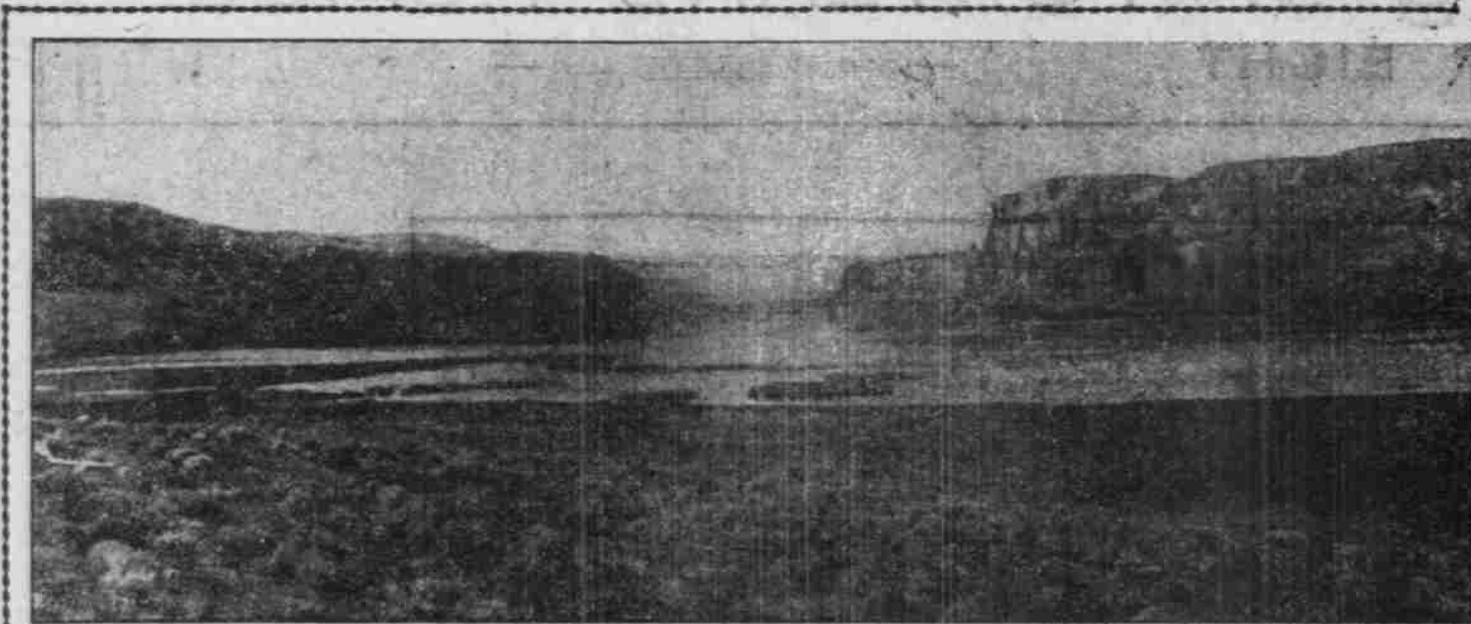


SOME UNKNOWN LAKES OF THE FAR WEST

WONDROUS CHELAN

BY PROFESSOR W. D. LYMAN, OF WHITMAN COLLEGE, WALLA WALLA



"THE LAKE IN THE COULEE," CENTRAL WASHINGTON.



HEAD OF LAKE CHELAN, LOOKING UP THE STEHEKIN CANYON.

IN the Far West, more frequently than elsewhere, Nature "unveils her awful face." Ruggedness, grandeur, majesty, mystery, are the prevailing characteristics of Pacific Coast scenery. Mount Rainier, Yosemite, Yellowstone, Columbia River, Alaska, are already known the world over as the very embodiment of these qualities. But there are many others not yet generally known. The West is a vast country, and many of its details are yet hardly explored, except by prospector and trapper. In that gigantic margin of uplift with which the continent fronts the greatest ocean there are lakes and rivers, volcanoes and glaciers, forests and deserts, canyons and parks, in number bewildering, with a grandeur and uniqueness that are truly peculiar to themselves. There is a something distinctive and singular about the physical features of the Pacific Coast which the traveler through them will ever after set apart by themselves. A chief reason of this is doubtless that the original forces of frost and water, glacier and fire, that carved the surface of this region operated on a stupendous scale and with greater intensity than in any other part of our country.

