

LIFE IN THE WORLD'S GREATEST MINING CAMP

Although Not Yet Four Years of Age, Goldfield Is Now the Largest Settlement in Nevada.

So young is Goldfield, the Nevada mining camp to which United States soldiers were ordered because of conditions arising from a strike of the miners, that the place is not yet on the atlas maps nor in the latest encyclopedias. Yet Goldfield is no baby so far as importance goes. It is the world's greatest gold mining center. It is the Transvaal, Klondike, Cripple Creek, repeated, and then, to employ an expression made elegant by its recent use in the United States senate, Goldfield "has them all skinned alive." The town and the regions round about constitute a field of gold. By cultivating with the proper kind of implements it is possible to produce a crop of the yellow metal almost anywhere around there, and in some favored spots the yield is phenomenal. There are many gold mining camps in that part of Nevada. Tonopah, Bullfrog, Manhattan and others are rich in gold bearing rock, but Goldfield is the biggest, the richest, the most astounding, of them all. Goldfield is now the most populous city in the state of Nevada. In the mining region, to distinguish the place from all other camps, to put it upon its pedestal, to apotheosize it, Goldfield is known popularly as the Big Noise.

Only One Reason.

Perhaps 20,000 persons exist in Goldfield. It would be hardly correct to say that they live there. It is not a pleasant place in which to live. Nobody who has lived where grass grows, trees wave and water runs would stay overnight in a place like Goldfield or any other Nevada mining camp save for one reason. People exist in Goldfield because by staying there for a time they hope to get hold of gold enough to enable them to live somewhere else.

Yet Goldfield is the present abiding place of many millionaires. Practically all these rich men were poor men. Most of them were poor men. They went in and struck it rich. They stay there because they are striking it richer. It may be accepted as an underlying fact, however, that not one of them expects to spend the rest of his life there, not one intends to make Goldfield his home. Even now most of the rich men make occasional trips to the pleasant world outside, visiting New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles or some other city where conditions are less crude. The rest of the Goldfielders, lacking the price, under the influence of the fever of excitement induced by the news of gold, manage to remain there all the year around, nursing the hope that some day they may go back "home" and live happily ever afterward.

Some fellows in Goldfield will tell you that they wouldn't live anywhere else. These are the "planted" in one of Goldfield's unpoetic graveyards. No

grass will wave above their graves. There is no grass in Goldfield. One gold made millionaire who built himself a pretty bungalow in the town two or three years ago tried to grow a crop of grass in his yard from imported seed. He paid a man \$5 a day to cultivate the grass and spent about as much more

mous cost in transportation. Mines were opened. As the drills and picks went deeper into the earth the ore increased in richness. The news continued to spread. By the spring of 1906 Goldfield had become a pretty sizable town, with streets more or less regular and business houses more or less pretentious.

front wall of a stone building only two stories high cost approximately \$50,000 because the stone had to be hauled overland from a considerable distance. Goldfield now has several fair to middling hotels. There was a period when rich men had to sleep on the floors of the saloons or sitting in barroom chairs.

the barrel house, another the bottle house. No, these are not saloons. The barrel house was built by the man who could not afford to buy lumber at from \$50 to \$75 a thousand feet. He scraped together a lot of empty barrels, set them in rows, tier on tier, chinked the interstices with mud, put on a roof of

truly accommodating. The spaces between the bottles were plastered with mud. The bottoms of the bottles form the outside surface, while the tops stick inside, being used for clothes hangers. Light sifts through the glass to illuminate the interior by day. Scores of miners build huts of tin. The

Still, It Isn't a Town One Would Select Deliberately as a Place of Permanent Residence.

supply a pleasing contrast to the prevailing canvas aspect of the place. The man on the mountain, newly arrived, understands after this survey why Goldfield is called a "camp." The town looks for the most part as if it had been pitched for the night, always excepting the chief central thoroughfare, which has taken on an air of permanence.

