight o'clock and he said after the train left Wallace the wires would be cut so that the railroad officials could not find out anything that was going on up the canyon, and he said when the train arrived at Burke they wanted to be all ready and five or six men would go out and take possession of the train and give the train crew orders to make up what empty cars were needed and run down to Wardner. He said the Gem union would be ready when we arrived at Gem and the Mullan and Murray unions would meet us at Wallace. He said it had been arranged to stop at the Frisco magazine and it would be open and we would load on what powder we wanted to blow up the mill. He said there was a militia company at Wardner guarding the mill and he wanted everybody that had any firearms and ammunition to get them. He said they had some new rifles and they would be distributed at Gem, and he thought we would have enough firearms to easily whip the militia company.

There were a good many that objected to such proceedings and a lively discussion followed. During this discussion the President of the union came in and was very angry to think a meeting had been called without consulting him; he said he had not been notified and only just heard of it only a little before and that by chance. The secretary said he had sent him word and thought he knew as he said he had been up all night and notified all he could and told them to tell every one they could. After Mr. Devy, the president, learned the object of the meeting he did not approve of the plan at all and so expressed himself as did many others, but Mr. Cochran said it was the wish of the central union and he believed it the best thing to do, and did not believe that anything would be done about it. He said they did not propose to interfere with the United States mail as the train could go back to Wallace on time. That was as far as they carried the mail as this was just a local train running

between Burke and Wallace. Some thought differently and thought we would have the Federal troops there, and many remembered when they were there a few years before and did not want them again. But it was finally left to a vote, the men dividing on either side of the hall and counting them that way, and it was carried by a very small majority to go to Wallace, and it was soon whispered around that any that did not go had better be going the other way.

I do believe a great many voted through fear, not having the moral courage to stand by their convictions, and one did not know at first how the other would vote, and then the way the vote was taken, the men being divided on either side of the hall, there was not so much chance for him to change without everybody noticing it. After the vote was declared, I think nearly every union man in Burke made ready to go. Every one was supposed to get himself ready; he was to get a piece of white cotton and tie it around his arm which would signify he belonged to the Burke union, and he was also supposed to get some kind of a mask to disguise himself.

When the train arrived a few masked men took possession of it and boarded the engine with rifles in hand, and the train was made up of box cars, some flat bottom cars and a passenger car or two and a baggage coach, and the men boarded the train. Some were in the passenger coaches and others on different parts of the train. I think everybody that rode in the passenger coaches paid the regular fare to Wallace.

The train was stopped at the Frisco magazine about a mile from Gem and about forty fifty pound boxes of powder were loaded in a car, and the train then went down to Gem and stopped in front of the Miners' Union hall. A number of the Burke men got off the train and went into the hall and some new rifles and ammunition were distributed amongst them. It was thought we did not take enough powder and the train was backed up again to the magazine and about as much more as we had taken first was loaded in

the car with the first and we run back to Gem, stopped at the union hall and the men from Gem boarded the train, and we run on down to Wallace. The union men from Mullen and Murray joined us there and got on the train, and we switched over on to the O. R. & N. track and run on down to Wardner, stopping at the depot. There was a large crowd at the depot.

The men all got off the train except some that were left on the engine to see they did not run away and leave us. The powder was unloaded and armed guards were left to guard it, and the rest of the men were lined up in the following order. All men from Burke union with long guns were ordered to fall in line two and two. I do not remember in what order the other unions came, but all with long guns out of each union followed and the others that had only six shooters followed them, and there were a great number left that had no guns at all. After they were all formed in line, there were twelve men sent around upon the hill above the mill as a skirmish line to fire on the mill and see if they could draw any fire from it as we supposed it was full of armed guards. The mill was about half a mile from the depot. These twelve men went up on the hill about two or three hundred yards above the mill and about the same distance from our men below in full sight of us, and when the signal from our leader was given for these men on the hill to fire on the mill they did so. It seems our leader had not told all our men about the arrangements for as soon as the men on the hill fired on the mill, a lot of our men fired on them and killed one of them before they could be stopped. No one fired from the mill and we found a man there that told us there was no one in the mill.

We marched around to the mill finding it empty, and the call was sent out for the powder, and the men that were at the depot seen brought it. It was placed in three different places in the mill, but before touching it off, we set fire to all the other buildings including a large boarding house, the Superintendent's residence, office and some other

buildings. Then we touched off the powder with long fuse, and the mill was blown to atoms. There was some other shooting but I think there was only one man killed outright. I think there were some wounded but afterwards recovered. We then boarded the train and started back home. In the meantime there had been another light train come down from Wallace, and they helped the other train back as far as Wallace as there is a heavy grade ~~be~~ from Wardner to Wallace.

We all dispersed at Wallace. I think nearly everybody went back to their homes or where they had come from and went to work the next day as if nothing had happened. We took Smith back to Burke as he belonged to our union. I think he was sent to an undertaker but was held by the coroner and an inquest was held later. I worked in the mine four or five days after this, and there were all kinds of stories coming in. It was reported that the Federal troops were being hurried from different points. At first we did not believe this and the union leaders advised everybody to stand pat and not leave as it was argued that they could not prove anything and therefore there was no danger of any one getting punished. The men soon began to leave when it was known for sure the troops were on the way, and the night before it was known for sure that some of them would be there the next day, the men were going in every direction all night, most of them going over the trail to Thompson Falls, Montana.

I went down in the mine the next morning to work and when I saw so few left I had no heart to work, so I quit and got my time. I went to my room, packed up my trunk and took it to a friend's house and left it there. I could not get my pay that day and was undecided what I would do, so I went up on the hill on the south side of the town as most of the snow was off there and it was warm. There were a good many up there in the same fix as I was, undecided what to do and were waiting developments

We did not have long to wait for about three or four o'clock the train came creeping up the canyon loaded with Federal troops. We had made arrangements with a business man if it was safe for us to come down he would give us a certain signal from his residence, but we got no signal, and we could see for ourselves what they were doing. They were rounding the men up like a bunch of cattle and loading them in box cars. There were some cabins scattered around on the mountain and some had provisions in them and some prospectors were working, and we all found places to stay that night. We sent two men down to the town after it got dark to find out what we could. They found the town all picketed with soldiers, but they managed to reach some of the houses and learned from the women that they had arrested every man in the place, business men and all, even to the postmaster. I think there were about fifteen or twenty of us at one cabin that night, and after we found this out, part of us made up our minds we would leave the next morning for Thompson Falls. This was about forty miles over the mountains and the snow was still deep in the mountains.

The next morning all backed out except two of us, so he and I started about five o'clock. We made good headway for three or four hours and then the sun had thawed the snow and we would sink away down into it, but we were going down hill then as we had crossed the summit, and after we got down on the other side the snow was all gone. We got to Thompson Falls that night about ten o'clock and found a number there that we knew. We left the next morning on the three o'clock train for Missoula, Mont. When we arrived there we found others there we knew, but we soon had to scatter from there, and we found out we had left Thompson Falls just in time as they had sent soldiers over there to head any off that came across the range from the Coeur d'Alenes, and they did arrest some there. The soldiers that had been sent to Missoula had scab deputies with them that knew nearly everybody from that country, and we left there and went

up the Bitter Root valley, and stopped there with a friend of some of the boys that were with us. There were about ten or twelve of us. We stayed there a few days and one of the boys and myself went on up the valley about ten miles farther, as I knew a man up there who drove the milk wagon for Markwall brothers before I took it and was running a farm then. We got him to go over to the Coeur d'Alenes as he was acquainted there and get our trunks and collect what money we had coming, and we worked in his place while he was gone. He told us how things were over there; that they had several hundred in the bull pen and were still looking for others.

We left there after he came back and returned where we left the other boys and later came to Missoula where we stayed a few days as the soldiers had all left, and from there we went to Butte, Montana. This was the headquarters of the Western Federation of Miners, and we found hundreds of the miners there from the Coeur d'Alenes. I was taken sick going from Missoula to Butte, was sick several days after arriving there and did not feel well all the time I was there.

I went up ^{to} the Western Federation of Miners headquarters and got a withdrawal card so I could go into another union any time. The President told us he wanted us all to come back to the Coeur d'Alenes as soon as the soldiers left by all means. He said the trouble would soon blow over. I stayed in Butte about a month, and the trouble in the Coeur d'Alenes looked as though it had hardly started. They had about a thousand in the bull pen and about five thousand Federal troops scattered over the district and had patrols day and night. The bull pen was at Wardner and they took them there from other parts of the district.

They were starting up the mines again and had inaugurated a card system and an employment office, and all men looking for work at the mines had to go to this employment office and get a permit before he could get a job at the mines. The mine owners of the Standard and Mammoth mines

sent two representatives to Butte to hire six hundred men and offered to pay the same scale of wages that had previously been paid up the canyon which was the union scale. They also wanted the Butte union to get them these men and they would pay their fares over there and guarantee them all work. They wanted them to all have union cards and be in good standing. I was in the union hall at Butte the night this was brought before the union, and they would not have anything to do with it. They thought perhaps there might be some trick in it to get them in trouble through the permit system they had put in force in the Coeur d'Alenes, as they required every one taking out one of these permits to renounce all allegiance to the Western Federation of Miners and make an affidavit to that effect. Some wanted them to do that and to go, but others did not like it as they thought there might be some catch in it. These men that came to hire them said there was no catch, but they would rather have union miners as they had been instructed to come to Butte first and they knew that practically all the miners in Butte belonged to the union. They said if they could not get them there they were instructed to go to Joplin, Missouri, which was a non-union camp. As the Butte union would have nothing to do with the proposition, they left for Joplin and the next I heard from there they were sending men from there by the car load.

I left Butte and went to Salt Lake City, stayed there a few days and went out to Bingham, Utah, and went to work in the mines. I met a good many men that I knew from the Coeur d'Alenes, most of them going under an assumed name, for if it became known that a man was from the Coeur d'Alenes he would have a hard time to get a job as the Mine Owners' Association had sent out a black list of the men that had worked in the Coeur d'Alenes the time the Bunker Hill mill was blown up and left there afterwards. One of the mine superintendents that I knew in Bingham told me if it was known a man was from the Coeur d'Alenes he would have a hard time to get a job in any of the mining camps. That was the chief reason

for men changing their names. Some no doubt were afraid of being taken back but it was soon known that the authorities were not looking for any one.

I worked in Bingham until the Fourth of July, and went from there to Salt Lake to spend the Fourth as it is only twenty-four miles. There was no miners' union at Bingham at that time. I went out to the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon to work for some contractors that were sinking a shaft there, worked a couple of months and then got in on the contract. I worked there until Christmas and then went back to Bingham and worked that winter. I worked in and around Salt Lake City until the next fall, and then went to San Francisco. I went up to Lake County, California, stayed that winter, took a trip from there to Los Angeles, and then went back to Salt Lake City. I drove a milk wagon there the next summer for the Keystone Dairy, went to Arizona the next winter and worked in a mine there until about March when I returned to Salt Lake City. I then went to Nevada and worked in the mines a short time at State line, came back to Salt Lake again and took a short trip up into southern Idaho with a party to look at some prospects, but only stayed a short time.

During all this time I did not save any money though I worked nearly all the time and always got the highest wages and contracted some and made good money. I made many good resolutions and often saved up a few hundred dollars and thought I would get into some little business for myself. When I would get away from town as I often did, in some out of the way place, I would save my money and make good resolutions, but how soon I would forget them when I would strike town and see a fare game running or a game of poker, my money would burn my pocket. There were many other attractions and money always soon got away. I always bought plenty of good clothes and lived well.

I will now relate the results of the Coeur d'Alene strike. As this is up to the summer of 1902 I have not said much about this only to

give the facts, but I feel it my duty to explain a little about it and also how it terminated. There was martial law there for two years or nearly so, and there were several hundred men kept in the bull pen for the best part of a year. I think there was only one tried, that was Paul Cochran, Secretary of the Burke Union. He was sent to the penitentiary for seventeen years and was pardoned in about that many months by a new Governor.

As I have already stated, I am sure that a very few men were responsible for this trouble, and the rank and file did not approve of it. Some will say, "Why did they follow their advice for?" I think I have fully explained that and if the reader will remember the conditions there at that time I think he will at least agree they had a reasonable excuse. But what I want to say now and what I want to ask every union man is, Could these union officials have had the best interests of the union men at heart, and what did they expect to gain by such a procedure? Some will say and I have heard it said that the President, Edward Boyce, did not approve of blowing up the Bunker Hill mill, but does it look reasonable to any sane man that union men of a local district would go and do anything like that without the sanction of the President, especially when he had been there just prior to this and was only a few hours ride from the scene of the trouble? I don't think it does, and furthermore I know now that Edward Boyce planned and approved the blowing up of that mill. I have been told so by a man that knew all about it. But who had to suffer the hardships? It cannot be denied that many innocent men were made to suffer great hardships, and most of the men that were really ~~responsible~~ ~~suffered~~ ~~nothing~~ for they left the country. True some of the men in the bull pen must have known who were personally responsible but there were not many and had been used as tools to carry out the plot, and they would not divulge the real conspirators. Therefore all had to suffer because they had listened to their leaders when they did it more out of

fear than anything else. I met one of the oldest men up at Burke and he had been through the strike of 1892-3. He said there was some honor about the first strike, but none whatever about this. I knew he talked against going to Wardner in the meeting. He afterwards told me he went home and did not intend to go, but he afterwards changed his mind and went. He was afraid to stay there if he did not go and that was the way with hundreds of others.

The fact is clear that the head officials of the Western Federation of Miners did not have the best interests of the union men in the Coeur d'Alenes at heart. They surely must have known they could not forcibly take possession of a railroad train and twelve or fifteen armed men run that train twenty miles and take dynamite from a magazine and destroy a quarter of a million dollars worth of property in broad daylight in a civilized country like this and nothing be done about it. This was one of the best organized districts with the exception of Wardner that there was in the country. Mullen, Gam and Burke and all the mines close to these towns paid the union scale of wages and recognized the union, and all the secretary had to do to stop anybody from working that did not belong to the union was to tell the foreman at the mine, and if he went to work they would fire him, but there was hardly anybody that attempted to go to work if he did not belong to the union. If he did not have the money to join, the Secretary would take an order from him and the company would hold the money for him and pay him pay day. To be brief, they had everything they asked except at this one mine at Wardner, and they took this course to make them come to terms, and thus for revenge on this one mine they disrupted the best organized camps in the country for they could not be more thoroughly organized.

Now reader think over these things and think who made such a blunder. I know in this strike as in all others there was always a bitter enmity between union and non-union men, and also between the authorities

and the union men, and nine times out of ten in a very short time after the strike starts the real issue that caused it is lost sight of and it has narrowed down to a personal feeling between union and non-union men and the officials. But look at the suffering this caused to the men that had families more than any other. A young man can pick up and go some other place, but it is different with a married man and especially if he has a small family and perhaps owns his own home as many did there. And then again when you go to another mining camp as a miner usually does, he finds his record there ahead of him, as the Mine Owners' Assn. sends these names to the other districts, not only in the same state but all over the country. I do not think they all pay close attention to this, it would be hard for them to keep track of everybody, but it works a hardship on a good many, especially where the union and non-union men are about equally divided.

This strike broke up every union in the district for a good while. They have some unions organized there again now, but there is only one mine in the district, the Hercules, where a union man dare say he is a union man or attend a meeting, and hardly any of the old miners ever get work there again except at the Hercules Mine, and the manager of this mine was mixed up in this strike. This was only a prospect at that time, and the present owners were all poor working men, but this is one of the richest mines in the district and pays large dividends. This is the mine that I once owned a sixteenth interest in. Edward Boyce's wife owns a big interest in this mine and her brother is manager. She and her brothers own nearly a half interest.

I know Edward Boyce has always been looked up to as a great labor leader. True he helped labor to get together and organize, but when we think of the horrible crimes that he and a few others were the instigators of and the crimes that these miners have all been held responsible for, and although the great majority were innocent and knew nothing

of these depredations, they all had to bear the blame equally in the eyes of the public. Dear reader stop and think over these things for yourself and do not let a few do all the thinking for you. I used to do this and follow blindly after them until I came to the end of the road, and I had to either step over the precipice into the great beyond or retrace my steps. Something kept telling me not to do it, but return and live, and then my eyes were opened and I began to look back over the past and think for myself. I knew in my heart these things were wrong and I had been a party to them and had only looked upon one side of the question and that was my own selfish side. No one besides God and myself can ever know the awful struggle I had to make a stand for right. I can only thank God for the victory I won. I had come to the point where He and He only could help me, although it took me many long weeks before I thought I could give up all to Him and fully lay hold of his promises by faith, and when I felt I could do this and trust Him for everything, my course was decided and I no longer doubted, and I never have regretted for a moment the stand I have taken. I just want to say to you, dear reader, to beware that you do not come to the end of the road as I did and then have to turn and come all the way back, but turn and think for yourself before you go so far, for the wages of sin is death.

CHAPTER IV.

My first trip to Colorado.

About the middle of July, 1902, I left Salt Lake City in company with Arthur Dulan for Cripple Creek, Colorado, and arrived there a few days later. I had never been there before but Mr. Dulan had and was pretty well acquainted. I went to work a few days after arriving in a mine on Bull Hill, and met several there that I had formerly known in the Coeur d'Alenes, Idaho. I had never worked anywhere since leaving Burke, Idaho, where there was a miners' union until I came to Cripple Creek. The secretary of Altman Union came to me and asked me about joining the union a few days after I went to work, and I told him I would come up in a short time. The President of the Altman Union then was a man I knew well in the Coeur d'Alenes, and he vouched for me. After I had a pay day, I went up and joined Altman Union, as that was the closest union to me.

I worked around the mines on Bull Hill about a year, spending my money as fast as I earned it. I worked pretty steadily and got good wages, four dollars per day of eight hours most of the time, and quite often a little high grade on the side. Still I was a very unhappy man and seemingly had no mind of my own and no purpose in life and often wished I was dead, and often thought to end my miserable existence. I tried to be cheerful and think perhaps I made a fairly good showing on the outside, but if any human mortal could have read my inner thoughts as God can, they would have had a different story to tell.

I often drank to stop and deaden my thoughts, for sometimes my past life would rise up before me as fresh as though it were but a day ago, and try as hard as I could, I could not get it out of my mind. I would think of my dear wife and little girl and wonder if they were still living and how they were getting along. At such times I would go to the saloon and drink to drown the sorrow, as I thought I must forget that they

were anything to me. I often thought I would take a trip back there and disguise myself and see what had become of them, but I never got started. I used to go out in company some but never enjoyed myself. I met a lady there and kept company with her a short time and asked her to marry me and she consented. She was a widow and was keeping house; her husband was killed in the mines there a few years before. I saved up a little money and we were married. I did not mean anything wrong to her and thought the past dead to me, and thought if I had some place I could call home I might be more contented. I was going under an assumed name, but it was about eight years since I had heard from home and I had never met any one I knew, and as I had changed a great deal during that time, I did not think any one would recognize me.

This was a good true little woman and while I might not have loved her as a man ought to love the woman he is going to make his wife, still I loved her as much as I could love any one, and thought enough of her to be good to her, and intended to take care of her and be good to her. I had worked about three months after we were married when the strike was called in August, 1903. I had saved up a little money during this time. Some of the miners had been called out about two months before, but the trouble had been temporarily settled.

This trouble arose between the Mill & Smelters' Union and Charles A. McNeill, manager of the Standard Mill and Reduction Works at Colorado City, Colo. The mill and smelters' union was affiliated with the Western Federation of Miners, and the head officers of the Western Federation of Miners called the union miners out at Cripple Creek in order to cut off the ore supply from the Standard mill and force a settlement. The first time they called the miners out in Cripple Creek for this purpose they only called those out of the mines that were shipping ore to the Standard Mill, and it was not long before a temporary settlement was made through the good offices of some leading citizens of

Victor, Cripple Creek and Colorado City, and we were all pleased and thought the trouble was past. But Mr. Moyer, the President of the Western Federation of Miners, claimed that Mr. McNeill, the manager of the Standard Mill, had not kept his part of the agreement. I don't know as to that, though Mr. McNeill claimed that he had, but I think on the 10th of August, 1903, all the miners were called out in sympathy with the mill and smelters' union at Colorado City, or at least all that were shipping ore to the unfair mills.

The Portland Mine owned their own mill and reduction works; this was the largest mine in the district and employed from five to seven hundred men. Their mill was at Colorado City too, but they had no trouble with the union. The principal fight was made on the Standard mill; the Telluride mill also closed. The Portland mine was the only big mine that was not called out, though there were some other small mines and leases that were not called out. The Dorcas mill at Florence was considered fair and some small mines and leases sent their ore there for a time. The miners in the Cripple Creek district had no grievance whatever, but the unions did not want them to ship ore to the unfair mills and reduction works. The mine operators said they had contracts with these mills and could not ship their ore any place else. I think practically every man quit work at all the mines that they were requested to, both union and non-union men, and some of the mines quit pumping and let their pumps drown.

I will give a little account of the Cripple Creek District and the surroundings. This is the greatest gold producing camp in the world; it is about a hundred miles from Denver and about thirty miles from Colorado Springs. It has three different railroads running to it, one from Canon City and two from Colorado Springs. The altitude is about ten thousand feet above sea level. The climate is very mild and there is very

If this sympathetic strike had been left to a referendum vote of the miners in the district I do not believe they would have voted to strike, but at the annual convention of the Western Federation of Miners the year before they got a resolution through to give the executive officers power to call a strike without the consent of the miners affected, and they sent out an order from headquarters to the district union and the strike committee at Cripple Creek to call all the miners out on such a date if the manager of the Standard mill did not do so and so and live up to his agreement. They claimed he did not put union men back to work in their former places and did not pay the wages he agreed to. I do not know about this myself. I know Mr. McNeill would not sign any agreement but said he would live up to it and always claimed he did.

Now as I have stated, the men practically all quit work when ordered to do so, and there was a strike committee appointed and there was an order sent out from headquarters to all unions throughout the country soliciting funds, called the eight hour strike fund, and they soon sent men all over the country soliciting aid for the strikers. At first everything was very quiet and peaceable; things went on pretty orderly for a month or perhaps more. The local peace officers were supposed to be union men or sympathizers. The Sheriff was a union man before he was elected, and the union men expected him to protect them. There were some non-union men brought in and some of them were deputized and the union men were after the sheriff to make him arrest the non-union men for carrying concealed weapons, and the mine operators were after him to disarm the union men. Most every one went armed and there were several arrested on each side. If a non-union man was brought before a Justice that was a union sympathizer he would be fined the limit, and if a union man was brought before a non-union sympathizer, he would be fined the limit. The Justices were most all either union men or sympathizers and they would let the union men go as light as possible, and the others did the same. The mine operators were after the sheriff to call upon the Governor for

the militia, and the union men were after him not to, but to deputize all the men he wanted and they would furnish them, and he was between two fires. There had been no depredations committed at this time, and the strike committee assured the sheriff there would be none.

There was a non-union man brought before a Justice of the Peace at Anaconda for carrying concealed weapons, and he was let off with a light fine or none at all, I have forgotten which. A few days after, this Justice was over at Altman one afternoon and a man slugged him and beat him up some, and this was the real beginning of hostilities. A few days after this there was an old man taken out of his house at night at Independence, beat up and shot and left for dead. The mine operators appealed to the Sheriff to call on the Governor for troops, but he would not as he said he was able to handle the situation.

So the Mayors of Cripple Creek and Victor and some of the leading citizens petitioned the Governor for troops and he sent a committee to investigate and the troops soon followed. They were in charge of Sherman Bell, Adjutant-General of the Governor's staff. I think there were between a thousand and twelve hundred of the state militia; they did not declare martial law at first, but acted with the civil authorities.

I just want to say a word in regard to the state militia and especially where they are mustered in on short notice. Every place I have ever seen them there have always been a low hebe element amongst them, and while there is no doubt plenty of good men, this low rowdy element always takes advantage of their positions and commit many disgraceful things, and the whole body are blamed for it. No doubt the majority of the men and officers would not stand for many things that this low element do and punish them when such things are brought to their notice, but such things are hard to prove at such times and these offenders usually go unnoticed, and therefore the innocent have to bear the blame with the guilty. It is not my purpose to wrongfully criticize either party but I just want to give the facts as they occurred. There were several

deputies there that had just recently been paroled or pardoned from the state penitentiary and had come almost direct to Cripple Creek and were deputized by the militia officers. Some of these men were well known in the district and had been sent to the penitentiary from there, and they were considered all around bad men and showed no signs of any reform.

Now we must admit there was no cause for any strike in the district and no demand was made there for anything by the union, and the majority of the men were against the strike and had no idea but that it would soon be settled. I knew that many quit when the order came against their will. Some will ask, "What did they quit for, they did not have to?" There are several reasons why men quit against their will. In the first place the union men were in the great majority and had most of the local peace officers on their side. Men had been run out of the district and been beaten up because they would not join the union, and they could not expect much if any protection from the local authorities. And again men do not like to be called scabs and have their names ~~in~~ and in many instances their photographs sent to every miners' union in the country, for miners travel around a great deal from one mining camp to another, and there are unions in most mining camps so when one of these men that has been branded as a scab goes to a different camp his record is there before him. If the union is strong enough they usually have what they call the timber gang; that is what is called the inner circle of the local union. These men are not supposed to be known to any one except to some one of the local leaders of this union, and this man is generally connected with headquarters. He usually gets to be President or Secretary of the local union. Again a man that has been branded as a scab, his name is published in the Miners' Magazine and this is sent to every local union in the country, and the secretary of the local union posts up these names in the union halls, and also the photographs if he has them. There is most always some one in every camp that knows these men, and many men have disappeared in mysterious ways and others have been killed in various

ways while working in the mines. These are always reported as accidents and some of them no doubt are, but I know of some that were not, and have been told by a reliable source that many are not, and there are so many ways to get away with a man working in the mines and make it appear as an accident, and I know this has been carried on to a certain extent. A great many men mistrust these things for it is often hinted to the men by those that know to scare them and make them uphold the union. So after taking all these things into consideration, one can readily understand why men obey the order to quit work and go on strike when ordered to do so by their officers, although they cannot see any just cause for a strike and go out against their will.

There is no question but what the millmen at Colorado City had a grievance and were not getting wages enough and had to work long hours, and there can be no doubt but this corporation could well afford to give these men better conditions, but when it was plain that they would not, I never will think it is wise to call out five or six thousand men to force the demand of a hundred and fifty or two hundred men. I will just state here that this was not the real cause of the strike. This was only an excuse to get the miners out and start the ball rolling.

The real cause of the strike was this. The year before, the proposition of an eight hour day for all men working underground and certain work in and around smelters and ore reduction works had been submitted to the people of the state, and they voted to have such a bill passed by between forty and fifty thousand majority. The Assembly met and failed to pass any eight hour bill at all, though there were several such bills introduced and they talked eight hour bill from one end of the session to the other, and finally adjourned without complying with the wish of the people. It is needless to say the people were very indignant over such a ~~manly~~ breach of trust especially the laboring people, and the labor leaders took advantage of this, and said if they could not get an eight hour day by fair means they would get it by force, and it was under-

stood at the convention of the Western Federation of Miners held in Denver the spring of 1903 to make Colorado a slaughter ground and force an eight hour day as the people had voted. What I mean by a slaughter ground is to call all the miners and mill and smelters out on strike, and as I have before stated the President and Secretary of the Western Federation of Miners sent men and literature all over the country to solicit funds, called the eight hour defense fund, and the labor unions all over the country responded liberally and they had the sympathy of the public generally. They took advantage of the legislature failing to comply with the will of the people after voting by such a large majority to have such a bill passed, and they had good grounds to work on, and therefore the calling the Cripple Creek miners out in sympathy with the few mill men was only an excuse to start things going.

It was their intention to call the miners out all over the state and tie up the mines, mills, reduction works and smelters. They also called the smelters out at the Globe and Grant smelters at Denver. They tried to call all the miners out in the San Juan district as they were well organized there, but most of the unions in this district had agreements with the mine operators and would not break them. However, at Telluride they found a way to get around this. The mines in this district are mostly a good distance from the towns and the companies have boarding and lodging houses at the mines. They got the cooks and waiters at these boarding houses to make some unreasonable demand and when it was not granted to quit and go on strike, and this gave the miners an excuse to quit as they would not board where there were non-union cooks and waiters. This is the way they got around their agreement at Telluride, and they all went on strike to force an eight hour day for a few millmen there, although many of the millmen would not quit themselves but were forced to as the mines were practically all closed as they were all union men working there. I think they had from twelve to fifteen hundred men in the miners' union at Telluride. They had a hospital and hall there that cost them about

thirty-five thousand dollars. This was the only camp in the San Juan district where they succeeded in getting the miners to quit work.

Mr. Moyer, the President of the Western Federation, was up there and he tried to get the miners out at Ouray. They had no agreement with the operators but had no grievance, and they had voted not to quit work in accordance with the order of the President of the Western Federation. Moyer got them to call another meeting and reconsider their action, and after a long debate he managed to carry his order by a small majority but the union men here had more sense than they had at some other places for they called still another meeting and reconsidered their last action and voted again not to strike, and they did not. At Silverton, the largest union in the district absolutely refused to come out as they had an agreement with the operators to run for three years. This was all the men they succeeded in getting out, and I think they were glad they did not have any more out. They had all they could keep. Most of the coal miners in the state were on strike too about this time.

All these mines in Cripple Creek and the San Juan district had an eight hour day and the wages the union demanded, and in a word they had no grievance themselves, but they were well organized in these places and the officials of the union knew they could get them to quit, although they did not get them all. I cannot help but think the last legislature was responsible in a way for all this trouble. The labor leaders could not have started it if they had not had this excuse. This is my own opinion of this, but I will give the facts as I know them and let the reader judge for himself. The trouble cost the tax payers of Colorado a million dollars in round numbers for the militia alone.

