

The Market and The Mines

In speculating on the political future, the Mining Outlook of New York says that if Bryan should be elected and if a department of mines and mining should be established, the chieftainship of the department would "naturally fall upon the shoulders of some such distinguished Democrat as Mr. Samuel Newhouse, who has accomplished more for the state of Utah by the development of its mineral resources than any other one person who has been welcomed within its borders." As Bryan has not yet been elected and the department of mines and mining has not been established, it may be premature to worry over the matter, but the question arises, how would Mr. Newhouse find time to keep his department oiled and wound up without neglecting his skyscrapers in Salt Lake City, his town in Beaver county, his mines in Bingham, his mill at Garfield, and his minor mining interests in other camps of the state? The Outlook's program will not do. But if Taft is elected Utah will cheerfully show its patriotism by sacrificing upon the altar of our country our distinguished fellow-citizen, that renowned publicist, Harry Joseph. (Outlook please copy.)

Speaking of Utah's able mining men, it will be worth while to do a little rubbering at the progress of D. C. Jackling. The public does not know whether he is a Democrat or a Republican, but the public—the Utah public, at least—knows that he is an adept in the necromancy of transforming mountain rock into copper. While others were looking after the financial end of it, Mr. Jackling was creating the corporeal substance of the Utah Copper company. He did not master personally all the physical difficulties that delayed the completion of the great copper making project, but he had the ability to gather about him a staff that was equal to every emergency. His achievements at Bingham and Garfield are so well known that they would not be worth mentioning except for the fact that he has on hand a still bigger proposition in Arizona—a proposition so big that its realization will give the man who accomplishes it absolute pre-eminence in the copper mining industry. Like the Utah Copper, the Ray Consolidated Copper company, of Kelvin, Ariz., has porphyry rock carrying copper in small quantities. The Ray, however, has acres to the Utah company's yards of this low grade ore. All Bingham could be set down in the Ray company's estate and the edges of the latter would project on every side.

Well, Mr. Jackling has just been elected vice

San Romano! What a delightful place! Here one fully understands the words of Flaubert, "There are some places in the world so beautiful that one has a desire to press them to his heart." What a pity that San Romano resembles an exquisite fruit whose taste is so bitter that we dare not eat it with impunity, since it causes death. Unfortunately the joyous peace that lies over the scene does not reign within the hearts of the people. On every side you meet sorrowful faces, from whose lips these strange words seem to fall, "Oh, had I only placed it upon seven. The accursed rouge! Ten times in succession it won and I played noir."

They pay little or no attention to the scenic beauty of San Romano. They are Oedipus in the struggle with the Sphinx Zero. The earth to them seems but as a gigantic roulette and the sky is a slate of trente et quarante, for this is the Kingdom of Mammon, the Residence of the Demon Chance.

president of Ray Con. and chairman of its executive committee. The future of the property is virtually in his hands. That he will duplicate his success with Utah Copper is the firm belief of all who know his methods. He came back from the Arizona country last Sunday, and he admitted himself that he would be going some if he puts the Ray Con. in the place he has mapped out for it.

Mr. C. E. Loose is earmarked for a pretty high perch on the ladder of fame if he can demonstrate that the Colorado vein hoochee couchees around through Sioux Con. and Iron Blossom into the Carisa. It would be folly to declare dogmatically that the ore channel does not go to the Carisa—nothing is impossible in Tintic. Mr. Loose may have rung the bell on the geology of the region. The orchestra seats are full and the gallery is growing impatient. The house is incredulous, but willing to be shown. Unless Professor Loose extracts the rabbit from the gentleman's hat in a short time he will be derided by his audience.

The time also draws near when Iron Blossom will be constrained to make good or get the hook. That shaft started at the north end on what was believed to be the exact course of the Colorado ledge is down 155 feet, and has entered the lime stratum in which the Colorado ore is wont to be found. This is the psychological moment for a strike, and if it does not occur within the next twenty feet Iron Blossom is likely to become an undesirable citizen on 'change.

