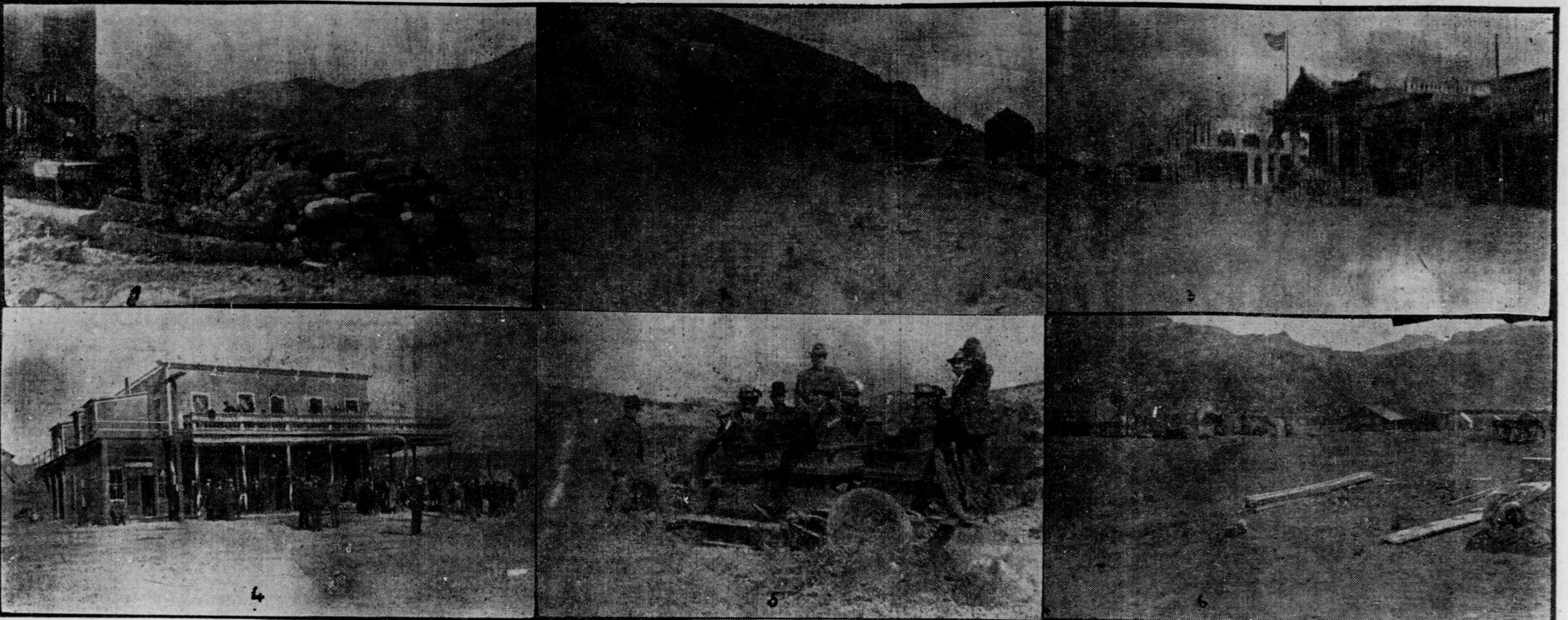


Southern Nevada—The Land of Romance.



Opportunity Awaits in Land of Romance

Continued from Page 1.