CHAPTER V.

The first trouble after the Militia came to Cripple Creek.

In reverting back to the Cripple Creek strike I want to say in this strike as in most all others, the real issue at stake is soon lost sight of especially if the militia is called upon the strike soon narrows down to a personal enmity between the militia and the non-union men on one side and the union men on the other. As frictions arise, as there surely will, most of the strikers forget the real cause of the strike whether it was just or not, and although a man at first might not have been in sympathy with the strike and knew it was wrong, as he sees the non-union men being shipped in and herded by the militia like cattle, he forgets it all about the cause of the strike, and he hates these men and hates the militia, and they become more and more bitter at each other. The union man calls the militia scabs and scab-herders and the militia call the miners anarchists and dynamiters, and the breach widens as the strike proceeds, and it is more like two hostile armies, only the striker knows he cannot fight in the open. After they are prodded around with a rifle and bayonet a while they begin to think up some way to get even, and men will do things at such times and feel justified in it that they would not think of at ordinary times, and as the old saying is, everything is fair in war. The strike committee or leaders will advise the men to be quiet and not commit any violence, that is they will talk that way in the union meetings to the rank and file of the union, but they always have a few men to do the secret work, but they don't want the rank and file to know they do this. They want them to believe that the other side commits the depredations so they can lay it to the union men and persecute them, and they think to get the sympathy of the public by this course, and often do things that look unreasonable, and if it was known that they did it, it would hurt them. But that is the point, they don't intend it to be known and they do these things, so it would look reasonable to the man not next

to it to believe that the mine operators had had this done so he could lay it to the union men. I never knew the real object of this until the Cripple Creek strike. I always thought some hotheaded union man did these things of his own accord for if it were known the strike leaders were responsible for many such acts of violence, it would not be tolerated for a minute.

I have ~~known~~ known of union meetings after some one had been blown up and killed, and these same leaders would speak against such things to the rank and file and pass resolutions offering rewards, when the very men know all about it and were directly responsible. These shrewd labor leaders don't want to lose the public sympathy, they well know that is their strongest prop, but as they have often said to me, there has to be something all the time to keep up the persecution. They say the money doesn't come in if there is nothing doing. They have nothing to advertise.

Mr. Meyer told me one time I was in Denver during the Cripple Creek strike after things had been pretty quiet for a time, that we had to get busy up there and tear something loose for there was no money coming in. I asked him if that made any difference and he said it did, and as soon as things got quiet up there the money began to drop off and as soon as something was pulled off so they got some advertising, the money picked up again, and he said they had to have money to carry on the strike. I have thought they wanted many of these horrible depredations committed for that purpose as well as to terrorize the mine owners and make them afraid of their own lives.

When any of these depredations were committed the militia would arrest the strike leaders and put them in the bull pen and keep them without preferring any charges against them. They could not prove any charge against them, and in fact these strike leaders rarely ever did any of these things, but they always knew when anything was going to be pulled off and made it a point to be in some public place so they could prove an

alibi if he was arrested. Therefore the rank and file did not believe them guilty for they would make it a point to be where there were others besides union men, and in this way they could arouse the ~~same~~ sympathy of the public as well as the rank and file of the union men.

The militia began to get busy a short time after they arrived. I thought at first I would not have anything to do with the strike; I had taken no part in it up to this time. I had been high grading and had a little money saved up and had not asked for any relief, although they had stores established and were issuing relief, but I had paid for everything I got so far. A few days after the militia arrived Johnnie Neville and myself went to Denver and went from there over to Reutt county hunting and were gone about a month. I thought perhaps the strike would be settled by that time, but I found out when I came out that it was far from settled and was getting worse all the time. If I had not been married there I would not have gone back, but I went back.

They had part of the strike committee in the bull pen and some more of the union leaders, and the civil courts and militia officers were fighting. The judges of some of the civil courts had issued habeas corpus papers to compel the militia officers to bring these men into court and show cause for holding them. These officers were satisfied they ought to hold these men, but they knew they could not prove anything against them and did not want to take them into court. But they were finally brought into court and the judges ordered them released or turned over to the civil authorities. They at first refused to do this and the union leaders wanted the judge to order the sheriff to enforce his order and they wanted the sheriff to deputize enough men and arm them to carry out the order of the judge. This would have meant much blood shed, as it would not have been much trouble to get men to fight the militia, and they had a good many arms and plenty of ammunition, but the lawyers advised the judge not to do this.

Now nothing could have happened that suited the head officers any better than this unless it would have been for the judge to order the sheriff to enforce his order. This looked to the public like persecution, and to the man on the outside as if these militia officers wanted to hold these men in the bull pen just because they were union men and leaders. This very act aroused the public sympathy for the union men right in the start, and it made the union men stick closer together, and any that were only ~~be~~ half hearted, it made them stronger. I knew nothing about the inner workings at this time, although I knew W. F. Davis, the President of the Altman union of which I was a member. I knew him from the Coeur d'Alenes, Idaho, and knew he was in command of the men the day we went to Wardner and blew up the Bunker Hill & Sullivan mill, and he had told me a few things that made me a little wiser.

After this first clash between the civil officers and the militia things went along pretty quietly for a time. The militia released the men and after that they and the civil officers worked more in harmony. I did not take any active part. I attended the union meetings and felt more in sympathy with them, as I like almost every one else thought they were persecuting these men because they were active union men, and I hated the militia more than I did the ~~the~~ non-union men. But I hated them all and felt more bitter against them all the time. Some of the militia were camped at first only about a hundred yards from our house. There were some kids amongst them that did not look to be more than fifteen years old. They would be peddling ham and bacon and anything else they had to the saloons for whiskey, and the better acquainted some of them got the more officious they got. I am speaking of these things to show the reader how such bitter feelings get worked up between men at such times. There were some in the militia that lived or had lived in the district and they sometimes had some old score to settle with the union men or at least some of them, as none of the union men belonged to the

militia. So this bitter feeling gets worked up between these men in various ways.

During the quiet time I went to high grading again. This was a little risky as the shaft we had to go down was only about a hundred feet from the shaft house where some of the militia were camped, but we used to watch the guard and make a sneak when his back was turned; as this shaft had no shaft house over it, we could get out of sight pretty quick. This high grading was no easy job as we had to climb down an old manway nine hundred feet where the ladders were out at some places, and then go through old stopes and drifts two or three thousand feet, dig out our load and pack it up. This would take us nearly all night and once it was getting day light when we got to the surface. We would pack all the way from forty to eight pounds. Sometimes this would not be very high grade; we got from fifty cents to a dollar a pound for this. When it got below that we quit.

During our trips into this mine we discovered they had stored about a carload of dynamite in a cross cut on the eighth level of the mine. I knew this mine well, had worked there a long time before the strike and was working there when the strike was called. I told Davis about this powder being there in the mine. A few days afterwards they started this mine up as they were starting the mines as fast as they could get men.

I am getting a little ahead of my story so I will have to go back a little for it is my purpose to give these things just as they occurred and not to favor myself or anybody else, but to give the plain truth, hoping that some may profit by my downfall.

The mine operators did not attempt to start the mines for some weeks after the men quit, I forget just how long, but they posted up notices to the effect if any of the old employees would come back to work they would be given their old places and have protection if they would return by such a date, but if not they would never be given employment

there again. Very few returned to work and they began to ship non-union men in and start up a mine as soon as they had men enough. The first mines they started they kept the men at the mines and boarded and lodged them there, and kept armed guards day and night, and after the militia arrived they used them for guards. I think there was only one mine that started before the militia came, the El Paso, but they began to start them up one by one. Some said they would not try to start the mines on Bull Hill, but they did. A good many of the mines had high close board fences built around their works so a man could not see over them except he was some distance away from them on higher ground. There were some clashes between the men on Bull Hill when they started to work, but they did not amount to much. I think they did start one of the mines on Bull Hill before the militia came, and after the militia came the mines were all started up one or two at a time as fast as they could get men.

The strike leaders would report to the unions every week that the mines had only a few men and were not getting out any ore to speak of and they were running behind and would soon get tired of that; that the men they did have were not miners, or at least not many of them, and they were not competent, and all the union men had to do was to stand pat and the mine operators would soon get tired and settle with the union. This same old story would be told by them from time to time, a little different sometimes, but the same in substance. The men at the mills and reduction works would send up reports from Colorado City that they were not getting much ore and were running at a loss. All this was done to keep up the spirits of the union men and keep them from going back to work. Although the mine operators had issued an ultimatum if the union men did not come back to work at a certain date that would be their last chance, still they took them back any time and I think were glad to get a good man any time.

I was offered work more than once, but I had gotten to hate these men so that I would not work with them, and there was a strife amongst the non-union men. The men that had never belonged to the union called

the men that had been union men and broke away from the union, peon scabs. The others said they were professional scabs and strike-breakers. They said they could only get a job when there was a strike on, and a man that has never had this experience can hardly imagine the strife and animity men hold against each other at such times. But it was very evident the mine operators were getting all the men they wanted. No doubt many of these men were not practical miners but the mine operators had to put up with them and teach them. While the strike committee I know exaggerated their reports to the union, no doubt the mine operators exaggerated their reports too, but they must have had many incompetent men and could not get the same results they could with all experienced miners. But it was very evident they had no intention of yielding to the demands of the union, and the union officials must have known this, and many of the union men were getting uneasy and some were going back to work. True they had stores established and were issuing relief, but this is very unsatisfactory to men that have been accustomed to handling their own money and then to have so much a week issued to him. And very often men were appointed on these relief committees that had very little judgment and in many cases men that did not work much themselves when there was no trouble but had the most to say in time of trouble and would think they were doing a man a great favor to give him an order for relief and would think you ought to buy him a drink as you would usually find this class at the saloon. The men had to get orders from these committees and then ~~to~~ go to the union stores and get them filled. The union stores only carried groceries and meats. They also gave orders to some dry good stores and drug stores, and I think they kept the men better there than they usually do in time of strikes. Still there was much dissatisfaction and men with families have to have a little money to get things they do not like to ask for, and while some would try to live as economically as possible, others tried to get all they could, and

there was always a great deal of wrangling at the union meetings over this relief.

As I have told you before about telling Davis about the dynamite being stored in the Vindicator mine, he came to me and wanted to know if I would go down and set that powder off when the shift were at work. He said he would get a man to go with me and give me one or two hundred dollars. He said he would have to go and get this money and it might take him three or four days after we did the job, but he would be sure to get it. He said we had to do something to scare these scabs away and to scare our men and keep them in line or the strike was lost. Now the feeling I had against these men and only looking at one side of the question and having no money left, as the little I did have I had deposited in the First National Bank of Victor and that institution had failed and left me without a cent, the resentful feeling I had against these men together with the offer of money influenced me, and I told him I would go down alone and do this. He said if I would he would give me two hundred dollars.

I afterwards thought I would go and ask one of the men that had been down there high grading with me and see what he thought about it. He also knew the powder was there as we had gotten two fifty pound boxes of it and carried it up and sold it to some leasers we knew. After I told him about it and about the money, he said he thought we would be ~~just~~ justified in doing it. So we got our things ready and went down in the mine and waited until we thought the night shift had gone up to lunch at twelve o'clock. We had to go past the station on the eighth level to get where the powder was. We went out pretty close to the station and as we had the same time as they had at the mine we waited about ten minutes and thought sure they had all gone up, and we knew we had to hurry as they took only a half hour for lunch. We started out the station which is all lighted up with electric lights, and as we got close to the station, the cager said, "Hurry up boys, this is the last cage."

He thought we were some of the miners at work and had been late getting out. But this so surprised us that we began to back up in the dark as we were not masked and he might know us, but he got his light and began to follow us and as we had our light out we could not go very fast in the dark and we had to make him go back. We took a couple of shots at him as we both had six shooters. We did not hurt him but he went back in a hurry, and we knew we had to get out of the mine as quick as possible and we did not bother to look for the powder. We told, or at least, I told Davis it was not there. I told him we went on across where it was after we shot at this fellow and they had moved it, which proved to be true as we found out afterwards they moved it up in the magazine the first day they began to work. We knew nothing about this when I told Davis but I wanted to make out how brave we were, and they of course believed us as after we learned it had been moved. But to tell the truth about myself I was pretty badly scared, and I think my partner was in the same fix. We had to go up a hundred feet through a stope and then go a couple of thousand feet or so through a drift and then go down through another old stope on the timbers and crawl on our stomachs some places through a narrow passage we had dug out when we were high grading, and climb about nine hundred feet up an old wet manway where the ladders were out at some places. The militia were camped not over a hundred feet from where we came up and the place was pretty well lighted up with electric lights. We came up as fast as we possibly could and made good headway as we knew the way well and were used to climbing out of there with a lead, but still it took us about half an hour. My partner wanted me to tell them if we were caught that we were down counting how many machines they were running, but I told him he could do as he pleased, but I was going to shoot my way out and take a chance if the shaft was guarded as we expected it would be. I knew this was our best chance to get out for if we waited until the next day and we were missed, they would surely guard every possible place, although there were a dozen or more places we

could get out. Although they had a half hour to get guards to these places there were no guards at this place and we came out unnoticed, and after we got away as we were out of danger, the world never looked quite so large to me before, and surely kind Providence was with us, for they had every other entrance guarded and kept them guarded for some days. I reported our experience to Davis and Parker and next day.

This caused no little excitement at the mine as the cager reported this and none of the men would go down to work but all went home, and they had the sheriff and some of his men over there and kept soldiers down in the mines for guards. After the excitement subsided a little the officials reported they believed the cager was lying and just made up this report, and they fired him. Whether they believed this or not, I do not know, or just told it so the men would not be afraid to work in the mine, for a good many quit. But it soon died out and a good many believed it was only a story gotten up by the mine operators to keep the soldiers there.

I went to Davis after this and wanted him to let me have thirty-five dollars; I wanted this to pay some taxes for my wife on some mining property she had in South Park. He said he would see if he could get it, but he said no more about it. I then asked Parker and he said he was going to Denver in a short time to get some money from headquarters, as he had to pay some others some money for some work they were on. He said he supposed he would have a hard time to make them dig up as nothing had been done. He spoke of the failure they made of blowing up the power plant at Colorado Springs and he said all the attempts they had made to pull off something had failed and luck seemed to be against them. He said he hated to ask headquarters for more money until we pulled off something. He said if we could have killed that fellow we shot at in the mine we could easily have gotten all the money we wanted, so I said nothing more at that time.

Parker and Davis talked to me again about blowing up the Vindicator or Findley mine, and wondered if we could not set some kind of a trap by the shaft so when the cage came down it would set it off, and I thought they might run the cage down empty if the cage was to set it off. Parker came to me and told me he would give me five hundred dollars if I would fix something in either mine to kill some of them so as to scare the rest and make them quit, and keep our men from going back to work, and this was to scare outside men from coming in there to work. I thought this looked easy. I knew I could go down after the shift went off at night and set this if they did not have guards in the mine.

I got a man that knew all about these things and we went up in an old vacant building and shot a six shooter into some giant caps to see if this would set them off and it did, so we conceived the idea of fastening a six shooter on the timber of the shaft on the station and fasten a wire to the trigger of the six shooter and to the guard rail, so when they raised the guard rail it would pull the trigger and we had the powder under this and buried with dirt and a box of giant caps right close to the muzzle of the gun. These guard rails are always raised by the men as they get out of the cage and then lowered again to prevent anything or any one falling into the shaft. This man that helped me try the experiment with the caps did not go with me, as I have formerly told you, none of these active labor leaders seldom did anything themselves. They always managed to be in some conspicuous place when anything was likely to happen.

I went to the man that had been down with me on the other occasion and asked him if he wanted to try it again. He said no, he did not care to take another chance when there was nothing in it if it failed, and he was working then for some leasers. I told him I did not think I wanted anything to do with it either. I said this so he would not think I did it if it happened. I told Parker he did not want to go and he spoke of another man and said he was not afraid of a little blood either. I knew this

man and asked him if he wanted to help do a little job, and he said yes he did. I think Parker had spoken to him in the meantime, so I went and rustled some powder from a leaser I knew and he thought it out for me, and I thought we ought to have a man to stay at the mouth of the shaft or a little down in it while we went down and set this. So I got a man we knew and also got some more powder from him, and we ~~xxx~~ went to his house which was not far from the shaft and got everything all ready.

When the shift went off about two-thirty in the morning, we took about fifty pounds of powder and went down a shaft of the Vindicator Mine and went through a slope and across in a drift to the main shaft No. 1. We were on the fourth level then and we climbed down the main shaft to the sixth level, and we looked around and thought this was the seventh level. I had not worked on the seventh level of this mine and had been off there only a time or so and it looked to me like the seventh level. We hurried to set this as I have described, and got out as soon as we could. This was not the same way we usually came in but the man with me said this was the best way and we thought they might be guarding our former passage or have closed it up as it came from another property. When we came to the surface we could not find our man and we suspicioned there was something wrong, but we could not hear or see anything so we came out unmolested. We found him and he said he got to coughing and thought he had better leave. We had some turpentine which we poured along in our tracks after we started away from the mine and got home all right.

Mr. Davis came to my house the next morning before I was up and wanted to know if we set it. I told him we had, and he said there was no excitement around the mine. I got up about noon and went down to the house of the man that went down in the mine with me, and he had heard nothing so we thought it must be another failure and we watched around the mine to see if we could find out anything, but we could not see anything unusual, nor did we hear anything for about a week.

CHAPTER VI.

The explosion at the Vindicator Mine and the killing of the Superintendent and shift boss.

During the time that elapsed between our setting the bomb and the explosion I tried again to get some money from Davis and Parker, and the latter told me he was going to Denver in a day or two and he would try to get some from headquarters, but he also told me they were trying to pull off something else, and if it came off it would be no trouble for him to get money. He told me they had made an attempt the night before but their tools broke and they had to leave the job partly finished and that one of the men that had made the attempt walked along by the place and there were two men standing looking at it, but he said they were going to work at a different place. I think I asked him what they were working on or at least he told me they were going to ditch the Florence & Cripple Creek train on one of the high banks between Victor and Cripple Creek. This was a suburban train that ran from Cripple Creek around by Victor and Goldfield and also made three runs a day to Midway on Bull Hill. That is they continued the run from Goldfield every morning, evening and at two-thirty a.m. This train carried the miners that lived in Cripple Creek and worked on Bull Hill to and from their work. Most all the miners that worked there then lived in Cripple Creek or Victor.

There was also an electric road that carried the miners to and from their work; these were regular trains that run all the time and carried any passengers, but they run these trains morning and evening and at two-thirty a.m., mostly for the accommodation of the miners. There were a good many union men working at the Portland mine. The reader will remember that this mine was not affected at this time by the strike and there were five or six hundred men working there and all supposed to be union men. These men, or some thirty or forty of them, that were working

night shift lived in Cripple Creek and rode on these night trains and if they ditched this train they would kill the union men also, but a few days before they were going to ditch this train they made arrangements for a car with the electric road and the union miners at the Portland were supposed to ride on the electric car. Whether this arrangement was made to protect them and keep them off the steam road they were going to wreck I do not know as none of them ever told me and I never asked them, but I supposed that was what it was for.

When Parker told me this we were in the union hall at Victor, and after he told me how they intended to work it, and said their spike puller and wrench had broken the night before and they had to leave the job partly finished, but he said ~~he~~ he had gotten them some good tools so he thought it would be a go all right this time, and he said, "If it comes off tonight there will be martial law here tomorrow."

After he told me this I felt somewhat jealous and angry. I hate to write this but I cannot tell anything but the truth and I must not try to favor myself. Yes, I was jealous to think they would go and get some one else to do an easy job like that after I had taken such chances down in the mines and right under the very noses of the soldiers. This looked like an easy thing to me beside what they ~~wanted~~ wanted me to do, and after I had gone through all the worst part and taken all the chances, they would go and get some one else to do an easy job like that and would not give me a pleasant look or at least would not give me a few dollars. I had used my own six shooter and rustled fifty pounds of powder and they knew I did not have a cent. I felt pretty sore and made up my mind right there to go to Cripple Creek and notify the railroad authorities and block their game and quit the outfit and expose them. I also meant to tell them about putting that trap in the Vindicator mine for I felt sure they had found it by that time. But when we started to go home from Victor that night it was snowing pretty hard and Parker said they would not be able to pull that off tonight, and he said, "It's more hard luck, every-

thing seems to be against us." I felt sure they would not attempt it as they could be easily tracked in the snow, and so I did not go to Cripple Creek that night because I thought the next day would do just as well. I think this was on Friday evening.

Saturday afternoon I went to Cripple Creek. I knew one of the conductors on that road and I talked to him on the way over and asked him who the proper authorities would be to go to, and in fact I told him there might be some plot to wreck the train. He said, "They did try to do something last night, did they not", and I said I did not know but I thought not. He said he thought they did, but he told me to go to D. C. Scott who was their secret service agent and I think he introduced me to Scott. His office was up over the depot at Cripple Creek.

I talked with Mr. Scott and told him I had reason to believe there was going to be an attempt made to wreck the night train on the Florence & Cripple Creek road that night or perhaps the next. He questioned me and wanted to know what made me think so. I told him I knew but I told him I would not tell him how I knew. I also told him there had been an attempt made at it but they failed because their tools gave out, and I told him they were not going to try it in the same place. He began to get interested then and asked me where they had ~~made~~ made the attempt. I told him on the high curve just a little way from Anaconda towards Cripple Creek. I told him one of the men that made the attempt walked by there the day after to see if it had been discovered and there were two men standing there looking at it. They had the spikes partly pulled away from the outside rail and the angle bar off, but the rails were wedged so tight and the remaining spikes held it; the train had passed over it several times before the section men discovered it and they notified the official of the road and they happened to be there looking at it when this man that made the attempt came along to see if they had discovered it.

When I told Scott this he said he no longer doubted my story and

said he knew I must know something about it or I would not know of this circumstance. He told me then that he was one of the two men standing there when this man came along, and he also told me that he was now under arrest and they were looking for his partner. He also told me they had made the second attempt the night before and had taken the outside rail clear out; this was over between Elkton and Victor. I was surprised at this and that was the first I knew they had made the attempt as I thought the snow would hinder them, but they figured on getting to Victor and they could not track them in the city as the snow would be all tracked up there. I told him I would not tell him how I knew this at this time at least; I told him I just happened to find it out by accident through a friend of mine. He thanked me and wanted me to come over and see him again and I told him I would, and I intended to tell them more and quit the gang.

I will have to say that this was not from any remorse of conscience I had, I would to God I could say it was, but I cannot, for I had no conscience, or if any it was seared so with sin it would not act. No, I was prompted to do this from purely a selfish and jealous standpoint, although much good might have come out of it. I would have no doubt exposed these two men as soon as I had been assured of protection if it had not been for the following incident.

I went home that night and told Mr. Scott I would come back over and see him again in a day or so, but the next day, I think about noon, as I was going to Victor, I heard that the # Vindicator Mine was blown up and a lot of men killed. I went on to Victor and in a little while word came that the Superintendent and shift boss were killed and the station on the sixth level was wrecked. Then we soon figured how this had been there so long and not set off. I have before told you we intended to put this on the seventh level and thought we had until now, as we knew they were not working above the seventh level, but we made the mistake and got

this on the sixth level instead of the seventh, and it happened no one got off the cage on this level during the time we had set this bomb. But it seemed the Superintendent and shift boss were going in on the sixth level to see about starting up some work, and they were the first to raise the guard rail and both got killed and blown to pieces right there.

Now when I heard this I was very sorry that I had told Scott what I had, for I thought I had to stand pat then, and I was afraid to see Scott for fear he would suspect me of knowing more than I told him, and I was afraid I would get nervous if he sent for me which I felt sure he would, and I was nervous at first when I heard these men were killed. I had no thought of killing them; I thought it would kill a cage load of non-union men as the men always went down first going on shift. As I expected Mr. Scott sent me a letter to come over to Cripple Creek, he wanted to see me right away. I felt nervous and was afraid to go for fear he would notice it. This was the first of anything like that I had been mixed up in, and I was afraid it would haunt me, and I rather wished I had not done it at first. But I saw Davis and Parker and they braced me up and said it was all right.

This happened on a Saturday and we were all over at Victor and Davis and I went home and I intended to stay there that night, but after supper Davis came to my house and wanted me to go over to Victor with him to the union meeting. I told him I had not better go and it would be better for me not to be seen with him as they might mistrust me. He said I was afraid to do and there was no good of being afraid. Any way I got ready and went with him and we went to the meeting. After the meeting I wanted to go back on the electric car but Parker wanted to walk and wanted Davis and I to walk with him, so we started out for home and walked together as far as the lower end of Independence, and I told them I was not going to be seen any more with them. I told Parker and Davis they ought to give me some money so if I had to hike out I could. I told them they were likely to be arrested and I would not have a cent if I wanted to get

away. They or rather Parker told me he would give me some the next day. He said it would be no trouble to get money now or something to that effect. So we parted there and I went up through Independence and on home.

The next morning Parker, Davis and a lot of others were arrested by the militia and they had Independence and Altman on Bull Hill surrounded with soldiers. I went to a funeral the next day at Goldfield and went from there to the union hall in Victor where the service was held and walked from Victor home in the afternoon. The soldiers were around searching houses on Bull Hill but they did not bother me.

The next day Mr. Scott sent for me to come to Cripple Creek that he wanted to have a talk with me, and as much as I dreaded going, I thought it best to go and play innocent and put on a bold front. So I braced up the best I could and went over, and he wanted me to see Mr. Sterling, the mine owners' detective, or rather he wanted to see me. Mr. Sterling came down to Scott's office and I talked to him an hour or so, and he wanted to know if I knew anything about the Vindicator explosion or if I mistrusted any one. I told him I did not know a thing about it and that I did not mistrust any one. I further said that I thought it must be an accident; he said he did not think it was any accident. Sterling wanted me to tell him who told me about the attempt to wreck the train, but I told him I would not.

They wanted me to do some work for them and find out what was going on amongst the union men. I told them I would and if I found out anything of any importance to them I would let them know, and I cut the conversation as short as I could for I wanted to get away. The militia got pretty busy after this and began making a search for fire arms. The Altman union had quite a number of fire arms scattered around one place and another. The militia found a few rifles, and they were reported to have a lot more than they did have. Mr. Scott wanted me to find out where these fire arms were if I could and tell him. I told them I would if I could, but I made them promise me they would never ask me to be a witness

against any of these men they had arrested. I told them I never would go on a witness stand against any of them, and I would not talk to Scott and Sterling when they were both present about these things. I had made up my mind if they compelled me to be a witness I would deny anything I told them, and I thought if I did not talk to them together my word would be as good as theirs. But my reason to them for not wanting to be a witness was that I was afraid of my life, which was the truth, and I wished many times I had never said anything to them, but they kept sending for me every little while. But I knew I had to play the string through now and I always went over ~~ix~~ when they sent for me. I was anxious to find out if they knew anything about the Vindicator explosion for they had Davis, Parker, Kenniston, Steve Adams, Foster, Easterly and some others all arrested. These men all knew that the Vindicator explosion was no accident, and Davis, Parker and Easterly knew who did do it, or at least knew I was one of them, but they never bothered my partners nor me. Scott and Sterling told me from time to time they had evidence to convict all these men and said it was Steve Adams that blew up the Vindicator mine. I knew that none of these men had anything to do with it, and I knew Parker, Davis and Easterly could give an account of themselves when this happened, and the rest know nothing about who did it unless Parker, Davis or Easterly told them, so I felt pretty easy as I was satisfied they knew nothing about it.

Mr. Scott had given me some money and wanted me to go to work for them and they would pay me a hundred dollars a month. I told them I was a union man at heart and did not like to double-cross these men, but I would tell them anything of importance I found out on the quiet. I learned from them that when the last attempt was made to wreck the train that they knew all about it and were there watching the men that took up the rail, and had notified the engineer before he left Victor so they could make it appear at the time as though the engineer discovered the rail had been taken up and stop the train, and he pulled right up to it and

stopped the train, and the public believed the engineer discovered the rail out. I could not understand all this until after the trials of some of these men.

There was a lot of wrangling about these men they had arrested. The militia held some of them and some were in the county jail. These that the militia held had no charges placed against them, and the civil courts would issue writs of habeas corpus and the militia would take them into court and when they were released would rearrest them, and finally all were released but six of them, Parker Davis, Kenniston, Steve Adams, Foster and McKenney. These were held under bonds ranging from fifteen to thirty thousand dollars each; some of them even furnished these bonds but were rearrested right away. Parker got away once after being released and got as far as Denver, but was arrested and brought back.

I had kept pretty quiet all this time, but I was rather uneasy for it was reported that McKenney had made a confession and had implicated Parker and others, and in fact Scott told me he had and it looked like it to me as they had him in jail at Pueblo and kept every one away from him. I knew McKenney but had never had anything to do with him, but I was afraid Parker had told him who set the bomb in the Vindicator. Although neither Parker nor Davis had told me he was the man that was going to tear up the track, I suspected he was all right. I will explain the rest of this as they came up at the trials.

I will now follow my actions for a while. I had tried to get into jail to see Parker and Davis, but the sheriff would not let me in, and I asked Mr. Scott if he would not arrange for me to get in and see the boys. He asked me what I wanted to see them for, and I told him I just wanted to say hello and give them a bottle of whiskey and some cigars. So he telephoned up to the sheriff and I went up and he let me in but I could not get a chance to ask Parker or Davis anything about McKenney. I found out from Scott that Easterly had been to Denver and Pueblo and that Hengs, one of the Federation lawyers, had been in and seen

McKenney and got him to make a statement. They also had a detective in to see him and Scott wanted me to go to Denver with him and see Easterly and find out if I could what they got out of McKenney. This just suited me as I thought Easterly knew Moyer and Haywood and could get me some money from them.