There are three chief sorts of lakes among the mountains of the North Pacific Coast, any one of which is worthy of extended study and description. These are: First, the great lakes, of which Chelan, Pend d'Oreille, Coeur d'Alene, Kootenai, and the Arrow Lakes are the best examples. These have been created by glacial action of the most gigantic kind.

There is a second sort of lakes especially common in the central part of the Columbia Basin, which may be called Coulee Lakes.

A coulee is an old bed of a stream, caused originally by a high volcanic crack, which in time became closed either by another volcanic convulsion, or by river-drift. The rivers having ceased to flow through the channel, and having found a new route across the plains, the ancient bed was left dry except for lakes here and there which now remain as samples of the floods formerly flowing through them. Grand Coulee and Moses Coulee, in Washington State, are the most remarkable of these coulees. At frequent intervals throughout their extent are found lakes and springs of marvelous beauty, some of them containing soda, sulphur, borax and other salts.

The third type of lakes are the small Alpine lakes at the snow line of the great mountain peaks. These are almost countless in number, and have been caused in most cases by volcanic or a minor kind of glacial action. Among these three types of lakes may be found hundreds unknown to the world in even their most general features. We will illustrate and describe briefly one or more of each type, all of them being in the State of Washington.

Small Snow-Peak Lakes.
First of all let us visit one of the small snow-peak lakes. We will climb the stupendous lava ramparts of Mount Adams. In the central part of the Cascade Mountains. At about 8000 feet elevation, half the height of the peak, just below the snow line, is a zone of lakes, clear, cold, pure, circular in form, margined with Alpine flowers and grass, with background of park-like grove, the very ideal of a summer camp, the native haunt of deer, wild goats, and ptarmigan. At one end of the level of these lovely spots we caught a reflection of the stupendous outline of the great mountain, unseen so far as we know, by any one before. We will call this "Shadow Lake" and offer it as a specimen of a multitude of its kind among our great Western volcanoes.

Leaving Shadow Lake in its solitary beauty, let us glance at a map of Washington State. A little north of its center you will find the largest lake in the state. Its form suggests a glacial origin. Doubtless it was some great plowshare of ice that scooped out that stupendous furrow of a hundred miles long, four or five miles wide and a mile and a half deep. Into that furrow the water from a cordon of glaciated peaks has been gathering during the lapse of ages. This is Lake Chelan. It is 70 miles long, from one to three miles wide, and in places

over 1700 feet deep, said to be the deepest lake on earth except Lake Baikal in Siberia, and Crater Lake, in Oregon. To the writer and some of his friends living in Walla Walla, on the southern border of the state, had come frequent rumors of the wonders of Chelan, until desire grew into resolve, resolve blossomed into accomplishment, and on one of the dawning June mornings of the Columbia Basin beheld a small party armed to the teeth, and likewise provisioned for the teeth, setting forth with a mule team, bound for the lake of glaciers.

Lake in the Coulee.
Of that 100-mile jaunt across the treeless plains of Central Washington we cannot speak. But we must pause on the way in the Moses Coulee to see and photograph and preserve one of the second type of our unknown lakes. It was hot on that day that we descended from the high, breezy prairie into the steep-walled battlements of the ancient river bed. The sagbrush was fairly incandescent. The rocks almost glared. The rattlesnakes and horned toads seemed almost to sweat. Although we were in the Moses Coulee, it struck the rock into fountain of water. The sun, blazing into the oven of sand and rock, became nearly unendurable. Suddenly, as we rounded a scorching sandhill, the coulee walls widened before us, and there at our feet lay the "Lake in the Coulee." In all its unexpected loveliness, it is enclosed by bastions of tinted rock, hundreds of feet high. It is sky blue in color, and smooth as ice, save where deep ruffles the pearly surface. It is a picture of repose. Right below us, from amid a clump of trees, gushes a great spring, clear as crystal. The poet, murmuring "In the desert a fountain is springing, in the wild waste there still is a tree," casts himself face downward into that baptismal font of nature. Such is this lone lake in the ancient river bed, unnamed, unknown, the eye of the desert, the benediction of the solitude, a type of those compensations that God had prepared for the waste places of the earth. As we descend the steep grade up the coulee wall we look back with longing and reluctance toward that fair picture, and from betwixt the rugged walls it smiles up with such a farewell blessing that the memory of its coolness and fragrance van-

