

UTAH MIRACLES IN STONE— MAN-MADE and NATURAL.

By JUDGE E. F. COLBORN.

About Salt Lake Climate and Scenery.

IF a climate is wanted that will give health and prolong life it will be found in Salt Lake. If sunny skies and bright days are a charm worth seeking for and enjoying, they are here in all their radiance and glory. If consumption's bony finger points at you, the ozone of this region will do as much for you as any on the globe. If you have rheumatism, the thermal springs and mineral waters that bubble and boil and come to the surface both within and without the city, will straighten your back, take the halt out of your walk and make you young again. If on the waves of the Great Salt Lake, there you will learn to your astonishment that you are floatable and unsinkable. If you admire mountain scenery and love to wander in canyons that rival the great gorges of the Alps in their beauty and grandeur, they are at the city's very gates. If in those days farthest removed from winter's cold you would experience the novelty of standing on the steps of your home in the valley by glancing up to the towering peaks of the Wasatch range, and view the drifts of snow that are all but everlasting, you may realize that delight also. And within a few hours you may rise yourself to these very heights amid the pines and rocks and rare wild flowers, and escape from the heat and stress of the strenuous life below.

NOT only as a sort of a dime museum of "Mormon" curiosities, but in many other ways, here to be briefly summarized, is Utah an interesting region for lovers of the curious and unusual.

The home of a self-styled peculiar people—who made the valley of the Great Salt Lake an oasis in the wastes of the wilderness—before Denver, San Francisco and Los Angeles were born—the scene of the upbuilding, despite the opposition of every sect in Christendom of a religious system the most peculiar of any in the world—the birthplace of American irrigation—the light set in the window of the far west for the swarms that more than half a century ago crossed the continent in search of gold, Utah well deserves to be called the most interesting of our western states.

And Salt Lake City, which the late Col. Cockerell declared was more unique than even St. Augustine or Quebec, says Judge E. F. Colborn in an Arrowhead picture, will be a show place for all time to come. There the tourist will find more oddities than in any other city on this continent.

The First and the Last.

One of the first things he will see is the "Mormon" Temple—one of the world's most remarkable structures. Long before the city comes out in the distance, the white granite form of the Temple looms into view. It is the first and the last object seen by the coming and going traveler.

The Temple is a fine specimen of the composite and massive in architecture, and was 40 years in building. Every stone in it is named and numbered, and the workmanship within and without is the finest that human hands could do.

Surmounting its highest pinnacle, 200 feet in the air, stands a golden figure of the "Angel Moroni." High over all, with trumpet to lips, he typifies that other trumpeter who by and bye is to sound the blast that will herald the wreck of matter and crash of worlds.

Moroni was, or is, the angel who appeared to Joseph Smith, the founder of "Mormonism," on the "Hill Cumorah," near Palmyra, N. Y., some eighty-odd years ago, and pointed out to him where were buried the "golden plates" from which Smith translated the "Book of Mormon." The figure of the angel is 12½ feet high and is from the chisel of Dullin, a "Mormon" boy, who has fought his way to a high place among American sculptors.

All may look upon and admire the exterior of the Temple; but what is within or goes on within, none may know except those who, high in the Priest-

hood and worthy in the faith, are admitted to its mysteries.

The Great Tabernacle.

Nearby the Temple and surrounded by beautiful grounds, stands the Tabernacle, the world famed auditorium of the "Mormons." For nearly 40 years has this queer shaped building stood, and yet no builder in the world has been venturesome enough to attempt its reproduction.

Cut an ostrich egg in half longitudinally, place one hemisphere upon the ends of empty spools of "Coats No. 40" size, set close together as side walls, imagine the space between where the thread was wound on each spool a light ash with little panes, provide an entrance instead of a window every sixth spool, and you will have a fair model of the great Tabernacle from without.

If you will encircle the two sides and one end of the interior of the oval above the windows with a generous gallery fitted with seats, fill nine-tenths of the floor space below with similar seats divided by two longitudinal and two latitudinal aisles, suspend from the lofty oval above by long wire ropes some 20 are lamps of 2,000-candle power, and in the vacant end of the oval place a great organ in form like a Mosque at Constantinople with banks of seats for a choir of 600 voices, flowing down from it to a three-story pulpit just in front of the first row of seats on the floor space, you will have fairly represented the interior of this strange structure of the Mormons.

