

able to suspicion of curiosity. He is a lady-like fellow anyway in more ways than this. Why not "Ask the man?"

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Savage of Goldfield came into town the first of the week on their way to Ely, Nevada. Mrs. Savage will remain with her parents for a few days longer, but Mr. Savage has gone on to the copper camp.

The Misses Fitch gave a dinner before the ball Thursday evening taking their guests to the affair later.

Mrs. B. C. Lockwood of Fort Douglas entertains at bridge this afternoon.

Mrs. Walter G. Flier entertained a few friends at a small tea Wednesday afternoon for Mrs. Fred Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. McGurkin are back after spending a few weeks in Gotham.

Mrs. Sol Siegel left yesterday for Baltimore, where she will spend some time with relatives.

This little verse in an eastern paper has a homelike ring. It will apply as well here as there:

'Tis here in Gotham that we love to shine,
And cut our rapid entertainment capers;
We love to dance, to frolic and to dine,
And read about our doings in the papers.
Although we sniff and say: "How very coarse,"
And talk of "reptile journals" without ceasing,
Unmentioned would provoke unending source
Of mortifying tears and woe unceasing.

Making A Monkey Of Midas.

A Tale From the Intemperate Zone.
(By T. G.)

Goldfield, Nev., Nov. 6, 1906.

On an average, every five men out of ten in this town have got Mr. Midas skinned forty ways from the Jack. Everybody here isn't rich, but so many of every class have struck a bonanza that it gives their friends a new lease of life, and it is easier for a man to get a grub stake if he means business than it is for him to get a porterhouse after a twenty-mile walk in a city, no matter upon what terms he happens to be with the proprietors of the cafes he connects with.

Speaking of cafes, a real restaurant man would be a unique effect in this spectacular crater so full of gold, but which, so far as the eye can see, is nothing but a stretch of rolling hills, dappled with sage, and always smothered in a whirlwind of tawny dust.

A volume could be written of the restaurants

alone. The word "restaurant" is used advisedly. In the "Mocha," for instance, the lunch counter slopes toward the guests so that in case of a sudden spill, the waiters and the edibles behind the bar are entirely protected, and nothing is drenched but the tenderfoot in front. There is another restaurant called the "Palm," and that is the end of the limit. Most people go there in the evening for the music alone, and if they don't, they should, because that is the best they get.

If you order chicken, you get one that was killed on Sherman's march to the sea, one which has been preserved ever since that time, but hardly well preserved.

No matter how painful, it is best to take mineral water in these restaurants, as most people consider it easier to pay 50 cents a bottle for this rather than have their friends contribute at the finish to the plentiful coffers of the mortician.

There are on an average 150 people entering Goldfield every day and notwithstanding some privations, including the postponement of many a bath, the majority like the place, for if they have the stuff in them, they quickly forget the hardships, for they are so busy that they haven't time to think of them.

Of the average number of people who come to town each day, say one hundred and fifty, seventy-five of them immediately get work in the mines. Fifty more have enough to get along until they get something to do, but the other twenty-five come absolutely broke, and many of the latter bring wives and children, with the expectation, after reading lurid newspaper accounts, that gold is to be picked up in the streets. One instance alone will illustrate this. I was talking to a man yesterday who asked if I knew of a room cheaper than \$2.50 a day. He said he was here with his wife and two children and did not know what he would do unless he could get cheaper accommodations at once, as at the rate above mentioned he could not last four days longer and eat.

But the majority of people who arrive are more than satisfied. They cannot help but be. This is probably the liveliest mining camp the world has seen since the Comstock days, and it is simply impossible to describe the ceaseless rush which endures here day and night. The novelty of the sight alone is worth a trip to this marvelous camp, and for those who hail from Utah there is a profound rest, in the peace of mind where a man can live in a place knowing he doesn't have to wake up every morning to look at a picture of Joe Smith, and mix in the muddy politics that infest our "valleys of the mountains."

We heard down here that you had a little windstorm in Salt Lake the other day, that averaged sixty miles an hour. When the wind in this camp drops to that, we consider it a calm day

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