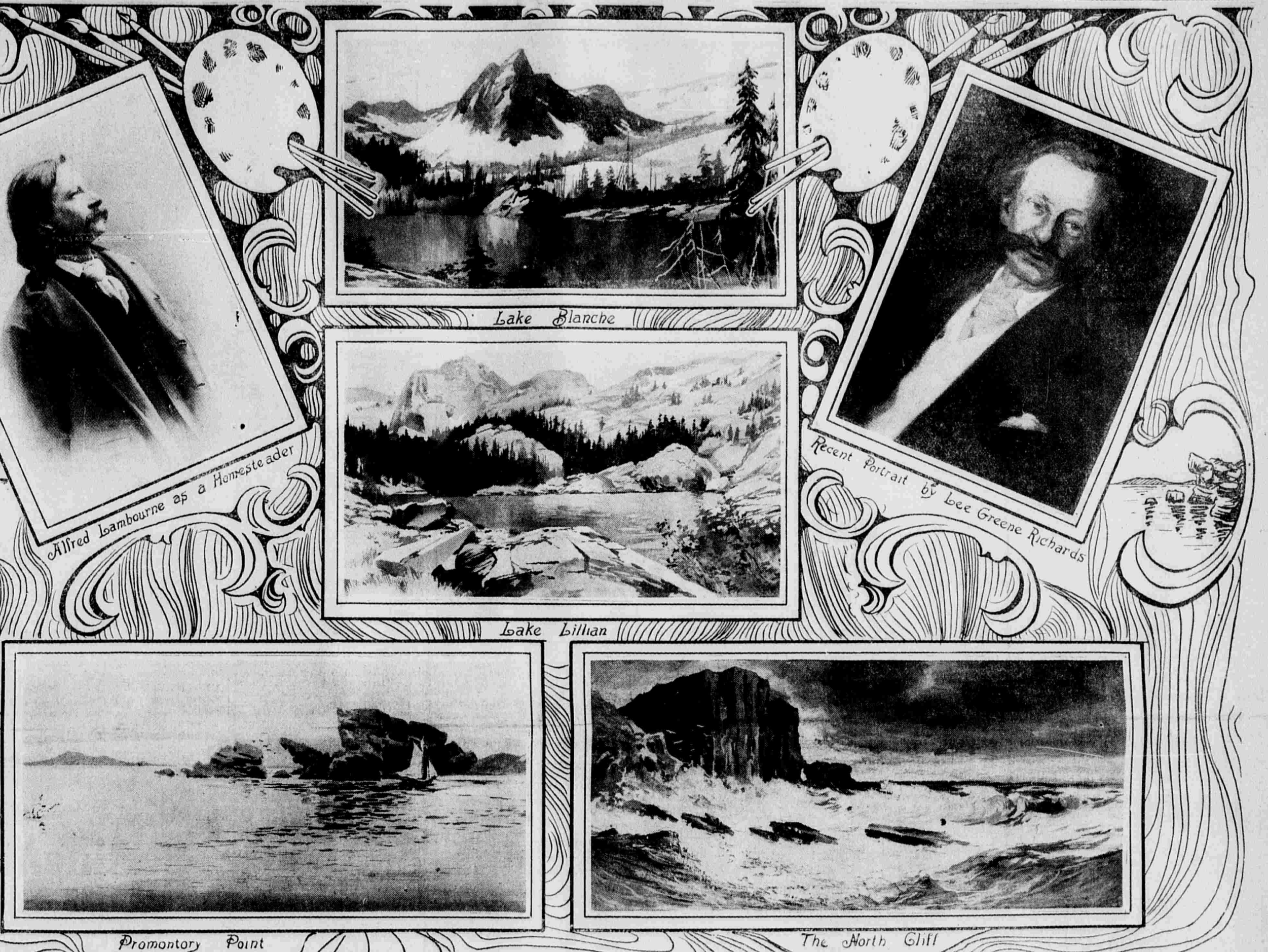


FOUR SEASONS ON AN ISLAND OF SALT LAKE



IF YOU had a desert island all of your own with free choice of the things to take to it with you, what would you take, and what kind of a time would you have?

