

Comments...

"BONANZA TOWNS is as exciting and lively as the stirring times of the Colorado gold rush that it recalls. . . The boisterous camps of Leadville and Cripple Creek become living realities under the persuasion of Miss Ellis's typewriter. . . Top-notch western history." JACK FORSTER, editor, *The Rocky Mountain News*.

"BONANZA TOWNS: LEADVILLE AND CRIPPLE CREEK is an excellent and entertaining review. The book will prove an authority on events of the bonanza days." — CHARLES E. NEWMETTER, editor, *The Mining Record*.

"Here is an absorbing tale of Colorado's fabulous era and of the men who made it fabulous." — BYRON AKERS, editor, *The Colorado Springs Gazette*.

"Colorado's historical wild oats are ably harvested in an authentic, readable history." — JANE WEST in *The Denver Post*.

"The story of two towns, one of which made Colorado's wealth and one of which saved it, is told in a way that makes it a bonanza." — DOROTHY SMITH in *The Free Press*.



The Author of *Bonanza Towns:* *Leadville and Cripple Creek*

AMANDA M. ELLIS, associate professor of English at Colorado College in Colorado Springs, is the author of articles and books on the West, on American, English and world literature, of a best-selling novel, *ELIZABETH, THE WOMAN*. The novel about the red-haired daughter of Henry VIII won critical acclaim in this country and England; it brought Miss Ellis two national awards and was recommended by Oxford University. *THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE* said that there had been many books about Elizabeth but "no one has done a more painstaking and entertaining job than AMANDA M. ELLIS. The author is a first rate biographer." Eastern and California reviewers echoed the sentiments of *THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER* which contended that "Miss Ellis writes with understanding" and that the novel has "much material for intellectual education"; southern critics found the novel "highly readable" and "best moving". *THE OMAHA WORLD HERALD* headed the middle-western papers that called Miss Ellis a "first rate historian" and said her book had "range and scholarship of a high order". Miss Ellis's *THE LITERATURE OF ENGLAND* was published by the *ATLANTIC MONTHLY* as the result of an international contest. Her western book *THE COLORADO SPRINGS STORY* was enthusiastically received. Anne Parrish, a distinguished novelist, found it "of absorbing interest". Frank Luther Mott, author and Pulitzer Prize winner, said it was "one of the best local histories I ever read; it takes an experienced novelist to write so well". George F. Willison, author of *WHERE THEY DUG THE GOLD* called the book "colorful" and "authentic". Her *LEGENDS AND TALES OF THE ROCKIES* and *SPONGEERS* have been called "authentic" and "by all odds the best paper-bound books in circulation out of Colorado." Her *STRANGE, UNCERTAIN YEARS* has been called a "must for all libraries and those interested in the West."

BONANZA TOWNS:

Leadville and Cripple Creek

by Amanda M. Ellis

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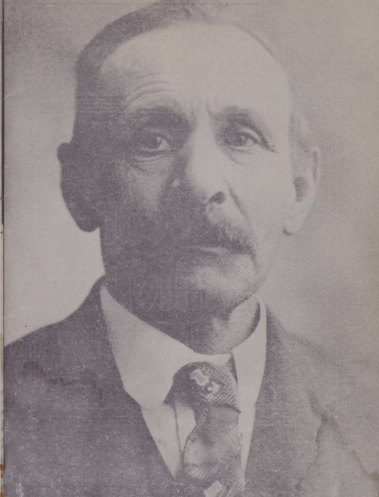
I

UNDER a mercilessly hot May sun, the dusty road stretched ahead interminably: the powder-like dust swirled beneath the hob nailed boots of trudging men. Clad in blue jeans and bright red shirts, wearing slouched caps, carrying knap sacks and old fashioned rifles or shot guns, many farmers and businessmen, discouraged by two years of economic unrest and unemployment, in 1859 came West on foot. Tales of gold in the country Jefferson had purchased spurred them on. Over the narrow, rutted road they came; some pushed handcarts; others, more affluent, had mules, oxen, horses, or even dogs to pull their wagons. One company of eleven men drew a buggy on which was loaded mining machinery, tools, and camp fixtures; among them, was a delicate young man dressed in a fine cloth coat, stove pipe hat and patent leather boots. Five pretty girls, wearing "the reformed costume" consisting of a dress with a tight bodice, long, tight sleeves, a full skirt to the knees and bloomers to the ankles, pulled a cart and trudged along singing and laughing. The girls were amused at "the Westport Wind Wagons, queer looking affairs . . . on wheels . . . mammoth concerns, some twenty feet in circumference", built somewhat after the style of an omnibus body, "propelled by sails". The twenty-four passengers in the Wind Wagons considered themselves lucky.

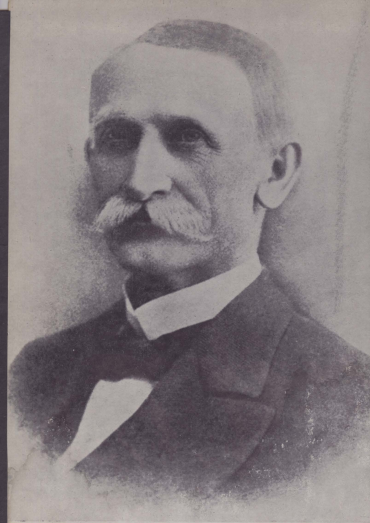
Traveling West was slow and hazardous. Those who chose the Oregon-California Trail had to struggle through great stretches of sand; those who followed the Santa Fe Trail suffered from the alkaline water and sage brush; the Smoky Hill Fork of the Kansas River was treacherous. Many cattle and horses died along the way, for the prairies offered little fresh pasture. Unused to the hardships of the trip West, more men and women went insane than were killed by Indians; many died of exhaustion. In the summer, the plains were hot; rain storms of cloudburst proportions took many lives. In the spring, wind and dust storms plagued travelers; in the winter, blizzards menaced; Indians, at times, attacked groups.

Yet, unaware that border towns, hard hit by the depression of '57 were stimulating interest in gold to make money by outfitting prospectors, gold seekers believed the yellow metal could be found anywhere. Some even brought grain sacks which they said they would fill, "even if it took all summer." On May 7, 1859, the *Rocky Mountain News* said, "Every day we meet men arriving from the States in a famishing condition. A few days ago, a man arrived in Russelville and reported that his companions, nine in number, had given up and lain down on the prairies some miles distant. A relief party was sent out who found one of the number dead from starvation, and two others so far gone that they died soon after reaching the settlement."

Some writers of the *Pike's Peak Guide Books*, determined to make money, went so far as to say that for \$50 or \$75 one could live in the West for three or four months. More honest, *The Nebraska Advertiser* of December 16, 1858 recommended for four men: two yoke of oxen; a wagon costing \$200, ten pair of blankets costing \$64; eight hundred



BOB WOMACK, WHO FIRST DISCOVERED GOLD AT CRIPPLE CREEK
— Courtesy, THE PIONEER MUSEUM —



WINFIELD SCOTT STRATTON, WHOSE INDEPENDENCE MINE WAS SOLD FOR \$11,000,000
— Courtesy, the Pioneers' Museum

pounds of flour costing \$24; six hundred pounds of bacon costing \$60; a half barrel of Bourbon whiskey, \$21; and a hundred pounds of coffee, \$14. In addition, two coffee pots, twenty-five pounds of soap, one coffee mill, one skillet, five pounds of soda, two dozen pipes and stems, six pounds of ground pepper, and a box of pickles were considered adequate for the four men for six months. *The Kansas City Journal* of March 16, 1859 listed what the editor considered adequate provisions for six men for six months; the cost was \$365.

Among those traveling up the Republican River trail one hot May in 1859 was Horace Austin Tabor with his sickly wife, Augusta, and his baby, Maxcy. Born in Holland, Vermont, on November 26, 1830, Haw Tabor had left home shortly after his father's second marriage. His brother in Quincy, Massachusetts had taught him the stonemason's business; before long, he had married Augusta Pierce, his employer's forthright, frail daughter. As business was bad and as Horace Greeley had advised young men to go West, before long Haw Tabor had decided he would like to go to Kansas; Augusta had acquiesced. They had gone by train to Westport, today's Kansas City, where they had purchased a yoke of oxen, a few farming tools, and some seed; then they had gone to Manhattan, Kansas, where they had homesteaded on a claim in the midst of wind-swept prairies. Though husband and wife both worked in the fields, they harvested no crops, as no rain fell; the next year they had a fine crop, but no market for it. To make ends meet, Tabor worked as a stonemason at nearby Fort Riley and Augusta kept boarders and sold butter she churned. When news of the strikes of George Jackson of Missouri and John Gregory of Georgia came, the Tabor's worked doubly hard to earn money for supplies for the trip. They expected to become rich in the West in a hurry and to return to their Kansas farm in the fall.

Still weak from "fever and ague", Augusta found the long trip hard. "There was no station until we got to within eighty miles of Denver, no road a good part of the way," she wrote in her diary. "The Indians were all along the route, but friendly. But all Indians, like snakes, are the same to me. I lived in constant dread of them.

"I had to cook for the party, and I did not find it a pleasure. Sometimes the wind would blow furiously, and it is not very pleasant to cook over a campfire in a windstorm when the fire is made of buffalo chips and every gust of wind would carry them over the barren prairie", she said. "By the time I would get them gathered together, another puff — and so on — lasting three or four days." On Sundays they "rested, if rested it could be called. Mr. Tabor would go hunting while I would cook, wash and iron, which kept me employed all day. My baby was teething and was sick all the way across."

In Denver City, the Tabor's found about 1,000 people living in frame houses and tents. The eleventh woman to arrive, Augusta noted that most of the women were negroes or squaws. She felt she was lucky when a prospector offered the Tabor's his cabin on the condition that he board with them. His cabin was definitely superior to most in Denver: it had a wooden floor, whereas many cabins had earthen floors. The

dwellings in Denver, Augusta considered primitive. Most of the hundred buildings were built of cottonwood logs from the Platte; some had windows "of four to six lights of seven by nine inch glass; some had wooden shutters that closed at night"; all the chimneys were made of mud and sticks. Uncle Dick Wootton had a two story frame building with a store and saloon on the first floor; the El Dorado Hotel, which opened in February, 1859 was larger than Augusta's cabin. It even had "a silk flag floating from the top of a lofty flag mast". Count Murat, one of the owners of the latter hotel, was a nephew of one of Napoleon Bonapart's henchmen. The Broadwell House was the first building in Denver City to be "plastered and grained throughout". Even The Denver House, where General Grant stayed while on a trip West was a frame building with earthen floors. The guests had to furnish their own bedding; the rooms rented for a dollar a night. Tiring of a hotel filled with gamblers and "rough subjects who quarreled and fired revolvers at one another," the General "boarded with a widow lady who had two other boarders . . . She and her son slept on a sort of shelf near the roof; the men spread their blankets on the earthen floor of her tenement; they went out while she dressed or undressed." Though there were blacksmith shops, livery stables and corrals, general stores, warehouses, bakeries, and a dry goods store, saloons and gambling places far outnumbered other businesses. Men paid twenty-five cents a glass for "a dubious whiskey colored and nicknamed to suit the taste of customers".

Augusta was more interested in the Free Reading Room and the churches. She shivered every time she saw Old Phil, the Cannibal, said to "have killed and eaten two Indians and one white man (a Frenchman). Upon being asked about the taste of human flesh, he answered that the head, hands, and feet, when thoroughly cooked, tasted good—not unlike pork. But the other portions of the body he did not like; they were too grisley and tough." She admired Professor O. J. Goldrick, who was elegantly clad in a broadcloth suit, a white cravat, and a starched shirt; he wore a stovepipe hat and lemon colored gloves. Denver's school teacher attracted attention from the moment he arrived driving his team of oxen. Augusta was interested in the fact that the letter postage to St. Joseph, Missouri, was twenty-five cents; that Mr. William N. Byers, editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*, was encouraging settlers to plant gardens by giving prizes for the best vegetables. Fresh onions, peas, and radishes made headlines with the gold strikes nearby. Beef sold for ten cents a pound; grouse and ducks, fifty cents a pair; butter, a dollar a pound; eggs, forty cents a dozen; flour, forty dollars a hundred pounds; venison, one dollar a quarter; and whiskey, three dollars a gallon.

II

HIGH prices did not bother the Tabor, for they heard that George A. Jackson and John H. Gregory were taking "from \$4 to \$16 a day from a single pan of dirt about thirty-five miles from here." They readily agreed to join a party going in July to the region where such wealth was found. Leaving Denver, they camped at Clear Creek at the base of the mountains. After pitching a tent Augusta had made, Tabor and the men went into the mountains, leaving Augusta and her baby twelve miles from anyone for three weeks. "The cattle", she says, "were footsore, but I kept them from straying . . . I was alone, just myself and our teams and my baby."

Back with no gold, Tabor loaded the wagon and started into the mountains with his family. Again came a difficult trip, for the wagon had to be unloaded at times in order for it to reach the crest of hills; cattle pulled the wagon; Augusta and Haw pushed it; at last, the summit was reached. Then, the wagon was re-packed. "We were nearly three weeks cutting our way from Russell's Gulch into . . . Idaho Springs. Ours was the first wagon through, and I was the first white woman there," Augusta boasted. The men in the Gulch found her good looking. Again, months of hard work, but again, no gold came from Tabor's claim at Payne's Bar. As winter was approaching and a miner feared snow slides, he convinced the Tabor's that at least Augusta and Maxcy should not remain in the mountains. Back the Tabor's went to Denver City. But Tabor, convinced that there was gold in the claim he was working, returned to it. He found that the miner who suggested that his wife and baby return to Denver City had jumped his claim, which really was valuable. Disheartened but in no mood to prosecute a man whose punishment if convicted was death, weary and discouraged, Tabor left the mountains and joined his family.

Restless, he went to Colorado City and built the first house there, a sizeable structure with room for a store too. Now, he envisioned his future as a storekeeper. But no one shared his enthusiasm for the place. Still interested in the site at the foot of Pike's Peak, which he thought would make an ideal capital, he took Augusta to see it. She thought it was a lovely place; she was impressed too, by the "boiling fountains" in Manitou which an earlier traveler had found "quite sour", resembling "Congress water. They boil up very strong." She was excited when some of the men gave her some lots in Colorado City because she was the first white woman to come there. But the enthusiasm of the husband and wife for Colorado City was not contagious. Though Tabor returned there several times; he soon abandoned the idea — and again lost money. He found an outlet for his energies in Denver that winter in talking with David H. Moffat, a New Englander who had a bookshop, about the possibilities of establishing Jefferson territory and thus separating from Kansas Territory. Though they were unsuccessful in this attempt to form a new territory, they knew that before long their dream had to become a reality.

When spring came, the Tabor's were in their excart going up Ute

Pass, across South Park, down Trout Creek, up the Arkansas to Cache Creek. There they stayed for a month while Haw "whip-sawed some lumber" to make sluice boxes for the gold he was going to find. He found some embedded in the black sand; Augusta used a magnifying glass and sifted the little gold from the mud—but she often had only a penny weight after a long day's work.

When, in 1860, gold was discovered in California Gulch, the Tabor's were among the first arrivals. In two days, they had a cabin made of green logs. Haw Tabor worked harder than ever, for now he was beginning to wash out a quantity of gold. In a few months, when he had \$7,000, a start on what was to be his fortune, he and Augusta buried it under the cabin floor. Augusta served as a bank for the region, as miners, 10,000 of whom had flocked into the Gulch, fearing their gold would be stolen, put it in gunny sacks which they deposited with her. She turned her cabin into a boarding house when the prospectors urged her to cook for them. So successful were the Tabor's that they were the last to leave the Gulch. As the snow fell, they set out over Tennessee Pass for Denver.

The winter there was difficult. Haw was disgusted when Augusta, on a trip to Kansas and Maine, took \$1,000 of their money and purchased additional land near Manhattan. He'd lost interest in farming. Augusta had no patience with her husband when she learned he'd spent \$1,000 of their money at the bars and gambling places in Denver while she was away in Kansas. There were bright moments, however, like those when Haw showed his approval of Augusta's new clothing; he liked a well dressed woman. And Augusta glowed with pride when Haw said that when they returned in the spring, he was going to open a store in California Gulch; she admired his enterprise. In a short time, however, there was friction, for thrifty Augusta said she was going to open a boarding house in Denver to augment their savings. Wouldn't people, Haw countered, think he'd lied about the money he'd said he'd made in California Gulch if his wife took in boarders? Augusta smiled at Haw when her business flourished. She was a good cook.

