

ing the summer and fall of 1905 to dynamite works that the company were engaged on; and some non-union workmen were assaulted—one blinded on a Buffalo job by having acid thrown in his face, and a timekeeper was beaten unconscious; and twice dynamite was found in the boxes of hoisting engines—and that sort of thing. Then in May 1, 1908, most of the large structural iron companies got together, under the name of the "National Erectors' Association," and declared for the 'open shop'—for the right to employ union and non-union workmen as

out finding anything that we could lead out from. It had been made as prettily as a toy, and it was evident that the man who had made it was expert with his tools and took joy in his work. The soldering was 'professional.' The wiring was neat. The clock was small enough to be a size for the battery, and the wooden base had been sawed down to be an exact fit. It was all new and bright. You could imagine the man who made it holding it off on the palm of his hand, and putting his head on one side, and being proud of it.

"The trouble with it was that everything about it was common hardware stock. There was no home-made evidence to start a suspicion from. It was like trying to identify a man by a new pair of shoes that he had made himself and never worn; all you could tell by them was that he must have been a cobbler. And yet, as the case turned out, that clock-and-battery contrivance made 'the rope to hang him.'

"At first sight the nitroglycerine can looked more important for us. It had evidently been made especially for its purpose, out of an extra heavy tin. On the metal was stamped—with the letters reversed so that they would read correctly only from the inside of the can: 'X Pennsylv old method, IX, Open Hearth, X Cummy McFarland and Co.' But here again there was no label. The stamp in the tin was obviously put there by the maker of the metal. And there was nothing to show where the glycerine had been purchased.

"In a field beside the railway yards one of our operatives found a wooden box, in which the glycerine can had been packed in sawdust. He gathered a sample of the sawdust, and put it aside. All sawdust looks alike to you, probably. But that sample of sawdust proved to be another 'clinch.'

"We had been finding out some things about nitroglycerine. It can't lawfully be shipped on the railroads. If it's delivered at all, it goes by horse and wagon, from the factory. It seldom travels very far from the place of its manufacture, because of the danger of handling it. Besides, there is no standard can for the trade. Every manufacturer makes his own cans, and the cans are more or less distinctive.

"These apparently unimportant facts proved highly determinative.

THE FIRST CLUE.

"There was a man named M. J. Morehart, agent for the Independent Torpedo Company, in Portland, Indiana, about two hundred miles from Peoria. He read the description of the can, as circulated in the newspapers, and he suspected that it might be one of his. He was brought to Peoria, and he at once recognised the can as one that had come from his factory.

"That was our beginning. Things began at once to unravel. We found that on August 20 a man calling himself 'J. W. McGraw' had seen Morehart in Portland, and asked wholesale prices on nitroglycerine, and arranged for the purchase of one hundred quarts, to be used, he said, in a quarry owned by 'G. W. Clark,' of Indianapolis, on rock that was 'too hard to dynamite.' He met Morehart on the country road, in the appointed spot, with a light express wagon containing two packing-cases, some sawdust, and a long-handled shovel; and Morehart helped him pack the ten ten-quart tins in his boxes, with the sawdust around them. He paid Morehart 130 dollars for the hundred quarts, giving him about half of a roll of bills from his pocket to make up that amount; and he explained, at parting, that he was going to drive to Muncie and transfer the explosive to an automobile and take it on to Peoria. That was the last Morehart saw of him.

"Our operative, Detective Allen, who had opened the trail in Peoria, went to Indianapolis to search for 'G. W. Clark,' an owner of stone quarries. There wasn't any such man to be discovered in Indianapolis. But there were traces of two men, one of whom answered the description of 'McGraw,' in certain quarters in Indianapolis; and these two men had been overheard talking familiarly of a John J. McNamara, secretary-treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Ironworkers.

"This was the labour union that had been fighting the Erectors' Association to compel a 'closed shop,' you understand. Its headquarters are in In-

dianapolis. If its funds were being used to pay for a campaign of dynamite outrages, the secretary-treasurer would probably handle the money.

"We had learned in Peoria that some time before the explosion in the railway yards, John J. McNamara, the secretary-treasurer, and H. S. Hockin, a member of the executive committee, had called on a railroad official in Peoria and warned him that unless the work on the bridge were unimpaired there would be trouble. I detailed a number of our operatives to watch the Union's headquarters in Indianapolis,

gardener had found it—a suit-case—and telephoned to the police. A couple of detectives went up, and carried the suit-case into the road, and started to cut it open with a knife. They heard the alarm whir, and they ran. The thing exploded, and left nothing but a hole in the ground.

"Then a third bomb was found beside the house of the secretary of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association of Los Angeles. A police officer went there and cut the wires that connected the battery with the fulminating-cap in the dynamite, and



ORTIE McMANIGLE.

