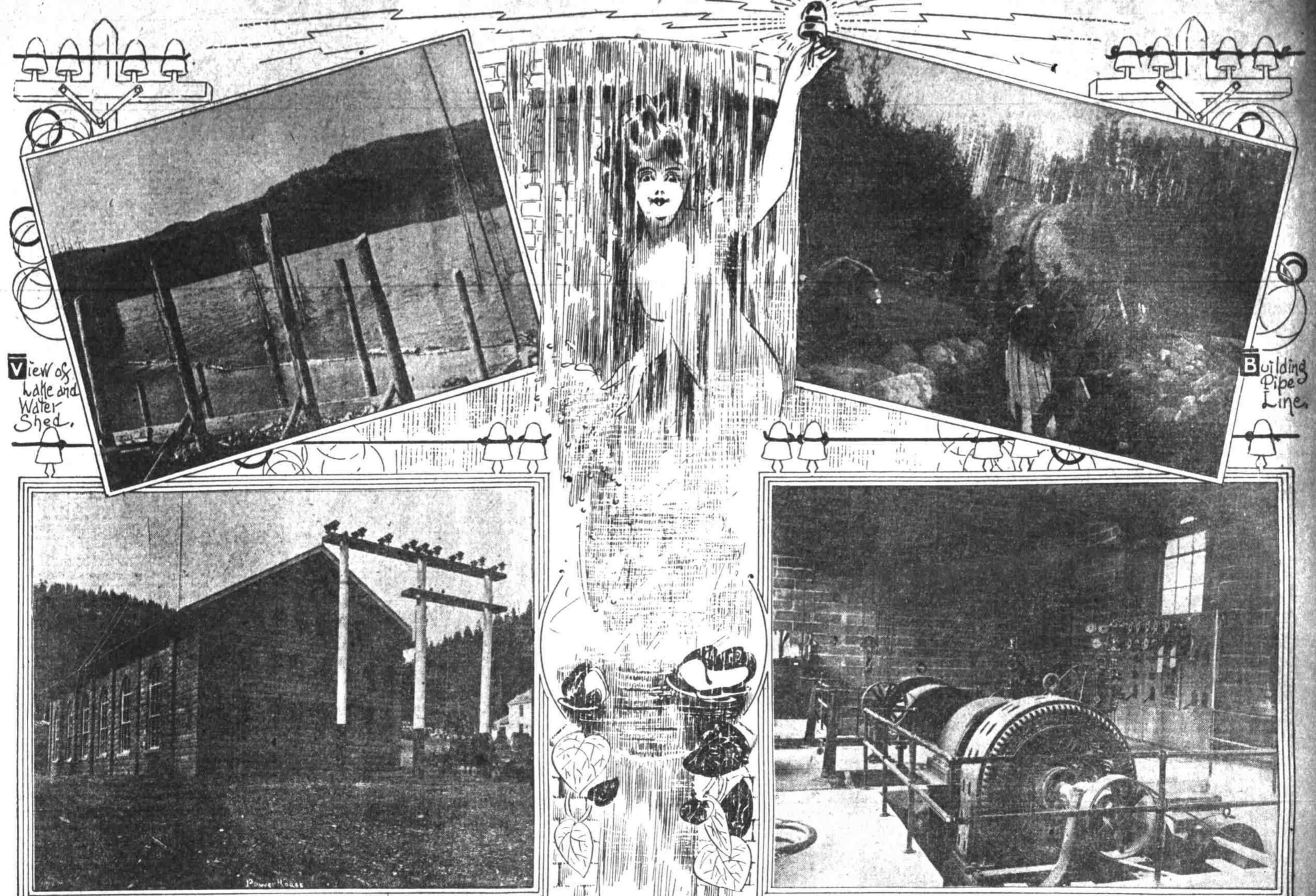


BIG POWER PLANT HELPS SUMPTER

Mining Industry Takes Turn for Better--Development Work on Sound Basis--Improved Transportation Facilities



View of Lake and Water Shed.

Building Pipe Line.

Power House.

Generators in Power Co's Plant.