She was proud of Haw, when, next spring back in California Gulch he opened a store and also became postmaster of the village now called Oro City. The community buzzed with excitement; placer miners worked diligently as some claims yielded as much as \$80,000 to \$100,000 in two months. Carpenters made as much as miners; freighters made \$100,000 in a few years — but everyone had to spend a large portion of his earnings for food. Flour cost a dollar a pound; sugar, sixty cents. Gambling houses and dance halls did a big business, as many a miner left in them the \$2,000 he had made that day. Among the dance-hall girls in 1868, was Red Stockings, a pretty miss, handsomely dressed, the miners thought; a good horseman, too, they said as they cheered her when she smiled riding past them. Tradition says many were jealous of her — and they had cause to be, for her kindness and good nature attracted men. She left California Gulch a year later as quietly as she came, but \$100,000 richer.

There was little lawlessness in Oro City, for, when one man who tried to jump a claim was killed and the man who killed him was freed, men found it best not to steal. The man who fired the shot, the miners

agreed, was protecting his property. Religion had its place in Oro City. Father Machebeuf, who had been given all Colorado and Utah as a diocese, conducted mass in 1860 in a blacksmith shop; William Howbert and John Dyer conducted Protestant services in gambling houses, saloons, or private houses.

Yes, Augusta mused, there were remnants of civilization in Oro City, but Haw troubled her. She didn't remind him that she ran the store and postoffice while he prospected. She rejoiced in the \$15,000 in gold he had by fall. She did not complain when richer strikes were made at Buckskin Joe and they followed the other miners to this new location. She didn't object to the work in moving to a new cabin; again, she ran the store in the front of her home while Haw prospected, this time with no success. She did resent Haw's anger when he learned she had turned down William Van Brooklyn's offer to exchange his claim for board at her table, and that the two prospectors who paid \$100 for the claim had taken out \$80,000 in gold.

For seven years, the Tabor's made little money in Buckskin Joe; in fact, they had to draw on their savings. When the miners drifted back to Oro City, the Tabor's went, too. Unsuccessful in mining, Haw, when the Santa Fe Railroad was battling with the D. and R. G. over possession of the Royal Gorge, got the contract to supply 300,000 railroad ties. For five months, he and a dozen men cut down trees. Since there was not enough rainfall for the ties to be floated down stream, Haw had to hire teams to take them to the Gorge. His profits were negligible; yet, he was making a little money from his store and post office. Gone were his ideas of becoming rich; he was content now to remain a store keeper. Others too, believed that California Gulch would no longer give large amounts of gold. The gold yield had dropped from millions in '60 and '61 to \$20,000 in 1876.

Content with his meagre living, Haw Tabor did no prospecting when others, in '76, excited by silver strikes were staking new claims and selling them for large sums. The Tabor's followed the crowd up the Gulch to New Oro City and established a new store, a larger boarding house, and a postoffice. When A. B. Wood, a capable and enterprising metallurgist, and Uncle Joe Stevens, farm hand and iron worker from the middle west, sold their silver claim to Levi Leiter of Chicago for \$40,000, Haw did not look for silver. The Gallagher brothers boasted of their strikes at Camp Bird, the Charlestown, and the Pine; two men sold the silver ore from their Carbonate mine on Iron Hill for \$87,000; rich strikes were made at the Dana, the Yankee Doodle, the Morning Star, Evening Star, Catalpa, Crescent, Adelaide, and the A. Y.; George Fryer struck a rich vein in the New Discovery. The Dillon brothers, Dennis Carter, and John Taylor struck the Little Chief, which they sold for \$40,000. Still Haw did not prospect for silver; he was content to make a living, one that was becoming better as prospectors and gamblers poured into the district. In 1877, the mines in Lake County produced gold, silver, and lead that sold for about \$60,000; the following year, production of metal totaled \$2,490,000; in 1879, it had risen to \$11,000,000. By '79, there were seventeen large smelters; businesses, over 500 of them, sprang up over

night. By '78, the population in the Gulch had risen from a few hundred to 30,000. In January of that year, eighteen miners met at Gilbert's Wagon Shop to form a new town, as the camp extended its boundaries far beyond New Oro City. Someone suggested the name be Carbonateville; another suggested Harrison for Edwin Harrison, president of the St. Louis Company which had five claims on Carbonate Hill and which owned some smelters; someone suggested Agassiz, the name of his professor at Harvard University. Leadville, however, won a unanimous vote, once it was proposed. Two weeks later, at a special election, Haw Tabor was elected Mayor; at a regular election held in April of '78, he was re-elected.

A month later, when two prospectors asked Haw Tabor, busy waiting on customers to grub stake them, at first he avoided answering them. When they persisted in their request, he vaguely let them have \$64 worth of provisions for a third interest in their claim. When they struck it rich, Haw was beside himself with joy; but Augusta was skeptical until it was proved to her that the Little Pittsburgh was producing \$80,000 a month. She was noncommittal when, before long, production had risen to \$100,000 a month. In six months, Tabor's \$64 investment had netted him a half million dollars; now he sold his third interest to Jerome N. Chaffee and David Moffat for \$1,000,000. When the latter organized the Little Pittsburgh Consolidated from this purchase and others, Tabor acquired some stock. The shares doubled and quadrupled; Haw Tabor made another million. The grub stake so casually granted had paid handsomely. Feeling affluent, Haw bought from Chicken Bill, an old prospector, his claim on Fryer Hill; the samples the wily old man had showed Haw looked good. They should have, for all Leadville laughed when Chicken Bill said he had 'salted' the claim with Tabor's own ore. But Haw Tabor laughed last, for the Chrysolite Mine on Fryer Hill paid \$100,000 a month for several years. The Chrysolite Company was incorporated for \$10,000,000; its shares mounted even higher than those in the Little Pittsburgh Consolidated. Haw, like many others continued to speculate. He bought the Matchless, the Vulture, a half interest in the Maid of Erin, the Little Eva, the Pandora, the Dunkin, the Scooper, Union Emma, Denver City, Tam O'Shantez and seven other mines. Marshall Field, whose \$500 entrusted to Tabor had been invested in the Chrysolite, sold his share for \$700,000. Haw Tabor was proud of being mayor of Leadville; he was happy in his association with financiers like Marshall Field, David Moffat, and James B. Grant. The smelters were doing a big business. Haw Tabor began to feel important. And Leadville, his town, was growing.





Courtesy, Denver Public Library Western Collection

Augusta Tabor

III

MINERS and mechanics, capitalists and merchants, carpenters and professional men, gamblers and dance hall girls flocked into Leadville. *The Chronicle* stated that all classes made up "the motley procession which is forever moving on, yet never ends, and is seen at any hour in the Leadville Post Office." The editor noted "the silk hat and eyeglasses of the English tourist, the 'biled' shirt and choker of the clergyman, the fancy tie of the gambler, and predominating over all the others, as far as numbers are concerned, the top boots, rough clothes, and wide sombrero of the shaggy-bearded miner". Here were the "broad white felt hats, and the blue shirts, and the red shirts, and the high boots" of miners and carpenters. Many had come in the spring of '78; but in the winter of '78 and '79 they continued to pour into Leadville. All roads, "no matter how distant the land or locality," seemed to lead to the silver camp. "Railroads were started in that direction, roads were blocked with long freight and immigrant teams; stage coaches trebled their carrying capacity . . . The snows and suffering attending a trip over the mountain ranges had no terrors to those who caught the Leadville Fever" and feared to lose their chances for fortune by delay." On foot, on horseback, by wagon, by train and stagecoach they came alone, in pairs, or in groups. Unaware of how quickly mountain storms arise, many, trapped by snow and sleet, suffered frozen hands and feet. In summer, clouds of dust or muddy roads made travel difficult, but still they came, rough and ready men, young college graduates — engineers, surveyors, lawyers, doctors — eager for business openings. A gang of Chinese, willing to work at lower wages than those paid the miners, came jubilantly into town, but were driven out as quickly as the wealthy Chinese laundryman who was not permitted to stay, though he had purchased a lot and had made arrangements for erecting a building. Thugs, gamblers, "fancy women", pickpockets, and robbers mingled with the crowds.

The Chronicle said in '79, "Leadville never sleeps. The theatres close at three in the morning. The dance houses and liquoring shops are never shut. The highwayman patrols the streets in quest of drunken prey. The policeman treads his beat to and fro. The music at the beer halls is grinding low. A party of carousers is reeling through the streets. A mail coach has just arrived. There is a merry party opposite the public school. A sick man is groaning in the agonies of death. Carbonate Hill with her scores of brightly blazing fires is Argus-eyed. Three shots are heard down below the old court house. A woman screams. There is a fight in a State Street casino. The sky is cloudless. A man stands dreaming in front of the Windsor looking at the stars — he is away from home. A barouche holding two women comes rushing up Chestnut Street. Another shot is heard down near the city jail. A big forest fire lights up the mountains at the head of Iowa Gulch . . . The clock on the Grand Hotel points to one. Shots are heard from Carbonate Hill. The roar of revelry is on the increase. The streets are full of drunken carousers taking in the town."

In so rich a town, it was inevitable that pick-pockets, thieves, and

bunko-men would congregate. As the police department was notoriously corrupt, often working with criminals and bunko men, there was a general feeling, said the editor of the *Chronicle*, that "every man must be his own bodyguard, and be prepared to shoot down anyone who attempts to invade his personal or property rights." Even before they arrived at Leadville, many travelers encountered western lawlessness, for holdups of stage coaches were common. The highwaymen usually admonished ladies to keep their seats, whereas the men passengers were lined up and ordered to put their "hands and eyes toward heaven." On one occasion, the robbers noting that one man had only \$1.50, told him to "keep this. I know what it is like to be strapped in Leadville." The others, lined up by the roadside, were robbed of \$172. After the command, "Gentlemen, you will take your seats again" came, the outlaws disappeared, never to be identified. *The Chronicle* said there was no law in Leadville, for footpads were "turking in every corner, lying in wait for belated businessmen or wealthy debauchers on their way home. The ominous command, 'Hold Up Your Hands', accompanied by the click of a pistol was heard almost nightly, and the newspaper reporter who failed to secure one or more holdups during his daily rounds, felt that he had failed in one of his duties. Men were robbed within the shadows of their own doors, stripped of their valuables in their own bed-chambers, whether they had been followed by daring criminals . . . Men whose duties compelled them to be out late at night, walked with naked pistols in their hands, and not infrequently with a second in reserve, taking the middle of the street to avoid being ambushed in dark corners . . . When men connected with the mines were caught in town at night, they either stopped at a hotel or went to their headquarters in squads for mutual protection." A cocky and confidential employee of a prominent company was struck over the head until he was unconscious and robbed of his gold watch and of a thousand dollars belonging to his employers; many a man was robbed before his own home. Children's wraps were stolen from the school rooms; lodgers in houses and hotels were robbed while they slept; freight wagons, stores, and even hotels were plundered.

Though most thieves escaped, the man who stole a horse and the silver from the Grand Hotel was caught; jubilant over the rare experience of catching a thief, the citizens of Leadville decided to hang him. Denying that he was guilty, the man caught by a mob, insisted that he was merely keeping a sack and a horse entrusted to him by a friend. Unwilling to tell the name of the friend who gave him these possessions, he found himself with a rope around his neck while his captors tugged at the rope and pulled him up about four feet. Giving the alleged thief a second chance to tell the name of his accomplice, the amateur hangmen lowered him. Still he refused to tell who gave him the silver. At length, according to the reporter from the *Chronicle*, "he thought it might be well for him to have a word with God. The boys let up on the halter to allow the doomed man to kneel. He prayed to God, thanking Him for what he had received, asked His parting blessing, and that he be let come to Heaven after being hung. 'Lord you know that I didn't steal the horse and the things for which I am about to die. So You will forgive, won't You, good Lord,

and let one of the angels come down and take me to heaven? Oh, if you will, it won't hurt much to die. I would a thousand times rather be with You and Jesus in Heaven than stay in Leadville any longer. Let me know, Lord, that I can come and I'll die like a Christian'."

Moved by this astonishing exhibition, a miner drew his pistol and offered to shoot anyone who tried to hang the man. "He's a stranger to me," the miner shouted as he covered the crowd, "but by God, he's goin' to have fair play and a chance to prove his innocence." Taken to jail, the culprit insisted he was innocent; but later he was convicted. What his punishment was, no one today knows.

Fights in Leadville kept life from being monotonous. Misunderstandings ended in knifings, shootings, and free-for-alls. Men fought on the streets, in saloons, in dance halls, in hotels, at the theatres. When John Appleby offended John Boardman by speaking to his girl, Boardman grabbed the girl's admirer by the shoulders and in no time at all bit off his nose. "A man named Davis" had a fight that was never equalled in Leadville. Roaring and hilariously drunk, he lurched into a variety hall, jerked the chairs out from under some spectators, jumped on a table and blew out the lights, pushed over the stove, began yanking a door from its hinges; tiring of these herculean efforts, he shot V. Keller in the thigh — and then ran screaming out into the night.

Most fights over gambling attracted no attention: when Slim Jim, wearing two knives and carrying two guns, shot unarmed Browen Lee with whom he was arguing over the take from a bunko game, he was found guilty but released on bond. When "lot-jumpers" saw a site they wished, they were known to tear down houses being constructed and to throw the lumber into the street, after which they took possession of the coveted property. Timber thieves cut their way through the claims of others in the mountains. Coffee Joe's gambling saloon was dynamited; many a man simply disappeared. *The Chronicle* told of three wealthy visitors who, "taking in the sights, got separated from their friends, and have been seen no more. Their friends know these men were murdered. They were thrown into some dark alley — every alley is dark — or into one of the five hundred dark dens in these dark alleys, killed, robbed, put into a box, and perhaps taken to the City Cemetery and buried in an unmarked grave." George F. Willison has shown how many a man indiscreet enough to go alone down Coon Row or French Row was never seen again. In Tiger Alley and Stillborn Alley, the finding of "a small child or foetus . . . in a garbage heap . . . was not unusual . . . and attracted little attention."

The Mollies and Sallies, Frankies and Netties of the "Red Light District" attracted more. They lived on the lower end of Harrison Avenue, where the variety theatres, dance halls, the "cribs" of the harlots, and the "parlor houses" catering to the more wealthy or extravagant lined the street. Some of these girls like the "Lop-Eared Kid" who blinded "Pioneer Pete" with a handful of pepper attracted attention in Leadville; others like Jessie Mansfield attracted men in Leadville, New York, and Paris. The short-skirted, painted dance-hall girls earned good sums every

night but they envied "the ladies" in the parlor houses with their magnificent dresses and diamonds. As the latter came into the dance halls or gambling houses, as they strolled down the streets or rode in their handsome carriages, they caused many a girl to try to join the scarlet sisterhood. Winnie Purdy's house attracted many. The "most remarkable house of wickedness in Leadville", it "was a dream of Oriental luxury", the *Herald Democrat* stated. "Paintings that would have sent Melvin Winstock's preacher into hysterics adorned the walls. Costly furniture, tapestries, velvet carpets, rich Oriental hangings and all the accessories of luxurious elegance were lavished in the interior adornment." When the guardian angle of this establishment left town in haste, Winnie sold her elaborate house to "Lillis Lovell, one of the most magnificent types of physical womanhood who has played the role of a succumbus in the half world of the Cloud City." With such advertising, it is not surprising that into such houses often went girls under sixteen only to be "rescued" again and again; robberies were committed in the houses of ill fame; murders were hushed up.