quishes all the arid gloom to which we again address our course.

On the fifth day of the journey the goal is reached. Chelan is before us. At this first view the lake has that look of a serene obliviousness to the flight of passing centuries, that impressure of eternity that belongs to all great works of God or man. But majestic as is the view at the lower end of the lake, we are not content to remain there. "Nesika klatswa schale," cry we with a single voice, which being interpreted is "Let us go up higher," the motto, by the way, of our Mazama (mountain-climber) Club, of the Pacific Northwest. In two shifts well laden with provisions and ammunition, we set forth on our 70-mile pull toward "where the spectral glaciers shone."

First View of the Peaks.
The first view of the snowy peaks of Chelan is the subject of our first photograph on the lake. To see this scene is an event in one's life.

As we round a shaggy promontory, there the snowy peaks stand in battlement, azure, purple, amethystine, with lilac and masses of glistening white, flushed on their topmost pinnacles with rosy light from the western sun, solemn, solitary, very oracles of mountain revelation, so grand, so beautiful, so true, looking as though they had been there forever waiting for an interpreter—before that scene we bow the head and make involuntary obeisance, the homage of the true in man to the true in nature—that is the recognition of a common brotherhood in one divine origin.

Not of every scene on this lake of wonders can we speak. Yet every mile depicts its special revelation. Sometimes we found the lake in storms. Of such a scene our camera caught one glimpse. As we rowed in what seemed a Summer calm, the winter, from his throne 8000 feet above, sent forth his cloud-legions, which, like the "thunder birds" of Indian story, spread their wings and came down. The thunder clasp of the closing wings went echoing in long reverberations

Colorado canyon. As compared with these more familiar wonders, Chelan lacks the incomparable symmetry and completeness of Yosemite; it has not the multitude of waterfalls and groups of "castled crags" within the basaltic gates of the Columbia; it does not display that variety of coloring, especially of the lighter and warmer hues, which astonishes the beholder of the Colorado or the Yellowstone, and it has no especially curious feature like the geyser of the last, but for immensity, for a certain chaotic sublimity, for the rich and sumner grandeur of their purple and garnet, dusky and indigo tints, the shore-view of Chelan surpasses any of the others, while in the water-view—such colorings and such blendings, light green, ultramarine, lapis lazuli, violet, indigo, almost black—each light and shade, a sea of glass mingled with fire, where every cloud in the changing sky and all the untold majesty of the hills find their perfect mirror, all hues and forms, a kaleidoscope of earth and heaven, beyond imagination to conceive or pen to describe or brush to portray—in all this Chelan is without a rival.

One of the Deepest Canyons on Earth.
We must study shore and water as we pass slowly by, finding therein ample confirmation of the theory of glacial origin. This is one of the deepest canyons on earth. Not such another wrinkle has time wrought on the face of the Western Hemisphere, at least. At some points the granite walls rise almost vertically several thousand feet from the water's edge. Here, too, soundings of 1700 feet have not touched bottom. Over a mile and a half of verticality! This surpasses in depth Yosemite, Yellowstone, Columbia or even