Sumpter, Ore., March 5.—Over in the blue mountains of eastern Oregon, hidden away in a picturesque little gulch called by the commonplace name of Mosquito and surrounded by beautiful pine and tamarack-clad mountains, is another of those enterprises for which this western country is rapidly becoming famous. A pipe line coming down the side of a mountain; at the base a stone building in one end or which appear large port holes that make one think of a fortress and from which three lines of copper wire supported by large tamarack poles extend off in the distance through the timber, down the gulch and over the mountains as far as the eye can reach. These tell a story, which after all is a simple one, but oh, so wonderful in results. The harnessing of the water of the mountain streams and lakes, the generating of electric energy, the transmission of it to indefinite distances and the application of it for turning the wheels of commerce, lighting the streets and dwellings of cities towns and villages, operating hoists, compressors and mills of the mines and so on indefinitely.

How to Reach Plant.

To reach this hydro-electric power plant, which is owned by the Fremont Power company, one journeys to Baker City and from there over the picturesque Sumpter Valley railroad to Sumpter. Here rest and refresh yourself at a first class hostelry, steam heated and fully equipped with all modern conveniences. The town of Sumpter is the center of the eastern Oregon mining district and on account of several recent good strikes in some of the mines in this vicinity is anticipating quite a boom this spring. Some six or seven years ago times were very lively here, but unfortunately, as is true in most new mining camps, the work of proper development was not intelligently nor in some cases even honestly carried out, and the inevitable result followed. Money that should have been expended in development work was in some instances used for building mills where they were of no use and in others went to promoters, stock jobbers, etc. That this is destined to be one of the greatest mining districts of this country the West poster mining men and geologists are sure. No less authority than Waldemar Lindgreen, United States geologist in his report to the department of the interior, states that there are very good reasons for believing that the strong, well defined veins upon which most of the important mines of this district are located will continue to the greatest depth obtained in gold mining.

Work Intelligently.

The country is gradually going through a rehabilitation. The men who are working along intelligent lines, and with cheap power and improved transportation facilities many mining properties that have heretofore been valueless on account of inaccessibility and cost of development may be worked profitably and soon become producers. From Sumpter we take the stage for the Red Boy mines. Our road crosses a divide from which one can see the whole world, apparently. Mountain af-

ter mountain, all snow-clad, but with the pine and tamarack forests gracefully outlined against the white background, one can imagine that in the summer when these mountains have lost their snow covering and it has given place to the blue haze which is characteristic of this region, the view from here must be indeed beautiful.

We soon reach the inland town of Granite, which is in the heart of what is called the "Granite district," and is a trading point for many miles. This district is similar in its conditions to that surrounding Sumpter, and the town is expected, and with very good reasons, a revival of mining operations in the spring. Four miles from Granite and we arrive at the Red Boy mine. This property up to about four years ago was perhaps the greatest producer in this section.

At that time, on account of internal differences and for several other reasons the company became financially involved and its property was placed in the hands of a receiver. Eastern parties who owned the adjoining property purchased the Red Boy mine and reorganized the company under the name of Red Boy Mines company. Included

in the assets of the old company were certain water rights covering the water of Lost and Lake creeks, together with two natural reservoirs situated up in the mountains about six miles from the Red Boy camp, one of these reservoirs being quite a large body of water and known as Olive Lake.

The Watershed.

The entire watershed covered altogether about 20 square miles. The new owners of the property for the purpose of better managing and financing the enterprise, organized a separate company for developing the water power and incorporated it under the laws of Oregon as the Fremont Power company, the stockholders of both, the Red Boy Mines company and the Fremont Power company being practically identical. Work was immediately commenced on the development of the water power according to plans furnished by a first class engineer, but owing to delays largely caused by the inability of manufacturers to supply machinery, the plant was not completed until about the first of last November.

The first work done was that of increasing the height of the dam at Olive Lake, which original work was started by the old company. The dam was raised about 20 feet, the embankment filled with earth and rock slaked from a nearby mountain-side by water from what is known as the upper reservoir and conducted down through a pipe line for that purpose. The storage capacity of the lake was thereby largely increased so that at the present time it has a capacity of 242,000,000 cubic feet. The upper reservoir has at the present time a capacity of about 31,000,000 cubic feet. Both of these reservoirs can be largely increased by raising their respective dams.

Readings of the flow of water in Lost creek and Lake creek have been taken for the last two years, and the amount of water which has flowed in Lake creek for the last year would be an amount equal to 612,000,000 cubic feet, or a sufficient amount to generate 1,778 horsepower at the plant. A steel pipe line 33 inches in diameter, being joined at a distance of about one mile by another pipe line from Lake creek of like dimensions, and from there is laid a distance of about six miles to

the top of the mountain above the power-house.