No one has to speculate if he doesn't want to. He can buy Uncle Sam and get a sure thing, or Bull Valley, and the sure thing will get him. Uncle Sam is accumulating dividend money with the regularity of a clock. Its regular output of a car or more a day has ceased to attract attention, and it is only when the ore runs a little higher than usual that Uncle Sam is among those present in the mining columns of the newspapers. It was a shipment of \$111 ore, netting a total of \$6000, that brought it into prominence this week. Bull Valley likewise figures in the print again. Is it to inform the public what became of the sacks of yellow, yellow gold that had been piled up and were to be started to market 'steen weeks ago? Nay, Kathleen! It is to let the public in on the news that a mill will be necessary to make the Bull Valley ore deposits profitable.

In the class with Uncle Sam and the Utah mine, a concern that may be safely commended

as a good, tame, reliable family mine, is the Mammoth. The most embarrassing thing about it is its ore. It has so much ore that it finds difficulty in transporting it, and has trouble in getting it treated. Although it has just finished shipping 2000 tons of copper and gold ore to the American smelter, it still has on its hands 5000 tons of medium grade that the company would be glad to dispose of, and is accumulating one of those noteworthy carloads of gold ore that never runs less than \$50,000 a car. The Eagle & Blue Bell, in the hands of lessees at present, may get into the Uncle Sam-Mammoth society if recent reports are verified. The lessees on the 1000-foot level are the discoverers of ore that carries an ounce of gold, 250 ounces of silver and 21 per cent lead. The rich vein looks good, it is said, and is constantly growing wider.

Some mighty fine looking galena and carbonate ore has been shipped into Salt Lake from the Beaver Carbonate mine near Frisco. The pay streak was encountered last week by a drift on the 700 level. It was then 8 inches wide. By the first of this week it had spread itself to three feet and was still widening. With a little sorting the whole three feet will be made into ore of smelting quality.

Bingham claims some attention this week by reason of a promising find in the Bingham Central-Standard. The ore carries lead, \$30 in gold and silver, and the body is asserted to be six feet wide.

With the return of E. H. Clark and Lester D. Freed from the Hecla property in Beaver county, the demand for that stock got a new impetus, and all week brokers have been scurrying around gathering in as many shares as they could of this security. Both gentlemen are reticent in talking for publication, but that they were very favorably impressed with the fine showing in the Hecla was made manifest by the purchase of the stock of J. M. Reynolds by the Freed interests. The Hecla is one of the most remarkable youngsters in the list of good looking Utah prospects, having recently shipped half a dozen cars of fine ore, though work has been going on at the property less than a year. The average of the ore is \$85.00 a ton in gold, silver and lead, and this grade of rock has been encountered in large quantities in both the upper and lower tunnels. The Hecla is beginning to have all the earmarks of a big mine.

SUICIDE By George Maureoert.

I, also, was a subject of his for a few months, lost a small fortune and became somewhat gray. One day, I awakened with only twelve francs in my pocket, and I owed the landlord fifteen. So I examined my pistol carefully and made sure that it was well loaded with six bullets, for these would certainly suffice to blow out a brain like mine.

I opened the window. "My last morning" was glorious—the heavens, azure blue; the waves, a shimmering green; and the air, heavy with the fragrance of the orange and the violet. I strolled down to the shore so as to once more breathe in the refreshing salt air; then I took a short walk and found that I was hungry. Before returning to the hotel, I bought a paper, the "Anti-San Romano," a sensation weekly edged in black like a mourning letter. During breakfast I hastily turned the pages. The heading, "Suicides of the Week," drew my attention to it. "Here also my death will be reported within the next few

days," I thought without much emotion. I even had a desire to thank the writer of my obituary in advance.

One notice, marked with a heavy black cross, attracted my attention and I read, "Yesterday the body of Joshua Jacobson, an American, was found hanging from one of the palms that grow upon the terrace. The sum of three thousand francs was in his pocket—naturally!"

Joshua Jacobson, I had known him well—I might say that we had gambled away, side by side, one franc after the other. During the previous evening in the Casino, where he had lost his last penny, he had grasped my hand with much feeling, had looked sadly into my eyes, and smiling, said in a low voice, "I am ruined, utterly ruined. Farewell, my friend—" and went out and—hanged himself.

Still, how was it possible that three thousand francs had been found on him, and what the devil did that "naturally" mean? After a few