

AUGUST 1, 1908

PRICE TEN CENTS

INYO MAGAZINE



PUBLISHED AT BISHOP, INYO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

The Inyo Magazine

Published twice a month at Bishop, Inyo Co., Cal.

C. E. Kunze	- -	Managing Editor
C. B. Glasscock	- -	Associate Editor
H. A. Glasscock	-	Business Manager

Application made at the Postoffice at Bishop, California, for admission to the mails as second-class matter.

Subscription Price \$2 a year. Single copies
10 cents.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

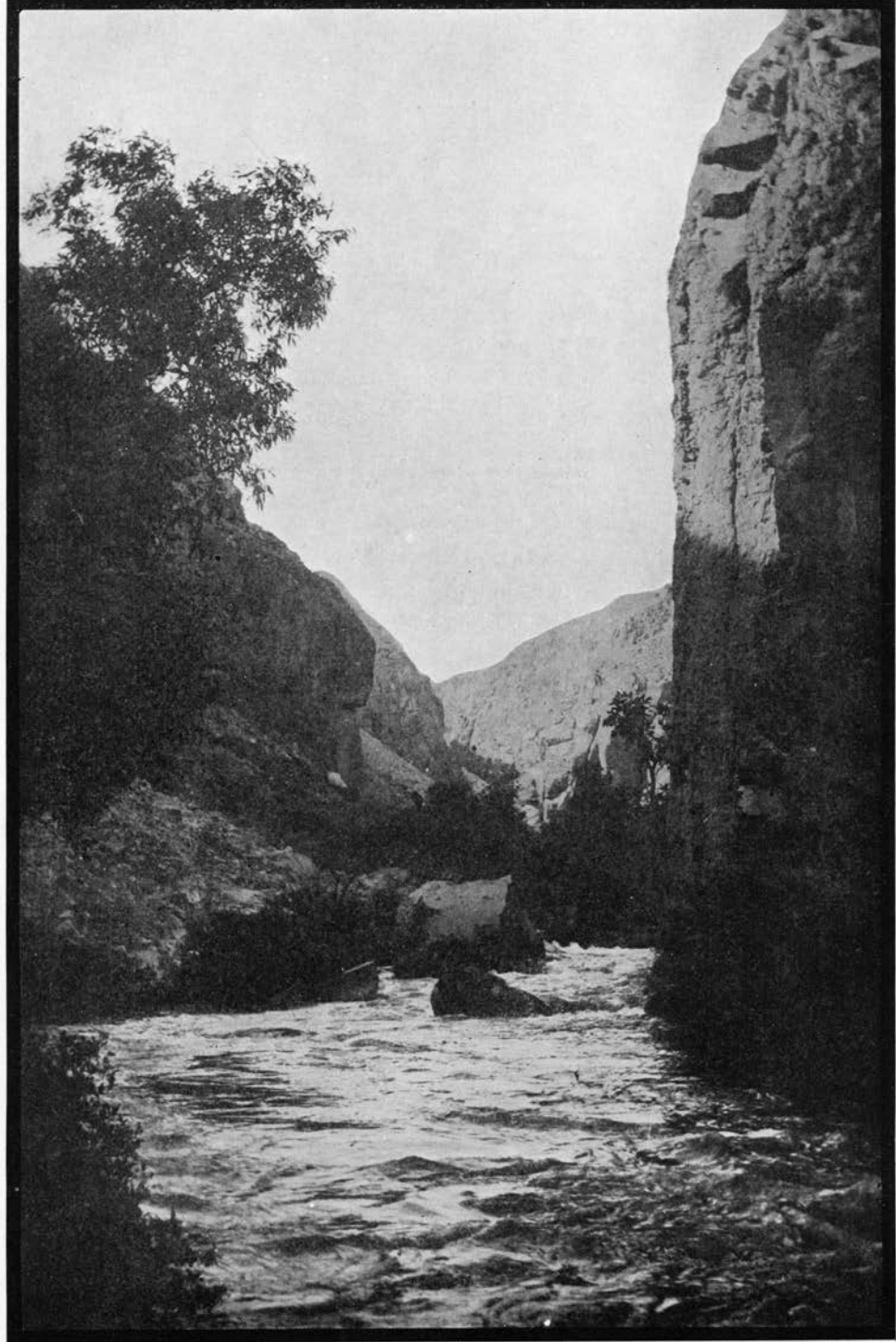
Address all applications to THE INYO
MAGAZINE, Bishop, Cal.

VOL. I AUGUST 1, 1908 No. 3.

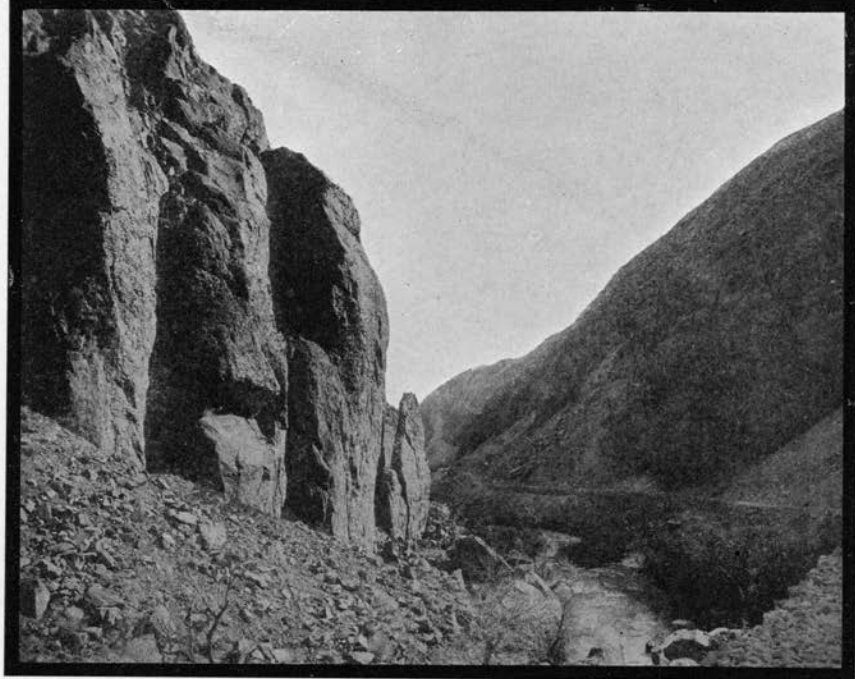
The Spirit of Inyo

Mountains where my Hopes and I
Watched the streams go dancing by!
All your cliffs and vales are glad,
You have found an Oread.
Budding trees! Murmuring woodlands!
All your loneliness has fled.
Golden poppies, butterflies,
Summer breezes soft, arise!
All the winter chill is dead.

There's a sense of something new
In the grass, and in the dew.
There's an under-voice that warbles
In the river's gentle gurgles.
Pine-clad peaks! Rushing waters!
Mountains where we once were sad!
There's a joy come unto you,
Such as is prepared for few,
With your Golden Oread.



Where the restive trout delights to sport in the Owens River



Gigantic pillars of erupted lava hedge in the turbulent river near its source.

Grand Canyon of the Owens

The Grand Canyon of the Owens river, while as yet known only locally with scarcely a significance to the outside world, will no doubt some day be as widely known as any of the natural phenomena that abound in this end of the world. It justly deserves both its name and wider renown, for its picturesque scenery, its impassable channels, its roaring cataracts and its abysmal gorges cut a thousand feet deep through solid rock. The Owens river finds its source in the high Sierras near the line which separates Inyo from Mono county. The channel through which it reaches the valley below, also bearing its name, is not particularly long, but the descent is remarkably precipitous, a characteristic of all the streams that cut the eastern slope of the Sierras in Inyo and Mono counties.