Attempting to clean up Leadville, the Blue Ribbon Society, the Leadville Temperance Club, the Praying Orchestra, and the Anti-Treat society had their hands full. The prayers "offered for the salvation of surrounding sinners" and the pledge cards the members of the Anti-Treat Society carried in their pockets to "protect" themselves against "the assaults of those with whom they refused to drink" did not seem effective. Many temperance orators talked eloquently in saloons — and often attracted crowds. It was exciting to hear them tell of how they used to get gloriously drunk, "cuff their poor wives about, break the hearts of girls who loved them, dishonor the sacred name of Mother and send her sorrowing to her grave." It was as good as any show. The miners in Leadville were really fond of Dr. Gibbons and his wife, temperance revivalists; the former, struck by lightning, miraculously "escaped Death While Descending Pike's Peak." Dr. Gibbons didn't compare, however, in popularity with Susan B. Anthony, the famous suffragist, who had visited the Carbonate Camp in 1877. She spoke in Billy Nye's saloon where fifty yards of calico tacked over the entire bar "covered all liquid attractions." Bill "suspended business for the night in honor of his distinguished and strong-minded guest. The saloon and the back room were crowded to capacity, while there was an overflow crowd in the street. But the audience honored themselves and their guest by the most respectable attention." When Mrs. Anthony told how her expenses to Leadville were "simply magnanimous," gold nuggets and dust flowed into the collection plate.

Though there was a building boom in Leadville in the late '70s, there were not enough lodging houses and hotels to take care of the crowds that seemed to be arriving daily. Bunk-houses and large tents on side streets had tiers of beds, each occupied every eight hours. As one man crawled out of a dirty, hard bed, another paid fifty cents to sleep in it. Cheaper rooming houses had rooms for twenty-five cents. The Mammoth Sleeping Palace with its double tiers of bunkers housed five hundred nightly for fifty cents each. Many were glad to pay for the privilege of spreading their overcoats or blankets on the floor of a saloon and sleeping while

others smoked or drank. "Perhaps the dice rattled on till morning above the sleepers' heads, the monotonous call-song of the dealers lulling them to an unquiet doze in the murky air, only to be awakened by the loud profanity of some brawler or sent cowering under the blankets to escape the too free pistol-balls that fly across the billiard table." Before long, hotels like the Tontine, the Windsor, and the Tappan were built. In these frame buildings, always crowded, prices were high; the Tontine was said to have the best restaurant in the West. Even more expensive was the Grand Hotel on Chestnut Street. Kept by Thomas Walsh and his wife, it attracted a refined clientele.

The farmer's boy from Clonmel in Tipperary, Ireland, had come to the United States in 1869; and after working a few years in Worcester, Massachusetts as a millwright and carpenter, had gone West to Golden to build bridges for the Colorado Central Railroad. After two years, the mining fever caught him and he worked at odd jobs around the mines at Del Norte. When "men were made frantic by news that there had been rich gold discoveries in the north", he went into the Black Hills of South Dakota, where he included among his friends Calamity Jane, a good looking girl who "sometimes strode along the street in buckskin clothing and black slouch hat of a plainsman. Her rifle had a skeleton stock; her eyes, a hard glitter." Swift Barrel Jimmy and Antelope Frank, yelling and giving war whoops when the stage arrived, gentlemen and thieves, many Chinese and some Indians, Tom Walsh knew well. Smoky Jones, ragged and filthy after long months of prospecting in the hills, the Irishman was kind to; beneath the young man's sooty complexion, frazzled and uncombed hair and beard, he saw a man who was shy and gentle. He declined Smoky's offer of a partnership in his mine — and lost a fortune, for the Homestake turned out to be one of the world's greatest gold mines. In nearly sixty years, it yielded more than \$266,000,000 and was still producing. From it, came the huge fortune of William Randolph Hearst. Having made one error in judging a mine, Tom Walsh set out to know all he could of mining. In a year, he had between \$75,000 and \$100,000 to show he was beginning to know how to mine. In '78, he was attracted to Leadville, where swarms of placer miners had washed up \$5,000,000 in gold dust from California Gulch. He bought a third interest in a saloon — and owned it but one night. Disgusted at the drunkenness, the next morning, he took his "share of the whiskey and poured it into the gutter." With Jerry Daly and Felix Leavick, he purchased the old City Hotel which was enlarged and re-named the Grand Hotel. A "three-story building with a half dozen dormer windows along the front of its mansard roof and several more on either side", it boasted a balustraded balcony on the second floor, a grand balcony that formed a shelter over the wooden sidewalk. In '79 he became its sole owner. That same year, he married Carrie Bell Reed, who had come with her mother to Leadville to teach school. A pretty girl, she had a figure that men stared at; for hours she'd practiced walking about the house balancing a glass of water on her head, with the result that she could "with the utmost elegance, glide so as to appear rolling on casters." And she could sing as if she were a saint. Tom Walsh, an ar-

dent Catholic, once had strayed inside a Protestant church where he'd been so entranced by her singing, that he'd said right then that he was going to marry her. Happy in his marriage, he composed a poem for her, stating,

"Ah, well I know what priceless luck was mine

That brought the day, the hour, when you became my bride."

The first year of their marriage they lived at the Grand Hotel. Then, they went to live at Sowbelly Gulch which Carrie Bell religiously renamed St. Keven's. Her daughter has told how, since there was no suitable cabin, "Father had a boxcar (one of the first to arrive on the new railroad) taken from its trucks and placed on a foundation of logs. For steps, there was a short flight of half-logs imbedded in a ramp of earth. There was a stove inside, a table, and a bed. Father fashioned some windows; Mother made curtains of checked gingham, and in the window boxes she planted flowers less hardy than the native wild ones. She had great trouble saving them from the sharp frosts." Though the Walshes did not make a fortune in Leadville, the persistent Irishman struck it rich at the Camp Bird in the San Juans. Before long, in Washington, he erected a house that was a showplace; the Walsh parties were spectacular; the Walshes were friends of President and Mrs. McKinley. Governor Thomas of Colorado appointed Tom Walsh "a colonel and aide-de-camp in the service of the state of Colorado"; President McKinley made him a Commissioner to the Paris Exposition; King Leopold of Belgium wanted him to be his partner in mining in the Congo. His daughter bought the Hope Diamond, which seemed to have a devil in it; it brought much bad luck. Hoping to drive the devil out of it, she had a priest bless the diamond. As he commenced his preparations, "a storm broke. Lightning flashed. Thunder shook the church . . . There was no wind or rain; just darkness and these lurid lightning thrusts. Across the street, a tree was struck and splintered." Before the priest blessed the ill omened stone, Tom Walsh had died in agony of cancer.

The Clarendon, built in 1879 by William H. Bush who also owned the Teller House in Central City, was a three story frame building which had 80 bedrooms "single or en suite", a private dining room, a "gents' reading parlor", and a billiard salon. The most elegantly furnished hotel west of the Mississippi had a gala opening when such distinguished guests as Stephen E. Elkins, who represented the Territory of New Mexico in Congress, General Edwin M. Cook, a former governor of Colorado, David H. Moffat, now president of the First National Bank of Denver, and Captain Starke, one of the best navigators of the "White Star Line of Steamships" were serenaded by Joe Quigley's brass band. A fantasia, "Recollections of the Opera" was played "in fine style" by the seven piece band. So popular was this hotel that by 1879, it had been enlarged until it had 151 bedrooms which were always occupied. Its excellent diningroom had 125 boarders. The headquarters for the carbonate kings, the Clarendon saw many mining transactions planned and executed. In the diningroom often sat Haw Tabor, not too particular about his food, Judge J. L. Pendery, who always ordered the best food in the house, and Charles Boettcher, one of the shrewdest of businessmen, then dealing in hardware and miners' supplies.

Saloons, gambling house and dance halls also flourished in Leadville; there were about a hundred and fifty of them, including such picturesque places as St. Anne's Rest, where one might play faro, chuck-a-luck, keno, the paddle wheel, and the nutshell game. Pop Wyman's Great Saloon always was crowded. A quiet, ministerial looking man who refused to allow any married man to gamble or any drunken man to be served at the bar, Pop designed his place as a combination saloon, gambling place, dance hall, and variety theatre: there were even rooms for private parties in Pop's three story frame building. Just inside the swinging doors was a large Bible chained to a mahogany pulpit; across the face of the clock, Pop had a sign, "Please Don't Swear"; in the dance hall, above the orchestra, he had another sign, "Don't Shoot The Pianist - He's doing His Darndest." Pop had an income of about \$45,000 a year. At the Texas House, resplendent with oil paintings, handsome furniture, rugs, and draperies, private games were offered "with the greatest secrecy." Don and Jean Griswold, in discussing amusement places in Leadville say that at its opening night "guests, agents of eastern and English capitalists seeking investments in the Carbonate Camp, are supposed to have represented \$175,000,000". The Church Casino, so named because of its Gothic window, attracted actors and actresses who loved to discuss their profession. The Carbonate Concert Hall also boasted a Gothic window; in addition, it had living pine trees that formed "cozy arbors and grottos." Run as a variety theatre, it announced as its popular performers Mollie Newton, "the most perfectly formed woman in America," who presented "a series of beautiful tableaux representing Greek and Roman statuary", and the Lady Vienna Orchestra.

At times, saloons and variety theatres were combined and "the patrons sat at tables on the main floor or in tiers of boxes flanking the stage on both sides. The men smoked and drank, watched the buffoonery, and listened to the 'broadly vulgar jokes'. In mentioning the long waits between acts of the show, a *Chronicle* reporter wrote: "These long lapses are supposed to give the opportunity to the waiter girls to supply the occupants of the box gallery with drinks." There was an extra charge for box seats and an extra charge for the drinks served in them. Plain liquors sold two for a quarter; mixed and fancy drinks were twenty-five cents straight; and beer, ten cents a glass. The Comique, whose owner paid \$1,750 a month rent featured vaudeville, minstrel and burlesque shows, and all kinds of gambling. The Grand Central Theatre dazzled its patrons, when on opening night they saw the twenty-eight boxes, two tiers of them, which were like cozy little parlors", handsomely curtained in lace and damask. Eddie Foy played there, as did "a Host of Talented Artists and Beautiful Women", who gave "a voluptuous feast without coarseness." Miss Mabel Rivers who ran the Gaiety Theatre was as much an attraction as her entertainment, a real compliment, for two ladies and a gentleman twice walked more than thirty miles to see her presentation of the riotously funny *Razuliform*.

Amphitheatres had bills so varied that at the Coliseum one could see wrestling matches between Eugenie and Marcia, or watch two dogs fight until "one chewed the other to death." At the Athaneum, he could watch

a trapeze artist or be intrigued by its spectacular way of advertising itself with "many lights in the windows, its banners floating from every point of vantage, and its two immense bonfires blazing from the roof."

A show in himself, Jefferson Smith intrigued many in Leadville, first with his walnut game and then with his soap game. The well dressed boy, genteel in appearance and conduct, with piercing, fearless black eyes had come to Leadville as a peanut boy with a tent show. He'd gone from Georgia to Abilene, Texas in the 1860s when his family suffered reverses during the reconstruction period. He had driven great heads of longhorns over the Texas prairies, hot and dusty in the summer, steaming when the heavy rains came; he'd been at Hell's Half Acre at Dodge City where he had met buffalo hunters, cattle rustlers, and gamblers, such as he had never known in the South. He'd found life exciting but hard. Then, one day at Abilene he'd found a quicker way of making money than by herding cattle. He'd bet which of three walnut shells contained a pea - and he'd lost, as many others had. Once they lost their money, the others left in disgust - but not Jeff. He continued to watch the game he could not understand. Broke he'd gone with the tent show when it went to Leadville.

There, he milled with the crowds, but he spent most of his time watching a man named Taylor run a soap game on the corner of Third Street and Madison Avenue. A neat, quiet man who never smoked, drank, or gambled, Taylor wrapped a few ten, twenty, or fifty dollar bills in with cakes of soap. The purchaser could pay twenty-five cents for an ordinary bar of soap or pay five dollars and take a chance on securing one with the money wrapped around it. So perfect was Taylor's sleight of hand, that many bought bars of soap, but few received the bills. After Jefferson Smith gave Taylor the sign of the bunko brotherhood, it wasn't any time at all before the two were in business together. Jeff was the decoy man. When a crowd gathered, he, seeming to be merely one of the crowd, would buy a bar of soap, open it, and then, with a whoop of delight show his twenty or fifty dollar bill. Business, of course, picked up in a hurry. After achieving a moderate fortune, the two disappeared from Leadville, but Jeff, who had earned the name Soapy, re-appeared in Denver. There he worked the soap game on Seventeenth Street so successfully that in a short time he had his own gang and his gambling place. After being virtually a dictator of Denver's lawless element, Soapy went to Creede where he ran first the walnut game and then the soap game. Successful in these enterprises, he and Joe Simmons, a schoolboy friend, opened the Orleans Club. Surrounded by his Denver gang, Soapy in control of Creed, really protected the citizens but did not interfere with gamblers and bunko men, provided they made no trouble. Soapy profited immensely as dictator of Creede, for nearly every gambler paid him some tribute, and, since fortunes were made in the mines, spending was free and easy. The climax of Soapy's career in Creede came when he exhibited "a petrified man", nine feet, six inches tall, "undoubtedly one of Fremont's men" who had roamed the Colorado hills. Later, it was found the petrified man had been manufactured in the cement plant in Denver. Soapy's career, begun in Leadville, ended in Skaagway, Alaska, where he

was, for a time, the dictator of that gold camp.

The Tabor Opera House that opened in 1879 was a milestone in Haw Tabor's career. He had invested heavily in real estate in Leadville, Denver, and Chicago; he owned smelters, toll roads, irrigating canals, and railroads; he owned copper land in Texas, grazing lands in southern Colorado; he had land concessions in Honduras; the father of Leadville started the Bank of Leadville; he established a gas works, and now, a patron of the Arts, he built the finest brick theatre west of the Mississippi at a cost of \$65,000. On the first floor in addition to the theatre seating about nine hundred were an "elegant saloon and gambling hall," as well as a restaurant; on the second floor were offices for Tabor and Bill Bush who had leased the theatre; the third floor, joined by a bridge to the Clarendon Hotel next door, had bedrooms, usually occupied by theatrical folk. The Tabor Opera House, its owner stated, was "a temple of amusement" in which "all appointments are first class in every respect; the scenery, artistic; and under the full flood of gaslight, the cosiest place for lovers of the legitimate drama to throw off the cares of life and yield to the fascinations of music and imagery."

Jack Langrishe brought to Leadville plays like *The Life And Trials Of A Factory Girl*, *Two Orphans*, *The Artful Dodger* and *Othello*. The audience found the melodramas "pleasing evening's entertainment" and loved the poem concluding *The Marble Heart* or *The Sculptor's Dream*, stating that gold-bought smiles

"Have ever been
And ever will be
Ministers of
Ruin, Misery and Death."

The costumes, "methods of delivery" and "motions" of those taking the parts of Desdemona and Iago in *Othello*, the local critic found "pleasing".

Yet more to the taste of Leadville were the offerings of the Emma Abbott English Grand Opera Company. George F. Willison has shown how Miss Abbott who was, above all, refined, objected to the libretto *La Traviata* as immoral and rewrote it. She it was who "conceived and executed the idea of singing 'Nearer My God to Thee' in the third act of *Faust*, who introduced Siberian blood-bounds into *Lucia di Lammermoor*, interpolated "Swannee River" in *King for a Day*, lugged a real live baby into *La Traviata*, had a trapeze performance in *Romeo and Juliet*, and a trained mule in *Il Traviatore*."

Perhaps the most distinguished person to appear at the Tabor Opera House was Oscar Wilde. The tall, long-haired young English poet, playwright, and novelist, making a few talks in the United States on art, arrived in the silver town a gloomy, cold, wet April day. Snow-covered, the mountains seemed dreary; yet Oscar Wilde's eye noted bluebirds that "seemed to draw blue lines across the landscape." They were almost like "kingfishers along the Thames at Oxford." At the Clarendon, where he lay down because the altitude left him feeling light headed, he greeted a reporter by telling how he longed "to go back to sunny Italy, there to lie in my gondola, smoke cigarettes, and write poems. I love to travel and

meet the best men and look at the most beautiful women, so that when I die I will leave behind me a name that will be handed down to all posterity as a lover of the beautiful."