The Bullfrog excursion train left the city over the Salt Lake Route at 6 o'clock last Sunday evening, while the big windstorm had scarcely subsided. When the passengers awoke the next morning they were speeding down the Meadow valley wash, in Nevada. They passed through Moapa—known for years only as an Indian reservation, and now as a region becoming famous for its melons and other fruits. Las Vegas was reached a little later. Here was obtained the first real whiff of the desert. Here, too, is a storied region. It is now familiar to the people of Salt Lake that the main line of the railroad built by Senator W. A. Clark follows the old Emigrant trail over which passed the gold-seekers of a half century and more ago. Apostle F. M. Lyman and Mrs. Rhoda A. Lyman, who joined the Salt Lake party at Las Vegas, told how they had traversed this old trail on their bridal tour in 1855. At that time they toiled over the weary waste in an old covered wagon, or on foot. This time they came in a Pullman car over one of the finest roads in the country. Fifty-one years ago the Vegas spring, making an oasis in the desert, had saved them and their animals from perhaps perishing with thirst. They looked with interest from the railroad over to the old ranch, which still surrounds the spring, and noted the thriving town which had sprung up on the desert as a result of the building of the railroad. Several of the excursionists visited the ranch and saw the low adobe dwelling, the historic overland stage station, the almond, fig, apple, and other trees which rise above the surrounding gray sagebrush.

Reunion of Brothers.

Apostle and Mrs. Lyman were destined to have two pleasant experiences on that trip. Mrs. Lyman was taking the journey to visit her sister, Mrs. J. A. Johnson, in Beatty, whom she had not seen since they parted as girls forty-five years ago. They met and had a joyful reunion on the arrival of the train in Beatty. The next day they were watching the sports when a man approached the apostle and said: "Isn't your name Francis Lyman?" "It is," was the reply. "Well, I'm your brother, Henry," said the man. "This was, indeed, who he was. The two had not seen each other for fourteen years, and did not recognize each other at first, as neither had expected to see the other at this time. Thus there was a double reunion."

Las Vegas Growing Steadily.

The town of Las Vegas has grown steadily and substantially since the first through train went by on the completion of the road. Salt Lakers who went on that historic excursion to Los Angeles a year and a half ago will remember that the station was in a box car and the town was largely made up of tents. Now a handsome station has been built, while solid cement and frame buildings have taken the place of the old tents and shacks. One of the new structures is a result of the Bullfrog discoveries. It is the "Arizona club," palatial saloon and gambling house, "pride of the desert," and of its proprietor, "Al" James. Tourists from every train stopping at Las Vegas flock to it. Even women peek in or boldly enter under the protection of male escorts, to stake a few chips on roulette and to call for mineral water or other liquids at the bar—this so they can tell about their adventures for years to come.

"Al" James is a man with a slouch hat and a long, drooping black moustache. "Everybody calls me 'Al,'" he explained to visitors. "Arizona Al" or "Alkali Al" would seem more appropriate. Two years ago he was a prospector without even a "strubstake." The saloon he now owns cost \$20,000, and is as handsome as one will see in many a day.

How James Made Stake.

"He's the man who found the ore in the Shoshone," was the explanation volunteered on every hand. The details were obtained the next day from

"Jack" McDonald, who is a partner of the Goddess of Chance in Rhyolite. "The Shoshone was located by 'Indian Johnnie,' a Shoshone Indian, under the direction of 'Bob' Montgomery," explained McDonald. "Montgomery didn't know there was any ore in it and I and another man were closing a deal with him one day to buy it for \$10,000. While we were talking 'Al' James came along and called 'Bob' to one side. " 'What'll you give me,' he said, 'I'll show you \$75 ore in the Shoshone.' " "Ten per cent of the property," says Montgomery. "I'll see you boys again about this tomorrow," he said to us when he came back.

"He went with James to the place James had found it, and the first assay they got was over \$200. I didn't get the property. James got \$20,000 for his 10 per cent, and he put it into that saloon in Vegas."

Los Angeles Delegation.

The Los Angeles train arrived a couple of hours after the Salt Lakers. There were only sixty-eight Salt Lake representatives, while Los Angeles brought one hundred and fifty and a megaphone, together with many badges, a megaphone, and a man with a conspicuous voice. It must be confessed that the hearts of some of the Salt Lake representatives sank for fear that they would be overshadowed by the Los Angeles people, but it turned out later their fears were groundless. It doesn't always take the man of the loudest voice to get the results. After the arrival in the Bullfrog district, while the man with the megaphone was shouting at thirty second intervals "Don't forget that Los Angeles is on the map," Salt Lake people were getting acquainted with the business men, selling goods and inspecting the mines. It is perhaps the first time that Salt Lake and Los Angeles delegations came right against each other in hot competition, and the fact that the Salt Lakers bore away the fruits of victory gave great eagerness to the local pride of the people from Utah.

