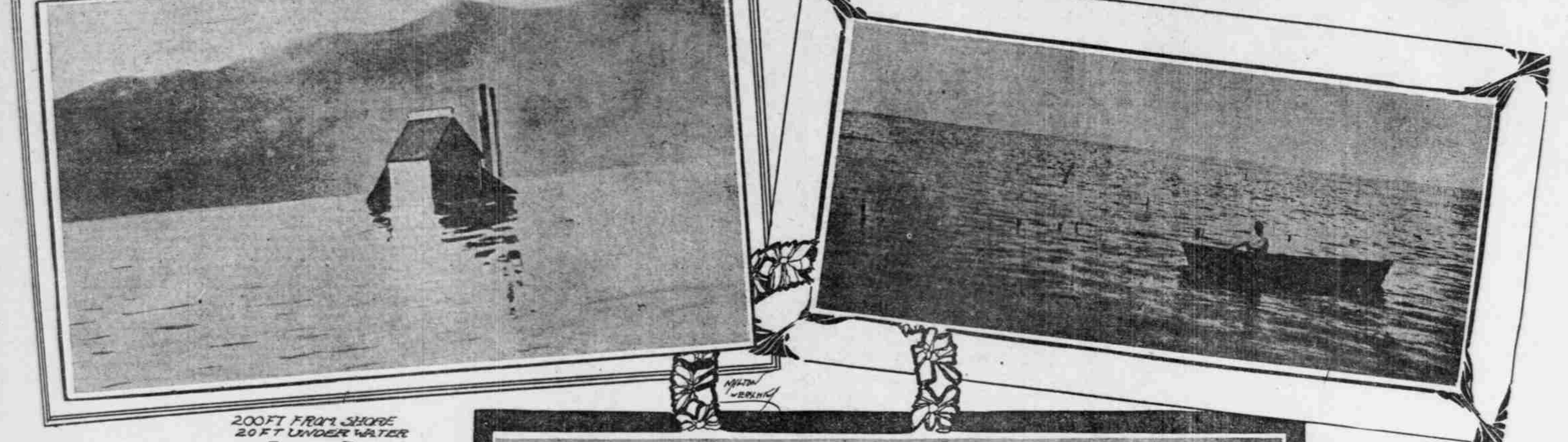


TRANSFORMATION OF AN INLAND SEA IN CALIFORNIA

SALTON DESERT NOW A LAKE 60 MILES LONG BY 30 MILES WIDE



RIVERSIDE, CAL., Aug. 22.—(Special Correspondence Sunday Oregonian.)—The transformation of Southern California from desert to garden has been one of the miracles of the Golden State, but a greater is now being enacted. A section of the desert nearly 60 miles long and half as wide has been converted into a great inland sea. Overland passengers on the Southern Pacific exclaim with wonder when they behold on leaving Imperial Junction a shimmering sea stretching eastward as far as the eye can reach. No more unlikely place for such a body of water could be imagined. Desert, dunes, pillows, sandbars, surrounds this saltwater sheet. It is as if a desert mirage had suddenly become a reality.

It is best to go back to the first cause. Last November the California Development Company, which irrigates the great Imperial Valley, made a cut in the bank of the Colorado River, four miles south of the boundary line between California and Lower California. This cut was 60 feet wide and seven feet deep, and was calculated to carry an immense volume of water to supplement the canal supply of the Imperial colonies. At first the great water course filled with silt, and then the river began to rise and the cut began to grow larger. The expected low river, a feature of every winter season, did not come, but instead the water continued to rise, and on March 15 one-third of the entire flow of the great river was being diverted. From this time until the middle of June the flow increased steadily. The record of M. V. Hardy, a hydrographer in the Government service, shows that on July 4, 25,000 second feet of water were flowing through the cut and the canals of the company. This has since been increased to 35,000 cubic feet of water a second, and today 80 per cent of the river's flow is coming down the new channel, according to the Government hydrographer, and he advised the writer that within a week the entire flow would be diverted from the original channel and into the great interior lake.