The answer has been asked of old, and the answers of men whose view point has been thought worth while, have become famous, each in its particular day.

Revolts against routine come and go, and perhaps in demonstrating either conventional values or the lack of them, teach the world the standards in which its ethics are bedded.

What Thoreau did at Walden pond is as well known to lovers of literature as are the works of his famous friends, Emerson and Hawthorne, with whose bodies his own rests side by side in a cemetery of Massachusetts.

Great Salt Lake is a far cry from Walden pond. But its opportunities for solitude are as extensive, and the problem of owning and operating a desert island, fully as bewitching.

And this, at a time when Great Salt Lake had many less lovers than it now has, is exactly what Alfred Lambourne did. It was an experience of his younger life as a poet and painter, but its reflections, its inspirations, its opportunities for beautiful paintings, and for word picturing when the brush and canvases refused to reproduce the changing panorama of storm and wave, have remained into the days of his life's fullest maturity.

And their result is a book which has been noticed before in the "News," "Our Island Sea—The Story of a Homeowner," prepared from two smaller efforts in the same direction, and meant as the final effort of the pioneer Utah artist's long life in the west. To have the honor of battling for a right to live by one's art, at a time when almost any other vocation offered more and had more results in direct view, is something in itself, evidencing at once a devotion to a calling which only its true devotees could have, and a patience to survive every difficulty through a long series of years.

Mr. Lambourne's new book, soon to be issued, contains a significant quotation used in connection with its title: "That is best which lieth nearest," it is the author's protest against a universal tone in literature or in art. Dante, it is his belief, became a universal writer only by picturing truly the Italian life with which he came in contact. Euripides only by picturing for other generations his Greek affiliates, and Shakespeare only through his splendid pictures of the kind of heart and soul dwelling within the

heart of the Englishman and other European peoples with whose customs and habits he was familiar.

Coming to Utah, his reasoning insisted that no painter could sit by Utah mountains, and paint Alpine scenes with success, nor no writer to dwell within the west and handle abstract, universal themes, whose settings were elsewhere.

Therefore he turned to the lake, close at hand, neglected in spite of all its artistic appeal, and wrote that which he hoped would call its beauties to the minds perhaps of another and later generation.

His excursion to the lake was made primarily to Gunnison Island, where he remained a whole year through. With the four seasons as they impressed him, this article has chiefly to do, it being in the nature of a reproduction of extracts picturing the behavior of the water and winds through winter and summer, spring and autumn.

The book, of course, contains much more, and deals with every phase of shore and island scenery. For a recreation for the author's body, he planted a vineyard, and for his soul he watched the waters in their many moods, making paintings which illustrate his volume, when the subject fitted such treatment, and writing descriptions when this seemed to produce the fitter expression.

As he landed on Gunnison in winter, and received his first and most vivid glimpse of that season, the extracts begin there, with the picture given below of his first thoughts on landing:

Is this the North Cape? Dreary is the land, and dreary the sea. My hut massive though small, its low, thick walls, built of rough, untrimmed slabs of stone, taken from the cliff by which they stand; its roof, earth-covered, its chimney starting from the ground, and almost half as big as the hut itself—might be that of some hardy Lofoten fisherman. By the distant islands, that on winter days of pearl-like mightly flocks, by the tongues of land resembling snow-covered flocks, by the brine, more like a plain of ice than water, and by the midnight moon, with a lonely storm-ring round it, all is an Arctic perdition, the northern feeling is further supplied. Here are times when, by the light of a half-watery morning moon, the new island snow appears of a wondrous blue, or, on the jutting shoulder of the Northern cliff, it is touched with pale gold. On cloudy days, during the midwinter thaw, they shrink in the breath of chinook and grow leaden-hued; or, as snow storm rolls back to the mountain summits, they seem bathed in a mixture of fire and blood; or, later, as the light of sunset fades along the cliff top, they become of that cold and ghastly green that makes one shudder.