Attached to the Los Angeles train was the private car of Vice-President J. Ross Clark of the Salt Lake route and the president of the Los Vegas & Tonopah. Accompanying him were a number of Salt Lake route officials, including Second Vice-President T. E. Gibbon, who is also the general counsel of the road; General Passenger Agent T. C. Beck; T. P. Cullen, superintendent of the Los Angeles division; I. T. Dyer, superintendent of the telegraph; E. M. Jessup, engineer of maintenance of way, and Douglas White, whose official title is promoter of publicity and editor of the Arrowhead magazine, and who is an all round handy man for the railroad on a trip of this sort. General Attorney C. O. Whittemore, who is president of the Los Vegas & Tonopah, and Travelling Passenger Agent Kenneth C. Kerr had come with the Salt Lake crowd. F. M. Grace, superintendent of the Las Vegas & Tonopah, joined the party at Las Vegas. This made a considerable delegation of railroad officials.

Mr. Grace is a young man for so responsible a position, and this is merely another instance of the policy of President W. A. Clark and Vice-President J. Ross Clark of the Salt Lake route, to bring the young men of ability to the front. The Las Vegas & Tonopah road, moreover, has the youngest chief engineer of any railroad in the United States. He is Arthur Maguire, who has had charge of the location and construction of this railroad which is doing and will do so much for the development of Nevada and her wonderful mineral resources.

The two trains were combined, and the consolidated train started over the new Las Vegas & Tonopah road—the first modern train of Pullman sleepers and dining car which had ever been hauled over the Las Vegas & Tonopah.

Appearance Not Inviting.

There is nothing inviting in the country traversed by the road after leaving Las Vegas. In fact, the average eastern railroad magnate would undoubtedly look with contempt on the

idea of building a railroad over such a desert country, but Senator Clark's life has been spent in the west, and he knows that in this country of stupendous resources final judgment should not be passed according to first impressions. There were many who laughed at him and his brother when the first announcement was made that the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake road would be built across this desert country to link Salt Lake City with Los Angeles at the seacoast. But in its brief career to date, the road has demonstrated by the great traffic that it has developed, that the prophecies of the "wise" ones were wrong, and that they knew little of the great possibilities. And now the Las Vegas & Tonopah, which also was scoffed at, although only half completed, is already developing great traffic which is growing with leaps and bounds.

Course Over Desert.

The road strikes in a general north-westerly direction from Las Vegas. Its course lies over the sagebrush desert skirting arid brown hills. The first green spot of consequence which the train was at Indian Springs, where there is an oasis. Here in a long tent is an eating-house, which will be the permanent lunch station for the road. Many of the passengers ate their lunch there and praised the quality and price. Some distance further is Amargosa. A short distance away is the Johnnie Mining district, which is rapidly being developed, while at Amargosa, the stages start for Greenwater, that wonderful new copper camp on the edge of Death Valley. The stages are run by Kimball Brothers of Salt Lake and Park City, who are among the large number of Utah people who are gaining fortunes in this externally forbidding region. There was nobody on the train who did not know there was such a place as Johnnie, for Los Angeles brought up a car load of Johnnie "boosters" with a large supply of badges and literature, proclaiming the fact that stock and town lots were for sale.

Mirage Is Seen.

A little beyond Amargosa, as the afternoon sun was waning, a beautiful mirage was visible to the west at the base of the Funeral range. The passengers gazed at it for an hour. There was what seemed to be a silvery stream of water, flowing into a broad lake, while fleecy clouds appeared to settle at the very edge of the lake. Even as the spectators watched, the clouds faded away, and the lake and river disappeared and only the solid gray of the desert with the brown of the hills in the background remained.

