

# SALTON SEA A NATURAL WONDER

ONE END FRESH,  
THE OTHER SALT

IT IS BELIEVED LAKE WILL BE  
PERMANENT

WATERS CEASE TO ADVANCE

Superintendent Ingram of Southern  
Pacific Says River Will Return to  
Old Channel and the New  
Tracks Are Safe

Special to The Herald.  
RIVERSIDE, Sept. 3.—"The waters of the Colorado river will be turned back into the old channel of the river within sixty days."

This is the statement of General Superintendent Ingram of the Southern Pacific railroad to a Herald reporter, after a study of the conditions which have made the Salton Sea and which have cost the railroad thousands of dollars in new track and in efforts to stop the errant flow of the big river.

Nearly all the old track around Salton Sea has now been abandoned, and the abandoned sections of track are being torn up and the rails and ties used in strengthening the "shoo-fly." The entire new track, according to Mr. Ingram, has been raised eight feet above the present level of the sea, and there is little likelihood that there will be occasion for further efforts to go beyond the encroaching waters.

The new track circles around both Salton and Fink, and these stations no longer belong on the Southern Pacific map.

**Minimum Flow**  
The Colorado river has now reached its minimum flow, the latest measurement showing 7000 cubic feet of water per second. When at flood tide the river was flowing 11,000 cubic second feet. Of this total flow of 7000 feet but 600 or 700 cubic second feet are flowing down the Colorado into Mexican territory, all the remainder coming into the Salton basin through the New river and the Alamo.

No other body of water on the earth's surface, so far as known, has a peculiarity that marks Salton Sea. The waters of the Colorado river when they are discharged into the great basin down below sea level are fresh and are nearly as muddy as the waters of "the Big Muddy" itself. For ten miles from the point where the rivers empty into the new-made sea the waters are fresh, and the fresh water fish that come in from the Colorado find a congenial habitat thereabouts. Prospectors and desert teamsters find the waters of the lake a great boon. Ten miles west from the inlet the waters begin to get brackish, increasing in clarity and saltiness as the river mouths are left behind and the south-east shore approached. When Salton is reached the water is as clear as old ocean itself and even more salty. Owing to the fact that the lake for the greater part is shallow the temperature of the water is high, being somewhat over 90 degrees. Every night the half thousand cholos and Indians employed by the Southern Pacific in building the "shoo-fly" track bathe in the waters of the great inland lake at Salton, and it has been a rather diverting spectacle for the east-bound passengers to watch their aquatic antics from the car windows as they passed that way.

**Lake Will Be Permanent**  
It is believed that Salton Sea will never entirely evaporate even after the waters of the Colorado have been confined again within their ancient boundaries. Long before the break was made in the bank of the river the basin began to fill with the waste water from the canals of the Imperial Water company, and the New Liverpool Salt company of Salton began suit for damages and for a permanent injunction against the Imperial people. Their salt beds were covered by the insidiously approaching water and the company was forced to move a part of its equipment to higher ground. When the waters of the Colorado were added to the seepage and overflow from the Imperial colonies the ruin of the salt works was complete. The largest building of the plant stands 200 feet out in the sea, looking like a blockhouse of early times. Other buildings have disintegrated and their debris is being washed ashore about the lake. A couple of rusty engines, run as high as possible above the encroaching waters, are all that is left of a complete system of railroad that gathered up and delivered to the central buildings the salt from the seemingly inexhaustible beds in that desert region nearly 300 feet below the level of the sea. A great industry has been wiped out, and the question of who is responsible may yet have to be settled by the courts.

**BURGLARS LOOT HOMES,  
SECURING MUCH JEWELRY**

Thieves Ransack Two Residences, but Only Carry Away Articles of Ornament

Thieves entered the house of W. A. Bernard, 1035 West Twenty-third street, Saturday night, during the absence of the family and stole six unmounted moonstones and several rings. Although the burglars ransacked the house, nothing but jewelry was taken. The room of C. Wacker, 420 South Main street, was entered Sunday morning and several articles of jewelry were stolen.

**Misrep. Discourses**  
The honorable misrepresentative of the Sixth ward posed for a snapshot for the official knocker organ, the Examiner, wiped his glasses and remarked amid a creepy silence:

"Fellow knockers: Though younger than most of you, I have tried to make up for that lack by piteous knocking since, by a painful accident, I became a councilman. On this water deal I was the original simon-pure objector, and I am yet!"

Much clangor. After another photograph in a new pose was taken, the Honorable went on:

"As you know, I tried every likely

trick to beat it that I could. I even wanted to talk it to death, but they fooled me. I also wanted to investigate—at the city's expense—but they wouldn't let me. Now I raise my ante—I mean, my voice—with yours."

"How much did ye say ye raised?" asked the Hon. Getyours, who had just been admitted.

"I didn't say—yet," was the guarded reply.

The Hon. Getyours showed a disposition to press the point of order, but old Mr. Hornyhand beat his anvil heavily for attention, and was recognized.

"They let me," said he, "that this here scheme 'll be built withouten any taxes bein' levied. I don't believe no sich yarn. Th' minnit them bonds is voted, I'm a-goin' t' pack up all my 'llat'ral an' hike fer 'nother town. Ye don't ketch yer uncle Hornyhand payin' no taxes fer nothin'."

The anvils resounded, and several broke out into a song:

"So say we all of us,  
So say we all!"

Col. Earlydaze again took the floor.

**'Zaminer Crawfishes**

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The Examiner reporter hung his head.

"Yes," continued the colonel, "I know ye're ashamed o' them, but we need some support. Now, I move we hev a official feller to write letters t' th' Examiner every day, signin' 'em 'Citizen,' an' 'Sixth Warder' an' sich, an' then we kin git what we want."

The motion carried with a loud, noisy clang.

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"I object," yelled Justice Juggem. "I object. I kin stand fer most anything, but not that!"

"But," said 'Squire Wayback, "he's in New York, an' ye don't hev t' see him'er touch him."

"I object," howled the justice, beating his anvil till his arm shook. "I ain't much particular whomever I 'sociate with, as ye kin see, but I draw th' line!"

The justice rose and took his hat. The vote was called for. Each member admitted that the crime should not be committed and apologized for doing it, but said he felt that the Hon. Col. Graft Hearst was too true-yellow not to be long to such an assembly, and he therefore shamefacedly and sneakily voted "aye."

Each one thereupon transferred a yellow envelope to his pistol pocket and posed for a photograph with his hand lifted. The club in a body then went to the Examiner office to draw their pay for the night's work.

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JOHN.

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