Mr. Scott got me transportation and gave me some money to pay my expenses and we went to Denver the next afternoon. We were not to be seen together and we had this arrangement made, and we did not stop at the same hotel. I went up to the Western Federation headquarters the next morning and introduced myself as I only knew them by sight. They said they knew me by reputation as Easterly had told them about me. I asked them where Easterly was and they told me he was in Pueblo but would be back in a day or two. They wanted me to wait until he came back, and told me if I wanted any money they would give me some. I told them I had a little and Moyer gave me twenty dollars.

I went and met Mr. Scott over at his hotel and reported to him that Easterly was in Pueblo but they expected him back in a day or so, and he said we would wait for him. I did not tell him anything about their giving me any money. I forget what I told him they said to me, I made up something and told him, and I cannot remember a falsehood like I can the truth. However, Mr. Scott had to go back home before Easterly came back, and he wanted me to stay until he came, and I think he gave me some more money.

Mr. Easterly came in a day or two and we were there a few days longer together, and Moyer, Haywood, Easterly and myself discussed the strike and the chances of the boys that were in jail. Haywood and Moyer said that was a fine job we did at the Vindicator and they were the kind to get, and said a few like them and we would have everything our own way. They said they would rather have one of the bosses than every so many of the men for when you took away the cause you had it all, and they wanted me to stay in Denver a few days and enjoy myself and to go back and tear

something loose; they said we could not go too fierce to suit them and Haywood said he would like to have some of the tin soldiers made an example of as none of them had been hurt. He said we could get all the money we wanted if we would keep up the night work or something to that effect. They asked me how much money I wanted and said not to take too much as I could get more any time I needed it. I told them I wanted three hundred dollars when I went home, and in a day or so afterwards, Haywood gave me three hundred dollars and I went back. He told me to be careful and not make any show of the money, so I left them and returned to the district.

I had never said anything to the men that went with me about money or at least any amount. I think I told the man that went down in the mine with me that we would make them put up a piece of money for the job. When I got back I gave him fifty dollars and in a few days I gave him twenty-five more, and in all I think I gave him a hundred dollars or more. I did not tell him how much I got or where I got it. I used to give the fellow we left at the mouth of the shaft a dollar or so once in a while. I was afraid to give him any money to speak of for he was drunk all the time when he had the price; he did not know I got any money at all. I gave most of this money to my wife to keep.

After I got back from Denver I went over to Cripple Creek and saw Mr. Scott and told him I could not get much out of Easterly. I told him he told me about seeing Mrs. McKenney at Pueblo and some other stuff I made up. I have forgotten just what I did tell him but I did not tell him the truth, and after that he did not bother me much more.

I did not try to do anything for a while, then I got some roofing pitch and melted it and took a dozen sticks of powder and tied them up in some burlap and wound them tight with twine and put them in a bucket and run a thin roofing pitch around it and let it get cold and hacked it up a little so it looked like a chunk of coal. I made a black powder fuse and filled it full of giant caps and bored a hole into the powder and put

this fuse in it and sealed it over a little so it would not be noticed. I made a couple of these and got a man to throw one of them into the coal bunkers of the Vindicator mine, but we never heard anything of it. We did not know whether it burned up without exploding or whether they found it.

A short time after this all the men that were in jail were released on bail of from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars each, and we dared not do anything then on their account. I should say all except McKenney were released; he was not released then.

CHAPTER VII.

The trials of Foster, Parker and Davis for the attempted railroad wrecking.

Foster, Parker and Davis were on trial together, Davis being released by the Judge soon after the opening of the trials for lack of sufficient evidence, and Parker's and Foster's trials went on jointly. Foster was charged with the first attempt to wreck the train near Anaconda. McKenney was a witness against them, he having turned State's evidence, and he swore that he and Foster had been hired by Parker to wreck this train and they made the attempt, as I have before stated, but failed on account of breaking their tools; that as they went back home that night they threw some of the broken tools down an old shaft, and as McKenney had told the officers where these were, they had gone and gotten them and had produced them in court which corroborated McKenney's evidence. They also had a broken wrench which they had dug out of a toilet at Foster's house as Mrs. McKenney had told the officers that Mrs. Foster told her she threw it there.

After McKenney and Foster came back that night, they stopped at Foster's house as Mrs. McKenney had stayed there with Mrs. Foster while the men were gone. Foster used to get drunk quite often and this morning after they came back he started to get drunk and did get good and drunk. I think they went to the saloon in Altman before they came home. This must have been in the early morning as they had two miles at least to walk from Anaconda where they attempted to tear up the track, and they did not attempt to do this until the train had passed on its way from Cripple Creek to Full Hill. I think it would not pass here much before two o'clock, and it must have been between three and four o'clock at least before they got back to Altman. They would reach Altman before they would come to Foster's house. His house was just below the town in the opposite direction from

what they would come, and as the saloons usually kept open all night, I suppose they went into a saloon to get a drink. I think that was what McKenney said, but Foster claimed he was at the saloon all night drunk that night and some of his friends swore to this and said they carried him home drunk some time in the early morning. They said further it would be impossible for Foster to be in Anacanda that night in the condition he was in. There is no doubt at all but Foster was drunk this morning we speak of and some of his friends had to help him home. I think McKenney claimed this and that he helped him home. If he got back to Altman at four o'clock he had plenty of time to get drunk between that and seven or eight o'clock so he would need some one to help him home, and no doubt they did. I have seen him get drunk myself in a short time after this and helped him home myself.

I will just make a little explanation of my own for the benefit of the reader. I have forgotten how many men swore that Foster was in Altman all night, the night we speak of, and that he was so drunk he could not walk home alone which was only two hundred yards or so. Now I could not swear which of these told the truth, but my opinion is that McKenney did, although there were several that swore just the opposite to what he did, but I base my opinion upon the following reasons. I know that many times alibis have been made up for men in similar cases, and have often talked about it with leading members of the union, and have been asked to be a witness myself and would have been. I did go to Cripple Creek once as a witness for a man charged with beating up a man because he would not pay up in the union, but I was not called for the case was dismissed against this man. But there was another man tried for the same offense that was guilty and acquitted as he proved an alibi and had several men to swear he had been in Independence all night that night or until after the time that these men were beaten up. I know of this being done in many cases, and through this practice a great many men that were guilty were cleared. As the judges in these camps are usually elected by the miners

they favor them all they can, and it has been very seldom that a union miner charged with crime that was connected with the union was ever convicted. So knowing these methods and also how little regard some of these men had for an oath and what these men have since told me, I am fully convinced that McKenney told the truth in this instance.

Now after they had failed to wreck the train and Foster got drunk, McKenney reported this to Parker, and Parker suggested another man or McKenney did, I have forgotten which. Any way this man was called Beckman and was a detective in the employ of the mine operators and had been in the bull pen with Parker, McKenney and others when they were first thrown in the bull pen. This man Beckman was a German and had joined the Federation at Murray, Utah, and had his card, and after coming to Cripple Creek he went into the Victor union. Parker and Davis called him a fool Dutchman, but he had the wool pulled over their eyes all right and they thought he was an anarchist. I guess he had proposed some of these outrages to them, any way he got into their confidence and his wife belonged to the ladies' auxiliary. So McKenney and Beckman made it up to make the second attempt, and I know Parker got McKenney a spike puller and wrench. He asked me if I knew where he could get a small machine wrench, but I did not know of any, and Billy Ackerman told me afterwards that he bought one in Victor and gave it to Parker. Parker told me afterwards he got the spike puller out of a box where the section men kept their tools and gave them to McKenney. He told me this after the trials and he had been acquitted.

They never suspected Beckman of being a detective at this time. Of course, Beckman reported all this to Scott and Sterling, and they were there to see them pull up the rail, and they had also notified either the engineer or depot agent at Victor and had the section men out to fix the track. I think they came over on the train from Victor. McKenney told all this story and Beckman told all his connection with it and also some things Parker had told him and suggested to him and also of Parker's giving

him money to leave the district just after this and promising him more. I am convinced that McKenney and Beckman both told the truth in court, but McKenney had sworn to two statements, the one just the opposite from the other. When he was first arrested they took him to Canon City and kept him at the penitentiary a while and then took him to Pueblo and kept him in jail there, as they said, for safe keeping. During this time they would not let any one see him, and he made a confession to Scott and Sterling and told them all and connected Parker, Foster and Beckman, and they had a good idea whether he told the truth or not as they already knew what part Beckman had played and McKenney did not know that Beckman was a detective. Of course, I think they used what Beckman had told them and told McKenney that Beckman had confessed, and I am not sure but what Beckman was in jail in Pueblo and advised McKenney to make a confession and they would get out of it easier. Any way McKenney did make a confession and I think told the truth, but afterwards Frank Hanna and a detective in the employ of James Burns, manager of the Portland Mine, got into the jail to see McKenney and induced him to deny what he told Scott and Sterling and they dictated another statement refuting the former confession and he swore to that also. When the trials came up McKenney swore on the witness stand to his first confession and said the statement Hanna had dictated and which he had sworn to was false, and that he had told Scott and Sterling the truth. I am fully convinced he told the truth and the lawyers for the defense could not shake him. After he had given his evidence the lawyers said he went through it fairly well, but that he was a dangerous man and had to be handled carefully.

I have told you the methods used and this case was no exception, but both men and women swore that black was white and white was black, and the lawyers for the defense made it look plain that it was a detective's job from start to finish, and they killed McKenney's evidence to a certain extent by his having sworn to two statements, and to a man on the outside

it did look like a detective's job, and they brought such strong evidence that Foster had not been connected with the first attempt, and the last one looked so much like a detective's job that the jury were only out about twenty minutes and brought in a verdict of not guilty, and all the men that had charges against them were dismissed.

Mr. Moyer attended all these trials and was very much pleased when they were over as he told me during the time they were going on and particularly when McKenney was giving his testimony when he told once about Parker telling him about having a fluid that would burn like fire when thrown upon or against anybody or anything. Mr. Moyer said he expected every minute to hear his name brought into it, but for some reason the lawyers for the prosecution did not ask him anything much about this, and of course we told our lawyers not to ask him anything about it, and it was only referred to slightly in his direct examination. But Moyer was very much provoked at Parker for talking and telling so much to people he did not know and said he did not know but we ought to put him out of the way. I had asked him before if he had told McKenney anything about my being connected with the Vindicator explosion. He said he had not and I was pretty sure he had not as Scott and Sterling had told me before that they knew nothing about it.

I told Mr. Moyer that I did not want anything more to do with Parker, and whatever I did I would do it with him and Haywood, and he said he would not have anything more to do with him himself in that line. He had given me one hundred and fifty dollars while he had been there.

Things went along pretty smoothly for a while and the public generally believed these men were being persecuted, as they had been held under such heavy bonds and then three of them had been dismissed for lack of evidence and the other two acquitted, and they all felt pretty good.

Some little time before this there had been a convention called to meet in Denver by the State Federation of Labor. They sent out a call

to every branch of labor unions. The real object of this was a political move, although it was not so stated at the time. I was elected one of the delegates from my union to attend this convention, and I think nearly every labor union of every branch of labor was represented. We met in Denver and talked over our grievances, the Western Federation of Miners and United Mine Workers, the latter being coal miners who were also on strike. The two miners' organizations were by far the largest of any other one organization. They reminded the other organizations very forcibly that it was to their interest to support the miners, not only financially but politically, for if they did not and the miners were defeated that every labor organization in the state might as well send in their charter as they would have to quit business, and as this was quite a plausible argument, it had its effect. The failure of the Legislature to pass an eight hour bill after the people of the state had voted by nearly fifty thousand majority was used with great force, and it was laid to the mine operators buying the legislature, and some went so far as to say if they could not get what they had voted for by law they would get it by force. But to make a long story short, the real object of the convention was to raise money for a campaign fund and to support the strikers, and form organizations all over the state to take in every branch of labor and levy assessments on the members, so much a week or month, and get well organized so we would be strong enough to say to one of the political parties, "If you don't recognize us and let us name the head of the ticket, we will run an independent ticket."

I was elected on the Ways and Means Committee, and there were men elected to organize these clubs in every town and district in the state. We were requested to attend a meeting one night during this convention over at Western Federation headquarters. Mostly all that were there were Western Federation men, I think about twenty. It was discussed there which would be the best policy, to try to unite with one of the old political parties or run an independent ticket. The Republican

party seemed impossible and the Democratic was the only possible party. Some thought the latter would give us recognition if we got well organized and others thought we could elect an independent ticket. They were pretty evenly divided when a vote was taken, and we thought the best thing to do was to go ahead and get organized and not let it be known at present that this was purely a political move, or at least not give it out in the convention this way as many would object to the assessment if they knew it was going to be used for a political purpose. The convention broke up harmonious and all these committees went to work and most of the unions levied an assessment on their members from twenty-five cents to a dollar a month.

After the meeting we had at the Western Federation headquarters during this convention, I met Geo. A. Pettibone. This was the first time I had met him to know him, although I knew of him and talked freely to him and he did to me, and he told me about the Grecian fire and some other things and wanted me to come over to his store the next day and he would show me how to mix chloride of potash and sugar together and set on fire with sulphuric acid, and also told me about this hell fire as he called it. This is made up of the following mixture: stick phosphorus, bi-chloride of carbon, benzine, alcohol, spirits of turpentine. After this is mixed together properly when thrown on anything with force so as to break the bottle it will immediately be a flame of fire; if thrown or poured out carefully it will not burn for a few moments and can be mixed so as to be longer or shorter time in taking fire. This has to be handled with care when being mixed. If it gets on your clothes or hands it will burn and it seems to go right through cloth. Pettibone told me about getting it on his shoes and began to scrub them on the floor of his cellar and it began to burn all over and of another fellow that he went out on the street car with him to get on the prairie to learn how to mix it and got some of it on his coat. They soaked the coat in water and thought that would put it out

but when it got dry a little it began to burn again and they had to soak it in water again and then it began to smoke again before they got home.

They wanted me to take a lot of this up to the district with me and throw it through the car windows at night when they were full of men and throw it down the shafts and set them on fire. So Pettibone got me enough to mix up several gallons of it and I took it home with me. He would not buy this all together but sent different men to buy it for fear the people would mistrust him and wonder what he was going to do with it, as chemists would be likely to know what this would do when mixed. He sent Frank Schmeissner and got part of it and Carpenter for some more and he got the bottles himself. You had to have bottles with glass stoppers to mix it in as it would burn cork. I took this home with me and Pettibone came up in a day or so to show me how to mix it. We did not mix any but he told me how and we hunted up Steve Adams and he said he knew how to mix it. I took this out and buried it as it smelled bad in the house.

Raywood gave me a hundred and ten dollars this time when I came away from Denver. I gave Billy Ackerman fifty of this, but before I used any of this, Hoyer came up to the district and told me I had not better use any of it as they might have an idea where it came from and what it was by what McKennoy had said, and so I did not try to use it.

I want to work and appointed committees in my part of the district and started to organize these clubs, and we got them pretty well organized. About this time or a little before the militia got busy and issued an order for every one that had firearms to turn them over to the militia officers and they would give a receipt for the same and return them after the strike was over. I don't know how many were turned over. They published in the papers that there were a great number turned over, but I think this was only a bluff. I never heard of any one that gave up his firearms, but they began to search houses again for them, and this made people very indignant and they had to keep their firearms hidden. There was a rumor spread that this order was made as the militia was going

to thin the union men out of the district, and they began to organize so they would not be taken by surprise at night, and we had a signal that we could spread at night if necessary. Hoyer was in Victor about this time and the militia made an attempt to arrest him, but he was secreted away at night. I did not attempt to do anything as I did not want anything to do with Parker, and he said if we did anything and did not tell him there would be trouble.

About this time a mob and the militia ran the union men out of Telluride, Colorado, in the night and forbade them to return under pain of death. Hoyer sent for me to come to Denver, so I got ready and went. I met Hoyer, Raywood and Pettibone at headquarters, and they wanted me to go down to the San Juan district with Hoyer. They had two sawed off pump shotguns so they would go in our grips and plenty of shells loaded with buckshot. The reason for this was some one had told him or sent him word if they caught him they would use him as they had the United Mine Workers' officers. Some of the latter had been taken off the train and beaten up and nearly killed. They laid this to the deputies the mine operators had employed.

The next night Hoyer and I started for Montrose where they had sent John Murphy, their attorney, to get an injunction from Judge Stephens against the militia and citizens of Telluride to compel them to let the union miners return to their homes peacefully and not to interfere with them. We had three air shooters and two shotguns, but no one troubled us. We arrived at Montrose and met Mr. Murphy and he had the injunction already. We went on to Ouray where most of the men were that had been deported, and the next day Hoyer sent a telegram to the Governor informing him of the injunction and wanted to know if those men would have the protection of the militia if they returned peacefully to their homes, and he got an answer that all law abiding citizens would be protected. He sent a few back on the train the next morning, but they were met at a station some distance from Telluride and forced off the train by armed men

and threatened with death if they attempted to come to Telluride. Sherman Bell, Adjutant General of the State Militia, had arrived in Telluride and declared martial law, and disregarded the order of the court in regard to the injunction. So Moyer went over to Silverton which is thirty miles distant from Leadville, the President of the district union. He wanted to confer with him what to do with these men as there were about a hundred of them stopping at the hotel there at about a dollar a day, and he said they could not afford that. Mr. Schmeltzer came over the next day and they talked the situation over and there were some more of those deported men over at Silverton. The final outcome of the conference was to lease one or more of the idle mines up at Red Mountain, this is about half way between Ouray and Silverton on the divide and not far from Telluride, I think less than twenty miles. Another man came down from Red Mountain with Schmeltzer, his name was Tom Taylor. He had a partner at Red Mountain and he said there were some large boarding and lodging houses there and he thought there would be no trouble in making the arrangements as most everything was closed down there. The object of getting this out of the way was to have some place to concentrate the men and keep them together, and this place was just where they wanted them and the lease was all a bluff. The real object was to send these men up there and arm them all, get a lot of provisions and send all the outlaws they could get hold of up there too.

They were going to try to get St. John to go up there and drill them and be their leader as they all knew him and it was said they would do anything he told them or follow him any place. These men were mostly all foreigners, Austrians, Italians and Poles. They thought if they could get enough men up here in this out of the way place and have them well armed and keep them there until the snow got hard in the spring, some night they could march them over the hill to Telluride and clean out the town. This was the plan but it was not told except to a very few and they were well satisfied with it, and if we had had another day these arrangements

would have been finished and perhaps we would have been away from there. But the morning that we might have finished up and left later in the day, before we were up the sheriff wrapped at the door and wanted to see Moyer. We got up and dressed and then we went out he arrested him. He said they had wired him from Telluride to hold him and that the Sheriff was on his way with a warrant. Moyer wired his attorneys at Denver and wanted to know if the sheriff at Ouray had any right to hold him without a warrant. I think they told him they had, any way they did hold him, and about noon the sheriff and two deputies arrived and took him to Telluride. He had given me some papers and his six shooter before the sheriff from Telluride arrived as the Ouray sheriff did not search him or lock him up but let him stay in his office. The charge they arrested him on was desertion of the American flag. The Federation had sent out a lot of advertising on imitation of the American flag posters by the thousand and this was the charge they got him to Telluride on. This was only an excuse to get hold of him. They took him there and he was released on bail, but the militia rearrested him again right away.

I left Ouray that same night and went to Silverton with Schmeltzer, ~~intermediate~~ and Moyer telephoned me the next day and wanted me to fetch his things and meet him at Durango, but before we got through talking they cut us off, and that was the last I saw of him for nearly a year. I stayed at Silverton a few days and then went back to Denver and reported to Haywood. The lawyers from Denver had gone to Telluride in the meantime but they could not get him out as the militia held him under military necessity, and the sheriff came to Denver to arrest Haywood for the same offense but they blocked his plan as they got some one in Denver to swear out a warrant for him on the same charge and he got the judge to continue his case from time to time and appoint a deputy to take charge of him. This deputy stayed with him all the time as the sheriff from Telluride went back without him. Haywood and Pettibone

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were pretty warm under the collar about this time. Pettibone and I watched for the sheriff from Telluride while he was in Denver but he had five men with him, and they wanted to get away with the Governor. Pettibone told me where he lived, and they wanted me to take a look around his residence and see what the chances would be to get away with him, and I took a look around there and told them I thought a man could lay along side a stone fence in a vacant lot that was on one side of his house and shoot him with buckshot when he came home at night, and I used to sit around the capitol building and read until I saw him so I would know him and learn his habits, and I told Haywood I thought he could be gotten all right but that I ought to have some one to help me. He said that Steve Adams was the best man he knew of to go in a job of that kind or words to that effect, but he said he was so well known, but we thought if he came down there in the city and did not go around in the daytime much he might ^{not} be known. So I left there and went back to Cripple Creek where Steve lived. I had never had anything to do with him at this time, and was only slightly acquainted with him. I went and saw him and told him what they wanted and he said he was ready for any old thing, or words to that effect.

CHAPTER VIII.

The burning up of a saloon and our doings in Denver.

A good while before this, Johnnie Neville and myself had planned to go out on a camping and hunting trip, and as his saloon did not pay him since the strike he said he would close it up, and I said to him that he had better burn it up. He said he did not have any insurance on it; that the rate was so high he had let it run out. I told him he had better get it insured and when we got ready to go on our trip we would set it on fire a short time before we got ready to go. I also told him I had some stuff that they could not put out with water. He said that perhaps the place would never be any good again and if he had the saloon off the lot he could move his house down on it as he owned the ground where the saloon was and had to pay rent for the ground where his house stood. He got it insured two or three months before this and we took some of the liquor out and buried it in a dump. I took five bottles of the Grecian fire and poured it around in the upper rooms of his saloon and shut the door, and went away. I got these bottles in a dump by Easterly's cabin. He told me where they were when I saw him in Denver. The saloon was all in flames in a short time later, and no one could get near it, and it burned up completely.

I had made arrangements with Adams to come to Denver in a few days, and I left the next morning after the saloon burned for Denver and told Haywood and Pettibone that Adams would be down soon. I kept a watch around the Governor's place and learned all I could about his habits, and learned he came home in a hack quite late at night. Adams came down to Denver and Haywood gave him money to get some new clothes and fix himself up, and we got rooms out of the main part of the city a little, and each got a sawed off shotgun from Pettibone and kept a lookout for the Governor. We had a place fixed in Pettibone's lot back of his house to hide

our shotguns after we had shot the Governor if we got a chance as he lived only a short distance from the Governor and there was a dark street we could take part of the way to get there, and Pettibone was to take the guns and clean them up and put them away.

We worked on this for some time and never happened to catch him coming home at night, and we conceived the idea of planting a bomb under the edge of the sidewalk and stretching a fine wire across some vacant lots that were there and hiding it in the grass and set it off by pulling a cork out of a bottle filled with acid and when this acid touched the giant caps it would explode the bomb. We intended to jerk this wire when Governor Peabody came along there in the morning on his way to the State House. It was his habit to walk from his residence to the State House every morning between nine and ten o'clock. Adams went up to a little mining camp not far from Denver to a friend he knew and that knew about some of these outrages and got about fifty pounds of powder and brought it back in a grip. We took it over to Pettibone's store, made a box and put the powder in it and fixed a lid so we could bury it and leave a wire out of the ground a little so we could attach another to it.

About the time we got this ready and were going to bury it under the side walk some dark night, the Executive Board of the Western Federation of Miners met to make arrangements for the convention. The officers were going to put this convention off as Moyer was in the bull pen at Telluride and they would not go to the expense as it cost them about thirty thousand dollars to hold this convention, but they left it to a referendum vote and the men voted to assess themselves for the expense and hold the convention, and it is the custom for the executive board to meet a week or ten days before the convention is called and go over the books. They were gathered in Denver at this time for that purpose and Haywood stopped us from using this bomb at this time as he thought it might be laid to some of the executive board.

We had seen Mr. Peabody come home late at night in a hack, and one night we had our pump shot guns all ready and waited across the street opposite his house in a yard under some trees and when we saw his carriage coming we got out on the sidewalk and as the carriage slowed up we followed up behind it and were only about thirty or fifty feet behind it when they got out. We had our guns leveled at them to shoot as soon as we saw the Governor. We had watched him so we could tell him and it was also quite light there, but there were three women got out and the carriage began to turn around and we got on the side walk and started down the street. The carriage driver let his horses walk and kept looking at us and the women kept watching us too and stood on the porch as far as we could see them. We took the first cross street and got out of sight as quickly as possible. We noticed the next day in the papers that the Governor had gone out to Fort Logan that day with some military men and did not return until the next day.

However, Haywood said he had been studying up and had come to the conclusion that Dave Moffat was behind the whole thing and that Gov. Peabody was closeted with him in his private office every other day or so, and he said Mr. Moffat had been mixed up in the Leadville strike some years ago and he wanted us to leave off Peabody and see if we could not get Moffat. We went to watching Mr. Moffat's habits, but we could not get much track of him. We knew where his residence was but we could never see him coming or going from it, and we worked along on this for some time without ever being able to see Mr. Moffat around his residence. Haywood would tell us when he was in the city as he did his banking at Mr. Moffat's bank and was there every day, and while he said he hardly ever saw Mr. Moffat he could always tell when he was there as he always kept a guard at the door of his private office. Haywood furnished us with money all this time.

The executive board had met and were having a pretty stormy time, and James Murphy from Butte would not sign the emergency bill. During one

of their sessions it was reported by one Melvin, a Federation man from Idaho Springs, that one Gregory who had been a witness against this man from Idaho Springs and had been a deputy and a leader of the deputies down in the southern coal fields, several depredations being laid at his door, and Melvin met him the morning he arrived in Denver and started to drinking with him and some others, and he told Pettibone about him and who he was. Pettibone went over to the Federation headquarters where the executive board was in session and told them about Gregory, and they said he ought to be put out of the way, and Murphy said so too. That afternoon Pettibone saw Adams and wanted him to go with him that night and take Gregory out and castrate him as they claimed he had helped to do that to a man down in the coal fields, and a little later they saw me and told me about it and wanted to know if I would go along, and we fixed up to go.

We all went over on Curtis street where Gregory, Melvin and another man were in the back part of a saloon talking, and we went in and got a drink and saw them so we would know them, and we came out and stood across the street in front of the St. James Hotel where we could see them when they came out. Melvin understood what we were going to do and stayed with them to find out where they were going, and while we stood there watching for them, Pettibone made an excuse to go some place and said he would be back in a few minutes. But while he was gone they all three came out and Gregory and this other man took a street car and so did Adams and I take the same car and followed them when they got off. They went to a saloon pretty well out of the main part of the city, and Melvin came out on the next car as he knew where they were going. This man that came with Gregory was also from Idaho Springs and ran a poker game in this saloon. After Melvin came he told us all about this, and they sat down in the main saloon and went to playing cards, and we thought we would give up our former plan and kill him outright.

I went out to our room and got a sawed off shotgun and we were going to shoot him through the window of the saloon as he sat at the table,

but when I got back with the gun they had moved into a little room in the back part of the saloon and we could not see them but could hear them from the street through a window, but this window had the blinds so closely drawn that we could not see them. I went in once and bought a bottle of beer to see if I could see where they were, but the door was closed and I could see nothing, and we concluded to wait until he came out. A little after twelve o'clock Gregory came out and started up the street alone and we followed him and we had to cross the street to get on the same side that he was on. In doing this we ran in some wires when we were getting on the sidewalk again. They had these wires stretched on the outside of the sidewalk to protect the lawn, and when we stumbled into these we attracted his attention and he started to reach for his gun and back up towards the fence. When he did this I shot him three times in quick succession before he fell and then ran down the alley as we were just opposite it. We separated as soon as we got out of the alley. I discharged another shell before we got out of the alley in taking the shells out of the gun. I took the gun down and put it under my coat and we made our way to Pettibone's house, that is, Adams and I. Melvin went by himself. We left the shotgun there in a place that had been previously arranged while we were working on the Governor, and we went out to our rooms on Downing Avenue.

The next morning the papers had the account of the murder in them. We did not go down town until the afternoon and then went to the Granite block and to Jack Simpkins' and Kerwin's room, they both being members of the executive board. This was Sunday and they were not in session. Haywood and Pettibone came up there a little while later and Haywood, Pettibone, Simpkins, Adams and myself talked over the murder and they told us we did a fine job. Haywood said he had been down to see Armstrong, who was Chief of Police, and also Sheriff, and he said Armstrong said whoever bumped Gregory off had done a good job and that his men would not look much for any one. Haywood said the detectives had had Melvin over

and questioned him, but did not arrest him but told him they wanted to see him again, but he said Melvin was a cool, level-headed fellow and that he had given them an account of where he went after leaving Gregory at the saloon on Curtis St. and they had gone and seen these parties that he ~~saw~~ said he was with and they had told the ~~same~~ story. I don't know, but I think this had been previously arranged. They had Melvin up a time or two afterwards and questioned him but did not arrest him. There was a lot of paper talk about this but that was all there was never any one arrested for it.

Haywood told me some time afterwards that some of the members of the executive board were up at their office the next morning after this happened and Simpkins took the paper with an account of this murder in and handed it to Murphy, and that he (Murphy) looked at the headlines and ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ put the paper behind him and would not read it. I don't know whether it was before or after this, but I think it was after, that they handed Murphy the emergency bill and told him to sign it the first one. I think at first he refused and Haywood told him that he (Murphy) would sign it and say that he liked it. This was the bill that he had refused to sign, but Haywood told me that he signed it and they had no more trouble with him, and he said if he had not signed it he would not have left the room alive, and he said he ~~was~~ guessed he ~~was~~ thought of Gregory.