Encroachment of the New Sea.

Everything that money and brains could devise has been done to check the torrents of water pouring from the rent side of the river bank. Engineers of the California Development Company and the Southern Pacific Company have pitted their wits in vain against the torrent. Piers were driven in the hope that the tide might be stemmed; their usefulness was but a matter of days. One week ago the task was abandoned and it was determined to let capricious nature have its way.

Approaching Salton Sea from the west one sees an impressive object lesson of

the new sea's encroachment. Some 200 yards from the shore there rises a structure very like the blockhouses of historic memory. The perches are there, and from a distance the building stands grim and forbidding. Once it was the principal building of a great saltworks. Now the two lower stories are under the waves made saline by the great salt deposits about the building. Soon to be enveloped by the encroaching waters are engines and cars and a complete railroad system. They had been run to the highest point on the line, but the track is now under water and soon the smokestacks alone will mark the spot of the once active scene. Along shore rows of buildings are falling into the creeping sea, and of a once great industry, that of the New Liverpool Salt Company, not a remnant will soon be left.

Changing the Railroad.

A novel experience is in store for the traveler. Straight toward the sea go the tracks of the great transcontinental line. There is a swish of parting waters, and slowly the train creeps over its old integrating roadbed. At places the track is six inches under water and only an occasional sandbar marks its hidden course. There is over two miles of this sort of ride, then for 25 miles more the train runs close by or in sight of the soft, rippling inland sea.

This line has been abandoned since the water poured over it a few days ago. For the past month hundreds of men, largely recruited from the Indians living in the vicinity, have been feverishly at work laying a new track on higher ground. It was ready here too soon at today's trains are taking the longer circuit, and when they will again use the old track is a matter of conjecture only.

Towns Below the Sea Level.

Indio, Coachella, Merri, Thermal, Yuma Springs and other thriving desert settlements are far below the sea's level, and if the river is not turned back to its old channel the damage will be beyond

compare. At Imperial alone crops were this year harvested from 25,000 acres and scattered over the group of settlements, on land as fertile as the Nile delta, are well-nigh 800 people. Unless the break in the Colorado River is dammed before next Spring's freshets come these people will be penniless and homeless and the climate and topography of a quarter of this great state will have been changed. Competent engineers told me that it will cost \$1,000,000 to stop the flow. Plainly, it is a matter in which the Government must act and that quickly. Private enterprise cannot undertake so monumental a task.

There are numerous places for turning the river back to its old channels. It is significant, however, that none of these plans are at present being tried. Nothing is being done to stay the flood of muddy water. The water is receding, however, and before another Spring freshet there



HARVESTING SALT CROP AT SALTON BEFORE INLAND SEA WAS FORMED



NEW MADE SALT SEA AND ITS SOLITARY BOAT

will doubtless have been constructed permanent works confining the erratic river to its normal bounds.

Three river steamboats with barges in tow are now waiting at Yuma for the arrival of 200,000 feet of lumber which is to go into the newly projected heading, 18 miles below. They will not go far, however, as it is only a light skiff that would find its way through the tortuous canal. A couple of Indians must be bargained with to pull the cars and push the boat off the sandbars when it lodges. They know some of the hardships of such a journey, and are not eager to undertake it. Down in the canals below the Mexican line, where the sun beats down and the breeze is entirely cut off, it is hardly safe for an Indian to travel in the middle of the day. The approved method of travel among themselves is to secure a piece of board, strip off all but the lightest of clothes, sink in the water up to their necks and guide the board as it is carried swiftly along in the current. This method of travel is good for a day, as there is plenty of water at hand and food can be dispensed with for that length of time.

Already the loss to the railroad is \$200,000 and half as much to the California Development Company. The loss to the New Liverpool Salt Company at Salton is total, the prospective loss if the flow is not stopped is beyond computation.

ARTHUR F. CLARKE.

Something New in Strokes for Swimmers

An Australian Wriggle Called the Crawl Is Now in Fashion Among Athletes.