Famous Organ Recitals.

Once every week without money and without price, a great master of the organ gives a recital to all strangers and citizens who desire to attend.

There is no other organ in the world sweet toned to equal this one built by Utah labor and skill, from Utah materials, 40 years ago, and, go where you will, you cannot fill an hour with

such exquisite pleasure as within this quaint building when this great organ peals the thunders of storms and battles or sounds the soft cadences of human voice and song.

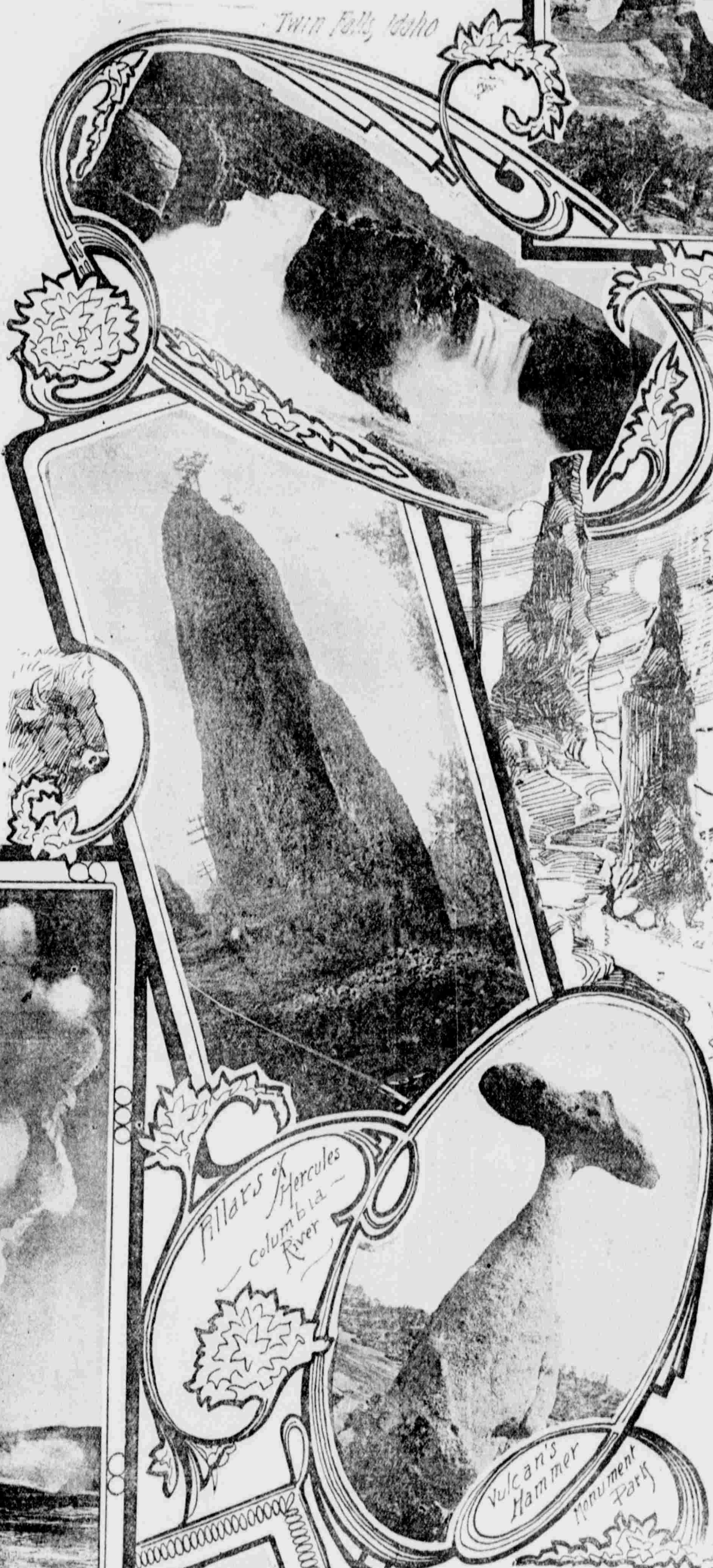
Across the street from the Temple is the "Tithing Yard," where all faithful Mormons pay over one-tenth of their increase for such use as the Lord in his infinite wisdom may see fit to make of it.

