

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 14, 1906.

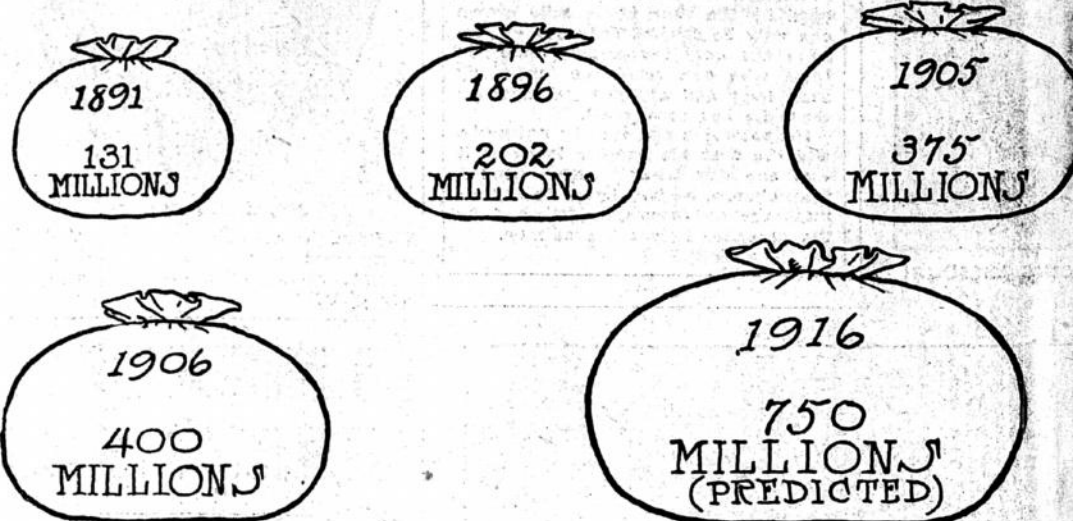
MINNESOTA  
HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY.

## THE YELLOW TIDE OF GOLD RISING EVER HIGHER

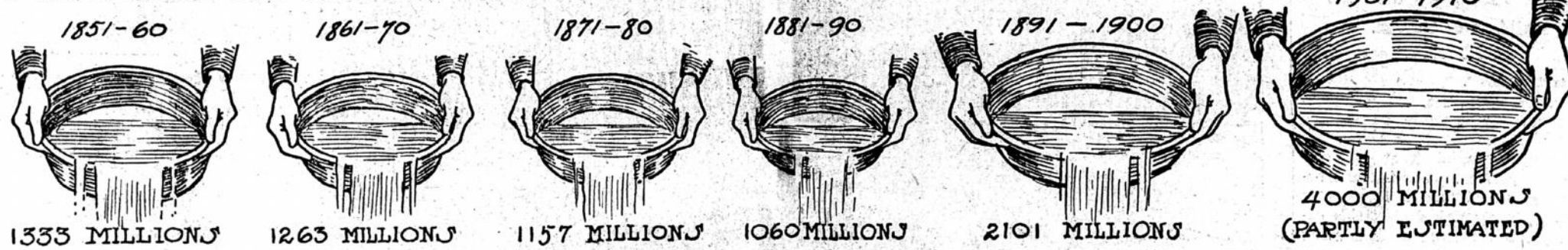
### Query: Can There be too Much Gold in the World?



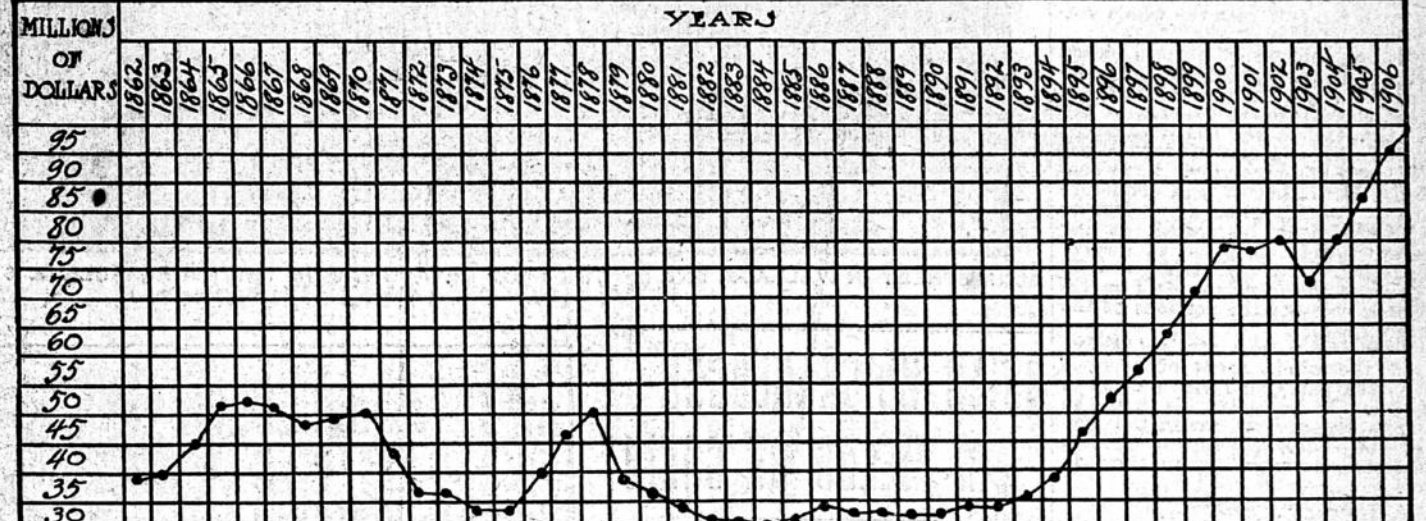
HOW THE WORLD'S GOLD OUTPUT GROWS:



THE WORLD'S GOLD OUTPUT BY DECADES SINCE THE CALIFORNIA DISCOVERY:



GOLD PRODUCTION OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE 1862:



Can there be too much gold in the world? This question, which, at first blush, might seem purely academic and fruitless, is really a very live and practical topic. For the tide of gold production is rising so rapidly as to arrest the attention of political economists, financial theorists and close students of human affairs. The swelling rivulets of yellow gold from the mines and diggings and dredgeboats and gold benches of the world unite in a great turbid stream that may in the not distant future change the conditions of living radically.

A few short years ago the proponents of the free silver theory were making dire predictions about the world's supply of gold. They declared that old mother earth had yielded up the greater share of her precious store and that not enough could be found to carry on the business of the world. Commerce, they were certain, would "go bump," for lack of a metal on which to base the money system—unless, indeed, silver was used as they advised. Nothing, they said, but the complete remonetization of silver could strike the shackles from the workers. They quoted Professor Sues, the Austrian scientist, who declared on geological grounds that the world was rapidly nearing the end of its gold resources and that we were facing a terrible industrial and financial crisis. And now comes the swelling flood of new gold, rising higher every year and like to double in the next ten years, to settle forever the pretensions of silver to a share of the throne so long occupied by King Gold.

But this, after all, is now become a minor consideration in comparison with the probable effect on human affairs of the tremendous increase in gold production. Consider the fact that the gold workings of the world turned out last year \$475,000,000 worth of gold and that this year they will yield over \$400,000,000. Consider, too, that for the last decade the output has been growing at the average rate of thirty millions a year, while in the previous decade the annual increase averaged only nine millions. This was in spite of the Boer war, which put the Rand, one of the greatest mining districts of the world, out of the running for a time and cut its production down to a fraction of its capacity for another period. In 1899, the year before the war, the Rand was yielding sixty millions a year. Now, with cheap coolie labor, it is turning out gold at the rate of over a hundred millions a year. Experts believe that eventually the great South African district will yield \$200,000,000 a year—which is half of the probable production of the entire world for 1906. But it is in the United States that the most wonderful showing is being made. For this the great, newly discovered Tonopah district in Nevada is largely responsible. Nevada, which was supposed to be "worked out," has astonished the world with a series of great "bonanza strikes," richer than any hitherto recorded in history, and giving promise of others quite as remarkable yet to be discovered in the same region. Tonopah is only four years old and in that time its handful of mines has turned out ten million in gold and the ore now "blocked out" is eight million more. At that, most of the properties are little more than scratched. And Tonopah, destined to be the metropolis of Nevada, is but one of several camps from which it is probably no richer. Bullfrog, Goldfield,

Manhattan, Searchlight and Rhyolite have just as great possibilities. It fairly takes one's breath away to contemplate the possibilities of these numerous mines, whose pay ore often begins at the grass roots and increases in value as the workings go down. Three railroads, pushing out across the desert to reach this seemingly god-forsaken country of alkali and eternal drought, seek to share in the fruits of the discoveries. For geologists seem confident of the permanence of these veins, which insure to Nevada primacy among the gold-producing states of the union within a year or two.

