

# A Visit to the Richest Gold Mine in the World

By FREDERICK J. HASKINS  
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Douglas Island, Alaska, Sept. 12.—The largest gold mine in the world is one of the things which has made the fame of Alaska. For many years the great Treadwell has paid its owners a profit of nearly \$6,000 a day, and there is enough in the mine to make a fortune in 20 years to come. The man who discovered this extraordinary mineral deposit did not realize its value and sold it for \$45. Almost every school boy has heard of the "glory hole" of the Treadwell, but few of them know how it came to have that name. French Pete was the discoverer of the mine which has already produced enough bullion to make 17,000,000 gold dollars. He was a small merchant in Juneau and had a barrel of tin ore on his boat when he met, in the fall of 1881 he received a shipment of goods to replenish his stock for the winter. The freight charges amounted to \$48. Pete didn't have the money. A prospector by the name of "French Pete" was running about the beach, and Pete offered him the claim on Douglas Island if he would redeem the goods. Treadwell paid the freight and the mine has been called by his name ever since.

The property which changed hands by the deal contained the largest body of gold-bearing rock in the world—at least the largest that anyone knows anything about. There may be larger deposits, but they have not been discovered. The location of the ore is very favorable, being right on the water's edge, where steamers can tie up alongside the mill. A city block was staked on end in the "glory hole." It is a monster pit where the ore has been lifted out in chucks, like building rock is taken from a quarry. Men working in the bottom of the hole are seen sitting along. The thunder of the blasts, the clouds of smoke rising, the hollow voices of the men, all combine to make an effect so uncanny that it would not seem at all surprising if his Santiano Majesty, boofs, horns and all, should bound out of the rocks to the top of the mountain through the smoke from the depth.

Douglas Island is 20 miles long and eight miles wide. Although the Treadwell is best known on account of the "glory hole," the most interesting thing that is quarry is the only method of taking out the ore—the fact is that there are over 60 miles of tunnels under the ground. One of these extends out under the sea for nearly a quarter of a mile. No mines are used in the underground passages, the only power being steam. On the surface there are six miles of track which run to and from the buildings, as well as inside of them, also along the piers. Numerous dummy engines push and pull long strings of little cars, the main ones being more than as many as mules. It is the prerogative of a rooster to crow whenever it feels so disposed, and the engineer of a small locomotive thinks as much of blowing its whistle as he does of drawing his salary.

The Treadwell runs 24 hours every day in the year except the Fourth of July and Christmas. The roar of its machinery can be heard a mile away. It takes 200 tons of coal every day to keep the many wheels moving. There are seven more in the pit and their total capacity is 1,500 tons of coal. The heavy upright bars of steel, that are lifted up to fall with terrific force on flat, hard plates. The rock passes under these pounding bars and is smashed into dust. These power-operated machines consume about 4,500 tons of rock daily. In order to keep the ore rolling into their insatiable mouths, \$1,400 worth of powder is exploded in blasting every day. The amount of gold realized from every 24-hour run is about \$19,000, and the average of the last year was \$19,000. The ore is very low grade—the lowest in the world to pay such profits. It only averages \$2.65 per ton, but there is so much of it, and it is handled in such a wholesale manner, with such economy, that it runs a fair margin.

On the afternoon I was taken through the plant, a cleanup was in progress. A chunk of gold the size of an ordinary brick was brought into the office. The scales showed that its valuation was a few cents short of \$20,000. There were seven more in the lot and their total value was a little over \$139,000. Not long ago an excursion ship called at Douglas Island and a swarm of tourists, all eyes and ears, came trooping ashore. Some repairing was going on at one of the buildings, and the old brick was obstructed the passageway. A gold brick was laid carelessly on this pile and a crowd gathered to await developments. "What a funny looking brick," said one woman. "See how yellow and smooth it is," said another. A man at her elbow—one of the cook-house boys, who know all about everything, or if they don't know, always pretend to—volunteered the information that it was "the effect of the weather." He said he had heard a good deal about it, and the farther north you go, the more yellow and more smooth the bricks were liable to become. Her rejoinder would have silenced an ordinary liar, but he pulled out of it beautifully. "Why aren't the rest of them that way?" she inquired. "Having them as they are, long enough," he replied, and she seemed to be satisfied with the explanation. It is claimed that we all have a talent for something, and that man, with a little rehearsing, would certainly shine as the champion committee for personally conducted parties.

