

WHERE MARRIMAN WILL ROUGH IT THIS SUMMER

PELICAN BAY LODGE ON KLAMATH LAKE IN OREGON'S MOST MAGNIFICENT WILDS.

PELICAN BAY LODGE



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HARRIMAN AND HIS TWO SONS.

BY FRANK IRA WHITE.

IN THE forests of pine that skirt the Western shore of Upper Klamath Lake his game abounds; bears roam almost unmolested, seeking and finding the sweet dainties that are relished by brim, and herds of deer range over the mountains and through green valleys. Great springs burst from the earth to start sparkling water courses on their way to the lakes and on toward the sea, the water but a few degrees above the freezing point, pure, clear and most alluring to speckled beauties—as are the trout to the man with rod and reel. Stretching nearly 40 miles in length and some eight miles in width is Upper Klamath Lake, a vast natural reservoir fed by the streams that descend from three directions and springs that flow full-fledged rivers into indentures along its shore line. Pelican Bay is one of these indentations on the western shore-line, its waters ice-cold and so clear that schools of trout may be seen to its pebbled bed, while a large steamboat may turn around in the spring that feeds it.

Before the coming of the white man to the Klamath region the Klamath, Modoc and Pitt River Indians knew the great springs of Pelican Bay and gathered there annually at the time of ripening of the wocus. Likewise they came hither to catch trout and replenish their stores of fish against the winter season, when fresh fish might not be obtainable. Along the lake shore near Pelican Bay and in bordering lowlands the wocus, a species of lily grows luxuriantly and its pods bear a bountiful harvest of the seeds that the Klamaths converted into a coarse meal with mortar and pestle, and then served as a mush, many, many moons before "Sunny Jim" became familiar on bill-boards of the world. Every Summer some of the older members of the tribe may still be witnessed gathering the wocus as they paddle about in dug-outs.

In later years, the lodge became the trading point where the Indians came to barter their basketry and beads and buckskin garments for trinkets and firearms and other articles that the white man possessed. Some improvements were made at the spot that was given the name, and a very comfortable log house was erected on an attractive spot near the spring, while a small log structure was erected beside the spring where the lounge might watch the trout playing in the water as it gushed up from the gravel bottom, and drink from the spring with a dipper while reclining on the rustic bench. Each year more people came to loiter long in the enjoyment of angling for trout and stalking big game in the nearby forest, and then a Salt Lake man became its owner and elaborate plans were formulated for making it one of the widely known resorts of the Pacific Coast states. Probably these plans were somewhat indefinite as to details, but the owner knew what had been accomplished with spots less desirable to the tourist than Pelican Bay and he calculated the value of its location with Crater Lake within a few hours by automobile, big game close at hand and fish striving to get nearer the lodge than the spring permitted them to approach.

Two years ago, when Colonel Hollowbird returned from an investigation of the railroad possibilities of the Philippine Archipelago, whither he had gone as agent of the head of the Union-Southern Pacific system, and came to Klamath County to spend a vacation, it was no surprise to people of the Klamath basin to learn that the Colonel had bought Pelican Bay Lodge. "No man was better aware of its advantages and attractions. He had been upon each of its four hundred acres or so, and was a devoted worshiper at the shrine of the lake. Each sequestered nook of its woods, each portion of the wocus marsh nearby, and the cold waters of the spring were all included in his love for the place. While it need not have been a surprise, it was one nevertheless when it became known last year that it was not Colonel Hollowbird who owned Pelican Bay Lodge, but that it had been acquired by that gentleman for E. H. Harriman, master of transportation stocks and bonds in Wall street and president of the great Union-Southern Pacific system of railroads.

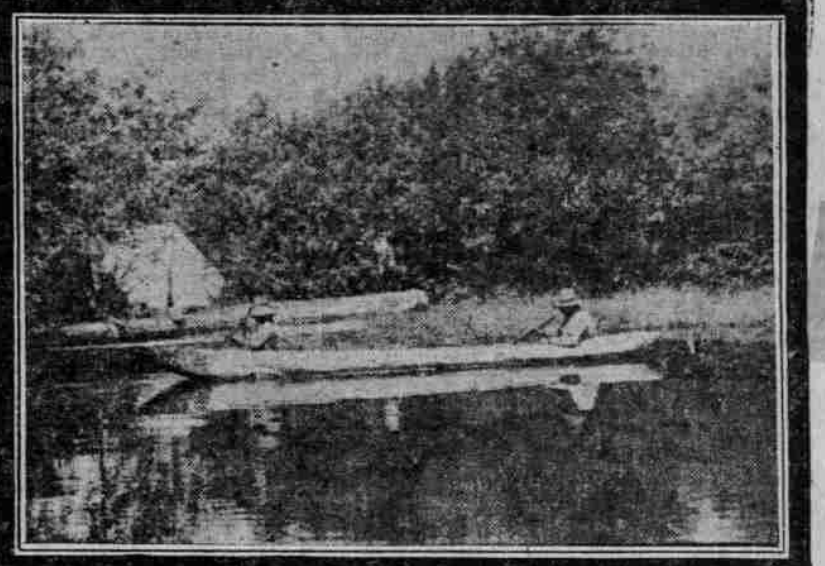
Last year Mr. Harriman came to Klamath for the first time. Indeed, on that journey he left the lines of his own railroads in the West for the first time to journey by vehicle, launch and steamboat for nearly 300 miles to his new Summer home. His coming had been preceded by achievements in providing communication that were unheard of in Klamath, where many astonishingly rapid changes have