After this a short time, Adams got on a drunk and some of his friends sent him back to Cripple Creek, and the convention met and I attended the convention most of the time and they had a pretty stormy time part of the time. Many of the delegates were dissatisfied on account of the strikes that had been called, and the large ~~an~~ amount of money that had been spent, nearly half a million dollars, and they were talking of electing new officers. James Murphy from Butte had been down to Telluride and seen Moyer where he was in the bull pen and it was said that Moyer had

made some deal with Butte and was going to turn Haywood down, and it was thought there was going to be a split and some of the districts would withdraw from the Federation. W. F. Davis, Parker and Pettibone wanted me to go to Cripple Creek and pull off something and stir up the delegates so they would quit this quarreling and be united and finish up their business and go home. The different factions were having their little meetings nights. I think I was present at one of these at the Belmont Hotel where I was rooming then, and several of the delegates were also stopping there. This hotel was over Pettibone's store and was quite a hangout for some of them.

Parker and Davis wanted to get rid of B. C. Copley; he was the representative on the board from Colorado and Utah, and one of them I think wanted his place, but others wanted Frank Schmeltzer from Silverton. During this wrangle Pettibone, Davis and Parker wanted to know if I would not go to Cripple Creek and get some one and blow up something as that they ~~w~~ thought would unite the convention, and if this happened when all the union leaders were out of the district they would not know who to lay it to. I told them it would not be much trouble to blow up the Independence depot, and we had talked of this before. They said that would be all right. Haywood said he did not want me to get mixed in a job like that and wanted me to get some one else to do it, as he said he had some heavier work for me to do, or words to that effect, and he said as I had never had my name mixed up much with the Federation and they had never suspected me, I could do this work better than some one that had been written up in the papers in connection with some of this work. I told him I would not get mixed up; that I would get some one else to do it or I would set it off with an alarm clock.

Pettibone was doorkeeper at the convention hall, and Parker, Davis, Pettibone and myself were talking this over and they wanted me to go up to the district that afternoon. The convention had just assembled after lunch

and Haywood came in while we were talking, and we asked him about it, and he said it no doubt would be a good thing, and that anything went with him, or words to that effect. He gave me some money and told me to be sure and not get mixed up myself. I bought an alarm clock and went to Cripple Creek that afternoon.

I went and asked Billy Ackerman if he wanted to help do a little job. He told me he did not see how he could get away as he had bought a half interest in a saloon and was tending bar nights, and he thought he might be missed if he went away. I did not tell him what we were going to do, so I went and told Adams they wanted a little job done and he said all right he was ready for any old thing, or words to that effect. I told Billy Easterly what we were going to do, and he said all right, if we wanted any help he would help us. I went and saw Floyd Miller over where he was leasing and asked him if he would get me a hundred pounds of powder and two boxes of giant caps. He said he would and I gave him the money to get them. He said he would go down to Victor that morning and order them and he showed me where he would leave them and I could come that night and get them as he did not want his partner to know anything about it. I did not tell him what I wanted with them nor did he ask me.

I got Adams and went over after it that night, but it was not there, and Adams and I went over there the next day, and Miller told me they did not deliver it but he ordered it and thought it would be up sure that day. We went over that night again and found it where he said he would leave it, and we carried it over to Independence and put it in an old cabin that belonged to Adams, or at least he had charge of it and had a key to it. We covered it up in an old cellar in the back of the cabin. I think this was on a Thursday evening and we intended to use it on Saturday evening.

As I have before stated, Johnnie Neville and myself had planned

a good while before to go on a camping and prospecting trip, and I thought this would be a good thing for me to go away from there in the daytime with him and then come back at night on horseback and do the job, and as Neville had a good reputation and was well thought of there, I took advantage of the saloon fire and thought he dare not go back on me. Neville wanted me to go with him, and we looked around for a team and wagon as we intended to drive through the country. We bought a team and wagon from Joe Adams, Steve's brother, and bought some cooking utensils and other things we needed to start on the trip, and intended to get what else we needed in Denver. So we got all ready and intended to leave on Saturday and I intended to come back on horseback and blow up the depot and ride back to where we had camped.

But Friday evening Billy Easterly came to my house and told me Parker was up from Denver and wanted to see me. I went down to his house at Independence and he told me the convention had appointed a committee of three to come up and investigate the strike and to see the mine operators' representative and get both sides of the story. He said they did not want them to come alone and they decided to have him come with them. I told him we were all ready and intended to finish it Saturday night, but he wanted us to wait until they got away. He said they would hang him if anything like that happened when he was there, but he said if it was going to make any particular difference to go ahead and he would take his chances and would rather like to catch this committee up there so they would get a touch of high life, or words to that effect. I told him to go ahead and we would wait until they left, so Parker and this committee went and had a conference with the secretary of the mine operators.

I do not remember or never heard this report the committee made to the convention but it was quite a favorable report the committee made of some kind of a settlement. The secretary invited them to come back after the convention. I might say here that Haywood and the strike com-

mittee and some if not all the executive board did not want this committee to make any settlement or interfere with the strike, and Haywood said they had spent too much money to let them settle with any one else, and that when they wanted to settle they would have to come to them. Max Malcolm McGillis from Butte was on this committee, one man from Wyoming and one from British Columbia. They were sore at Mr. McGillis and said he was chairman of the Republican State Committee of Montana and stood in with the mine operators. The fact was that McGillis is a bright and I think a reasonable man and they were afraid he would open the way for a settlement and they would have no hand in it and lose the glory. It is needless almost to say this committee did not go back to Cripple Creek after the convention as requested by the secretary of the mine owners' association, as the reader will learn their reason for not so doing before reading far.

After the conference with the secretary, the committee made some further inquiry about the district and visited the union at Victor and on Saturday evening and left Sunday for Denver. Sunday forenoon Neville and I and his little boy Charlie got everything ready and left there with the team and wagon and went down the road towards Colorado Springs a few miles, I think six to eight miles, and camped for the night. I told Neville I intended to go back and do a little work that night. I told him I would make some excuse before Charlie and if anything happened that I was ever mistrusted I was supposed to be there all night with them. I had gotten a saddle from Tom Foster before I left and had made arrangements with Adams to meet me at the cabin where we had left the dynamite.

A little after dark I saddled one of the horses and rode back within about a mile of the depot and tied my horse in some bushes and walked the rest of the way to the cabin and found Adams already there. We stayed there a while and then went over to the depot and took the powder with us. This depot was built on a side hill and a long platform in front of it, and you could walk under this platform and crawl up under it where the plank came right close to the ground. This depot had been closed for

some time but the train stopped there for people to get off or on the train, but they kept no operator there. This was the same train they had tried to wreck a few months before, only it was in a different place on the other side of Bull Hill. There were fifty or more non-union miners gathered on this depot platform every morning just before two-thirty and this train was usually there right on the dot. Parker did not want us to hurt any of the railroad men if we could manage without it, as there was an engineer that had been a good witness for him at the trial a few months before and he was running on this road. Some of the others said to let the train pull clear in before it was pulled off and get as many as possible. We had this hundred pounds of dynamite buried in the ground close up next to the plank and some stones jammed between it and the plank. We had a little windless fixed on top of one of the boxes of dynamite and two little bottles of sulphuric acid fastened on the side of this windless with a little strip of leather and a box of giant caps sunk down in the powder and a mixture spread over these caps that would burn instantly when a drop of this acid touched it. We stretched about two hundred feet of wire around behind the depot and had it so attached to this little windless that when we pulled the wire it would turn these little bottles upside down and spill the acid upon the giant caps and this other mixture. I might say this other is not necessary as the acid alone will set the caps off, but we wanted to be doubly sure.

We waited in an old ore house until we heard the train coming and then got down to the end of our wire where we had an old chair rung with the end of the wire tied around it, and when the train was within about a hundred feet of the depot we each had a hold of one end of this chair rung which the wire was attached to and pulled it and kept right on going and intended to take the wire with us but forgot that part as the rocks and debris were falling around us pretty thick although neither of us got hurt. I do not know how many men were on the platform at the time but I think there were sixteen killed outright and some others were maimed and

crippled for life. We ran as fast we we could and soon got up on the railroad and followed it around nearly to the old Victor mine on the north side of Bull Hill and then separated. Adams went on around to Midway where he lived and I went down to where I left my horse and rode back to our camp as fast as possible and got there just at daybreak. Mr. Neville and Charlie were awake and I crawled up in the wagon and went to sleep for a while or at least tried to sleep.

Mr. Neville asked me what we had blown up. I told him nothing at first or put him off with some ^{evasive} answer. He said there were two reports and they shook the ground there. He then asked me if it was the Findley mine; I told him I was not there and it was reasonable enough for him to believe for the explosion was at two-thirty and it was only a few minutes after three when I got to the camp, but it was all down grade and my horse was cold standing so long and I ran him most of the way at full speed only slacking a couple of times close to two houses so they would not hear the horse running.

We got our breakfast and started on down the road towards Colorado Springs about eight o'clock. We did not meet or see any one who said anything to us until about four o'clock in the afternoon when we got close to Colorado Springs and a man asked us if we were from Cripple Creek. We told him we were and he asked when we left and we told him the day before, and he began to tell us about the explosion and said there were sixty men killed and several hurt and the depot was blown to atoms and some of the people living close were thrown from their beds. This startled Mr. Neville and Charlie as his house was only about a hundred yards from the depot, and I had to tell him I knew his folks were not hurt. I did not let Charlie hear me tell his father this but I told him I was not more than a hundred feet from it when the explosion occurred, and this somewhat pacified him. When we got to Colorado Springs we got some later papers and found that the first reports were exaggerated, and

that none of the people living around the depot were seriously hurt, and we bought some things in the city that we needed and went on about four miles beyond the Springs and camped that night. The next morning I walked back a ways until I reached a street car line and went into the city and got the morning papers and came back. We found in the paper where a piece of plank had went through the roof of Mr. Neville's house and a splinter had struck Mrs. Neville on the breast while she was in bed but had not seriously hurt her. This relieved me a whole lot, for I realized my position if any of his family had been hurt.

We started on again and drove a few miles beyond Palmer Lake and camped the next night, and the next afternoon we reached the suburbs of Denver and got a little barn to put our horses and wagon in. It was only a little way from the end of the street car line, and after we put our horses up we took the car and went into the city; we got there a little before dark.

I left Mr. Neville and started to go to Jack Simpkins' room in the Granite Block and we went up into his room together and Kerwin was there, and a little later Haywood and Pettibone came in and while we were talking Steve Adams came in. Kerwin did not take any part in the conversation; I think he left the room soon after Simpkins and I came up. They were all greatly pleased with the job, and they said it was the only thing that ever saved the Federation from being split up. They said everybody there wanted to get through as soon as possible and there was no more kicking and no more new candidates for office as no one wanted the offices but wanted to get away as soon as possible for fear something would fall. They told us that everything was on fire up in the district, or words to that effect, and they had declared martial law and had established a bull pen and were deporting men, but still they did not think anything of this. They were well pleased to think they had all been elected again except one member of the board and they did not want him.

They said the dogs had followed my trail several miles down the canyon, but Haywood said he did not think they were on to anything. Adams had stayed home and the next day went over to Cripple Creek and his friends advised him to leave the district, and Monday night after dark he started to walk to South Park and he caught the train there and came in to Denver. He did not leave any too soon for that night or the next day, I have forgotten which, there was a mob of about a hundred men came to his house and if they had found him there is no doubt but they would have lynched him as he had the name of being a dynamiter.

Haywood and the others asked us what we intended to do, and I told him I was going up through Wyoming on a prospecting and pleasure trip. He asked us how much money we wanted and said it would be better for us not to take it all now or all we expected. Adams told them he wanted two hundred dollars now and he said he was going to send for his wife, and I don't think he said what he intended to do if he knew. I told Haywood I wanted three hundred any way then. Next day I got the three hundred dollars from Pettibone and Mr. Neville and I bought a tent and some other things we wanted, and I think after we were there three or four days we got our team and started for Cheyenne, Wyoming. I think we were four or five days going to Cheyenne. We put our horses up there and intended to let them rest a day or so.

We went to Pat Moran's saloon as he was an old friend of Pettibone's and he told me he was all right and to go to see him if we stopped at Cheyenne. The first night we got in Cheyenne we were at his saloon and he handed me a paper with our names and good description of us stating we were wanted in connection with the Independence explosion and I showed it to Johnnie, and he wanted to go and put a piece in the paper telling them where we were if they wanted us. I told him to wait a while and we would think it over. This piece also stated we were either going to Wyoming or New Mexico and would probably engage in stock raising and that we had taken a good supply of provisions and were heavily armed with

the latest improved firearms. I thought the proposition over that night and W. F. Davis and D. C. Copley came into Cheyenne that night on a late train and said they were making their getaway as the Cripple Creek authorities were hunting them, and they told me how they were throwing all suspects in the bull pen and deporting all the union men and had closed up all the union stores and forbade any of the grocers from selling anything to the union men's families. I did not know hardly what to do; Mr. Neville still wanted me to go on with him and said he would see me through and that they could not prove anything against us. I was sure they could not prove anything if he stood pat, but I was afraid they might arrest us and sweet little Charlie who was only fourteen years old and make him tell that I was away nearly all night the first night we camped out after leaving Cripple Creek.

We had a good outfit and I wanted to go on this trip and we were going to try to get into a saloon somewhere in a good lively town; we thought of Cody. I knew I could get money enough from Haywood to start up and Neville was a good saloon man and also had some money. I thought he would stay by me on account of what had happened between us for I knew he would not have that known for the world, and he told me it was the first crime he had ever committed in his life. I feel that I ought not to write this now, that is I hate to mention his name as he is dead and gone, poor fellow, and I want to say that I do not think Neville would ever have thought of doing what he did with his saloon if I had not set him up to it and agreed to help him, and if it had not been for that I would never have taken him into my confidence. I knew he had a good reputation and his word would be taken and I was sure he would die before he would have it known that we burned up his saloon. I have no doubt but this sent him to an early grave if he died a natural death which is very doubtful as the reader will see further on.

Davis urged me to quit the wagon and Neville and for him and I to go to the coast for a while, and he said this would soon blow over. I

did not like Davis much and then I knew he was well known and had been mixed up in so many strikes that he looked like bad company for me to be traveling with, and he had used me pretty small when I was broke in Gripple Creek. Now I had or could get a little money and he had only about a hundred dollars, and I thought I would have to keep him as he would not have much left after he paid his fare to the coast. I asked Pat Moran if he would go to Denver for me and take a letter to Pettibone and he said he would as he wanted to go to Denver any way. I gave him a letter to Pettibone and gave him ten dollars to pay his expenses. I told Pettibone in the letter to see Haywood and get me five hundred dollars and send it to me by Pat Moran. I told him I thought I would go to Los Angeles and while there would go out and look at the ranch that Johnnie Neville had near San Diego. We had talked this over before and Pettibone, Haywood and Meyer said they would put up the money to buy his ranch if it suited and if it did not to find one that did. Pettibone sent me the five hundred dollars and wrote me a letter to go down to Los Angeles and San Diego and look over that country and hunt up a small place near the Mexican line and he would see that I got the money to buy it, and he said we would have it for a rendezvous and a hiding place to send any one we wanted to. He said if we were close to the Mexican line we could do a little smuggling and also get across the line quick. I had told him in the letter that Davis was there and wanted to go with me, but he told me to go alone and if I wanted any one he would be a pretty good man for me. Moran ~~at~~ returned the same night and gave me Pettibone's letter and the package with the money in it. I think he stated that the newspapers said they were looking for me, but as he thought I was going to Los Angeles he did not warn me to keep out of the way, and I did intend to go there when I wrote him. I told Johnnie Neville where I intended to go and he wanted me to recommend them to buy his ranch down there if I went.

I thought this all over and thought if his ranch did not suit and

we did not buy it, which I had reason to believe ~~dit~~ it would not as it was in that dry belt and no water, and I thought if ~~he~~ his place did not suit and we got a place anywhere around that country that he would know where we were and would not perhaps feel very friendly towards us and might divulge our whereabouts. As he wanted me to stay with him for the time and he would go to California with me later on and I thought it might be better for me to stay with him and keep on the right side of him, and so I decided not to go to California for the present but to go on with him on our trip.

We left Cheyenne and drove up on Crow Creek and camped there two or three days, and Pat Moran and Davis came up there and stopped a day or so with us and fished, and Davis wanted to go with us on the trip but I told him there was no room in the wagon as we were already crowded. They left us and we went on to Laramie, just stopped there a little while and got shaved and got a few little things we needed and inquired the way to Casper. There are no towns to speak of between Laramie and Casper and we drove along leisurely and stopped and camped on some creeks where there was good fishing, and finally reached Casper. I think we were about two weeks on the road from Laramie to Casper and had not seen a paper during this time. Mr. Neville had written to his family from Cheyenne and told them to address him there in care of Pat Moran and we made arrangements with Moran to forward the same to Casper. He went to the post office when we arrived at Casper and inquired but there was no mail, and I went and called Pat Moran up on the phone and he told me there had no mail arrived there for any of us. Neville wrote to his family from Casper and told them to address him at Cody.

We stayed in Casper a few days and rested our horses and then started for Cody. There is no railroad between Casper and Cody, or at least there were none at that time, and most of the way it is a dry and barren country. I think we were about a week on the road and about

thirty miles from Thermopolis, Wyoming, when one of the wheels of our wagon broke. I took one of the horses and saddled him and rode on into Thermopolis, got a new wheel and sent it out on the stage, and rode back. We came on into Thermopolis then and I think we got into Thermopolis about the 10th of July, 1904.

Thermopolis is a flourishing town situated on the Big Horn River in Wyoming and is noted for its hot springs. Although there was not a railroad within a hundred and thirty-five miles at that time, still there were people there from all over the country taking the hot baths. I noticed many monuments built upon the mountains about the springs and was told they had been built by people that came there as a last resort and had been cured and built or had these monuments built as a memorial. We camped there by one of these springs and as it was a nice place to stop we thought we would stay a few days, and used to go in bathing every day. Neville had some kind of a ringworm coming on his face and they told him they thought these baths would help him as they had seen skin diseases cured there before. I think we had been there nearly a week and could not get much word how things were going and had telephoned to Cody to see if there was any mail there for Neville and was told there was not. As Neville wanted to stay there and take these baths a while longer, I proposed to him to take one of the horses and saddle and ride on to Cody and have a look around and see what the prospects were for starting or buying out a saloon and then come back again, and perhaps he would be ready to start again by that time.

He was agreeable to that and so I started and went to Cody and sent the horse back by the stage from Meeteetse. This is a nice live little town situated on the Grey Bull River, Wyoming. I took the stage from there to Cody and got some mail for Mr. Neville and a letter for myself from Pettibone. I called Neville up on the phone and told him I had forwarded him some letters and had sent the horse and saddle back and was going to leave there for the present and was going to Montana as things did not look

good and would write to him. I told him things looked good in Cody and for him to come on through and I would write to him. What caused me to take this course was Pettibone's letter; he told me they were hot on my trail and that I had better get in the tall timber. At first I could not think they were looking for us for if they had been they would have found us before as we had not tried to conceal our whereabouts and had been through all the principal cities and towns in Colorado and Wyoming.

I was undecided at first what to do but had made up my mind to leave there for the present. That night I got in a poker game and won between one and two hundred dollars and went to bed about nine o'clock the next morning and got up in the afternoon. I think they had a game already fixed up for me. I started to play some more and lost a couple of hundred dollars pretty quick. I saw the poker game was too strong a combination for me and I quit it and went over to buck a black Jack game and got to betting fifty dollars at a turn, but I lasted only a few turns. I said to Mr. Hall, the proprietor, "Lend me fifty dollars to get to Denver on and I will pay you when I come back." I had been talking of buying a place there and told them my partner was at Thermopolis. Mr. Hall handed me fifty dollars without a moment's hesitation; he was only loaning me my own money but not many would have done that especially me being a total stranger. I think I went under the name of Dempsey or Hogan. I had made up my mind now that I was broke to go back to Denver.

CHAPTER IX.

My trip to Denver and from there to California.

The next night I started for Denver and arrived there on the second day after about noon, and that night I went to Pettibone's house and had a long talk with him, and I think he went over and got Haywood who lived just across the street from Pettibone. They told me they were pretty sure that the authorities from Cripple Creek were scouring the country for me and that it would be best for me to get away from there for the time until things settled down. I told them I had bought a couple of lots at Cody and had paid part down on them and Johnnie Neville and I were going to build a saloon there and run it as it was going to be a good live place. I told them that Johnnie and his boy were at Thermopolis with the team and wagon and were coming on to Cody and that I expected to go back again if everything was all right. I did not tell them that I went broke gambling, but told them I had bought these lots and put all the money I had into them and wanted some more money. I got some from Pettibone then, and they said I had better write to Neville and turn the lots over to him and let him to on and build the saloon building, and I told them I supposed I could do that.

They told me they had Art Baston working on Governor Peabody but that he seemed to be slow, and Haywood told me that he was married and that they did not seem to work so good after they were married. They told me about Andy Wayberry, Superintendent of the Highland Boy mine at Bingham, Utah, discharging one hundred and fifty union men because they laid off to take part in some labor demonstration, and he said he wanted me to see Art Baston and thought he would like to send us up there and put Wayberry out of the way, as he said they could not allow a man to do that with union men or the union men there would think they had no protection from the union, or words to that effect.

Pettibone made an appointment with Baston and I met him. I knew

of him but had never met him. He said he had been around the Governor's place some but that Adams had told him about us being there close to his carriage with the shot guns and the women seeing us and that he was a little leary about hanging around there for fear he had guards.

Adams had told me some of the things they had been mixed up together in and we talked things over on this line and agreed to go to Utah together. Adams had told me about Baston being at Telluride with him the time he killed Arthur Collins and about St. John giving them five hundred dollars after he killed him and of him and Baston coming to Denver and Baston giving him seven hundred and fifty more. He had also told me that Ed Minster killed Martin Gleason at Cripple Creek. Baston also told me of these things and asked me how much money I had ever got at once for these jobs. He also told me about meeting Ed Boyce at Cripple Creek after the Gleason murder. He did not say out plain that he got the money from Ed Boyce for the Gleason murder, but he said the man that did a job of this kind wanted him to see if he could not get a thousand dollars more as what they got was pretty small and it looked like a pretty soabby job.

Haywood and Pettibone told me that Adams had gone up to Wardner, Idaho, to help Jack Simpkins get rid of some claim jumpers that had jumped his and some other claims, and then he was going down to Caldwell, Idaho, and get ex-Governor Steunenberg, and they asked me if I knew where Gordon Post Office was up there as they wanted to send Jack some money there to give to Steve to come down to Caldwell on when he got through with Simpkins. I told them I did not know where Gordon Post Office was but if Jack told them to send it there, likely it was all right. But they said they would send it to Ed Boyce at Wallace and he could give it to Jack. They also told me that they had sent Steve to some point in Wyoming on his way up to Idaho to find out where there was a band of outlaws and they were going to get them to do some work for them. I think this was the Hole-in-the-Wall gang and Haywood knew some of them or at least he knew

how to get word to them, but the man they sent Adams to told him there were none of them there then, that they were all south. Adams wrote Pettibone a letter and said the birds had all flown south.

We talked over our going to Utah and I told Haywood I was well acquainted there and was also acquainted with Amy Mayberry, and he said if I was I had better not go there or something to that effect. He said they had some work in California and thought I had better go down there and he said they had some of this old work that they had wanted done a long time and that this was the best time he knew of as they had plenty of money and could get it out easier now and it would not be noticed so much. They received more money the next month after the convention than any month during the trouble; I think they received between forty and fifty thousand dollars for the strike, or eight hour fund as it was called.

We held this latter conversation one Sunday in Pettibone's back yard, Haywood, he and I, and Haywood asked me if I would go to California alone and see if I could put Fred Bradley out of the way. Mr. Bradley was manager of the Bunker Hill & Sullivan mine at the time of the trouble in the Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, in 1899, when they blew up their mill, and Haywood said he was at the head of the mine operators' association of California, and he said they were raising an immense fund to drive the Federation out of the state, or words to that effect. He said they wanted to show these fellows that they never forget them, and he said further that Ed Boyce, the former President of the Federation, had always wanted him and Mr. Steunenberg, the Governor at the time of the 1899 trouble in the Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, put out of the way. He also said he had sent Steve Adams and Ed Minster to California to get Bradley, but they did not accomplish it. I told them I would go down and try it as I had to go some place and I could not go any place to work in a mining camp as some one might know me and there was not as much danger in a large city.

The next day I think Haywood gave Pettibone one hundred and fifty

dollars more and he got me a ticket and a new grip, and I took the early train the next morning for San Francisco. Pettibone told me any time I wanted any money just to wire him and he would send it to me. I went by the name of Thomas Hogan.

I arrived in San Francisco in a few days and stopped at the Golden West Hotel. I looked around in the city directory and the telephone guide and located Mr. Bradley's office and also his residence, and called up his office by phone and they told me Mr. Bradley had gone on a trip to Alaska and would not be back for three months. I wrote a letter to Pettibone and told him this. We had a sort of a cipher to write by so no one could tell anything about it if it fell into their hands. I also told him in this letter to send me a hundred dollars.

During the time I was waiting for an answer I noticed in the paper where Johnnie Neville had been arrested at Thermopolis and was being taken back to Cripple Creek, and that they also expected to arrest me soon and take me back there too, so I thought it best to leave the hotel and get a private room and not go around much in the daytime. But I had told Pettibone to address me at the Golden West Hotel and not received his letter yet but had gotten a telegram from him stating "Business bad, Johnnie on the way, wrote you today." I did not want to stay at the hotel any longer but I wanted to get this letter, so I went and hunted the secretary of the bartenders' union and told him I was a union miner from Colorado and did not want my identity known and would like him to do me a favor. He said he would if it was in his power, or words to that effect. I told him I would like him to go to the Golden West Hotel in a day or so and inquire for a letter for Thomas Hogan. I told him I had stopped there a couple of weeks or so but had reason to become suspicious and wanted it to appear to them that I had left the city, and I told him I would give him an order to get my mail if he would call for it and I would get a private room a little way out and keep quiet for a time. I told him they had arrested my partner in Wyoming and were taking him back to Cripple

has a separate entrance to their apartments. I had figured a good many ways how to get away with Mr. Bradley, the easiest and not get caught. I had stood across the street in front of the entrance to his residence with a shotgun loaded with buckshot and tried to catch him coming home at night, but it was not light enough to tell him from the rest as they all went into this archway. I was getting sick of staying there and Pettibone had sent an answer to my last letter asking him to send me five hundred dollars to call it off and did not send the money.

My money was getting low and I was getting desperate and thought they just the advantage of not sending me the money because they thought I dared not come back there and I wanted to finish that and show them if they did not send me the money. The desperate and horrible means I conceived to carry out this plot I would gladly withhold and let die in my breast as I have never yet told it to any one only the gang. I think I told Haywood, Moyer, Pettibone and Adams, and it was this horrible plot did not do any one any harm, but I feel that perhaps I owe some one a duty that may have been blamed for this and wrongfully accused. This I feel it my duty to make known as I have promised God I will write the whole truth of my wicked and sinful life and not try to favor myself. I have made this attempt several times and it has required no small effort on my part to write some of these things. So for fear this horrible crime was layed at some one else's door who was perfectly innocent, I will make it clear.

I knew this place well and there was an empty house with a flat roof at the back entrance of the flat where Mr. Bradley lived and there were stairs up from the back way. I went up these stairs and got on the roof of this vacant house and waited there until the milk man brought their milk which was a little before daylight. I knew he left this milk there in bottles as I had watched him before. I had a little powder of strychnine made for each bottle and raised the paper cover and emptied one of these in each bottle of the milk and cream, and stirred it

up a little and pressed the paper covers back again and left and went back to my room. I figured the girls would serve Mr. and Mrs. Bradley's breakfast first and they would get this first, but think now, it was discovered and did no one any harm. I never knew before that strychnine was bitter. I could see their kitchen plainly from the window of my room and I could not see anything unusual there that morning. As I did not get up until ten and sometimes later, when I got up I usually went down to the little saloon bar and got a drink and sat there and read the morning paper.

This morning I did the same and I noticed a bottle of milk standing on the back bar and asked him if he was selling milk or drew his attention to this some way like that. He began to tell me about this milk and wanted me to taste of it. He said he tasted of it and he could feel it in his throat yet. He told me the girls over at Mr. Bradley's brought that bottle over and wanted him to take it down and get it analyzed as they believed there was poison in it. He said it was as bitter as gall. It seems the cook had tasted of some of this and found out it was bitter and told Mrs. Bradley and then they came over to his place to get some milk and cream for breakfast. Oh, this makes me shudder when I think of this horrible thing but I hope if anyone that was handling that milk or otherwise has been wrongfully accused that this statement will clear all suspicion from them. That is my only reason for making this known. I thought at the time it was hard luck when it had failed, but I thank God today it did.

