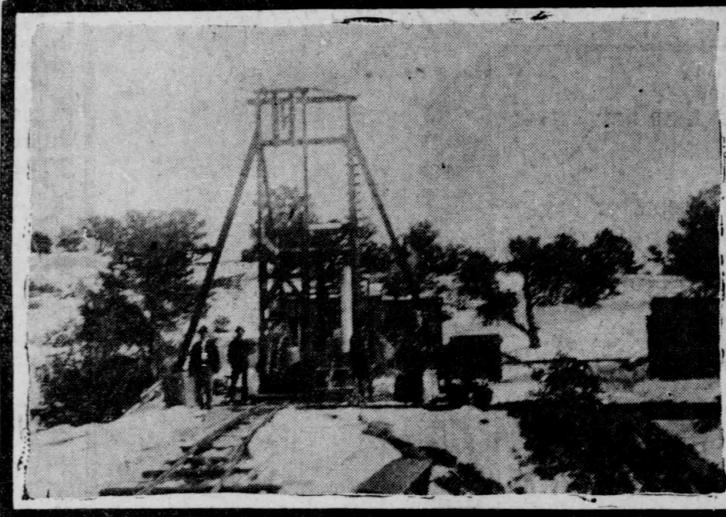


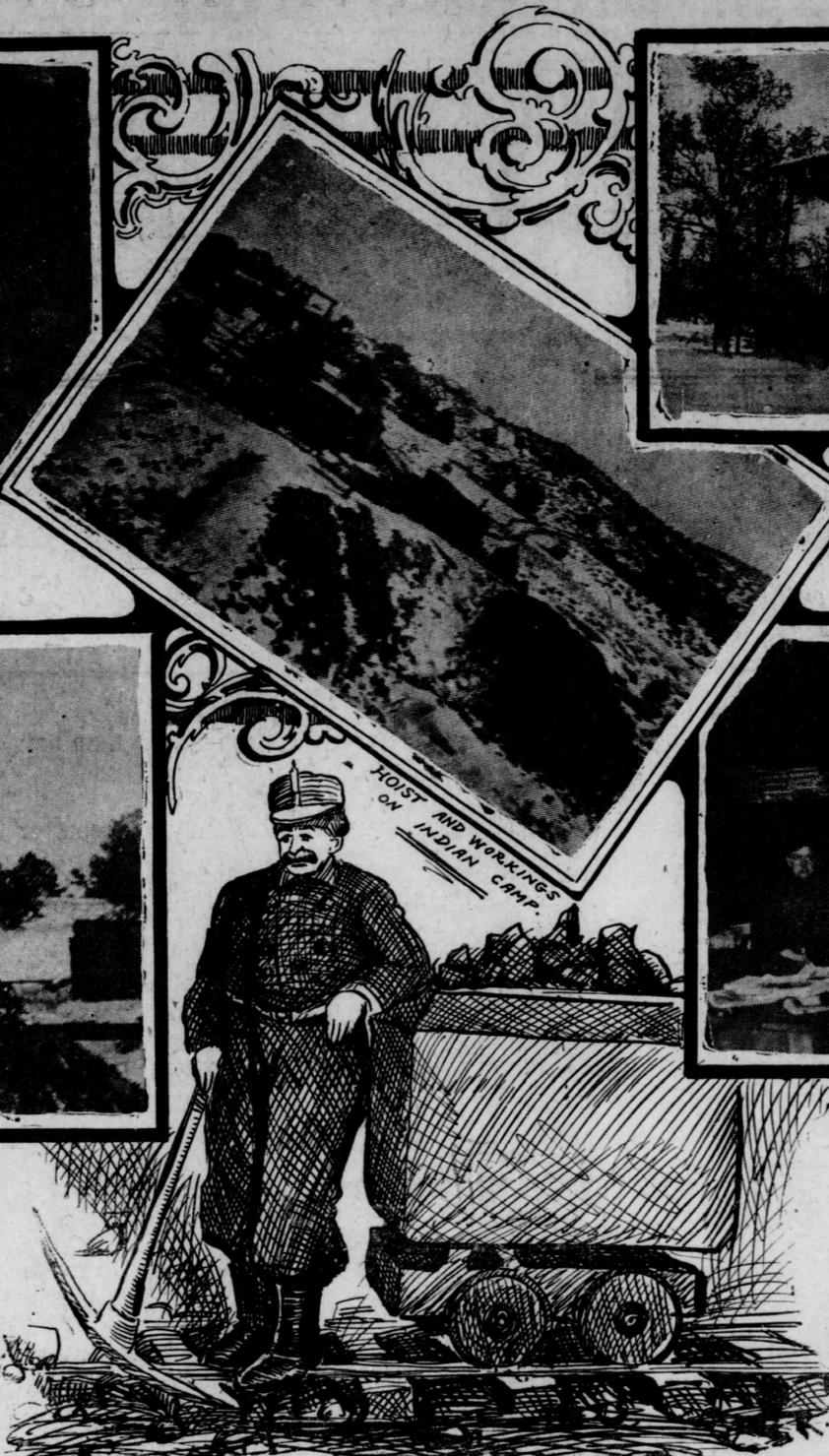
Four Manhattan Prospects That Have Become Properties.