From this point a steel pipe running down in 20 inches in diameter conveys the water into the nozzles.

The Stave Pipe.

The stave pipe is constructed of two-inch material banded together by steel bands at varying distances and is all covered with earth to a depth of two to three feet. The heaviest timber has been cut off from the line so that there is no danger of any damage by falling trees. Recent severe weather with the thermometer ranging from 10 to 20 degrees below zero has caused no diminution in the flow of water. The power-house itself is situated about one and a quarter miles from the Red Boy mine, is constructed of cement blocks, with cement floors and solid masonry machine foundations. All the machinery installed is the very best and most modern that can be purchased, and the plant as a whole is thoroughly first class and at present is capable of producing approximately 2,000 horsepower, which can be easily and economically doubled. The company has constructed

two transmission lines, one running to the Red Boy mine, the other running through the mining districts known as Granite, Cable Cove and Cracker Creek over to the Bourne district, which is only six miles north of the town of Sumpter.

Among the improvements upon the old Red Boy property was the construction of a plant, fully equipped with steam machinery and thoroughly first class in every respect. The cost for fuel to operate this plant, however, is only approximately \$40,000 per year and it was with the thought of doing away with this great expense that the new owners of the property first began to develop the electric power. The steam machinery with which the plant was equipped has all been taken out and new electrically driven machinery has been installed in its place. A connecting line has been made and the compressor is now being operated with electric power from the plant. The lower workings of the Red Boy mine were below the water level and as the pumps were pulled at the time of the reorganization, they were allowed to fill so that at the present time these tunnels and shafts are all submerged. The new compressor, however, is starting

to unwater the mine and will do so either by compressed air or electric pumps.

Economy in Electricity.

As an example of the vast economy in using electric power over steam, I am advised by the management of the Red Boy Mines company that at the regular rates charged for power by the Fremont Power company the expense of operating the plant of the former company would be reduced by at least one half. The Red Boy Mines company has also proven the practicability of the use of electric drills, especially where it is impossible or impracticable to use compressed air in their recent work of running a tunnel over 500 feet they have used the electric drill exclusively. The opportunities which are to be developed in this district are of the greatest importance to this district. Many properties which are really undeveloped can by taking advantage of this cheap power very soon determine as to the value of their properties and in such development work, the properties prove their value, they can be sure of being able to work them at a comparatively small expense for power.

"I'M AFRAID I CAN'T" -- By John Anderson Jayne

NEARLY 50 years ago, in a New England town, there was born to a rather well-to-do family a bright baby boy. His father and mother rejoiced in their new gift from the Eternal, and, as the months rolled around, sought to develop in him principles of character and manhood.

He was given every opportunity for the development of his physical life, but it was nothing as he came in contact with the boys of his own age in play, that he never tried to fly kites, shoot marbles, play ball, run races or do any of the things that other boys his own age were doing. When he came to go to school he lagged behind all of the rest of the scholars, and each year stood away down at the foot of his classes, receiving his promotion only through favoritism, or, as people sometimes say, "by the skin of his teeth." When he came to the time for him to enter school he made his entrance on conditions, and in the second year quit school forever and for good. He started to learn a trade. He spent three, four, five years in one place. Three years was the time given him by his employers, for it was the time before labor unions were in existence, for him to learn his trade in. At the end of the five years he knew but little more than when he went in to learn his trade, and he was taking from eight to nine hours a week, for the leather finishing business. But when five years were up he did not know how to "jack" polish, "grain" or "scive." He could not sharpen a knife so that it would do good work; neither could he "set" a stone well. He left his home town and found work as a journeyman, however, in a distant city. There, while other journeymen were finishing their work in from 10 to 12. He never did seem to get caught up on his work. He was always behind. In the course of time he married. Little ones were born to him. The oldest is now a boy of 23 or 24, and is as different from his "daddy" as

the moon is different from green cheese. For years the father has been straggling on and is now a man nearing 50. He has made from every point of view, a most lamentable failure. He is constantly in debt. Makes continual appeals to his people for assistance, and is in continual trouble of various kinds. His friends for years have been searching for the root of the trouble. His brothers have searched in their work life. One has become a first class printer and is the owner of a large establishment in a western city. The other is an educator of no mean prominence in a state that is renowned for the care it gives its young. Why the father of this man? The answer has been found.