TO be "in the swim" as a swimmer this season one must include the crawl in his repertoire of strokes. It is not enough, if distinction is desired, to be content only with the breast stroke, the side stroke—said to have been invented by Lord Byron—the overhand or the trudgen. One must possess the crawl, which has spread from Australia, the land of kangaroos and other odd types of motion, throughout the athletic world. It is the sensation of the season at the beaches, and the man who does the crawl there has ousted from pre-eminence as the cynosure of all eyes the bather who floats, riding the breakers in the way of a log or sleeping turtle, and keeping the crowd in amaze by the long continued feat of endurance. But the feat is only a triumph of inertia; the crawl is all whirlwind and action, suggesting in a way the churning of a stern-wheel steamer in a shallow river.

The street boys who use the public baths or who swim from off the docks when the cops are not looking, have not as yet caught onto the Australian crawl. They have a fairly good imitation of it in swimming "dog fashion," an old trick with the boys, but they spoil the speed by moving their legs as though walking upstairs. The success of the crawl depends on rigid legs. The hands meantime are propelling the body by a half-arm stroke that suggests an inverted overhand stroke, the hands being pulled in and down instead of with the usual sweep.

Dick Cavill, the Australian professional, who discovered the crawl, has written this description of it to a Sydney paper:

"The crawl is a modification of the trudgen. The swimmer lies perfectly flat on his stomach and does not roll at all, breathing by a slight twist of the head only every three or four strokes. The arms are held a little bent at the elbow and don't reach out as in the trudgen, but dip in at the height of one's head and are then brought down smartly until stretched out alongside. The strokes must be taken very rapidly. The legs are held straight and rigid, with foot bent back, and are moved up and down alternately and continually, keeping time with the opposite arm and striking the water with the instep."

A match between Tums Cavill and Sid Davis, of Balmora, with an unfore-

seen termination, was what led Dick Cavill to the discovery of the crawl stroke. The match was at Sydney, and Tums had to swim with his legs tied, beating Davis handily despite the fetters. The spectators then demanded an end to the race, and Cavill, who had his legs free, they expected something still faster with this concession, but Davis surprised every one by turning the race into a contest of endurance.

"There must be a nigger in the woodpile," thought Dick Cavill, "when Tums can swim faster with legs tied than with them free." He began experimenting, using the hitherto despised straight leg kick of the Colombo natives and a short, snappy overarm stroke. This gave a result, and Cavill used the combination in the 100-yard championship of Australia. Bishop was the winner, but Cavill led by several yards on the first lap, convincing everybody that he had discovered the ideal stroke for a short sprint.

The best sprinters in Australia now took up the crawl, among them Wickman, Healy, Hobson and Langdon. And in 1902 Cavill introduced the stroke into England, but it has not gained much favor there. The fame of the speedy but exhausting stroke reached this country in 1903, but our amateurs did not pay much attention to the Australian wriggle until Zoltan de Holmay beat our best sprinters with it in the Olympic championships. Since then the amateurs in all our cities have been practicing the crawl in the club tanks, and it has been the feature of the open air swimming since the early spring. It has borne out all that has been claimed for it by the swimmers of the antipodes. The crawl is the fastest stroke for a short race yet discovered, and but for the tremendous outlay of strength required it would be used by the swimmers for all distances.

The first use of the crawl in a race in this country was at the New York A. C. last December. Two of the members, Jack Lawrence and George Van Cleaf, with the newly acquired stroke, made a 25-yard record of 12-1-5 seconds, equalling the world's record, although neither had been considered a very fast sprinter before. The same result has followed the study of the crawl wherever the amateurs have taken it up, and the interest in sprinting races as a consequence has increased this season among our swimmers.