After this failed I got my bomb ready and watched what time Mr. Bradley usually came down stairs in the morning and how soon after he ate his breakfast. I was on a level or about so with their dining room from my room and could see out of the window of my room and see them when they were at their meals, and I noticed Mr. Bradley came down stairs soon after he had finished breakfast. I had to guess that he would be the

Creek, but we were not guilty of any crime other than belonging to the union. He said to leave the hotel and say I was going some other place and he would go down there when I thought the letter had time to arrive and ask for it, so I left the hotel and got a private room a little way out. He sent a man down to inquire for the letter and he said as soon as he asked the clerk at the hotel if there was any mail for Thomas Hogan, he touched a button and he thought he did this to call an officer, and he said the mail carrier also happened to be there and he spoke up and asked where Hogan was, and he became more suspicious then and said I was a traveling man and had gone to Stockton, Calif. The mail carrier asked him my address and he told him Stockton, Calif., General delivery. There was nothing in these maneuvers, they just happened that way, but this man thought it looked suspicious and so it did. So the secretary wrote to Stockton and told them to forward the letter to him, Peter L. Hoof, 211 Taylor St., San Francisco, and he got a card in a day or so from the post office on Mission St. that there was a registered letter there for Thomas Hogan. I gave him an order to get it but they would not let him have it. I did not want to trouble him any more and he said he did not believe there was any one watching for me there and if I would go down he would identify me, so I went down with him later and got it without any trouble.

Pattibone told me to lay pretty low and not let them pick me up the first thing and be careful if I wrote to him what I wrote ~~in~~ and to destroy his letter to me. He said they were on their way back from Wyoming with Johnnie and the boy. He also told me to go a little slow on this money as it was hard to dig up. I got the hundred dollars in this letter I sent for. I got the Denver papers there all the time and knew pretty well what was going on in Colorado and kept pretty quiet for a while staying in most of the time during the day, but I got tired of this and thought I would go out to some little summer resort and stay there a

while, and I went up to Calienta Springs and stayed there about a month. I then came back to the city and got a room out near the Presidio. I noticed by the papers that they held Johnnie Neville in jail and would not give him bail and I noticed the names of several others I knew amongst whom were Billy Ackerman and Billy Gaffney. I used to send for a hundred dollars to Pattibone about once a month and he wired it to me. He ~~used~~ used to send this to Harry Green in care of Peter L. Hoof, and Mr. Hoof was acquainted with them down at the Postal Telegraph office and after the first time he identified me they used to give it to me after that. They held Johnnie Neville between two and three months and then released him on his own recognizance, and also released all the others and only placed charges against two and released them on bail.

I felt more easy then and went around more, and Johnnie and his boy went back to Thermopolis and got the team and wagon and drove back to Denver. I noticed these things in the papers. I had bought ten pounds of dynamite to make a bomb with and got a room only a few doors from Mr. Bradley's residence. There was a little grocery store and saloon on the opposite corner from Mr. Bradley's residence and they used to buy their groceries there, or part of them. I used to loaf there in the saloon a good deal and spent quite a bit of money with this man. He was an Italian. The girls that worked for Mrs. Bradley used to be over at the store every day and Cebeina, the proprietor, gave me an introduction to them and I got to talk to them and took one of them to the theatre once and found out from them when they expected Mr. Bradley home. I stayed there until he did come home and went by the name of Perry there.

After he came home some time in October, I watched his movements and learned his habits pretty well. He used to leave his residence about eight o'clock in the morning. They lived on the corner of Leavenworth and in a three story residence flat with six families living in it. There was a big archway at the entrance and the flat was built out flush with the sidewalk. They all went in at this archway but each family

first one down stairs so as not to catch any one else. In order to make sure he would be home on a Saturday night I called him up on the phone at his residence and told him I was from Goldfield, Nevada, and had some good mining property up there and wanted to raise some money or get some one with money interested so I could do some work on it and develop it and that I had been recommended to him and would like to make an appointment to meet him. He said he would be pleased to meet me and talk the matter over at least, and could meet me the next morning at his office. I asked him if he could as well make it Monday morning and he said he could at nine o'clock, I think, and I told him all right. I did not want to try this on Sunday morning as I was not ready.

Sunday night I went and fastened a little screw eye in the door of his residence where he came out of the stairway into this archway, and Monday morning I watched him when he went into breakfast and waited until I thought he was about half through and took the bomb that I had all ready and walked up to his door in this archway, laid it down and hooked a little cord over the little screw eye I had screwed in the door and laid the mat over the bomb. This looked like a small parcel as I had it done up in a paper. This was made out of a piece of five inch gas pipe and about a foot long and had wooden ends in it and was jammed full of No. 1 gillstine. I think it held about six pounds. I cut a piece out of one side of this and had a few giant caps pushed in the powder and a bottle of acid fastened over these giant caps and a mixture on them that would burn instantly when the acid touched it and this little cord was attached to the cork in this bottle so it only took a little jerk to pull it out. I had told the lady where I was rooming the night before that I was going away for a while, and after I left this bomb I took a car and went down town and got a room and thought I would lay down and sleep a while as I had not slept much during the night.

Some time after I was awakened by some rapping at my door and on asking what they wanted was told to open the door and I would see. I

told them they had better get away from there and a little while after they came back and I asked them who they were and what they wanted and was told it was the sheriff and to open the door, and I told them to wait until I dressed. I thought I had been seen putting the bomb at Mr. Bradley's door and been followed. I dressed and took my gun in my hand and opened the door intending to shoot if that was what they wanted with me, but the landlady was there when I opened the door and explained to me that the sheriff had seized her furniture and was removing it. This was such a happy surprise to me that I left and never said a word to her about the room rent I had paid her besides the annoyance they caused me. This always seemed a little peculiar to me that I should happen in a place of this kind at such a time.

I think it was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I left there and I bought the evening Bulletin to see if there was any account of anything about the bomb and there was not a thing. I felt pretty uneasy as I knew if it had not been exploded it would be sure to be discovered, and I thought I might have been seen there and leaving that neighborhood that same morning I would be apt to be suspected. I took a walk over on the west side a little out of the busy part of the city; I did not have money to leave the city and felt pretty miserable and the world looked more ~~xx~~ desolate to me than it ever had before, and I could not see much for me to live for, and I thought everything was working ~~xx~~ against me. I could not settle my mind on anything or do anything. I was strong and able to work but could not set myself about it, my mind was in such a state, and I came nearer ending all then than I had ever before.

I went into a restaurant to get something to eat as I had not eaten anything all day, and I picked up another evening paper, the Evening Post, and this paper had the picture of the explosion in it and a full account of it, and stated that Mr. Bradley would probably die or at

least lose his hearing and eyesight and they gave as the cause of the explosion leaking gas pipes and fixtures and this gas had escaped and filled the hall and where the stairway entrance was to Mr. Bradley apartments and as he shook the ashes from his cigar coming down the stairway this exploded. The gas that was supposed to have leaked from the gas fixtures and had accumulated in this stairway. This was the theory that was given in the paper. When Mr. Bradley opened this door practically the whole stairway and entrance in this archway was blown out and Mr. Bradley was thrown away out in the street with the debris, and the flat was more or less shattered from one end to the other, and the glass was broken in the windows across the street and for some distance away. I seems now to me a horrible thing to say, but I felt better after reading this and know I could get a good piece of money.

I sent Pettibone a copy of this paper and told him to wire me some money at once and he did in a few days. After about a week I went up and looked at Mr. Bradley's place and saw Mr. Habana, the grocer and saloon man. He told me they thought Mr. Bradley would lose his eyesight. He told me he did not believe that gas caused the explosion but thought it was a bomb, but he said Mrs. Bradley would not hear to such a thing and said she had smelled the gas escaping for some time, and although the gas company sent and tested the gas fixtures even after the explosion and could find no leak, still this was all the theory that was ever publicly advanced. The owners of the property sued the gas company and were awarded ten thousand dollars damages, and this was carried to the supreme court and they affirmed the lower court.

I stayed in San Francisco two or three weeks after the explosion and thought I would take a trip back to Denver. I went and got a suit of soldier's uniform and wore that to Denver as a disguise. I got back to Denver about the first part of December, 1904. I went to a rooming house and got a room a little way from Pettibone's store and then telephoned him to come over, and in a few minutes he and Steve Adams came over. We

talked a little while there and I told them if Mr. Bradley did not die he was at least maimed for life and would be deaf and blind, and Pettibone was well pleased with this news.

Adams and his wife were keeping house in Denver then and asked me to go home with him. I went home with him and Billy Ackerman was stopping with them and Billy Easterly had been there some. I asked Pettibone why he did not send me the money that time and what he meant by saying to call it off. He then told me the time they had had with Johnnie Neville after he had been released from jail in Cripple Creek. He came to Denver and told them he knew all about their work and especially the Independence depot and that I had told him they hired me to do it and if they did not give him twelve hundred dollars he was going to expose them. Pettibone said he told him not to bother him and to get him out of it, that he knew nothing about it, but to go to Haywood and Moyer, but he said he kept coming to him. He had made this demand of Pettibone before he went to Wyoming after the team and wagon, and told him to have it for him when he came back, and Pettibone said he had them all up a tree; they did not know whether I had told him anything or not and did not know what to do with him, and Pettibone told me it was about this time he wrote me that letter and this was the reason of it. He said they could not put Johnnie off and were afraid to give him any money and he had been over to see Moyer. Moyer got Haywood and Pettibone together and told them they would have to put Johnnie and the boy both out of the way and to see to it at once; he said he knew too much to be living, or worse to that effect. Haywood said to Moyer that he (Moyer) could not be connected with the Independence depot as he had been in jail long before and after that happened, but Moyer said he had no personal knowledge but he surmised it was as Johnnie said and the best thing for them all was to get rid of him. He said if they gave him any money then he could bleed them any time he saw fit. He has been over that day and seen Moyer, and Moyer came out

of his room and asked Haywood what he had better say to Johnnie if he had better try to scare him out by telling him about burning his own saloon. Haywood told Moyer that he had not ought to be afraid to talk to him as he was not mixed up, but Moyer said to Haywood that he did not know how much he was mixed up. Haywood told Moyer to go to him and he would take a chance, and Moyer went back and sprung the saloon fire on him and he threatened to call an officer and have him arrested if he bothered him any more. Johnnie went back to Pettibone's and was pretty well cooled down and Pettibone advised him to get away from the state as the newspapers had come out that they were looking for him again to take him to Cripple Creek. They had Adams, Billy Ackerman and Billy Easterly ready to kill Johnnie and the boy. Johnnie had told them that he was going back to Cripple Creek and they had these three men watching them and they were going to follow them and the first night out from Denver when they had camped they were going to kill both Johnnie and his boy, but the talk Moyer had given him had scared him out and he afterwards owned up to Pettibone that he was only running a bluff to get some money and that he had no notion of telling anything on me. I have no doubt but he made this latter talk because he was scared himself, for I had told him if he ever told anything and got me into trouble that they would get me but it would do him no good as they would soon get him, and he believed it for he knew their reputation and told me I need never fear about him. I had never told him that Moyer, Haywood or Pettibone were behind these things but he must have been sure they were; he knew I got plenty of money somewhere and he knew that Pettibone came up to Cripple Creek and was around with me and we were in his place together, and he knew I had been around with Moyer a good deal and that is the reason I think he went after Moyer and Pettibone instead of Haywood. But Pettibone induced him to sell the horses and wagon and get out of the country, and they watched him to see if he did, for if he had started to drive they were going to follow him and put them out of the way the first night they camped. But he sold the outfit and left my

trunk and guns with Pettibone and sent his boy back home to Cripple Creek and he bought a ticket for Goldfield, Nevada.

It is with much reluctance that I mention Mr. Neville's name in connection with these matters and would willingly refrain from so doing on account of his family, but I know these things will all be brought out in the trials and I cannot explain them without using his name. But I just want to say another word or so in regard to Mr. Neville. He regretted very much the deed he had done and said it was the only criminal act he had ever done and he was over fifty years old, and I am sure it was me that led him to do it. We see then again here how one wrong act causes us to commit another, and this was so with Mr. Neville. After he had done this I led him into more trouble for my own protection and he had to go through with me or at least he thought so to keep the first wrong act covered, but I, the real guilty one, escaped at that time and he suffered for it, and although the poor man is dead and gone, I still take this blame upon myself, and I hope that he, poor man, made his peace with God before he departed this life, for he was a good man at heart and while he was a saloon man he probably would not have followed this if he had been able to do hard work. He was an old time miner and had worked in Leadville and Ouray in the early days of these camps, but was unfortunate and got badly hurt and could not do hard work, and that was how he started saloon keeping. He was a whole hearted man with any one he liked and would lend money freely and I know many men that he befriended and gave them money to go to other mining camps when they were broke and could not get work, and many of them took advantage of him and did not pay him back. I have no doubt but he had many thousands of dollars coming to him. I will have to refer to him a little further on but will leave him for the present.

CHAPTER X.

What we did or attempted to do the winter of 1904-5.

I kept pretty close after arriving at Denver for a time. I lived with Adams for a time and I did not go out much except at night. I went over to Haywood's residence at night and talked to him once in a while. He said he was better pleased to have Mr. Bradley maimed the way he was than to have him killed outright for he was a living example and he said he knew himself where this came from all right. I think he said we would write and tell him some time how it happened. I got money any time I wanted it; Haywood gave it to Pettibone and he gave it to me, and they wanted us to work on Judge Gabbert and see if we could not bump him off as they were very bitter against him and especially Moyer. Judge Gabbert was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and he had decided against him when they brought him to Denver from Telluride ~~and~~ when he was in the hands of the militia. There was Martial law in Telluride and they held Moyer as military necessity and the Supreme Court ruled they had a right to do so. Moyer never was tried for anything; he was held in Telluride nearly four months and then taken to Cripple Creek and held there for some time and then released on bond, but was never brought to trial.

We strolled around Judge Gabbert's residence some at night but they kept the blinds of the windows pretty close and we could never see him at night, but would often see him in the morning or at noon as he was going or coming from the State Capitol as he usually walked back and forth. The weather was cold and stormy part of the time and we did not make any great effort; we had plenty of money and lived good and had plenty of beer to drink and took things easy. We rented furnished rooms and Mrs. Adams cooked for us. Billy Ackerman and I roomed together.

Haywood also wanted us to watch Mr. Hearne, Manager of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company. He said they had sent him out there from Pennsylvania to fix the legislature as he had done there and that he was a bitter enemy to organized labor. We strolled around his residence some but

did not make much of an effort to do anything to them. If we had seen them at night when we were around there we would have shot them, no doubt, if it had looked favorable for us to get away. This was the winter they had such a wrangle over the Governorship and when there was some doubt about them seating Adams, the Democratic candidate, who was elected by twelve thousand majority for Governor over Peabody, Republican, but the Republicans were crying fraud. Haywood told us to keep quiet and not pull anything off until we get Adams seated for Governor, if we bumped Judge Gabbert off then it might hurt his chances for being seated. But they seated Adams and then Peabody began proceedings to oust him charging fraud in his election and it came to a legislature investigation. The election board were Republican and they withheld some of the certificates of election from some of the Democratic senators and representatives and they unseated enough of the latter one way and another so the Republicans had a majority in both houses. When it looked like they were going to seat Peabody and throw Adams out, Pettibone came to us and wanted us to go after Peabody and try hard to get him so we would not have him for Governor again.

We started in to watch him nights and carried our long guns part of the time, but we imagined he had guards around his residence at night and once or twice we were followed and we concluded we would not try it at night at his residence. We thought of laying up the street and waiting for his carriage but it was too cold to lay around and wait long and then we had to be sure he was in it. Sometimes there were only women in it, but he always walked up to the capital in the morning while he was Governor. There came about six inches of snow and it drifted up against the curbstones some places and was deeper there than in the street. We made a bomb and put about twenty-five pounds of powder in it and we stretched a wire from Grant Avenue to Logan on Thirteenth Ave. Mr. Peabody always walked up Grant to the capitol between nine and ten o'clock in the morning and we laid this wire in the night or evening before the streets

were empty and covered it up with snow, and then came back a little before daybreak and looked again to see if we had it covered ~~xxx~~ well with snow. There is a little space between the curbstones and street for the water to run through and we dug the snow out of this enough to lay the bomb in and we had Billy Ackerman get a horse and buggy and drive Adams and I over there about eight o'clock in the morning. I got out a block or so away and when there were no people in sight I motioned to them and they drove up close and stopped as though they were talking to me and they handed me the bomb which we had done up in a cloth and had a bottle of acid so fixed and a wire with a hook on the end so all I had to do was to loop the other wire over this hook and kick a little snow over it, and this only took a minute or so, and they drove on and Billy waited two or three blocks away with the rig. We had two rifles and a shot gun in the rig and plenty of ammunition and intended to fight it out as long as we lasted if we got cornered. Adams and I stayed on the street where we could see the Governor and his body guard when they came out on the street. We had seen them so often we could tell them more than a block away.

When we saw them coming we went to the other end of the wire and waited until they were just stepping over the bomb and then we intended to jerk this wire and that would jerk the cork out of the little bottle of acid and the bomb would explode instantly. There was an alley in the middle of the block and one large coal wagon came out while we were at the end of the wire and came up towards us. This first wagon was nearly opposite us when another came out and there seemed about a dozen people coming along right close and I think the last wagon was close behind the first when the Governor came over the bomb and we had no chance to pull the wire until he was too far over it to be sure of getting him. We took the bomb up and carried it over to the rig and drove back and got hold of one end of the wire and pulled it in the buggy and coiled

it up thinking we could try it again another morning, but it got warm and melted the snow and what was left was hard and we could not cover our wire. We tried digging under the sidewalk or at the edge but the ground was frozen too hard.

A little after we had made this attempt Mr. Peabody moved his offices down in the Jackson block and did not walk up Grant Ave. as usual, and Haywood said he thought we might set a bomb in or under his desk so when he opened the desk it would explode the bomb. He asked me what I thought about it. I told him we could if we knew for sure his desk and that no one would open it but him, and he said he thought perhaps he had a private desk and that he would find out. He said they wanted to move their offices and he could easily go up in the Jackson block and find out where his office was, or words to that effect. But he never did and we never made any further attempt on Mr. Peabody's life in Denver. Haywood was drinking a good deal at this time and that was perhaps the reason he did not look this up, and as the legislature investigation proceeded it was thought Adams would hold his seat until the very last, but they made a compromise with Peabody to seat him with the understanding he was to resign in twenty-four hours and the committee had his resignation before they voted to seat him. Then the office fell to Jesse McDonald, Lieutenant Governor, and they said we need not bother with Peabody for the present, that we could go down to Canon City and get him any time.

But they wanted us to get some of the Supreme Judges. Judge Goddard had been appointed to the Supreme Court by Gov. Peabody before he retired. The court of appeals had been abolished and the supreme court judges increased by two and they were appointed by the Governor, and they were very bitter against Judge Goddard as they said he had written up most of the opinions in the Meyer case, and that he and Frank Hearne, the C. F. & I. manager, had influenced the Supreme Court in their decisions, and Haywood wanted us to see if we could not make a bomb that we

could throw or drop out of a window. He thought we could make one and cover it with a big rubber ball. He said Mr. David Moffat stopped at the Denver Club a good deal and walked from his bank to and from there and he thought if we had a bomb we could drop or throw out of a window that we could get a room along the street and when Mr. Moffat came along we could drop it out of a window close to him and get away. He wanted us to try this and I asked him if there was not some way to find out how the Russians made the bombs they used. I think he said he would try to.

We had moved over near Globeville then, close to Max Malich and he wanted us to blow up the Globeville smelter boarding house. There had been a strike at this smelter for nearly two years and their union was affiliated with the W. F. M. and they were working all non-union men and I think two or three hundred stopped in this boarding house. He said there was not much trouble to get in the cellar or up in the hall as things had been quiet for some time and they did not guard it very close. He had a man there that had boarded there before the strike and knew the place well and he said he would help us, and we wanted some No. 1 powder any way to make some bombs. We found out where the magazines were and concluded to go out there and get what dynamite we wanted. We spoke to Max Malich about this and asked him if we could take his rig ~~us~~ to go and get the powder as it was about six miles out. He said he was going up to Montrose county to his ranch and while he was gone Joe Mehlich could take his horse and delivery wagon and go with us at night and get it. This was the man he had to help us.

Adams and I started a little before dark and walked out to where the magazines were and as soon as it was dark we pried off a lock and carried six hundred pounds of powder out a little from the magazine, and Joe Mehlich came with the rig and we loaded it in the wagon and brought it to where we lived and buried it in the cellar. When we told Haywood and Moyer what we were going to do with it, they said not to do it, and we thought no more about it. But we had powder and caps to practice making

bombs. We got some plaster Paris and made a bomb and took it out and tried it and it went all right when we threw it. We made some more and they went when we threw them and they hit, and we told them we could make them work all right, but then they did not want us to use them just then but to see if we could not shoot Judge Goddard through the window of his residence as he lived pretty well out and the police were not often around there. We had long overcoats and each carried a sawed off pump shot gun hung at our side under our arm by a shoulder strap. We worked a while to see him but never saw him but once and then we thought we would wait until it was a little later as it was Sunday night and there were quite a number of people on the street. But we could never see him again; we could see some of the rest of the family as they hardly ever pulled the blinds clear down and the house was built up flush with the sidewalk on one side and only a few feet on the other and on the corner of the street.

Adams went down town and got drunk and was put in jail and we did not know where he was for a week or more and looked all over for him and thought some one had killed him. After he got out and came home, I soon left there and got a room only two blocks from Judge Goddard's residence so I could watch him. We could always see him leave on the car in the morning and go down town but could never see him at night. Soon after I quit living with Adams he had some dispute with Haywood and Pettibone and told me they would not give him money enough or only a few dollars and he was angry with me and blamed me too. I told him there must be some mistake about it and that he had no reason to blame me, and I told him I was going away and that he and Joe Mehlich could work together as they chummed together and the women visited back and forth. I told him I was going down to Canon City or Colorado Springs to get McNeill or Peabody. He said all right he would go with me but I wanted to get rid of him then.

He went down to get some money and Pettibone gave him a few dollars and said that was all he had left out of the last Haywood gave him

and he sent Pettibone down to Haywood's office to get some more and Haywood would not give it to him. He told Pettibone he had given Mrs. Adams forty dollars, I think, the day before, and that ought to be enough for a while. Adams went down and saw him and they had some words and Haywood did not give him any money, and when I saw Adams he would hardly speak to me. I told him we were the last ones that ought to have any trouble and that he had no reason to feel hard at me. He said they had used him dirty mean and that he was through with them. I told him it was his fault, that he had no business getting drunk so much and that was the reason I quit him and that they were afraid to give him much money at a time, or I told him something like that if not the same words. He said they would use me the same when they get through with me. I told him they wouldn't for I would not stand for it if I was where I could get to them, or words to that effect. Adams and Joe Mehelich got ready to go away and I went over to see them the day they left as I did not want them to leave feeling hard towards me if I could help it. I did not ask them where they were going as they did not tell me, but I called Adams to one side and had a little talk with him and told him I was not to blame and he had not ought to have any hard feelings towards me and that we ought not to part bad friends. He said he felt sore at everybody and that perhaps he had no reason to feel hard towards me but that he had thought I had run him down to Haywood. I told him that Haywood knew about him getting drunk without my telling him. He said they were going to beat their way as they had no money to pay their fare. I only had a little money with me but I borrowed twenty dollars from Max Malich and gave it to him, and I told Max Malich to give the women what they wanted to live on and send the bill to Haywood and make him pay it. Max ran a grocery store and butcher shop and had been the principal in the smelters' strike. That was the last time I saw Adams until they arrested him in Oregon and brought him to Boise, Idaho. I paid Max Malich the twenty dollars back the next day.

I was down in Pettibone's store a few days after this and a man came in that worked for him a good deal and said he had a better graft now, said he had been out writing life insurance and had made about eight thousand dollars in a month, and Pettibone wanted me to go and get a contract and that would be a good bluff if I wanted to go to any small place. He said I would work it too, and as they wanted me to go to Canon City and get Peabody, I thought the insurance scheme would be good, and then I thought I could make good at it too. So I went down to the Mutual Life and had a talk with John L. Stearn, the manager for Colorado. He wanted me to give him some references and I gave him Pettibone, Horace Hawkins of the law firm of Richardson & Hawkins, James J. Sullivan and Henry Cohen, law firm, John Sullivan, President of the State Federation of Labor. I knew Horace Hawkins pretty well as he was the attorney that defended the boys at Cripple Creek. I went and saw him and told him I wanted to get a contract with the Mutual Life Insurance Co. to write insurance but did not want to give them my own name. I told him I had given him as reference and would like him to give me a send off, told him my name was Thos. Hogan and he said he would. I saw John Sullivan and told him and Pettibone saw James J. Sullivan and Henry Cohen. I was only slightly acquainted with the latter two, and that through Pettibone as they were great friends of his. Mr. Stearn wrote to these in regard to me and a couple of days after he wrote me to come down to his office. I went down and he said my references could not be better and he would make a contract with me and he fixed it up right there and advanced me twenty-five dollars then and a little later twenty-five more. I told him I would go in the southern part of the state and would start in at Canon City and Florence.

A few days later I went to Canon City and did start in to talk life insurance and canvassed some and let it be known that was my business. I hired a rig and drove out into the country a ways and made an effort to write some insurance, but I could no more get my mind on insur-

ance than I could fly. I had located Mr. Peabody's residence and noticed he had no guard around it at night and went around the same as any private citizen, and I discovered that he usually sat near a window on one side of his house next to an open lot at night and did not pull the blind clear down. At first I stopped at the hotel, but later I got a room only about a block away from Mr. Peabody's residence on the same street and I thought if I had a big bomb I could lay it in this window and set it off with an alarm clock to go off in a few minutes and I could have time to go to a saloon and be there when the bomb exploded and take a chance of Mr. Peabody moving away from the window in the meantime.

I think I stayed there about a week and on Saturday I told the old lady where I roomed that I was going to Denver to stay over Sunday but would keep my room and would be back the first of the week. I took the train and went to Denver and told them what I was going to do, and I went over to Max Malich and got fifty pounds of No. 1 powder and a box of giant caps. This was the powder we took from the magazine and Adams and Malich sold it or gave it to Max and he had it buried in his drive shed. I put this in a suit case and brought it over to Pettibone's store. I went to a plumbing shop and told them I wanted a lead bucket made about eight or nine by fourteen inches high. I told them I wanted it for a cactus plant so I could bore holes in it to let the flowers come through. They made this for me and put a bottom in one end of it and I hammered it flat on one side so it would lay on the window sill and packed this as full of powder as I could and fitted a wooden end in the top and hammered the lead over it so it could not come out. I cut a hole in the top side of it and took out a little powder and filled this space full of giant caps and wired an alarm clock on the end of the bomb and had a little bottle of acid so I could wire it over the giant caps and set the alarm and have a fine wire so it would wind up around the standard of the alarm and pull the cork out of the bottle and let it run on the giant caps. I fixed this later after I went back to Canon City.

When I was in Denver this time I stopped at the Belmont Hotel and was well acquainted there and they wanted to know what I was doing, etc. I told them I was writing life insurance. Some of them wanted to know how I was making it and I told them I was making all kinds of money, and a man that I had met there a good deal and a great friend of Pettibone's said he thought he would try that to as he had written insurance before and asked me what company I was working for and I told him and told him where I was working, not thinking at first that he would want to go down there. His name was Mr. J. Vaughan. He went right down and saw Mr. Stearns and got a contract in a day or two. I left in the meantime and took my bomb and went back to Canon City. I told Vaughan he could come down there if he liked that there was room enough for both of us.

After I got back to Canon City Mr. Peabody started to repair his house and I could not see him at the window, and Vaughan came there in the meantime and I thought if he did room with me that it would make it all the better for me, for if I could see Mr. Peabody at this window I could make an excuse ~~but~~ and not be gone over five minutes and he would think I was out to the closet. I used to keep the little alarm clock running and he asked me one day where the clock was ticking. I told him it was a bomb I had in the grip and he half believed it. Mr. Peabody had his house all torn up and I could not see him and Vaughan did not write any insurance and also knew that I did not either, and he felt pretty well discouraged and his money got short. I gave him some money and told him to brace up, that it would come after a while, or words to that effect. He wanted me to go down in the Arkansas Valley with him and thought we could do better down there amongst the farmers and I thought that would be a good way to get rid of him and I could come back again. We got ready and I left my suit case with the old lady and set it away under a table where she said she would have no occasion to move it. I told her I had it full of insurance papers for advertising. I thought

I would be gone only a few days and it was so heavy I did not want to take it with me; it must have weighed close to fifty pounds. Vaughan and I left and went to Rocky Ford and got a rig and started out to canvass insurance. We had only been out a day or so before we met a man writing hail insurance, that is insuring the farmers' crops against hail; that was what they pretended to be doing, but in reality they were swindling them out of thousands of dollars. Vaughan had written this hail insurance before in Minnesota and knew it was a fake, but he said there was good money in it where they had been hailed out and where this sort of insurance had not been worked. They often had their crops destroyed or damaged through this section with hail and they did not seem to know much about this insurance. Peterson, the general agent for the company, was in Rocky Ford and offered us a good thing to go to work for him and offered to pay us in cash as fast ~~as~~ as we turned in the applications even before he sent them to St. Paul to the company's office. He had all kinds of references and testimonials and bank references, but Vaughan said it was a fake all the same but we would get our money, and we went to work for him.

We went down to Las Animas and we worked there about a week and wrote up the majority of the farmers around there, perhaps not the majority but a great number, all that we could write, and as fast as we got the applications we sent them to Mr. Peterson at Rocky Ford and he sent us a check or draft for our money. We got two dollars in cash from each farmer or was supposed to, sometimes we didn't get it, but we would not stop for that we would write him just the same. I got quite interested in this, I guess because it was crooked. We made about twenty to thirty dollars per day at the start and later made as high as a hundred, but the latter only a couple of times.

