

THE GREAT SALT LAKE PICTURED WITH A PEN

J. D. Gillman.

Many stories weird and lurid, true and untrue, wild and wicked, have for many years been told about this very saline body of water in the heart of Utah. Although on two of the highways of ocean-to-ocean travel, and with one arm of one of the lines actually traversing its broad bosom for many miles, yet much questioning is made. Of course there will always be occasion for asking about this natural American curiosity, for the living can never learn it all, and there will be ever generations coming along the narrow trail of life who will want to know.

Some purely mythical yarns have been spun and others semi-true. The true ones have never been widely told, for every place has its private bits of legendary lore told among those who inhabit the localities. They have passed down from lip to ear rather than from pen to page and page to page.

The great dimensions of the lake are northwest to southeast seventy miles, and from southwest to east, about forty miles, to the west of the arm at Zenda a side-track of road between Ogden and Corinne. A body of very bitter water was sweet, as is its sometimes stormy neighbor, Utah Lake, fifty miles to the east and up the Jordan which connects the two depressions. When it stood just one thousand feet higher than now, a full mile above sea level. The geologists have named the ancient fresh-water lake, Lake Bonneville, in honor of that intrepid explorer whose travels are written by Captain Irving in a volume bearing the name. By some natural causes, as yet not fully understood a dam was made at the north end and to the depth of several hundreds of feet poured out Snakeward, gouging a canyon of the Port Neuf in the mountains and piling all those trouble-shedders where the railroad city of Salt Lake now stands. This took place down to the "600-foot level" there was a long pause in the lacustrine.

Finally this diminished body of water smaller until it reached its desiccative dimensions. The residue is this liquid (often called brine) that 100 pounds of it will leave twenty-eight of water. This is salt, magnesium, and other elements. Very little animal or vegetable life is in this brine wherever the water touches the ground it instantly kills it. The animal life is that of a very minute, mosquito-like larva that lays its eggs on the surface, and whose larvae are driven shoreward to become a stench observable to the leeward. The myriads of insects that feast on these dainties.

There is attended with little actual danger, yet within the last few years there have been many deaths calls to mind that of a merchant of Salt Lake City who came who with his wife and

other company went to the old Garfield Beach at the south end of the lake one hot afternoon in August. One of those sudden mountain storms came squalling by and the little sea became at once a choppy field of whitecaps. Hastening to their dressing rooms, they hurriedly prepared to return to the city when it was discovered Mr. Farmer was not on the train. A hasty search revealed the fact that his clothing was in his room. He could nowhere be found. Four years passed. A compromise had been made with his life insurance company. His wife, insulted by the broad accusation that her husband had absconded so as to secure the money, became insane.

One day some hunters scouring the south end of the lake found a body in the sands about a hundred fifty feet from the shore where the heavy winds which so often prevail from the north had washed it. It was on its back, with but little of the face, breast and abdomen exposed. No one could tell how long it had been there, nor how long it had floated, for it was seven miles from where it had disappeared that Sunday afternoon four years before. Everything not covered by the sand was gone—the work of coyotes and birds possibly, yet it may have been by the action of nature in the process of decay. All the portions covered were in a state of perfect preservation. I assisted in making the examination for the purpose of identification. The preserved parts were beautiful as if but newly carved from the finest of marble and looked like solid stone. The hands, back and legs were beautiful. The body was perfectly pickled and mummified and, as such, would last for ages.

Positive identification was made by the diagrams his dentists had on record as to his few teeth that remained yet intact.

Gradually the lake becomes smaller, for annually more and more water is taken from its tributary rivers for irrigation.

Some day, Mr. Editor, I may tell your readers of the vast salt industry carried on at the shores, caged and corralled, by the winds and evaporated by the sun.

METHODISTS AFTER CONFERENCE

Plans Made Last Night to Secure 1913 Assembly of Idaho Conference.

At the board meeting of the Methodist church of this city last evening it was officially decided to ask that the 1913 conference be held in La Grande. This year the conference will be held at Twin Falls, Idaho, on Aug. 28, and inasmuch as La Grande has not been the gathering place of an annual conference for over 25 years, it is believed that there will be little opposition in securing the meeting.

In Massachusetts there are now 279,775 women wage-earners, one quarter of the entire female population of the commonwealth. Of this number 91,000 are married women, three quarters of whom are mothers, with families averaging four children.

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT.

"Doing What?" Why, thinking and talking about Connordale, of course. Pretty soon the 56 lots that still remain unsold will be gone and more than 200 people will be getting ready to take advantage of our building offer. And those who have delayed taking action will be disappointed. That is the experience of all who fail to take advantage of a good opportunity when it is presented to them.

You may say, "Why, I knew that piece of property when it was a vacant field, and I could have bought it for a song." If that is true you also can probably look back upon the time—into so very long ago—when La Grande was a village. But La Grande is now a full-fledged young city with the second greatest pay-roll in the state, and with miles of paved streets and other city improvements. And Connordale is the best located and choicest bit of fully-improved and restricted residence property on the market. And La Grande is going to keep on growing and improving, while those who stand idly by and criticize the price of property and belittle the necessity for improvements and lead the calamity chorus will be left at the post as usual.

These are **FACTS**—straight from the shoulder—and every fair-minded progressive resident of La Grande knows that they are true. If you haven't seen Connordale yet, let us take you down in an automobile and show it to you.

La Grande Development Co.
La Grande National Bank Bldg. 274 Stark Street
La Grande, Ore. Portland, Ore.

INJURED LADY BROUGHT HERE

North Powder Lady Taken to Grande Ronde Hospital Today.

Mrs. Richardson, of North Powder, attended by Dr. Barnes of that place, arrived on No. 17 this morning and was taken to the Grande Ronde hospital. Mrs. Richardson is an elderly lady and is suffering from an injured hip which Dr. Barnes and Dr. Mollitor, the consulting physician, fear will prove to be a fracture upon examination this afternoon.



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La Grande National Bank
LA GRANDE, OREGON.

CAPITAL	\$ 100,000.00
SURPLUS	120,000.00
RESOURCES	1,000,000.00

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