Human ingenuity has undertaken to harness the Owens river. Two power companies have invaded the almost impassable fastnesses of this mountain torrent and are employed in the construction of dams, intakes and gigantic tunnels, by means of which they propose to generate electric

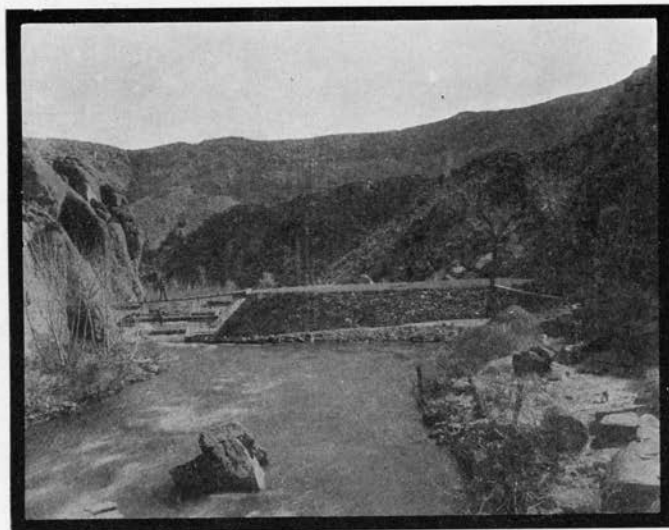


Upper Intake of Mono Power Co. showing upper mouth of 8000-foot tunnel. A huge dam is being constructed just below the big rock in the foreground of the picture.

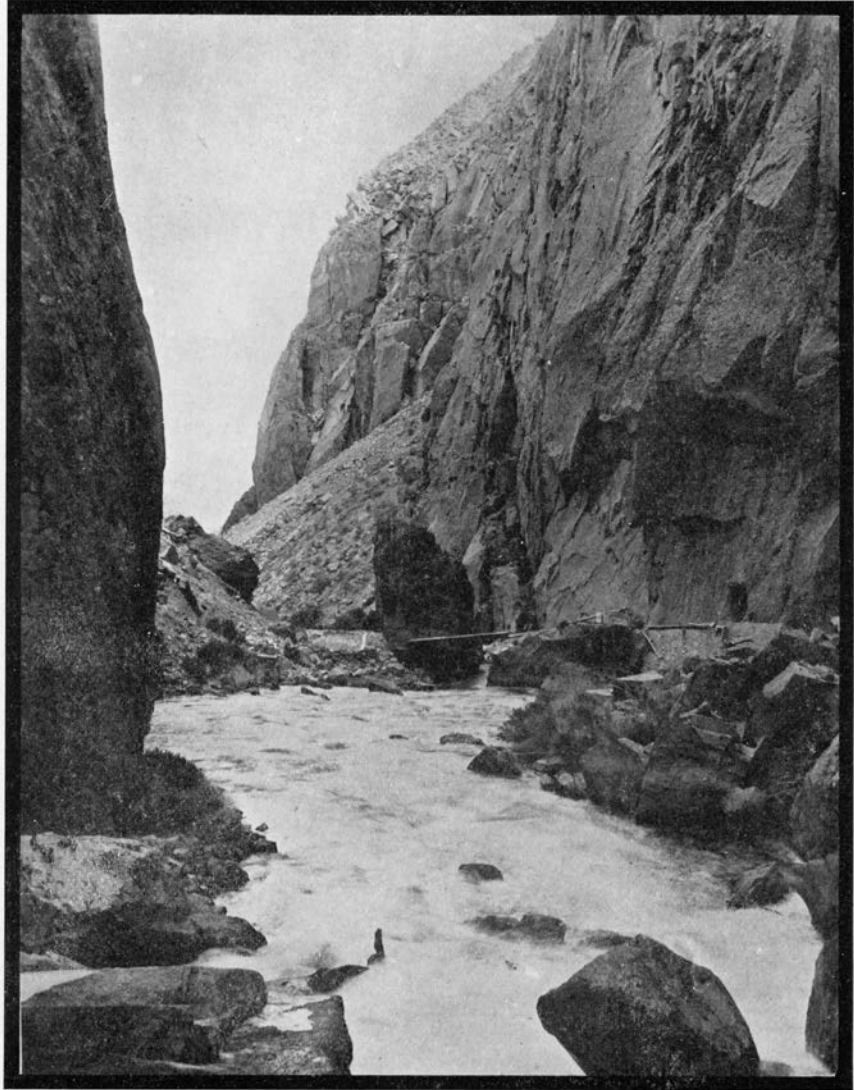
power. The work which these companies have undertaken is worthy of the best efforts of engineering skill. At the upper intake of the Mono Power Company a dam has been built between two solid walls of rock, which will

raise the water level some 15 feet above its ordinary mark. Just above the dam a tunnel has been started into the rock, which when completed will be 7360 feet long, hewn all the way through a solid wall of stone. This tunnel will be cement lined, to prevent water from washing its enforced channel wider, or from escaping by percolating into the porous rock through which the tunnel cuts in places. While this appears, and is, a gigantic task, to drive a tunnel of such proportions, Chief Engineer W. H. Leffingwell states that it is more economical than to construct a pipe line along the precipitous walls of the canyon, by means of which the water could be carried to the turbines at the power plant more than a mile down stream.

Below the Mono Power Company the Owens River Power and Water Company is at work upon a dam and a tunnel, the latter being only 250 feet long, cutting merely through a hog-back which banks in the river on one side. Both of these enterprises are backed by Oakland, California, capital. When completed the two companies will have facilities for generating 25,000 horse-power of electric current.



Dam and Intake of Owens River Power and Water Co., in Owens River Canyon.



In the upper canyon of the Owens River.

Adventures in Prospecting

PART III

I found gold. I had been among the mountains for nearly two weeks when I found gold. The magic yellow metal lifted the blood to my face, unloosed my voice and turned me into a veritable lunatic. I shouted my joy into Browney's long ears, which he wagged very sagely, while he shook his head in modest appreciation, and seemed without any reservation to take me for the blithering idiot I proved myself to be.

But I was hardly to be blamed. Gold, the thing men died for, the potent substance for which the world searched from the Rand to the Yukon, was mine, and I had searched for it but two weeks. I remembered, of course, the numerous stories of lost mines, always found by fools who promptly lost them again, and in the first stage of my gold dementia I fell a victim to the superstitions of prospectors. I believed I had been smiled upon by Fortune; that the fickle wench had taken a sudden fancy to me because of my helplessness, and I smiled blandly under her caress. Why not? Had I not gold, the yellow touchstone of life, the secret of success—nay, success itself? For with gold could I not bring the whole world to its feet, yes, and to mine? Strange ethics these for one who had constantly imbibed dry, moneyless principles from the penurious circles where I had been raised. But the sight of gold had changed me. I was not yet insane with power, but I had the open sesame for which I had come to the mountains and which I had found after a two-weeks' search. I shouted my joy into the inoffensive mountain air and the echoes came back from peak and canyon, and again from farther up where canyon and peak resounded the same cry.

