

# MOST WONDERFUL MINE IN THE WORLD



**BROKEN HILL, THE  
NEW SOUTH WALES CAMP  
THAT HAS YIELDED**

**\$300,000,000**

**AND DATES ITS SUCCESS FROM A  
DEAL IN TWELVE EGGS, NINE OF  
WHICH WERE BAD**

ONE would hardly expect a municipality hatched from a dozen stale eggs ever to overcome the handicap of its malodorous beginning and achieve a position of respectability. Yet that epitomizes the history of the beginning of Broken Hill, the great silver camp of New South Wales, the world's greatest silver camp in fact, although Cobalt would fain usurp the title.

This is how it happened: One day in 1884, when the first of the Broken Hill mines were still a discouraging prospect and a camp yet without a name, a man drifted that way, looked over the ground and made up his mind that there would soon be other stragglers along, and that these would want to eat. So he hunted up the prospectors and offered them a dozen eggs for a monopoly of the restaurant privileges on their lease. Eggs were as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth in that section of the bush country, and the offer was hungrily accepted. Thus was the commercial life of Broken Hill inaugurated, and the first business venture launched. Never was there a worse beginning. Nine of the eggs were gone past all hope of redemption, and the other three were open to grave suspicion; but the bargain held. Thus it happens that the city of Broken Hill, with a present population of 20,000, and a recorded silver production of \$300,000,000, was hatched from a dozen eggs that were fit for nothing but the discouragement of incompetent barnstormers.

Of the world's bonanza mines, few have given a better account of themselves than those of Broken Hill. Think of a mining region in which silver-lead ores are quarried in open cuts, like sandstone or granite or brick clay, and where one remarkable mine, the Consols, has a vein (albeit a narrow one) that yields ores that are 95 per cent. pure silver! The Broken Hill Proprietary is the largest silver producer in the world to-day; and in the 25 years that have passed since the Barrier (as the argentiferous lode is called) was found, its mines have paid more than \$100,000,000 in dividends. They have yielded silver to the value of \$300,000,000, to say nothing of ship loads of lead and zinc, and no inconsiderable quantity of gold and copper, and there is more high-grade ore "in sight" to-day than at any time in the past. Yet the Broken Hill mines are rarely mentioned in the newspapers, and the average American probably does not even know the name of the great silver-producing lode to which New South Wales owes its prosperity and the major part of its population, as well as the commanding position it occupies in the world's metal markets.

#### Its Discovery an Accident.

Like most of the world's great mines, the discovery of the Broken Hill Barrier illustrates the proverbial "luck of fools and tenderfeet," and points no useful moral of a deserved reward of expert knowledge. In 1869 Charles Rasp left his old home in Germany to seek his fortune. Apparently he didn't find it in a hurry, for in 1884 he was only a "boundary rider"—and that is a bush country euphemism for sheep herder—killing time and ambition on one of the dreariest stretches of salt bush and mulga bush that even New South Wales afforded. The country roundabout had been prospected before, and was believed to be barren of valuable minerals. Patrick Green, a store keeper of Menindie, with a party of experienced miners and prospectors, had hunted for copper on the very spot where the city of Broken Hill now stands, as far back as in 1874, but found nothing that looked good to him. Then, in 1883, Charles Nichols went in search of whatever the fickle goddess of the mines might see fit to bestow, walked over the spot where is now located the main shaft of the mine that yields one-sixteenth of the world's annual output of silver, pegged a claim and worked it for a few weeks, and then gave up in disgust. He was willing to take a solemn oath that there was nothing in that part of the country worth digging after.

Whether Charles Rasp, the boundary rider, knew of these past failures or not doesn't matter. He took notice that it was a peculiar country that he traversed day after day. Odd-looking outcrops of "ironstone" were distinguishable through the growth of salt bush, and malformed hills gave to certain sections an appearance that was almost uncanny. It was years after Broken Hill had grown to be a great mining camp when the discovery was made that even the despised ironstone was a rich sulphide ore, and when men began "shipping the scenery," quarrying the ore from open cuts. Although Rasp did not suspect that the ironstone was worth anything he did think that so odd a looking country must contain something of more value than the desert shrubbery that had grown, withered and grown again for uncalculated ages. He was not a geologist, nor a mineralogist, nor even a prospector and had not the remotest idea what that "something" might be. However, he made a guess that it "might be" tin. So he "pegged a block" (for no one "stakes a claim" in Australia) and rustled for help to develop his problematical tin mine.

Rasp must have been a persuasive talker, for he soon succeeded in getting together a syndicate composed of himself and six others (all employees of the sheep ranch). That made seven members constituting the syndicate, each one owning one share. The maximum assessment that could be levied was fixed at ten shillings a share per week, or a total of about \$35 a week available for development work. Seven claims, or blocks, were "pegged," and the legitimate parent of the great Broken Hill Proprietary Mining Company embarked in mine development, with less working capital than would suffice to pay the office rent and postage bill of any really up-to-date American "mining syndicate" trying to float a Nevada prospect showing "free gold" or "virgin silver" "from the grass roots."