I had promised Max Malich I would be in Denver on a certain date to help him do some work he wanted done, and I left Vaughan or at least quit working at the insurance for the present and ^{he} went to Denver with me

on a Saturday afternoon but he went back the first of the week and kept on writing the insurance. Max said he was not ready to have this job pulled off. I saw Pettibone and he said they wanted something pulled off before the convention met. Hayswood had told me this before; he said it would look bad before the board as we had used so much money ~~in~~ during the winter and not a thing to show for it. He said after he and Moyer left for Salt Lake City he did not care what we blew up as long as we made some showing.

He and Moyer had been gone to Salt Lake some little time now to get ready for the annual convention that was to be held in the latter city, and Pettibone said he was going to the convention but he wanted to pull off something first. I told him I did not like to do anything with Peabody and that Vaughan mistrusted something and that I might not be able to do it in a hurry. He said he would rather get Judge Gabbert than any one else. We had watched Judge Gabbert and as I have before stated he usually walked back and forth to the capitol and when he went down in the morning he walked down Emerson St. to Colfax Ave. There is a vacant corner on one corner of Emerson and Colfax Ave. and a foot path across the same, and Mr. Gabbert usually took this cut off. We made a bomb and buried it in this path and had it fixed with a little windless and a fine wire would around this and a little loop in the end of it. We left this just enough above the ground so we could see it and had a stiff wire run through the little windless so it would not turn over until we took it out and this also so we could see it. We had a cover over this so the little windless and the acid and giant caps were all protected from the dirt and little holes to let the wires through. We put this a little to the edge of the path and were careful in digging so it would not be noticed by any one walking across there, but we knew just where to find it. The next morning Pettibone was going to watch and I was going to walk around on this corner or sit down there and pretend to be reading and when

Judge Gabbert came out of his house which was only a block away Pettibone was going to give me the signal and I was to talk along this path and hook a lady's hand satchel or a large pocket book whichever you might call it. We had a hook already fixed in this pocket book and all we had to do was to hook it in the little wire that was wound around the windless and pull the other out. We tried this the first morning and some one cut in between him and us and he was too close to fix the pocket book after they passed and we could not tell whether they would go across this lot or not and if they did not he would be too close to attach the pocket book. I think we watched two or three mornings and I was afraid to touch it after it had stood that long, and Pettibone had to go to the convention and he wanted me to work on it until I caught a morning when there was no one coming on the sidewalk but the Judge and I could tell him as soon as he came out of his house from this corner.

I was afraid to touch this old bomb so I made another one. I made this one and fixed it with a spring and bent the spring back and held it there with a piece of stiff wire and had a little eye in the top of the wire to hook the pocket book on and left this so I could see it. When this wire was pulled out it let the spring hit a couple of half drachm vials that were filled with acid and broke them and the giant caps were under these. This wire pulled out very easy and let the spring hit with such force that it was sure to break the bottles. I buried this second one as close to the first as I dared and not touch it. The next morning I found the sidewalk clear and had Pettibone's bicycle and rode along and stopped at the bomb and hooked on the pocket book and rode away. I knew that something had happened to it or else he did not see it for I did not hear it and I did not have time to be more than a block away by the time he would be there. However, I was afraid to go back there for fear some one had been watching me and again something might have happened that it did not go and they had discovered the bomb. Any way I was too big a coward to go back and made up my mind I would let it go. I did not

think he would walk over it and not notice the pocketbook. I went on down town and about an hour afterwards I heard it but it was not the Judge that got it, but another poor unfortunate man by the name of Walley. There were about ten pounds of dynamite in each one of these and they both went off. It blew this poor fellow to pieces and broke the glass in the windows for blocks around there. There were many theories advanced but not one of them came any where near. I have been told since that something prompted Judge Gabbert not to go across there that morning. I thought when this failed I was out of luck sure and that there would be no chance to work there any more as I did not suppose he would go across there any more for the present. Some thought that some yeggman had buried some nitroglycerine there and he stubbed against it, and I gave up trying to do him any harm for the present at least, but I thought I would make one more attempt nearly on the same line with Judge Goddard.

I made a little square box that would hold about ten pounds of powder and fixed this one with a little bottle and cork. I told Max Malich about this and took it over to his place and stayed there all night and he sent a man and his rig the next morning a little before daylight and we drove over to Judge ~~Gabbert~~ Goddard's place and I got out and dug a square hole with a sharp spade I had for the purpose and was careful to take the sod off so I could replace it again and it would not be noticed. I made this hole right up against the gate post but on the outside. The gate opened both ways but it looked as though they usually opened it on the inside. I put a little screw eye in the bottom of the gate and spread it enough so I could slip a loop of a small cord in the eye. I buried this bomb and fixed the sod back carefully and pulled some green grass over it and had the cord long enough so I could hook it in the little screw eye later. This cord was ~~was~~ attached to the cord in the little bottle at the other end. This cord was a greenish color and the grass was green and I scattered a little grass over the loose end of the cord and went back to Malich's place and got breakfast and came back on

the street car and about half past eight I walked along in front of Judge Gaddard's place, dropped a newspaper carelessly and stooped down to pick it up and hooked this cord with the loop in the screw eye in the gate. I took a car and went down town and I expected to hear this go before I got down town as I waited withint about fifteen minutes of the usual time the Judge came out and took the car for down town. I did this so there would not be so much danger of some one else opening the gate first, but I never heard anything from it and did not know what had become of it. I thought perhaps they had noticed me when I hooked the cord although I was only a moment and the gate is right close to the sidewalk. I did not go along there for a good while after and then I noticed the grass was dead over this bomb and I thought perhaps the pin head that was in the cork with the head on the inside of the cork next to the acid had been eaten off and allowed the pin to pull through the cork and none of the acid come out. For instance, I would run a pin through a cork and then bend the end of it in a loop so I could tie a cord in it. I remembered that this had been fixed and left in the bottle for about three days and the acid must have eaten the pin head off. That is the only reason I can give for it not going; I will tell the reader what I think was the real cause on closing my story.

Well I thought at the time that I was clear out of luck and everything was against me and I left Denver and went down to the San Louis valley where Vaughan was writing hail insurance and went to work again with him. We worked about two weeks and made big money and while we were there Mr. Stearns of the Mutual Life wrote us a letter and said he had been informed we were working for another company and had agreed in our contracts to put in all our time for their company and had taken his money and he was quite indignant. I went and got a draft for fifty dollars and sent it to him and told him I would give him the books and papers when I came to Denver. I went and saw him when I went to Denver and told him the life insurance seemed pretty dull and I got a chance to make some good quick

money and had worked the life insurance too and had some good prospects, and furthermore I did not need his money to work on and would not be under any obligation to just work for his company, but he wanted me to keep the contract and if I found any business to write it up. The hail insurance company had their license revoked in the state about this time and stopped us from writing any more for the time, but later got reinstated and I worked a couple of days after that just out of Denver and quit as the papers were getting after us and crying fake. Some of the farmers had been hailed out in the Arkansas Valley and then they knew it was a fake. They thought they signed a contract only but they signed a note also and this run for five years.

This was some time about the first of July, 1905. They all came back from the convention, Haywood and Meyer both being elected again, and I told them the hard luck I had had and thought I had better lay off for a while. Haywood and Meyer left right away again for Chicago where they went to form a new organization called Industrial Workers of the World, and Max Malich wanted us to get some of that dope called Pettibone dope and set fire to his place as he said it did not pay since the smeltersmen's strike and if he could burn it up he could get six thousand dollars insurance and he would sell the lots and quit business there. Max had a little experience with this dope and he thought nothing could put it out only to burn completely up. Steve Adams had left a couple of bottles of it mixed up, and after he left Denver Pettibone wanted Max to get them from Mrs. Adams and bring them down to his store as he wanted to use them, and as Mrs. Adams lived close to Max she brought them over to his store. I don't know whether they had them packed in dirt or not, that was the only safe way to carry them after they were mixed, however Max took them in his bed room, and I think he went to examine them as we had told him what fierce stuff it was. Any way he spilled some of it on his hands and on the floor and I think it began to burn his hands and he wiped them on the bed clothes and the bed clothes, floor and his hands all took

fire and they took the bed clothes out and threw them in a tub of water and tore up the floor and got the fire out some way, and Max got his hands terribly burned and will carry the scars to his grave, and the bed clothes he took out of the water and hung on the line and they soon began to smoke and he said they took them out ten different times with the same results, and he said they left them the tenth time and they all burned up on the line. Max broke a hole through his window of the room where this happened before any one came in and said some one threw a bottle of acid through the window, and he gave this out to the papers as the cause of the fire and the burning his hands, and he said he suspected it was some of the smelter officials that hired some one to do it for revenge and to burn him out and get rid of him. I might say he had been the leading spirit in the smeltermen's strike and they had lost the strike and Max had lost the best of his trade as none of the strikers could get work, or hardly any. We had a good laugh at Max when he came down to see Pettibone's store one day with his hands all bandaged up; they were burned clear to the bone at some places, and Max wanted us to get a lot of this dope and use it to burn up his place, and he got everything ready as he had been getting ready for months.

He left Denver and took his family with him, all but his oldest boy, and gave out that he was going to take them down on his ranch for a vacation, and he left Joe, his bartender, in charge of everything and he was the only one of his employees that knew anything of this. A day or so after Max left Denver, Joe brought some things down to Pettibone's residence and we stored them away. There were some clothes and some old liquors and some ham and bacon and a few other groceries. I told him to put these in as Pettibone and I were batching at his home. His wife was gone back east on a visit, and Pettibone and I got a rig the next night and drove over to Malich's place, tied our horse up behind his barn and went into the grocery and butcher shop the back way. Joe was with us and we threw nearly a forty gallon tank of coal oil all over the saloon,

grocery store and his residence; his residence and saloon were all one building and the grocery and butcher shop were in another but stood close to each other. We only had two bottles of our dope as we thought it was not necessary with the coal tank oil only to have enough to set it off and give us time to get away as this was quite expensive and a lot of bother to mix it and pack it so it was safe to carry. A little after twelve I took a bottle of this and threw one in the grocery and butcher shop and the other in the back part of his residence, and Pettibone and I got in the rig and drove away. We could see the fire burning good as we left, but some one else saw it and turned in the alarm and the fire department was there in a few minutes. The grocery store and butcher shop were all destroyed on the inside and his residence was pretty well destroyed but the saloon part was hardly scorched, and Joe started the fire again in the cellar of the saloon the next morning, but the fire department was soon there and put it out. Max came back with a pretty long face. I forget how much insurance he got but he got all he had on the ~~grocery~~ grocery store and his residence. I am not sure but I think that was the way they settled with him, and he went to work and fixed up and repaired the building and started up business again. He came and got the liquor and clothes he left at Pettibone's.

I did not do anything for a time, not until Haywood came back from Chicago. I had left this grip down at Canon City with the bomb in it so long that I was afraid to go after it, but we had concluded to let Peabody alone for the time being and do some work in Denver. I went down to Canon City one day and got the grip all right; the old lady said it had never been moved. I told the old lady some yarn and came away and brought the bomb to Pettibone's and put it in his cellar but a little later took it out and buried it. Pettibone and I told Haywood if we had a good horse and buggy we would do some work in Denver. Pettibone wanted to get Judge Gabbert, Judge Seddard or W Sherman Bell and Haywood sent up

to Cripple Creek and had them bring a team and wagon down and we tried these horses but they were all used up and were no good for drives. He sent them back again, and we bought a horse and buggy from a colored man. He brought this horse and buggy up to Pettibone's store as Pettibone had told the livery man Vance where he kept his own horses that he wanted to buy a horse and buggy and Vance sent this man up there. I went down to Haywood's office with this man and took Haywood for a drive with the horse and buggy and the man waited until we came back. Haywood offered him a hundred dollars for them but he said he would not take that. He only asked a hundred and twenty-five and they were very cheap at that and I told Haywood so, but he had been drunk for three or four months and hardly knew what he was doing. The colored man and I drove back to Pettibone's and Vance was there and told Pettibone that this was a bargain and that he would sign the bill of sale as he knew this man well and some one had left this rig with him to sell and I think all he got over a hundred dollars was his. He finally said he would take a hundred and fifteen or twenty dollars, I have forgotten just which, and Pettibone telephoned down to Haywood that we had better take this rig and he said all right.

I went down to get the money and told the colored man I would be out to his place in a little while and get the rig and to have it ready. There was a run on the Central Savings bank that day and Haywood said he had about that much money on deposit in that bank and he would draw it out, so we went up there and he gave me the money and I went out and got the rig, and Vance had drawn up the bill of sale for him and they both signed it. I have forgotten the colored man's name. I had a barn rented about a block and a half from Pettibone's residence and we took the rig there and started in to assassinate Sherman Bell.

We drove around there nights and I would go by his place in the daytime and see if I could see him. He lived right on the edge of Congress Park and the shrubbery came right close up to his back yard and was

going to crawl up as close as I could and see if I could not see him through the window. I tried this several times but they had some little dogs that used to bark when they heard a noise, and I never got any closer than the back yard fence. I was trying to get between his house and the one next to it; the house next to his was empty and they did not pull the blinds down at the windows next to this house. I was working to get in between these houses but these dogs always made a racket and some one would come out, but I could not tell in the dark who it was. I had a pump shot gun loaded with buckshot and could have shot this man but I was not sure whether it was W. Sherman Bell or not as I had seen another man there. Pettibone kept the rig and waited for me out in Congress Park a little way behind his house. This park was not lighted up as it was only a new Park and they did not have it near finished but were working on it all the time.

CHAPTER XI.

About this time Mr. Moyer came home from California where he had been taking a vacation and wanted to see Pettibone and myself, and the result of the conference.

About the time Moyer and Haywood came back from Chicago I met H. C. Coates in Denver who had also been to the convention. I knew of him but had never met him until then; Pettibone introduced me to him. He told us that Haywood had been a disgrace to that convention and had been drunk all the time, and we talked pretty freely as Pettibone seemed to talk to him as though he knew their policy, and Pettibone wanted me to take him and show him the hole in the ground that the bomb had made that we set for Judge Gabbert but I did not care to and did not say anything about it. As Mr. Coates was then living in Wallace running a paper (the Wallace Tribune) I asked him a good deal about that part of the country and of old friends I knew there. He said the country was booming and all business was very prosperous. He told me about all my partners in the Hercules mine and that they were all rich now and had more money than they knew what to do with. He spoke particularly of August Paulson, said he was married and living in Wallace and had two children, said he owned a bank in Wallace and hardly knew how to handle all his money, or words to that effect. He told Pettibone and I we were fools to stay in Denver as well acquainted as we were in that country, that there were many ways to get hold of money up there. We asked how we could make some easy money and he said one way to get a good bunch of money and get it pretty easy would be to go up to Wallace and kidnap one or both of August Paulson's children and he said he had so much money that we could get enough to make us all rich, and he said further he thought Paulson would come through with the money quick and would not take any chances, and he said he would help to do this or do some part. After he left we talked this over and I asked Pettibone what he thought about Coates and he said he would not be afraid

of him as he knew the dope, and the more I thought of this the easier it looked to me and I wanted to go up to Wallace and look over the proposition.

About this time or a little later Moyer came back from California where he had been on a vacation. I saw him and he asked me what I was doing and I told him, and he said we would have to cut that out here in Denver while he was here as he could not stand any more torture as he was half dead now, and said they had some work to do on the outside, and to come down to the office and we would talk it over. The next day I went down and I think Pettibone went with me or came a little later, and Moyer said he would not take any more chances of being thrown in jail and said further that the way his health was that he could not stand another siege like they had given him at Telluride, and he further said that would be the first thing that would happen if we bumped Sherman Bell off. He said they had some work on the outside to do and he wanted me to go down to Goldfield and do away with Johnnie Neville. He said he could not get him out of his mind and could not sleep nights thinking about him, and that he knew too much and was liable to get them in trouble any time and especially so if he got hard up. He called Haywood and Pettibone into his office and he explained his condition to them and said we had some work on the outside that they had wanted done for a long time and that we had better do that now. Pettibone said he would like to get some of these fellows in Denver while we were fixed for it and Haywood said he was willing to take his chances, but Moyer absolutely refused to have anything done in Denver while he was there, and Haywood said he wanted to get ex-Governor Steunenberg before he left the office and said Ed Boyce had always wanted this done, and further said he had sent two or three men down there to get him but they had all failed. Moyer said that he thought it would have a good effect if we could bump him off and then write letters to Peabody, Sherman Bell and some others that had been prominent in trying to crush the Federation and tell them that they too would get what Gov. Steunenberg got, that we had not forgotten them and never would forget them, and the only way

they would escape would be to die, and they need not think if we had overlooked them for a while that we had forgotten them. Haywood said we would go back to Patterson, New Jersey, and send these letters from there and write them in such a way that they would think it was some of those anarchists that had sent them, and I think he further said they would know where this came from and what it was for. He said he did not know what would be worse than to know some one was on your trail to kill you and not to know who it was or when to expect it, and that it would be like living death and that these fellows would be afraid of their shadows, and if we got Steunenberg after letting him go so long then they would think sure that we never forget any one that had persecuted us.

We talked a whole lot more on this line and Pettibone said this would be all right but he would like to do a little work at home, and he further said he was afraid it would be a hard proposition down in a little country town, and Haywood said he had been told that Steunenberg was in the sheep business and got in a buckboard and drove out to his sheep camps in the mountains and paid no attention or even thought his life was in danger, and it had been so long since the Coeur d'Alene trouble that he likely had forgotten it, or some words to this effect. They said I could make the round trip either go to Nevada and then to Caldwell or to Caldwell first. I told them I would go to Caldwell first. Moyer wanted me to go to Nevada first or to get around there as soon as I could. They wanted me to go down to Goldfield and get in with Johnnie Neville and pretend to get drunk with him and put some in his whiskey or whatever he was drinking; this they thought would be easy as he kept a saloon. They wanted this done as quietly as possible and thought there would be no suspicion attached to it if he did die suddenly and no notice would ~~be~~ be paid to it in a new place like that. Moyer was the only one that was anxious to have this done, and I told him I would do it, but I did not intend to at the time.

Moyer told me to get what money I would need from Haywood and he asked me how much I would need, and I told him three hundred dollars. Haywood had given me sixty dollars a few days before this and he gave me two hundred and forty more, and said he hoped I would succeed in getting Steunenberg as he had already cost them a lot of money. I told him I would do the best I could and did not see him again before I left. Moyer went out that afternoon fishing up Platte Canon and Pettibone wanted me to go with him and make one more attempt on Nell and I did, but did not try much to see him. The next day I got everything ready and packed the bomb that I had brought up from Canon City in my trunk and bought a return ticket to Portland, Oregon, good for ninety days and stopovers any place on the route, good also to return via ~~via~~ Seattle and Spokane, Washington. We had talked over the proposition and Pettibone wanted me to look over the country around Seattle and Puget Sound and see if I could not find a small place on the Sound close to the British line. We had letters from Arthur Parker, a Cripple Creek miner, who had gone up there a ~~not~~ place and he liked it very much. Pettibone and Haywood ~~a~~ said if I found a place that I thought would suit us to write them and they would dig up the money to buy it, and I told them I would hunt up a place somewhere as I thought I had taken chances enough and was entitled to the price of a small place.

I left Denver between the 28th and 30th of August, 1905, over the Rio Grande railroad. I stopped at Salt Lake City a few days and met some of my old friends amongst whom were Charlie Cheddy and Lewis Cutler, the latter lived in Salt Lake, but Cheddy came from the Coeur d'Alenes, Idaho, with me shortly after the trouble in 1899. We had worked together in Arizona and Nevada since but I had not seen him since leaving Utah, and we talked over old times. He said it had been coming pretty tough for him and said I looked pretty prosperous and asked me what I had been doing. I told him I had found a new way of making a living ~~was~~ without working so hard, and he said he wished I could tell him how. I asked him if he would

like to take a chance, and he said he did not care what it was as long as there was some money in sight if it was to blow up one of those blocks. I told him to keep me posted where he was and I would write to him if I had something on, and he told me where a letter would reach him any time, and further said he would come any time I sent for him, and I knew he was all right in this line and had been mixed up before, but I did not tell him what I was thinking of doing, and when I left I gave him ten dollars besides paying for everything all the time I was with him. He said he was going down to a little place called Siegal in Nevada to work in a mine there and would be there for some time. I left him and told him I would write to him before long.

I then left Salt Lake and came on to Nampa, Idaho, and stopped off there. I asked a man at the depot about the hotels and he told me he was stopping at the Commercial but there were better ones but it was clean and cheaper and he further told me he was from Colorado and was waiting for a man from Denver that owned a mine out towards Silver City and they were going to start work on it and he was going to have charge. This man's name was Wilcox. I talked with him a good deal and he told all about the country as he had been here before, and what interested me most was his speaking of Ex-Gov. Steunenberg. I asked him if he knew Mr. Steunenberg and he told me he did well and was talking to him just a day or two ago at the depot when the Governor was waiting for a train. Mr. Wilcox spoke of the trouble in Colorado and said Mr. Steunenberg said that Gov. Peabody did not act quick enough in that trouble. I think I stayed in Nampa three days and Mr. Wilcox's man came and he left. He told me Mr. Steunenberg was up and down on the train every few days and I thought I might get to see him if I stayed there a day or two as Mr. Wilcox went over to every train to see if his man from Denver was on. I think I pretended to ask him to be waiting for some one.

I knew Mr. Steunenberg lived at Caldwell and I went down there and stopped at the Pacific Hotel and told Mr. Dempsey, the proprietor, I

would stay a few days, that a friend of mine in Colorado wanted me to stop off there and see what the chances were to buy some lambs. He told me the names of some sheep men there and we talked about different things and he told me all about the country and that he had been in and around this section for forty years, and amongst other things he mentioned Gov. Steunenberg's name and said that he lived here and told me about where he lived and said he had the best residence in the town. He further told me that he was not at home much but was in Boise and Mountain Home the most of the time and was engaged in buying and selling sheep. I took a walk around and located where he lived and then took the train and went to Boise and stopped at the Capitol Hotel and looked over the register but did not find Mr. Steunenberg's name. I went over to the Idan-ha and took a look over the register and found his name there. I went back to the Capitol and paid my bill and got my grip and went over to the Idan-ha and got a room. My room was in the same flat that Mr. Steunenberg's was and I tried a skeleton key I had to see if it would open his room and it did all right.

I got to talking to a man down in the Hotel lobby and he asked me my business and I told him I was going to Portland to the fair but I stopped off here for a friend of mine in Colorado to make some inquiry what the chances would be to buy a few thousand lambs for feeding purposes. He said that was his business and that he was working for a stock company from Wyoming and that he would take me over and introduce me to some commission men if I wished, and he further said that lambs were high and scarce and he had not been able to purchase any yet. We went across the street from the Idan-ha Hotel and went upstairs and he introduced me to a Mr. Johnson and his son and we talked about sheep and about feeding them in the San Louis Valley on peas, and he knew a good many farmers from there that had bought lambs from or through them, and I knew a good many from there too and about their raising peas and feeding lambs and had heard these farmers tell how profitable it was. I had learned this from them

just a few months before when I was through there writing that hail insurance. Mr. Johnson named over some of the big sheep men and I told him I thought I heard my friend say that he bought some the year before from a man by the name of Steunenberg. Yes, he said probably so as Ex-Gov. Steunenberg was in the sheep business, and he said, "By the way that's him over there in front of the Idan-ha now" and he pointed him out. That was the first time I had ever seen him to know him, and in a little while we went down and went back to the hotel, and I thought I would get my grip and go to Nampa and get the bomb out of my trunk in the depot and come back and either set it with an alarm clock and leave it in the grip and set it under his bed or set it so it would go off when he opened the bedroom door to go to his room. While on my way from Boise to Nampa I got to thinking what this would do and that they would look pretty close after all strangers and my coming there and going away so quick would look pretty suspicious. I knew this ~~haxx~~ bomb would blow the hotel all to pieces and probably kill a lot of people but that was not the reason I stopped for I had no heart at that time and thought very little of how many I killed as long as Mr. Steunenberg was one of them. I was only thinking what the chances of myself were in being discovered. I knew I could get it in his room and get away from the hotel and if I used an alarm clock I might be half way to Portland and not be discovered. The only danger of this was that he might look under the bed and find it, and if I set it at his door the time would depend on what time he went to bed. I knew this latter was the safest way to catch him but I did not know how far I might get away before he might go to his room and I did not want to set this at the door until about dark for fear some of the chambermaids might go in the room. As I had plenty of money I made up my mind all at once I would go on to Portland and Seattle and look around Seattle and the Sound for a little ranch and go up to Wallace and look after the proposition Coates spoke of when he was in Denver. I thought if that did not pan out well I could come back to Boise again. I always dreaded to do

these things and usually put them off as long as I could or rather as long as I had money.

So I took the train and went on to Portland that same night, and stayed there a few days and took in the fair and went on to Seattle and stayed there a week or so. Pettibone had given me the address of an old partner of his there and I hunted him up and he showed me around the city. This was my first time there. This man's name was William Barrett and his address was 110 Pike St. This was a saloon and the proprietor's name was Al Burton. Barrett had his mail come there. I told him I wanted to get a small place up on the Sound somewhere close to the British line. He took me down and introduced me to some real estate men and I went out and looked at some place but I did not like them and I did not like the weather there as it was cold and raining there then. I got Barrett to send Pettibone a good map of the Sound country and I left there for Spokane, stayed there one night and started for Wallace, Idaho. I stopped off at Wardner to see Jack Simpkins and I found him and told him where I had been and what I went to Caldwell for. ~~ANNXKsk~~ I told him what Dave Coates had told Pettibone and myself in Denver and asked him what he thought about it, and he said he thought it looked good and that we would go up to Wallace and look it over and see Dave about it, and we went up to Wallace the same night.

We went to Coates' house and Jack went in and I stayed out on the street and Jack told Dave that I was up there and he asked him if I came up on the proposition that he spoke of in Denver. Jack told him I did and Jack said he colored up and said to him that he was only joshing then, but he said he would be down to the office after a while and we would talk it over. We went up to his office and met him and he at first laughed and pretended that he was only joshing at the time he spoke of this kidnapping in Denver, and he said he supposed it made quite a difference talking about these things a good way away from them than though we were right on the ground. However, he said if we were in earnest about it

and could think out some feasible plan that he was ready and he said he thought Paulson would come through with a good bunch of money, and we asked Dave if he thought he would put up sixty thousand dollars. He said we would have to try and find out how much they would be likely to carry in currency at their bank. He said he knew about what the other bank carried but not the Commercial, this was the one that Paulson was interested in. We left that night without arriving at anything definite. Jack had to go to Murray on some business connected with the union and Coates went with him and when they came back we had another talk over it. We thought as I was so well acquainted with Paulson and had been up to his house and Paulson had asked me up to dinner and as I knew him so well, I ought to be right in the town when the children were taken away and after, and perhaps Paulson would ask me to help him or he might tell me what he intended to do. Coates said he would do what he could through the paper, and would be in a position to but in to get news and send letters, etc., but he said outside of this he could not take any active part. We concluded we would have to have a third party, and Jack said he would go up to Burke and see Vincent St. John and perhaps his wife would keep the children while we had to hold them. St. John came down to Wallace and said he could not have anything to do with it on account of his wife, I think he said. He said he had been elected President of the Burke Miners' union and that he did not want to take any chances of getting mixed up but he told us of a man or two that would be all right and he introduced Jack to this fellow. He spoke of this man and we said he was going by the name of Cunningham and that he had known him in Leadville, Colorado and that he was a stick-up but was all right, and that he had known some things about him and never squealed. He further told us about a man at Telluride, Colorado, going out with him to move a corpse one night. This man's name was Smith, I think. He did not say who killed him but he said Carpenter had told him that he had better go himself and bury him where he would not

be found. He said he took the man that knew where he had been partly buried and they went out at night and got within a short distance of where the corpse was. He said he could not get this man to show him where the corpse was until it was breaking day. He said he was provoked at him for being afraid of a dead man. He said they removed the corpse and buried it in another place and it was broad daylight when they got back to Telluride and said it looked bad for him to be coming into town that early in the morning on horseback but he said nothing could induce this fellow to go near this corpse while it was dark. Steve Adams also told me of digging this same body up and moving it to another place; he also told me that St. John killed this man in the union hall at Telluride. St. John was President and Carpenter secretary of Telluride Miners' Union.

Jack asked this Cunningham about the proposition and he said all right he would do it, and he got a job at the Tamarack ^{mine} and said to let him know when we were ready and he would quit and come down. St. John said he was all right and said he had known him a good while and that he knew some things on him (St. John) at Leadville, Colo., and that he never peeped. St. John said he was a regular stick-up and said we could depend upon him. We went up Placer creek and located a place in a thicket where we thought we could hold the children and were going to have Cunningham keep them there and Jack was going to stay in sight of the place where we would tell them to leave the money and then he was to signal Cunningham and after he had given Jack time to get a good start he was to take the child and leave it where we had told them in the letter. We were going to do this in the afternoon or just night, and Jack and Cunningham would both be located where they could see what was going on. We intended to go into the house and take the child away from the nurse at night while Mr. and Mrs. Paulson were gone to the theatre. We were going to leave a letter and tell them to leave the money the next ~~xxx~~ evening a little before dark and I was supposed to find out what I could and if everything was all right they would be where they could see if any crowd or posse

began to hide around the place where they were to leave the money, and after Jack examined it if everything was all right he was to take the train that night and go over to his claim on Marble Creek.

After we figured this out we went up to the Tamarack Mine to look for Cunningham and they said he had gone over to the Hercules mine to work. We went on over there but they told us he was not there and we went on down to Burke and St. John said he was working at the Tiger and Peerman mine. We saw him at night and he said he would quit if we were all ready. We told him we would get everything ready and let him know when to quit. We came back to Wallace and were going to take blankets and what other things we wanted and got them up to the place we were going to hold the child. During the time we were getting ready to do this, Mr. and Mrs. Paulson went to Portland to the fair and when they came back the weather had got bad and it started to snow in the mountains and was raining down below.