My discovery happened very simply. I had been prospecting among the hills that faced the canyon up which I had come seeking for one of those bonanza ledges, and without the remotest idea as to how I might recognize such a ledge when I found one. Gold was yellow, I knew that, and I believed it glittered, even in the rough rocks whence it came, and upon this knowledge I built my hopes of success. If I should find a pure nugget of gold, even though blackened by sunburn, I was reasonably sure I would recognize its value, and not consider it merely a pebble, as did the Mormon who found the Old Clothes mine, who used pure lumps of gold, blackened by sunburn, to hurl at his tired mules. Such blun-

ders I firmly resolved to obviate. If a Pegleg or a Bryfogle mine came to my lot, I would know it and benefit from my discovery.

I tried solid ledges, too, with my pick, seeking for the yellow glitter with my unsophisticated eyes. I touched my lips to every piece, as prospectors do, and held a magnifying glass upon every particle, but gold I found none. Three days passed at this work and no gold. Then I grew into a habit of neglecting my work. I would sit for an hour upon some high peak and do nothing in the world save watching other distant mountains that were brown in the sunlight, now blue with a fine curling mist, and then growing presently so distant and vague that they disappeared altogether and only the grey mist of rain hung before my eyes. Here was a new world indeed, and the bigness of it would suddenly overwhelm me. Somewhere in the undefined immensity there lay a fortune, no doubt, but could I, who was strange and ignorant, hope to find it? In time my hopes waned to nothing. I packed my little beast and together we started for other regions. High ridges blocked our way and we crossed them. Canyons yawned and creeks held to their turbulent courses unmindful of our approach, and these too we crossed the best we could, which at times was not very well at all. And in time I grew tired of wandering and again pitched a permanent camp close to a creek that came scampering from somewhere, or from nowhere, for I could not discover its source.

About me stood the same barren, grey peaks, huge crags of granite and volcanic rock, and nowhere could I find colored ledges, the red and white rock which I had learned to recognize as quartz and porphyry. But the idea came to me to find a piece of float, if I could, and having this as a guide, to seek for the cropping from which it had been broken. Float, I may explain to the uninitiated—if there are any that know less about it than did I—is a fragment of gold-bearing rock which has been washed into a canyon or declivity from a ledge which lies somewhere higher up.

Many prospectors follow this system of prospecting altogether. They seek for float in the ravines and finding this attempt then to locate the ledge from which it comes. Sometimes they seek for days for the ledge, sometimes it becomes a matter of months, and I have known prospectors who spent a lifetime trying to find the ledge from which a rich piece of float might have come. They go on the theory that where there is a little gold there must be more, which is a very good theory, but is offset to a great extent by the other theory that gold is the hardest thing in the world to find, and the most easily lost.

In my search for float I was unsuccessful. Here was an-

other disappointment. My enthusiasm had again been premature. I found my pipe for consolation and seeking a comfortable bed near the creek I lay there a long time pondering upon the uncertainties of life. Presently a flippant trout came nosing his way up stream, his rainbow colors glistening in the crystal water. He paused for a few moments directly under my eyes and then passed on, quite indifferent as to my presence. The whim came upon me to paddle in the water, and I reached out my hand, dipping it elbow deep into the icy creek. I felt the sand moving under my hand and I drew out a handful of the fine white stuff. The sunlight fell upon the glistening particles and suddenly there came over me an odd thrill, a feeling of certainty and exultation. I had seen as yet nothing but the sand, but there seemed at work an instinct which saw farther than my eyes and, without knowing why, I rejoiced over my secret of success.

The magic of gold has been described by every man that has ever found the metal and felt the spell. Now this spell was upon me! At first I worked with feverish haste, as though life were all too short for the reaping of a fortune from the golden sands that I had found, and considering my clumsy fashion of washing out the glittering riches, these fears, no doubt, were well grounded. It must have been late in the day before I ceased even for a few moments from my labors, and in reward therefor was enabled to contemplate the yellow sediment in the two-ounce bottle in which I had placed my treasure. It was rich sand. I had washed out possibly half an ounce of pure gold during a few hours of work, and but for weariness and hunger that forced me to desist, I might have earned another very fat day's salary.

That night my mind ran riot and my sleep was an open-eyed, feverish sprite that sported about gaily all night long. The only practical thing I planned was a sluice box, with which I would be able to accomplish as much in one day as I could in a week's panning, and while I disliked to use two precious days in the mere construction of this crude affair, I found myself repaid in the very first day's clean-up. My bottle filled very rapidly after this and my golden dreams grew brighter with each setting of the sun.

I think it was on the sixth day that I received a caller. He came into my camp unannounced, riding a strong bronco, and I was so engrossed in my work that I failed to notice the man until he stood close at my side watching the golden particles dribble from the end of my sluice.

"Pretty nifty sluice," he remarked with complacent appreciation.

"It's my first effort at such work," I responded frankly.

"She washes pretty good?" he then asked, indicating the sand.

"Good enough for me just now," I replied. "It's worth about fifty a day, this claim."

"Your claim?" he asked, eyeing me shrewdly.

"My claim? Why, whose else could it be? I'm the first one to find this gold."

The sudden rise in my tone failed to impress him. He stood very near and I caught his eyes just in time to see a quiet twinkle disappear from their outer corners.

"You are new in these parts and at this work, I reckon," he drawled, but this affectation was only for a moment. "You'll have to leave these diggings, however," he added quickly, "because this is my land and this is my creek. The land has been patented for years. I knew something was wrong yesterday when I saw the sluice water come down. Sorry, really, but I can't let you placer this. You'll have to move on."

I must have shown my discomfiture, for the twinkle returned to his deep-set eyes, and I could have sworn that he was laughing at me.

"Do you want the gold I've washed out?" I asked him, recollecting that I had taken his property, but he shook his head. "I'll have to be going back. It's a long way down from here. My land runs up this creek for about one mile from here. Beyond that you can do what you like," he added, by way of farewell, and before I had time to collect my wits, or offer any apology for having caused him all this trouble, he had mounted and was riding rapidly down the canyon.

I watched him until he had disappeared. "Anyway, he is a decent sort of man," I said to myself, and that was about all there was to say. My air castles had disappeared, my hopes had again crumbled, and toil-weary as I was that night, there came from nowhere in particular another weariness that was not of fatigue and that would not pass away with sleep.

(Note.—The next adventure in this series will appear in an early issue of this magazine.)





Mark Twain's cabin in Aurora, Esmeralda County, Nevada, where he lived when he was a third owner of a fabulously rich mine.

Mark Twain's Cabin

In Aurora, once the county seat of Esmeralda county, Nevada, there live to-day a score or more of old gentlemen whose hopes have grown grey with their beards, but whose memories are yet vivid with

the personal reminiscences of Mark Twain. These men lived there when Aurora was known as Esmeralda, when Mark Twain lived among them in a cabin which still holds its prominent position at the head of the town, and when the great Wide West mine, of which he speaks in his books, became the property for ten days of Twain and his two partners.

The last census of Aurora showed three-fourths of its population as wearing grey beards and above the age of seventy. As though the funny spirit of Twain still lingered about the spot, his score of personal admirers in Aurora have remained the steadfast guardians of the place, laughing at the passage of time and fortunes. Their pride has centered in two features of the place: the mine which he once owned and carelessly lost, and from which subsequently seven millions in silver were taken, and his cabin, which has been stripped entirely of its shingles by casual visitors seeking for mementos, and which was publicly reshingled by the residents of Aurora.

Aurora is a way station now on the stage road between Thorn and Bodie. Some years ago when the travel on this road was rather brisk, one stage driver, a clever humorist himself, derived considerable revenue from Twain's old cabin by the sale of flags. In those days a flag was used to designate the humorist's cabin, and the driver, secretly, would strike a bargain with one of his passengers to get this flag, while no one was looking. The price of this piece of daredeviltry would be \$5 and the happy passenger would drive away with the coveted trophy. Later the driver had the flag replaced by another, which he would again sell at the first opportunity. The flags, it is said, were purchased by him by the hundred lot.