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One Mountain Stream.
Our chief point on the lake, for photographing, hunting, fishing and climbing, was Railroad Creek, 55 miles up the lake. Railroad Creek comes from the "Roof of the World," having its source in the very heart of the glacier peaks. It descends probably 5000 feet in 55 miles. It is swift! The fury with which it hurries logs and even boulders down its catarrh-bed is fairly appalling. The very earth quivers beneath its flat-like stroke. Nowhere, perhaps, can one see more work done by rivers than here. The entire course of one of the rivers can be traced from the lake. Rising in a snow bank 6000 feet above, its route marked by a streak of foam, sometimes falling in spray hundreds of feet, then hiding behind a cliff, to burst forth in a snow-white "chute," augmented by similar streams from lateral canyons, it plunges into the lake with a perfect delirium of motion. So great is the erosion that, were not the lake of enormous depth, it would soon be filled with the jetsam and flotsam of the hills. The sunset effects looking up the lake from Railroad Creek are marvelous, though, alas! the cool black and white of the photograph cannot preserve the wealth of coloring, "the illumination of

all gems," which for a few transcendent moments fills the mighty canyon bank full with such radiance that one might think it the grand gathering place of all the rainbows of earth. The light greens and blues of the shallower water shade into deepest indigo toward the center, reflecting the ever-changing hues of the canyon walls, a deep, rich and somber purple on the shaded side, while on the sun-lit side are poured forth upon the shaggy mountain slopes perfect inundations of orange, carmine and saffron. From these floods of glory falls into the lake a seeming rain of pearls and rubies, barred with stripes of gold and crimson. But the sun drops lower and the splendor fades, the configuration of the sky is quenched, and it seems as though 10,000 ships, "all decked with funeral scarves from stem to stern," were putting out from the glooming western shores, strowing darkness as they move—and night is at hand.

Like all travelers to Lake Chelan, we must make a journey to the head of the lake, to the Stehekin River, and to Rainbow Falls. The view up the canyon of the Stehekin is the crowning glory of this panorama of sublimities. A forest of almost tropical luxuriance covers the morass through which the impetuous river makes its way. This is the foreground of our photograph. On either side tower the canyon walls, capped with snow. The background consists of glittering pinnacles of some of the glacier range, nameless so far as we discovered. Majesty, might, elemental force, eternity—such are the only words to express the emotions excited by this scene. One curious thing is to be seen at the mouth of the Stehekin, and the same at several other places on the lake. This is a series of rude drawings on the smooth, white surface of the granite bluff, the work of some prehistoric artist, unknown to the Indians, and of so ancient date that the lake is now 20 feet below their level. The drawings are of men, goats, tents and trees, and are in strong red colors, of some very enduring nature. One is ashamed to record that alleged human beings in the form of white tourists have used the curious relics of bygone days as targets to shoot at from their boats, and have ruined some of the finest, also that some vandal has desecrated the place by painting a glaring advertisement of his ferry underneath. W. D. LYMAN.

(Concluded next week.)

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MOUNT ADAMS FROM SHADOW LAKE.



FIRST VIEW OF THE SNOWY PEAKS OF CHELAN, WASHINGTON.

GEORGE ADE'S FABLE IN SLANG

HOW WISENSTEIN DID NOT LOSE OUT TO BUTTINSKY

ONCE there was a Steady who overplayed his Standings and came within an Ace of losing his Home.

It happened thuswise. He was a Day-light Performer and loved to parade his Attractions. If he had a Duchess on his Staff he would lead her along the main-traveled Streets and show her off. But he held her by the Arm just the same for fear that some one would run out of an Alley and grab her.

When he had a Beauty wearing his Photo in her Watch he wanted all the World to know about it.

Furthermore, he was the kind that would take a Friend with him when he went calling on No. 1. He wanted the Friend to see for himself that the Girl thought the World of Papa. It was Fine Business for the Friend to sit over on the Far Side

of the Room and watch them hold hands, now and then stealing a little Old Hug. The Friend must have enjoyed every Minute of it.

Once in a While the busy Lover would look over at Friend and tip him the Wink, as if to say, "Oh, I suppose this little Party fairly takes me."

But one Evening when he went out Hand-Holding and carried his own Gallery with him he ran into Bunches of Trouble. The Friend belonged to the Buttinsky Family and refused to stay on the Far Side of the Room. He was a clever two-handed Boy and had practiced a few Holds of his Own. He pulled his chair over and made it a Threesome. In about eight Minutes he had the Regular Fellow stymied and Hazel was leaning against him so as to make his Conversation a Short Carry. Before he left that Evening he had him-

self all dated up for a Return Engagement. It looked as though the other Young Gentlemen had the Casters under him.

