

PREFACE

DID you ever think that the first you read is the last the author writes? We never know what a book is to be, and cannot know until it *is*. As Patrick would say—"we never know what we are going to write until we have written it."

In May of 1907, Cobalt to me was a name—now it is a reality, and, believe me, "*reality*" may well be placed in italics. If I am an enthusiast on the subject, it is with reason, and I am honest in saying, that the most glowing accounts of it but feebly convey what Cobalt really is. Even during the months I spent in the camp, prospect after prospect turned to mine, and mine to shipper. I passed the Gillies Limit with a "calcite" jest, only to find it a "shipper," after the jest was in printed page. That is the one advantage of a Preface—you can take it back before the book reaches the hands of the critic, and thus discount his sting.

Two days ago, Feb. 28th, the most famous mining law suit of the Camp was ended. For years "The Lawson Vein" was in litigation. It passed from court to court (see page 30), through many tedious trials. But this ends it, and I have got to record the ending even it I have to put it in the "Beginning." Tom Crawford lost and John McMartin won.

I trust that no one will get the impression that I think all of the 949 Coleman claims and the hundreds outside will become mines. That would be impossible, and I would wish no one to be misled. I do say that there are many great mines in Cobalt, and many more prospects that must yet become rich shippers. I have named of each a very, very few. Some of the richest I