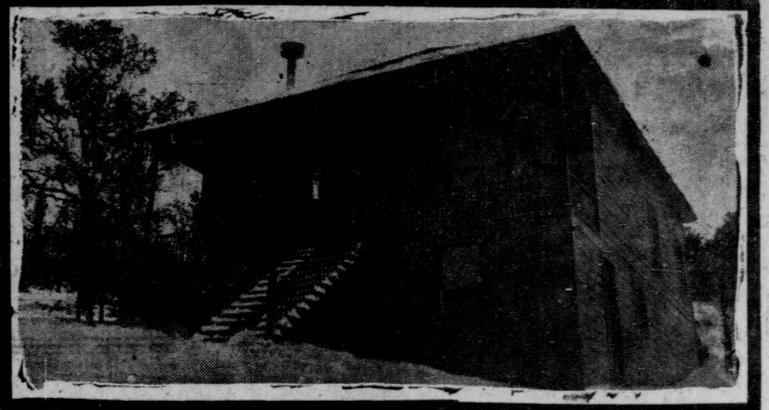
DETAIL OF TREASURE VAULT OF STRAY DOG \$1100 ORE SACKED.



HOIST AND WORKINGS ON STRAY DOG.



HOIST AND WORKINGS ON STRAY DOG.



SULLIVAN OFFICE BUILDING AT INDIAN CAMP



INTERIOR SULLIVAN OFFICES MANHATTAN

How The Sullivan Trust Company Has Pluckily Persevered Until It Has Made a Quartette of Successes in One Camp.

BY JOEL L. PRIEST.

Manhattan, Dec. 22.—In the mining district of Manhattan, more than fifty miles across the desert from Tonopah, a desert where the snow lies thick in winter and the sun beats fiercely in summer, are many prospects and some mines. Bleak and forbidding though the stretch of God-forgotten soil between Tonopah and Manhattan is, a journey across it is well worth while because of the sights one sees at the end of it. For, as the great automobile, the greyhound of the desert, in which you are riding, slowly climbs the grade just outside the camp and then coasts down into the valley, the sine qua non of the miner, wood, water and grass, is found in abundance.

Even in winter it may be seen that here is a land of plenty, here an oasis has been set down in the desert; here is a place where man may work and be comfortable while he works. As has been said, the Manhattan district contains many prospects and some mines, and among the latter those of the L. M. Sullivan Trust company stand head and shoulders above all the rest. It is not luck that has made the Sullivan properties develop from prospects into mines. Luck, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, is no longer a factor in mining operations. The successful miner of today is a scientist, a mathematician. He reads the hills as the average individual reads the printed pages of a book; he does not guess that under certain conditions certain other conditions will be found. He knows, for he has figured the thing out with all the exactness possible to a mathematical proposition. Outcroppings show that a vein is pitching in a given direction at a certain angle. Thereupon your expert sinks his shaft, and he knows that at a predetermined point he will strike that vein on its dip as surely as the school boy knows that two and two make four.

