

The World's Largest Diamond

LARGEST STONE IN THE WORLD—THE CULLINAN—NOW BEING CUT AT AMSTERDAM

CAVE OF BLUE CLAY CONTAINING DIAMONDS PREMIER MINE

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

You have all heard of the Cullinan diamond, the mighty stone which was recently presented by the government of the Transvaal to King Edward VII and which is now being cut in Amsterdam. It is by several times the largest diamond ever found, and its value is over \$1,000,000. I am writing these notes on the edge of the mine from which it was taken. From where I stand I can look right down into it, or rather over it, for it covers 30 acres, the area of a good-sized farm. It is known as the Premier Diamond mine, and it is by far the largest diamond mine in the world. On that hill at the left I can see the great blast with its crushing, washing and pulsating machines. They are fed by the caravan of cars which are now flying up to it over that inclined roadway.

The mine itself is black with workmen. There are 3000 natives at work digging out the ore and loading it on cars. Here the men are blasting, there they are laying railroads, and farther over digging tunnels down into the blue ground. There is one end of the mine where the offices where the managers direct the work. They consist of an iron-roofed building worth under \$1000, and seem strange headquarters for a business which employs thousands of men and has an output of millions a year. Farther back are the compounds in which the native workers are kept under guard, and just back of me is the railroad station with its hotel and stores, forming the town of Cullinan.

THE CULLINAN DIAMOND IS AS BIG AS A TUMBLER

money has been over \$25,000,000, and with the past year or so it has been paying several millions a year in dividends.

The Premier vs. the De Beers.

This Premier mine is comparatively new. The great pipes at Kimberley, which belong to the De Beers Company, have been worked for more than a generation, and until this mine was discovered it was believed that they would always form the chief source of the world's supply of precious stones. For the past 30 years almost all of our diamonds have come from them; and they still have millions in sight. They have produced more precious stones than all the other mines of the world put together, and almost all the diamonds now worn by man came from Kimberley or thereabouts. The product has sold for something like \$600,000,000.

The Premier mine was discovered in 1902. As I have said, it has already produced over \$25,000,000, and its size is so enormous that it is bound to seriously affect the diamond market of the future. So far the mine has scarcely been touched. It is being worked almost on the surface, and it is estimated that at the present rate it will take 20 years to get out the blue ground down to a depth of 350 feet. When it is remembered that the Kimberley pipe has been mined to a depth of 800 feet, and that the De Beers is now more than 3000 feet deep, and that neither shows any diminution of the output of diamonds to the carload of blue earth mined, the enormous possibilities of this mighty 80-acre diamond pipe can be appreciated.

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companies have entered into a working agreement by which the diamond output is so restricted as to not flood the world with precious stones and thereby bring down the prices.

A Chat With Diamond King.

During my stay here I have met Mr. T. M. Cullinan, the man who discovered this mighty diamond pipe and from whom the Cullinan diamond is named. Five years ago he had only a few thousand dollars, but he is now worth ten or 15 millions, and he might be called the world's diamond king. He is the chairman of the company which owns the mine and he spends much of his time at the works. Mr. Cullinan looks more like a miner than a millionaire. He is a well built man of 45 years of age, and is the picture of health. He has a dark complexion, and dark hair and eyes. His forehead is broad, his nose straight, and his lower jaw heavy, showing determination and grit. I understand that he started life poor and that some of his first money was made as a bricklayer.

As he got a little ahead he became a contractor; and as such had a series of ups and downs which left him at the age of 50 worth perhaps \$60,000. I asked him how he made his great strike. He replied: "Diamonds have been long known to exist in this region. They were discovered here years ago, and one alluvial claim had been pegged out and floated at a capitalization of \$150,000 only a short distance from where the Premier is. About four years ago I was looking up this valley, prospecting for diamonds. I found several leads with good indications and they all seemed to go toward this point.

"The property then belonged to a Dutchman who had something like 1500

acres of land. He was using it for stock raising and was renting out small patches to the natives about. He knew of the possibilities of diamonds being found in the land, and he made his price accordingly. He refused to sell except as a whole and that for a lump sum of \$25,000, or about \$200,000 in American money. I had prospected enough to know that the ground contained diamonds, and I had no doubt but that the mine could be floated to pay a good profit on the above price. I therefore put in my own money and induced others to join me. We then bought the farm and the result is the Premier."