From that time on it was Nip and Tuck. They took all of her Open Time in one Chuck and divided up between them.

Sometimes they got on the Reservation together and then the only one who had a Good Time was the Girl.

The Original Gentleman-Friend was a Wisenstein. As soon as he saw himself losing out, he began to lay deep and ability plans to head off the new Entry. A two-by-four chinless Intellectual would have tried to put the Rival into the Nine-Holes by opening up on him and telling where he spent some of his Evenings, but Wisenstein had read on a sign somewhere that every Knock is a Boost. He knew that no Fellow ever landed a real Princess by talking Scandal about the other Candidates. Accordingly, he played a deep System. He became Press Agent for his

Friend. He touted Mr. Buttinsky as the real Essence of an Allygamam. He painted him in four bright Colors and put his Picture in every Window.

When he got the Girl aside he would tell her that dear old Buttinsky was one of the most charming Chaps in the World and "claimed to have a lot of Women spreading their Nets for him. He said that Buttinsky was a great Singer, having been known up in the Country where he came from as the Village Thrush. He advised her to have Buttinsky tell a number of his Stories because as an After-Dinner Wit he had Chauncey M. Depew churned to a Froth and was commonly known as the Life of the Party. Then he asked her if she had seen Buttinsky cut loose in a Hall-room. He said that all the Girls who saw Buttinsky move across the gleaming Floor in the Two-Step began to look Glassy out of the Eyes and sank back in a Swoon. If she ever found time she ought to talk Books with

Buttinsky because he knew them from A to Z and could get rid of Literary Talk in a Style calculated to charm a Bird out of a Tree. And as for dear old Art, he was supposed to be the Man who wrote it.

Buttinsky did not know that he was being Lithographed as a Phenom. When the Princess urged him to trot out his Accomplishments he thought she was no Sticky on him that everything he did looked good to her. So he squared up to the Piano and sang, "Because" in a Tenor that came from right between his Eyes. He chuckled in a few minutes. They were these naughty Witch-Hazel Fellows and after he had turned a few of them loose in the Parlor, he had the Princess straitened out as stiff as a Board and biting at the Dollies. When she led him around to the Subject of the late Novels he got all balked up, for he thought that Gertrude Atherton wrote "Marry MacLane." And one Night when she teased him out on the

Dancing Floor and he missed step and tried to walk up one side of her, she began to have a dim and twinkling Suspicion that this Boy Wonder was a shine.

He certainly did not look to be such a Much at any Game. She was horribly disappointed.

Buttinsky helped Matters a lot by trying to undo him. Mr. Wisenstein, who had been staying all the Nice Things about him. Every time he got the Princess backed on a Sofa he did a Hammer Solo. For instance, he advised her to have no Dealings with a Man who drank. He said that, Wisenstein was a Nice Fellow, But—Then for about 20 Minutes the absent Wisenstein would get his.

About the time that the Princess began to class Buttinsky as a Pulse Alarm so far as Accomplishments were concerned, she started in to be indignant because he teased one, who always spoke so Lovely of him.

As for Wisenstein, when she came right out and asked him about his Habits, he owned right up and leaned on her Shoulder and said his only Hope was to get a Good Woman to Reform him. Which, probably, was a very foolish Move.

Then, when she remembered how Magnanimous he had been, always speaking well of a Certain Person who had tried to sew Buttons on him, she perceived that Wisenstein was one of Nature's Noblemen. He contradicted her at first, but finally let her have her own Way. And Mr. Buttinsky did not seem to be One-Two-Seventeen.

MORAL: Beware of the Friend who tells how good you are.

(Copyright, 1902.)
Stranger—My lad, what is the cause of that intense red on your face?
Caddy (who has had a very busy season on the liars)—That, sir, is what we call a regular four-flush.—Los Angeles Herald.