$17 Makes Millions

A Story That Can be Duplicated Time and Again in Our Own Country During the Last Few Years

EASY COME EASY GO

A swift kick started it, and a charitable but preoccupied merchant helped it along. And before it was over various persons had found fortunes in the Leadville, Colorado, silver rush and lucky merchant had skyrocketed to riches on a $17 grubstake. The swift kick was administered by George Freassle to the dog of August Rische, and the charitable merchant was none other than Horace A. W. Tabor, of Colorado fame. Freassle and Rische were partners, but when Freassle kicked Rische's dog, the two parted company, the latter setting out for Leadville, which he had not intended to visit. On the way, Robert L. Duffus tells us in Collier's, in an account of Horace A. W. Tabor and the Leadville rush, he met George T. Hook, who liked dogs, and together they proceeded to their destination. To Leadville, one day, his whiskers flying in the wind, come George H. Fryer, who had just discovered silver carbonate. He had "dug a hole in a spot where the Eastern experts said there could never, never be any paying ore. He found a lode which, with all its dips, angles, sinuosities, and ramifications, was to yield $150,00,00 within the next ten years. As it turned out, he even got $50,000 out of that lode for his very own. Every able-bodied citizen, not more profitably occupied, and able to get hold of a pick and shovel, dashed for Fryer Hill, as it was ever afterward called." So began the great Leadville rush. But Rische and Hook couldn't rush, Mr. Duffus explains:

They were busted. They were on their uppers. They had no tools fit to dig with, no powder, and very little to eat. So they cast about for a nice, kind man to grubstake them. They applied first, it is said, to Edward Harrison. Harrison took their names and said that they might come back a little later and he would let them know if anything turned up. So they went down the street to Tabor's general store.

Tabor had had an eventful history. Born in Orleans County, Vermont, on November 26, 1830, he had been first a stonecutter, then a school teacher. In 1855 he trekked to Kansas with his wife and children. There he did well in politics, and was a member of the first Free Soil legislature, which was dispersed by Federal troops. But he must have been a poor farmer, for, in 1859, he abandoned his Kansas land and joined in the rush to Pike's Peak.

Next year, when gold discoveries were reported in California Gulch, below the site of what was to be Leadville, he hitched four oxen to a prairie schooner and moved over—a six weeks' journey! Arrived at the gulch, he not only prospected a little, but also started a store. The store paid better than the prospecting. When the placer mines began to peter out, about 1866, he followed his luck to the mining camp of Buckskin, but a few years later he was back in the gulch, which was now beginning to look up a little.

For a time he was postmaster as well as storekeeper at Oro, two or three miles below where Leadville was to be. In the summer of 1877 he left Oro (following which the little town gave one gasp and died), and went up the creek to Leadville. Here he was popular enough and prominent enough to get himself elected as the first mayor of the new city. He sold, as one of his contemporaries has said, everything from a tin pan to a suit of clothes, and did a pretty good business. Still, there was nothing about him which hinted at a great future. One does not expect miracles to happen to country storekeepers in their late forties.

Tabor was very busy on the April morning in 1878, a few days after Fryer's great discovery, when Hook and Rische approached his store. In fact, as he afterward said, that turned out to be the busiest year of his life. Finally he said: "Yes, yes, go and take what you want, but don't bother me now."

With this he returned to the important business of selling somebody a pair of boots or a can of beans, while Rische and Hook, taking h.m at his word, went off with about $17 worth of supplies. It was understood that if they found any silver or gold lying around he was to have a third share in it. Otherwise he would be out exactly $17. Probably he set the transaction down to charity, for he was a good and kindly man, and never liked to have poor prospectors starving on his doorstep.

Meanwhile Rische and Hook went on up Fryer Hill, found a spot which nobody seemed to want, and set to work. It happens that the carbonate veins around Leadville do dont come to the surface, and lie in great waves at varying distances down. There is—or was—no way of telling how deep down a vein was, except by digging for it. Some shafts went down 500 feet, which is a long way to go with pick and shovel to reach one's pay dirt.

Rische and Hook spat on their hands and dug, and hoped everything would turn out all right. They dug for nine long days. On the ninth day they dug out a wagon-load of dirt, took it down to Leadville, and sold it for $200. At a depth of only twenty-six feet they had struck what was to become famous as the Little Pittsburgh mine. By July they were taking out $8,000 worth of ore every week. And Horace Tabor was no longer too busy to pay attention to them. No, indeed.

