

SOCIAL TEMPER OF MINING CAMPS

Interesting Study Aside
From Prosaic Industrial
Aspect.

The history of mining camps from the date of discovery to the time of maturity is an entertaining study, without reference to the prosaic industrial aspects of their growth. The sociological side of their development furnishes food for reflection from which certain generalizations can be derived, not wholly without value to the hard-headed, single-minded business man. The success or failure of investments in mines, or at least their highest fruitfulness, have too often been bound up with the public temper of the mining community not to compel attention to these social phenomena, though it is not the more serious aspects of the matter, as for example the restlessness of labor, politics or possible official insolence, to which reference is here made.

Many a new mining camp has become notorious at the outset for the rough character of its population, taken at an average, and the reckless forms of entertainment in which it indulges. There is nothing surprising about this, for at such a period the camp is in its adventuresome stage and it encourages such a mental attitude on the part of its citizens. Ultimately the camp will settle down to a more serious understanding of its mission and its relationship to the rest of the world, the community will crystallize and social order will steadily improve to the level of the standards prevailing in older settlements. The development of such a camp from the adventuresome period to the period of soberness, it may be noted, is measured by the development of the mine from the stage of uncertainty to that of certainty. The feelings of suspense, the sudden surprises, and all the sensations that attend the discovery and early development of a rich mineral belt naturally contribute to a reckless manner of life. After a time these conditions disappear and there is a change.

Another symptom of the adventuresome spirit is found in the speculative excitement that usually spreads beyond the borders of the camp into the outside world. At such a time practically all the property in the camp is in its prospective stage, and speculation thrives upon uncertainty. While the reckless home spirit is at its height, the speculative spirit is rampant without, and though the two phenomena are not necessarily concomitant, they are at least traceable to similar causes. It is remarkable that when the camp is producing little, investments move less conservatively than when it is producing much. At the "height of a boom" everything in the way of a "fyer" is in order; when the so called boom has subsided the springs of investment freeze up.

Why is this so?
Strange but true, it is because the uncertainty has disappeared. The impression gets abroad that there are no more new opportunities left. The camp is no longer virgin.

And so the district enters upon

the lustrum of sedate activity. Its works are greater than ever and its fruitfulness larger, but its age is against it in the minds of many.

As there has been a change in the predominating spirit of the mining camp, so will there come a change in the predominating spirit of the investment world. The solid foundations of the well established mining community will be found more inviting and a reaction in the right direction will surely overtake the mind of the investor.—Daily Mining Record.

STOCKMEN FAIL TO AGREE ON BOUNDARY

The committee of sheepmen, consisting of Murdo Finlayson, John McLennan and Pat Radigan, of Antelope and vicinity, which went to the Blue Mountain region last week to confer with cattle men from the southern part of the county regarding the establishment of range lines for the summer, has returned home, having failed to make any satisfactory arrangement.

The sheepmen were met by a committee of cattlemen and the matter of fixing permanent range lands thoroughly discussed, but no conclusive action taken, the sheepmen claiming that the cattle owners demanded more than the sheepmen could concede. No other date was set for a future meeting to adjust matters and the herds of both cattle and sheep will be ranged this summer in the disputed territory.

Whether any trouble will arise from the failure to make permanent boundary lines, within which the sheepmen and cattlemen would be compelled to range their stock, is a question which the coming summer will answer. Present indications point toward disturbances which will result in serious losses before fall has come. The Antelope Herald, in speaking of the meeting, says:

"It is not known what steps will be taken by the sheepmen to protect their right to a participation in the range privilege in the Blue mountains, but it is to be hoped that some amicable adjustment of the matter can be arranged. In Lake county, where a bitter range war is in progress, 4,000 sheep have been killed in the past few months, and such a condition of affairs is to be avoided, if possible, in this county. The organizations seem anxious to find a way for the amicable solution of the question."