Best of Experts Employed.
This is the character of the experts in the employ of the L. M. Sullivan Trust company. They are not dreamers who fancy that some day, if they keep on sinking shafts and cross-cutting and running drifts, they will be rewarded by finding ore of value. They are men who know that for every dollar they expend for their employer many dollars will be returned. On this basis, therefore, the work of developing the Sullivan properties at Manhattan has been going on. Under the general supervision of John D. Campbell, un-

doubtedly the best known and one of the most reliable experts in the state of Nevada, and under the direct supervision of Ed Hoffman, the man who made the Carisa mine in Utah a success when other superintendents had failed, the work is going on. The wisdom of the Sullivan Trust company in allowing these men the fullest latitude, in giving them authority to use the funds derived from the sale of treasury stock in opening up the ground, has been splendidly exemplified. Three of the company's four Manhattan properties may now be said to be mines. The fourth is rapidly developing into a mine. This is not hearsay, it is not guesswork, it is not information received from an interested party. It is the result of careful painstaking, personal investigation, and herewith shall be set forth the outcome.

THE INDIAN CAMP.

The first of the Sullivan properties to which attention will be called is the Indian Camp, not because it is the best of the lot, for all seem equally good, but because stock in the Indian Camp is today quoted at a higher figure than stock in any of the other Sullivan Manhattan corporations. The Indian Camp was purchased by the Sullivan company and made the basis of an incorporation last April. At that time it was a mere prospect, although the surface indications were such as to give the Sullivan experts the assurance that it would develop into a property of great value.

The stock was put on the market at 20 cents a share. The issue was at once oversubscribed, and the security commanded a premium when the San Francisco disaster took place. This disaster, as those who are interested in mining securities will remember, had a paralyzing effect on all stocks, but especially on Manhattan, for the reason that Manhattan stocks were held largely by San Francisco people, who were compelled to realize on them at once and at almost any price. But the disaster had very little effect on Indian Camp and the other Sullivans. This for the reason that the Sullivan company is a developer of mines rather than a promoter of mining companies.

The money from the sale of the treasury stock was in the treasury, not in the pockets of any promoter. It was there for the purpose of being put in the ground, and into the ground it was put, regardless of the upheaval that wrecked and ruined San Francisco. Today, on the strength of the disclosures made during the progress of the development work, stock in the Indian Camp Manhattan cannot be had under \$1.10,

and those who are familiar with the physical condition of the property are a unit in declaring that it will command upwards of \$2 per share within a comparatively brief period.

Soon to Be Big Producer.

The Sullivan Trust company really cares less about the condition of the stock market than about "making good" for its clients, who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the United States and in most of the prominent cities of the world. The experience of gullible ones has shown that it is possible to manipulate a stock market so as to create fictitious values. It is not possible to create ore in paying quantities. And ore was what the company was after in the Indian Camp Manhattan. It is pleasant to be able to say with truth that ore has been found there, and in such quantities as warrant the statement that the Indian Camp seems destined to become one of the greatest gold producers in the state of Nevada.

To get down to details: The main working shaft on the Indian Camp Manhattan has been sunk to a depth of 150 feet. Two stations have been cut, one on the fifty-foot and one on the 100-foot level. On the first named level a cross-cut was run eighty-five feet, where experience had demonstrated that a vein would be encountered. The calculation was exactly correct. A vein was encountered at this point. It is sixteen feet wide and carries values of from \$12 to \$120 in gold, with an average of \$29 per ton. No drifting has been done on the strike of this vein, but it is known to run through the entire length of the property.

At the 100-foot level the same vein has been encountered, though it was necessary to run a cross-cut 304 feet, on account of the dip of the vein, in order to reach it. At this point the vein has widened to forty feet, and the values are the same as on the higher level, the assays running from \$12 to \$120, with an average of \$29 per ton. Drifting on this vein has been done to a distance of twenty-seven feet northwest and twenty-five feet southeast at the time the writer saw the property, and every foot of it was in high-grade ore. The strike of the vein is northwest and southeast, with a pitch of 5 degrees southwest.

New Vein Encountered.

At a depth of 135 feet an entirely new vein has been encountered in the shaft. This vein is considered by the management—and the assays show that their judgment is correct—to be the best in the property. The values average bet-

ter than \$25 per ton, and they are growing stronger as depth is attained. No attempt has as yet been made to ascertain the extent of this vein, but the shaft has been sunk twenty-five feet in it and there is still no sign of the end. The dip is the same as that of the other vein. According to surface measurements, by which it is possible to determine, in this country, the width of veins at depth, this vein will be not less than twenty-five feet wide.

No attempt will be made to cut another station until the 200-foot level is reached. At this point drifting on the vein will be begun. When Manager Hoffman has sunk the shaft to 500 feet he will begin stopping the ore. At present little is being done in the way of extraction except such as is necessary in the progress of development work. This development has, however, resulted in the placing of upward of 1,000 tons of ore of an average value of \$20 on the dump. There are literally thousands of tons of ore in the mine, waiting for extraction.