By the middle of November the little Pittsburgh had yielded $375,000—a very tidy return on $17 and a little work—and that was just the beginning, we learn as we read on:

Hook, the least ambitious of the three, soon sold out to Tabor and Rische for $98,00, which, with what he had already received from the operation of the mine, gave him $150,000 for a pleasant summer's work.

Rische held on a little longer, because a partner in some of Tabor's enterprises, built a big house in Denver, finally sold out to Tabor for $262,500. Tabor bought several other claims on Fryer Hill with the profits of the Little Pittsburgh, and then disposed of the lot for a million dollars, a little more than a year after the discovery, to Daniel Moffatt and Jerome B. Chaffee.

But he was not a man to be satisfied with a million. The genius and ambition which he had been keeping under his hat ever since he had first put on that useful article of wearing apparel suddenly boiled over. Everything he touched turned to gold. He bought the Matchless mine for $117,000, and soon it was turning out $2,000 a day in net profits. He built a "wigwam" for political meetings, and when the rush hit Leadville in the summer of 1879 rented sleeping space in it every night to a thousand men at a dollar and a half apiece.

He rode on the top wave of a prosperity which increased the population of Leadville from 3,000 in 1877 to 35,00 in 1879. Overnight the little town became a roaring, rollicking city. There were 13 saloons, and almost as many gambling dens, but the great intoxicant was wealth, and the great gamble was in mining claims. If a prospector wanted money, all he had to do was dig a hole and offer it for sale—he could sell it, no matter where it was or what was under it. One prospector salted his mine with carbonate and sold it for $2,000. While he was congratulating himself on his cleverness the supposed victims clawed a little deeper, found a vein of carbonate which nature herself had put there, and became millionaires.

Horace Tabor, school teacher, stonecutter, farmer, politician, storekeeper, gold hunter, was thoroughly at home in all this uproar. He put a small iron safe in a building next his store, hired one clerk, and started the first bank in Leadville. He organized the Leadville Stock Exchange, became president of the Tabor Smelter Supply Company, formed milling companies, street-construction companies, water and gas companies. He built the Leadville Opera House. He had a military company and a fire company named after him. He was Leadville's leading citizen; in fact he became near being all Leadville's leading citizens rolled into one.

But Leadville, even with 40,000 population, was too small to hold him, and he moved down to Denver, where he bought the finest residence in town, and set out, as a Denver historian puts it, "to transform Denver from a straggling village to a metropolis." He built and gave to the city the Tabor Opera House, at a cost of $850,000. With its finish of solid cherry, its plush upholstery and its rich draperies, it was the best theatre between St. Louis and San Francisco. He gave heavily to the campaign funds of the Republican party of Colorado, and after the death of Jerome Chaffee was generally considered its boss. He was lieutenant-governor of Colorado, and when Senator Teller died was chosen to fill out the remaining thirty days of his term.

But all bubbles have to burst, and all mines, it sometimes seems, have their revengeful demons. The time came when silver lost its hold on the markets of the world, mines were closed, and Colorado entered upon dark days. Tabor's investments collapsed when the United States Government suspended the coinage of silver. By 1893 his millions had vanished like a dream. He went about half dazed. There were no more fortunes to be had by removing a few feet of top soil, and he was too old to seek them if they had been there.

Yet, unlike Timon of Athens and a few other rich men, ancient and modern, Horace Tabor kept his friends after his dollars were gone. In 1898 men of all political faiths joined in a successful petition to President McKinley to have him made postmaster at Denver, and he passed his last days with dignity and without fear of want. He died on April 10, 1899.

A View On Our Canadian National Railway

HE' A WILD BEAR, BUT NOT WORKING AT IT

Miss Marjorie Kyte of Ottawa and Miss K. Gallagher of Toronto making friends with one of the pet wild bears near Jasper Park Lodge, Alberta.

"When money talks, IT doesn't mean anything."

The French Canadian Spirit

Quebec Scleil (Lib.): Historically speaking it is impossible to denatonalize a people against its will. You may rule t, take away its institutions, its belongings, everything, but you can never subject its spirit or master its soul. Now our souls and our spirits are French, like our language. This victory is the most complete of all our French-Canadian victories. It is from this that we have won the integrity of our institutions and our laws, respect for our rights, liberty to govern ourselves according to our own ideas and the firm hope of growing without hindrance. We have to-day our own schools, colleges, universities and government, and we are masters in our own house. But we would be making a great mistake if we did not remember that there is still a great deal more to be done.

Very Small Boy: "That new teacher's very mean." His Father: "Hush, my son, you mustn't say that." "Well, she is! She borrowed my knife to sharpen her pencil to give me a bad mark."