As to surf swimming, the crawl is spectacular, and this makes it a favorite with the bather who is only happy when the eyes of the beach crowd are

centered on him. The long distance swimmers, who are happiest when far out beyond the group of settlements, on land as fertile as the Nile delta, are well-nigh 800 people. Unless the break in the Colorado River is dammed before next Spring's freshets come these people will be penniless and homeless and the climate and topography of a quarter of this great state will have been changed. Competent engineers told me that it will cost \$1,000,000 to stop the flow. Plainly, it is a matter in which the Government must act and that quickly. Private enterprise cannot undertake so monumental a task.

There is the way the crawl is done in the surf: The swimmer goes out slowly in the ordinary way until outside the breakers, and he jolts about there until a big wave comes rolling in. Then, riding on top of it, the sprinter comes darting toward the shore with the speed of an express train and the splashing of a whale in his fury. Every one watches the churning, spray-tossing swimmer, and just as the wave is breaking he turns and backs into calm water with admirable ease, while the less expert bathers are caught in the crash of water and rolled up on the sands, higgledy-piggledy, while the expert swimmer is the triumph of the crawl adept. Floating in security, he gains a position to again come in with a splash and back into calm water with admirable ease, while the less expert bathers are caught in the crash of water and rolled up on the sands, higgledy-piggledy, while the expert swimmer is the triumph of the crawl adept.

When two who use the crawl come into opposition at a result, the rivalry in the shallow water suggests a whale school of porpoises on a spree. Such a waste of energy cannot last for long, so the stronger of the two is soon in his glory. Women are swimming more generally this season, both at the day resorts and at the exclusive beaches, than ever before. Swimming is now as general an accomplishment, it would seem, as dancing, golfing or lawn tennis playing. But women thus far have not practiced the new stroke.

Long distance swimmers among the women usually wear a handkerchief of striking hue as a turban. The bit of color shows up brightly on the green of the waves and by it the progress of the woman may be traced as she cleaves her way beyond the danger line. Then she usually clings for a while to an outer buoy before coming back with a side or overhand stroke to the sands. The splash and speed of return by the crawl stroke are not as yet a feminine accomplishment.

Recollections of John L. Sullivan

The Ex-Champion Tells How to Have Peace at Baseball Games & Remarks About McCormick

PEOPLE never accused me of running from a fight. I was a fighter, and I will add to that that I never sprinted from a fight when I saw it coming right, and heaven knows that the slugs have been pushed at me almost as often as handshakes.

One warm mixup was with Jerry Dunne, of New York, who, in the '90s, was a big handier of fighters. Dunne, in a saloon fight, shot and killed Jimmy Elliott, who was no slouch of a slugger, and a plea of self-defense saved Dunne. I didn't get scared when a pal came to me and put me next that Jerry was camping on my trail. For some months I had known Dunne was sore because I would not let him handle my glove debates, and one day while I was swimming in a hammock in my training quarters in a New England town, Pete McCoy came on the hot foot yelling:

"Skeddadle, John; Jerry Dunne is coming."

"Where is the rat?" I asked.

It wasn't necessary for Pete to open up, for out of a cloud of dust came a white horse, and before I had time to find the red-headed girl I piped the phiz of Dunne. Jerry gave me the glad face at first, but I threw back all his soft soap until I thought I saw a move toward his hip pocket.

It took me about one second to put a heavy chair out of commission, and when Dunne came to a couple of hours after and a couple of rural doctors told him what had happened, he took the first freight out of town and never butted into my simple life afterward.

Long distance swimmers among the women usually wear a handkerchief of striking hue as a turban. The bit of color shows up brightly on the green of the waves and by it the progress of the woman may be traced as she cleaves her way beyond the danger line. Then she usually clings for a while to an outer buoy before coming back with a side or overhand stroke to the sands. The splash and speed of return by the crawl stroke are not as yet a feminine accomplishment.

I chastised in a nice, fatherly fashion, and I will add to that that I never sprinted from a fight when I saw it coming right, and heaven knows that the slugs have been pushed at me almost as often as handshakes.

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Spanked a Kicking Captain.

