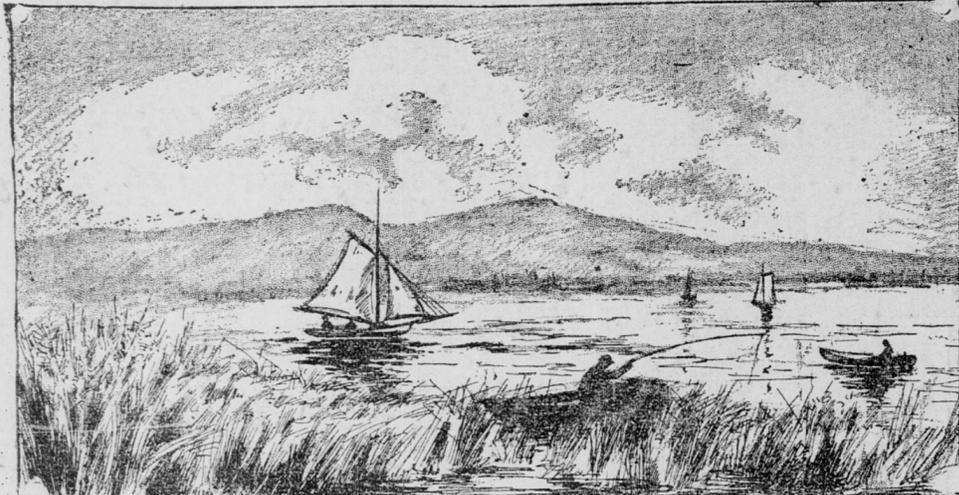


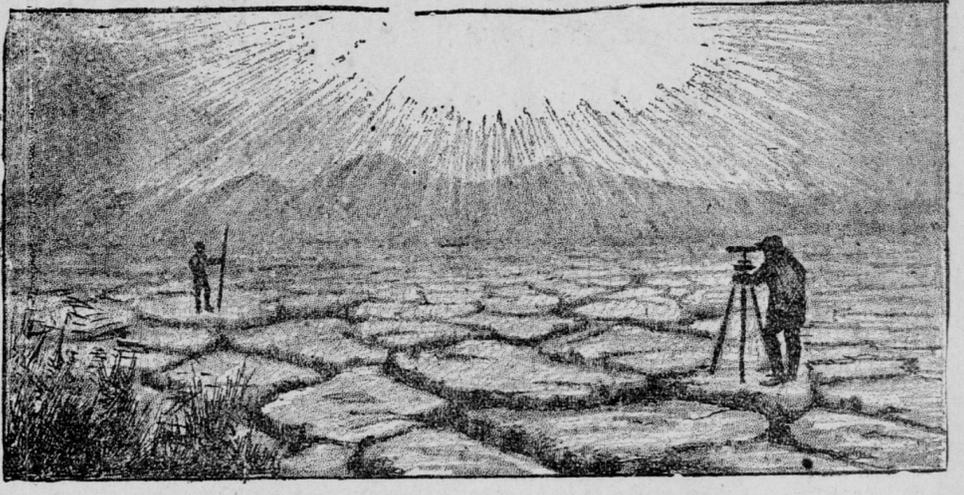
Tulare Lake Dried Up: Disappearance of the Largest Body of Fresh Water in California.



A CORNER OF TULARE LAKE IN 1875 WHEN IT WAS ABOUT SEVENTY-FIVE MILES LONG AND PEOPLE SAILED, FISHED AND HUNTED OVER ITS WATERS. AT THAT TIME THE SETTLERS WOULD HAVE SCOFFED AT THE IDEA OF ITS EVER DISAPPEARING.

From a Photograph.

Dr. Eisen
Claims
That the
Disappearance
of this
Big Sheet of
Water
in the State
Will be
Beneficial
by Increasing
the Agricultural
Lands and
Decreasing
Malaria.



WHAT THE LAST OF TULARE LAKE LOOKS LIKE TO-DAY. THE SUN HAS BAKED THE DRY BOTTOM LAND TILL IT IS CRACKED FOR MILES WITH WIDE FISSURES AND THE FARMERS ARE PUTTING IN CROPS WHERE THE WATERS ONCE RAN.

From a Photograph.

TULARE LAKE has passed out of existence.

Where once there was a body of water in Central Southern California over a thousand square miles in area now there is only a barren, desert of mud, drying and cracking in the heat of the desert sunshine.

If you will pick up almost any map of California and look at Tulare County you will see the outline of Tulare Lake occupying a prominent place. For years this lake has been known as the largest body of fresh water west of the Rocky Mountains.