Dressed in evening attire, the audience waited some time at the Tabor Opera House for the lecturer who had chosen for his subject, "The Practical Application of the Aesthetic Theory to Exterior and Interior House Decoration, with Observations on Dress and Personal Ornament." As the audience grew weary from looking at "a balcony scene prettily adorned with bric-a-brac," the aesthetic gentleman "stumbled onto the stage with a stride more becoming a giant backwoodsman than an aesthete." He was wearing his short velvet trousers and velvet coat with lace at the neck and wrists; buckles sparkled on his slippers. His "hair was parted at the equator" but the audience was disappointed that he carried no sunflower or lily as it had been reported he would. In a monotonous voice, he urged Leadville to study the Gothic school of Pisa, where painters saw "brilliantly lighted palace arches and pillars of marble porphyry-noble knights with glorious mantles flowing over their mail, riding in the sunlight-groves of oranges and pomegranates, and through these groves the most beautiful women that the world has ever known, pure as lilies, faithful, noble, and intellectual." The audience became more interested when he said that in America "You paint your houses in the most horrible colors". When a baby began to cry; he remarked, "I wish the juvenile enthusiast would restrain its raptures"; he smiled when the baby was removed. Applause "similar to the desultory explosion of half a bunch of firecrackers" came as he concluded his lecture.

After that, Haw Tabor's friends took the poet to see the town and the Matchless Mine. He had changed his "display costume" for a slouch hat, corduroy coat, and long, tight pants; now, he went with his guides to Pop Wyman's where he smiled at the sign asking patrons not to shoot the pianist. Here, he said, was recognition of the fact that "bad art merits death"; that sign is "the only rational method of art criticism that I have ever come across." The miners liked the way Oscar Wilde held his liquor. Donning Tabor's underground suit, "a complete dress of India rubber," he said, "This cloak reminds me of the togas worn by the Roman senators. The lining, however, should be of purple satin and there should be storks embroidered upon the flaps, with fern embroidering around the edges." As the poet was lowered into the ore bucket in number three shaft, the superintendent explained by lamplight the different kinds of ore. At the bottom of the shaft, Oscar Wilde was met by a dozen miners, "each with a bottle. By invariable western custom every bottle must make the rounds. Within a few minutes all have had twelve snorters. The miners without exception are rather dizzy, but Wilde remains cool, steady, and collected. He is cheered loudly and is voted a perfect gentleman." At dawn, when the bucket brought him back to the surface, he thanked his hosts, praised the mine, "and walked away showing neither fatigue nor intoxication." The next morning as he left Leadville where he had won the hearts of the miners, he reflected that their dress was the most suitable for men; "yes, the best of all costumes for men."

IV

BY 1880, the *Democrat* said that "Leadville's society has become cordial, elegant, and radiant with graceful hospitality. Over a year ago, men hesitated to bring their wives and daughters here. But now all that is changed; houses are filled with comforts and elegancies that wealth and taste can create." While the rowdy and spectacularly gay elements lavished, the better citizens of Leadville in the summer played croquet on lawns brilliantly lighted by calcium lights; in the winter, they enjoyed skating parties, sleigh rides, open houses, and balls. On New Year's, calls were made from morning until night, while men and women vied with one another not only in dress but also in handsome turnouts, one of the most startling being "a handsome sleigh pulled by four diminutive burros." Much more stylish were the handsome horse and cutter owned by James B. Grant. At fashionable balls, dancing was said to have improved considerably under the tutelage of Professor G. H. Godat who taught all the fashionable glide steps popular in the East, specializing in glide quadrilles and contra dances.

The Philadelphia Fling, just coming into popularity, so intrigued Leadville that a description of it, written by a woman in the East, was published in the *Democrat*. The writer noted that "dancers have been steadily abandoning the quiet ways of former years, and now we have what must in reason be accepted as the culmination. . . The Philadelphia Fling. . . is danced by main strength allied with agility, and grace is a secondary consideration. Many do dance it gracefully, but it is owing to their natural ease of movement. I have broken three corset steels in three evening's practice, but I am getting on. In its perfection the Highland Fling may be described as follows: The man is tall, masculine, and agile. The woman is slender, willowy, and wholly subjective to the movement of her partner. He encircles her firmly with his right arm, not around her waist but just below her shoulders. With his left hand, he clasps her right, and holds it to her left hip. This brings her exceedingly close to him, and she is kept snugly in that position, not only because he likes it, but because if he does not have a strong hold on her, he cannot take her safely through the dance. She literally sticks her nose into his breast or shoulder, and some day a weak girl is going to be smothered to death in the midst of her delight. At least pugnoses will be common if the dance remains fashionable many seasons. It is not the correct thing to stand still in this hugging attitude. The dancing must begin instantly on the couple's coming together, and a false step at the start is a terpsichorean offense. The steps are those of an ordinary waltz, elongated to a surprising extent and accompanied by the swaying movement from side to side and frequent reversals, all to rapid music. This carries the couples here and there, now this way and that with surprising swiftness. . . A dozen pairs thus engaged are a remarkable exhibit, and it is no wonder that cautious mamas divide their attentions between the wreckage and improper exposure of their daughter's legs." As a girl was flung around and around, her feet barely touched the floor. "The violence of the exercise is excessive, and for sum-

mer dance this one will prove decidedly unsuitable. Poetically, the woman will come out of it in a rosy glow, with eyes flashing, her bosom rising and falling tremulously and her breaths making sighs. Practically, her dress waist will be spoiled by perspiration, the powder on her face will be melted, and she will gasp for breath like a horse with heaves. However, she will enjoy the wild sport, whatever may be thought by the tired fellow who has just carried her through."

With several first rate dry goods stores, "artists" in charge of dress-making parlors, modistes who made "perfectly fitting dresses for the ladies" or took orders to have gowns "transmitted from metropolitan Chicago." Leadville's women and girls had no difficulty in purchasing white kid gloves that buttoned to the elbow, "rich suits of black silk" trimmed with lace and velvet; white Swiss dresses "panier style adorned here and there with roses", blue tarleton gowns, "stylishly looped and festooned, the skirt cut just short enough to occasionally allow a glimpse of a very small white slippered foot." Most of the evening gowns had long trains, which "denoted the high society breeding possessed by the finely molded figure and beautiful piquant face." At one party, "the exceptionally handsome, elegant, and vivacious Mrs. W. R. Patrick wore sapphire velvet en train, with front of cameo-pink brocaded velvet, square corsage of point lace with diamond ornaments," while Miss Ella Boynton wore "pink brocaded silk en train, elaborately trimmed with point lace, corsage decollete, high coiffure adorned with pink pompons," and Mrs. Loker, "white albatross with draperies of Alencon lace and diamonds, with corsage of natural flowers". Women wore elaborate jewelry; hair styles often were complicated. Some wore braids and curls; some had their hair "frizzed and powdered with diamond dust"; others arranged roses in locks elaborately waved. Beaver hats with enormous plumes, red plush bonnets, and white satin hats on which birds perched intrigued their owners.

Some men wore swallow tails at balls and receptions; others were content to wear "their best bib and tucker that was less formal." The members of Tabor's Highland Guards, formed ostensibly as a protection against the Ute Indians, were truly colorful in their "black doublets with royal blue and red cord and facings, kilts of royal Stuart style, and stockings dashed with red and green"; their Prince Charlie bonnets were "ornamented with silver buckle and plume, a royal Stuart shoulder plaid with silver buckles and plume, and *Cairn gorn* jewels." Even more gorgeous were the members of Tabor's Light Cavalry, in their red trousers, blue coats, and brass helmets; General Tabor and his staff wore "black felt hats with black plume and gold cord, and flashing steel scabards on belts mounted with gold, and having gold buckles with the monogram of the company." Their uniforms were blue broadcloth trimmed with gold; their trousers, "light cloth, with broad gold stripes running down the legs." The dress of a captain in the light cavalry so impressed a little girl that she thought he was God. Even when Haw Tabor doffed his uniforms, he glittered, for often he wore an enormous diamond sized his have belonged to Isabella of Spain.

Food served at dinner parties, dances, and banquets was plentiful and elaborate. The "repast" served at Tom Walsh's Grand Hotel for the Masons and their guests on one occasion started them at first, for "An artistic eye had amused itself by decking the table with flowers and vegetables grotesquely carved in imitation of many emblems of the order. Mammoth cakes were Masonic with compass and squares. Tall pyramids of butter also reminded the gatherers around the festive board that to the hospitalities of the mystic order they were indebted for the pleasure they had enjoyed;" at the five course banquet, there were four kinds of "ornamental fish"; six choices of "Cold Ornamental Meats"; four, of salads; nine, of "Small Dishes Ornamental"; eighteen, of ices, Creams, and Confectionary. Beginning with such delicacies as Fresh Chinook salmon en Mayonnaise and Lake white fish au beurre d' Anchois the guests next feasted on roast ham marinated in wine, galatine of fowls glazed and garnished, smoked buffalo tongue and beurre Montelieur; boned brook trout a la bouche des dames, braised pigeon pie a l' Anglais and pate de foi gras in small rolls; Flower of leaf turtlets aux confitures assortis, darioles a la vanilla, macaroon baskets, Madeira wine, and French coffee.

Clubs abounded in Leadville. The smartest and most select social one was the Assembly Club at whose dances men and women always dressed formally. Haw Tabor and his associates belonged to the Clarendon, whereas the Leadville Club boasted that its membership included no "ignorant bonanza Kings." Women were eager to join the Racket Club whose members played whist and discussed the very richest scandal; men enjoyed the Republican, Democrat, and Elephant Clubs. The latter had but one restriction: its members pledged themselves not to vote at any city, county, or state election. Fraternal organizations like the Masons and the Odd Fellows as early as '78 were formed to aid those needy or in distress as well as "to encourage education, liberty, moral growth, and loyalty to the national government." Benevolent, too, were the Ladies' Relief Society and St. George's Ladies' Aid Society. To raise money for their projects, the latter frequently held bazaars where apron tables, floral bowers, wiches' tents, ice cream parlors and art exhibits of such paintings as "Paradise on Earth" and Flower of the Family" proved popular.

Leadville had its intellectual side, for groups like the Leadville Literary Society enjoyed orations, debates, recitations, and lectures on such subjects as "Cleopatra's Needle" and "The Seven Wonders of the World." Though the Bel Esprits, to which Haw Tabor belonged, enjoyed serious programs on Gray's "Elegy" and "The Death of Poor Joe," they chuckled over parodies on "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck" and *Romeo and Juliet*. One bookseller printed books "because it is fun"; others in Leadville included among their favorite books those by Alphonse Daudet, Alexander Dumas, Emile Gaboriaux, Wilkie Collins, and Charles Reade. The members of the Central Fire Club subscribed to such magazines as the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Monthly*, *Lippincott's*, and *Puck* as well as to the more staid newspapers published in Chicago and New York.

The sport of sports at Leadville was horse racing. Though most nice ladies did not attend the races, men thronged to the Malta race track costing \$3,000. The Leadville Trotting and Running Association held its first

meet in '79. As the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," everyone reverently stood at attention with eyes on the flag flying in the center of the course. Leadville horsemen competed with those from Colorado Springs, Denver, and Central City. Between races the restaurants and fourteen peanut vendors did a big business; The poolseller was busier in the Clarendon Hotel. On Sunday afternoons, Leadville's better citizens drove in their buggies to Soda and Iron Springs and to the Hotel de Mount Massive. Holding spot watches to check their speeds accurately, Robert Holmes and A. J. White, owners of a pair of Canadian shortnecks, made the trip in 58 minutes whereas the prancing team driven by Dr. Mullin and Lawyer Cowil took "one hour and thirty two seconds." The ladies of Leadville so enjoyed horseback riding that the supply of first class saddle horses was limited; undaunted, Leadville's equestrians went to Denver and Pueblo where they found excellent mounts. The editor of the *Chronicle* loved watching fashionable streets made doubly attractive by "dashing steeds, gay trappings, and graceful figures each afternoon."

Bands and parades appealed to the crowds. Every night, bands from the Grand Central and Chesnut Street Theatres competed on the corner of Harrison and State Streets; the Leadville Brass Band led many a parade. Even at funerals, bands played. When Charlie Vivian, the actor all Leadville loved was buried, "there was a long string of carriages which some twenty of us preceded on horseback. We had a band, too, which on the way to Evergreen Cemetery played the 'Dead March' in *Saul*. On our way back, when we reached Harrison Avenue, it struck up 'Ten Thousand Miles Away'. Vivian's favorite song, which he had sung to thousands before the footlights. It produced a thrilling effect."

By 1880, there were seven public schools which children attended ten months a year; more exclusive were the private school conducted by Miss Mattie Wescott where pupils received instruction in fundamentals as well as in German, French, Latin Greek, bookkeeping, and oil painting, and that operated by Miss Tena McDonough where they were taught the old fashioned three Rs. Joseph Luce's School of Mines, established in 1880 offered instruction in analyzing and assaying ores.

Catholics and Protestants vied with each other in building the finest and largest churches. The Presbyterian Church in 1881 was "lighted with gas, heated with furnaces, has a beautiful carpet on the floor, and is one of the handsomest church rooms in the state, and is crowded every Sunday." In fact, "all denominations are in a flourishing condition . . . The churches are crowded every Sabbath with as well dressed, well beloved, and intellectual a congregation as can be found in any city in the Union." The Episcopalians were proud of St. George's Church "built of wood, Gothic in design, and will accommodate 500 worshippers. The entire cost of the building when completed will not fall short of \$10,000." The little church is an amazing exhibit of architecture that followed the trends of the middle ages when massive stone flying buttresses were used to help support the weight of a building. No longer functional, the thin wooden buttresses of St. George's Church are purely ornamental.

Leadville's streets were oozy morasses of black mud "like hasty mud-

ding" which women bemoaned. Even though they wore neat fitting rubber boots and, gathering up their skirts in both hands, moved "as daintily across as a hen going through water" they wished it snowed and rained less in their city. They were always happy when they arrived at their destinations without slipping on the slick, slimy streets.

Ernest Ingersoll, visiting Leadville in '79 noted the houses built on high hills and crowded so close together that they looked smaller than they were. They ranged from "squalid cabins" to fashionable houses that "have more than four angles, have ornamental cornices and are painted. There are a few that even have porches. . . . As to the interiors, there are all the grades from mud floor and rough rock fire places with a bunk for a bedstead to the elaborate structure with muslin ceiling and calico walls - in two colors, after Eastlake, - Brussels carpets, piano, and St. Louis furniture. I never . . . comprehended the true beauty of geological maps, flaming with brilliant, irregular patches of red and orange, yellow and blue, until I saw them decorating the panels of a Leadville home." There were real homes here, he thought as he saw "the lace curtains in the window, a misty background for masses of indoor blossoms, and a vista of cabinet-organ, sewing machine, and low rocking chair, through the open door - home where the mines, the worry of strife for riches, and the hard attention of rough men are shut out."

Augusta and Haw Tabor's home was a clapboard cottage whose six rooms were simply furnished. Here Augusta, so long over-worked keeping a boarding house, running a store, doing her own house work, found time hanging heavily on her hands, for Haw insisted that she have a maid. And Haw's money had changed him. He had always been busy, even when he wasn't making money; he'd worked hard in Kansas; he had shown his fortune in his early days in Colorado when he had gained the summit of Ute Pass when, "with pick and shovel, axe and crowbar, block-and-tackle and the labors of the oxen, foot by foot, yard by yard," he "had forced the wagon and its load up the steep and winding grade. The advance was at a snail's pace." He had been fearless when he plunged into an icy, swift current up to his waist and using every ounce of strength, got his oxen out of the stream. She remembered how concerned he had been when she clung to the back of the donkey on which she rode as it swam against the swift current. Tired as Haw was after six hour's exertion in saving his oxen, he had watched a fire burning all night to keep the cattle warm; he'd even foraged for food for them. She'd been proud of him, very proud, when he tried to have Colorado made a separate territory. Of course, he and she had had arguments; most married people did; but they'd been a husband and wife who worked together as they should. And now, she was troubled about him. As his wealth poured in, at first he'd been busy with his investments; then he'd been building his political fences; but now he was squandering money at the gambling places and the saloons; he was often dining alone at the Clarendon; she heard that he'd been at the dance halls where "painted hussies" entertained single men and even married men. Augusta had no patience with such conduct. She winced when she saw him dressed in the garish costumes of the Tabor Highland Guards and the Tabor Light Cavalry. Bad taste, she reflected. And the diamond he

bought for himself offended her. Wild extravagance and atrocious taste.