"Had you any idea of the enormous possibilities of the property?" I asked. "No. My wildest dream did not reach the conceptions of this biggest diamond mine of the world and of the discovery of the largest diamond ever known. I thought there might be a diamond pipe somewhere upon the farm, and I was pretty sure that the land contained enough alluvial diamonds to give us our money back, even if no pipe were discovered."

"What was your original capital?" I asked. "But I'd have trouble getting it." I said. "I had \$20,000. Of this we paid \$12,000 to Prinsloo, the Dutchman who owned the land, and used the balance as a working capital."

"And what became of the Dutchman?" "He is still living in a little mud hut not far from here," replied Mr. Cullinan. "He made a good bargain in selling his farm. He paid only \$200 for it and he got \$20,000. He refused to give me an option on the property at \$150,000, allowing me three months to prospect to see whether I would take it or not. He afterward sold another farm which cost him less than this, for \$150,000, so that altogether he realized about \$90,000 of my money for his lands. Nevertheless, notwithstanding his wealth, he still sticks to his mud hut."

The Premier Mine.

I asked Mr. Cullinan to tell me something about the Premier mine. He replied: "It is so big that we really cannot say just how big it is. The pipe has an area of about 80 acres. It is shaped somewhat like a pear, and the walls are almost vertical. We have already sunk diamond drills to a depth of 300 feet and have found diamonds in the blue all the way down. We do not know how much farther the pipe extends, but probably to a great depth."

"How about the quality of your diamonds?"

"It is good and it improves as we go down. The diamonds of the Premier mine are unusually large. The great Cullinan weighs over 300 carats and we have discovered a number of 300 or 400 carats each. We found one the other day which weighed 200 carats and though it had been chipped off the Cullinan."

"Will you not soon flood the world with diamonds if you keep on at this rate?" "I think not. Whenever times are good the demand increases and the people who buy such things are more numerous every year. The Japanese are now coming into the market and within recent years you Americans have been buying more than ever before. There is a temporary slump at present on account of the hard times, but that will pass away and you will want more than ever."

"Do you not think it would pay to cheapen the price?" "No. I think the high prices are to a large extent the cause of the demand. Make diamonds as cheap as glass and no one would wear them."

Finding the Cullinan.

During my stay here I have seen models of the Cullinan diamond made of crystal and have talked with Mr. Cullinan about it and also with the miner who discovered it. The diamond is just about as big as my fist. It is almost the size of a glass tumbler and it weighs over one and one-third pounds. It is about four inches long, two and one-half inches thick and about two inches wide. If you can imagine a chunk of glass of irregular shape weighing about 20 ounces you may have some idea of the size and shape of this, the greatest of all diamonds.

The stone was discovered by F. Wells, the mine overseer of the Premier. He was superintending the work as I walked through the diggings today. I asked him some questions as to his great find. Said he:

"We discovered the Cullinan diamond on the 25th day of January, 1904. I had a gang of natives working not far from the center of the pipe. We had gone down to a depth of about five feet from the surface and had been taking out good stuff all day. The sun was setting and we were about to knock off, when I saw something white and sparkling lying on a slope of the blue. The rays of the setting sun caught it and it looked like fire. I took up a pick and rushed to the spot. The earth was already loose about the stone and in a short time it was in my hand. It was so big that I was dazed at my good fortune. I ran with it across the mine to the office, burst into the manager's room and laid down the stone before Mr. McHardy and Mr. Cullinan. They were as much astonished as I was. They weighed it and the next day the word was sent out that the biggest diamond of the world had been found."

A Costly Mail Package.

It is interesting to know how this great diamond got to London. Think of the responsibility of carrying something as big as your fist, so small that you could put it in your coat pocket and weighing little over a pound, worth \$1,000,000 or so. It would be a brave man who would risk it without a guard, and if a thief could get hold of it it might be easily smuggled and carried away. Nevertheless, the Western practices and Indian who would risk guards of any kind, save those of his Majesty's mails. It was put up as a

World's Biggest Diamond Mine.