It is an axiom that the child brought out to show off is sure to be naughty, and though he has had a long period before that time of angelic behavior. It is not on record that a new railroad, with the possible exception of the Salt Lake route, was ever formally opened without some kind of hitch. There were regulars on the special train to celebrate the opening of the Tonopah railroad, and Ely excursionists were held back on the way to the great copper camp. The Las Vegas & Tonopah did not escape, although the accident was trivial. The injector on the engine failed to work satisfactorily in pulling the long train of heavy cars up the grade, and about nightfall there was a delay for repairs.

Fires Cause Scare.

The passengers got out of the train and surveyed the desert, watching the sun going down behind the Funeral mountains in the distance. A long row of sagebrush fires were started and a band paraded up and down playing varied tunes. This was great fun for the passengers, but it caused a tremendous shock to the conductor and crew on the regular train which came up behind from Las Vegas.

"My heart actually stopped still," said the conductor of the regular, "when I saw that row of fire. The only thing which could occur to me was that the excursion train had been wrecked and that these fires were the cars which were burning, with nobody knew how many passengers underneath."

Desert Greeting Pictureque.

Those who took the trip will probably never forget the picturequeness of the greeting of the desert, as the train drew in at 8:35 o'clock that evening. Under the starlit desert sky roman candles and rockets shot up in all direc-

tions, while rows of red fire illumined the low buildings and tents of the mining camp. Rockets, six-shooters, a band and the noisy cheering of the miners and others in the motley assembly which gathers in a community of this sort, made a deafening uproar.

In the dim light the excursionists were escorted from the train in various vehicles and on foot to the Montgomery Hotel, a two-story hostelry, where a formal reception was held. The word "formal" is a misnomer, however, for nobody could be formal in the midst of this hearty, go-as-you-please welcome. The only thing formal about it was that the women of the reception committee were in evening dresses, wore flowers in their hair, and stood up the stairway leading from the lobby. But there was nothing savoring of formality in the hearty handshakings of the men in khaki suits and with white felt hats who greeted all strangers, sought to make them comfortable and then joined in cheers for the railroad, for Beatty, for Salt Lake, for Los Angeles, for the Bullfrog district and for everybody.

"Senator Clark All Right."

The band in front of the hotel played "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," and the crowds yelled and, in wild loud chorus, declared that Bullfrog was all right, that the railroad was all right, and that Senator Clark was all right, and that J. Ross Clark was all right.

Red fire burned along the streets; rockets continued to go up, while from nearby mines roared blasts of giant powder. Dust-covered automobiles and old-fashioned stages which had been the pioneer vehicles of the desert and were still in use, stood side by side in front of the hotel, deserted by their occupants. At the bar a multitude almost overwhelmed the perspiring bartenders while they secured liquid aid for their noisy celebration. All along the main street the saloons were crowded. There were throngs around the roulette wheel and faro layouts. Everybody was joyous and there was no time to think of dull care in the great celebration.

A majority of the excursionists slept on the cars that night, and early the next day were out to continue their part in the festivities.

Strange Sights for Tenderfoot.

Those who were looking for picturequeness were almost surfeited. There were many new and strange sights for a tenderfoot—in fact, sights that were novel to many a man who has lived years in the west. The principal events of the day's program were a drilling contest and a horse race. The drilling contest came first. Surrounded by a large, cheering crowd, the various contestants hammered away in quick staccato beats. The prize for the double-handed contest was \$250 in cash. The single-handed prize was \$150. As the winners of each wiped their brows and stepped from the rock, they were handed their checks. Without waiting they walked, followed by a crowd, to the nearest bar, where the money was laid down and all hands

drank wine until the prize was exhausted. Champagne costs \$8 a quart in Beatty. The horse race took place on the main street. Wiry broncos made quick dashes along the cheering lines of people. The rider of the winner gathered in his cash and there was more wine for all-comes.

Later in the day two huge touring cars dashed up in front of the hotel and the occupants leaped out, shaking the dust from their khaki suits. It was a party of capitalists and mining operators headed by Malcolm MacDonald, the right-hand man of Charles M. Schwab, former president of the steel trust, and now king of Nevada mining operations. Straight to the bar walked the party and MacDonald laid down a hundred-dollar bill.