Subsequent to the days of Mark Twain, who was then known only by his real name, Aurora became a very thriving mining camp. A number of very rich mines were found at the place, and of these Twain's mine was one of the very best producers. It was from here that Whiteman is said to have made his clandestine ventures in search of the lost cement mine, which was the cause of taking the humorist

into the Lake Mono region, of which he has given a characteristic description.

But the fame of Aurora has long since passed. The county seat was moved away to Hawthorne, from where it was again moved later on, and to-day Aurora is not even marked on a map of the State. Like the somnolent camp of Rip Van Winkle its location is so shrouded in legend and romance that the practical map maker is unable to find it, and but for the potent spirit of the great humorist, its entire population would, no doubt, long since have wandered away into oblivion. But like the hopes of the children of Israel, the score of aged residents of Aurora hope for the return of their Messiah, and are defying time that they may be there when Twain again returns to his cabin in old Esmeralda.



Aurora, Esmeralda County, Nevada, once the home of Mark Twain.

Little Billy

A TRUE STORY IN THE LIFE OF A MINING CAMP

Today I buried the body of a man. Some people whom I have known might refuse him the name, but Little Billy knew the love of a woman and held a place in the hearts of friends. To these at least, and I am one of them, Little Billy was a man. The story of his coming and of his passing is not a tale with plot and varied characters, but a common bit of life with a strange scene at its close.

"William Robertson was thirty-nine years old, a native of Pennsylvania. He was a printer by trade." The speaker hesitated—"and a good printer. For the past year he has made his home in Gold River and was known to many of you as a man of kindly and sympathetic character." The beardless youth, who with his young wife had been chosen to conduct the services, stopped again, and as we stood by the open grave with the great reaches of grey-clad desert hills and valleys stretching out around us, I thought of the many things which he might say of Little Billy. So my mind wandered from the scene before me to the scenes of Little Billy's past.

A year before, when the first prospectors had sold their claims on the slope of the valley and men had come across the long miles of desert in search of its wealth, Little Billy had led the rush, being sure of food and water and ample pay while he kept enough of his native obstinacy to brave the desert sun and carry chain with his surveying party for eight hours each day. This he managed to do for weeks until at last his resolution broke.

"I'll take a little hooch," he ordered, and one or two of the long line at the bar turned at the word.

"Yu from Nome?" asked a battered miner.

"Yes," said Billy briefly, drinking a full glass of the raw whiskey. With the warmth of the spirit, reminiscences soon followed, and long before his party was called in the morning Billy was well launched on his "jag." Work was the subject farthest from his thoughts. A new man was found to carry his chain, and for days Billy lived on in a fever of debauch. At last illness came, and again Billy foreswore his old enemy.

In this way winter passed. Billy made friends among his acquaintances in the saloons. He laughed readily, spent liberally and played the best "square" game of stud in the camp. The crooked gamblers and the "brace game" men avoided him, but the prospectors and skimmers counted him of their class, taking or buying his drinks and sitting in a

game with him without hesitation. So I came to know Little Billy, and at last to learn what he had confided to no one else.

In Philadelphia were a wife and baby. Billy's lip quivered as he told me. "It's the hooch," he said. "It was the same way there. I lost my job and my home. She went back to her folks while I went to Alaska to get away from the boys and brace up and get some money again. It was the same thing there and I never wrote to her and I guess she thinks I've gone over the range."

That was all, but I could see that the fight was still on with Billy. Never have I seen such a mask of good-fellowship fallen for a moment to reveal a soul crying in loneliness to be restored to its own. The longing of the man for strength, the contempt for his own condition and the futile striving for victory over himself lay bare and pitiful for a moment. But again the native obstinacy and remnant of pride covered his secret, and beyond that glimpse I never knew it again.

Again the hesitating voice by the grave attracted my attention and my mind returned to this last scene which was to hide the man and his secret together from the world. "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." The young man finished his reading and a hush fell about the grave. There was no sobbing of mourners, no stamping of fretful horses in the distance, no chirping of birds. The lifeless desert stretched about and silent men and women stood quietly around the black draped coffin. There was no sham and no mockery. I gazed upon the quiet faces.

The youth who had read from the Bible, that Billy might not be buried like a beast, stood under the burning sun, bare-headed, unconscious of those about him. He was a lad from an Eastern city, and beside him his wife, a mere girl, but with serious, thoughtful eyes which marked her from the others. They did not know Little Billy. His friends were of another sort, but man and wife had asked together that Billy be buried as a man. At the other end of the coffin were Billy's friends, two hard-faced women, marked by wrong living, but with their hardened defiance of social law softened in the presence of death to that look which shone in the eyes of the young wife.

They had known Little Billy as he lived. This other woman with her ascetic husband was their enemy, they thought, but together they had come to the open grave, without shrinking from evil on the one side or defiance of good on the other; only a trace of longing in the eyes of the outcasts. Beside the two women stood another of Billy's

friends. He had changed his scarlet tie for a sober black when he slipped out from behind his bar an hour before to drive the lumbering wagon with its dark burden across the sagebrush from Billy's tent. He would go back to his bar, and tonight to the woman at his side, but now he stood uncovered with the rest and listened to the tenderfoot's reading of the psalm. He had fed and cared for Billy in that last wild illness, without recompense or hope of such. And then at last, when the delirious ravings of the drunkard had ruined business in the saloon, another of the hard-faced women whose name was a terror on the street had gone out among the bar-rooms and collected money for his care until the end.

That had come yesterday. A friend was with him at the time, but none in the camp could care for the wasted body and I was summoned. Flies were buzzing about the tent and a dirty blanket was pulled up over the face. The two women stood outside, and a group of men from the idlers about the saloon shifted consciously about. A woman turned to me.

"Can I help you? I can do the work if you need any one." The others moved away on my errands, and together we worked until Little Billy lay smiling quietly like a tired child. More friends had come to sit by the tent through the night, and I hurried to the little lumber yard. Hands were already busy on the rough coffin. Now, today, we were burying him. Women, oucasts from society, who had been his friends, stood together with the barkeepers and dealers. In the same circle were the miners, with the clinging muck still on their garments and hands. At the other end were the tenderfoot with his young wife, and the manager of the big mine with his wife and daughter. Soon they would return to their old lives, each one as before, but in this little time around the open grave they had stood together with but one thought, and that one good. Prejudice and hatred and sham and evil, flagrant or of hypocrisy, had dropped. The hardened woman of the under-world and the girlish wife bent together over the black-draped coffin of Little Billy; the blatant barkeep lover and the young husband gazed with the same eyes, and the vast grey-clad desert looked on as they stood together giving Little Billy the burial of a man with the one great thought: "Nearer, my God, to Thee."



When Inyo Celebrates

On July Third, when that ubiquitous bird, the American eagle, perched upon the gaily decorated pole on the plaza at Bishop, his welcome was most noisily acclaimed by a strapping Englishman, whose delight became unbounded when he witnessed the strange spectacle of a full-blooded Pah Ute shooting off Chinese fire-crackers. Inyo folk are a most enthusiastic lot in the matter of patriotism and one great day in the year is all too short for their hungry nerves. Appreciating this weakness Bishop celebrated two days, the Third and the Fourth, and not yet content with this excess of nerve-racking work, a large portion of the merry-making was prolonged one additional day, in which, it being Sunday, the Pah Utes were the chief participants. Your Pah Ute, he of the native blood, dark as the tan of oak bark and silent as a sphinx, is no great apostle of noise. Chinese crackers were made for him in vain. When he explodes powder he prefers the six-shooter, and to his credit it may be said that the single specimen that amused the Englishman had in his blood a taint of the mania of the noise-creating American.