Street Sights in Paris

Flowers are among the loveliest sights of the streets, in Paris as in London. There is nothing like the stolid beshawled women, sitting behind their baskets, as known to England; the flowers are piled on barrows, or set out in tall kiosks, and sold by vivacious Frenchwomen who belong to the great class of the petite bourgeoisie, and are far from forming a class by themselves. In these small Edens the seasons are confounded; peonies and roses and stocks and lilies and ranunculus and apple-blossom all bloom together among late narcissi and early gladioli. Here it is hardly an hour between daffodils and asters, but it is certainly a crowded hour. . . . There are blooms for sale which appear exotic to the foreign eye; there are homely nosegays from cottage gardens; but let no dazzled foreigner try to fathom the names by which they are known. There is a different word for daffodils and for cactus-flowers at each kiosk or barrow; you may buy sweet-william, by some happy chance, but if you ask comment ca s'appelle you will be told that . . . the lady does not know; it's something from the country—and she casts a cold metropolitan eye upon it.

On the other hand, the newspaper kiosks, which present a microcosm of the world in the time of the journals on sale, are remarkable for the almost foolhardy courage with which the saleswomen attempt to pronounce those titles. Le Teemez, for instance, is no stranger to Printing-House Square, though its editor might not recognize this sign of The Times.....

But the most likeable outdoor merchandise of Paris is the book-trade along the river. This has been described, printed, drawn and commented on a thousand times. Yet it remains fresh to the observer; of all the streets of Paris the Seine is the most romantic, most interesting, the oldest, and the most modern. Its parapets have supported the elbows of generations of dreaming geniuses; now they bear great boxes of books, where old people . . . stand in shiny overcoats or shinier jackets to finger the books they cannot buy. No ragged urchin whitens his nose on a confectioner's pane as ardently as these . . . plunge their eyes into the pages, cheese-colored with age or fresh as cream, where live the words they want to read. And, in all France, no traders are so slow to ask for money as the booksellers of the quays. Their own poor living comes from selling these pages; but when an old man, with green reflections on his brown comes and stands reading a fifty-franc book, chapter by chapter, day by day, he becomes an honored guest to the salespeople who cannot understand a word he reads. Immediately underneath him the riverside plane-trees move their shadows over the fishermen, the cranes, the barges, the steamer's; a waft of steam, a deep-sea blast fro ma tadpole tug, bring romance like a smoke of distant ships and the sturdy, unmoving Louvre casts into the hurried water a profile as immovable as a proposition in Euclid.—George and Pearl Adam, in "A Book About Paris."

Diner: "Will the spaghetti I ordered be long, waiter?" Waiter: "The usual length, sir."

What the Prince Dislikes

By W. T. ROBERTS

Anything in the nature of an elaborate celebration of his birthday is among the things the Prince of Wales specially dislikes; his birthday is not ,therefore, celebrated in any special way, apart from the good wishes of his immediate relatives and intimate friends.

Incidentally, it may be remembered that the Prince's dislike of birthday celebrations has led to the passing of most of the ceremonies that, in pre-War days, used to mark the birthdays of members of the Royal Family.

But the Prince has several other dislikes in addition to the one mentioned. He has always had a dislike of all card games. Before his Indian tour he learnt to play bridge for the reason that one of the Indian princes he was to visit during the tour was a keen bridge player, and the Prince wished to be able to take part in a rubber to please his host.

That, probably, was the only occasion on which he has ever played bridge. He never enters the card-room at any of his clubs.

He also dislikes billiards. He learnt to play billiards in the billiards room at Sandringham a little while before he went up to Oxford, but it is now years since he handled a cue. He took a dislike to the game directly he learnt it.

Among other dislikes, the Prince of Wales has an especial one to listening to long stories. No one ever appreciated better a good story than H.R.H., but it must be short.

Of a man who was rather noted for the length of the tales he told the Prince once remarked: "I am always afraid of looking bored when the man is telling a story when I am present. I hope I don't."

Prefers Playing to Watching!

That remark is characteristic of the Prince, for H.R.H. is nothing if not well mannered. But those who know the Prince well enough to entertain him take care not to have anyone addicted to telling long stories to meet him.

Long dinners, however, bore the Prince even more, probably, than long stories.

When, after the war, he began to attend big public dinners he put up without complaint for a while with long menus that took from an hour to an hour and a half to get through.