During this time we were in Wallace and Burke, and one day a man by the name of Scott came to the Ryan hotel and we got to playing cards with him. He told us he was a jewelry man and was selling watches and chains and rings and told us what a fine stock he carried and he wore a fine diamond himself. We talked and drank and he told us he had come in the night before on the freight and left his trunk over in the depot with a ten thousand dollar stock in it, and he was going up to the mines and asked us all about them; we told him all the mines up the canon and that afternoon he went up to Burke and we went up with him and he ordered his trunk sent up, but as he had no check for it as he came up from Harrison on the freight they did not send it and we got to drinking pretty well. He came back to Wallace the next afternoon to get his trunk and Jack came with him. Jack and I had thought of taking this trunk out of the depot and hiding it, and after Jack got to Wallace he telephoned to me that everything was all right and to get Cunningham and come down. I told Cunningham when he came down town about this and that Jack had tele-

phoned to get him and come down to Wallace. We started and walked to Wallace which is six miles and we got there about nine o'clock. We found Jack and he had a screw driver located in Fred Steer's saloon and said all we had to do to get in the depot was to take two or three screws out of a clasp. I got this screw driver from the saloon. The way this screw-driver happened to be in there was that Fred Steers had bought a new bar and fixtures from a saloon in Wardner and he was changing the bar fixtures. We waited until a little after midnight and went over to the depot and unscrewed this clasp and looked for the trunk and as he had told us what a fine trunk he had and that it weighed nearly three hundred pounds, we took the best looking trunk and the heaviest one we could find. We took it across the track from the depot behind a pile of ties and got a bar and opened it and found we had a trunk of sample shoes. We left them there and started to go in the depot again and while I was trying to unscrew the clasp again as I had put the screws back when we came out the first time and was trying to get this off the second time, I ~~was~~ was having some trouble as I think the wood was partly rotten and the screws would turn around but would not work out and were too tight to pull out with my fingers, and Cunningham started and ran away and Jack threw a stone at me and I left and followed him and we found Cunningham. He said he saw a man watching and we did not go back. Cunningham went on back to Burke and we went to bed.

They found the trunk of shoes the next morning but guessed what we were after. We found out later that the trunk we were after sat right by the door. We remembered seeing it but it looked like a little inferior thing and we paid no attention to it. Scott took his trunk the next morning and went to Burke and we went up there too, and as he carried a good roll of money and a diamond ~~ring~~^{ring} worth five or six hundred dollars and always had some good watches in his pockets we were going to stick him up and take these things off him. We wanted St. John to have him come up

to his place at night and we would give him money to buy his wife a watch and as St. John lived way up in the upper end of town we would have no trouble in holding him up when he was coming back, but St. John would not do it and said his wife would not stand for it and that he too was afraid of getting into trouble. I stayed around Burke with Scott a week or more; we were drinking and sporting. I sold him five thousand shares of Moonlight stock for Fred Stowe and made twenty-five dollars. I was gambling and went broke one night and when Frank Murphy closed up his saloon about twelve or one o'clock I was there with him and noticed he left quite a lot of money in the cash register. I was rooming in his place upstairs and we went upstairs together, and I waited an hour or so and then went out of the window of my room on the roof of the building along side of it and went back to the bank as the back end of the building is nearly even with the bank. I had roomed there years before and knew just how to get in the back part of the saloon. There was a large pane of glass out of the back window between the coal room and the saloon and went through this and went up to the cash register and rung it up and got between thirty-five and forty dollars and went back to my room. I could have borrowed this much money from Frank Murphy by asking him for it but as I had been away from there six years and had led ~~th~~ them to believe I was pretty well fixed when I came back this time and had spent money freely. I had during the three years I lived in Burke lost and drank up hundreds of dollars and Murphy would always lend me money but I did not owe him anything then.

The next day Jack gave me a hundred dollars that Haywood had sent him for me from Denver, and we left Burke for Wallace. On our way to Wallace Scott made me a present of a fine watch. Jack had told him about the timber claim he had and that he expected to sell it for eight or ten thousand dollars in a year or so when he proved up on it. He also told Scott about Mrs. Kildee having a claim up there and offered to give

any one a half interest in it if they would put up money enough to help her while she was finishing to prove up on it. Scott jumped at this right away and said he would put up the money. Jack wanted Cunningham and I to hold them up and get the diamond ~~ring~~ ring and what money and watches he had. We took Scott up to see Mrs. Kildee after dark and she lived away up Placer creek where there were not many houses, and Cunningham and I went up after them and waited outside of Mrs. Kildee's house for a time. Cunningham was drunk and I told him he would have to do the talking and he said he would. We went down the canyon a little way where there were no houses and intended to meet them there and stick them up, but as Cunningham was drunk and I did not dare to speak to them for fear he would know my voice and although I put on some old clothes and had a mask I remember now that we let them pass and said nothing to them. I took Cunningham in my room that night and as I changed my clothes I thought I would take that bomb that I had brought from Denver and throw it in the river. After I changed my clothes I took it out of my trunk and started out with it. I had it all wrapped up in paper and told Cunningham in a joking way that it was a bomb and he believed it and said he wanted it, and said if I would let him have it he would take it up and blow up the Tiger and Poorman boarding house and said they were all scabs boarding there. I told him it was old powder and dangerous to handle but he said he wanted to see it any way and see how it was made and would not let anyone see it but take it out and bury it if he did not use it, so I let him take it.

Jack Simpkins was out all the next forenoon with the forest supervisor as he had put in an application for a ranger and was out shooting and measuring off some ground which was part of the examination, and when he came in at noon he was wet as it had been raining, and wanted some dry clothes. I went to the room to give him some out of my trunk and my grip was cut open and some things taken out. I asked the landlady if she had seen any one in my room and she said there had been two men in

there but she thought they were friends of mine and they had a key and she thought I must have sent them. I went up to Bob Bradley's place where Cunningham was rooming and went to his room and there were two other fellows in the room with him. I called him out and asked him what he had gone to my room for and cut open my grip and told him I wanted my gun and also flashlight that he took out of it. He gave me the gun and went in the room and gave me the flashlight and said he took McCluskey down to my room to see me and I was not in and that he did it, and I made them pay me for the grip and told them I wanted no more to do with them.

Jack went to Spokane and was gone a few days and when he came back Bob Bradley was telling him about Cunningham and these other two fellows having a bomb big enough to blow up the town up on his house and his wife came down stairs and called him to see what it was in the room. He went up and looked and it seems they had taken it partly apart and there were twelve dozen 1 1/2 inch bolts and nuts in them and he told his wife they were shoeing themselves to walk over the hill, and I think he made them throw it away or else he did, and he hunted them up and told them if they did not leave the town he would have them all arrested. He told Jack he gave them a bottle of whiskey and started them over the hill. I might say that Bob Bradley was an old friend of Pettibone's and had lived in Gem in the early history of the camp and had the name of being a dynamiter. Simpkins was well acquainted with him and Bob told him all about it, and he said to Jack, "What do you think of them going to blow up my house. I told them to go and blow up some scab if they wanted to blow up any one."

Jack had spoken to different parties about keeping a child if we kidnapped it; these were married men and he said they were all right, and as the weather was wet and stormy we thought we could not keep a child out doors. I don't think Jack told these men anything about who he intended to work this on. I did not know these men that he spoke to and have forgotten their names, but the weather got so bad and it was snowing

so we gave up the idea for the present. I had spent what money I had and hated to send to Haywood then for more when he knew I was not working on what they sent me on, and I went up to August Paulson and asked him if he would lend me three hundred dollars for ninety days. He asked me what I wanted it for and I told him I was going to California to sell some mining stock that Dave Coates was going to furnish the stock. He went and wrote me out a check \$ and took my note for ninety days. I told him I had some things tied up in Denver that I could get the money out of if I did not make it out of the stock and would be able to pay him back in the ninety days. He asked me if I had not been up to the mine again. I thought it queer him asking me this. I had been up with him when I first came to Wallace. He asked me to go up and he took me all through it, and said he had cursed me many a time for selling out. I made the excuse that I was over to the Tamarack to look through that mine for a friend that had ten thousand shares of stock in the Tamarack, and after I went out of his residence and bade him good-bye he ~~had~~ followed me down town and into the bank where I went to get the check cashed and told me if my friend in Denver wanted to sell his stock in the Tamarack that he would give him fifteen cents a share for it and to send it to the Commercial Bank at Wallace and he would get his money for it. I knew nothing about any stock; I only made this up as an excuse when he asked me about being up to the Tamarack and coming down by the Hercules and we stepped there and had supper.

CHAPTER XII.

My trip to Spokane and up on the St. Joe hunting, and back to Spokane and from there to Caldwell.

Jack and I left Wallace and came to Spokane, and Jack wanted to go over on Marble Creek to his claims and I was going with him for a little hunt as he said there were deer and elk up there. We got tickets to Harrison and from there to Spokane by boat and electric line. I checked my trunk to Harrison and gave the check to the purser on the boat to get it and he gave me their check for Spokane. I gave this check to an expressman in Spokane to get my trunk and told him where to deliver it, and as he did not deliver it I hunted him up and he told me it had not come yet. I got the check back and went to the depot and it was not there and they wired and tried to find it but could not. I was waited a few days and then bought some things I needed and started with Jack for his claims. I looked for my trunk at Harrison in the depot and found it there and discovered they had given me the wrong duplicate of the check at Wallace. I told the baggage master and he said to tell him something that there was in the trunk and open it so as to satisfy him it was my trunk and he would let me take it. I did this and got the trunk all right and took it up with me to the head of navigation and got what I wanted out of it, and Jack and I went over twenty-five miles or so on Marble Creek; we were gone about a week. During the time we were over there Jack showed me where they killed Boule, his horse and dog and where the other fellow that was with him ran as they were shooting at him.

We came back to Spokane again and had planned to come to Caldwell. Jack said he could make it as an excuse that he wanted to visit the unions at Silver City and vicinity and then he could charge the Federation with his time and expenses. I made up my mind I would sue the railroad company for damages for holding my trunk and Jack had ordered ten pounds of No. 1 dynamite the day before at a hardware store and we went over and got this

and then went up to Robinson, Miller & Rosenthal, law office, to see about lodging a claim against the railroad for damages for holding my trunk. We met Miller on the elevator and he went up with us and Jack introduced me to Miller, he being the only one there then. I told him about the trunk and he asked me how much a day my time was worth and what my business was. I told him I was a mining promoter and my time was worth ten dollars per day. I think he figured up sixty dollars and drew up a paper and I made an affidavit to it and he said he would sue them right away and send me half of what he got. I gave him no money as he was to get half of what he collected. Jack had this little box of dynamite with him and Miller asked him what he had in the box and he told him dynamite. I don't think Miller thought it was dynamite as he said it as though it was a joke, but it was a common thing for any one that knew us fellows to call us dynamiters in a joking way, and I must say that we felt somewhat proud of the name. Miller told me some time after that he settled my claim with the railroad company for twenty-five dollars and sent me a check for twelve-fifty. He sent this check to Denver to Pettibone's store as I had my mail go there and then Pettibone would forward it to me wherever I was, but I never got this check.

Jack and I got ready in a few days and came to Caldwell, Idaho, and stopped at the Pacific Hotel. We looked around to see if we could see Mr. Steunenberg for three or four days and as we did not see him we thought we would take a run up to Nampa and telephone to his residence from there as he had a phone in his house and make some excuse to find out where he was. I telephoned to his residence at Caldwell and they said he was in town but was down town. I told them I would call him later.

We then left Nampa and went back to Caldwell; this was on a Saturday evening. We registered both at Caldwell and at the Commercial Hotel, Nampa, I as Theo. Hogan and Jack as Simmons. We went around Mr. Steunenberg's residence that night but did not go close to the window

and as his house stood back quite a little from the street and it being bright moonlight we could not tell him for sure although the window blinds were clear up and we had a good pair of French opera glasses. The next day we fixed a bomb with the powder and thought if we caught Mr. Steunenberg down town we would watch him and if he stayed until after dark we would place this along the pathway leading to his residence and tie a cord or fine wire across the pathway so when he walked into it he would explode the bomb. We did locate him on Sunday afternoon sitting in the office of the Saratoga Hotel and we watched him and he remained until after dark, and as soon as it was dark we took the bomb up close to his residence and placed it close to the path where he would be most apt to pass and laid it close to the path and put some weeds over it and stretched a fine wire across the path and fastened it on the opposite side. Mr. Steunenberg's residence was the only one up this street and we thought he would be the only one likely to be going up there that night or would be apt to be going home and be the first one along. After we placed this we hurried back to the Pacific Hotel as we could prove where we were if necessary. We waited an hour or two and then went down by the Saratoga Hotel to see if he had gone from there. He had gone and we went up where we had placed the bomb and found he or some one had passed and broke the fine wire across the path and had turned the little windless with the bottle of acid in it over so quick that none of the acid had spilled on the giant caps and had turned clear over and was right side up again or nearly so. We took the bomb up and carried it over by the railroad track and covered it up with some weeds and went back to the hotel. We looked for Mr. Steunenberg again the next day but could not see him nor did we see him for some days after.

Jack got afraid to stay there and began to think it would look bad for him and make it worse for me if we did kill Mr. Steunenberg and he was found there and known and he had seen some people there that he

know, so he decided to go over to Silver City and Delamar and visit the unions there and he wanted me to stay and see if I could not get a chance to finish him. I left the Pacific Hotel and rented a room over on the Boulevard at Mr. Schanok's, a private house. This would be on the street that Mr. Steunenberg would be apt to go up and down to and from his residence when he came down town and I had a front room and could see the sidewalk. I stayed there two weeks but Mr. Steunenberg was away most of the time. I think he usually came home Saturdays and stayed over Sunday. I noticed in the papers that Gov. Gooding had appointed Mr. Steunenberg on some committee to meet in Boise about this time, and I thought I would go to Boise and see if I could not catch him at the hotel. I went out and got the bomb where I had it cached. I had two letters from Jack and he told me Meyer had been up to Silver City and Easterly had told him we were at Caldwell as I had written to Easterly, and Jack said that Meyer flew right off there and Jack went up to Hailey from Silver City and I was in Nampa the night he came back from Hailey but he got up and left the next morning for Caldwell before I was up and I did not see him. He went up to the house where I was and they told him I went away the day before and did not come back that night but my things were there. I went back to Caldwell that afternoon and met Jack at the depot and he was going to take the train for home and said he had left a letter for me. I told him he had better wait and take the midnight train and he did. We went over to my room and in going over he said he had a good saddle spotted and that he would get it now that he had waited and take it home with him. It was hanging up on the outside of a little outbuilding by a house. I told him it had been hanging there for several days, and we had picked up a light laprobe some time before and wrapped it around this bomb. We got that and Jack went to a hardware store and got a ball of twine and a sack needle and we made a sack out of the laprobe in my room and about half an hour before train time we went down and got this saddle and I helped him carry it nearly over to the depot. I had a railroad ticket good from

Spokane to Denver and I gave this to Jack as he was going to Denver to attend a meeting of the executive board of the Western Federation of Miners as he was a member of that board as I have before stated. He said for me to be sure and not get discouraged and leave until I got the Governor and if I got broke to let him know and he would see that I got money and he would fix it so I would get a good bunch of money, enough to buy a ranch and quit this work and let somebody else do it as I had done my share. He wanted me to buy a ranch up on the St. Joe river, and I got several letters from him, some ~~fast~~ after he went to Denver and he told me in one of these that he had everything all fixed and Pettibone would send me the money as soon as the job was done.

As I have before I stated, I thought I might find Mr. Steunenberg in Boise and I left Caldwell a day or so after Jack left and I stayed a few days but saw nothing of Mr. Steunenberg, and I thought I would like to have some one to help me and I was lonesome and disgusted to wait so long. I telephoned to Silver City to Easterley and asked him if he wanted to take part in the contract and he said he could not leave there just then and I made up my mind to go to Salt Lake City and get Charlie Shoddy, the man I spoke of meeting when in Salt Lake City when on my way out to Caldwell the first time.

I left Boise for Salt Lake City and went up to Siegal Bros. store and asked them if Charlie was still out at their mine and they said they thought he was, and I wrote him and addressed the letter to Siegal Post Office but never got an answer from it. I waited until I thought I ought to have an answer and then wrote to Mrs. Lizzie Briley, Park City, Utah, as this was the address he told me that would be sure to find him. She answered me and gave me his address _____, California and I wrote to him there and got no answer, but got a letter from him in the meantime that he had sent me to Pettibone in Denver. I had told him to write me there and I would always get it. He dated this from _____ Calif.

and said he was doing no good for himself and if I had anything on to let him know and he would come to me at once. This letter had been written quite a while. I stayed in Salt Lake City about three weeks and while there I got a letter from Pettibone stating that my friend Johnnie Neville had died quite suddenly in Goldfield, Nevada, and a little later I saw the account of it in the papers.

Now I had written Moyer a letter some time before this and told him to send me a hundred dollars or to send it to Jack for me and also told him in this letter that I had sent a man to Goldfield, Nevada, to do that job, and when I saw the account of his death I thought I would take advantage of it and make Moyer believe this man had done this and I wrote him to this effect and also wrote Simpkins at Denver and told him to tell Moyer. He answered me that he did and would get some money for Charley. I also told them that Charley was there in Salt Lake City with me now and we were going to Caldwell and that I had money to take us there but that they had better send me five hundred or so for Charley to Kampa as I told them Charley was stopping there and I was looking after things in Caldwell. I did not hear anything from Charley and as my money was getting low again I left for Caldwell. This was about the middle of December, 1905.

I went to the Saratoga Hotel at Caldwell and got an answer to my letter that I sent Pettibone ~~back~~ before leaving Salt Lake City and he said he had sent my letter to Jack and I supposed they had given him the money for me to give Charley. A while after I got a letter from Jack and he said he had stopped off at Salt Lake City on his way home from Denver to see me but could not find me and did not know where I had gone until he got my letter from Caldwell. He sent me a piece of a typewritten letter that he had received from Haywood which stated that he thought if there were any more remittances for assessment work that they had better be sent through him, and this was the work they referred to that I was doing, but before he sent me any money I was arrested.

I had stayed at the Saratoga Hotel all the time and Christmas day I saw Mr. Stenmenberg going to his brother's about noon as I supposed for a Christmas dinner and I watched for him to come home after dark and had a pump gun and was going to shoot him with buckshot. I had not been up there long before I heard him coming and started to put my gun together as I had it down and one place hung on each side of me with a cord around my neck but I had some trouble getting it together as this cord bothered me and they got into the house before I got it together. I went around the house and waited to see if I could get a chance to see him through the window but I think he went into the bath room shortly after coming home and went from there to bed and had no light as I stood behind a tree close to the house and could see some one in the bath room but the steam was so thick I could not be sure it was him. I waited there until they went to bed and then went back. I buried some shot gun shells under the sidewalk loaded with buck shot as I had too many and did not want any left in my room if I should use them.

There was a mask ball at the Saratoga that night and I thought I could easily go upstairs and not be noticed as they could not tell me from anybody else in the crowd. I did not see Mr. Stenmenberg again until the next Thursday. I did not know where he went when he was away and I saw his son on the street one day and I spoke to him and asked him if they had any sheep to sell and thought I would find out this way where his father went, and he told me that he knew nothing about it as his father attended to that but he said I could find out by telephoning to his father at but he would be home the next day and I could see him if I was there. I told him I just wanted to find out where this number of sheep could be bought as a friend of mine wanted them to feed.

The next day I went to Nampa and thought I might get a chance to put the bomb under his seat if I found him on the train as the train usually stops fifteen or twenty minutes there. I had taken the powder

out of the wooden box and packed it in a little light sheet iron box with a lock on and I had a hole cut in the top of this and the little alarm clock and the bottle of acid set in plaster paris and the glass caps set in the powder underneath this hole in the top of the box and all I had to do was to wind up the alarm and set it. I had this fitted in a little grip and was going to set it, grip and all, under his seat in the coach if I got a chance. I went through the train when it arrived at Nampa but did not see Mr. Stenmenberg and the train was crowded so I would not have had any chance any way. I saw Mr. Stenmenberg get off the train at Caldwell but missed him on the train.

I saw him again around Caldwell Saturday afternoon. I was playing cards in the saloon at the Saratoga and came out in the hotel just dusk and Mr. Stenmenberg was sitting there talking and I went over to the post office and came right back and he was still there. I went up to my room and took this bomb out of my grip and wrapped it up in a newspaper and put it under my arm and went down stairs and Mr. Stenmenberg was still there. I hurried as fast as I could up to his residence and laid this bomb close to the gate post and tied a cord around a picket of the gate so when the gate was opened it would jerk the mask cork out of the bottle and let the acid run out and set off the bomb. This was set in such a way that if he did not open the gate wide enough to pull it out he would strike the cord with his feet as he went to pass in. I pulled some snow over the bomb after laying the paper over it and hurried back as fast as I could. I met Mr. Stenmenberg about two and a half blocks from his residence. I then ran as fast as I could to get back to the hotel if possible before he got to the gate. I was about a block and a half from the hotel on the foot bridge when the explosion occurred and I hurried to the hotel as fast as I could. I went in the barroom and the bartender was alone and asked me to help him tie up a little package and I did and then went on up to my room intending to come right down to dinner as everyone was in at dinner. I was going to take

some things out of my room and throw them away and I emptied some acid I had in a bottle into the sink and put the bottle in my coat pocket intending to take it down and throw it away and a moment after doing this there was a flash like a pistol shot rang out. It almost unnerved me for a moment, but I soon understood what it was as I had taken a giant cap out of a box I had in my grip a few days before to try it to see if they were all right as I had had them a good while and I did not try this and ~~almost~~ forgot to take it out of my pocket and there must have been a little acid left in the bottle I put in my pocket a moment before and this got into the cap and exploded it. This tore my coat all up but did not hurt me a bit, but it unnerved me and I thought everybody in the house would hear it, and my room was directly over the dining room and everybody was in there to dinner. I had another coat there and I slipped that on and hurried down to dinner. Everybody was talking about Mr. Steunenberg being blown to pieces but I never heard a word about the explosion of the giant cap in my room. I think everybody was excited about the explosion and did not hear it or did not pay any attention to it.

Now I cannot tell what came across me. I had some ~~pink~~ plaster paris and some Chloride of potash and some sugar in my room, also some little bottles and screweyes and an electric flashlight, and I knew there might be some little crumbs of dynamite scattered around on the floor and I intended to clean the carpet and throw this stuff that might look suspicious all away and I had plenty of time, but after this cap exploded in my pocket something came across me that I cannot explain, and I seemed to lose my reasoning power for the time and left everything there just as they were and at that time I had some letters and papers in my pockets that would have looked bad and been hard for me to explain.

I stood around there until about ten o'clock as the hotel was jammed full and in the meantime a special had come down from Boise and they were sending out men to surround the town and telephoning to the surrounding towns. About ten o'clock I went up to Mr. Steunenberg's

residence with the hotel clerk and came back and went to bed and did not get up until about eleven o'clock the next day. I went down and read the papers and was sure one of the suspects referred to was me. Then I destroyed some letters and papers I had and began to pull myself together but I thought they were watching me and I was afraid to start to clean my room or throw these things away and thought what a fool I had been not to have cleaned every suspicious looking thing out of my room the night before. I cannot account for what made me so stupid as I well knew these things would look suspicious and would be ~~hard~~ hard for me to explain what I had them for if I was called upon to do so. I just began to realize this and come to myself and would have gotten rid of them then had I had a chance. I did go up to my room and take a fish line off a reel I had there and throw it in the water closet and would have cleaned the room then if I had had time. I could not throw all this other stuff in the toilet and was excited and left it all there and even left my gun in my grip which I usually carried. I had always said that I would not be taken alive but did not value my life much anyway and would sell it as dearly as I could if ever suspected of anything and they tried to arrest me. I was sure they suspected me and I took a walk up to Mr. Steunenberg's residence with Mr. ~~and~~ and he said every stranger in Caldwell would have to give an account of himself.

I was sitting in the saloon of the hotel in the afternoon and a stranger asked me to take a little walk and he pretended to be acquainted with me. I told him he was mistaken and he told me that they suspected me of having something to do with the assassination and he said he told them that he thought he knew me. I told him I would go and see the Sheriff at once which I did and asked him if he wanted to see me, and he asked me if I was going away and I told him I was not at the present and he said we would have a talk after a while. I went over to the hotel and sat down and in a few minutes the sheriff came over and said he would have to arrest me. I told him all right and he went off and came back in a

CHAPTER XIII.

My experience in jail and removal to the penitentiary.

few minutes and told me the Governor had ordered him to take charge of my things that were in my room, and he said he would parole me and I was not to leave town or the hotel, I have forgotten which. Then I thought what a fool I had been to leave all these things in the room when I had all kinds of chances to take them out and had even let them get away with my gun. I would have made an attempt to get away that night but I knew they were watching me and again if I had had succeeded in getting away from the hotel it was bitter cold and the ground was covered with snow and therefore I made no attempt to get away. I knew that they had organized a committee to investigate and thought they might take me before this committee and ask me to explain what I had such stuff for and I was thinking how I would answer them if they did, but they said nothing to me until the next day about four o'clock when the deputy sheriff asked me to go over to the district attorney's office and when I went over there they said they would have to search me. This is the time I would have used my gun had I had it. They searched me and the sheriff read the warrant to me and they said they wanted me to go to Boise with them, and we went over to the depot and waited for a while and then they took me up to the county jail at Caldwell.

I was arrested and taken to jail at Caldwell the evening of the 1st day of January, 1906. I had never before been arrested. I now began to think over my past life and what it had brought me to, and oh how I must regretted that I had allowed myself to be arrested and had not sold my life as dearly as I could have done and ended all as I felt the life I had lived for the past few years was not worth living and that I would rather be dead than alive, and felt there was nothing left for me worth living for and why suffer the humiliation in prison. I knew it meant a long siege at best and I knew if I succeeded in clearing myself of this that I probably would have to go to Colorado and face the other charges there. I thought of ending all, and then what my dear mother taught me many long years before came up to me and I could not get them out of my mind, although I had denied them for years and tried to forget them and said many times that the hereafter did not trouble me and that I did not believe in any hereafter, but that the grave ended all. But now when this stared me in the face and the thought of taking my own life and take the desperate leap into the great beyond from whence there is no return, I knew then that down deep in my heart that I did believe there was a God and a hereafter and that I had only been trying to deceive myself all these years because it answered my wicked purpose better. And although I had read the bible some when I was young, I had never read it with enough interest to understand it and remembered very little of it, but I thought it said that no murderer could enter the kingdom of heaven or would be forgiven and this troubled me for I felt great remorse of conscience and felt repentent. I tried to keep up the bravado spirit and appear unconcerned and deny the charges against me, but still I thought if acquitted the old life was not worth living but still I wanted to be sure that there was no hope for me and no forgiveness as I had committed the

unpardonable sin. If I had been fully convinced of this and that there was no forgiveness for me, then I would never have undergone any torture or imprisonment as I would have had nothing to live for. Haywood and Pettibone had always told me if I ever got arrested not to wire or write them but that they would see that I had an attorney to defend me as soon as it were possible and when Simpkins left me he said if I got into trouble and had to have an attorney he would send Miller or Robinson of Spokane.

A day or two after I was arrested I got a telegram from Spokane stating that Attorney Fred Miller would leave next morning for Caldwell to represent me. This telegram was not signed but I understood it. I waited for three or four days and heard no word of him, but in the meantime James J. Sullivan, an attorney that I knew from Denver, came to see me and said he was going to Baker City on some business and stopped off to see if it was me. I told him I had thought of wiring him and asked him if I could engage him to defend me and he shook his head and said it was a long way from home and that he would advise me to employ a local attorney, and said if I wished he would look around and get me one. I told him I had expected Mr. Miller from Spokane and had a telegram from him a few days before that he would leave the next morning, but had heard nothing more from him and he said he would wire him and see if he was coming. They would not let me talk to Mr. Sullivan without some one else being present.

He sent Mr. Miller the telegram and he answered he would leave on the next train and he arrived in Caldwell the next day or so. He told me that Jack Simpkins had sent him and he started when I got the first telegram and I think said he got as far as Walla Walla and they called him back as the papers came out with big headlines charging the Western Federation of Miners with the assassination of Ex-Gov. Steunenberg and they did not want it to appear that any one sent them to defend me but thought they would wait until I wired them; and that we must make it appear that I was putting up my own defense and keep the Federation out of it. I did not

know Mr. Miller very well having only met him once and I told him I was going to put up my own defense and had upwards of two thousand dollars and had friends that would see me through if this was not sufficient. He asked me if I did not have some mining property or some friends I could refer him to that he could make it appear that they were putting up money for my defense. I told him I would give him an order to get the money all right. He said Jack had only given him a hundred dollars and asked me if I did not have any money there. I told him I had only a few dollars and he said to never mind he would get some money from home. I gave him an order and told him to see J. J. Sullivan and have him send the money when he got to Denver. I told him Sullivan knew Pettibone and would get the money all right. I also gave him an order or told him to see Lewis Cutler of Salt Lake City and he would turn him over a sixth interest in some mining claims he had at Goldfield, Nevada. I had loaned Mr. Cutler a little money at different times and he made this proposition himself the last time I saw him in Salt Lake City. Mr. Miller stayed until after my preliminary hearing and I was bound over to the district court without bail. Mr. Miller then left for Spokane and said he would be back in a few days and stay here and work on the case.