Withal these were glorious days for the folks of Inyo,



The Parade.
Bishop,
July 4th.



Watching the races at Bishop, July 4th.



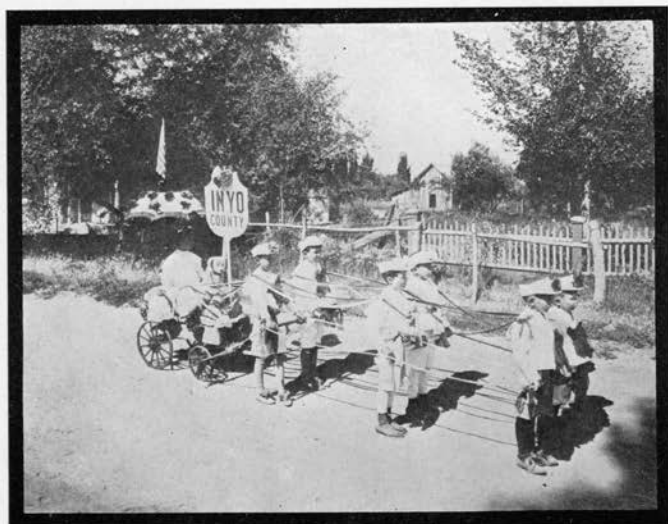
A rock-drilling contest. The upper-cut.

who gathered by the thousands in this one community for an adequate celebration. Inyo, being a large sort of place, with many miles of country roads which its people must traverse to reach Bishop, was astir bright and early with an endless array of vehicles that were bound Bishopward. There were a good many thousand people on hand to take part in the festivities, to be thrilled by the sight of much bunting and many flags, and to admire the gay frock of Belinda—if there are any Belindas in Inyo. At all events Belinda has many sisters, and every one of these was on hand. Why not? There was displayed a mountain of fluffy tri-colored corn, which Belinda's sisters admired, and ate in secret, and there were genuine imitations of all the frolics of a Coney Island, so why should Belinda and her sisters not find ample amusement for two days? Besides, there were little Billy and all his brothers, who are not little at all, but strapping youths who have the reputation of being the best bronco busters in the valley, and can outpull any team at a real match of tug o' war.

Our American people are fond of games. The rock-drilling matches set a pace that inspired awe in the hearts of those who know how difficult it is to chisel a piece of granite ever so little. The winning team-mates were rather slender of build but tough of muscle, and in fifteen minutes bored an inch hole into solid granite nearly thirty inches deep.

This is no child's play; in fact a keen drilling contest is about as exciting as a prize fight, and little less dangerous. About the only observable difference is that a prize-fighter dodges blows from a human fist, while your expert driller tries his best to keep clear of a ten-pound sledge. Bishop did not win the contest, the winning team having come all the way from Johannesburg, or Randsburg, or some other mining camp that has been patterned after its South African prototype.

Inyo county is the home of the Pah Utes of California, and more than a thousand (these figures are estimated) visited Bishop during the days of celebration. Stoic, reticent of speech, yet loving the display of festivity, these dusky children of the land of Inyo mingled freely with the throngs, the women wearing gaily-colored gingham, with pink ribbons setting off their raven-black hair; the men in overalls and shirt-sleeves, and showing in their simple dress something of the festive attire to harmonize with the passing show. In any large American city this representation of the tribe of King John, their last chief, would have formed an exhibition and attraction in themselves, but Pah Utes are too common in Inyo and Bishop to demand even a passing notice. Consequently they were permitted to invest their money in pop-corn, the fluffy, tri-colored streamers, and to ride on the circle-swing, at odd hours when Belinda and her sisters and little Billy and his brothers were not monopolizing this attraction.



The winning team in the parade.

Rawhide's Lady Gambler



They form a motley throng, the fortune-seekers of Rawhide, and the prospector, sunburned, clear-eyed, a strange combination of hope, endurance and pluck, is by no means the most interesting. He was the first, to be sure, and holds an eloquent position in the history of the gold camp, but in the tide that followed him are the novelties. Here we find the woman gold stamper, the lady "musher" from bleak Alaska, the blithe promoter, who gambles most heavily of all, and the actor man turned mining magnate. Here we find the adventurous stenographer from San Francisco, who has abandoned alike her office desk on Market street and her profession, and, in-

stead of taking dictation and fingering the keys, whirls the ivory in a roulette wheel, and rakes in money or pays bets over a dare-devil sort of device where fortunes are squandered or made in an hour.

In Rawhide we find her in the "Inn" bar. Somewhat uptown, where the merry, idle tide of travel passes back and forth amid its cloud of white dust, the steady whirr of the roulette wheel breaks monotonously all day and all night into the shuffle of feet and the bustle of men. It is only when the passer-by stops to listen to the usual rasping monotone of the dealer that a mild surprise follows. The voice is not there. The wheel whirrs merrily. The ivory clicks into the pockets. The rattle of coin and of chips greets the ear, but no voice. It seems all very strange, but it is not. This wheel is run by a woman, and womanlike, she is deft and quiet about her work. At first thought, in fact, Mrs. Rhodes

appears to be voiceless too, but the patrons of her wheel know better.

Mrs. Rose Rhodes is a gambler. She is also the wife of a gambler. She and her husband own the gambling privilege in the "Inn" bar. That means, they pay a certain rental to the owner of the saloon for the privilege of running the roulette wheel. This wheel is never idle. It works twenty-four hours each day. It has three attendants. This means that the wheel pays a daily salary to three men, each one receiving eight dollars for eight hours' work. Mrs. Rhodes, having a half interest in this wheel, and finding life in Rawhide not otherwise too exciting, manifests a certain business sense by saving one of these three salaries which she pays to herself. She works eight hours as a dealer and receives, at the end of her shift, eight large dollars. She belongs to the gamblers' union, as far as her wages are concerned, and knocks out one dollar per hour, seven days each week, for the time she works. And she is new at gambling, too. When she first began work as a stenographer her wages were eight dollars per week. Now she earns fifty-six dollars per week, and it is this difference of forty-eight dollars which has prompted her to exchange the typewriter for the roulette.

Mrs. Rhodes says she has been married for nineteen years. She must have married very young, for she appears to be a woman not over thirty-five. In fact she looks much younger and is decidedly pretty, with a mass of dark brown hair. Her eyes are blue, so dark that the color is difficult to distinguish through the long, dark lashes, and her face is finely featured with a perturbingly quiet expression. She makes no effort to be engaging to her patrons, but sells chips with as businesslike an expression as one would expect of her in selling ribbons over a counter on Market street. To see the gambler one must see her in action.

"The four wins" comes from her lips in a mild sort of treble, and if it won for the player and not for the house, a slender, white hand deftly stacks up the chips on the table before her. She pays bets quickly, accurately. She has mastered the quickness of eye and mind for which all dealers strive. Every number that wins pays thirty-five for one, and it takes a quick eye and keen mind to see instantaneously how much must be paid out. It is this speed and accuracy which evoke the admiration of the lay mind, and convince the gambler opposite the dealer that the dealer knows her business.

Mrs. Rhodes was a Western girl brought up in Boise, Idaho. She learned the trick of the roulette wheel in Goldfield from her husband. Many women patronized the place there, and women are beginning to come to the wheel which

Mrs. Rhodes runs in Rawhide. But she does not care for the women's trade.