Night in Goldfield is two kinds of a riot, neither of which is particularly pleasant to life and limb if the man in the crowd knows a live wire when he is in its neighborhood. Goldfield has a riot of electric lights. Electricity is perhaps the cheapest thing in Goldfield save dust and air. Even the miners' shacks are lighted by electric bulbs. The stores, hotels, clubhouses and saloons are a blaze of bulbs. In connection with the last named institutions are the gaming houses, wherein goes on the other riot mentioned, a riot of roulette, faro, poker and the whole gamut of games that lure the gold from millionaire and mine laborer alike.

Not a Tough Town.

But with all its drinking and gambling Goldfield is not a tough town in the sense that some of the early Californian mining camps were tough. The bad man is there, to be sure, but time and transportation have tamed him down. Where railroad men are apt to find many men who cut notches in their gun handles to correspond with the mounds in their private cemeteries. Too many men of milder natures get into the population to permit an excess of that sort of thing. Goldfield's governing population in the main is made up of serious, earnest men who are there for business, who respect the laws and expect everybody else to respect them.

It is well to remember the fact that every acre of the land for many miles around Goldfield already is staked out by mining claim holders. The man who goes to the camp now need not expect to find it possible to pick up a fortune by driving stakes into the ground and selling a claim prospect. But he will find many opportunities to buy mining stock, some good, some indifferent, some utterly worthless. From time to time new districts in southern Nevada yield pay color to prospectors, and the man near at hand who has the pluck and the necessary grub stake to make the run may secure a claim and a fortune—and he may not.

Goldfield produced more than \$3,000,000 the first year of its existence as a mining camp. The output has increased steadily. Optimistic observers predict that the camp's output will reach \$50,000,000 a year when all the prospects are opened and worked in the lower levels. Optimism, however, is characteristic of gold camp. Yet, when all is done and said, Goldfield is the champion infant prodigy in mining camps, and more prodigious surprises may be yet in store.

ROBERTUS LOVE.

A Prospecting Party Ready to Make a Start



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for water to keep it from dying. By the end of the season he estimated that his crop of grass had cost him a hundred dollars a blade. This probably was an exaggeration even in Goldfield.

Sustained by Hope.

Nevertheless the Goldfielder is not necessarily unhappy. Hope, which springs eternal in the human breast, springs quite actively in a region where the poorest man, by some stroke of luck or freak of chance, may become the richest. There is no more honest and honorable way of getting rich quickly than by digging gold out of the earth. He who does this takes wealth from nobody, but adds wealth to the world. It may be that this is not the view taken by most of those now seeking wealth on the Nevada desert, but it is none the less true for that.

Goldfield is now close to four years old. It was in the spring of 1903 that a government mineralogist reported that signs of rich mineralization had been discovered around Columbia mountain. The next year tents and shacks began to blossom out of the desert in the midst of sagebrush, greasewood, cactus and the occasional Joshua trees of the region. The Joshua tree is called a tree of life because a few of its leaves, if it is good for fuel, and it is not good for that.

These tents and shacks multiplied; they turned into tent houses, with plank floors and side planks halfway up, or into rude box houses with real glass windows. The thousands of thirty prospectors poured in. Heavy mining machinery was hauled overland at enor-



Goldfield, Nev.

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By that time Goldfield was a sure thing. There was no longer any doubt as to its future as the new El Dorado of Nevada. Goldfield had arrived.

Now there are stone business blocks in Goldfield, some of them three story skyscrapers. They are built of the softish Nevada sandstone, which cost almost as much as gold ore before the railroads from north and south were built into the camp. It is said that the

As the saloons stay open all night, with boisterous gambling adjuncts at side or rear, these lodgings were not particularly conducive to pleasant dreams. Goldfield is built mostly of wood and canvas, though there are many human habitations fearfully and wonderfully made.

To the present day visitors are pointed out the champion specimens of several unique styles of architecture. One is

tin oil cans flattened out and soldered and had shelter from the rain and wind.

The bottle house is still more striking. An indigent genius collected thousands of empty beer bottles—there was plenty of that material shortly after the camp was opened—and built his house walls of them. By laying bottles flat on the ground as a starter and thus stacking them until the wall reached the required height this builder soon had a house

big engines at the mines use a great deal of oil for fuel. The oil comes in large flat tin cans. The home builder lays these cans just as bricks are laid, making a thick wall. Cans cut, flattened and soldered form the roof. You can have your choice in Goldfield—barrel, bottle or tin can mansion.