The dynamiter who confessed.

they pleased, and for the power to protect their companies and investments from the absolute and irresponsible dictation of walking delegates, such as the notorious Sam Parks. So the light for the 'closed shop,' which the unions were trying to force on the companies, naturally spread all over the country."

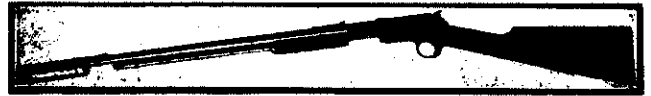
"There were many serious outrages in 1906 and 1907, and in 1908 the dynamitings amounted to a 'reign of terror.' We were given a record for that year of twenty big explosions on different works, besides four attempted explosions and three cases of tampering with machinery.

"The thing got so bad that a war wouldn't have been much worse. For 1909 and down to the time of the Peoria affair in September, 1910, we made a list of thirty-five destructive explosions, three other unsuccessful attempts, and seven assaults on workmen.

"The explosions at the Lucas foundry hadn't left any clue to anything there; but in the railroad yards at East Peoria, among the bridge-gridders, a workman had picked up an unexploded clockwork bomb. Now, then!" He plucked up his shirt sleeves to clear his wrists for explanations. "They had sawed out a piece of board about the width of a barrel-stave and, say, nine inches long, and they had fastened a small dry battery to it with wires that held the battery lying on its side. In front of the battery they had fastened a little alarm-clock. There was the usual thumb-key on the back of the clock to wind the alarm, and they had soldered to the flap of this thumb-key a thin strip of metal bent down in such a way that if the key were turned the strip would make a contact with another strip that had been attached to one of the poles of the battery. A telephone wire led from the clock to a ten-quart can of nitroglycerine; and there was a fulminating-cap on the end of it, in the glycerine. Another wire completed the circuit from the battery into the cap.

"That's a clockwork bomb. Now, suppose you set the alarm for ten-thirty. At ten-thirty the mechanism of the bell will be released, the alarm goes off, and the thumb-key of the alarm revolves backwards—the way the key does in these clocks. In its first revolution the metal strip on the key strikes against the metal strip on the battery pole, and the current of electricity explodes the cap in the nitroglycerine, and everything in the vicinity goes to glory in little bits. There is nothing left to show what touched off the explosion. And the men who set the alarm are miles away, establishing an alibi.

"Well here we had their machine, and we went over it and over it, with-



RIFLE FOUND IN THE DYNAMITERS' SUIT-CASE.

It is fitted with a Maxim silencer—for shooting night watchmen without raising an alarm.

to shadow John J. McNamara, and to 'run out' everyone with whom he connected."

THE LABOUR WAR IN LOS ANGELES.

"At one o'clock on the morning of October 1—while the printers and stereotypers and the office staff of the 'Times' were getting out the morning issue of the paper—there was a terrific explosion in an interior alley behind the building. It blew down almost the whole of the south wall. Some of the more heavily-weighted floors collapsed. Fire sprang up from the basement, and before help could arrive from the fire department, the wrecked building was in flames. Twenty-one bodies were taken from the ruins—bodies of men who had been either killed by the explosion or burned to death. All of them were heads of families, with wives and children depending on them. Some of them were union men, and none of them, as far as I have been able to learn, had been guilty of any offence against union labour or anything else.

"While the police were still holding back the hysterical wives and relatives outside the fire lines, later in the morning, word came that another bomb had been found in the basement of General Otis' home—Harrison Gray Otis, the owner of the newspaper. The

this bomb was saved. It proved to be an exact duplicate of the one that we had found in Peoria—battery, clock, and all. The alarm had been set for one o'clock—the same as on the 'Times' building—but I understand that it had been wound too tight.

ON THE TRAIL OF 'J. B. BRYCE.'

"The trail was as plain as the lines in the palm of your hand. The dynamite in the bomb was a high-explosive—80 per cent—gelatin. And dynamite of that grade is little used and is invariably made to order. We soon found the office of a powder company in San Francisco, where the order for it had been taken. On September 24 a man giving the name of 'Leonard' had called there to purchase dynamite for his employer, 'J. B. Bryce,' and he had asked for the 80 per cent. They asked him what he wanted it for. He said he wanted it to blow up stumps with. They objected that it was too powerful and dangerous an explosive to be used for that purpose. He replied that there were some boulders to be blasted, too, and that anyway 'Bryce' wanted the 80 per cent, and he had to get it.

"Later 'Leonard' and 'Bryce' called together and paid for one thousand pounds of 80 per cent, and took a receipt, and were told that the explosive would be delivered to them at the com-



WILLIAM J. BURNS.

During the past year he has been constantly before the public in a series of sensational cases, such as the bribery investigation in the Ohio Legislature and the arrest of the Los Angeles dynamiters.