One block eastward from the "Tithing Yard," on "Brigham" street, are "Amelia's Palace," and the "Lion" and "Beehive" houses, some of the homes of Brigham Young—the nineteenth century Moses, who led the Latter-day Saints out of what he deemed their land of bondage into a New Promised land. Close by the "Beehive," spanning State street, which stretches away for 23 miles to the south, has stood since 1852, a gate, perched upon which, with wings spread for flight, is a colossal copper eagle. Just beyond the eagle on an eminence from whence can be seen, in all its alluring beauty, the green carpeted valley of the Great Salt Lake, lies under a massive flat stone, the bones of Brigham Young, a man who, though much censured for having many wives, will yet go down in history side by side with the world's greatest men.

Diamond of the Desert.

Elsewhere can be pointed out the spot where Brigham Young and his little band of 143 men, three women and two children ended on July 24, 1847, their toilsome journey of 1,000 miles over unexplored deserts, mountains and plains and founded Salt Lake City—the "Diamond of the Desert." The traveler can be shown, too, where American irrigation was born, with the building by this first company, of the first irrigation canal in North America—a canal which has been multiplied into the wonderful system that has redeemed from desolation the arid far west, and made of it a prosperous and productive empire.

All of these and many more rare things may be seen in a day's stay in Utah's capital; but the visitor would do well to penetrate beyond the confines of the city's settlement and note



The Marvelous Oasis in the Wastes of the Wilderness and Some of the Natural and Other Wonders that Dot and Surround It.

Inches from wall to wall an arch of solid sandstone, 60 feet thick in the central part and 40 feet wide beneath it, an opening 30 feet in height and 100 feet in width. The height of this bridge is more than twice and its span more than three times as great as those of the famous natural bridge of Virginia. Its buttresses are 15 feet farther apart than those of the celebrated masonry arch in the District of Columbia, known as Cabin John's bridge, a few miles from Washington City, which has the greatest span of any masonry bridge on this continent. Another comparison is perhaps in order. If the tallest tree in the Chivara grove of giant Sequoia in California stood in the bottom of the canyon, its skyscraping bough would fall short by 23 feet of grazing the under side of the arch. This bridge is known as the "Augusta."

The "Augusta" is of very light to white sandstone, with filaments of green and orange tinted lichen running here and there over the mighty buttresses and along the sheltered crevices.

The Little Bridge.

Five miles down the canyon is the third bridge, which has been named the "Little Bridge." It has a span of 211 feet 4 inches, and the under side of the arch is 142 feet above the bottom of the canyon. The crown of the arch is 13 feet 8 inches thick, and the surface or roadway 33 feet 3 inches wide.

The Cliff Dwellers.

In this same region, perched high up, on towering cliffs, are the stone houses of prehistoric men—the Cliff Dwellers, whose bodies, buried deep in the dust of centuries, may be brought to light in their feather-woven shrouds. The museums of Utah are filled with the utensils and remains of these strange people of a by-gone age. Some of the dead still carry upon their leathery faces the smile that played there when their summons came. Many of their utensils show evidence of the finest workmanship.

There are fields of sulphur in Utah many times greater than the fields of Sicily; beds of saleratus that served the Mormons in early days when the manufactured article could not be had; a valley strewn with boulders of chalcidony which await but the art of the polisher to convert them into table-tops for millions; mountains of marble that range in coloring from the Carrara of Italy to the finest specimens from Vermont and Tennessee, and deposits of onyx having hues from opalescent to lemon, with pink and purple and brown and black thrown in. These things the writer urges are samples enough of Nature's freak workmanship to mark Utah as the "Old Curiosity Shop" of the world. But there is yet another wonder to introduce—the crowning wonder of them all—the great mysterious, silent, dead sea that glistens an emerald level on the basin below. Long, long ages before even—

"The Aztec looked out on the earth from his door—
"The wild waves were dashing on Bon-neville's shore."

Our Mysterious Salt Sea.