If your map of California is a good one it will also show the shore lines of Tulare Lake as they were in years gone by. The earliest of these records appears to have been made in 1854. At this time Tulare Lake extended as far south as the southern borders of Kern County. It was over eighty miles long and about thirty-five miles across at the widest point. Its depth was never very great.

From 1854 to 1872 the waters of the lake changed very little in area. Almost due west from Bakersfield there was a shrinking, but otherwise its area was about the same.

It was about these years that irrigation was started in the valleys around Visalia and Bakersfield, and the shrinking became very rapid. Kings River and Tulare River were tapped in several places and the water that would have gone into Tulare Lake was spread over the dry pastures and cotton fields.

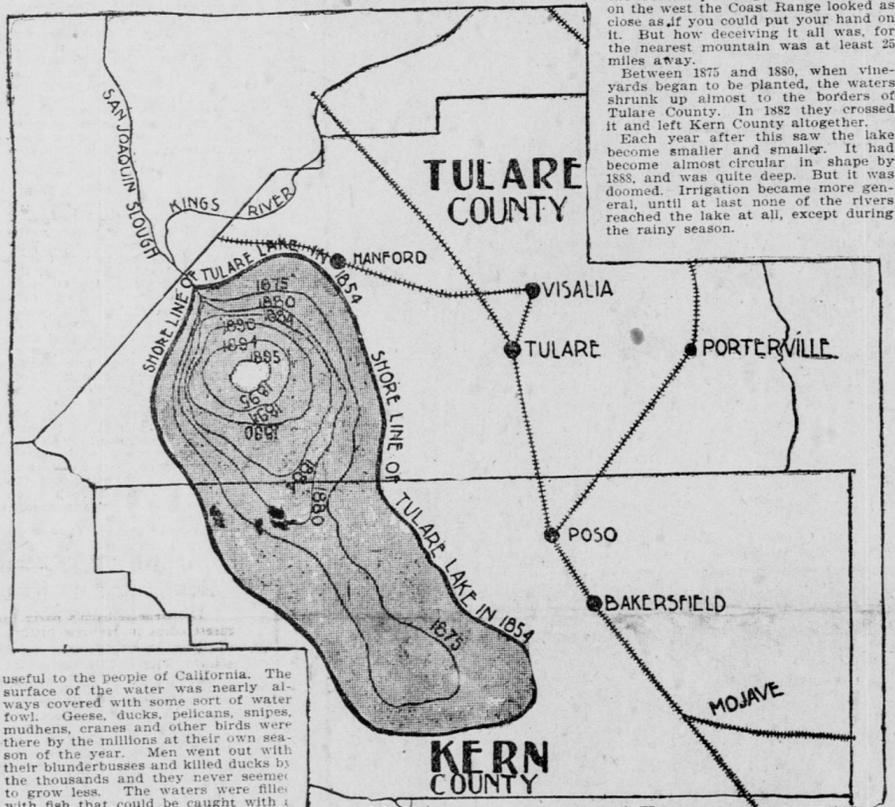
From 1872 to 1875 the shrinking was most marked. The southern end of the lake all contracted and became somewhat in the form of a creek. It narrowed until it was not more than a mile wide and had drawn up from the southern end at least fifteen miles.

But even at this time Tulare Lake was quite a body of water. Sail and row boats skinned over its surface and quite a population lived along its shores.

On some parts of the lake it was hard to tell just where Tulare Lake began and the land ended. The banks were covered with a thick growth of tule and the slope of the land was so gradual there was scarcely a line of demarcation. Even after a man reached the water he could wade out a mile without finding water over his head.

The only place to enter the lake with a boat was at one of the creeks or rivers. These always had steep banks and left a deep channel far out from the shore line. It was at these spots that people lived. There were a few small hamlets along the mouth of the Tulare River and a goodly population made their homes there.

About 1875 Tulare Lake was most



MAP SHOWING HOW THE GREAT TULARE LAKE HAS SHRUNK AND DISAPPEARED FROM THE SURFACE OF CALIFORNIA IN FORTY YEARS.

In 1858, just forty years ago, Tulare Lake stretched almost through two counties of the State, a distance of about eighty miles. As the land thereabouts began to be settled up and the streams flowing into it began to be tapped for irrigating purposes its shore line began to shrink. But never for a moment did any of the settlers believe it would entirely disappear. Several years ago plans were discussed for building a big summer resort for San Joaquin Valley residents on its shores. Last winter's lack of rain, however, completed its story and the dry summer air licked up the last vestige of water that remained to Tulare Lake.

look was a pleasing one. Far to the east the outlines of the Sierra Nevada Mountains could be seen rising above a pale blue mist that hung over the vast stretch of lowland. To the south the Tehachapi Range loomed up, and on the west the Coast Range looked as close as if you could put your hand on it. But how deceiving it all was, for the nearest mountain was at least 25 miles away.