And, as Haw Tabor's wealth grew, his self assertiveness increased. He did not consult Augusta when he moved her cottage up the street next to the Clarendon Hotel. There wasn't even a place for a garden, and Augusta who loved flowers and who could become enthusiastic over a sunset or a mountain view hated the location. He did not consult her when in Denver he bought the office building at Sixteenth Street and Larimer, when he erected the Tabor block, leased the Windsor Hotel respondent with red plush, a sixty foot bar, a grand banquet room and marble "ablutionary parlors" better known as Turkish baths. He did not consult her when he bought an enormous house to be their home in Denver nor when he built the Tabor Grand Opera House which Eugene Field said was of "modified Moresque" architecture but which Tabor said was designed with features from the Covent Garden Theatre in London and from the Academy of Music in Paris. Augusta was proud of the fact that Haw was lieutenant governor of Colorado. Though she went with him to the entertainment and ball that introduced the Tabor Hose Company of Denver, somehow she felt unwanted and she was unhappy when Haw wished she'd been dressed more elegantly. He was spending more and more time in Leadville, while Augusta, idle and unhappy, stayed in the big home in Denver. When the Tabor Grand Opera House opened, all Denver wondered where Augusta was. In 1881, the capital city learned that in July of 1880, Haw Tabor had left his home; he had visited Augusta occasionally until January 1881. Augusta did not sue for divorce, but for a property settlement, for though Haw Tabor had holdings of over \$5,700,000, and had an income of \$100,000 a month, Augusta said he had contributed nothing to her support for months; in fact, she had been forced to take roomers and boarders to support herself. She asked that her husband be forced to pay her \$50,000 a month, and give her the home in Denver as well as some adjoining land. Not until January 1883 was the matter settled. Then, Augusta was given a divorce she did not want, the Lincoln Avenue House, the La Veta Place apartment house, and a cash settlement. In the divorce proceedings, Haw Tabor's reputation suffered, for it was shown that he had bought a secret and fraudulent divorce in southern Colorado.

Augusta was bitter when, despite this blot on his character, Haw Tabor was appointed U. S. senator for a short term; she was astounded when, two months after his divorce he married pretty Baby Doe Tabor, at the Willard Hotel "in Washington amid a fairland of flowers." The new wife, Augusta heard, wore a \$90,000 diamond, the most expensive the groom could secure. Augusta found some consolation in the fact that the priest who performed the ceremony returned the wedding fee, for he said he did not know he was marrying a divorced couple. Augusta was yet more concerned when she learned that Haw had secretly married Baby Doe in St. Louis in September 1883, three months before his divorce was legal. The man who was sowing these wild oats did not seem like the man she had married.

Haw Tabor's later career, Augusta believed, seemed even more as-

ounding than fiction. The *New Jersey Statesman* suggested that "Horace A. Tabor, Silver King of the Pacific Coast, Colorado's Citizen, Banker and Senator of Sterling Merit and Purity of Character" become President of the United States. When this proposal came to nothing, he was suggested as governor of Colorado; many from Leadville and Denver favored his candidacy; - but he lost the nomination. Somehow, Augusta seemed to be living in a dream world, a hideous one, when she met Haw and the new Mrs. Tabor at Maxcy's wedding early in 1884. This new Mrs. Tabor didn't belong there, Augusta must have felt. Maxcy was her son and Haw's - and yet another Mrs. Horace A. Tabor sent one wedding gift while Augusta sent another. Augusta read of the children Baby Doe bore, both girls, of the beautiful clothing of the second Mrs. Tabor and her children, the new Tabor home, and the five carriages.

Some Augusta had known in Leadville, once their fortunes were made, came to Denver where they were among the mile high city's leading citizens. John L. McNeil who went to Leadville in '83 to open the Carbonate Bank headed many Denver companies and was known for his sterling character; his wife headed the committee that secured the first appropriation for the State Library and was president of several Women's Clubs; David May, who owned a clothing store in Leadville and who "engaged successfully in mining", later opened the May Company store in Denver; Samuel D. Nicholson, a farm boy whose hard work and good business judgment led to his acquiring some of the largest mining and milling enterprises in the state was twice elected mayor of Leadville. William R. Owen who with \$2,500 in 1877 opened a store in Leadville and who in ten months cleared \$20,000 a month later was one of the officers of The Denver Dry Goods Store. His Leadville store carried the richest of dress fabrics and the finest of "ladies' suitings, staples and notions"; it "is lighted by burners from 12 chandeliers, and in the evening is beautifully illuminated." It was quite as fine as that owned by W. B. Daniels and W. G. Fisher, of Denver. Charles Boettcher who came to Leadville in '79 at the end of the year reported that the sales in his hardware store were \$30,000 a month. "He is said to have carried an \$80,000 stock." His many enterprises in Colorado were first made possible by the fortune he acquired in Leadville. John C. Mitchell, William James, and John F. Campion, after making fortunes in Leadville came to Denver. Steady, reliable John Campion said that many prospectors with whom he did business got "drunk every Saturday after receiving their money. It became my religious duty to go to the police court of the city jail and bail them out on Monday, at which time they looked as if they had been shot through a carper cleaning machine." Why, Augusta mused, wasn't Haw Tabor now as reliable as John Campion? Yes, she had to admit there had always been something flamboyant in Haw; but until he made his money he had been a good man. She recalled he had not even dealt harshly with the man who jumped his claim.

And David H. Moffat, one of their first friends in Colorado, after he had made his fortune in Leadville had gone to Denver where he was not only a good business man but also a fine citizen. Often urged to run

for the U. S. Senate, he refused to do so; but he was a great force in the Republican party. Like Haw Tabor, he had begun life as a poor boy. At twelve, he had left home to become a messenger boy in the New York Exchange Bank; at sixteen, he was assistant teller; after holding good positions with firms in Des Moines and Omaha, he had come first to Aurora where he opened a stationary shop; later he moved his store to Denver City and opened a large hardware store. Setting \$75,000 as the fortune he was content to make, he forgot that goal when, in a short time in Leadville, he made that sum buying bullion from the miners and shipping it East. His other mining and banking ventures in Colorado, his work with the Denver Northwestern and Pacific Railroad and with public utilities made him one of the giants of the West. The Moffat tunnel never materialized during his life; like General William Palmer of Colorado Springs, he suffered at the hands of eastern financiers. Though the great fortune he made dwindled, David Moffat remained a dignified citizen. Always he was as democratic in his ideas as when he was a messenger boy in New York City. "Simplicity marked his home life; display was at all times distasteful to him; wealth had a tendency to enlarge his sympathy and good will for his fellow man."

John Arkins, on the staff of the *Denver Tribune*, went to Leadville to start *The Chronicle*, setting up his plant in "a six by eight room with a washstand for his editorial desk." Alice Polk Hill has told how he wrote his first news story after going where a crowd had congregated around a little shanty. Inside, he "soon discovered the cause of the commotion . . . The air was stifling with chloroform. A woman lay stretched on a bed and a physician stood over her making active use of a stomach pump. The facts ascertained, he returned to his sanctum and dashed off an account of it.

"The next morning a large man with a flushed face and bloodshot eyes entered his office accompanied by a woman. He demanded in stentorian tones to see the man who wrote 'that article in yesterday's paper about his lady' and with a little frowning swearing announced his intention to blow him into the warmest place in Lucifer's domains.

"The editor said meekly the reporter had stepped out, but if an untrue statement had been made, he, being the editor, would be pleased to correct it. He couldn't understand how it happened, for the merest glance at the lady was sufficient to establish her character, and stepping forward with great savvy of manner, declared that she seemed to be 'the Hour of sulphur and the cream of tartar'."

The couple missed the sarcasm in the explanation, smiled, and thanked Mr. Arkins for his apology; the man shook the editor's hand, saying, "Your head is level; come, have a drink with us." All three "waltzed into a neighboring saloon and - smiled unctuously". John Arkins' business associates were C. C. Davis and James Burnell. Their competitors in the newspaper business were the *Herald*, published by R. G. Dill, and the *Democrat* whose principal owner was John M. Barrett.

Augusta Tabor greatly admired James B. Grant who came to Leadville from Alabama. He had served in the Southern Army during the Civil War, had attended the Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa, and

Cornell University; he had studied "metallurgy and kindred branches" at the School of Mines in Freiberg, Germany; he'd spent his vacations traveling in Europe; he had inspected gold mines and stamp mills in Australia and New Zealand. After mining in Virginia Canon, he opened a smelting works in Leadville. The \$300,000 that his uncle gave him to start the plant proved enormously profitable. During times of friction between mine owners and miners, James B. Grant served as arbitrator. A man of broad charity, a fine sense of honor and goodness, he was a favorite among the sedate group in Leadville. When his smelter there burned, he built a larger one in Denver, where ores from Leadville and the camps in Colorado, Montana, Arizona, Utah, and New Mexico were treated. The first Democratic governor of Colorado, he long served on the Denver Board of Education. Mining man and banker, he was one of the "captains of industry" who attended a banquet given by J. Pierpont Morgan in New York for the Prince of Prussia. A scholarly man, possessing unusual administrative ability, he had great faith in the future of Colorado. His charming wife Mary Goodell, was the granddaughter of Governor Matte-son of Illinois.

When there were so many cultured, refined men in Leadville, why, Augusta mused, hadn't Haw chosen to emulate them rather than the brassy, loud bonanza kings? She had admired John J. Hall, "a gentleman of the old school, a student and scholar, extremely affable and polite" who was the registrar of the Land Office at Leadville; Dr. David H. Dougan, who finally secured decent sanitary conditions in the Carbonate camp; and Luther M. Goddard, who after being a force in Leadville's school system and judge of the district court in Lake County, came to Denver and was elected a justice of the Supreme Court of Colorado.

Augusta Tabor respected Mrs. Helen Brumm who, arriving in Leadville almost penniless, took in washing, ran a boarding house and, with part of her earnings sent out parties to dig for silver. After acquiring \$100,000 she left Leadville. Less successful, Mrs. Hannah Drifell who opened a laundry and tried mining, remained the same cultured woman she had been when she came to Leadville after the death of her husband and children. Mrs. Sargeant, the dressmaker had made a handsome profit from her business as well as from real estate and mining transactions. Crowning them all was Mrs. J. J. Brown, whose husband was the superintendent of the Maid of Erin in the early '80s. One of the owners of the Little Johnny, he made millions. His wife, eager of self improvement, after they left Leadville studied and traveled; she was a favorite in social circles in Denver, New York, and Newport, London and Paris. One of the survivors of the Titanic disaster, she became known as "the unsinkable Mrs. Brown."

While Augusta grieved, Haw and Baby Doe, scorned by many in Denver and Leadville, lived luxuriously. Augusta's Christianity showed itself when she called on Baby Doe, saying that she thought if she called others in Denver might follow suit. The "right people" did not; but the Tabor's had friends. Baby Doe rode proudly in her pale blue enamel carriage: upholstered in azure satin and drawn by four black horses while

two negroes in scarlet uniforms sat on the box behind. She revelled in her diamonds and in the portraits, five of them. Haw had had painted of her. No child in Denver but Baby Doe's had fifty baby dresses of the finest lace and velvet, two \$500 christening robes, and exquisite baby caps trimmed in marabou tips. When Henry Ward Beecher, the famous minister, spoke before a small audience in the Tabor Opera House in Leadville, Baby Doe handsomely gowned and attentive sat with Haw Tabor in their private box. She was happy and she was trying to be a good wife.

Happy and contented as Haw Tabor was in his marriage, he was concerned over the fact that the production of high grade ore in the mines in Leadville was falling off. Lewis Cass Gandy has pointed out, how during the short lived strike in which miners lost their requests for wages of three to four dollars a day and an eight hour day, it was revealed that the richest mines had been so recklessly exploited that they were nearing exhaustion and that mine owners had been borrowing money to pay high dividends. The Little Chief, for example was paying \$100,000 a month when it should have paid \$50,000. There was still plenty of low grade ore, but no known method of extracting gold from it that was profitable. In 1885, Tabor was relieved to find a new method he thought would be the salvation of the Leadville mines; the cyanide process cost him \$100,000. Yet, output in the silver mines declined; in many a mine, the main shaft was sunk deeper and deeper; in vain, levels were pushed in various directions. Profitable ore bodies were non-existent, even in the Matchless. Yet Tabor and other mine owners were hopeful that strikes would be made in some of their holdings.

The national depression, beginning to be felt in Colorado in 1883 eventually dealt the silver mining industry a blow from which it never recovered. The repeal of the silver act authorizing the purchasing of 4,500,000 ounces of silver a month led to the price of silver's reaching so low a level that all business throughout the state suffered. Banks failed; real estate values dropped; unemployment stalked the mining camps. Skilled miners worked, and gladly, for a dollar or two a day or for board and room; mine owners lost their fortunes. Haw Tabor lost everything in Leadville except the Matchless Mine; all his real estate holdings in Denver went; his mine in Arizona was sold at auction; his investments abroad collapsed. Haw Tabor, a man of seventy, was back where he had started. Back to working with pick and shovel, later he received a more pleasant and lucrative job as postmaster in Denver. Now the penniless man who personally had paid the salaries of men working in the post office in Leadville when the sudden rise in population made more help necessary, the man who gave the land on which the Denver Post Office stood, received aid from the government he had helped. It seemed strange to him that his political enemies, Senators Wolcott and Teller, had given him the appointment. He had few friends now. Yet, Winfield Scott Stratton had confidence in him. Haw reflected, for the man who had struck so rich a vein of gold that he sold one mine for \$11,000,000 lent him \$30,000, unsecured, to help him try to develop a new mine. The development brought no dividends.

Discouraged and baffled by the events that cost him his fortune but still happy with Baby Doe and his daughters, Haw Tabor died in 1899, two years after he was made postmaster and four years after Augusta's death. Baby Doe went back to Leadville, where she lived in poverty in a shack close to the Matchless Mine which, until her death in 1930, she believed some day would bring in another strike.

Though some, like Charles Collins still made fortunes in Leadville, soon after the repeal of the silver act, Leadville's population shrank to a few thousand. Coming to the silver camp in 1907, "Pop Collins" leased mines and did some mining. His Western Zinc Oxide Company used low grade zinc ores. Though he tried to do some business with Baby Doe Tabor, he never succeeded in seeing her. His business interests in Leadville terminated in 1938. Today the influence of Haw Tabor is still seen in Harrison Avenue, built by the silver king, in the Tabor Grand Hotel, in the Elk's Club, formerly Tabor's Opera House, in St. George's Church to which the Tabor's contributed. Visitors to Leadville see the shack where Baby Doe lived, now a museum, the idle Matchless Mine, and a number of mines that are today producing gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, and molybdenum. Mountain troops from Camp Carson in Colorado Springs receive part of their training and hold maneuvers near Leadville which today is a small town, productive, but no longer a bonanza town.

V

WHILE Colorado's economic state was gloomy, the discovery of gold at Cripple Creek was the salvation of the state. Middle aged, black eyed, dark haired, mustached Bob Womack, good natured and easy going, while herding cattle for Horace Bennett and Julius Myers had spent his spare time prospecting in the hills and valleys around Poverty Gulch. He was convinced that those whose training should have given them the right to know were wrong when they contended "No gold could grow there." His father, S. R. Womack, a fine Kentucky gentleman" had come to Colorado in the '60s to mine; he had owned the first ore mill along Clear Creek in Gilpin County; in the '70s he had come to El Paso County and had taken a ranch and raised cattle about fifteen miles south of Colorado Springs. He and his sons, William and Robert, later had secured the rights and perfected the title to land comprising Cripple Creek. Earlier, Levi Welter had squatted on that land and an old ranchman, Requa, had prospected there. The elder Womack homesteaded on the land Levi Welter had first possessed; Bob took up the tract called Requa Gulch. In the late '80s, they sold their land and cattle to a firm so unsuccessful in its cattle business, that it sold its cattle and land to a real estate firm, owned by Bennett and Myers in Denver.

The last owners were not very enthusiastic over their purchase. True, they had paid only \$7,000 for the sizeable ranch and the down payment was only \$2,500; the remainder was to be paid in five years at four per cent interest. In fact, as Horace Bennett looked at his ranch where dead cattle lay in gullies and ravines, for the previous owners had hardly fed the cattle and had no shelter for them, he felt he'd made a bad purchase. Yet, as his eyes surveyed the meadowlands of blue grass, timothy and alike, the luxurious hay knee high, as he thought of the streams teeming with mountain trout, and as he noted the tame grouse—there must have been hundreds of them—he thought his land might become the site of a pleasure resort. Young Bennett placed George Carr in charge of his Cripple Creek ranch and went back to Denver.