I have already described the mighty diamond pipes of Kimberley, from which until lately 95 per cent of the world's diamonds came. I have told you how each of them was made by a volcano which burst its way up out of the bowels of the earth, through the hardest of rock, and left there a deposit of blue ground sprinkled with diamonds. Some of the Kimberley pipes have been tested half a mile downward, and they find that the diamonds are as thick at the bottom as they were at the top. This mine here is of the same formation, save that the pipe is so large that all the De Beers mines could be put inside it and leave room for several big diamond mines in addition. The Premier pipe is now well outlined. It is a half mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. Within it there is nothing but this blue ground sprinkled with diamonds. Every yard of it contains precious stones. In 1906 more than \$60,000,000 of diamonds were taken from it and during the first six months of 1907 the output was more than a million carats.

It now only four years since the mine began to be worked, and since then it has been producing diamonds at the rate of 1-1/4 carats per minute for every minute of the day and night, year in and year out. A carat-and-a-quarter diamond makes a magnificent engagement ring. Cut and set, it would be worth at least \$100. This mine has been turning out such a ring every minute. That gives you some idea of its value. The total output in

The Ethics of a Schoolboy in England

Hazing is Now Condemned But Other Old Traditions Are Preserved.

The average Etonian or Harrovian becomes speedily saturated with the conviction that he is part and parcel of an ancient institution and subject to its almost inviolate conventions. Being intensely conservative, he detests reform and adores tradition. He is at once the most dependent and the most independent of creatures, slavishly subject as member of a corporation to a code admittedly archaic and yet contemptuous of everything and everybody without his own particular circle.

What is this code? It varies. Horace Annesley Yachell in Youth's Companion, at different schools and at different seasons. The time, for instance, of a famous boarding-house may be above or below normal; but the variation is small, surprisingly small, comparing one decade with another and one house with another.

To me Harrow is almost the only place in the world which has not changed. Listening to Harrow boys of the present generation, my own son among the number, I can hear an echo floating down the years. What they say and think I have said and thought again and again, using similar words to express similar ideas.

Then as now there was the same glorification of games, the same absurd disproportion between the interests and necessarily conflicting of work and play; the same recognition and acute criticism of authority; the same indifference to conventions other than their own, the same intellectual indolence and physical activity.

Then as now it was the right thing to scrape through school work along the lines of least resistance. We sloped up to the goal post and ran to the playing fields. Pages could be written concerning our code of honor. To cheat at games is an unpardonable offense; to use "cribs" is permissible.

Lying is reckoned nearly as bad as stealing; but many boys—certainly not all—will be unblinking to a master; or, if lying be deemed bad form, provocation is esteemed an opportunity for the triumphant display of ingenuity and mother wit.

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I remember a big boy trying the handle of my door, I knowing that he was about to shut me up—a process which meant standing on one's head so long as one's tormentor chose. Paled with fright, I had wit enough to slip out of and under the bed.

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A new boy may suffer mortification from being ignored, for unless he comes from a large preparatory school he is bound to feel "out of it" for some weeks. But he need fear no ill treatment, unless he conspicuously courts it either by offensive personal habits or undue bump-

ness. If the newcomer is the right sort, he becomes speedily possessed of that familiar spirit—the genius loci.

The limitations of the public school boy are remarkable. He is curiously incapable of enthusiasm, or even interest, in anything outside his own circle. He is almost invariably lukewarm concerning art, science or any culture except that of the body. He can never be made to understand that in refusing to profit by the first-class intellectual opportunity lying beneath his nose he is not only foolish but even dishonest, inasmuch as he is not "giving his governor"—as he would express it—"a fair run for his money."

He has a little sympathy with poverty or infirmity, although he subscribes handsomely—for him—to his school mission in the East End. He is from an American point of view slightly tainted with snobbishness; not that he means to look down on the poor, but because he is saturated with a sense of his class superiority.

He does not talk about it, but he is permeated with the conviction that he is an epitome of what a gentleman's son ought to be. He is also serenely confident that the world cannot go on prosperously without him; that a place, a comfortable billet, awaits him which none other can fill.

Time, however, will make mince-meat of this conviction, for already the board school boy, the "outsider," is competing on equal terms with the young aristocrat, and the easy securities for illiterate cadets of noble families have almost ceased to be. Personally speaking, I believe that the public school boy when he wakes up will hold his own, but he is still napping—sublimely unconscious of the troublesome future which lies ahead of him.

