

# The Market and The Mines

Minor questions such as the size of the Sioux vein and the result of the Silver King survey are thrown into the background at present by the discussion of the future location of the mining exchange. The present quarters have, for a long time, been considered untenable. The room is too small and the entrance looks so much like that of a barber shop that many folks will not go in for fear of being singled. Among those who are anxious to house the exchange Samuel Newhouse is most prominent. He has expressed a willingness to put up a building for that purpose if the exchange will agree to take it. Some of the brokers want to move to the top of one of the new skyscrapers across from the postoffice. They say it would keep business up. The bear element, however, objects. It does not want high prices and prefers the cellar under Hogle's or the bear pit at Lagoon. The bulls see in this suggestion a scheme to put them in a hole and will not consent. One genius wants to rent the Orpheum and when told that the exchange was not a moving picture show, replied that he had never seen a more moving picture than the brokers who went short on Sioux Con. last month. That some change will be made in the habitat of the stock traders is reasonably certain.

The weather, although it has been hotter this week than for many a day, has failed to wilt the business on 'change. Taking the whole list through prices are better now than at any time since last summer. The strength that was formerly concentrated in two or three leading issues is diffused among a half score, including such substantial issues as Colorado, Uncle Sam and Beck Tunnel. The hurrah crowd has been doing its best to make a gambling proposition of Beck, but the effort will hardly succeed. The merits and demerits of the mine are so well known and there is so little secrecy about its management that it affords scant opportunity for manipulation. Crown Point is a much more likely share for the purpose indicated and recent quotations point to the fact that it can be jockeyed for speculative purposes. No one has the temerity to claim the Colorado vein for it now, but veiled hints are given out concerning the relations of Crown Point and the Great Eastern vein.

The Great Eastern is an unknown quantity and the Crown Point has not developed it nor made any move to develop it. Aside from these uncertainties an investment in Crown Point is a sure thing. Until the vein is shown to contain ore in commercial amounts the intrinsic value of the mining property on its course is no greater than it was last year or ten years ago. Everyone hopes, and a great many believe, that the Great Eastern ledge will be another Colorado, but it is well to recognize that faith is not demonstration and that stock purchases based on faith alone are nothing more nor less than bets.

You can hardly turn around in the mining exchange these days without meeting a stock to which you have never been introduced. The Brooklyn Con. of Tintic is the latest debutant, and it was preceded by the Hecla, of Beaver county. The new arrivals come with clean records and bright prospects and should be made welcome even though the list does threaten to become a little unwieldy. In a pinch some of the dead ones can be dropped to make room for the newly born. It is especially gratifying to note the listing of Hecla. Beaver county's wonderful development has not been appreciated in Salt Lake because there has been no medium at the exchange by which its rise of values could be gauged. The Hecla is a representative company

and through its sales the trading public will be brought in touch with a district that has established a valid claim to the world's attention by dint of hard work and dogged perseverance. In ten years Beaver county will be to the exchange what Tintic is today.

No one likes to quarrel with Col. E. A. Wall. His qualities of heart and head are so admirable that those who do not love him, esteem him. This is unfortunate for the Colonel. He is ready and willing to quarrel. In the language of the street he is "spoiling for a fight." And because of his regrettable popularity no one will accommodate him, least of all the officials of the Utah Copper company with whom he would rather quarrel than anybody. In a two-column letter to the press he has explained in detail why the Utah Copper cannot make any money. Manager Jackling, Col. Wall's dearest enemy, is apologetic. It is really too bad, he admits, that it should be so; the company should not be making money in view of the logical reasons set for by the Colonel, but its bank book shows that it is. No wonder Col. Wall is mad! What is so exasperating as to have a man apologize when you want him to fight? Swipe his spark plug, Colonel!