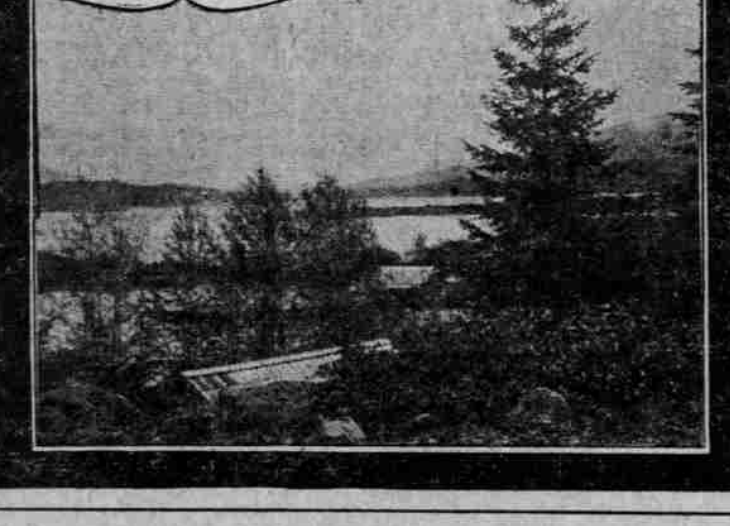
INDIANS BARTERING AT UPPER KLAMATH LAKE.



ORIGINAL SPRING HOUSE PELICAN BAY LODGE, HARRIMAN'S SUMMER HOUSE ON UPPER KLAMATH LAKE.



GLIMPSE OF UPPER KLAMATH LAKE FROM PELICAN BAY LODGE.



Lincoln: A Remarkable Essay

come. The telephone line between Ashland and Klamath Falls was converted into a telegraph line, and the wires were strung from Klamath Falls to Pelican Bay around the west side of Upper Klamath Lake, in order that the directing hand might be kept in touch with affairs even during a vacation trip and hunting expedition into the great game preserves of Southern Oregon.

Mr. Harriman's party was not large, including his young sons, family physician and a few friends. Guides had been provided, likewise bear dogs (but the dogs did not prove desirous of locating Mr. Bear) and everything was in readiness for the party to have a most enjoyable outing. Necessarily the stay was short, but Mr. Harriman devoted a half day to meeting the people of Port Klamath, the trading point on Wood River, near the Klamath Indian reservation, and then journeyed to Crater Lake, to behold the greatest natural wonder of the Pacific Coast region. He was deeply interested in the lake and scenic attractions of that locality.

Desirous of knowing from personal observation something of the route to be traversed by the railroad to be built from Naton to Klamath Falls, he had ordered automobiles for the journey over the old trail that follows closely the surveyed route north to Walker's Basin. The trip was made successfully, and Mr. Harriman returned East after having covered more miles away from his railroads than he had done elsewhere in the West. It has been announced in the dispatches that Mrs. Harriman and the young gentlemen of the household will spend several weeks at Pelican Bay Lodge this Summer. Those who met the railroad president last year and heard expressions from him of the pleasure derived from that visit, confidently anticipate that he will devote some time to an outing at Pelican Bay Lodge in the late Summer of this year. Instead of a long overland trip, Mr. Harriman can this year journey over the new California Northeastern Railway to

the steamboat connection on the Klamath River within 50 miles, and should he desire it, the line could probably be finished from Klamath Falls in time to run his special train through to that place by mid-Summer. People of the Klamath region feel that the splendid progress made in building the California Northeastern Railway has been in a measure due to the visit of Mr. Harriman last year, and appreciating the traffic promise of the road that he gave instructions for vigorous prosecution of construction work. It is now in operation to Dorris and will be in operation to the steamboat connection on the Klamath River by July; according to the announced plans of the contractors having the work in hand.