On account of the Treadwell being so remote from civilization, it is necessary to maintain very extraordinary resources. There is a complete foundry where any piece of broken machinery can be immediately replaced; a fine assay office makes it unnecessary to send their ore away to determine its value; they maintain a modern hospital to care for their sick and wounded; so many people work in the mine that it supports the United States postoffice of the third class; the company store has a stock of goods in it valued at \$110,000; the stock of iron and steel kept constantly on hand is worth \$50,000, and that of powder, \$40,000. The company store, butcher shop and cook-house are large departments, because the firm boards its men.

At present there are 1,500 men working in the Treadwell and the force is 200 hands short. There is such a mixture of nationalities that 17 different languages are spoken in the camp. The rule in employing labor is "anybody but a Chinaman." The unique feature of the situation is that the superintendent can only talk to 20 per cent of his men. To the remainder he has to make signs, or depend upon interpreters, which is always very unsatisfactory. Sometimes an interpreter's head is as hard as a miner's when an attempt is made to force an idea through it. Besides, there is the inconvenience of it. It frequently happens, this form, as well as Blind, Bleeding or Pruritus Piles are cured by Dr. Ross's Pile Remedy. Write for a free trial. Address: Dr. Ross, 500 E. Dr., at drugists, or sent by mail. Treatise free. Write me about your case. Dr. Ross, Philadelphia, Pa.

prevalent common with superintendents of mines, and that you had to wait 30 minutes or a half hour before the official mouthpiece of the camp could be located and brought to your assistance. The chances are five to one that your wrath would have cooled in the meantime, and the force of your reproach with it. There is nothing so effective in the management of laboring men as the heart to heart talks of the boss at critical moments, but this interpreter business is an absolute nuisance. The boss, immediately after the meeting, has a sauce out of the proceedings. That's what the boss says—and he ought to know.

Slavs and Scandinavians predominate among the nationalities employed in the mine. About the only expression in English they ever master is "all right," and they make it work overtime. No matter whether one of them is called a liar, or told that dinner is ready, in either case his answer will be "all right." Their inability to understand what is said to them often gets the men into trouble. One day a new boss was superintending a big blast, and as a couple of workmen approached he told them, "don't go that way or you'll get your heads blown off." One of them answered "all right," and the boss, supposing that lead from one level to another. He took lively scrambling to get out of harm's way before the giant charge exploded. One day three men touched off their fuses and ran for the ladders. Two of them mounted to safety, but the third missed his step, but he ratted him he couldn't do a thing. They shouted to him to hurry, but to save his life he couldn't make his feet stick to the rungs of the ladder. The blast went off with a resounding report, and about all they were able to do was to hold their breath. When his fuses were broken and the buckles from his suspenders.

Probably the most remarkable accident that ever happened at the Treadwell was when a Swede fell down a shaft 256 feet deep. Into 10 feet of water he fell, and when he came up he was all right. When his story is told the hearer is naturally skeptical, but remarkable as it was, he actually fell that distance and is alive and working in the mine today. When he fell he had a slicker coat and a pair of gaiters on. When he came up he had one of them being found at the 110-foot level, the other at the 220 landing. He maintained an upright position during the whole of his awful fall, and struck the water feet first. When the case was reported to the mine, it was not with the intention of performing a rescue—merely to get ready for a funeral. He was not even unconscious. When taken out he complained of being chilly. An examination revealed that he was not hurt. When he was brought back to the mine, he was broken by the terrible plunge, but his nerves sustained a very severe shock. He was confined to the hospital for eight months, and did not do any heavy work for two years. In referring to his experience, he said, "I one big surprise."

Few of the men who work in the Treadwell are married. They get from \$2.20 to \$3.50 per day and their board and lodging. Many of them come direct from Europe to enter the employ of the company. The most of them do not have their own hair, do their own washing, and, in fact, get along so cheaply as only Europeans can. Their only regular expenditure seems to be the purchase of cigarettes, of which they are excessive consumers. Many of them leave their money with the company. The books show that over \$300,000 salary is uncollected. The company pays no interest on this money but allows the men to draw it out at any time. The largest sum due any one man is \$5,000. He did not draw a cent for a year and a half after he went to work. Now he never draws over \$10 at a time and that only at long intervals. Although the men are extremely saving they very cheerfully contribute a dollar per month for the support of the hospital, and a like sum for the maintenance of the Y. M. C. A. The company spent \$9,000 in erecting a suitable building for the hospital, and the Y. M. C. A. building. The running expenses. It has a gymnasium with baths, besides a reading-room containing literature in all the languages spoken in the camp.

It is no small undertaking to feed all these robust men. The business of the company shows up three beavers every day, besides quantities of fish, pork and mutton. Every day is a busy one in the company kitchen. It takes 6,000 pancakes to go around in the morning, and the company makes four are made into 3,800 biscuits every day. Another daily ration is 60 pounds of coffee and 175 pounds of butter. The number of eggs used daily is 2,300. Thirty-five Japanese boys wait on the table, and it keeps them on the jump to stack the piles of food in front of the hardy miners.