As many men as can be worked to advantage are being worked in the mine in shifts of eight hours each. The big gasoline hoist is never allowed to stop, and there is an air of industry and activity about the property that is not duplicated in any property, not a Sullivan, in the entire camp. A feature of the development that has been particularly pleasing to Manager Hoffman has been the encountering of a flow of water. At present it is what might be called a negligible quantity—only 2,500 gallons in twenty-four hours—but it is expected to grow greater as the mine is opened so that eventually there will be enough for a mill, yet not enough to interfere in any way with the working of the property.

Still Another Vein.

Mr. Hoffman's investigations have proven to him that there is still another vein on Indian Camp Manhattan ground northeast of what is known as the shaft vein. It runs, as do the others, in a northwesterly-southeasterly direction on its strike and, with its pitch of 55 degrees, should be encountered at the 500 level. The country between the veins is highly mineralized through small fissures that cross and recross the main veins and carry high values.

The Indian Camp Manhattan may be said to be virtually a mountain of milling ore. It is easily concentrated and every dollar of value can be extracted through the cyanide process. Enough developments have been made in the Indian Camp Manhattan alone to justify the

erection of a large mill, and it is practically certain that this will be done at the earliest possible moment. Then the gold bars will begin going out across the desert and dividends will begin flowing into the pockets of the shareholders. The advice of one who is disinterested and who has seen the mine is: "Hold all the Indian Camp Manhattan you have and buy as much more at the market as your purse will stand. It is a sure winner, the surest thing in a mining way that any investor could possibly desire."

THE STRAY DOG.

The Stray Dog Manhattan is another Sullivan property that has, through the expenditure of treasury money in the ground on which the corporation was based, developed from a prospect with comparatively small values at the grass roots into a mine that is getting bigger with every inch of progress in development work. When the writer saw the property early in December, he had his first glimpse at the real thing in gold mining. He saw, stored away in a great treasure chamber that has been heaved out of the solid rock, 500 sacks of ore too precious to store on the surface of the ground. Miners are ordinarily honest men, but Manager Hoffman takes no chances. The ore in those sacks is valued at more than 50 cents a pound, and if it was stored on the surface the constant services of watchmen would be required.

It is estimated that in each sack there are 100 pounds of ore, making 50,000 pounds in all, or twenty-five tons. There has been no guesswork in the sacking. The ore will run \$1,100 per ton, at the lowest estimate, and it is confidently expected that the average will be even higher. But at \$1,100 per ton there is now in the treasure chamber, awaiting the disappearance of the snow so that wagons can take it across the long desert trail to the railroad, ore of the value of \$27,500. And this is only a beginning. The Stray Dog Manhattan ground has, in the eyes of some who are accustomed to very deep mining, barely been scratched.

Still, a beginning, and a good beginning, has been made. Compared with the work on prospects on which some unscrupulous promoters have based incorporations, the development of the

Stray Dog Manhattan group has been tremendous. A shaft has been sunk to a depth of 170 feet, and the sinking is progressing as rapidly as money and men can put it down. There will be no cessation of the work until a depth of 500 feet has been attained. Then the stopping will begin.

Stray Dog Smith's Story.

"Stray Dog" Smith, who located the Stray Dog Manhattan many months ago, would be surprised if he could come back and see what has been done on the ground in which he has lost all financial interest. But Smith has disappeared, no man seems to know whether he may be dead; he may be camping out somewhere on the desert or in the forbidding hills, or he may be wearing out his life in a crowded city. The one sure thing is that his nickname will live after him for many years while the work of taking gold out of the claim he located goes on.

Smith was a humane man. Let that fact be set down to his credit. In his breast there beat a heart that was stirred, at least occasionally, by noble impulses. It was such an impulse that led to the location of the Stray Dog Manhattan. Smith was wandering about the hills, his prospecting outfit on his back, when he sat down to rest under a stunted pine. He was tired and thirsty and out of sorts with himself and the world.

As he sat there, half dreaming, he heard a faint whine. At first he paid no attention, but when the noise was repeated he began an investigation. Behind a tree near him he found a yellow dog, a poor cur that had strayed far from home and now seemed likely to die from starvation, weakness and thirst. The dog looked up hopefully at Smith, even making an attempt to wag its forlorn tail.