Years ago the Etonian was depicted in a comic paper as saying, solemnly, "Any fellow who leaves Eton knowing anything is entitled to call himself a self-educated man." As a matter of fact a sound education is offered to English public school boys, but only those who are wise enough to profit by it.

Living on Ten Cents Per Week.

Harpur's Weekly. "D'y' find smoking hurts y'?" asked Biddle. "I probably doesn't do me any good," I said. "but I'd have trouble getting it." "No y' wouldn't. Smoke this." He took from his vest pocket the fellow to the story in his mouth and tossed it. "In the rest of the week," he said. "Bill Doolittle lived on 10 cents a week!" I confessed that Bill's economies had never been brought to my attention. "Well," said Biddle, "he took dinner with a friend on Sunday, an ate enough to last 'im 'till Wednesday. Then he bought 10 cents' worth of 'tripe,' an' he hated 'tripe so like thunder that it lasted the rest of the week. These seagars work a good deal like that 'tripe. You take to smokin' 'em, an' y' won't want more 'n one or two a day."

The Way of the Wild Blush Rose.

W. E. Keyes. I know the way of the wild blush rose. The wild blush rose whose beauty glows in the languid Summer days. For oh, she lives in the wood and woe. And she opens her heart to the ardent sun. And she lives in her heart, yet she may. For love does last but a Summer's day. I know the way of the nightingale In the dark green tree. For each pure note from her pulsing throat Breathes love's wild ecstasy. She sings that her listening partner may. The tender rapture that moves her so. For her heart is sweetly that it listeth. And love will pass with the passing year. But who can know the way of a maid When her heart is sweetly that it listeth. And she opens her heart to the ardent sun. And she lives in her heart, yet she may. For love does last but a Summer's day. never die. For the love of a maid is for aye and aye.

Farmed Thirty Thousand Acres in Wheat

Oliver Dalrymple, Who Died Recently, and His Colossal Methods in Agriculture.

But one man in the United States ever had 600 men and 600 horses working on his farm, using 150 gangs of plows that turn three to 18 furrows at a time, 70 gang drills, 150 self-binding harvesters and 15 steam threshing outfits, and shipping two trainloads of wheat every day in the threshing season. says a Fargo, N. D., special to the New York Sun. That man died the other day at Casselton, 50 miles west of Fargo. He was Oliver Dalrymple and his wonderful farm, which for many years contained 30,000 acres and at the time of his death 17,000, was celebrated abroad as well as in this country.

Dalrymple was the original bonanza farmer and he demonstrated the value in dollars and cents of the combination of the science of agriculture and modern business methods. Knowing how to get the very best seed, how it should be planted under various conditions, how the crop should be cultivated and how to market it to the best advantage, he set in his life years in his central office and by telephone received reports daily from each of the six divisions into which his farm was cut up for administrative purposes and gave directions to the division superintendents and their foremen.

Even when he left the central office in Casselton and went to his beautiful home on Summit avenue, St. Paul, he kept in close touch with all parts of his wide domain and more than once gave from his business methods. Knowing how to get the very best seed, how it should be planted under various conditions, how the crop should be cultivated and how to market it to the best advantage, he set in his life years in his central office and by telephone received reports daily from each of the six divisions into which his farm was cut up for administrative purposes and gave directions to the division superintendents and their foremen.

There were two Dalrymples of the same sort, Oliver and F. F. They were born in 1855. They were of Scotch parentage and most canny farmers. Oliver, who was 78 when he died, settled in Fairbault, Minn., when he was 15 and practiced law and engaged in a loan and land business. He became convinced that there was more money to be made out of the soil than anything else, and in 1867 took up agriculture in Washington County, Minn., and seeded 2500 acres.

Nine years later he turned his attention to Dakota, then a vast unpeopled plain. The Northern Pacific Railroad was extended to Bismarck in that year, 1875, and Dalrymple came West from Pennsylvania in 1875. They were of Scotch parentage and most canny farmers. Oliver, who was 78 when he died, settled in Fairbault, Minn., when he was 15 and practiced law and engaged in a loan and land business. He became convinced that there was more money to be made out of the soil than anything else, and in 1867 took up agriculture in Washington County, Minn., and seeded 2500 acres.