One of the chief causes of increase in gold output, aside from new discoveries, is the perfecting of improved methods of reduction and extraction. Nor has the limit been reached. It is quite probable that advance in methods will soon make it profitable to treat much low-grade ore now neglected. Then there is the remarkable recent development in the dredging of alluvial deposits. Leading mining engineers declare that we are on the eve of a revolutionary increase in the gold output from dredging alone, for the field is well nigh worldwide. In California already twenty-seven of these "gold shillies" are in operation and others are building. New Zealand gets two millions a year out of her dredge boats. Dredges are operated with equal success in riverbeds, banks and sandbars, swamps, sea beaches and alluvial deposits far from open water, but capable of being reached by flumes or ditches, or in which an underground water supply by seepage is available. In all countries in which placer mining has been practiced, the dredge is almost certain to follow. The rich gold-bearing sandbars of Grasshopper creek that made Bamack, the first capital of Montana, one of the great mining camps of the west, were soon exhausted in placer days and the

town was almost deserted. Now the jussy dredge is making it once more a center of great activity. There are similar scenes in various parts of Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming and Oregon. From West Ontario an important addition to the world's total is predicted. Although the mineral resources of the Rainy river district have not yet been vigorously exploited, yet many mining men believe that its gold production will ultimately rank not far below that of Australia and the Rand.

There have been high tides in gold production only twice before. The first followed the discovery of America and the exploitation of Peru and Mexico. In the century and a half following the Columbus voyages the precious metals declined one-third in purchasing power. The rise in the price of the necessities was followed so tardily by rise in wages that much hardship resulted. Charles I. fell out with the English parliament over money matters, the decline in the purchasing power of gold making heavier taxation necessary to carry out the Stuart's purposes. Thus in a way, the money question—the eternal stumbling block of statesmen and politicians—may be said to have cost Charles his head. The second flood of gold followed the discovery of yellow particles in the ravine of Sutter's mill on the American river, California, Jan. 24, 1848. The average annual world's output for twenty years prior to that discovery had been \$55,000,000. For the next twenty-year period it was \$130,000,000 annually—an increase of 420 per cent. California alone—also its annual output has decreased from \$85,000,000 to \$15,000,000—has since that memorable day yielded gold to the amount of \$1,550,000,000.

The stupendous consequences of this golden high tide were neither as good nor wholly evil. American civilization, which had spent two centuries and a half in spreading from the Atlantic to the Missouri river, leaped the desert and reached the Pacific in one year. It filled the intervening territory with towns and cities and farms and ranches in half a century. It brought California into the union as a free state, and by despoiling the balance between the free and slave states so jealously maintained by the south, led to the repeal of the

## Best Story You Ever Heard

### Journal Prize Competition

**FIRST PRIZE.**  
This Story Gets \$5.

**A Cleansing Breath.**  
John L. Cox, speaker of the Tennessee senate, had an old negro servant who liked his drink just as well as the best Kentucky colonel in the bluegrass state. One morning, just after the cold spell broke, the dandy came to Senator Cox.  
"Marse John," said he, "I'll jes' up an' clean dese winders dis mornin'."  
"All right, Caesar," replied the senator.  
"I's got ter hab a half tumbler of whiskey, Marse John. De're ain't nuffin like whiskey for cleansing winders."  
The half tumbler was promptly given to Caesar, who armed himself with some rags and carried the whiskey to another room to begin his work. A few minutes afterward Senator Cox had occasion to enter his room. Caesar was busy polishing the windows, but no whiskey was in it.  
"Why, Caesar, what's become of the whiskey?" asked the senator.  
"So I does, Marse John, so I does," was the answer. "You see, sah, I drinks de whiskey and blows mah bref agin de winders!"—Eva L. Austin.  
1309 Third av S.

**SECOND PRIZE.**  
This Story Gets \$3.

**Equally Gifted.**  
Pat Maloney and Mike Doolittle were friends from the "old sod" and each was much given to boasting. One day while walking toward the small town of D—, about two miles distant, they were discussing the marvellous leanness of their senses, when Mike declared:  
"I tell yez, Pat, my eyesight's thot

I did. Now I'm not sure whether I did not."—C. E. O.  
St. Louis, Mo.

**Very Gently Broken.**  
The late Senator Quay used to tell of an Irishman who prided himself on his delicacy and tact. One day when a boy was killed in the quarry where Pat worked, he told the men to leave everything in his hands; he would break the news to the boy's mother as it should be done.  
He went home, put on a black suit and tie, and started for the mother's shanty.  
"Good morning, ma'am," he said.  
"Tis the sad accident yer boy's gold watch has met wid." said the mother, "Tom never had a gold watch."  
"Sure, an' that's lucky," said the diplomat, "fur twenty tons of rock just fell on him."—S. G. S.  
Worthington, Minn.

**Had to Furnish His Own Coal.**  
Mike and Pat, two Irish lads, were on their way to the home of the free, when Mike became suddenly ill and died in midcareer.  
The impressive sea burial service was held, the men to leave every nail down, when it was found the customary leaden weights were missing, so great chunks of coal were attached instead.  
Upon being asked if he had anything to say over his dead friend's body, blubbered:  
"Arrah, Mike, me bye, I allus knowed where yez was going, but sure I niver thought they'd make yez bring yer own coal!"—Helen Macdonnell.  
24 Twelfth street S.