"They are poor gamblers," she says of her sisters. "When they win they get excited and don't watch their bets, and when they lose they make a great fuss. I prefer to deal for men."

It took her a week to learn how to pay the bets properly. At first, she says, the work was very exciting, but now the novelty has worn off and it is little more perturbing than stonography. But since she is interested in the winnings of the wheel, there come times when the excitement rises to an unpleasant sort of heart trouble. "When someone wins heavily from me," she naively admits, "my heart beats pretty fast. The largest loss I have ever had at one time was \$184. But I am not what you would call a lucky dealer. Sometimes I lose every night for several days in succession. And it makes me feel pretty bad, too, I can tell you. Of course I draw my eight dollars at the end of my shift, and I suppose to many working women that would seem a whole lot, but when your capital is at stake all the time it makes you feel pretty uneasy."

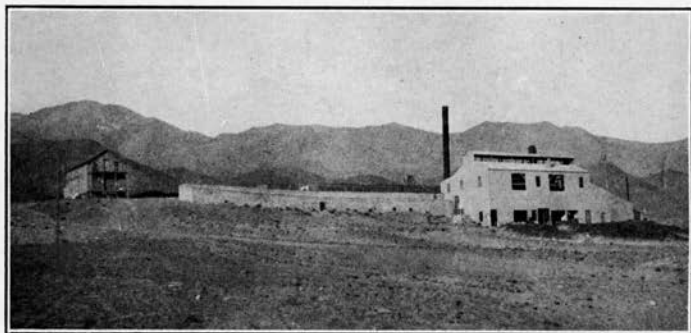
Does Mrs. Rhodes feel that she is different from other women? Does she realize that in most communities her profession would create for her a lone sphere in society? Yes, but she laughs at the idle curiosity of the women who know of her but do not *know* her. And there is possibly a little of defiance in her attitude toward these. They are poor gamblers when they come to her wheel, and she feels that this is not complimentary to them. And the men respect her. Also she has a very handsome husband, so why should she care, particularly in a mining camp, where everybody is fortune-seeking in their own particular way? One could imagine Mrs. Rhodes presiding over a nursery, but people do not come to a mining camp to raise a family. They come to make a fortune, and gambling in all its phases is admitted as legitimate. So Mrs. Rhodes is simply following a legitimate business, somewhat novel for a woman, to be sure, but anything rather than questionable. She typifies the versatility of American women. Her husband, whom she respects, makes a living at gambling, why not she? Besides, it brings to her easily those things for which many women strive very hard.



The Mojave-Keeler Railway

The broad-gauge road under construction from Mojave, on the main line of the Southern Pacific, to Keeler, the southern terminus of the narrow-gauge road which connects the Owens river valley with the outside world at Mina, where it meets the Nevada-Tonopah line of the Southern Pacific, is to be completed early this fall, according to the reports of Southern Pacific officials interested in this work. This probably is the most important factor in the quick development of Inyo county, and particularly Owens river valley, which has occurred here since the narrow-gauge road was completed many years ago. The completion of this road will open a direct route between Inyo county and all southern California sections, particularly Los Angeles, and it is being constructed by the Southern Pacific, ostensibly to accommodate the constantly increasing travel in and out of this valley. But the railroad will do much more than this. It will give an impetus to the development of the great resources of Inyo which nothing else could accomplish in so practical a manner.

As though in anticipation of this work, great activity has already commenced in and around Keeler. Old mines are being reopened, new mines are being discovered and developed, and the owners of many rich deposits of soda, borax, salt and marble are preparing to resume activities in their interests. All of these have been held back by the mere item of expensive transportation of their products to the marts of the world. Some of the finest marble in the world lies buried in the mountains of southern Inyo, yet marble men found they could more cheaply send it across the Atlantic ocean, and bring it over from Italy, than come to Inyo for it. With other material it has been the same way; in fact every possession Inyo has, excepting its high-grade gold and silver ore, had to



The smelter at Keeler erected by the Four Metals Company, having 150 tons capacity.

lie dormant for want of cheap transportation. Within a few months all this will be changed.

THE FOUR METALS COMPANY

The construction of a smelter at Keeler, already accomplished by the Four Metals Company of San Jose, California, has brought great activity to the mining industry of the old Cerro Gordo district. The company that owns the smelter has taken up the old Union mine, some five miles up the mountains from Keeler, from which \$28,000,000 in bullion were taken in the halcyon days of silver mining. To bring down the ores from this mine, formerly an expensive as well as dangerous undertaking, the Four Metals Company has commenced the construction of an aerial tramway, which will be about five miles long, have an elevation of 4,000 feet, contain 90 towers, and cost upwards of \$60,000. This tramway will also afford cheap transit for the ores of other mines, located in these precipitous mountains, down to the smelter.

THE CERRO GORDO EXTENSION

Within the last few days, an option and working bond have been taken on the extension of the old Cerro Gordo mine, by Thomas Varden, T. H. Parker and M. T. Stovall, all of Bishop. The bond is for \$25,000 and was given by Chris Crohn, the locator and present owner. This property consists of the Ella claim, the southeastern extension of the Perseverance, and the Shady, all located in the Cerro Gordo district. This too is an old mine, with extensive workings, runs high in silver and lead and shows some copper. Thousands of tons of good ore are blocked out and work has been commenced by the purchasers, the ore being sold under contract to the smelter at Keeler. While much of this ore is high grade, the great bulk runs an average of \$22 per ton, which will permit of a handsome profit after mining and smelting expenses are deducted. Kunze Brothers of Tonopah have taken an option on a third interest in this mine.

RICH CHEDAGO ORE

In the Chedago district, north of Bishop, which has from time to time produced remarkably rich gold ore, a strike was made on July 5 which promises to eclipse anything that has come from there yet. Lester Gunter uncovered ore near the surface of his property that occurred in a ledge two feet wide consisting of decomposed quartz which carried values averaging between \$300 and \$500 per ton. The rich ledge lies between granite and porphyry and is traceable for about 500 feet. Wm. Bloomdale is associated with Gunter in the property. The owners have started a shaft which they have sunk to a depth of nearly 20 feet. A block of ore valued at \$5,000 was uncovered during the first few days of development work.

WILSHIRE AT BISHOP CREEK

The presence of Gaylord Wilshire, the noted Socialist, at the Bishop creek mine in the Sierras some 20 miles above Bishop,



Outfitting scene at Keeler, after the news of a rich strike at Burgess had reached the town.

where he proposes to spend the summer, is sure to have a marked effect upon this property, and indirectly upon the entire mining industry of this valley. The Bishop Creek mine is one of the largest capitalized gold prospects in the world, being held at \$25,000,000 par value. Its promoters claim for it a position which when developed will equal the great Homestake mine of South Dakota. The ore bodies on this property are immense, but so far have not been adequately developed, so that their real value cannot be estimated.

The camp on the property is at an altitude of nearly 10,000 feet, and has a creek, the south fork of Bishop creek, flowing past it, and some small lakes and a number of fine mill sites are on the property. It is an ideal summer resort, besides being a great gold mining prospect, and Mr. Wilshire has brought his family and several visitors here to spend the summer vacation. The stock in this company is held largely by Socialists throughout the country, whom Wilshire succeeded in interesting in this venture. More than 35 men are engaged in the development and exploration work on this property.

An interesting side-light on this property is a law suit recently brought in the courts of Brooklyn, N. Y., against Wilshire by one A. A. Hassan, who has a reputation as an eminent geologist, and who was sent out here from New York to examine the mine. Hassan is said to be an eccentric genius and his suit is for the purpose of compelling Wilshire to show what has been done with the Bishop Creek Company stock. Hassan is a Turk by nationality.