Between 1875 and 1880, when vineyards began to be planted, the waters shrunk up almost to the borders of Tulare County. In 1882 they crossed it and left Kern County altogether. Each year after this saw the lake become smaller and smaller. It had become almost circular in shape by 1888, and was quite deep. But it was doomed. Irrigation became more general, until at last none of the rivers reached the lake at all, except during the rainy season.

ready surveyors are out with their instruments running lines across the awful waste and baking mud. But this mud is said to be "as rich as butter," and the land will grow almost any kind of crop with very little irrigation. Residents in the vicinity of what was once Tulare Lake generally think that now is the opportunity to organize and reclaim the vast area and put it in shape to produce the luxuriant crops of grain and alfalfa that it is known to be capable of producing. It has been suggested that gates in Lower Kings River be put in so as to turn northward through Fish and Cole sloughs into the San Joaquin the waters that may come down in a wet year. It is estimated now, with the lake dried up, such works can be put in at an expenditure not exceeding \$5000. In establishing gates in the Lower Kings River it should be done of course with a view of protecting all those dependent upon that source for water for irrigation.

And so disappears from the surface of California the largest lake west of the Rocky Mountains.

The United States Consul at Shanghai thus describes a new Chinese fire-cracker: "It has two chambers, separated by a plug of clay, through which runs a connecting fuse. There is also a fuse extending from the powder

In the lower chamber through the side of the cracker. When the cracker is to be fired it is set on end and fire set to the fuse. The powder exploding in the chamber through the cracker high in the air, where the second charge is exploded by fire from the fuse extending through the plug between the two chambers. In the manufacture of these the clay is first tamped in with a punch to form the separating plug. The lower chamber is then loaded with powder and closed by turning over the paper at the end. The upper chamber is loaded and closed with clay. A hole is punched in the side of the lower chamber with an awl and the fuse inserted through this opening."

Search lights are such good targets for the enemy's guns that the Germans are arranging to throw the light on a mirror and thence on the enemy, thereby concealing its real source.

Some men go home of a hot day and quarrel with their wives because they look comfortable.

A man's clothing usually has the buttons on the right-hand side, a woman's on the left.

DR. EISEN'S OPINION OF THE DRYING UP OF THE LAKE.

He Was There Twenty Years Ago When Large Steamers Ran Across It and Its Broad Waters Were the Scenes of Busy Commercial Life.

THE principal cause of the drying up of Tulare Lake is the using of the waters of Kings and Tulare rivers for irrigation purposes. The fact that there have been very few excessively rainy winters since 1874 has also had a good deal to do with it. Had there been more rainstorms of the kind that put the greater portion of the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys under water several times during the 60's there would have been more water in the lake each winter and less needed for irrigation in the summer and the lake would probably have been there yet.

In 1878 I crossed Tulare Lake on a steambot. This was a regular packet that ran between Hanford and a small town on the west side of the lake. The distance across was about thirty miles. There were one or two other steamboats running on the lake at the time. Sail boats were numerous and altogether Tulare Lake was of considerable use to the commerce of the region.

On the occasion that I made my trip across the lake we were all treated to a surprise. When we were about twelve miles from Hanford, and almost out of sight of land, the boat ran over the ruins of an old ranch. We

could look down through ten or twelve feet of clear water and see the fence posts of an old pig sty. There was also the foundation of a house and several metal utensils scattered about. Nobody on the boat knew whether the ranch had been on an island that had sunk from sight or whether it had been on the mainland during some previous dry year. It was a mystery.

When Tulare Lake was a big body of water there used to be some awful storms sweep over its surface. Dozens of small boats have been wrecked there. The Indians who live on the west side have a tradition that on one occasion a party of about 500 of their tribe attempted to cross to the other shore in canoes and when midway in the lake were struck by a storm. Not a man was saved. The whole 500 met watery graves and even the canoes were never seen again.

In my opinion the drying up of Tulare Lake is a good thing. The land will be good for crops and there will be less sickness in the vicinity. The sloughs and marsh land in the old days used to be full of malaria that will now be a thing of the past.

GUSTAV EISEN.