The mines are getting used to low prices for the metals and are showing a disposition to ignore the metal market altogether and pay dividends as if nothing had happened. Uncle Sam, they say, will resume the distribution of earnings in August, Colorado is likely to pay a dividend August 10, Bullion-Beck mails checks to its stockholders today and, if the prediction of its president is to be relied upon, Sioux Con. will pass around its first profits before the end of September. Inaction has palled upon the proprietors of the Silver King Coalition and they declare emphatically that they are going to ship again and the price of silver can be d-d. The extension of the Ontario tunnel into the Daly-West is under way—started this week. The Albon at Aka, after a long period of inaction, has resumed production and is reducing about thirty tons of ore a day in its concentration plant. The Columbus Con. has gained the upper hand of the flood waters in its 400 level and the miners can now work there without diving suits. Moreover President Jacobson says that he is making a test run on 1,000 tons of ore from the South Columbus and that prospects are good for steady work on that property through the rest of the summer.

As might have been foreseen the attempt to hand Samuel Newhouse a vice-presidential nomination was thwarted. Being already a president several times over Mr. Newhouse did not need to call his staff of experts to find out that a vice-presidency is a faulty lead.

Before the end of August Utah will have more smelters in operation than ever before. The Tintic plant will be running by July 15, the Independent at Ogden will fire up this week or next, the United States lead smelter is in operation and the American copper plant at Garfield is running with greatly enlarged capacity.

## THE HUMAN COMEDY.

Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Do the gods laugh? Aye, marry do they laugh!  
How very merry must this playhouse seem  
Wherein we strut and try to shape the plot.  
Unknowing we repeat as in a dream  
The words they wrote eternities ago!  
Our loves, our battles, agonies and fears  
Are stern enough to us, no doubt, but oh,  
The gods enjoy this Comedy of Tears!

## ATTEMPT LIFE OF A. P. TAYLOR.

News comes from Honolulu of an attempt made there two weeks ago to dynamite the home of A. P. Taylor, chief of detectives, well-known in Salt Lake. Mr. Taylor's friends here have been anxiously watching for further news of the miraculous escape of himself and family following the explosion. The Honolulu paper of Saturday, June 13th, has this to say of the attempt to dynamite:

"Dynamite was used last night in a cowardly attempt upon the life of Chief of Detectives A. P. Taylor. The rear portion of his dwelling, with a five-thousand-gallon tank just at the side and back of the cottage, was blown up, and the stairway leading to the house from the back yard was demolished. How it was that the whole house, which is a very light structure compared to the tank and its contents, was not smashed to bits, is a miracle. The story of the explosion is told by the chief of detectives as follows:

"I was awakened at midnight by a terrific roar and the violent shaking of the house. My wife and I rushed to see what the disturbance was. Half dazed, she thought it was a terrific gust of wind, but I knew better. I lit the light and looked out the window of my bed room, but could see nothing wrong. I then went to the dining room and everything was in its place, so I opened the back door leading to the yard and there saw the wreck of the tank and back stairs. I could not think for a minute what had happened and not suspecting that an attempt had been made on my life, I supposed that the tank had collapsed. I called to my wife and we went to investigate further in the yard and found that an explosion had occurred. This was apparent when we looked out in the lot next to the house and could see the pieces of the underpinning of the tank, made of six by six, blown about fifty feet from where they belonged. There was a strong smell in the air of giant powder. I went to telephone to the police station, but the phone would not work. I then took my revolver and shot five times in succession. The neighbors were already awake and assistance was soon forthcoming, although it was not needed, as nothing could be done. I went to the house of Mr. Gurrey and by this time I was pretty well dumbfounded. I could hardly talk and asked him to telephone to the station for me. I went to my house and tried to see more of the damage."

The bed room of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor is but a few feet from the tank platform, and had the force of the explosion worked as it was expected to, both would have been killed.

## MAKING A DIAGNOSIS.

Physician—From a hasty examination, I am of the opinion that you are suffering from clergyman's sore throat.

Patient—The H—I you say!

Physician (quickly)—But it is quite possible I am wrong—I will look again.

## UNCERTAINTY.

Lady (to husband)—My dear, did you think to order a ton of coal to-day?

Husband—Yes.

Lady—And my hat?

Husband—Yes (peering through window). There is a truck backing up to the door now, but it's too dark to see whether it's the hat or the coal.

"What is heredity?"

"Blaming it on the monkey."—Sun.