Mr. Swain of the Thiel detective agency from Spokane came to the Sheriff's office at Caldwell and they took me out in the office and he asked me some questions and I answered some of them. I told him I had been in the Coeur d'Alenes and had been out hunting with Jack Simpkins just before I came down here. He asked me if I knew Haywood and Moyer and I told him I had seen them and was slightly acquainted with them, or words to that effect. I think I also told him that my name was not Hogan but Orchard and that I had a good reason for going under an assumed name and would give the reason at the proper time. I knew I need not answer any questions but I thought these things could be easily proven and that it would look better for me to answer them. Later he wanted to question me further but I told him I had told him all I had to say and he did not

trouble me any more.

I was in Caldwell jail eighteen days and they removed me to the State penitentiary at Boise. Mr. Miller wrote me two or three letters and stated he was waiting for some mail and would be down as soon as it arrived. I think I had been at the penitentiary about ten days or two weeks and the Warden took me out into the secretary's office and introduced me to a man, I have forgotten the name he used. He then went out and left us alone. I do not remember the first part of our conversation but he said he had seen a paper with my picture in and got permission to come up and have a talk with me. I asked him who he was and what he wanted to talk to me for. He told me he was a detective and went on and said perhaps if he had kept the same kind of company I had that perhaps he would have found himself in the same position I myself was in, but he said he had chosen the right course. He said he would like to give me some good advice if I would take it. I told him I did not object talking to him but I did not need any of his advice and protested my innocence and said I was being wrongfully persecuted. He said if I was innocent I was the victim of very unfortunate circumstances and that he thought I had left a bad trail behind me, and he further said it look bad for me going in and out of Denver so much and visiting headquarters. He further said he did not believe I did this of my own accord and that he believed I was in a position to be of great benefit to the State. I told him I know nothing about the assassination of Mr. Steunenberg whatever and that I did not know what he was trying to get at.

He asked me if I had heard of the Mollie Maguires. I told him I had heard of them but did not know much of their history. He started to tell me about them and it struck me right away that he was McParland as Haywood had given me a description of him some time before and had said the old rascal ought to be killed and that he had never bothered them. I asked him if his name was not McParland and he said it was. He then went

on and told me a lot of the history of the Mollie Maguires and some of the parts he had played. I listened to him and said nothing much. I think at first he asked me about my people and if I believed in a hereafter and a God. I think I told him I believed in a supreme being or something like that. When he left he said that perhaps he would come up and see me again. I told him that it helped to pass away the time and was a little more comfortable out here or was a change, or words to this effect. He also told me he believed I had been used as a tool. I think that was about the substance of what he said to me the first time he came up, and he asked me to think these things over when I went back to my cell. I protested my innocence all through and told him I had nothing to think over, or words to that effect. He told me I would be convicted of that crime and that I would think of the words he had told me afterwards. I told him I had no fear of being convicted.

I think it was four or five days when he came back again and I think he started in on my belief in the hereafter and spoke of what an awful thing it was to live and die a sinful life and that every man ought to repent of his sins and that there was no sin that God would not forgive. He spoke of King David being a murderer and also the Apostle Paul. This interested me very much but I did not let on to him. I think I asked him a little about this and he told me about King David falling in love with Uriah's wife and ordered Joab, the general of his army to put Uriah in the ~~sink~~ thick of the battle and then order the rest to retreat so he would be killed, and of St. Paul who was then called Saul consenting to the death of Stephen and holding the young men's coats while they stoned him to death. I wanted to ask more about these things but did not want to let on that they interested me. He also told of some cases where men had turned states evidence and that when the state had used them for a witness they did not or could not prosecute them. He said further that men might be thousands of miles from where a murder took place and be guilty of the murder and be charged with conspiracy and that the man that

committed the murder was not as guilty as the conspirators, and to say in a word, he led me to believe that there was a chance for me even if I were guilty of the assassination of Mr. Steunenberg if I would tell the truth, and he also urged me to think of the hereafter and the awful consequences of a man dying in his sins. He further said he was satisfied I had only been used as a tool and he was sure the Western Federation of Miners were behind this and that they were about to their limit and had carried their work on with a high hand, but that their foundation had begun to crumble as all such must that followed a policy that they had. He said further that they had had a gang of murderers at their head ever since their organization. He said many more things that I do not call to mind now, but I have given the sum and substance of his talk, and he told me plainly he could not make me any promises and if he did he could not fulfil them but he said he would have the prosecuting attorney come up and have a talk with me. I told him that ~~he~~ he need not trouble, I had not told him anything nor had I promised to at this time, but I told him to come up again in a few days and I would let him know if I had anything to tell him.

I went back to my cell that night and tried to pray and thought I would do almost anything if God would forgive my sins, but my past life would come up before me like a mountain and I did not believe there was any chance for me. I thought though the authorities here would let me go clear if I gave evidence and told the real men responsible for the murder of Mr. Steunenberg that there were so many other crimes that I was guilty of that there would never be any chance for me. The only real hope I could see for me was to make a clean breast of all and ask God to forgive me, but I felt very uncertain about this and prayed to God in a half-hearted way, and I felt a little hope at times and then I would doubt and think of self. I knew well the methods of detectives and did not believe many things Mr. McParland told me, but my mind was in such a state and as I have before told you I cared little what did become of me and did not want to live any longer the old life, and when I would think of doing

away with myself the awful hereafter would stare me in the face and something seemed to say to me that there was still hope, but I could not bear the thought of being locked up and every hour seemed like a month to me.

Now I had thought before I ever saw Mr. McParland of making a clean breast of all but I would rather have him get the evidence than any one I knew for the reason I knew his reputation and knew there would be nothing left undone to run down everything I gave him and then there came a doubt in my mind that this might not be Mr. McParland. I told him this and as he wore an Elk charm and I knew the Elks always carried a card that they used to make themselves known to a brother Elk, and I asked Mr. McParland if he would mind letting me look at his Elk's card to satisfy myself that he was Mr. McParland, and he handed me his card as he said no Elk was ashamed to show his card. After I was satisfied of this I told him I was going to tell him all and that he need not send the prosecuting attorney up; that I would not ask any pledges but would tell the truth and felt I did not deserve any consideration and cared very little what became of me.

I told him I would tell him my life's history and we talked over a part of my career that day but nothing in connection with this case, and the next day Mr. McParland came up and the clerk at the penitentiary took down my statement. I began at the first of my early life and finished with the assassination of Mr. Steunenberg; we were three days at this. There were some things that no one in this country knew anything of, but I told all and in a way felt somewhat relieved. I felt that I had taken the right step but when I thought of the awful ordeal I would have to go through to carry this out and to face these men and give evidence that perhaps would send us all to the gallows and I would think perhaps they would only send me to the penitentiary for life and this I thought would be worse than being hanged and that I would prefer the latter. I tried to pray and ask forgiveness but this only in a half-hearted way, sometimes I

felt a little relieved but other times I doubted and I was very much in doubt whether God would forgive such a sinner, and I thought I would have to go through some long lamentation and the greater the sinner the greater the sacrifice would have to be on my part. I wanted a Bible but would not ask for it and I did not want it known that I wanted to repent of my sins, but I longed to read the Bible but did not want any one to see me and every day seemed almost like a year.

During this time or about the 20th of February, 1906, they brought Haywood, Meyer and Pettibone to the penitentiary and a few days later they brought Steve Adams. I had told them about Adams being mixed up in other things besides what he was mixed up with me. The Warden asked me before he brought Adams in if I thought best to put him in my cell and for me to have a talk with him and persuade him to tell the truth. I told him I would do the best I could and that I would tell him that I had told everything but not at first until I found out how he felt about it.

When Adams first came into the cell he did not let on that he knew me or while the Warden or guards were there, but after they left he began to talk to me and he spoke about my having made a confession and I laughed it off and partly denied it, but said I thought of doing so and told him I thought it would be better for us to tell the truth and clear everything up and be done with it as it was bound to come out some time as so many knew about the crimes that we had been mixed up in and that somebody was bound to tell of them some time; if not while they were up and around some one would make a deathbed confession, and I told him I was tired of such a life and wanted to reform and ask God's forgiveness. He said at first that he could not think of such a thing and spoke of the disgrace it would bring upon his people and ~~that~~ ^{that} there would be no chance for us at all, and he wanted me to go on through the trials and then we would tell those fellows to cut that kind of work out. I wanted him to lead a better life and told him I could not rest and that my conscience troubled me so that I did not want to live unless I could repent and be

forgiven and that I did not feel as though I could repent unless I told all and put a stop to this horrible work. He thought I would not feel any better after I had confessed all. I also told him there might be a chance for us to save our lives as we had only been used as tools. I talked to him I think two days on about these same lines and he did not change his mind much if any, and finally I told him that I had made a statement and told about all, and he asked me if I had told them about him. At first I told him that I had not and he asked me to promise him that I would not and I think at first I told him I would, but I finally told him that I had made a clean breast of everything and told them all about the things he had been implicated in and wanted him to tell the truth. He said at first he did not see how he could go that kind of a route and asked me if they had promised me anything. I told him I did not ask them to, but I told him the party that I had made my confession to had cited similar cases and that those that had been used as tools ^{as} we we had been had not been prosecuted. I also told him that I did not know if this were true or not. After I had told him all I said to him to do as he pleased but that I had told the truth and was going to stand by it let the consequences be what they would.

I told him the Warden wanted to have a talk with him and to go out and have a talk with him, and a few minutes afterwards the Warden came in and asked him to go out in the office, and he did. When he came back in he said the Warden was a pretty good talker. I think that same afternoon Mr. Moore, Adams' attorney from Baker City, Oregon, came up to see him. He did not tell me what he said to him, but a friend and neighbor of his ^{from Haines} came with Mr. Moore and Steve told me that ^{had} advised him to tell the truth and if he knew anything or had been used as a tool to commit any crimes to tell the truth or that would be his advice to him. Adams told me after that Moore had told him the state hardly ever prosecuted any one they used as a witness and he said he thought he would do as I had done and tell the truth. He

said that Moore had gone to Colorado to see the governor and find out if they would take him back there if he became a witness in this trial.

Mr. McParland came here the next afternoon and I had a talk with him and told him I thought Adams would make a confession, but perhaps not until after Moore had come back from Colorado, so Adams went out in the office and had a talk with Mr. McParland and he told him he would make a confession and tell the truth in everything, and the next day Mr. McParland and his private secretary came up and took down his confession. I do not think there were any threats or promises of any kind used. Adams never told me if there were.

I was taken sick a little after this and they moved me over in the hospital and a day or two ^{later} they moved Adams over there too and we had a room together. My mind was in an awful condition about this time. I felt that I did not want to live and was afraid to die. A little before Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone were arrested, Miller, my attorney, came back and came to see me and I never let on to him I had made any confession and he told me he had been to Denver, that he had waited several days in Spokane and they did not send him the money and he thought best to go and see them. He said Jack Simpkins was keeping close, that they were hard on his trail. I asked him where he was but he did not tell me if he knew. He said he got fifteen hundred dollars from Pettibone and he said they were all scared and he said Pettibone told him if he could use his deposition all right, but that he would not go to Idaho as a witness. I had told Miller about Max Malich and that I would prove by him that I made the inquiries about sheep for him to young Mr. Steunenberg and others, that Max wanted them to feed down on his ranch. Miller said he did not see Max as they were watching him and that they would see him later. Miller further said he stopped in Salt Lake City and saw Lewis Cutler about the interest in the mining claims at Goldfield, Nevada, and Cutler told him he would turn it over to me any time. Miller got me a suit of clothes and some other little articles and came to see me two or three times before

Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone were arrested, and then he put a piece in the paper that he would withdraw from my case and defend the Federation officials, and I sent him a letter that that would suit me all right, but he came up to see me and they gave him my letter. But he came again and the Warden brought him in the hospital to see me, and he said the newspaper report was false, that he had not stated he would withdraw from my case. I told him that I had made other arrangements and would not require his services any longer.

Mr. McParland came up a few days later and said they wanted me to go to Caldwell before the Grand Jury and give some evidence. So I went to Caldwell before the Grand Jury and told them the conversation I had had with Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone in regard to assassinating Mr. Steunenberg and how I carried out the assassination. I came back then and about a week later Mr. McParland came up again and told me I would have to go to Caldwell again and plead to the indictment or at least to go to Caldwell again and before the court. He said he would make arrangements and have an attorney there to represent me. I told him I was already indicted but he said it was a form we had to go through.

The next day I went to Caldwell and no one said anything more to me and when I went into court they read the indictment to me and I expected Mr. McParland had made arrangements for an attorney to represent me and that he would answer for me, but no one answered for me, and the Judge then asked me if I had counsel and no one said anything. He asked me then if I wished an attorney and I told him no and he said I was entitled to one and he would appoint Bryant and Cox to represent me, and that I could take any the statutory time to plead. Mr. Bryant and I went down in the sheriff's office but I told him nothing of what I had done. I thought after the confession as I intended to tell the truth I was going to plead guilty, but Mr. Bryant told me there were three pleas I could enter, guilty, not guilty or not plead at all. The latter he said was the same as pleading not guilty. I told him I would make no plea then and we went

up before the court then and I told the Judge I had no plea to make and he instructed the clerk to enter a plea of not guilty. I came back to the penitentiary that night and felt pretty blue and felt as though I did not have a friend in the world, after Mr. McParland not keeping his word in regard to getting me an attorney and taking me into court like a cunny and I not knowing what to say or do. I came back ~~back~~ feeling more blue than ever and to finish up everything when I came back that night to the penitentiary they had my things moved back out of the hospital into a cell, and as it was pretty cold there and I was not feeling very well physically and worse mentally, I just about broke down again and felt like giving up entirely.

I did not get up the next day and really contemplated putting myself out of the way and ~~was~~ wrote a letter to my brother and put it between the lining of my vest, and I told Adams if anything happened to me to send this letter to my brother and that he would find the address on the letter. I think I told him I had something there to put myself out of the way with, but I had nothing particular only my watch crystal, and I was thinking of pounding this or the electric globe up and swallowing it, but I hardly knew what effect it would have. I had heard of people pounding up glass and killing dogs with it and I had not made up my mind definitely, I was only thinking about it. When I would think of the hereafter something seemed to say to me not to do it but there was hope for me and I would pray, but oh I had no heart to ~~pr~~ pray. But I am sure that I had dear ones praying for me and God heard their prayers and kept me from making the last desperate leap into the great beyond. I was not very well and the cells were very cold and the Warden moved us back in the hospital.

Shortly after this Steve told his wife about my writing this letter and she told the Warden, and Mr. McParland ^{and} the Governor came up to see me and Mr. McParland asked me about it and told me he understood I had the means of destruction on my person and that he wanted me to give it

to him. I told him what I had thought but had not thought seriously of it and that he need have no fear as I felt better. He talked to me about the hereafter and to do or to think of such a thing was awful and that there was no possible hope then, but if I would ~~say~~ truly and sincerely repent and pray for forgiveness that there was no sin that God would not forgive. He told me he had been praying nearly all day as he had had word that his nephew whom he thought a great deal of had been killed in a wreck near Florence, Colorado, and had been practically burned alive. His talk helped me a great deal and I felt ashamed of myself and also felt provoked at Adams for telling such a thing, and I don't think that I ever would have ~~be~~ carried it out as I was not sure that it would have killed me. If I had had a gun I believe there were times when I would have ended all.

Soon after this some missionary society in Chicago sent me a Bible and the deputy brought it in to me and I felt mean and told him to take it out as I did not want it, and at the same time I longed for it but did not want any one to know it or see me reading it. I had been trying to pray and ask forgiveness of my many sins but in a very half-hearted way and I felt more miserable than ever then and resolved I would ask for this bible but kept putting it off from day to day. At last I asked the Warden to bring it in to me and I began to read it and was not long reading it through and I could not find anything in it that said no murderer could enter the kingdom of heaven and I prayed earnestly for forgiveness and read and re-read the glorious promises and determined not to give up before I found ~~the-light-or-even-the-dawn~~ peace and pardon. Thus I was long weeks and months before I found the light or even the dawn, but I kept praying and persevering. I had no thought of turning back; I never doubted God's word and promises, I only doubted my own weakness and nothingness. This glorious peace crept in a little at a time and I can hardly tell when or how but I at last began to realize the change and took great delight in reading the bible and praying earnestly to God several times a

day. I had it in my head I was such a sinner that I had to go through some long lamentation and the greater the sin the more God would require of us before he would forgive us. Mr. McParland had asked me if I would like to have a minister come up and see me and I told him I would. He asked me if I would like to have Rev. Dean Hinks of the Episcopal Church. He said he had met him and thought he was a good man, and good brother Hinks came up to see me and has come occasionally ever since and has been a great comfort and help to me spiritually. He has also brought me several good books that have enlightened me very much, and thank God today that I know I am a sinner saved by grace through no good merits of mine but all through the blood of Jesus Christ, our blessed Saviour and redeemer. I do not mean to say that I have all clear sailing, far from it, I have one continual battle to overcome my wicked and deceitful heart, but I praise God that his grace is sufficient. I thought at first that this was not right and that God had not forgiven me. These wicked thoughts would arise in my mind and I thought this had not ought to be, I had no desire to do them but I would think of them often and try to get them out of my mind, and praise God they don't arise as much as they used to, but I have found as I read the experience of some of our greatest preachers and reformers as they give their experience that God no doubt sees impurities and sin in the meekest of his children and as he cannot look upon sin with any degree of allowance and that Jesus Christ is the only way that we can approach God Jesus our mediator and redeemer who took upon himself our sins. It all seems clear to me now. I only give this as my experience hoping that it may help some one if they have or should have a similar struggle. I would not go through such remorse and torment again for all the world. This may seem an exaggeration to some, but it is true nevertheless. Any one that has had such a struggle and prevailed can readily grasp the truth of my statement.

I will now tell you what I believe saved me. It was the prayers

of a dear loving wife whom I had shamefully and disgracefully left many years before and a darling little baby girl about six months old. As I have related how this came about I need not repeat here only to say when God took away the bitterness out of my heart and let his love shine in then the former love I had for my wife returned stronger than ever if that were possible and I longed to know if she was alive or what had become of her and our darling little baby girl, as my mind was made up then to tell the whole truth regardless of the consequences of myself or anybody else. I knew I would have to tell my true name and then all would come out, and I asked Mr. McParland to write to Road Macklon, Brighton, Ontario, Canada, and ask him if he knew anything about Albert E. Hershey or his wife. Mr. Macklon was dead but Mrs. Macklon answered and said that nothing was known of me. I was supposed to have gone west several years before but that Mrs. Mark Hershey and her daughter lived at Wooler. I then wrote my dear wife and told her the trouble I was in and asked her to forgive me. I also told her that I had accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour and found peace at last. I got a letter from her that broke my heart but only made me cling closer to the crucified one. She said that she had forgiven me years ago and had never ceased to pray for me and never would. I will leave the reader to imagine the rest she said to me. I will only say further that there never was a harsh word written in any of her letters, and her dear letters and those of our darling little girl from time to time have been a great source of comfort to me, and they make me cling closer to Jesus knowing if I never am permitted to meet them here below again I can meet them up yonder where meeting and parting will be no more if I am faithful until death and this makes heaven seem dearer than ever to me.

After I had read my bible a good deal and felt my sins forgiven I tried to talk to Steve Adams and his wife to reform and lead a new life and although I hardly knew what to say to them as yet, I was somewhat in

doubt myself. They had the same answer that so many have, that they intended to as soon as they got out of that trouble they were going to join a church and live better lives. Steve and his wife lived over in a house in the woman's ward and I went over there for a time and had my meals with them, and I talked some to them of my experience and determination to lead a new life from this time and tried to persuade them to do the same. After Steve went to Telluride, Colorado, with the officers to locate the bodies of two men that had been murdered there by the Federation leaders and which Steve had helped to bury, they brought my meals in to me from that time and I saw Steve only on Saturdays after this except a time or two when I went over there on Sunday. He came to the men's department on Saturday forenoon while the women took a bath. I never have gone around amongst the men here much, I usually stayed in my room or was out walking by myself. When Steve came in the yard on Saturday at first he always came up where I was and we talked together, but all at once he stopped coming around where I was at all and when he came over in the men's yard he would stay down in the yard and talk to some of the men. I asked Mr. Whitney if he knew what Steve was offended at and he said he did not. He had always told me that he was glad that he had told all and believed we would come out all right, and she expressed herself that way too, but I knew from little things they would say from time to time that they blamed me for telling all and getting them into this trouble, and Mrs. Adams said if she had been here she would have stopped Steve from telling anything and without them they could never convict Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone. I never said much back to them at such times, and other times they would say they were glad to have it over with. Mrs. Adams knew about a great many of these crimes as Steve told her everything.

Steve's brother Joe came here later and also Mary Mahoney, a woman from Telluride, Colorado, and they sent letters to Steve and Joe would slip them to Steve when he was visiting him. Steve would show these notes

to the officials here and laugh about them. They were trying to get him to see the Federation lawyers and told him in these notes that it made no difference what he had told that they could not use it against him and that they were his friends and would stand by him. Steve paid no attention to these things at first, but his uncle Mr. Lillard who had been here several times to see him came up and was here and had dinner with them, and the next day or so the Federation lawyers got out a writ of habeas corpus for Steve and he was released but immediately arrested and afterwards taken to Wallace, Idaho, and charged with the murder of a man by the name of Tyler. He had told me all about killing Tyler and Boule and the others that were with him. Simpkins also told me the same story and showed me where they killed Boule when I was up there hunting with him. I knew Steve Adams and his wife told the truth in everything that I knew about or what he had been mixed up with me and many things that he had told me that he had done of which I did not have personal knowledge. But he told them in his confession just the same as he had told me and the same as I had told Mr. McParland in my confession, and I have not the least doubt but what he told the whole truth and would have stood by it had his uncle, Mr. Lillard, not brought some pressure to bear upon him. What this was I do not know. Steve had always spoken very highly of his uncle and had often told me that the old man never lost a law suit and had been in lots of trouble but always won out and as Steve was easily led and influenced and doted on his uncle he easily persuaded him to deny the confession he had made, and after he had taken a step towards the right he was led back into the same old channels by or through the same gang or their representatives. Why, because his trust was not in God; he had only taken a step in his own strength and when the temptation came he had only an arm of flesh to lean on and not the strong arm of God who hath promised, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him". Isaiah 59 - 19.

CHAPTER XIV.

I want to make a little explanation here why I have written this work. I have not written it through any malice or prejudice against any individual or organization, but knowing all that I did in my connection with the W. P. M. after I had been brought into the light in and through the tender mercies of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, I felt it a duty that I owed to God and humanity to do all that laid in my power to expose and stop these crimes and outrages. I hope I will be excused for these broken words but let the reader remember that my education is very limited, but by the help of God I have undertaken to put these facts before the public that it may enlighten the great masses of the laboring class and especially the members of the Western Federation of Miners, so that the rank and file of this organization may know just what sort of leaders they have been following all these years and also what a great amount of their money has been spent for. I know that these outrages and crimes look too horrible to be believed and most of them would appear to do more harm than good to the organization, but this is the very point that this helped them to get ~~it~~ out of ~~a~~ many of the charges that have been layed at their door, and they always have succeeded in making it appear that the mine operators had hired men to commit these outrages so as to persecute them.

I believe that a very small percentage of this organization know or believe these crimes have been committed from time to time at the sanction and request of the head officers of their organization and if they had any way to find out the vast amount that has been spent by their officers in this horrible work, but I know they cannot find out without some of these men ~~are~~ owning up to the truth. These leaders were always very particular to get men on the executive board that favored this work and if they were not active they favored it by their silence. I have no

doubt but some of them kept silent out of fear for their lives if they exposed this practice, but the majority were very active in advancing this work. You may say that the books were always audited every convention, but the executive board had gone over them first and they had them a fixed so no auditing committee could find out anything about this emergency fund, and it would take months to go over these accounts during some of the time when there were strikes and half a million dollars or thereabouts had been handled during the year and several stores run and relief dealt out to thousands in small amounts, so you must see at a glance how impossible it was for any auditing committee to audit these accounts in a few days. As these men ~~are~~ are all miners and not experts at this work they could not find out much about the accounts, and thus would run over these accounts in three or four days and hand in their report, merely a form than real auditing. The leaders in these conventions as in the local unions had no trouble in running the convention, and the local unions usually sent their leaders to these conventions as delegates.

Now I know during the last three years that there has been a vast amount of money spent for this work. I have received about four thousand dollars myself besides sixteen hundred paid to Miller by Pettibone and Simpkins to defend me, but what has been paid to us tools to actually do the work has been only a small amount of it. The attorneys that have been employed to defend the men engaged in this work and also the officers from time to time will run up perhaps in the hundreds of thousands.

Now passing over this I want to explain what Haywood told me would be their future policy and what they wanted to organize the Industrial Workers of the World for. In the first place he represented this organization like a wagon wheel and the different crafts between the spokes but what effected one craft would effect all, and he said that he had told the leaders when they first met at Chicago that if they would not have an

emergency fund that the head officers or executive board could use without the sanction of the local unions that he would not mix with them. He said he proposed to work this fund up to three hundred thousand dollars and it would be their policy not to call any strikes, but where any branch of their crafts were in a dispute with their employer to have men to remove them if they would not come in. That is he meant to have some one kill them and take away the cause as he said. That is what he proposed to use this fund for. He said the time had passed to win any strikes by striking as we had the scabs and also the soldiers to contend with, and they said they thought if they could get two or three ^{hundred} thousand men into this organization it would not be long before they could dictate terms to their employers as they would soon find out what the dope was if they did not come through, and knowing all these things and also knowing several men that were already marked for death and thinking of the possibility of some other man finding himself in the same position that I am in today through this very work, when I thought over these horrible things I could see no other course left for me whersby I could do the will of God and justify my conscience with the vows I had made to God to walk in His ways and keep His commandments. It is no pleasure for me to write these horrible things. I only do it hoping that others may profit by my downfall and take warning before they are led into the rocks.

Now I fully realize that these men will bring every device known to them to deny the truth of these statements and I have given names and dates where many of these things happened and have also gone into details how they were brought about and carried out, and everybody in this country knows that everything I have told about being carried out did happen and in the manner that I have described. While many of the attempts you only have my word for, a few I have given proof of and could do so with every one if every one connected would tell the truth. Now I am not going to shift any of the responsibility myself, I knew I was doing wrong but

I want you to judge for yourself and see if it looks reasonable that I would do these things myself or what could have been my motive. There never was any attempt to get money from any of the victims that were murdered from time to time. As I have already explained how these things came up and how I first got started into this horrible work it is not necessary for me to say more here. I will leave the reader to judge.

I don't want it to appear that I am against organized labor for I am not. I believe organization has done much for the betterment of the laboring masses, but at the same time a few radical leaders have done much harm and caused a great deal of hardships and suffering on its members and asked its members to go out on strike often against their will and put them in a position where they had to pick up and leave that place and look elsewhere for employment and this worked a great hardship on men with families. These agitators are found on both sides and seem not to be contented unless they are stirring up some strike between employer and employes. We all know that these things ought not to be as the one cannot exist without the other, but it seems to be the nature of men for the strong to crush the weak, and when the laborers think they are strong enough to make their employers pay more wages he never fails to play his hand and play back if his hand is strong enough, and if the employer sees an opportunity to cut down the wages he is usually ready to do it. I know there are exceptions, but this seems to be the natural tendency of man. But it is not my purpose to point out any remedies. There have been thousands of far smarter men than men who failed to do this and therefore I could not attempt to set forth any opinion on such a burning question further than to say I think nothing but God's grace and love in our hearts to change our wicked hearts and our very lives will help much.

Now I hope every man that may read these broken lines will weigh them for himself and not be fooled by a few of the radical leaders as they will use every conceivable means to deny these statements, but I think I

have given proofs enough that any man that will read carefully all these statements and not be biased that he cannot help but believe them, they may not all be word for word as they were spoken, but in substance they are as true as the Gospel.

Now in closing I just want to say a few words in regard to what people call it "just happened so" or "he" or "they were awful lucky" and then I want to ask the reader after he has read this work to think back over it and think for a moment of some of the miraculous escapes that some of the men that had been marked for death passed through especially Gov. Peabody, Judge Gabbert, Judge Goddard and Mr. Bradley. I think any man that will be honest with himself and study for a minute how near these men came to death, that he cannot say these escapes all just happened so, but on the contrary they will say there is a kind and divine providence that holds the destinies of men in his hand. I can now look back over so many things and see the divine providence's hand guiding. True his ways are mysterious and hard sometimes to understand and God's ways are so much different from man's ways and are sometimes hard to understand, for instance, men are often allowed to go on and on in crime and others of their victims sent out of this world without a moment's warning. And I often think of these things as in my case I was allowed to go on for a time in crime and send some out of this world without a moment's warning, and while I was brought to justice, still I was spared to seek peace and pardon of God. I cannot understand these things, but I am very thankful to God for his tender mercies over me and by his grace I shall spend whatever time I am spared to his honor and glory. I fear no longer what man may do to this mortal body, I only fear God who has power to destroy both body and soul. I do feel that I would like to live now and feel that I have got something to live for, but I am trusting all to Him who doeth all things well, and if it is His will that I should be delivered He will find the means to deliver me, and I shall tell the

whole truth regardless of the consequences to myself or any one else. I well know had it not been for my early teaching of my dear mother to love and fear God and the example she set for me while living and the peace she felt when she departed this life, no if I had thought that all ended at the grave and that I had done right during my life, my lips would have been sealed and my mortal body been cold in death long before this, but I thank God that it is so. My prayer is that these few broken words may lead at least some to the light and make men beware who they are following and to think for themselves and not let others do the thinking for them and follow blindly on not knowing what they are following or what their goal will be.

FINIS.