The Treadwell company is constantly making additions to its holdings. The Juneau-Alaska property, on the mainland across Lynn canal, opposite the Treadwell, is the latest acquisition. A tunnel two miles long, costing \$250,000, will be run under the mountain. It will open up a body of ore in which there are \$3,000,000 tons. Mr. McDonald, the Treadwell superintendent, has just made the statement that this ore will run \$1.80 to the ton, and that it can be taken out for 66 cents.

It is impossible to even estimate the quantity of gold that is locked up behind the rocky walls of Alaska's mountains. Some say it is more than equal to the riches of all the mines on earth have yet produced. The country was bought from Russia for less than two cents an acre, has certainly proved to be the greatest bargain in real estate that was ever made. When Treadwell paid the freight on French Pete's goods, and took over the claim which proved to be the "glory hole" of mining history, he paved the way for operations which will go on for years and years, adding all the while to the hoard of wealth the world is storing in its treasure vaults.

## JUST KIDS—BY T. S. ALLEN.



"What profession are you going to follow when you grow up?"  
"I'm going to be a millionaire if I kin find some correspondence school ter teach me de business."

"See here, Willie, if we goes on like dis folks 'tink we's married."  
"Sure, an' aint dat jest wot I want de hull woid te: 'tink!"

## STRIKE STOPS BUSINESS COMPLETELY IN FOUR LARGE RUSSIAN CITIES

BY EDMOND O'NEIL,  
Professor of Chemistry, University of California, in San Francisco Examiner.

Constantinople, Aug. 12, 1903.—The southern portion of Russia witnessed during the month of July the most complete strike that has taken place in modern times. The number engaged was not so large nor was it very long continued. The peculiarity of this strike was its absolute completeness. While it lasted no work was done by anybody in four large cities. There was an absolute cessation of business on the part of every one. For days everybody, without exception, was idle. To describe how it came about a few words of explanation will be necessary.

The southern portion of Russia, situated about the Black and Caspian seas, has developed greatly during the last twenty years. Much of its development began in the month of July. The merchants closed their stores in sympathy with the strikers and every kind of business was suspended for a considerable period. From the streets were called out and fired mercilessly into any sort of crowd that gathered on the streets, but they failed utterly to break the strike. The police ordered the merchants to open their stores and do business, but the order was disregarded. The object of the strike was in some degree industrial, but mainly it was an assertion of popular rights enforced by passive resistance. As such it was a remarkable success, and the Russian government has used every effort to prevent publication of the facts.

present. The police proceeded to notify each storekeeper to open, under pain of arrest. Some refused and were promptly arrested. Others grudgingly complied. In most cases only partially opening one door. As the police left a district, in many cases the store would be immediately reclosed. There apparently was little faith in the police. The strikers seemed to understand the position of the storekeepers, and made no demonstration if the shop was allowed to remain open. After a few days of this uncertainty, business was resumed and everything regained its normal aspect.

Natural gas had burned there for centuries. The most ancient historians had remarked the wonders of the region where pitch and oil exuded from the ground and flowed into the sea. Nothing was done toward developing it until Russia, granted a concession to a rich country, and immediately the work of development began. Now, after 25 years, there is a city, Baku, on the Caspian sea, containing more than 150,000 inhabitants. A modern railroad, 500 miles long, connects it with Batoum on the Black sea. Batoum is the shipping and distributing point for the oil that is produced and refined at Baku. It is a city of about 40,000 inhabitants. It has gas, electric lights, a water supply, a sewer system, and has broad streets planted with trees, squares and large public parks. It has numerous schools and churches.

The oil field at Balakany was fired and before the flames could be brought under control 32 derricks and 1000 barrels of oil were burned. Some nights later several reservoirs and many oil cars were burned at Mikaelona, the temporary terminus of the pipe line.

The explanation of this abnormal strike, where apparently nothing was at stake, is that the whole movement is universal. Throughout Russia, as is well known, there is a feeling of unrest, of dissatisfaction with the existing form of government. The people want a constitution, and the government has no excuse of bringing pressure on the government to recognize their demands. This explains the completeness of the strike. Practically every one, except the nobility and higher government officials, sympathize more or less with this demand for political rights. In spite of the strenuous attempt of the Russian government to keep information from the people, they gradually are becoming imbued with the idea that they have a right to have a voice in the government, and in the disposition of the money they pay as taxes.