RED ARROW CARRIES RICH CINNABAR ORE

H. P. Seward, who owns the larger interest in the Red Arrow claims near the Thomas ranch, is in town to receive medical attention. Mr. Thomas recently fell across some timbers while working at the property sustaining painful injuries.

Mr. Seward is very enthusiastic over the ore now being disclosed at his claims. He exhibits some specimens taken from the bottom of a twenty-foot shaft, which show a large per cent of cinnabar, with satisfactory gold and silver values. The ledge he says is four feet in width, and he thinks it will average upwards of \$50. On the surface it showed \$4 in gold and \$2 in silver, but no mercury test was made. From the appearance of the rock, it carries a high per cent of the last named.

MINING CAMP MICAWBERS

They Toil Not, Neither do
They Spin Anything Except
"Yarns."

The mining industry, like all other occupations and pursuits, has its "Micawbers" who are eternally sitting around waiting for "something to turn up."

These individuals are so numerous in some of our mining camps that they comprise about one-half of their population. Indeed, they abound in such numbers that an active, enterprising, wide-awake and progressive man, upon entering within the environments of these parasites upon legitimate industry, could hardly throw a piece of country rock in any direction without hitting a "Micawber" who has been so long perched upon a fine ledge of mineral bearing quartz, doing nothing and waiting for someone to come along and develop it for him, that years ago he became part and parcel of the landscape; indigenous to the soil as it were, and so thoroughly adverse to labor that he has come to think of himself as a typification of the lilies of Solomon's Sons, "which toil not, neither do they spin," unless it be to spin long and improbable stories of the immense wealth of the properties to which they hold no title but that of simple location and relocation, ad finitum.

The "Micawber" family is a large one and the presence of one of this cult in a mining camp is a menace to its growth and prosperity. By hook or crook he comes into possession of valuable ground which he holds year after year by simply posting his notice, or by the stretching of a \$50 bill so that it will cover the \$100 assessment annually required by the government, and, were it not for the incoming of men of enterprise, the camp in which he resides and infests would forever be minus of any wealth producers and dividend-payers, and there is hardly ever more than three or four of these in a camp which, with conditions more favorable, could give birth to a dozen Silver Kings, to a dozen great bonanzas.

When an individual or company begins active development and exploration in any camp of merit the "Micawber" continues to vegetate on the rocks. His is a waiting game. He will not work himself, but he is perfectly willing that someone else should prove the merit of the locality in which he is interested, and the hope is strong within him that the active, enterprising man, in the development of adjoining property, will open up the ledge at depth, to within a few feet of his own neglected and undeveloped property. Indeed the "Micawbers" hang around a mine in course of development like a band of hungry coyotes around a flock of sheep, and the moment a big strike is made they begin at once the endeavor to interest capital for the development of their own particular holdings, basing their claims for their alleged value solely upon the showing already made in the property of the progressive man who is willing to spend his money to

prove his mine, rather than to wait for the tardy movements of his "Micawber" neighbors.—Salt Lake Mining Review.

Looking for Bacon Found Ledge.

Colonel G. W. E. Dorsey narrates that, in Helena recently, he met Truman L. Hodges, discoverer of the Ada-Elmore mine at Rocky Bar. He and a young man were making their way through the country afoot, the remainder of the party having stopped below with the horses. Mr. Hodges had a sack in which was a piece of bacon. When they wished to get dinner they found the bacon had slipped through a hole in the sack and was lost. He went back over the trail they had been following to find the missing meat. While watching for the missing bacon he observed a boulder that had come down the hill and lodged in the snow. He broke it open and found it spotted with gold. Looking up the gulch, he saw a place from which the snow had disappeared and that looked like a ledge. Examination disclosed the fact that it was a rich vein. That was the beginning of the Ada-Elmore. Mr. Hodges was recorder of the district for some time. In recent years he has lived in Helena and is well-to-do. He loves prospecting, however and regularly takes to the hills each season, saying he is not entirely happy until he finds himself where the foot of man has never been set.—Boise Statesman.

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