Promoters Get "Cold Feet."



OPEN CUT SILVER MINING AT BROKEN HILL

man was a trespasser. The land was all reserved from settlement and occupation, but the colonial land department had no wish to engage in wholesale prosecutions, and allowed matters to drift until late in 1887, when a proclamation was issued canceling the reserve. Then came a free-for-all fight for land. No one had any shadow of a legal title, and every claim of any possible value was hotly contested by a dozen or more disputants. Claim jumping, rioting, assassination and gun fighting for a time made Broken Hill one of the wildest and most lawless of the world's mining camps.

As soon as the "Battle of the Barrier," as this period of strife was called, had been fought to a finish, the great mining booms—like the "Kaffir circus" of South Africa or the more recent Goldfield and Cobalt frenzies. Promoters traded upon the people's credulity rather than upon the earth's riches, and the amount of credulity available passed human powers of estimation. It was all converted into cash by the crafty. Everything within a radius of miles was "pegged," and shares in worthless saltbush claims were sold at figures that would have been extravagant for dividend payers in old and well-established mining districts.

One man wanted to be in the game badly, but he didn't have a one-pound note to his name. So he wired a Melbourne broker to buy for his account 1,000 shares in Block Number Ten," in which it was expected that the lode would be cut at any moment. The broker had unlimited faith in anything bearing the Broken Hill label, so he executed the order, believing that it came from a man with plenty of money as well as sound judgment, and allotted to him a thousand shares at the market, which was then three pounds six shillings. In less than a week the lode was cut, proving to be of phenomenal richness, and shares soared to £20 each. The man with plenty of nerve, although with only enough cash to pay for a telegram, cleared £15,000 on the deal.

Grows into Wealthy City.

In 25 years the little \$35-a-week syndicate has developed into the world's greatest silver-lead corporation, employing 6,000 men at its mines at Broken Hill, and its reduction works at Port Pirie; and the municipality hatched from a dozen stale eggs has grown to be the wealthiest city of New South Wales, the creator of a hundred colossal fortunes. Ten years ago even expert mining men regarded the camp as rapidly approaching the "has been" class, because the carbonates and oxidized ores that had been the making of the mines seemed to be verging rapidly toward exhaustion. Then it was found that on down below the carbonates were sulphides extending indefinitely into the bowels of the earth; and that the "ironstone" outcrop that scarred the face of the whole surrounding country was rich in lead, silver and zinc. To extract the silver alone from the ironstone did not pay, but to smelt the ores for the saving of the silver, lead and zinc values was like rubbing the lamp of Aladdin.

As a result of the discovery of sulphides—and of a practical and economical way of treating them—a railroad was built connecting Broken Hill with the ocean at Port Pirie, where one of the largest silver-lead reduction works in the world has been built. Pig lead is shipped to Europe literally by the shipload, and silver bullion by the ton. Most of the zinc ores are concentrated, and the concentrates shipped to Europe for treatment; but it is probable that before long these also will be reduced at Port Pirie. Small quantities of gold, copper and tin are produced, and great expecta-

# The Home of a Heart

By MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS

(Copyright, 1909 by Associated Literary Press.)

As the black fiddlers swung with a grand flourish into "Trenton," Elizabeth set up an airy balancing, though the prompter had not opened his mouth. John Lane, her partner, touched her hand lightly, saying:

"Wait! What makes you in such a hurry?"

"You can dance when you like! You don't have to run away! And you don't love dancing! Not as I do," Elizabeth pouted.

She was always pretty, the prettiest girl in the neighborhood. To-day in her crisp blue frock, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks of a wild-rose red, she was simply enchanting.

John Lane felt it, without exactly knowing that he did. He had always admired her distantly, always liked her in careless, youthful fashion. But he had told himself always, likewise his mother, that when it came to marrying it would be to more than a pretty face. His wife must be above the average way. Then, further, she must have some money; not a fortune, but a dowry that would save her from the suspicion of being mercenary. The Lanes were rich. John, only son and heir, was a plain plodding fellow, with a sense of human values. He could never, he told himself, quite believe that a very pretty and very poor girl would love him disinterestedly.

Now behold! Elizabeth, who was very pretty and very poor, was tangling herself in his heartstrings to a degree that made him uncomfortable. Worse than the poverty was the fact that she carried weight—the weight of a blind child, born of her dead father's luckless second marriage. Compassion had given her the place of schoolmistress, as it had likewise won for her the shelter of the Walker household.

Although the Broken Hill Proprietary is the greatest of the Barrier mines, with an output larger than all the others combined, still the Broken Hill Central, producing 1,500,000 ounces of silver annually and great quantities of lead and zinc, is something of a mine, too; and numerous others justify their existence by paying dividends with unflinching regularity. But when Broken Hill is spoken of, one's thoughts naturally revert to the Broken Hill Proprietary, which for years has held its place as the greatest silver producer in the world.

Elizabeth's heart beat madly. Lindsay Holme, the partner of her dreams! She turned imploringly to Gray, saying: "Take me away! Quick! Home, anywhere! John must not know!"