As a boy on the playground he used to say, when asked to play and indulge in the harmless, unblinding sports of boyhood: "I'm afraid I can't." As a young man learning a trade he always went to his foreman with the words: "Won't you show me how to do this, that or the other? Won't you sharpen my knife; set this stone for me? I'm afraid I can't." As a journeyman he was still the same cry. As a young married man he even had the habitual excuse ready: now, as a middle-aged man, prematurely gray and bent, the same words are on his lips: "I'm afraid I can't." "I'm afraid I can't" has wrecked, ruined and spoiled his life. "I'm afraid I can't" never accomplished anything in this world. It never will, unless you show me how to do this, that or the other? Won't you sharpen my knife; set this stone for me? I'm afraid I can't. As a man, I'm afraid I can't dooms a man to failure from the very moment when he first utters it. Writes over the temple of his life the word, "Rehabilitation." Places high on its wall, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." "I'm afraid I can't" is a bigger than darkness, deceives and finally damns a man's life. "I CAN" and "I WILL," on the contrary, give to a man grit, grace and gumption; turn his feet in right paths and crown his efforts with success. Never say

A STUDY OF EMIL ZOLA--By Major Alfred F. Sears

SOME pages of a delicate romanticism, really a monument of filial piety to his literary father, are dedicated by the distinguished French writer, Paul Bourget, to the memory of the genius of Will and Lyrlism, Emil Zola. Bourget reveals some facts about Zola that are hardly known, save by an intimate confidence. We are surprised to learn that Zola was never eloquent in public and in private, among bosom friends only, as when an affair aroused his ardor, he was excited by his writings. He could not pronounce a syllable without stammering. In the few cases in which he was called on to make a public program, it was positively painful to listen to him. He was so deprived of the means of expressing his ideas, which he was actually to suffer physically when speaking in public.

COIN THAT DOESN'T RING

Not Always Counterfeit—May Have Only a Small Value in It. From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Gold coins which do not ring are not always counterfeits, according to Operative Thomas B. Foster, in charge of the United States secret service work for this district. He demonstrated that fact at the police station yesterday, and as a result Almee Sykes, alias Gera Gera, will be charged with stealing \$5 in lawful money of the United States from one William McGarrity. The woman was arrested Tuesday night by City Detectives from G. Adams and F. W. Clark on complaint by McGarrity. The \$5 gold piece supposed to have been stolen was found on her and was held as evidence. Clerk Billy Kent dropped the gold piece on the desk at the station and it fell like a piece of lead. There was absolutely no ring to it. Operative Foster was called in with a view of capturing a band of counterfeiters. "Just as good as any coin ever turned out of the mint," said the secret service man after he had examined the coin. "It is very probable that there is a small cavity in this coin. That happens very often and gives a great deal of trouble. When the mugs from which these coins are made are cast at the mint air bubbles get into them sometimes. When the metal is rolled out and the coins made the bubble sometimes stays there, and there is no ring to such a coin."

Diamond Salesman's Secrets.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "There is no line in which more care must be exercised than in selling diamonds," remarked one of the oldest dealers in Cleveland. "For instance, we don't dare show a man a larger stone than he can afford to buy. Even a diamond of a carat or a carat and a half in size looks like a mighty small affair to pay so much money for. If it is a man comes in expecting to pay \$75 for a diamond he may get his money back and not buy at all if the salesman shows him something a little larger for \$200. The salesman, if he knows his business, will find to a certainty just how much a customer is willing to pay before he shows him anything. Then it's better not to show a colored stone, such as a ruby or an emerald or a bluish diamond in connection with other diamonds. If you show some customers a colored stone and then put it away and show him a good white diamond he will declare that the colored diamond is off color. It does not seem to be a whim so much as the effect on the eyes of the colors in the stones."

From the terminus of the present line at Bourne, the distance to Baker City is 114 miles over 25 miles, and while this is supplied with light and power by another company, there is no question but that the people of Baker City would welcome competition and the increased amount of power offered at comparatively low rates would undoubtedly stimulate and encourage the starting of new industries, such as flour mills, a smelter, interurban streetcar lines, etc. Baker City itself is growing rapidly and the opportunities offered there in practically all lines of business are very good. The building of the Snake River Road from Huntington, opening up one of the largest copper mining districts in this country, as well as the building of the new Eagle valley road from Baker City proper, are both signs of the material to the future possibilities of this city, and in my opinion the next few years will see very rapid development and growth throughout this section of the state.

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