A Fine Harbor. A port has been built at a cost of many millions, where the largest ships can lie in safety. It has stone quays and everything is built in a most substantial manner. Twenty-five years ago was a miserable Turkish village, but absolutely no improvement of any kind. The same thing is true of Baku, on the Caspian sea. It was formerly a Tartar village, and one can still see their low, squat huts with the ornate, fresh domes, and the cemeteries where they have buried their dead for centuries.

Although the freight trains were abandoned a few passenger trains were kept running. Owing to fears of accident few passengers traveled, sometimes not more than half a dozen. On arrival at the station it was impossible to get a carriage or porter to carry baggage. The same thing occurred at the docks. Arriving passengers were obliged to carry their own baggage to the hotels, and it was a common sight to see men, and even women, staggering with bundles of weighty and huge valises and trunks. Occasionally a laborer might be induced by a large reward to act as porter, but they frequently abandoned their loads in the middle of the street, owing to the appeals and threats of the strikers.

The whole movement was carefully planned and as carefully carried out. The leaders were unknown and they seem to be men of ability. They profited by the mistakes of the last strike and did not repeat them. They paralyzed business completely in the four large cities of Baku, Batoum, and except in a few cases gave the government no excuse to interfere with the strikers. They excused their destruction of property by saying the authorities brought it on themselves; that if the soldiers had not been sent no property would have been injured. However true this may be, it seems that only in Baku was there any burning. The strike was just as effective in the other cities and as long continued, but apparently there was no violence on the part of the strikers.

Baku has not the natural advantages of Batoum. The latter is in the midst of a rich country, with a fertile soil, watered, with a most fertile soil. Almost anything grows well, and as there are frequent rains the country is green all the year. It is very different in Baku. It is situated in a veritable desert. Not a tree, not a blade of grass is seen. The white desert sand, impregnated with alkali, covers everything. It rarely rains. In summer it is extremely hot, and in winter very cold. There is a fresh water spring that is used here to be distilled from the exceedingly salt water of the Caspian sea. But in this forbidding spot a modern city of more than 150,000 inhabitants has been built. The magnificence of the whole length has been the wonder has been petroleum. It is the greatest oil field in the world. The area of producing wells is not very large, but they yield about 10,000,000 gallons daily. It is this enormous amount of liquid treasure that has built these cities and the docks and the railroads, and it is this that has produced the industrial troubles of Southern Russia.

Condition of Labor. For some years past there has been more or less sporadic effort to better the condition of the laborers in Baku. In general the management of the oil properties has been favorable to the workmen. Many of the companies have tried to better their condition by building good houses, establishing schools and in some cases providing for their amusement. But it was not universally true. From time to time the men made demands for betterment of conditions and increase of wages, but their demands were not granted. Finally about a year ago there was a strike and most of the men walked out. The military was called out and the strikers, gathered together in large numbers, were fired on any many killed. Some concessions were granted to the men and they returned to work.

The two most noticeable features of the strike were the absolute cessation of business of every description and the quietness and good order of the people in the streets. The whole city had the appearance of an American business quarter on Sunday morning. Every door was closed and not a horse or wagon could be seen. Although numbers of people were on the street, strikers, policemen and soldiers, there was a peculiar silence. Most of the people kept their doors closed and they would venture out to hear the news, and then would rapidly retreat into their houses behind closed doors and windows.

The strikers kept well separated. They knew what would happen if they attempted to assemble. If there was any appearance of a gathering the police appeared and arrested as many of the people as they could carry away. In a few cases the military fired on the crowd. This was the case in Baku, where 14 strikers were killed. In Batoum a number of strikers formed a procession, carrying a red flag. The strikers were killed four, besides wounding a number.

Little Violence. In general, however, there was a lack of violence. The strikers kept good order. There was no striking and there was no loud talking or discussion. The strikers were kept well in hand by their leaders. They were not permitted to gather in any numbers, as they had a sad lesson during the previous strike, and they obeyed orders very well. One never saw more than three together, and even these small groups were constantly melting away. The police could find no one to arrest. But there was a constant patrolling of the streets on the part of the strikers. They watched the stores to see that they were kept closed. They silently coerced any one who attempted to work, and that they were wrecked and several soldiers were killed and many wounded. More soldiers were sent, including a number of Cossacks. These latter are hated intensely by the people, as they are brutal and overbearing to the last degree. They are mounted on small, tough horses, and in addition to a rifle, a pistol, a sword and a dagger, they carry short whips, with which they charge the crowds.