A Unique Camp.

From the peak of Columbia mountain, hard by, one may view the landscape o'er and behold such a city as exists nowhere else. There is the long Main street, with its stone and wood business blocks, its hotels, its assay offices, its saloons and gambling rooms, its dance halls. To left and right are the struggling, struggling streets where more business is carried on and where the residents dwell. As the distance from the principal street increases the sizes of the buildings decrease, also the structures are farther and farther apart. It appears that the town has made a desperate effort to run out, but has not succeeded. Far to the outskirts all around are scattered the stringtown huts, shacks, tents and other nondescript habitations. Not much effort toward street regularity appears in the outlying sections. The miner or prospector or broker or gambler has built his habitation here, there, anywhere. Most of the habitations about the outer edges may be picked up and carried out of the way in future street straightening.

Here and there the spectator from the mountain will see a commodious, artistic bungalow, the mansion homes of Goldfield. The painted walls and roofs

STAGE COACH DAYS

Reminiscences of an Old-Timer in Missouri.

THE halcyon days of the hitherto—the era of steamboat travel and overland journeys on public highways in the middle west—seem to be returning.

The suggestion of a graded public roadway extending from Kansas City to St. Louis, brings to memory the old stage road of early days, the busy thoroughfare where no grass grew beneath the feet of the sturdy steers or clank teams of horses or mules which hauled thousands of tons of freight and many passengers over its picturesque course.

It was said that Daniel Boone, that prince of pioneers, blazed the trail of this old route. When a youth of 18 years he made the journey from Hamilton, O., to St. Louis in 30 days, with no companion on the lonely, perilous journey save his surefooted pony. After a few days' rest in the village of St. Louis the brave boy resumed his westward journey, traveling, I was told by his compatriots and kinsmen, very near the exact line of the main old stage highway of after years.

It was asserted that Daniel Boone was the first white person to reach the site of Independence, Mo. We remember the project to build a national turnpike from Washington City to St. Louis at government expense. It was surveyed along that entire course, but the scheme was abandoned after the roadbed was graded and macadamized as far as Indianapolis, because the states not directly interested or benefited protested against being taxed for its construction. To compensate Missouri for its supposed loss by the abandonment of the project the government ceded to the state the sixteenth section of every township for school purposes.

The traveler of the olden time had choice of two routes in crossing the state from east to west—one on the north side of the Missouri river, the other on the south side. The south route was most traveled and most noted.

The conveyances on the stage road were various and would seem curious at this day. Sturdy oxen plodded patiently along, drawing the heavy, bulky

emigrant wagons, loaded with household effects, men, women and "oodles" of children; white-topped Conestoga wagons, hauled by powerful Pennsylvania teams with leather band strung with tinkling bells about their shoulders; broad-wheeled Virginia wagons, the more pretentious Dearborn wagons; the light Carolina cart, to which was harnessed a single ox or sturdy horse; or the big Troy coach, pulled by four mettlesome steeds.

The entrance of a stage coach into the villages along the line was an exciting event. Half a mile or more from town the driver began heralding the approach with blast after blast upon a bugle, a joyous signal. Each time the welcome sound pealed forth women and children stood in the doorways and men rushed to the halting place. The landlord at the tavern stood ready to receive the mail pouch and the travelers. There usually was but one inn in the towns where the stage stopped for a change of horses and to allow passengers to get meals.

A peculiar custom of the old-time tavern-keeper was that he always shook hand with every traveler who alighted from the coach.

Smiles and hospitality beamed from his welcoming countenance. One felt, on receiving this hearty greeting, that he or she had found a friend in a strange land. "Smiles" of another nature were in store for the weary traveler within the comfortable inn, and the masculine contingent usually halted there at the ever-present "bar." The barrooms of the old taverns had a door, always open, into the unpunctuated reception room, where the guests of all ages and sexes assembled, so it is needless to say that no carousing was permitted in what was then deemed an essential feature of the public hostelry.