CASA DIABLO.

President Brazeo of the Casa Diablo mine left early this month for Chicago to attend the directors' meeting of this company. The

mill on the property has been running on the large ore deposit already blocked out. Interest in this district has been greatly stimulated by the finding of rich ore in the Chedago district, which is several miles north of the Casa Diablo mine.

DUNLAP MINE IN ORE

While at this writing it is too early to state accurately the condition of the Dunlap mine, which is the property of the North Inyo Consolidated Gold Mines Co., the discovery of a pay shoot in a huge ledge which has been found in the tunnel of this property bids fair at this writing to become the greatest surprise in the mining development of this county. The tunnel in the Dunlap mine is some five hundred feet below the surface croppings, which were worked originally by Mexicans and from which some very rich ore was taken out. In following the foot wall of a large ledge at a distance of 800 feet from the tunnel mouth a "blind" lead was discovered and when opened by blasts showed a four-foot ledge of gold-bearing quartz.

The first assay was very low, and at the second round of shots a large cave-in occurred farther back in the tunnel, which temporarily stopped work and prevented further exploration of the incoming ledge. The workmen are now at work timbering up the tunnel where the cave-in occurred, and as soon as this is completed further exploration of the pay shoot will be undertaken. Because of its depth under the mountain, and its sudden appearance in the tunnel's side this new discovery has caused a feeling of excitement in the mining circles that have been watching the progress of the Dunlap. The opinion prevails that this ledge is the main ledge in the mountain for which the miners have been seeking, and if this opinion proves to be true there is no doubt that a great mine has been suddenly disclosed. The work of the next two weeks will help greatly to determine this fact.

THE BLACK CANYON MILL

The management of the Black Canyon has decided upon the erection of a mill upon this property to extract the values from several thousand tons of good ore which has been dumped on the workings. Much development work has been done on this property, and is still being prosecuted, but the present plans of the company are to proceed on a larger scale than heretofore, and for that reason the mill is desirable.

In the first place the company proposes to utilize the money buried in its ore dump for this work, and with this additional backing to develop its ore bodies. Enough ore, it is believed, can be taken out of the mine to keep the mill running and make the mine itself pay for its own greater development. The management has taken the stockholders into its confidence in this matter. It proposes to erect a 10-stamp mill with cyanide plant, at an approximate

expense of \$15,000 and force Black Canyon into the class of dividend payers as soon as possible.

RUSH TO GREENWATER

While news from Greenwater is difficult to obtain because of its isolated location, the rush into this copper camp, which was in a measure predicted in the first issue of this Magazine on July first, appears to be in full swing. The following report in the Pacific Miner of July is to the point and indicates some of the devious ways of mining matters and mining men:

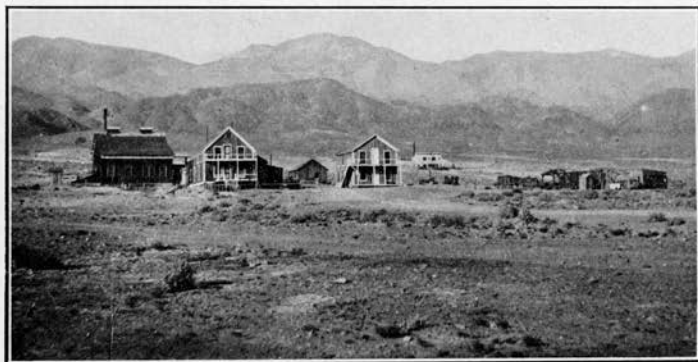
The shaft sunk by the Charles M. Schwab interests on the Copper Queen No. 2, about half a mile southwest of the town of Greenwater, struck an ore body between the 960 and 1000-foot levels and assays of this ore show it to average 30 per cent in copper, with a fair showing of gold value.

The strike, it is said, was made about June 1st, but was kept as quiet as possible until the Schwab interests could secure control of contiguous territory. But it leaked out and a rush is making for the district and there is likelihood of a furore being the result. Mining men here who could not get satisfactory reports by wire have joined in the stampede to the district.

E. J. Donnelly, a mining man who has interests in this district, talked to a man yesterday who had just passed through the district on his way from Rhyolite. He said that when the Greenwater junction was reached a score of men got off the train to join the rush and that automobiles and stages were waiting for them.—Pacific Miner.

TECOPAH WORKING AGAIN

The Tecopah mines in Inyo county, just north of the San Bernardino line, will be reopened within two weeks, and work on a large scale will be prosecuted. J. H. Lester, one-time superintendent of the property, and a director in the company, has been persuaded to



Offices and buildings of the Four Metals Company at the old Cerro Gordo mine.

take active management again of this great estate, which has produced many hundred thousand dollars of profits for its various owners in the last thirty-five years. Mr. Lester is now on his way from the East and upon his arrival in California will at once place at work at least fifty men. Several thousand feet of development will be done to supply an ample amount of ore for the concentrating works which will later be erected. This latter feature will be an innovation, as the ores from this valuable property were formerly shipped to Salt Lake and other points, being of a desirable fluxing character, and in demand by the smelters for some time after they refused to take other ores when the financial flurry of last fall put a damper on production.

Good reports are received from the new gold camp of Kruger, four miles south of Keeler, and it is said that six sets of leasers are already at work upon the property of the Thompson-Briggs partnership. No workings have yet reached a greater depth than fifty feet, but the values so far revealed run from \$8 well up into the hundreds.
—Pacific Miner.



The Cynic's Dream

Tonight I sat alone before my tent,
To dreams of past and future reverie bent;
And in the vacant homes of those I knew
Fantastic shapes and gruesome phantoms grew.
Deserted streets took strange and fearful form,
And ruined houses creaked as in a storm;
Till heralded by music of this kind,
The ghost of Humor danced into my mind.

So Humor sat cross-legged and grinned at me,
And whispered low: "What fools these mortals be!"
Get up and dance that you may see the joke
When towns go down to death and men go broke.
Financial situations up to date
Hold more of humor than I can relate.
Just look around you at the funny things,
Laugh at the antics of the fallen kings.
The money magnates think it serious
And when they lose their money, make a fuss,
While others mope downheartened, dark with gloom,
Grovel and crawl beneath impending doom.
Such men are fools, they think that those who laugh
Commit a sacrilege; that more than half
Of those who smile have never felt a pain.
They're wrong, for only those who laugh are sane.
Now here's a man who has lost all he had
Of worldly wealth, but still I find him glad
His saving sense of humor still is left,
For while that lasts he's never quite bereft.
He sees the worthy magnate, dignified
And bland, roll in the dust of his own pride,
But he himself may laugh while pride but groans,
And he can see the joke in foolish moans.
Then when that palls he turns to other minds
And chuckles over funny things he finds,
Until he grows so very misbehaved
That others laugh, the situation's saved."

My dream was almost finished with the word,
But coming slowly back to life I heard
A voice, as men half wakened often do,
A dying murmur from the dream: "It's true."
But then at last from my own haunted home,
Where I had let the cynic Humor roam
Unhampered, came a burst of boisterous mirth,
"You're growing foolish, now come back to earth."

*There are mines and mines
Just as there are people and other people
good, bad and indifferent.*

The Southern Belle Mine

Incorporated under the law of Arizona for \$1,500,000, shares one dollar each, is of the good class. Not so good that we can quarry out gold as they do copper in some of the Lake Superior copper mines, but still good as gold mining goes; and when you stop to consider that copper is worth less than 20 cents a pound, and that gold is worth over \$20 an ounce, you will agree that we don't need a quarrying proposition.