The results of the strike will be twofold. First, the amelioration in the condition of the workmen. Some of them are not paid more than 20 cents a day, and the highest paid get about \$1.50 a day. The cost of provisions is not much different from San Francisco. In Baku the water is very bad. All the companies do not furnish distilled water to their men, and the natural water is brackish and dirty and tastes strongly of petroleum. The cost of these conditions will be immediately amended and the others will be gradually improved.

The second object of the strike, viz., political liberty, will not immediately be attained, but it step forward has been taken. The people have been taught to know their power, and in the future will be better able to use it. Russia has many elements of greatness. It has advanced enormously, but it does not recognize that this advance would be immeasurably hastened by giving liberty and education and political rights to all the people. When this is done Russia will be in every respect one of the greatest nations on the earth.

After several days of this state of affairs the police ordered all the stores to be open on a certain date at 8 o'clock in the morning. Shortly before this hour the streets were filled with policemen. At the appointed hour there was not one store opened, although in nearly every case the proprietor was

## Necessary Relations of Employee and Employer for Mutual Benefit

By J. W. RICE, President Atlanta Typo. Union No. 48

There are many complex problems which confront citizens of the United States, one of which, which concerns the workman as well as the employer, and especially do these questions intimately concern labor—organized as well as unorganized.

Out of the multitude of topics which might be discussed it is no easy task to select one which concerns the workman as well as the employer, and especially do these questions intimately concern labor—organized as well as unorganized.

Indeed, it is my sincere belief that today the great question of the proper relations of the employee and employer in the printing trade and kindred arts is the paramount issue at stake, not only in Atlanta, but throughout the country. And I cite the art preservative of all arts from the fact that my life has been bound up in it for 25 years, and I have belonged to the International Typographical Union and affiliated with local unions in as many cities. Of course, the rule of right as sought to be conceded and received by the typographical union is also the only rule by which all other trades and establishments who are engaged in the communities in which they exist and have their being.

The first proposition which I would enunciate on this line is the fact that every man has rights which every other man is bound to respect. This is a natural right, which is as sacred as any other, both sacred and profane, has been chronicled from creation's dawn.

Now, the great question arises as just how to define these rights and so schedule them that there can be no possible misunderstanding as to their character, extent and the manner in which they are to be exercised, and one which no set of official rules or signed and sealed scale of prices has ever been able to accomplish.

Agreeing that every man employed in a printing office is a partner in the concern, we have a basis on which may rest the whole superstructure of peace and prosperity which so vitally concerns both parties to the agreement.

And thus having agreed that the question of employment is a business agreement between two parties by which one agrees to work for a certain sum, while the other covenants to pay in lawful money, the question arises as to what the rule of conduct shall be in order that exact justice shall accrue to both parties to the contract.

Answering the question as a representative of the employees I should say that the golden rule, "Do unto others as ye would that they do unto you." That would cover the whole matter, provided every man who works at the printing trade was so constituted as to grasp the great rule of life in its fullest meaning.

Unfortunately we are so inherently different in or make up that a blanket rule will not cover all cases, and so it is necessary to lay down a few specific rules, which I believe if rigidly adhered to will work out to the good of all concerned.

First—Never lose sight of the fact that the moral superiority of the firm in whose employ you are is your very life and concerns you as deeply as it does the men who have their all invested in a business which is a hazardous and precarious one.

Second—Knowing that these things are so, it behooves you to use all diligence in the safe custody of your duty as a printer to use the material furnished you to work with in a time-saving and careful manner. Never quietly "dispose" of accumulated "pi" by dumping it into a rat hole. Your dishonesty is sure to find you out.

Third—The two rules above cover your relations to your employer while in the office. There are some rules of conduct that might be laid down for your guidance while mingling with the world. This question is one of great moment and also one which lies largely with one's conscience, and on which one will take little advice, no matter what the spirit which actuates it.

To be a good citizen and a valuable workman you must of necessity pay some attention to the moral law. Filled up on whiskey you are neither so competent as a printer or reliable as a citizen, and eventually you are regarded by your employer as undesirable material to have on the pay roll and by your fellow workmen as a degenerate who deserves neither work nor a share in just a plain old, lost bond redemption to all redeeming qualities.

By the world at large, if noticed at all, you are regarded as a drunken printer, and run for 30 days. That's all. And the potter's field is your last end, doing a dog-fennel grows as rank that it covers to obliteration all record of your existence in a city where you have battered away your birthright for a mess of pottage.

## DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT PERFECTLY CONTENTED



"Hello, Jones! What are you doing in that outlandish rig?"  
"Just tryin' an experiment, old chap. I bought a bulldog yesterday, and now I'm going to find out if he's any good on tramps."  
"You always seem to be happy, Brown."  
"Why shouldn't I? Nobody owes me money and nobody stands a chance of collecting what I owe them."