Gray looked hard at her—something in her face compelling obedience. Soon they were whirling away to the Walker homestead, but fast as they went gossip had gone faster. Miss Abby sat stony-faced upon the piazza with the blind child wrapped and hooded upon the steps at her feet and a huddled litter of corded trunks and boxes just inside the yard gate.

"As you see—I am ready for you," she admonished Elizabeth sternly, waving her back as she made to mount the steps. "My roof shall not be profaned by sheltering an ingrate and a wanton. You would dance, forsooth! You must pay the piper!"

"I am ready to pay," Elizabeth said, proudly, stooping to gather the blind child in her arms. Phoebe had sobbed herself almost sick—she was slight for even her five years, and nestled against her sister as a chilled birdling nestles to its mother. Elizabeth turned about, the tiny creature huddled against her breast. Gray held out his arms, but she clung to her burden. "We will go back, if you please," she panted. "I—I have nowhere else to go."

But they never got back to the dancing crowd. By the time Phoebe was well asleep they met two men, each riding hard. John Lane and Lindsay Holme had sensed what lay back of Elizabeth's flight and had followed her. Under the shadow of big oaks they halted.

Elizabeth looked from one to the other, her wet eyes suddenly clearing of all trouble.

John spoke first. "Come home with me," he said. "Please God it shall be a happy home or you and Phoebe."

"I offer you both—the home of a heart—it is all I have," Lindsay said huskily. "Elizabeth—darling—poverty has held me silent—even now I ought not to speak—but—you shan't starve."

Elizabeth smiled softly.

"John," she said, her voice vibrant as a harpstring, "if—if I could marry you, I shouldn't deserve your love. I want to deserve it—I tried to keep faith—but—but Fate is stronger than—any of us."

"I understand," John said, looking from her face to Lindsay's. "God bless you both!"

Victorian Gods.

If Thackeray, with a brain weighing 58½ ounces, had the biggest head among Victorian writers, who had the best features? The choice would seem to lie between Tennyson and Henry Taylor. "That man must be a poet," remarked one of his Cambridge contemporaries when his first saw Tennyson come into the hall at Trinity, and another friend describes him in his undergraduate days as six feet high, broad chested, strong limbed, his face Shakespearean, with deep eyelids, his forehead ample, crowned with dark, wavy hair, his head finely poised, his hand the admiration of sculptors. But time dealt none too gently with Tennyson, whereas Henry Taylor, always a distinguished looking man, seems to have grown singularly majestic with years. Grant Duff, meeting him when he was over 80, notes that "Taylor looks more like Jupiter than ever," and contemporary memoirs are full of references to his Jovellike appearance.

Their Reality.

"Are those two sisters fine girls? Well, one is a pattern and the other a model." "Are they so good as all that?" "Good in each one's own way. The pattern girl is a dressmaker and the model one with a cloak manufacturer."



"CONFESSIONS FROM THE ECONOMICAL MAN FROM LINDSAY'S."

### IDEA ALWAYS TO SAVE TIME

American Business Man Moves Rapidly Because He Has His Work Systematized.

The high stimulation of will power in America has had the effect of quickening the general pace of life to a rate that always astonishes and sometimes annoys the European visitor. The movement of things and people is rapid, incessant, bewildering. There is a rushing tide in the streets, a nervous tension in the air. Business is transacted with swift dispatch and close attention. The preliminary compliments and courtesies are eliminated. Whether you want to buy a paper of pins or a thousand shares of stocks, it is done quickly.

The American moves rapidly, but if you should infer from this that he is always in a hurry you would make a mistake. His fundamental philosophy is that you must be quick sometimes if you do not wish to be hurried always. You must condense, you must eliminate, you must save time on the little things in order that you may have more time for the larger things. He systematizes his correspondence, his office work, all the details of his business, not for the sake of system, but for the sake of getting through with his work.

In his office hangs a printed motto: "This is my busy day." He does not arrive at the railway station 15 minutes before the departure of his train, because he has something else that he would rather do with those 15 minutes. He does not like to spend an hour in the barber shop, because he wishes to get out to his country club in good time for a game of golf and a shower bath afterward. He likes to have a full life, in which one thing connects with another promptly and neatly, without unnecessary intervals. His characteristic attitude is not that of a man in a hurry, but that of a man concentrated on the thing in hand to save time.—Dr. Henry Van Dyke, in American Magazine.

Saving the Situation.

Dr. Hilary Little Laycock of Wheeling, at the recent diocesan convention in New York said of a certain resolution:

"It was, perhaps, unintelligible, like the Wheeling man's prayer."

"This man, praying in meeting for a brother who lay very ill, cried: 'Oh, Lord, restore unto us our brother, if it doth not interfere with thy perquisites!'"

"The situation was saved by a deacon who shouted: 'Hallelujah, the Lord knows what he means!'"

Vain Femininity.

First Sportsman—Well, how do you like that new mare of yours?

Second Sportsman—Oh, fairly well. But I wish I had bought a horse. She's always stopping to look at herself in the puddles.