CLOUDY SUNRISE.
Sometimes a feeling of awe is upon

me. Often, as in the Norse mythology, the sun comes up, all faint and wan, sick night into death it seems, and languidly looks over the world of white. What thoughts are mine! Sometimes, in the dim, uncertain, mysterious twilight, when all surrounding objects expand to the right, I half expect to see some angry deity of the Indians' forgotten pantheon look upon me from out the western desert; or, as my thought meets again the old world, to see, springing from that Nifelheim in the north, the gaunt, grey form of the Fenris Wolf, and to behold his fiery eyes as he passes onward to his terrible feast, when the Asas, Odin and Thor, and the lesser ones, too, shall become his prey in Ragnarok, the last, weird twilight of the northern gods.

SPRINGTIME FANCIES.
The wild and windy springtime, with its warm sun and chilly evenings, enlivened the author's heart to more warmth of description. Here we have him, in another chapter of the manuscript, running to the light fancies of trailing vines and growing flowers:

The hanging gardens are in my thought. As did the work of Nebuchadnezzar, my vineyard has resulted from love. Unlike the Median queen, however, one need not here sigh for yonder heights, will be hanging gardens of nature's own. I trust, too, that not through pride, shall I be brought to the eating of grass as was the great Chaldean king.

St. Augustine enjoyed his laugh. The learned confession showed that over 200 deities—of Pagan mythology—would be necessary to the creation of a flower. He describes, too, the 11 gods or goddesses who presided over the birth of corn. How many of the Pagan gods, then were necessary to the growth of the vine?

Scoring on these western plateaus, should be personified with a stalwart figure. A handsome youth, a red sign, and, perhaps, such as I conceive to have been the aboriginal thoughts, I cannot imagine a Flora coming across these heights. Never among the Wasatch snows, do I picture the shivering rudity of some mountain flower-goddess. Spring, as it moves northward across the island meridian, does it find more unlikely soil? Upon the face of this broad land, is there another place more stubborn to resist its beneficent influence?

ISLAND VERDURE.
On my island what? Nature appears to be just as content, just as busy, drifting those sands, and so changing the shapes of the dunes as she does to bring forth the endless verdure. My vines will sprout, I hope; a cactus or two will unfold their fresh blossoms; the moss and lichens may take on a brighter hue. While I shall fulfill the

tasks of my log, and think of the what may be, the Artemisia will throw out green shoots; the grasswood and the thorn will thrust out spiky leaves; the salt weed comes up by the shore, the opulopulus tufts mark each line of crevice, and the bunch-grass green for a while the slant of the cliffs. Here there may be a thistle or two; the serrated disc of a desert primrose, and I may see, perchance, some hitherto unknown, some pungent and nameless western flower. Hardly enough this, when one remembers the exuberance of the season elsewhere, and longs to witness once more, the full miracle of the spring's return.

COMPENSATIONS IN SOLITUDE.
Yet I have compensations. Would I have come here, and would I remain, did I not know that such would be given? I shall see the great phenomena of nature, although their manifestations may be affected by local conditions. In the clear, dry air above the island sea, the vast, white cone of the zodiacal light streams up over my island cliffs, at twilight, far more brilliantly than I have seen it elsewhere. A mighty sign, the scales, hang radiant above the Wasatch range like a wondrous torch. Venus burns amid the falling glow, and unobscured by fog or mist, Orion glows this moment in golden splendor, and leads his dogs, Sirius and Procyon, beyond the edge of the solitary desert.