Many wayside inns were far removed from any town, and usually were conducted by some thrifty farmer near the highway.

Can any old-time traveler by stage ever forget his emotion when he arrived on a cold winter evening at one of these old taverns, where cheer and comfort shone from the open doorway, giving a glimpse of the big log fire blazing on the ample hearth and the tempting aroma of boiling coffee, old



A TOAD 1,000 YEARS OLD.

A spade foot toad, found 500 feet below the earth's surface in a solid block of limestone in a silver mine of Butte, Montana, has been presented to the New York Zoological park, and is now carefully watched and prized as one of the greatest discoveries of the age. His toadship is totally blind and took his first meal last Wednesday. He is kept in a glass case supplied meagerly with oxygen.

The creature has the customary warts and "jewel in its head," but its skin is as dark as a lump of coal.

ham broiling on the coals, spare ribs, country sausage and other delicious "vittles" greeting his olfactory; and later the fulfillment of the promise around the plain, neat tavern in the country. One popular wayside inn on that old stage road was conducted by one who was known to all travelers on its route as "the big woman." She weighed 300 pounds or thereabouts, and though she shook the very rafters of her humble hostelry when she walked across the floor and could sit in only one chair in the house, and that one made to order, she was a thorough and competent waitress, and while generous in providing for the refreshment of her guests, would tolerate no foolishness or imposition from drivers or passengers. She provided abundant and toothsome requests for her guests and comfortable beds for their repose. But all stood in awe of the "big woman."

Col. Lewis of Saline county was another notable figure among the old-time innkeepers. This gentleman presented substantial promise of the good cheer awaiting patrons of his house. He was a man of magnificent physique, round and rosy, jolly and warm-hearted. The colonel owned and operated the first systematized stage route in the state, and brought to Missouri the first Troy coach, that comfortable and handsome vehicle so familiar in the old days to travelers in the public highways. The first Troy coach made its initial trip in 1828 or 1829 from Col. Lewis' tavern, near the Teetsaw plains, in Saline county, to Independence, and in it on this trip rode William McCoy, a pioneer merchant of Independence, and the town's first mayor.

Another noted tavern on the stage road was in Lafayette county, kept by Mr. C. J. "dashed" gave the full name for fear the exceedingly "unlucky" descendants of that host would grow in-

dren, merchants, politicians and travelers generally.

From Hambright's tavern by easy stages through shady wood or waving prairie, the coach reached Independence, "loveliest village of the plain." The coach horses dashed to the door of the tavern apparently as lively as at the hour of starting. There hearty hospitality met the travelers. There "Uncle" Wood Noland gave a cheery greeting and hearty handshake to each guest as he clambered from the huge Troy coach.

A few years later the stages completed the overland journey at Westport, where the Harris house gave ample and unexcelled entertainment to all sojourners in the then far west.—N. M. Harris in Kansas City Star.

CURED LUMBAGO

A. B. Caiman, Chicago, writes March 4, 1907: "Having been troubled with lumbago, at different times and tried one physician after another, then different remedies and liniments, gave it up altogether. So I tried one more, and got a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment, which gave me almost instant relief. I can cheerfully recommend it, and will add my name to your list of sufferers." Sold by Z. C. M. J. Drug Dept., 112-14 Main Street, Salt Lake City.

MOSQUITOES.

Mosquitoes breed malaria. Mosquitoes breed yellow fever. Malaria kills 250,000 persons a year—15,000 in the United States. During the past 100 years the total deaths from yellow fever were 100,000 in the United States. One healthy pair of mosquitoes can start a progeny in June that in two months will rival the human population of the globe in numbers.—New York World.

NOTHING DOING.

"He tells me he expects to take two weeks' vacation at the seashore," said Jigley.

"Yes," replied Borrowers, "but he won't do it."

"Why, won't he boss let him off?"

"Oh, yes; but he's counting on paying his way with the \$50 I owe him."

GETTING EVEN.

Hamm Patter—But, my boy, if you saw me act last night, why do you want another pass?

Kid—I want to give it to Jimmie Jones, doggone him!—Exchange.

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