Bob Womack, riding the range, drinking and prospecting in his leisure time, still dug for gold; he built a little cabin in Poverty Gulch, near the patented land. In January '91, he dug a hole in Poverty Gulch and got out some good looking rock which he brought to Colorado Springs. As Dr. J. P. Grannis and C. H. White of the El Paso bank had become interested in some red sandstone quarries which they thought had gold, Bob Womack took his rock to them. White, knowing that for ten years Womack had prospected and insisted there was free gold in Cripple Creek while ranchmen and cowboys laughed at him, had no time to discuss the matter. Dr. Grannis was interested and the last week in January went up to Cripple Creek with Bob. But rumors of Bob's find had gotten around in Colorado Springs; F. F. Frisbee and E. M. De La Vergne heard of the alleged find, despite a snow storm, had gone to inspect Bob's prospect hole and had located the El Dorado claim adjoining Bob's diggings. Disheartened, Bob recorded his claim previously called the Chance, now

named the El Paso. Dr. Grannis, believing in the cowboy everyone else laughed at, financed the sinking of a thirty foot shaft.

Even when assayers found Bob Womack's rock had gold, many doubted whether the cowboy really had made a strike. They saw samples of his ore in the windows of J. F. Seldomridge's feed store. Some said they'd seen "oceans of such stuff" that came from what was supposed to be a bonanza. Almost everyone remembered watching Bob Womack ride through town by day as though all the devils in hell were pursuing him; many had been awakened at night by the rush of horses' hoofs and a series of war whoops and had wished Bob could come home more quietly. "He could punish any amount of bad whiskey, and whenever he came to town, other people had to stand aside." Moreover, many interested in mining remembered that six years earlier, an attempt had been made to salt a mine at nearby Mt. Pisgah. They could not believe that only a few miles away from the salted mine was gold worth millions. By April and May of '91, however, forty or fifty prospectors had gone to Cripple Creek. By October, so large a settlement of cabins and tents had sprung up in Squaw Gulch and in the surrounding land that George Carr wired Bennett and Myers. "Prospectors digging up everywhere. Shall I make them jump?" After Bennett's lawyers told him that he had other than surface rights, that he owned "everything from China to the skies," the young real estate man employed a civil engineer to plat a town he called Fremont on his ranch and showed some samples of ore from the dump on Bob Womack's gopher hole, to an assayer, who smiled. "There's no use wasting your time on an assay of this," he said, "There's no gold in it." He was familiar with the ore in Gilpin County "where gold was associated with well defined outcroppings of quartz easily distinguishable at the surface and traced through the country without difficulty." He did not know that in the Cripple Creek district gold "is found in the breccia that fills the old volcanic vent and that there is quartz present even when the veins extend into the surrounding red granite walls."

The name Fremont did not last, for cowboys were accustomed to the name Cripple Creek. According to some legends, along a stream "was a morass in which straying cattle wandered and were lamed in their efforts to extricate themselves;" disgusted, their owners called it Cripple Creek. One cowboy said, "Yes, pard, that creek's named right, for a cowboy in heading a steer in that creek fell, steer, horse, and rider, breaking the horse's neck and the rider's arm." Harry J. Newton tells of a letter from England addressed to Lame Creek, Colorado, reaching the right party at Cripple Creek.

Although Louis R. Ehrich wrote in the *Colorado Springs Gazette* that "It may be well in the midst of the unhealthy mining excitement, which has swept over this city to remember that it is the part of conservative, wise men to engage in those enterprises which will add to the stable growth and general business development of the city,—a growth built not upon the shifting sands of fickle mining possibilities, but upon that of satisfying public aesthetic enjoyment and public desires of higher entertainment," the growth of the new town was phenomenal. In the fall

of '91, says H. S. Rogers there were several thousand people in "a strag-
gling place of a few houses and tents. I went back again the next spring
and found a magnificent hotel, business blocks, electric lights, etc. All
this time there was no city government, and the place was run by deputy
sheriffs, the county commissioners collecting a license from the various
saloons then running."

When E. M. De La Vergne and E. C. Frisbee opened the Gold King
mine and shipped their first ore in 1891, prospecting was stimulated and
real estate boomed. Bennett and Myers lots that had sold for as low as \$50
began to bring as high as \$2,000. Before long, De La Vergne opened the
Raven Mine on Raven Hill. Strikers were made at the Buena Vista, the
Mary McKinney, Anaconda, Victor, and Morning Star.

Following Bob Womack into Cripple Creek, came serious, business-
like Winfield Scott Stratton, a carpenter who for seventeen years had pro-
spected and at times had studied mining at Colorado College and the School
of Mines at Greeley in his spare time. He took with him Billy Fernay, a
young chap suffering from tuberculosis, to cook for him and look after the
burros carrying their equipment and supplies. Young Fernay, who boarded
at the same place as Stratton, was eager to go. Yet, their trip did not have
an auspicious beginning because the two had not looked very carefully at
the burros they had purchased at Manitou. The prospectors had hardly
left Colorado Springs when one of the burros became obstreperous; it had
been cut by a barbed wire and the wound which had not healed began to
bleed. The beast refused to move. As Stratton took a board and struck it
to make it hurry, some women feeling he was mistreating the animal, and
deciding the burro was being abused, called the officers of the Humane So-
ciety. Trying to avoid trouble, Stratton and Fernay got away as quickly
as possible. "Interfering, gossiping women", Stratton muttered. Just as
stupid as those who said his wife left him because he didn't give her
enough money. They'd sing a different tune if he told them the truth, that
she'd confided the child she was bearing wasn't his. Women! What could
he do but send her home to her mother? You just didn't stay married to
such a woman. The next burro was equally stubborn and frightened both
Stratton and Fernay, for it made a dash for a tree and tried to rub off its
load which was dynamite. Both men ran and watched the beast from some
distance. Luckily, the load did not explode. Stratton believed he had to
strike gold, for a friend of his, Leslie Popejoy, a plasterer was grubstaking
him. Once at Cripple Creek, he visited with Bob Womack, who showed
him some unlocated land. The altitude and hard work proved too much for
young Fernay and he came back to Colorado Springs after locating the
Black Diamond Mine on Battle Mountain. Dissatisfied with the location
of his prospecting hole, Stratton moved over to Wilson Creek on what is
today called Battle Mountain. In several weeks, he made a number of lo-
cations. His blow pipe "showed gold in the float, but he could find no
mother vein." Back in Colorado Springs, he continued to think about
gold. One ledge in particular interested him. On July 3, it occurred to him
that that ledge "was the contact of the granite and the porphyry;" here
must be a rich deposit of mineral. On July 4, back in Cripple Creek, he

located the Washington and the Independence Mines. With great patience
and self sacrifice, he made mines of the claims. His first assay "showed
\$380 to the ton and an average sample of the loose rock on the apex of
the vein" gave \$24 to the ton. At first, having more confidence in the
Washington, than in the Independence, he leased the latter for two months.
He was greatly relieved when the lease on it reverted to him, for the lessees
made \$150,000 from it the short time they had it. Yet, it took capital to
mine and working on a shoe string was tiring and discouraging.

Billy Fernay's Black Diamond claim made about \$70,000, but the
youngster let much of it slip through his hands in a series of \$500 sales he
had made to take a pleasure trip to his Missouri home. He sold back to
Stratton his interest in the Washington and Independence claims; and
Stratton sold the Washington for \$80,000.

Mining intelligently and systematically, shipping the ore he needed
to sell to provide money for acquiring and developing other property,
Stratton left millions in reserve in his mine. When, in 1898 his Independence
Mine was sold in London for \$11,000,000 by twenty-five year old
Verner Z. Reed to the Venture Corporation in London, he became the first
Cripple Creek millionaire. The Englishmen "gutted" the bonanza, mining
ore selling for \$3,387,657.80 in fourteen months.

Meanwhile, dapper, fortyish Jimmie Burns, slight of build but strong,
and easy going twenty-three year old Jimmie Doyle, heavy set and dark
eyed, who had been in the plumbing business in Colorado Springs joined
forces with another Irishman, Jimmie Harnan in Cripple Creek. Jimmie
Doyle had located a fractional claim on Bull Hill and his two friends
helped him sink a shaft. Knowing almost nothing of mining, they were
amazed that it paid so richly from the surface. Fearing their claim might
be jumped if its richness was discovered, they removed the "aureate rock"
at night in ore sacks, carrying it in a harness fastened to their shoulders.
Once Jimmie Burns fell with his load strapped to his shoulders; so heavy
was it that he could not rise until his friends lifted him. After the Portland
Mining Company was organized and incorporated, production began.
Realizing that the surrounding and unexplored claims were valuable assets,
Burns persuaded his partners to spend a million dollars in six years in-
creasing their holdings. With their wealth came discord, for all had Irish
tempers. They fought with others and among themselves. For a time,
"Old man Stratton" smoothed out some of their difficulties, but finally
Doyle, then the popular mayor of nearby Victor, quarreled so with Burns
that the latter had him thrown in jail where he stayed a year. One morning,
just after Burns had inspected the Anna Lee shaft in the Portland,
eight miners, entered the cage, and, as it went down, the shaft caved in and
eight men were killed. Horrified, Burns at once set about recovering the
bodies. He didn't consult the directors of the Portland, but spent \$100,000
in doing so; he spent even more compensating their families. When there
was no dividend that spring because of this expenditure, Doyle, in a rage,
accused Burns of negligence in inspecting the shaft; Burns, quite as angry
as his life long friend, resigned as president of the Portland. Though
Stratton and Harnan persuaded Burns to allow himself to be reelected pres-

ident, the feuding Irishmen saw little of one another after this. The climax of their quarrel came when Doyle sued Burns for \$700,000 in Portland profits he said he had not received. Doyle sued in an Iowa court; Burns got a Colorado Springs lawyer to issue an injunction to keep Doyle from going on with the suit. When Doyle went on with the suit and won a judgment of \$700,000 against Burns, the Colorado Springs judge ordered Doyle not to take the money or go to jail. He took the money and went to jail where he stayed several months. While there, he was reelected mayor of Victor.

On December 31, 1894, production on the Portland was \$553,975.75; in 1902, its yield was \$2,608,993.59; in eighteen years, it produced gold sold for \$30,000,000. Jimmie Burns, emerging the wealthier of the three, went back to Colorado Springs where he built a beautiful home on Wood Avenue in the "exclusive north end" and married a charming, cultured girl he had known in St. Joseph, Missouri.

The million dollars commission young Reed paid himself for selling the Independence marked the real beginning of his fortune, though he had made money, a great deal of it, earlier. The extraordinarily handsome young man, interested in art and a friend of artists, doing some research and writing novels which, according to the standards of the '90s were torrid, had come to Colorado Springs from Ohio. Originating in his new home the idea of building and selling houses on the installment plan, he constructed and sold fifty such houses. When the Cripple Creek boom came, he located the Little Mildred and organized the Princess Gold Mining Company with an associate, R. P. Davis. As a promoter, he made foreign connections and, when the Portland was seriously involved in litigation, affected the sale of seventeen mining properties to the Portland Gold Mining Company for \$1,025,000, at that time the largest transaction in the Cripple Creek district. So successful was he in his plan for issuing stock in the Portland that it became the leader in the market. Other consolidations and plans for issuing stock followed in this country and abroad. After living in Europe for some years, he returned to the United States where he acquired interests in the oil fields and irrigation projects in Wyoming.

Though in 1891-2 there had been strikes showing there was gold of considerable value in Cripple Creek, the fact that it was difficult to mine and that mining experts who visited the district gave adverse reports saying that ore was found only in surface deposits and that it was "impossible for gold to exist in this formation," miners began flocking into the district. They knew that Cripple Creek production in '92 was \$600,000. They knew, too, that the production was slowing up in the silver mines. Then, in '93 with the demonitization of silver, when all business slowed up, a tremendous stream of miners and "tenderfeet" from every walk of life poured into the gold camp. As the Portland and the Independence began to produce, people from every part of America began arriving in Cripple Creek.

And Cripple Creek grew. In '91, Bennett and Myers had laid out the town in a hurry when prospectors were drilling holes all over their property. There had been a time when it was really two towns, for while

Horace Bennett platted his town and called it Fremont, a Colorado Springs group formed Hayden Placer just next to it. Each "town" elected its mayor. There was a contest over the post-office which the Colorado Springs group succeeded in removing from Fremont and placing in Hayden Placer; but before long it was back in its original location. When the Colorado Springs group took the First National Bank to Hayden Placer, the rival group opened the Bi-Metallic Bank with David Moffat as president and Horace Bennett as vice-president. In '93, the two townsites were consolidated with one set of officers and called Cripple Creek. By '93 some of the tents that had filled the hills and ravines after the first reports of gold were being replaced with one and two room shacks. Before long, frame houses with as many as eight rooms were built. Severely plain, they had one or two porches and usually included a parlor and a sitting room. Some even had music rooms. As real estate prices zoomed, the size of lots shrank so that most houses lacked gardens; trees were few and far apart. But they were real homes where children loved the evenings when mother made taffey for them and the whole family enjoyed each other. Bennett Avenue, Third Street, and Myers Avenues became a flourishing business district. The "general outfitters" tent which in '92 handled everything from gold pans and picks to overalls, chewing tobacco and flour was replaced by machine shops, general merchandise shops, "clothing," tailor's and confectioners' shops, a "diamond and watch store," fruit, furniture, "gent's furnishings," "groceries and provisions," "cornices and roofing" stores. By 1894, the Cripple Creek Business Directory listed almost eight hundred businesses. Among them, there were twenty six saloons, forty two real estate offices, and thirty six law offices. There were sixteen surgeons and physicians and thirty six lawyers. The price of business lots had risen from \$25 and \$50 in '91 to \$3,000 to \$5,000 by '93.

The business directory did not list the parlor houses operated by the madames many of who had come from Leadville, Aspen, and Colorado City, nor the gambling houses, nor the dance halls. The parlor houses received national attention when, some years later, Julian Street on an extremely short visit to Cripple Creek, after calling that mining camp "one of the most depressing places in the world," commented on the "ill paved" streets and the outlying district that "are a horror of smokestacks, ore-dumps, shaft-houses, reduction plants, gallows-frames and squalid shanties situated in the mud." He decided this was "the most awful looking little city in the world." Then, he added "Cripple Creek is not only above the timber-line; it is above the cat-line. I mean this literally. Domestic cats cannot live here. And many human beings are affected by the altitude. I was. I had a headache. My breath was short, and upon the least exertion, my heart did flip-flops. Therefore, I did not circulate about town excepting within a radius of a few blocks of the station." Unfortunately those few blocks were those on which the parlor houses were. Mr. Street noted there were names, Clara, Louise, Lina, et cetera, rather than numbers on these one story houses. He saw a negro's face "pressed against the window pane grinning at me with a knowing, sickening grin" and in another window a white woman with very black hair and eyes, and cheeks of a light or-

child-shade, showing her gold teeth in a mirthless automatic smile," and adding "the allurements of an ice-cold wink." Enraged when this description of Cripple Creek appeared in a national magazine, the city officials changed the name of the Red Light district to Julian Street.