CIVILIZATION'S BONDS.
I have uprooted the thorn and destroyed the cactus. I have seen those monstrous bones from the past, and those remains which made of this place a morgue. I have seen, too, this island, which I homesteaded for life, home-made, as it were, for death. But, for the sun that bleaches the bones of mountains or man, re-veals the blood in the homesteader's veins. And I come to this untouched soil, destroy this coarse heritage of the desert for what? To make way for that companion of civilization—the vine.

SUMMER VISTAS.
As I stand in the crow's nest, erected by Stansbury, my island lies around me like a map in relief. Beyond the waters are the endless mountains; beyond the mountains the open sky. There are mountains near and mountains distant. There is limitless recurrence of slope and peak and gorge. Range behind range, the heights culminate in dreary levels in curve and dome, or in jagged saw-tooth edge along the horizon. A hundred miles of the Wasatch mountains occupy but a fragment of the vast circumference. There gaze the canyons; there are a hundred ways and to bring forth the endless verdure. My vines will sprout, I hope; a cactus or two will unfold their fresh blossoms; the moss and lichens may take on a brighter hue. While I shall fulfill the

and sable, the old broken cliff-lines of ancient Bonneville; and there, too, far to the south, the level escarpments of vanished La Bontas, Vastness and strangeness are the leading features, and more than these to the mind, are the powers of memory and assimilation. To the inner eye, this enlarges the horizon a hundred fold. Rather than be a slave too long to the infinite is the finite, one tries to concentrate his attention upon some petty object, to shrink into one's self, and to find rest for a moment in anchoring the mind to some near rock or shrub. But all in vain. Instinctively, as through a restless fascination, the gaze wanders once more. No rest, no ceasing. Again one looks around and around, across and across the unfriendly waters. At last, against all efforts of will, a plunge into the deep, the alluring and dreadful blue!

GLARE OF THE WATERS.
My days of trial are here. The king of suns, the mighty sirens, the fiery four-star of the ancients rules the sky. My eyes ache. O the insufferable brightness. The glare of light upon the waters of the inland sea! Like polished steel gleams the briny surface; and across it, the sun's path is like that same steel at molten heat. My brain seethes. Through the smallest aperture, sunbeams pierce into the darkened room. In the tanks the water keeps pure, but too quickly it shrinks away. These are the days when the temper become uncertain, when indolence and passion hold equal sway. Now the heat of that distant star gathers in the veins, and the blood boils. We are made the playthings of combustion taking place innumerable miles away.

Now the poet's eye is in a fine frenzy rolling, the musician hears the music of the spheres. Now men of nobleness en rapport with stellar fires, are roused to great achievements, or those of lower instincts are moved to deeds of crime. Now when too bitter the wormwood in the cup of sorrow, one must cry out like John in the wilderness, or the delicate brain gives way to madness in the fierce disquiet of the time.

MOONLIT EVENINGS.
And now the moonlight is rare. If over in manhood's strength, one could bring back his childhood's belief in enchanted valleys and magic islands, it would be in such a valley as that in von Wasatch, or on such an island as this. All around is crystalline pure. The island peak and even the nearest rock, appear cerulean. The slopes and ridges, the sleeping water, the far-off mountains themselves, are wrapped in tender blue. And through earth's shadow-cones, are shot the moonrays of ruddy gold.

AUTUMN HORIZONS.
A mighty drowsiness is on the land. The Harvest Moon—the Indian Moon

of Falling Leaves—has supplanted the Moons of Fire. Dream-like has become my island. Like a dream it is to be out in the midst of this inland sea. Ruddy, a weary and belated son, comes up the autumn moon, and like a vast Koh-i-noor, the sun itself is blurred and yellow. Haze-enveloped with distant Wasatch, through ever deepening shade of saddened violet, the Onaqui, the Oquirrh lapse into melancholia. Sometimes the western headlands, the jutting promontories appear as if cut from dim orange crepe, or maroon-colored velvet, or it appears the black has been mixed in the wool of their royal purple. There are days when wistful and vague stand the distant islands, their crags of a pale salmon red, with emerald gray shadows in cleft and ravine, and shell-like is the gleam of the far-stretched brine.