"Poor pup," said the prospector. "You shall not die if I can save you." And Smith, though his canteen was only half filled, though he himself was thirsty, poured half of the water down the parched throat of that stray dog. The draught was unavailing, though. The dog had gone without water and without food too long. With a look that expressed its gratitude as plainly as though it had spoken, the animal passed away, and if there is a dog heaven it must have gone to that favored spot with a story of the kindness of the lone prospector.

Located the Ground.

The incident had served to arouse Smith from his lethargy. He began to examine with interest the country about him. A panning revealed some free gold, and so the claim was located. It passed out of the hands of Smith, and a short time later was incorporated by Vermilyea, Edwards & Stanley under the name of the Stray Dog Manhattan. The Sullivan Trust company had in the meanwhile secured an interest in the ground and, upon concluding to take full control of the property, paid to Vermilyea, Edwards & Stanley \$160,000 for their stock. It was placed on the market at 55 cents a share, oversubscribed, and today, at around 80 cents a share, is regarded as one of the best buys in the mining line in Nevada.

A visit to the property shows why it is a good buy. Like the Indian Camp Manhattan, practically every foot of the ground is highly mineralized. Great veins, intersected by fissures, run all through it. A station has been cut at the 100 level and a cross-cut run east 120 feet to one vein. A drift has been run along this vein, which is from twelve to fifteen feet wide at this

point, a distance of seventy-five feet north and twenty feet south. A streak of ore averaging fourteen inches in width and carrying values of \$1,000 a ton and upwards, has been found against the hanging wall of the vein. The rest of the vein averages \$40 per ton.

During the writer's visit to the property in company with Manager Hoffman, the manager stopped at a point in the drift probably fifty feet north of the cross-cut. "This looks like good stuff," said he, "and I'm going to see whether it is or not." Taking a shovel from a miner, Mr. Hoffman took out as much of the ore as would half cover the implement. This he placed in a pottle and pounded until it was powdery. Then he panned it in a small pan.

I have thought that a flashlight photograph of the little party of us as we sat there in the bottom of that drift, a hundred feet underground, the candlelight gleaming on our faces, our eyes bent on the little pan of dirt and water, that Hoffman was whisking, would make an interesting souvenir of the trip. Certainly I wish I had such a photograph. It seemed an age before the manager began throwing off the gangue. Really it was only a minute or two. Gradually the waste was discarded. Now there is only a little dirt in the bottom of the pan.

Ore Worth \$4,000 to Ton.

In our eagerness we crowd forward, the candle grease dropping into the water. At last—"Look there," said Hoffman. There was the gold. In a narrow ring that half encircled the pan, its yellow gleam reflecting the light of the candle, it shone. "That ore is worth \$4,000 a ton," said Hoffman, and those around him were ready to believe he was under, rather than over, the mark. A winze is to be sunk at the spot from which this panning was taken, and some sensational disclosures are expected from it.

To resume the description of the workings: Manager Hoffman will run the drift from which the high-grade ore is being taken until he connects with the Hudson-Vermilyea No. 1 lease on the Stray Dog. The shaft on this lease is down 125 feet, and a winze takes it twenty feet deeper. The shaft runs through a vein eight feet wide, partly on one side and partly on the other, carrying values of \$35 per ton. Here a change in the ore from the oxidized at the surface to sulphides has been noted, greatly to the gratification of the management, for the sulphides indicate higher values and assured permanency. The sinking of the main working shaft will, in the meanwhile, be continued as rapidly as is possible. At 250 feet a station will be cut and a cross-cut run sixty feet, where the vein will be encountered in its pitch of 45 degrees towards the shaft. No other station will be cut until the shaft is down 300 feet, where the vein will be encountered directly in the shaft. There drifting north and south will be done. But there is more than one vein on the Stray Dog Manhattan.

As a matter of fact, there are three, all dipping towards the main shaft and running parallel 100 feet apart. At a depth of 500 feet, which will be reached before stopping is begun, it will be possible to work all three of these veins. On the Stray Dog there is the greatest activity. Three shafts of miners are at work, and the permanency of the mine has been thoroughly demonstrated. If there is anything in indications, it will be years before the last pound of ore has been extracted and its gold value added to the wealth of the world.

Continued on Page 10.