**He Gave Up the Search.**  
A farmer having lost one of his best cows from the herd, set out to search the surrounding country for traces of his valued creature.  
He had wandered thru fields and meadows until he was weary, when suddenly at a crossroad, he noticed a sign, "Manchester 20 Miles."  
"Well," he mused, "I might as well turn back, for there in plain English, it reads 'Man chased her 20 miles!'"—Ned C. Erickson.  
608 West Lake street.

**Poison and Repartee.**  
An Irishman was sitting in the depot smoking the other day, when a woman came in and sitting down, she said:  
"Sir, if you were a gentleman, you wouldn't smoke here."  
"Mum," he said, "if yez was a lady I'd sit farther away."  
Pretty soon the woman burst out:  
"If you were my husband, I'd give you poison."  
"Well, mum," returned the Irishman, "as heuffed his pipe, 'if yez was my wife, be jabbers, I'd take it!'"—Northfield, Minn.—M. S.

## Stockholm Police Bare a Big Dynamite Plot

By Hugo Vallentin.  
Correspondence of The Journal.

Stockholm, Sweden, Oct. 1.—A great number of Russian and Finnish revolutionists are now in Stockholm during and after the recent upheaval in Russia. Many of these, perhaps the majority, bearded and long-haired, and some of them belonging to the "old" type of revolutionists, which we have seen on our streets during the last year, have been bona-fide fugitives from the Russian police. But some of them are of a different type, and of a more modern kind. They are the "new" type of revolutionists, who are not so much concerned with the overthrow of the old order, but with the establishment of a new order. They are the "new" type of revolutionists, who are not so much concerned with the overthrow of the old order, but with the establishment of a new order. They are the "new" type of revolutionists, who are not so much concerned with the overthrow of the old order, but with the establishment of a new order.

One of these young Swedes (they were brothers, named Larsson) was the author of a little volume of revolutionary poems called "Songs of Hate," while the other one had no other connection with literature than being employed at a bookbinder's. One of the Finns who visited them was a young Mr. Nymman, who, if not a pharmacist, at all events had studied pharmacy in Finland. This young man (he looks quite a boy) had been implicated in several of the late revolutionary movements in Finland, and as he was wanted by the police, he had found it wiser to move to our hospitable shores. He had been watched by the Stockholm police a long time, and when he was arrested the other day—on suspicion, I suppose—on him were found some suspicious characters who might call for dynamite.

One of these plain-clothes men entered the rooms of the brothers Larsson and ransacked every corner, with the result mentioned. The poet was arrested at once and the brother was looked up in the workshop where he is employed, handcuffed and brought away to the police station. Both denied all knowledge of the find and protested against the arrest. They were detained for some time and then allowed to go, but their lodgings were kept under surveillance and made a kind of trap for any suspicious characters who might call. In this way the police made another very important capture. They meted a certain Luoto, who poses as the chief of the celebrated Finnish revolutionary band, the Red Guard, after the still more famous Captain Kock.

who was going to support the mutineers at Sveaborg, but failed so utterly.

**Conspirators Finally Confess.**  
This Luoto is, however, disowned by those very people whom he professes to captain. He is looked upon as a very suspicious character and his hands are said to be not very clean in connection with the financial affairs of the Red Guard. How far he was implicated in the plot, which now was unraveled by the police, is not yet known, but his visit here in Stockholm was not wholly unconnected with it. It is supposed, when one takes his antecedents into account, that he had been kept in Nyman and a couple of other Finns in their cells, sifted the matter to the bottom, and succeeded at last in getting both the Swedes and after them Nyman himself to confess.

Last Monday night the report of the police was given to the press, and with out exaggeration, it may be said that it fell like a bombshell in the midst of our peaceful and law-abiding city. It proved that the police had been right, since Finland had become too hot for him, had made Stockholm his home, intended to repay the hospitality extended to him by introducing one of the least pleasant and commendable phases of the Russian revolutionary movement, i. e., the plundering of banks. He had persuaded some of the young Swedes that it would be the easiest thing in the world to rob some branch of the banks and to throw a bomb and frightening the clerks. The money, he said, was to be used in the Russian revolutionary movement.

The youths, who already saw themselves during as heroes in modern revolutionary history, assented and Nyman began preparing the manufacture of the necessary bombs. These were the materials discovered in the lodgings of the brothers Larsson. The police had not been so quick it is not at all unlikely the plan would have succeeded, because in the bank offices picked out there are only a few employees, and during the morning, when the attempt was to be made, there are very few customers. But, even if it had succeeded, it is very unlikely that the Russian revolutionary movement, or any revolutionary movement, would have benefited. To what private ends the money would have been employed, perhaps only Nyman himself is able to say.

**Real Revolutionaries Discovered Them.**  
First of all, every Russian connected with the revolutionary movement, and especially any connection with Nyman and his gang. It is also to be