A local cause, but comes as much from the low autumnal sun. In the heavens there is a transfiguration, and the transfiguration extends. Always there are the same great stretches of water around, always the same dreamy and monotonous hills, ever the same strange walls of rock, and ever the same peaks in clustered multitudes. But how the seasons and the great sun play with them! They are ever the same, yet never the same; eternal yet evanescent, playmates with time and the elements.

EVER-CHANGING COLORS.
One peculiarity of my position here, is to find myself within a circle of changing colors, and to see the distant landscape smoulder with ruddy undertones, and then, here and there, the flames burst forth. The high foliage changed its hue in an hour, the circle of frost-made colors, ever expanded downward and around, kindling now the chaparral on some mountain side, or highest hilltop; crowded down through the canyons, those ways of the hills, and painted only when it had invaded the low valleys and reached the water's edge.

TILLING THE SOIL.
The winning of bread, that was the original text. Let the warrior do as he may, the basis of civilization is he who turns up the soil. The Romans at heart were farmers. From the lands whose inhabitants are of slender forms, of fine hand and foot, from lands where the blood is wearied, as it were, with centuries of isolation and unchanging customs, from the land of the Pharaohs of Mesopotamia, of Tigris and Euphrates, from the lands of ruined cities and broken temples, of worn-out faith and empty tombs, civilization moves onward to the lustrous west. Behold the new grain lands of the world—Iowa, Kansas, Illinois, Dakota, Minnesota, Oklahoma, Nebraska!

Four thousand, five hundred feet above ocean level—the valleys of Utah

are overly high for grain. Yet the squares of light or dark—golden or russet with stubble—tell where the husbandman is redeeming the waste. I can see the peaks that stand to the east of Cache valley, and others at whose feet are the fields of Sanpete. There I know are alpine fields that are sown, and reaped and gleaned as carefully as any or yore, or that one of Palestine, where Boaz met Ruth.

Another day's harvesting done, and another day gathered to the harvest of time!

The Northern cliff, what happened that time its tiers were laid? In the history of the human family—nothing. Long ere man, the architect, Nature, was busy with a rugged work. Ages before the pyramid of Cheops, the Tower of Babel, her work went forward. Here she quarried, split and carved. Before the race, this cliff was built; that natural column stood there ere was conceived the Doric. This work was finished ere was begun the rock temples at Elephanta, or at Aboe Simbel. The mighty monolith on its top lay there ere was carved the twin columns—the vocas, Mennon and his silent companion, that have watched, now, for a million times, the sunrise upon the marshy plain of Thebes.

These reactionary storms, where have they been? From the west to the east, from the east to the west! From the gradients and plains, they now return to the heights. There is grandeur in recurrence; grandeur in the swing of the pendulum. Back from the Rockies they come. Back from the Wind River peaks; from the Sangre de Christo, the Medicine Bow, the Uinta range. Back, again, from the Wasatch to the neighboring Oquirrh; back to the Onaqui, to the Tintic; across the Itati river, the Humboldt, the Sierra Nevada, and on once more to the western main—wasting their strength from day to day, here a little, there a little, but keeping ever onward along the course of the Plateau, over the Black hills; the high plateau, and the sky-hung valleys. A retreat grand as that of the 10,000 Greeks. A storm advance that covered a continent; a retreat from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

MANY DESCRIPTIONS.
Besides this survey of the four seasons, there are many delightful descriptions of sky-line scenery, which require that they be read in an hour of quiet repose to be fully appreciated. To close this brief review, one such description is inserted, with the regret that all of them cannot be thus used to help create interest in the lake, at a time when navigation of it is first becoming practicable, and the people at large are getting their first glimpses of the mysterious stretches beyond the visible horizons from the eastward shore.