The literary gentleman didn't have time to see the dance halls, the Bon Ton, Casino, the Red Light, the Great View, the Topic where for twenty five cents a customer got a dance and a drink; he did not see the gambling houses where faro, roulette, craps, and the twenty-one game were played. He did not see the Squaw Gulch Amusement Club where Bob Womack was sergeant at arms. He did not see Johnnie Nolan's saloon, the best in town, or Johnnie's wife who wore the finest of Parisian gowns and looked like any millionaire's wife when she went out in the evening. Julian Street did not know that the schools of Cripple Creek had been started in '92. Housed at first in a rented building, the school was later held in a one room log cabin. At first there was no floor in the room and there were bare logs on the inside walls; there was a "glorious garden of weeds on the roof." "By the end of the school year, a board floor and papered walls made it more attractive for the fourteen students. The first school had one six months' term. Before long, other school buildings were constructed. By 1905, Cripple Creek had twenty well equipped steam heated school buildings with modern conveniences, textbooks, and supplies. Julian Street did not know that though business went on as usual seven days a week in Cripple Creek, there had been church services almost as soon as there was a camp. Held in a tent called "Whosoever Will," the congregational church held the first church service in the gold camp. The Catholics held the first Sunday school in the district in the rear of the Buckhorn saloon. Mother Duffy had covered the bar and gambling equipment with canvas. Suddenly, as young Father Volpe, sent by Bishop Matz of Denver, was in the midst of a prayer, a miner demanded breakfast. Mother Duffy first explained that he'd have to wait until Sunday School was over. When he became profane and insisted on his food, Mother Duffy cursed him with as good a string of oaths as any miner could use, as she informed him that "no drunken bum" was going "to upset the first Sunday School held here." After a while, church services were held in the lodge rooms of the Elks or the Odd Fellows; before long, each denomination had its own church. It is said that once when some tourists came to see Cripple Creek, one woman, feeling definitely superior to those in the mining camp, asked if there were churches. A miner told her there were but that they were closed while the visitors were in town. Julian Street did not know that in the '90s there were fraternal and social clubs that looked after charity cases and enjoyed a good time. Victor had the "only strictly literary club for gentlemen" in the district but Cripple Creek had wonderful women's literary clubs. The Shakespeare Club studied carefully the plays of the dramatist whose name it bore while the Fortnightly Club members did work for the Children's Home, enjoyed hearing speakers on literary and historical subjects, and once had a course in scientific cooking. Julian Street did not see Cripple Creek's hotels. Wesley Gourley's Place, opened in '91 was outclassed by the Anheuser-Busch which had eight bedrooms;

the Continental had accommodations for two hundred; the Clarendon was really elegant; its furniture cost \$16,000.

Perhaps the altitude was too much for Julian Street. He had said that as he came on the little train bound for Cripple Creek he had "not known that so steep a grade could be ascended, "Never," he reiterated, "have I seen such a railroad either for steepness or for sinuosity. The train crawled along ledges cut into the mountain-sides, now burrowing through an obstruction, now creeping from one mountain to another on a spindly bridge of the most shocking height, below which a wild torrent dashed through a rocky canon; now slipping out upon a sky-high terrace commanding a view of hundreds of miles of plains, now winding its way gingerly above dizzy cliffs which seemed to lean out over chasms, into which one looked with admiring terror; now coming out upon the other side, the main chain of the Rockies was revealed a hundred miles to the westward glittering superbly with eternal ice and snow. It is an unbelievable railroad—the Cripple Creek Short Line."

Rivalry existed between three railroads, causing their builders to speed construction in order that one might claim distinction of being the first to enter Cripple Creek. The same rivalry existed between newspapers. The gold ink with which the first issue of *Cripple Creek Crusher* was printed in '91 had hardly dried when *The Prospector's* first issue was published. In '93, came the *Cripple Creek Weekly Journal*; in '95, *The Cripple Creek Times*, *The Evening Star*, *The Cripple Creek Sunday Herald*, and *The Cripple Creek Mail*.

In '94, when Charles L. Tutt, Spencer Penrose, W. H. Leonard and Charles MacNeill erected a small chlorination mill at Lawrence, in the Cripple Creek district, an important step was reached in mining. Their experiments made it possible to treat ore at a price so much lower than that hitherto charged that they revolutionized mining. The editor of *The Evening Star* said in 1904, "Were the old prices in effect, the tonnage of the camp would be very small compared to what it is today." In addition, a report by Penrose and Cross, experts, stated that "the veins in Cripple Creek would extend with depth and that the camp was an essentially high grade camp." For the first time, people "realized that Cripple Creek was destined to be marvellously rich."

An Easterner, steady, reliable Charles L. Tutt, had been in the real estate business in Colorado Springs when he was joined by handsome, well groomed Spencer Penrose who had graduated a short time before from Harvard. The two first ran a real estate business and a livery stable in Cripple Creek and then bought the Cash on Delivery Claim in Poverty Gulch near that of Bob Womack. Without funds to operate the claim, Spencer Penrose wired his brother Boies, a member of the Philadelphia Senate and offered to let him in on his gold venture for \$10,000. The latter sent his young brother \$150 and advised him to let mining alone. Unsuccessful in securing backing, the young Tutt and Penrose leased the claim to Joe Troy and Pete Burke for \$20,000. When the latter sank a new shaft and hit on one of the best veins in the district, Penrose and Tutt shared in the dividends. When the silver act was repealed, Burke and Troy,

panicky about the future of gold, persuaded Tutt and Penrose to buy back their lease on the C.O.D. Full of faith, the young men gladly made the purchase—and later sold the C.O.D. to a French syndicate for \$300,000. In '94, Penrose, Tutt, Charles MacNeill, and W. H. Leonard organized the Colorado and Philadelphia Reduction and Refining Company, later called the U. S. Reduction and Refining Company. Before long, they owned almost every mill in the district and processed gold from most of the mines. They built the Cripple Creek Short Line. They were worth millions. When young David Jackling, a metallurgist, in 1902 convinced MacNeill, Tutt, and Penrose that "the Bingham ore deposits offered great promise of something less than revolutionary in the copper industry," they invested in what grew to be an enormously profitable purchase of low grade copper property. As stocks doubled and redoubled, they became multimillionaires. When the Guggenheims became interested and Utah Copper was merged with Kennecott, their wealth increased; Chino Copper was organized and sold to the Guggenheims at an enormous profit; next, came Ray Consolidated and profits that ran into the millions. When Jackling realized he could use the same process on low grade gold, Alaska Gold was organized. Spencer Penrose sold his shares in the latter company when stock that had been selling for twenty-five cents a share reached twenty-seven dollars. It sky-rocketed to thirty dollars and then collapsed. Though all the investors profited from these ventures, Spencer Penrose emerged the wealthier. Charles Tutt later added to his fortune through investments in Oregon and in large irrigation projects on the western slope.

After leaving Cripple Creek, Spencer Penrose married pretty, vivacious Julie Villiers McMillan, who had attended finishing schools in the East. He had fallen in love with her when they met in Colorado Springs; and while she was in France on a holiday, he found the idea of going to Europe so attractive that he went there, proposed to her, and they were married at St. George's Church in Hanover Square, London. Charles Tutt earlier had married Josephine Thayer, the daughter of a Philadelphia judge. The two financiers built their homes in Colorado Springs, but they spent considerable time traveling.

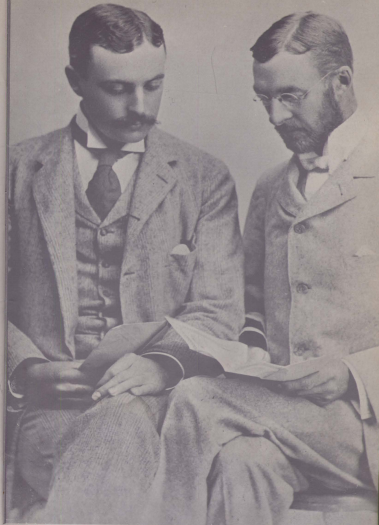
In '91, twenty five year old Bert and twenty eight year old Leslie Carlton bicycled into Cripple Creek. The Carlton family had come West for Bert's health, "Mama's favorite," simply could not be alone and ill so far away from home. Mrs. Carlton decided. To Colorado Springs the family came and there Bert's health improved in a short time. When the excitement over gold discoveries was at its height, the Carlton brothers went to the gold camp. There, they cut aspen trees on the site of the present office of the Colorado Trading and Transfer Company. In '91, they organized the first transfer company at Cripple Creek, before the advent of a railroad, freighting, coal, hay, and grain from Divide to Cripple Creek. With only three or four teams, the brothers often took turns in driving themselves. As the Midland Terminal advanced, the wagon hauls were reduced, but the Colorado Trading and Transfer Company continued operations. Following the panic of '95 the Carltons began their careers as industrialists and financiers when they took over and reorganized the

First National banks of Cripple Creek and Canon City. Influential in helping to negotiate the contract for yardage and railroad facilities for the Midland Terminal railroad at Divide, Bert Carlton was appointed on the board of that railroad.

In '96, they made their first mining purchase when they bought stock in the Pharmacist and the Findley Mines. They became associated with Charles Tutt, Spencer Penrose, and their associates in the ore reduction mills in Colorado City, Canon City, and Florence. When in the late '90s, the mines in the district became hampered by underground water, the Carltons were active in the plan to drive a drainage tunnel on Beacon Hill: \$80,000 was subscribed for this "dewatering project" and Bert Carlton, then president of the First National Bank in Cripple Creek was made treasurer. Highly successful, the tunnel unwatered Beacon Hill, Raven Hill, and Gold Hill. Realizing that deep drainage tunnels were imperative if mining was to continue in Cripple Creek, the Roosevelt Tunnel project was started in 1907 as a cooperative enterprise, the principal interests involved being the El Paso, Elkton, Cresson, the Vindicator and the Portland. Not fully completed until 1918, the tunnel lowered the general water level seven hundred feet. In 1915, the Carlton's organized a syndicate with Spencer Penrose, Charles M. MacNeill, Charles L. Tutt, and E. P. Shove. The Golden Cycle Mill, which had been purchased when the syndicate took over the properties of John T. Milliken, wheat and oil millionaire of St. Louis, was brought to a high state of modernization. The latest developments in the cyanide process supplanted the chlorination process formerly used. Reducing treatment rates in order to help Cripple Creek operators increase their tonnage of low grade ores, the Golden Cycle Mill, under Carlton management, became one of the foremost gold reduction plants in the United States. For the syndicate, the Carlton purchased the Cripple Creek Central Railway Company, a holding company for the Midland Terminal. Reduction of freight rates followed, thus aiding the whole Cripple Creek district. In 1916, the syndicate purchased for \$3,500,000 the Cresson Mine, "truly Aladdin's treasure cave." By 1937, it was producing \$1,000,000 an acre; its total dividend payments have today exceeded \$50,000,000. During World War I when the majority of mine operators wished to suspend operations at Cripple Creek, the Carltons thought it would be suicidal to do so. They affected further reductions in freight rates and a vigorous demand was made to the federal government for preference in shipping supplies. In 1917, the Carlton interests purchased the Colorado Midland Railroad for \$1,784,000. Though they made a paying proposition of it, the government shut it down. Part of the line was sold to the Denver and Rio Grande Western, part was incorporated into the Midland Terminal, and the rest given to the State of Colorado for highway uses. The Holly Sugar Corporation, Bert's great enterprise, was purchased in 1915; the Carlton's first property investment was the Pikeview Coal Mines north of Colorado Springs. In July '41, the Carlton Tunnel, completed at a cost of \$1,250,000, drained Cripple Creek mines down to 6,900 feet above sea level. In 1951, the Golden Cycle Mill, moved back to Cripple Creek, was renamed the Carlton Mill.

In '96, seventeen year old Ethel Frizzell, a St. Paul Minnesota girl who had been educated at church schools in Vermont, came to Cripple Creek. Her lawyer father had been injured in a fall and she had come to care for him. In no time at all she met Bert Carlton, who, busy as he was with his enterprises, was having a gay social whirl. When Ethel Frizzell decided to stay and become the secretary for Judge Edward C. Stimson, in '99 she saw more and more of the young man whose career at Beloit College in Wisconsin had been interrupted by ill health. Bert was now well in the best of health; Ethel knew what it meant to be ill; her mother's illness had brought the Frizzell family to Colorado Springs. The two went to dances where Ethel was surprised to learn that some of the best dressed women were gamblers' wives. No one was more attractive than Johnnie Nolan's wife. Ethel Frizzell and Bert Carlton played tennis, though the courts weren't very good. They went to dinner parties where Lee Glockner, Harry McAllister, Myron Blackmer, the Montgomeries, the Edsons, and Judge Owens proved fascinating. The dinners were excellent, but not elaborate. They played cards; they saw Anna Held at the theatre but she was so engrossed in gambling that she played but one performance, allowing an understudy to take her place the rest of the time. They saw Haddon Chambers' comedy *The Tyranny of Tears* at the Grand Opera House with a cast of players Jules Murry "picked up from the best of New York's society actors and actresses." Handsome Paul Gilmore, the *Cripple Creek Times* said had starred "in a play, *Under the Red Robe*, as the dashing impetuous king's muskateer, D' Artnagnan, who kills a man in a street brawl, and to make amends to the widow, proposes to her. *The Tyranny of Tears* is a pure, wholesome comedy, interpreted by an excellent cast of players and has the advantage of being staged by the original London cast." Ethel Frizzell learned that the play had been praised by the *Montreal Sun* as a "superb" production, by the *Los Angeles Times* as "a dramatic gem," by the *Huston Post*, as an "artistic triumph." *The Tyranny of Tears* had run for over a hundred nights in New York at Charles Froman's Empire Theatre. In Cripple Creek, it attracted a capacity audience who paid fifty and seventy-five cents, a dollar, and a dollar and a half for seats. Ethel Frizzell and Bert Carlton saw Tolstoy's *The Resurrection*, which had played to crowded houses in New York, London, Paris, and Berlin. "To Cripple Creek, its manager brought special scenery for every act and a cast of extraordinary merit." The young couple laughed at a song which so shocked Chicago that it was being sung everywhere else. *The Cripple Creek Citizen* published the full eight stanzas of "Everybody Wondered How He Knew," beginning:

"There are often little trifles that are better left unsaid,
But are uttered in an unaffected way,
Which reminds me of a funny little matter which occurred
At a fashionable ball the other day;
The host espied a silk embroidered garter on the floor
And gayly dared the owner to declare
When a jolly fellow said without the least concern,
'Oh, I know; it belongs to Mrs. Dare.'



SPENCER PENROSE AND CHARLES TUTT SR. AT CRIPPLE CREEK



MRS. SPENCER PENROSE FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED IN 1815

"Now wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?
It came as quite a starter
When he recognized that garter,
For everybody wondered how he knew,
Now wasn't that a silly thing to do?
But they didn't hear till later
That she had got them from his mater,
So everybody wondered how he knew."

In '91 Bert Carlton and Ethel Frizzell were married at the Dutch Reformed Church in New York City. They came back to Cripple Creek and went to live in an apartment above the First National Bank. This apartment had an advantage over the houses in Cripple Creek, for it had central heating. With three servants — a cook, a maid, and a man — the young couple settled down in what was to be their home for thirteen years.

VI

AS the mines at Cripple Creek poured forth gold, many made great fortunes. Frank Castello who had been a storekeeper, J. R. McKinnie who had been a school teacher, Sam Altman, a lumberman, Ed Giddings, who owned a dry goods store, William Lennox, who had been a coal dealer, Frank and Harry Woods, real estate men, George and Sam Bernard, grocery men, W. S. Montgomery, a lawyer, John and James Miller, druggists, Frank Peck, who had owned a cigar store, Ed Stack, a butcher, Van E. Rouse, a school teacher, Bill Davenport, formerly the sheriff of Union County, Iowa, Mike Burke, interested in race horses, were among those who made their million or more.

There were those in Cripple Creek, however, who earned three dollars in an eight hour day mining. Many Irishmen and "cousin Jacks", miners who previously had labored in the tin mines in Cornwall, England, worked in Cripple Creek's mines, but not in the same mines, for they thoroughly disliked one another. Most of the timbermen were Swedish; others, native Americans, were hard workers. They and their families knew what it meant to have a cage fall and kill eight workers; they knew the tragedy of having a tunnel like the "Lucky Ten" cave in while frantic men tried to get the men out alive. Mrs. Katy Bemore says, "Miners died all the time; we didn't think too much about it." Jack Dempsey "mucked" in one of the mines; Bernard Barruch was one of the miners on Bull Hill. Less successful, were the "Bull Hill savages," a group of unsuccessful prospectors who mined long enough to make money to prospect again. Some lived in neat cabins; others were so dirty that people did not go near them or their shacks. Other miners and their families lived quiet, uneventful lives.