"I Am Your Wife."
 Old Clipping in Heart Throbs.
 Oh, let me lay my head tonight upon your breast.
 And close my eyes against the light, I faint would rest.
 I'm weary, and the world looks sad; this worldly strife turns me to you; and, oh, I'm glad to be your wife!
 Though friends may fall or turn aside, yet I have you.
 And in your love I may abide, for you are true.
 My sadness in each grief and in despair, Your tenderness is my relief; it soothes each care.
 If joys of life could alienate this poor weak heart, From yours, then may no pleasure great enough be part.
 Our sympathies fall to my lot. I'd sit'st mate.
 Sweet of friends though true or not, just to retain Your true regard, your presence bright, thro' care and strife.
 And, oh! I thank my God tonight, I am your wife!

BY CLARK E. CARR.
 ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the drolliest man I ever saw.
 He could make a cat laugh. Never was another man so vivacious; never have I seen another who provoked so much merrit, and who entered into rollicking fun with such glee. He was the most comical and jocosely of human beings, laughing with the same

zeal at his own jokes as at those of others. I did not wonder that, while actively engaged in party politics, his opponents who had seen him in these moods called Abraham Lincoln a clown and an ape.
 Abraham Lincoln was the most serious man I ever saw.
 When I heard him protest against blighting our new territories with the

curse of human slavery, in his debates with Senator Douglas, no man could have been more earnest, none more serious. In his analysis of legal problems, whether in the practice of his profession or in the consideration of state papers, he became wholly absorbed in his subject. Sometimes he lapsed into reverie and communed with his own thoughts, noting nothing that was going on about him until aroused, when perhaps he would enter into a discussion of the subject that had occupied his mind, or perhaps break out into laughter and tell a joke or story that set the table in a roar.
 When I saw him at Gettysburg as he exclaimed, "That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the Nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth!"—when I heard him declare in his second inaugural address, "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said 2000 years ago, so still it must be said, the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."
 "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—as I looked upon him and heard him utter these sentiments, upon these occasions, Abraham Lincoln was the most solemn, the most dignified, the most majestic, and at the same time the most benign human being I ever saw.

Rochefoucauld says that "gravity is a mystery of the body invented to conceal defects of the mind." Lord Shaftesbury says that "gravity is the very essence of imposture." Abraham Lincoln had none of this.
 Man is the most frivolous of animals. It is said that man is the only animal that can both laugh and cry. Abraham Lincoln gave full vent to his emotions. He went through life with no restraints nor manacles upon his human nature. He was honest in the expression of his feelings, whether serious or otherwise, honest in their manifestation, honest with himself.
 It was because Abraham Lincoln was the most human of human beings that he is loved as has never been any other man that ever lived.

KLAMATH INDIANS GATHERING WOCUS AT UPPER KLAMATH LAKE.

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Fish Which Fall Asleep.
 Indianapolis News.
 The British Australasian gives an interesting account of the mysterious appearance of fish in large holes which had been dry for long periods, and which had suddenly been filled by heavy rains. J. W. Kingsmill, who has had about 40 years' experience in the far North, states that he has known waterholes to be dry for months, and six weeks after they have been filled by rain they have been alive with fish. He has caught fish nearly half a pound in weight in a hole which had been dry for months, only six weeks after the rain filled it. The only possible explanation Mr. Kingsmill offers is that when the water is evaporated or sinking and fast disappearing the fish burrow down in the mud and become dormant.

Mexico's Sugar-Cane Land.
 Chicago Record-Herald.
 Mexican lands in a virgin state suitable for the growing of sugar cane, and situated in the tropical portions of the country—that is, in the states of Vera Cruz, Chiapas and Tabasco—range in price from \$1 to \$2 gold an acre. In the Tampico section state of Tamaulipas one finds such lands higher in price, the influx of Americans thereto having had the effect of increasing the value of property.

Tell Her So.
 Heart Throb.
 Amid the noise of life, In split of toil and business strife, If you mean your sweet wife Tell her so!
 Prove to her you don't forget The bond to which your seal is set: She's of life's sweetest, the sweetest yet— Tell her so!
 When the days are dark and deeply blue, She has troubles, same as you; Show her that your love is true— Tell her so!
 In former days you praised her style, And spent much warts to win her smile; 'Tis just as well now worth it while— Tell her so!
 There was a time you thought it bliss To get the favor of a kiss— A dozen now won't come amiss— Tell her so!
 Your love for her is no mistake— You feel it, dream of it, awake— Don't conceal it; for her sake Tell her so!
 You'll never know what you have missed, If you make love a game of hide; Lips mean more—than to be kissed! Tell her so!
 The rabbit's range of vision takes in the entire horizon.