"Bonnevillie," as has been called the primordial sea which swept over Utah from Idaho to Arizona. The now fertile valleys of Utah were once in its bed, and some of Utah's mountain ranges were islands on its surface. After carving its shore-lines for centuries around the mountain-sides it broke down the rocky barriers on the north and flowed away down the Snake and the Columbia into the Pacific. Its remnant without outlet, of many hundred miles in length and width, wasted gradually away by evaporation through the centuries, until all that is left of it today is the Great Salt Lake.

What pen is gifted with an art to fashion words into sentences to convey even an impression of this sullen, silent, watery wonder of the world? Lying alone in the desert, without life within it, this briny sea, guarded by alpine peaks and shadowed with passing clouds and the hovering gull, allures you in its shores and holds you there fascinated. Truly it is worth one's while to see it, and submit to its weird witchery. Especially to see it in the evening when the sun is just going down and through the sea's salt vapors the skies are seen ablaze, and all the canopy of the clouds is gilded with gold. Of this sunset, twin marvel of the lake, many have written, but none so well as Phil Robinson, who says of it:

A Salt Lake Sunset.

"Where have I not seen sunsets by land and by sea—in Asia, Africa, Europe and America? And where can I say I have seen more wonderful coloring, more electrifying effects than in the Great Salt Lake? They are too baffling in their splendor for any attempt at description, but it seemed, evening after evening, as if a whole world in flames lay on the other side of the canyon in my memory forever and forever, that terrible lanes of crimson peaks standing up from the water that seemed all stained and streaked with crimson, and then the gradual change from the hues of catastrophe to conflagration and surges to the liveliest colors, the faintest pinks of the faintest roses and all the shifting charms of Alcyon's Golden Cloud Cities of his Kingdom of Clouds. It was a veritable apocalypse of beauty and power."

lally terra incognita of the San Juan, an immense great natural bridge hundreds of feet in height and length, spanning chasms of terrifying depths. These bridges are of nature's own masonry and are wide enough to carry the marching armies of Russia and Japan.

The three principal among these Utah natural wonders are located in the same canyon, which varies from perhaps 500 to 550 feet in width and has many curves and abrupt changes of direction. The walls rise to a perpendicular height of about 400 feet and in many places far overhang their bases. The bottom is very rough and uneven. Wherever a bed of gravel or finer debris covers the scoured-out bottom of the canyon, bushes and small trees find a footing, and here and there are clumps of large cottonwoods.

The Sturdy Caroline.

It is when rounding a short curve in the canyon wall the first view is had of what has been named the "Caroline" bridge. From a scenic point of view, this bridge is the least satisfactory of the three great wonders. Its walls and buttresses are composed of pinkish sandstone, streaked here and there with green and orange-colored moss and lichen. Its outlines are quite irregular, the projecting walls of the canyon, strutting the view, and the tremendous mass of stone above the arch tending to dwarf the height and width of the span. This bridge measures by rough transits 280 feet 6 inches from buttress to buttress across the bottom of the canyon. From the surface of the water to the center of the arch above is a height of 187 feet. Over the arch at its highest point, the solid mass of sandstone rises 75 feet farther to the level floor of the bridge. The floor of the bridge is 127 feet wide. Crossing the canyon by this wonderful arch one would thus rise 252 feet above the bed of the stream.

Earth's Greatest Bridge.

At a distance of three and a half miles up the canyon is what is doubtless the most wonderful natural bridge in the world. It is lofty, magnificent, symmetrical and beautiful in its proportions. Nature here, has thrown across a canyon measuring 535 feet 7

what wonders nature has performed in the state at large. Then, indeed, will amazement fill his soul and his voice proclaim Utah to be the world's wonderland. Wherever he goes, evidence of creative eccentricities will confront him, and the thought will come to him that within the moun-

tain barriers of Utah the Almighty had his playground. Down in the Dixie of Utah, where cotton, hies and conagrantes grow, and the most insidious of vines are pressed, will be found the geological anomaly of a silver-bearing sandstone ledge from which millions of money

have been taken, and in the depths of which lie uncovered the petrified remains of a prehistoric forest, with every stony tree running rich in the chloride of silver.

The Big Bridge Land.

To the east of Dixie in the still prac-

Old faithful Geyser Yellowstone

Big Indian Jim