High-grading, or the theft of gold in large or small quantities, presented a growing problem in Cripple Creek. Rufus Porter says that "in the beginning, everybody 'high-graded,' filled their pockets or pie pans with rich ore taken from the streak or hottest part of the vein. At first, there were no laws against the high-grading and no way of stopping a man from packing home all he could carry. But when men started going in the mines at night and stealing the stuff by the ton, something had to be done. It is estimated that from three to five million dollars a year were high-graded for a number of years." Harry J. Newton tells of Stratton's Bull Pen stope being virtually an underground storage of gold pieces. As only a few sacks meant thousands of dollars for the thieves, misraders fully armed, willing to risk anything for money entered the Bull Pen stope by old abandoned openings. One group of "get-rich-quick thieves owned a hauling business and took out leases that really were "frames." They "would load the railroad cars at Cameron, to the north of the district. Their wagons filled with rich ore would be driven by way of the heavy timber on the north slope of Ironclad. Here the wagons would be met by others they owned and most of the rich ore would be transferred into another wagon, in exchange for very low grade to make up the tonnage. And by shipping the stolen ore as having come from one of their own leases this gang cleaned

and kept cleaning up big for some time without being detected." Men, unable to resist the temptation of picking up a few quick dollars, took off their hats while they worked and each night, safely at home, washed the gold dust out of their hair; some literally wallowed in mud seams rich in gold ore and managed to make an extra day's wages in the gold salvaged while washing themselves and their clothing. A mine superintendent once told the shift boss that it was his birthday. As soon as the miners were assembled, he "drew a couple of forty-fives and pointing them at the men, ordered each one to empty his dinner bucket on the table. And many of them had highgrade gold rock in their buckets. Some may have been, as they said, just first offenders, but all who could not come clean were discharged on the spot."

Although the miners objected strenuously, the mine owners finally resorted to a "change room" policy. "This necessitated the miners stripping in one room when going on shift, passing to another room where they donned their digging clothes; and when the shift came off, they reversed the procedure, again stripping to the skin and passing to the outer room where they put on their street clothes."

While newspapers reported:

ALL BUT ONE OF
GANG IN PRISON

TWO ALLEGED LEADERS OF
ORE STEALERS ARRESTED
IN DENVER

GUZZELL AND MALROOD FOUND
WITH CASH FROM SALE OF ROCK

OR
THE GANG KNEW THE VALUE
OF HIGH GRADE ORE

FOLLOWED A SHIPMENT TO PUEBLO AND ROBBED THE
CAR—THE ENTIRE GANG IS UNDER ARREST

OR
MEN WON'T STAND A FRISK HERE

relations between miners' and mine-owners became strained.

Yet miners and their families had a good time in Cripple Creek. They went to Gillett to the only Mexican Bull Fight staged in the United States; they "played cricket in the shadow of old Mount Pisgah"; they "pulled off a coursed meet with jackrabbits and greyhounds . . . Sam Vidler, the newspaper correspondent, entertained with broadsword contests, "either mounted or on foot." There were good semi-professional baseball games. Speed King Wolfe had the first motorcycle, as well as the first automobile in the district, "and he succeeded in scaring every horse, mule, burro, and half the human population as he dashed madly up and down Bennett Avenue." There were band concerts on the street, on Saturday evenings. The Salvation Army "used to tambourine and drum their music outside Nolan's place, and then make the rounds of the tables where fre-

quently there were quite substantial contributions from those who happened to be playing a winning game." Gambling was wide open.

The men enjoyed performers like Fred Stone who played in a building the main floor of which the actor says "was filled with straight chairs, but up above were sixty or seventy boxes, called wine rooms. The chorus girls, who also sat in on the minstrel show that opened the performance, went up to the boxes after their work in the show was done, where they hobnobbed with the miners, gamblers, and businessmen, and got checks for a percentage of the amount of wine—and it was terrible wine—that they succeeded in persuading them to order.

"Every night after the show there was a dance in the theater," says Fred Stone. "The chairs would be moved off the main floor and the wine-room-chorus-girl-minstrels would get to work again. As soon as a dance was ended, they were expected to promenade their partner to the bar and see that he bought beer, wine or liquor, for which the girls got another percentage . . .

"On Friday nights we had a prize fight after the show, usually amateurs. When two men got into an argument in one of the gambling houses, people would always try to persuade them to come over to the theater and settle their differences on the stage.

"Occasionally a professional would appear in town. It was in Cripple Creek that I first began to put on the gloves with professionals like the Montana Kid, Kid Sullivan, and Tom Shoemaker of Denver.

"Of course the theater audiences were not allowed to see the prize fights for the price of the show. They were all turned out and had to buy another ticket to get back in again.

"There was a man called Mexican Pete who did a lot of fighting there. Once a regular bout was scheduled between him and a fellow named McCoy who had drifted into town. There was a rumor that he was McCoy, the train robber; certainly he wasn't McCoy, the pugilist! As usual, the sheriff and all the town authorities came down to see the fight and were sitting on the stage.

"The moment the gong rang and the principals came to the center of the ring, Mexican Pete hit McCoy in the jaw. McCoy sat down and said, 'Ain't a' goin' to fight! He fouled me!'

"Get up and fight," said the referee. "You weren't fouled."

"I won't fight."

"The sheriff stood up, impressive in his big Stetson hat and his shiny star of office. 'You'll fight,' he said deliberately, 'or you'll get out of town.'

"' All right,' McCoy said sullenly, 'I'll get out of town.'

"The sheriff reached for the nonfighter's clothes and thrust them into his arms. Then he opened the door to the alley, McCoy looked startled but he didn't wait for questions. He stepped out. There was a regular fusillade of shots. The sheriff and his men were shooting over McCoy's head and around his feet, and they sure made him dance, I guess he dressed in the woods, if he stopped running there. When last seen he was moving fast. Anyhow, he didn't show up in Cripple Creek again."

In 1896, Cripple Creek and West Cripple Creek were almost entirely destroyed by a fire. When, on April 25, a bar tender and his girl quarreled and in a skirmish knocked over a oil stove in an apartment above the Central Dance Hall, a fire started. Fanned by a brisk wind, it destroyed the dance hall and many other shacks on Myers Avenue in a few minutes; it burned the Tropic Dance Hall and thirty-five homes on Carr and Eaton Avenues. Four days later, a fire in the Portland Hotel destroyed that building, the Palace Drug Store, the Palace Hotel, the Bi-Metallic Bank, the Monaco Restaurant, and the buildings on Bennett Avenue west of Third Street. Five thousand were homeless.

Colorado Springs rallied immediately to help the gold camp. Winfield Scott Stratton delivered relief supplies for 2,000 on a special train; Irving Howbert, Ed Giddings, Spencer Penrose, and Verner Z. Reed, worked fast to assemble food, blankets, and tents. Colorado College students collected needed supplies from residents. The next day, Cripple Creek was saying "The town's burned but the mines are all right". The First National Bank which had moved its location several times during the fire was doing business while a procession of bank clerks in Indian file with a ledger and strong box under one arm and a sawed off shot gun in the other ceased to be a novelty. "Hoboes and similar gentlemen must go, and go at once," read notices signed by the "Hundred and One." Cripple Creek was taking no chance of having another fire as she rounded up these undesirable, loaded them into box cars and shipped them in squads along the road. None returned. Some homeless families moved in with those lucky enough to have houses remaining; others lived in tents provided by Stratton and his cohorts. Almost immediately came the task of building a more substantial town, partly of brick. Despite the fire, Cripple Creek's population was increasing.

Almost as serious as the fire were the Cripple Creek strikes of '94 and '04. In most of the mines, men were paid three dollars for an eight hour day. When the superintendent of the Buena Vista posted a notice stating that workers would be paid three dollars for a nine hour day trouble started. Although the superintendent took down the offending notice, John Calderwood, an organizer for the Western Federation of miners, found it easy to recruit members for his union. Though some union men were Molly Maguires, Calderwood had found their belligerent tactics and their acts of violence too much for him. While the mine owners were pondering what the wages and pay should be in their mines, a group decided on a three dollar wage for nine hours. Calderwood's answer was a strike against all such mines; he saw to it that the five hundred strikers were well fed, clothed, and housed; he was friendly with Stratton and Burns. The former, though men in his mine were not striking, signed an agreement with Calderwood for a nine hour day with \$3.25 a day pay; those on the night shift worked eight hours for \$3.25. Jimmie Burns said it was any man's right to join the Western Federation of miners. Finally, an injunction was issued to prohibit Calderwood and a hundred men in the Cripple Creek branch of the Western Federation from interfering with the operation of the mines. The sheriff rounded up his deputies to keep peace; meanwhile, on June 4th, the mine owners agreed to an eight hour day and a \$3 wage

with the men having lunch on their own time. The miners agreed that there should be no discrimination against union or non-union men. Governor Waite sent the militia to Cripple Creek to keep peace. Though the deputies quickly disbanded, the militia remained in camp until the end of July; The indictments against miners ended in three convictions. Adjutant General Tarsney who the mine owners were convinced was in league with the miners, was summoned from his room in the Alamo Hotel in Colorado Springs on June 23, taken out on the prairie, tarred, and feathered.

By 1902, the Western Federation of miners had grown to a federation of 165 unions with a membership of 48,000. The previous year, headquarters of the union had been moved to Denver and Big Bill Haywood, elected Secretary of the Federation. When, in 1903 a strike was called by Cripple Creek District Union No. 1 with the sanction and approval of eight member unions, there were acts of violence against non-union men. On February 28, 1903 the Mill and Smeltermen's union called a strike in Colorado City. A sympathetic strike was ordered in March by the Cripple Creek Union No. 1. By the end of March the strike terminated; as some felt that some mine owners did not carry out their agreements, on August 8 a sympathy strike was called at Cripple Creek. With 3,552 men in the district striking, feelings ran high and guards of soldiers were placed in almost all mines. By October, many miners had returned to their jobs. Then on November 21, 1903, Charles McCormick, the superintendent of the Vindicator mine and Melvin Beck, the shift boss, were instantly killed in an explosion. On January 26, 1904, a cage load of miners was drawn into a sheave wheel and, as the cage dropped to the bottom, fifteen men were instantly killed; on June 6, a bomb exploded at the Independence station leaving the station a shambles, some injured, and killing thirteen men. Bodies were so mutilated, says Ed Zell, who was an assayer in the district, that bushel baskets were used to gather heads, arms, legs, and other remains. As soon as news of this disaster came, L. G. Carlton recruited nurses, doctors, and medical supplies and rushed aid to the injured. That same day the office and press room of the *Victor Record* were wrecked.

Such acts of violence broke the strike. Ninety-five Western Federation members were deported; Big Bill Haywood dropped from power in the Federation and went to Russia where years later he was buried behind the Kremlin walls. Harry Orchard, who confessed his responsibility for the Vindicator and depot bombings, died recently at the State Penitentiary at Boise where he had been sentenced for assassinating Idaho's Governor Steunenberg. Jimmie Burns who had lost favor with the mine owners because he employed five hundred union men was voted out of office by other outland directors. He retired to Colorado Springs where he enjoyed living in luxury.

Thinking of this violence, Danny Sullivan recalled the visit of Theodore Roosevelt to Cripple Creek at the time the silver question was of importance. Arriving in Cripple Creek, says Ralph Carr, once a reporter, the governor was greeted by a group of miners "charging at him. Rocks were thrown, fists were doubled, punches were landed. Teddy was exchanging blow for blow with the nearest attackers. He was not giving an inch. The odds were hopeless. He had no defensive weapons but his fists



Courtesy, Denver Public Library Western Collection

The Lobby of the Palace Hotel, Cripple Creek



Courtesy, Imperial Hotel

Max Morath Playing at the Gold Bar Room at the Imperial Hotel, 1958

and his courage. There was no help in sight" until Danny Sullivan pulled a two by four club from a man who was wielding it and striking at Roosevelt. Stepping between the governor and his attackers, he shouted for Cripple Creek's guest to hurry "and then kept the path clear behind him as he swung the scantling with both hands. It nearly decapitated one man." Once back at the railroad car with his friends, Roosevelt introduced Danny as the man who had just saved his life. Newspapers throughout the country carried the story.

While some were making millions and others defending theirs, Bob Womack was living at Aunt Lyda Womack's boarding house in Colorado Springs, splitting kindling, sometimes wearing an apron and helping with the dishes, delivering packages. When Winfield Scott Stratton was hard at work developing the Independence, Bob, who had been drinking heavily, sold his mine for \$500 to owners who reaped millions from it. Bob, helping Miss Lyda, said he didn't care if others got rich. Look how much they had to worry about. Then, one day he told Miss Lyda he was going to Denver to take the Keeley Cure. He did — and he never drank again. He was a silent man now; he seldom spoke. Though many seemed to have forgotten the discoverer of Cripple Creek, in 1902 he went to that city and was feted. The Elks' honor guard met him at the train; he rode alone in a parade in a flower bedecked carriage. Shortly afterwards, he had a paralytic stroke from which he never recovered. For days, months, years, he lay slowly, oh so slowly, dying. The editor of the *Colorado Springs Gazette* tried to raise a \$5,000 fund to help Bob. Though the editor reminded Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek of what Bob's insistence on gold had done for both towns, the fund never reached \$1,000. Today, fifty years after Bob's death, a movement is on foot to honor the discoverer of Cripple Creek.

Reticent Winfield Scott Stratton with his millions continued to be in the public eye. When he gave his coachman \$1,000 to reward him for bravery in saving someone from injury, newspapers told the tale. He took his physician on a trip with him; newspapers told the tale. Rumor said that when he was ordered out of the Brown Palace Hotel because his conduct was unbecoming, he bought the Brown and fired the manager. How stupid could people be? The answer to this new charge was plain. Maxcy Tabor, Haw and Augusta's son, was manager while Stratton was at the hotel and later. There were many who came to him asking for money. When a woman claiming to be a relative made her request, he answered, "Madame, I came from a large family and I have a good many relatives. Some of them are not very well off, but not one of them has ever asked me for a cent. You have proved you are not of our family." He disposed just as easily of the women who claimed he'd compromised them or promised to marry them. His gifts were varied: \$50,000 to Colorado College; bicycles for girls who worked in laundries and were not paid enough for them to afford to ride his street cars; money for Catholic Father Volpe and the Salvation Army.

Colorado Springs found him hard to understand. He bought a small house, not in the exclusive north end. He refused invitations right and left. When Bryan was running for president, he registered a bet of \$100,000

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to meet anyone's \$300,000 bet that Bryan would be elected. He hoped the Democrat would be, but because free silver would help him — it would not — but because "I believe that free silver is best for the working masses of this country."

As he watched his good friends Jimmie Doyle and Jimmie Burns quarreling he grieved. They'd been life-long friends until their money came between them. He watched some growing wealthy and trying by any means to get yet wealthier. Where did all this striving end? He worried over the relation of mine owners and miners. And he began to drink. When he sold the Independence for eleven million dollars, some came to him, reminding him that he was not accustomed to having money and suggested that perhaps he'd be glad for them to invest his money for him. He smiled; he wouldn't. Everyone who tried so glibly to advise him died broke.

He knew how he'd spend his money. He gave the government the land for the post office building for half its cost; he bought and improved greatly the Colorado Springs street car system; he invested in mines, a hundred of them; he invested in real estate. At his death, he left four and a half million dollars to found the Myron Stratton Home for young people and for the aged who were not to be treated as paupers. Today, hundreds have lived happy, useful lives at the Stratton Home and many have secured an education because of his bequest. The four and a half million dollar estate has been so well managed that it has now reached seven million.

Spencer and Julie Penrose, through their El Pomar Foundation, have given the Cancer Clinic in Colorado Springs, hundreds of scholarships to college students, aid to colleges and schools, to a symphony and to an art center, to Central City, and to the Boys' Club. Their Broadmoor Hotel, zoo, ice palace, and golf course are known throughout the country. Since Spencer Penrose's death from cancer of the throat, Mrs. Penrose heads the El Pomar Foundation while Charles L. Tutt, whose father was Spencer Penrose's colleague, heads the Broadmoor Company. Many others who made their fortunes in Cripple Creek have invested their money for worthy ends.

Yet, after 1904, Cripple Creek ceased to be a bonanza town. True, the Carlton Mill produces \$1,737,000 in gold a year. The total production of the Golden Cycle and the Carlton Mills has been \$175,000,000 from 1907 to July 1954, in gold and silver. A new paper, *The Cripple Creek Gold Rush*, has a national circulation; new art shops and a museum, made from the old Midland Station, interest tourists. No longer do railroads run to Cripple Creek, but over an excellent highway, many go to the gold camp to take part in the donkey derby day celebration and to see the melodramas Wayne and Dorothy Macklin stage at the Imperial Hotel for crows in the summer. The Molly Kathleen Mine attracts tourists who are interested in seeing what a gold mine is like. Some whose parents and grandparents called Cripple Creek home still live there. Many believe, as Stratton did, that there are still gold reserves to be tapped, reserves even richer than those of the Bonanza days, and that's a lot of gold, for to date Cripple Creek has produced gold valued at over \$700,000,000.

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