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As soon as the alarm whistle sounded from the engine house, people began to crowd around the mouth of the slope, and the cry, "The mine is on fire" quickly spread throughout the town. Among the first to reach the scene was Superintendent W.T. Ramsey. He tried to appear unconcerned and really did not believe any lives would be lost. The crowd of men, women, and children of both colors, who lived in the town, became assured at the good natured manner of the superintendent. They began to treat the whole affair as a huge joke, laughing and talking with each other. In a short time, however, word came for help, and then when the superintendent called for volunteers to go into the mine, there was great excitement.

The first man to volunteer was George W. Smalley, a Negro, and with two others he was lowered down the 1,100 foot slope to the sixth level. There he met men from the sixth level south who were doing all they could to rescue the men on the north side of the same level. Other rescuers went down from the surface. Smalley, C.C. Todd, John Adams, and John Morgan found the body of the first man in the gangway about a 1,000 feet in from the slope. The body proved to be that of John Q. Anderson, and it was pulled to the top of the slope.

The arrival of Anderson's body on the surface was the first intimation to the men, women, and children that anyone had met death. Consequently, when the body was carried away, there was a wild scramble to discover its identity. When it was found, the rescuers were besieged with questions from mothers and fathers and children concerning loved ones who were imprisoned. But their questions were only answered by an ominous shake of the head. It was at first thought that Anderson was not dead, but after being worked with for ten or fifteen minutes and no signs of life appeared, he was given up.

Meanwhile the miners from the other levels were carrying on the work of rescue in the bowels of the earth. The fan, keeping the air current in the mine, had been stopped and gave the first indication of fire from the return aircourse. When the fan was started up, the air in that part of the gangway south of breast sixty-two on the sixth level was kept pure.

M.D. Story, one of the rescuers who went in from the surface, upon reaching the sixth level north, ran along the gangway. At 1,000 feet he found the first body, and then the rest of the miners were found scattered along in a row. In one place eight men were found together, and in another place, a man was found under a mule,

five mules in all being dead. Story says the men were all lying in the middle of the gangway with their faces in the mud, as if they had tried to bury their heads completely and thus escape the deadly and noxious coal smoke. He could not believe that they were dead, and turned them with their faces up so they could breathe, but he was soon satisfied that they were dead. Nearly all the bodies were found south of the burning breast.

John C. Story, brother of M.D. Story, was at work in the sixth level south when a boy named Chapman gave the alarm that breast sixty-two was on fire.

Story says he tried to escape via the green river or auxiliary slope, but finding this impractical, he returned, making up his mind that he would get out via the main slope. Reaching the main slope, he met others from the sixth level south who were going into the north level to do what they could to rescue their imprisoned comrades. He joined them, working steadily for two and one-half hours before coming to the surface. It is his opinion that every man in line with breast sixty-two, on the north side of the sixth level said the fire had been caused by a party or parties unknown to us, and said the party or parties did willfully raise said fire with intent to do great injury and damage to the lives of the miners and property of the Oregon Improvement Company. Signed E.E. Makiel For-man, E.M. Matthew, B.M. Curtis, B.J. Collins, and John Robinson.

An attempt was made during the day to fasten the blame for the loss of life on the man who shut down the fan at the top of the hill which keeps the air-course in the levels, but not much was accomplished. While some will admit that the closing down of the fan was an error of judgment, others claim that it was what any man would do under ordinary circumstances. It was shown in the inquest today that the closing down of the fan alone would not have suffocated the men, but the door in the rock cut leading into the level from the air-course was opened. This caused a recourse which blocked the men between two banks of smoke and death ensued in a few moments. The only men to escape alive, J.L. Snyder, testified that John E. John, the gas tester from the south side who came into the north level to look after his son, opened the door, thinking it would drive the smoke out. The opening of the door or the closing down of the fan alone would not have caused suffocation, but the deadly combination whose effects only the rows of thirty-seven bodies in the improvised morgue can properly demonstrate. John E. John died with his son in his arms, and father and son now lie in coffins side by side. He had remained in the gangway until he had found his son, but it was too late. The son, who was 18 years old, will be remembered as an ex-Seattle newsboy. He sold peanuts in the Standard Theater 3½ years ago. He was