The Southern Belle Mine

near Bishop, INYO County, California, has a big property equipped with a ten-ton stamp mill and all the appurtenances of an up-to-date milling plant. Has electric power of its own, new machinery, new everything—a plant that cost \$80,000. We are turning out GOLD BULLION every day. The property has already produced over \$250,000, a quarter-million in dollars. We want to enlarge our milling facilities; we want another mill and cyanide plant. We need these at once. To get them without disturbing our present prosperous condition we will sell a requisite amount of our stock for 30 cents per share—Net. Cash.

How good an investment this is at this price, an investigation will determine.

The Opportunity Is Here Extended.

Make checks payable to GOTLEIB GALL, PRESIDENT,
Southern Belle Mines Company, Bishop, Inyo Co., California.

W. W. WATTERSON,
President

W. O. QUALE,
Secretary and Treasurer

Leece & Watterson

INCORPORATED

HARDWARE :: MINING SUPPLIES

WAGONS, BUCKBOARDS, HARNESS

The Largest Hardware Concern in Eastern California

STORE AND WAREHOUSES AT

Bishop and Laws

Inyo Co., Cal.

Inyo County Bank

BISHOP, CALIFORNIA

DIRECTORS

WM. WATTERSON
W. W. WATTERSON
E. WATTERSON

M. Q. WATTERSON - Cashier

We do a general banking
business and invite
patronage.

Will L. Smith

Complete Stock of

GROCERIES

AND

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

Buying groceries becomes a real pleasure when you do your shopping at a store where you find a large stock and tempting assortment of goods to select from

The largest stock of groceries in Inyo County in one store is the one I keep on hand for your choice. It will pay you to come and see for yourself.

BISHOP

Inyo County

California

An Aftermath Of The Cynic's Dream

Then from my mind the phantom host marched down
From whence it came, through the deserted town,
Until at last I was again alone
Searching my mind to know where they had gone,
When murmuring in the wind about my head,
The subtle voice of Hunger, not yet dead,
Suggested I should tell my dream to some
Who learning what a joke was worth might come,
Laying aside all thought of fee or bribe,
And to the Inyo Magazine subscribe.

Subscription Price, \$2.00 a Year

Single Copies 10 Cents

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHS

But remember it's all in the
MAN.

ARTISTIC DEVELOPING

After you've taken a good
picture more than half of
the result depends upon
good developing.

AT BENTLEY'S you can get artistic views, artistic work of all kinds, and have your films developed artistically. Commercial work of all kinds a specialty.

F. A. BENTLEY,
BISHOP, CAL.

THOS. G. WATTERSON,
President and General Manager

INYO STORE CO.

(Incorporated)

GROCERIES

DRY GOODS

Ladies' and Gentlemen's
Furnishings

We will give you a square deal; and
we want your business.

Art Photography

Shows in every view by FORBES.

In the High Sierras

The rarest views have been taken by FORBES. Study the views in this magazine and then send to me for my ART SIZE enlargements.

I Have a Picture

of everything of interest in INYO, mountains, ranches, stock, Indians.

MINING WORK A SPECIALTY.

A. A. Forbes

Bishop, Cal.

C. E. JOHNSON

Real Estate and Insurance

Bishop, Cal.

G. P. DOYLE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Bishop, Cal.

Office Whitacre's Drug Store.
Residence East Line St.

VALLEY VIEW HOTEL

THE reason becomes apparent as soon you have been in Bishop for one day. Everything is first-class.

There are other hotels but the man who comes here more than once always comes to the . . .

*Headquarters
for Mining
Men . . .*

VALLEY VIEW.

If you are coming to Bishop for the first time make no mistake, come to the VALLEY VIEW.

GEO. W. LEIDY, PROP.

BISHOP

CALIFORNIA

W. H. Shirley & Co.

New and Complete Line of

Men's Furnishing Goods
Confectionery
Fruits and Tobacco

BILLIARD AND POOL ROOM
IN CONNECTION

Cor. Main and Line Streets

BISHOP BAKERY

Bishop

California

Whitacre's Drug Store

Everything New—
Store, Fixtures,
and Stock

One of the most complete drug
stores in the State.

Anything in the drug line you
could possibly want

Come and see us

Whitacre Drug Store

Bishop, California

Furniture, Carpets,
Mattings and Linoleums.
Clothing, Dry Goods
and Groceries.

Headquarters for Sanitarium Foods

FRANK H. BULPITT

BISHOP, CAL.

Geo. Watterson

GENERAL
HARDWARE

Agricultural Implements

We have a large line of Vehicles,
Stoves, Ranges, Paints,
Oils and Glass

*Agent for McCormick Harvesting
Machine Company*

Bishop,

Inyo Co., Cal.

Classy Clothes

don't necessarily make
the man but a well dress-
ed man finds satisfaction
in a suit that fits and
gives him the appearance
of being well dressed.
Our Suits Fit, and they
dress you up.

Marks & Cohn

Bishop, Cal.

LEICESTER C. HALL

Attorney and Counselor at Law
Notary Public

Bishop,

Inyo Co., Cal.

THOMAS A. VARDEN

Mining and Consulting Engineer
Mine Examinations a Specialty
With Black Canyon Company

Bishop,

Inyo Co., Cal.

Black Canyon Gold Mining Company

OFFICE
Bishop, Inyo County, California



CAPITAL \$1,000,000

One Million Shares, One Dollar Each, Par Value

Property situated in White Mountains, near town of Bishop, INYO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, and now in course of development. : :

This estate bids fair to become one of the permanent paying gold-producers of the Nevada-California gold basin. : : : : :

Officers and directors are all Bishop people



L. C. HALL, President

J. E. DUNLAP, Vice-President

M. T. STOVALL, Secretary and Treasurer

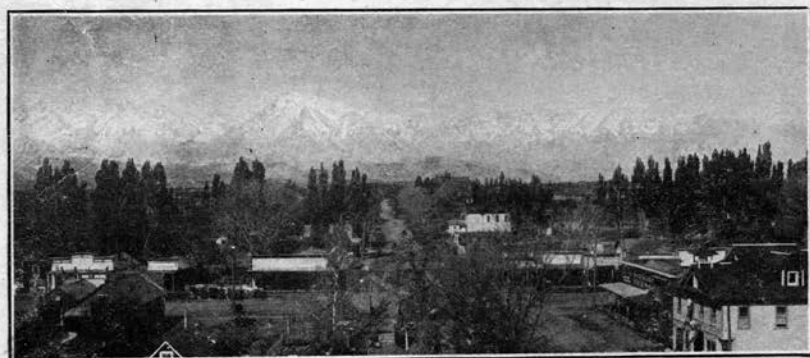
—
Address the Secretary

Beautiful Owens Valley

*is the Paradise of Eastern California
and the Gem of*

INYO COUNTY

Owens Valley presents an area of 720 square miles, a garden spot which, with its tributary regions, offers greater attractions for homeseekers, more chances for investment, and a greater diversity of undeveloped opportunities which appeal to miner, farmer, manufacturer and stockman, than any other territory of equal extent in the United States.



View of portion of Bishop, in Owens Valley, Metropolis of Inyo County, California.
(Looking west toward Sierras.)

Photo by F. G. Bentley, Bishop

Geologically a part of the great Nevada Gold Fields, and possessing within itself the undeveloped resources of a new empire, combined with the incomparable climate and soil of California.

OWENS VALLEY is a new domain for the miner, farmer, investor, stockman and tourist.

For particulars address

INYO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

BISHOP

CALIFORNIA