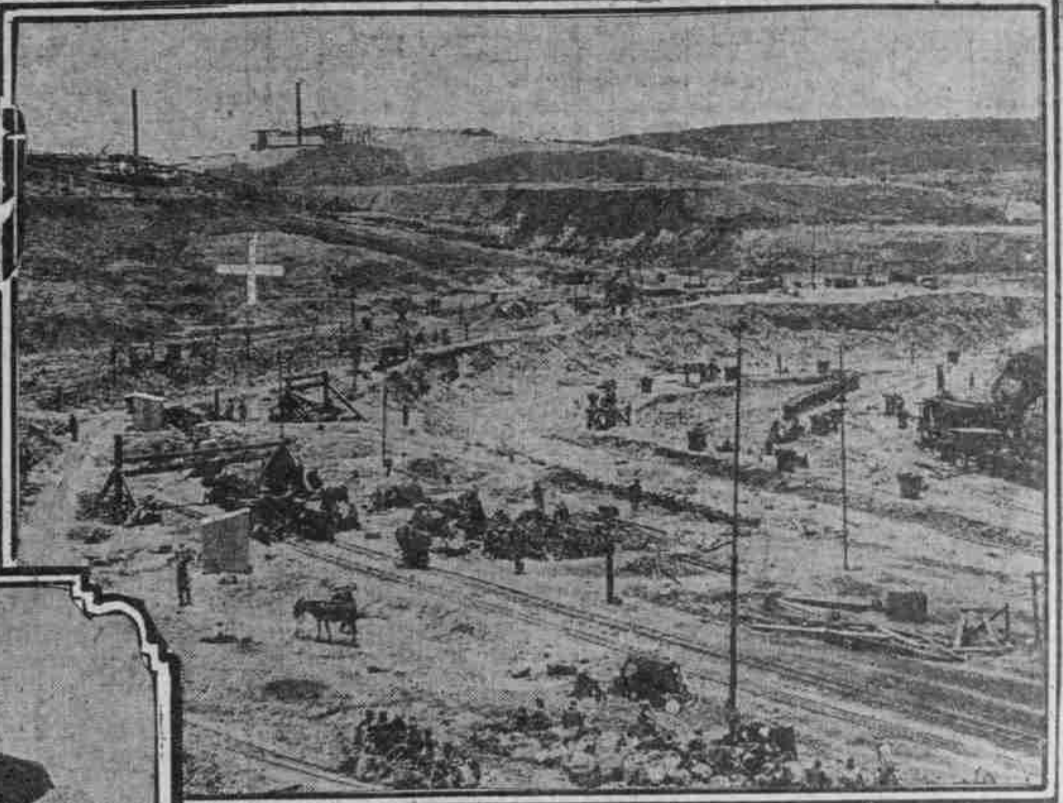
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River Valley land had any particular agricultural value. Mr. Dalrymple had said that in the spring of 1875 a large portion of his farming property was under water, and on a windy day the whitecaps rolled over the broad expanse with sufficient force to swamp a small boat.

But the Dalrymples and the Grandins were convinced even then of the value for agricultural purposes of the rich black soil of the new famous valley, and Dalrymple said that whether the surrounding country should remain unsettled or not it would command a price above \$20 an acre before many years.

Without delay he set out to demonstrate his faith in the future of the plains, and for five years he broke 600 acres each year. Practically all of the 30,000 acres was put into wheat. Of this farm Mr. Dalrymple owned three-fourths and he was the general manager. The necessity of dividing the farm into administrative and working sections was apparent to Dalrymple from the outset. He made each of his superintendents directly responsible for the working of 2500 acres, and each superintendent, finding that the executive business required all of his time, appointed foremen, who made the rounds of the fields on horseback.

The 25 years which Oliver Dalrymple spent as a resident of St. Paul didn't change him from a farmer. He always insisted that he was such, and those who called him a capitalist or a captain of industry offended him. He was a man of retiring disposition and modest manner, and often declared that he was happiest when he was at Casselton or riding across his expansive fields and talking with his men about the thing which had occupied so large a part of his life and brought him great riches—the production of wheat.



IN THE GREAT PREMIER MINE, (GROSS SHOWS WHERE PRECIOUS STONES WERE FOUND)



T. M. CULLINAN WITH THE WORLD'S GREAT DIAMOND IN HIS HAND