The menus are always sent to York House for his approval. One morning a menu containing a list of sixteen courses arrived. A member of the Prince's entourage went to see a member of the dinner committee.

"Is there any addition his Royal Highness would wish to have made to the menu?" asked the committee man.

"Well, no, there is not," replied the Prince's equerry. "As a matter of fact, his Royal Highness would much prefer just to have a mutton chop for dinner, but, of course, he has no wish to interfere with the tastes and wishes of other diners, though shorter menus please the Prince better than long ones."

Sinc ethen it has become generally known that the Prince dislikes a dinner of many courses, and usually when the Prince attends a public dinner there are not more than eight courses on the menu.

Looking on at sports is not a thing, in a general way, that the Prince of Wales likes.

Good sportsman as he is, looking on at a sport does not greatly interest him; he much prefers taking part in one which appeals to him. Even looking on at races does not afford him the same pleasure as riding in a steeplechase.

The Prince, as a matter of fact, is not a great racegoer; he attends most of the big meetings, like Newmarket, Epsom, and Ascot, but there are many race meetings he never goes near.

Watching lawn tennis, even first-class lawn tennis, is a thing that may fairly be classed among his definite dislikes. He learned to play tennis at the same time as the Duke of York. Both princes were well instructed in the game by professional coaches, but whilst the game made a strong appeal to the younger Prince, it made little or none to the elder.

Tennis a Trial

The Prince has attended the Wimbledon meeting on a few occasions, but looking on at a five-set match between even champion players is a trial to him.

Cricket interests the Prince more than lawn tennis, and he understands the refinements of the game. Even so, the Prince does not frequently attend a cricket match, though when a Colonial cricket team is touring the country he always makes a point of seeing them play, and he can "talk" cricket with knowledge.

It would, perhaps, be over-stating the case to say that the Prince has a dislike of books, but he has admitted that he is not fond of reading. His wide knowledge of affairs and of the world in general has been gained by contact with people in all conditions of life and in many countries rather than from books.

The Prince's time is so fully occupied that he has rarely to think of how he may beguile an idle hour, but if and when such a thing happened to him, he would prefer to pass it sketching rather than by reading.

A Royal Cartoonist

He has done some quite clever work with his pencil. Quite recently, whn listening to Mr. Churchill's Budget speech, he made a pencil sketch of the Councillor.

One thing may safely be said about the Prince of Wales. He never allows his dislikes to interfere with th prformance of his duties. He possesses the capacity of doing what he probably dislikes intensely quite cheerfully and pleasantly.

Anybody knows that the Prince is keen on dancing, but he likes a quick tempo; to dance to a slow measure is a thing he dislikes. But anyone who saw him dancing a little while ago with a rather heavy lady at a dance in an East End club would have thought by the look on his face that he was having the time of his life as he walked through the slowest kind of fox-trot.

Chinese Are Given an Equal Share in Ruling Concessions

Tientsin Is Last Big British Quarter in China to Change Status

Peking.—The last of the important British concessions in China, located in Tientsin, is to be ruled hereafter as much by the Chinese residents as by the British. A decision to this effect was reached at the recent meeting of the Tientsin taxpayers living in this special area, who resolved that hereafter there shall be no discrimination against Chinese in the matter of electoral votes and that only half of the members of the council need be British. As the Chinese taxpayers are in the majority, there is nothing to prevent their electing all five councilors from among themselves, although at this meeting they joined in the customary practice of naming one American to sit on the governing board.

Originally these foreign concessions in China were intended as places of residence for foreigners only, who were not permitted to dwell in other parts of the country. Many Chinese gradually drifted into these protected areas, however, especially political refugees and retired merchants who appreciated the safety afforded here for their persons and property.

Chinese Demand Voice

In time, as they came to be permanent residents and taxpayers in these districts, they began to demand a voice in governing them, and this latest decision in Tientsin to give them half of the control of the British concession is one more step in a long history of such adjustments.

The British special areas in Hankow and Kiukiang were retroceded last year; Kong Kong, an island off the mainland, is a crown colony and therefore of different status from the concessions. In Peking only the legation is in a protected quartet; and Shanghai is an international concession, with an American chairman, and so also not to be considered as a British concession. When the Hankow concession was returned to China last year, it was rumored that the Tientsin district would be similarly dealt with in the near future, and it is claimed in some quarters to-day that apprehension of such action caused the liberal decision at the recent taxpayers' meeting there.

At one time codfish formed the currency in Iceland. We are very glad that we didn't have to go round with the plate in church.—Punch.

S'MATTER POP—By Payne

Old Timer Reversed