DESERTED CITY WHERE BIRDS AND ANIMALS LIVE IN \$100,000 HOTELS

A CITY large enough to house a population of 5000, yet absolutely tenantless; a place with substantial brick blocks, well-laid streets and walks, handsome residences, costly store buildings—in fact, a metropolitan city—but without a resident, with not even a cock to crow by day nor a dog to howl by night! Such a place exists, although even in North Dakota, which State claims this tenantless metropolis, West Lynne long ago passed from the memory of most men and women.

A weird place it is. The "city" is there—deserted, abandoned, going to decay. No traffic goes on in its streets, no business in its stores; the sound of human voices is not heard in its dwellings. The streets are graded, the walks are of macadam and trees and shrubbery flourish in the yards surrounding the residences—but all in silence and loneliness.

Such a place is West Lynne, on the west bank of the Red River of the North and almost on the Canadian boundary.

The history of the place is one of the romances of the "boom" period from 1878 to 1881. The people of the Dakotas will never forget those "boom days," when towns sprang up in a night, when a few lots staked out on the prairie and a style collectively "Central City," "New London," or something equally impressive sold in the markets of the East one day for hundreds of dollars and the next day for thousands. It was then that shrewd men waxed affluent, fattening upon the credulity of the Eastern investor. A golden stream poured in to the land where the Sioux—the Apache of the Northwest—found his ancient foes, the Blackfoot of Montana and the Pawnee of the Niobrara, and, having vanquished them, joined in an attack upon some tribe springing from his own parent stock—fought just to be fighting, because it "was the water of the best." The lowly laborer, drawing his weekly stipend, made enormous by stress of "boom" prices, invested it in prairie soil and at the end of a month found himself rich beyond the chance of again having to toil. Those were the "good old boom days."

But there came the collapse. Men who, not foreseeing the crash, invested more heavily instead of turning their holdings into coin, awoke one morning to find themselves "land poor" and in debt, unable to complete the extensive improvements they had begun upon

their realty. The fortunes that had been made in a day were scattered in a night; villages that had sprung up in a few hours and grown to the importance of incorporated towns and cities in a few months were deserted by all now in the hands of the Dakotas there have sprung up two great common-crash, found themselves without money enough to get away.

The collapse of the "Dakota boom" in 1881 marked the beginning of a new era in the great wheat belt of the Northwest—an era of steady settlement and growth, of prosperity founded upon a virgin soil which, "tickled upon a hoe laughs a harvest," until in a few months were deserted by all now in the hands of the Dakotas there have sprung up two great common-crash, found themselves without money enough to get away.

West Lynne was a "boom town" and the most noted of them all. It was platted by schemers with more fertility than scruples, at a point on the Red River, where, they claimed, the Great Northern Railroad was to cross when built through to the Pacific Coast. The possibilities of the place were exploited in the East; capitalists became interested and money was plentiful.

There was no sham about the actual construction of West Lynne. It was not another Arizona desert farm, except in the minds and on the plats of its projectors, but a substantial reality. James H. Murray, a Chicago man, was the agent. He sold lots at auction in Chicago for thousands of dollars each. While he was selling a telegram would come notifying him of the disposal of a certain plat and it would be with-

drawn. Then he sold adjoining lots at top notch prices.

In the meantime building was progressing. There were no board shanties, sod walls or canvas shells. Hand-some structures of brick or lumber, finished in modern style, sprang up as fast as material could be transported and contractors do the work.

And to-day there the "city" stands, a handsome but useless monument to the credulity of some and the hardi-

hood of others. Not one of its magnificent buildings has ever been occupied. Several years have elapsed since the water last visited West Lynne, whose history then dated back over fifty years. No one loitered on the grass-grown streets; the handsome and costly blocks of brick, with plate-glass windows and ornate facades and massive doors creaking on rusty hinges or lying where they had been tumbled by Time's rude hand, gave back hollow echoes to the voice of the visitor. Mansions costing thousands of dollars—tasteful and spacious, with every indication that persons of wealth and refinement had at some time intended to occupy them—were scattered in clusters in this or that "addition." Around them trees and shrubbery, once reared with care, grew rank and unkempt. The fences were falling to pieces and grass and weeds encroached upon pavements and approaches. Not a human being was to be seen; not even a stray cat was found warming itself in some stray nook on that fine September day. And the "city" had never had a permanent resident!

WEST LYNNE, A BOOM TOWN, WHERE 5000 PEOPLE COULD BE COMFORTABLY HOUSED AND WHERE ONLY WILD BIRDS AND ANIMALS NOW LIVE