"Everybody have a drink," he called. And there was a gathering from all sides. Some took champagne, some whiskey, but everybody took something. There was no change for the \$100.

This is the way they do things in Bullfrog.

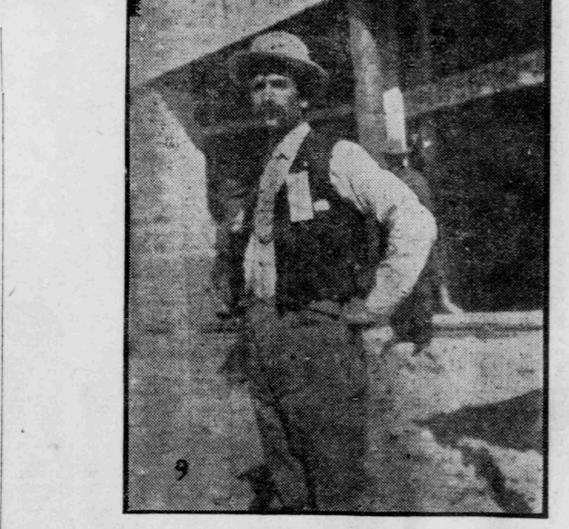
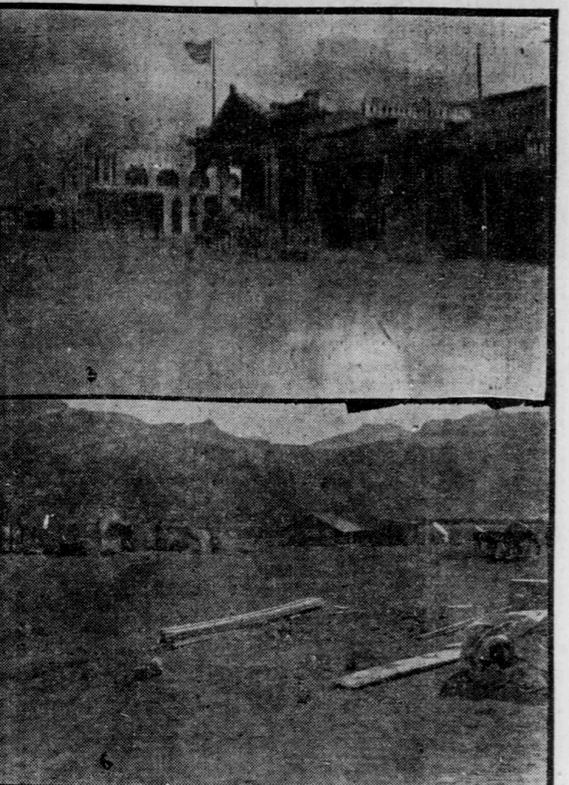
Be it known, that there are several towns in Bullfrog district, and that the rivalry between them is of intensity reaching bitterness. While in Beatty be careful what you say about Rhyolite, and in Rhyolite do not champion the cause of Beatty unless you wish to "start something." Beatty is the present terminus of the railroad. Rhyolite is four and one-half miles to the west on the other side of a ridge and the great Montgomery-Shoshone mine lies between. There are also the towns of Gold Center, Amargosa and Bullfrog, but the contest has settled down to a race between Beatty and Rhyolite.

The Beatty people will tell you that their town will be the junction point of the Las Vegas & Tonopah, the Tonopah & Tidewater and the Bullfrog-Goldfield railroads, and that Rhyolite will be only on spurs and never will amount to much more than at present.

At Rhyolite you will hear: "Why, there's nothing to it, the town will be where the mines are, and the mines are at Rhyolite. Beatty will never be anything more than a way station." The majority of the excursionists seemed to think that the Rhyolite people came nearer to the truth. But far be it from me to take sides. Let time decide the question.