From the start Rantell hooted at my decision, although everybody else seemed satisfied. Several times he came toward me as if he meant the real thing, but a shake of my mitt drove him back. But his last act was to call me by a fighting expression, and with one hop I had him. He showed fight all right, but a half-Nelson straightened him and I finished the job with an old-fashioned spanking.

He hollered good while the crowd cheered when my opponent hiked homeward the worse for wear. I got a sweet "Thank you" from the wee maid in the case. The game was decided to the satisfaction of as many as any game of ball ever will be.

I don't advocate that umpires ought to go into games looking for fight, but they ought to be ready when there's nothing else. If the numbers of the Umpires' Union knew how to handle their dukes, such generals as McGraw would

never get their names in print and there wouldn't be so much assault and battery on the diamond. There wouldn't be any chance for fines, and Ducky Holmes wouldn't have the nerve to call a magistrate a lobster. Half an hour a day with the gloves would bring some Sunday ballplayers all over the country—as I saw Bishop Hoban of Pennsylvania recommended some time ago—the game would be so peaceable and polite.

Acting Not So Easy as It Looks.

I'd rather train for a fight and do the fight than get ready for a stage play. Some people think an actor's life is nothing but riding on the cars, cosy suppers and coin-swinging. But acting is a job that keeps the best of us in the periphery with our nerves on edge, so that a slip on the side is necessary to keep things on the balance. Even then, the most confident of the ladies of the dramman are apt to get fidgety while waiting for their turn to lope out before the calcium.

It was a long time before I could trot before a full house and speak my piece without hemming and hawing.

My first stunt before the footlights was pulled off in one old Howard Theater in Boston. Henry Murphy bet me a box of stories that I would break down and for once in my life I got the short end. It was up to me to pose as Ajax, or some such never-was hero, and to start the ball rolling, I was to let go of "The World Is Mine." A kink got into my tongue and instead I was thinking, "The Coin Is Mine." Then I got stuck and made a dive into the wings.

Maybe I didn't get mine from the manager. He said I wouldn't get a cent, and then I told him he was another. The next day we were brought together again, and I went on and turned the trick without making a show of myself. It cost me my moustache, for the star referee said that none of them ancient boxers sported hair on their faces. Since then, I never saw the time when I wouldn't tackle anything in the acting line from swimming in a tank of real water to understudy for Lillian Russell. Once you get into the habit of acting, they can't lose you out of it.

Yes, Rubin got the decision over Jim McCormick, and I haven't any kick coming in the way he does it. The battle

proved that what I said about showing the sports one square fight in the heavy class was made good, for there was no tainted money about this go. It was on the dead level and Rubin won it because he has the foxiest head and McCormick lost because he blew in his strength too soon.

You can take it from me that McCormick came near putting it all over Gus. More than once, Gus was near the funny place and if McCormick had followed up the advantage at the proper moment with the right kind of a wallop, there'd be a different story and I'd be taking in a bunch of money instead of paying it out.

There's a time coming for McCormick. I was in his corner all through it, and I know just how much he can stand. Rubin is a good man and he has experience. When the Texas has some more trying-out, he is going to develop into a world-beater, for he is big and strong and willing and his number is going up. Rubin deserves a lot of credit for winning, for I don't believe there's another man on earth that can take the Texas into camp. All this on the aired David of.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

A Typographical Error.

Laurence Hutton cited as the most amusing and, at the time, most perplexing typographical error in his long journalistic and literary career one which occurred in an article he wrote at the time of the consolidation of the Astor, Tilden and Lenox libraries, in which he was made to express the following remarkable opinion: "New York, perhaps, has never fully realized until this day how greatly it has been enriched by the receipt of the vast buttons of James Leg-ox." He had written "vast bequests."

Will Lay the Cornerstone.

The ceremony of the laying of the cornerstone of the Hebrew School Synagogue will be held at the corner of First and Hall streets this morning at 10 o'clock. Addresses will be delivered by D. Solis Cohen, Dr. Bloch, P. Sweet, P. Selling and other prominent speakers.