The visitors spent most of the time Tuesday in visiting the mines and the stores. Conveyances of all kinds took them to the Montgomery-Shoshone mine, controlled by Charles M. Schwab and associates; to Rhyolite and to the mines thereabout. J. Ross Clark and party made the trip in a desert automobile, by a desert man to ply over the desert, and it was a remarkable auto. The car was built in Goldfield by Charles Christian, according to original ideas. It has a fifty-five horse-power engine and chain gear, and carried fourteen persons on the trip. Its speed on a level and good road is sixty miles an hour. Out from Beatty it whirled with the Clark party through the desert dust,

1—Ore Sacked at Montgomery-Shoshone Awaiting Shipment. 2—Montgomery-Shoshone Mine. 3—Rhyolite, Main Street. 4—Montgomery Hotel, Beatty, Where Reception and Ball Was Held. 5—J. Ross Clark and Party in Desert Automobile. 6—View of Beatty. 7—Street Scene in Beatty, Showing Decorations. 8—Stage Loading at Hotel Beatty for Rhyolite. 9—"Ed" Cross, Who With "Shorty" Hains, Made the First Discovery in the Bullfrog District.



chugging contemptuously up grades until it reached the hill on which is the Montgomery-Shoshone mine.

An ordinary auto would have stopped here helpless, but the desert car dug its toes into the thick dust, spit and chugged spitefully and climbed triumphantly to the summit with its heavy load.

Picturesque again—a great mine on a desert hill. There are the new buildings processing immense operations, and the graders preparing the ground for the immense new mill that looks prosaic. But the long piles of sacked ore awaiting shipment, carrying treasure running into hundreds of thousands of dollars, in the midst of sagebrush and dust, far away from any city, in the heart of the Nevada desert, appealed to the imagination.

From a practical standpoint, however, the Montgomery-Shoshone mine does not need to appeal to the imagination. Even a layman going there couldn't fail to be impressed with its tremendous ore bodies. Drifts and cross-cuts running hundreds of feet through white talc and through quartz which contains ore running high in the precious metal, cannot fail to impress anybody. A person who makes even a casual examination of the mine is not so much inclined to doubt the statement made by Malcolm MacDonald, aid on the witness stand, that the property contained \$25,000,000 worth of ore blocked out.

Rhyolite Is Substantial.

Although but an infant, Rhyolite is already a town containing many substantial buildings. On the main street are a number of two-story structures of artificial stone and of frame. There is a substantial air and the place bears evidence that it is preparing to emerge to the stage of a city, instead of that of a mining camp.

On one side is Ladd mountain, and on the other side Bonanza mountain, each with their great mines. There are banks and brokerage offices, hotels and stores, which in many ways look "cit-

ified." But there is still the wild, free life of the mining camp, with the gambling houses every few feet. In fact, every saloon has at least a roulette wheel, and most of them have faro layouts.

In an uncompleted building on the main street, the Rhyolite board of trade arranged an exhibit of ores, and there were plenty of people there to tell about them. A few thought these were merely picked samples. You could go and see for yourself, for the mines were open to inspection and many parties took them in.

If there was a person who went as a doubter, he left that class before having been long in Rhyolite. No one could be found who was not convinced that Bullfrog district is destined to become one of the greatest gold-producing regions in the world.

Dance at Beatty.

That evening there was a gathering from all the regions about at the Montgomery hotel in Beatty for the speech-making and dance which was to close the regular celebration. The story of the speech-making has been previously told, when the thanks of the district were formally expressed to J. Ross Clark, who represented his brother Senator W. A. Clark, and R. C. Kerens, the three builders of the Las Vegas & Tonopah, for what they had done in behalf of the Bullfrog district.

Then came the dance. There were dress suits and flannel shirts to be seen on the floor and the hotel waitresses had just as good claims to being belles of the ball as the society women from Salt Lake and Los Angeles. But that is the spirit of the west, the atmosphere of the desert.

Near the entrance to the dining room where the ball was held, was observed a fifteen-year-old girl of swarthy complexion. Her waist was a vivid red and her skirt a bright blue, while a broad red belt with bright ornaments

Continued from Page 7.