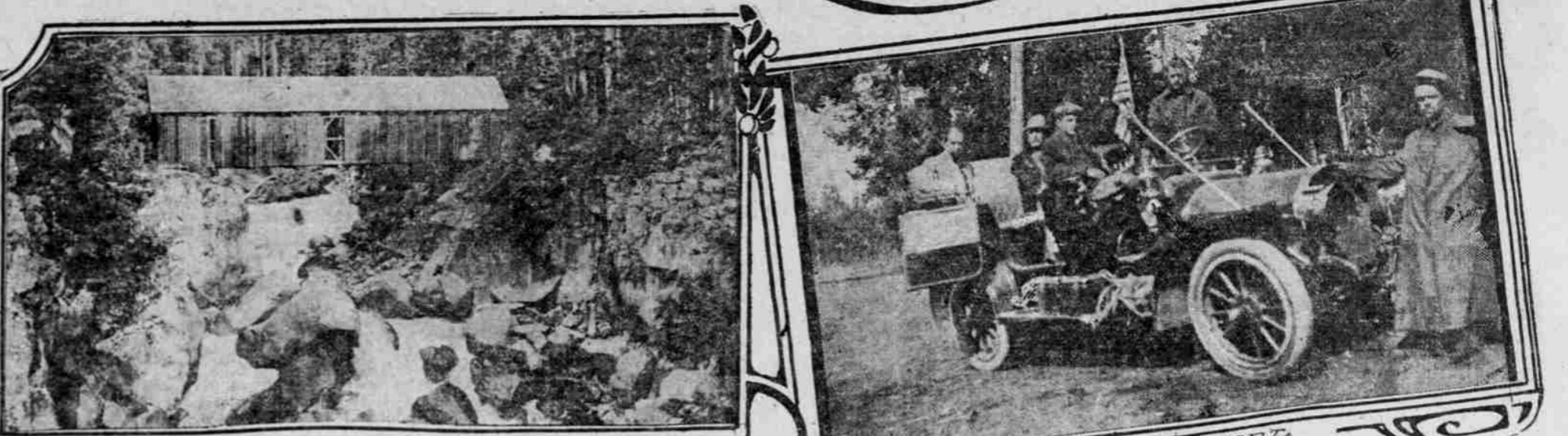


# FIGHTING A WAY TO CRATER LAKE

## First Automobile Trip of the Season Under Almost Unsurmountable Conditions, and the Great Reward



BRIDGE ACROSS PROSPECT RAPIDS.

READY FOR THE START.



WHERE THE MACHINE STUCK IN BISHOP CREEK.



IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS.



AT THE FOOT OF THE CRATER.



ROGUE RIVER RAPIDS.



Klamath Falls will be a crowded place. It is hustling. It is growing and prospering.

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## THIS IS OPEN SEASON FOR THE DEADLY PICKLE

BY LILIAN TINGLE.  
GREEN cucumbers have slain their thousands, and pickled cucumbers their ten thousands." And yet, year by year, housekeepers produce the treasured pickle recipe of their grandmothers, and the house is filled with the odor of vinegar and spices. If experience or inherited recipes are lacking, cookbooks are ransacked for reliable instructions in pickle-making, or letters are written to The Sunday Oregonian or some similar fount of information.

Money—from mere pin money to a real fortune—sometimes is made in pickles. Acres and acres of cucumbers are set out to do their more or less deadly work, and our National dyspepsia remains, practically, as monumental as ever.

Many of these popular "medicines" are, in the words of a recent writer, "warranted to riddle the stomach of an ostrich. If that bird were so bereft of the instinct of self-preservation as to make a lunch of bright green cucumber pickles seven times a week." And yet, if you are a school teacher with a turn for quiet observation, you will notice that many of your least bright and healthful pupils, especially those whose very appearance betrays a delicate or disordered digestive system, will regularly produce green pickles from their lunch boxes, or will buy them at the corner grocery. From my own investigations, I can testify that ice cream cones and green pickles are regarded as a particularly desirable combination, among girls whom one would think old enough to know better.

However, I must remember that I am not writing a sermon on dietary sins, but simply trying to answer requests for pickle recipes which have been pouring in lately.

If pickles must be eaten, let it be done in strict moderation and only by those of sturdiest digestive powers. See to it that the pickles are made of the freshest, soundest and purest materials and that young children, at least, are not allowed to acquire a taste for them. One of the simplest cucumber pickle recipes is the following, given me by a housekeeper who prides herself on the fact that she never uses alum, though some folk do, in this recipe, and that her pickles "have always kept firm through the winter and into the following summer."

Take small, fresh cucumbers, as picked from the vines; wash them, dry them, and place at once in stone jars. Mix one gallon cold vinegar with one cup salt and one dry mustard. Add two tablespoons celery seed or mixed spices, as may be desired, in a bag. Pour the cold vinegar mixture over the cucumbers and cover with a plate.

The writer adds that she, personally, prefers the pickles without spices and that some of her friends, to whom she has given the recipe, use one cup sugar in place of the mustard.

A useful old-fashioned method for those who have only a few hills of cucumbers in their back yard, or who,

leaves to grow very, very fast. If I were a young man who wished to grow up with the town, I would go to Klamath Falls to grow up, feeling reasonably certain that there would be nothing to stop my growth unless it was my own fault.

Please remember that I have told of the first automobile trip to Crater Lake for the season of 1910. It is different in August. A skillful girl could pilot a machine there now.

Creditable Railroad Record.  
Indianapolis News.  
Figures just compiled by the Pennsylvania Railroad system show that, although in 1908 and 1909 its various lines carried a total of 2,000,000 passengers in its 24,000 miles of track, only one passenger was killed as a result of a train wreck. In other words, the chance of a passenger losing his life in an accident on the Pennsylvania Railroad system was one out of about 300,000,000.

Church and Street Numbers.  
Indianapolis News.  
One of the churches near the crest of Murray Hill, New York, has adopted a street number so that strangers may find it with no more difficulty than they encounter in reaching a shop they may be looking for. This church is now indicated in the directory by its number in Fifth avenue.

On the Road to Love.  
Fall Mail Gazette.  
Have you ever tramped along upon a misty morning  
In and out among the hills along the road  
Up the wooded valley until sudden at a turning  
Sleepy little Hesseford comes peeping shyly  
Through the trees  
On the road to Love;  
Out along and down along the winding road to Love.  
Have you ever caught the scent of yellow gorse a-burning  
Drifting on the breeze as you tramped and tramped  
Heard the milky loving of the lazy footed cattle  
When the trees and hedges and the fields are full of song;  
Calling you to Love;  
Out along and down along the sunny road to Love?  
Stok am I of starting at the hunger in the face,  
Listening to the clatter of the city's ceaseless din,  
Time it was that I was rolling up my awag and going  
To the warm and welcome of that quiet little inn  
On the road to Love;  
Out along and down along the cheery road to Love.

again. If the theory of reincarnation is true it would seem as if I had beheld it long, long ago. It is true I have seen it pictured, but no pictures ever can represent Crater Lake, and yet it seemed I knew it, recognized it in detail. Let me hope that reincarnation is true and that I have before enjoyed the exquisite pleasure I then did. And if it is true, I hope that if I am again incarnated that my added knowledge of its ineffable beauty may help me more keenly to enjoy it then; for surely each added knowledge of its wondrous charm must help the individual soul.

And then we went back the seven miles to Camp Arrant, had a rough and hearty supper and slept as only tired men can, and woke fresh and vigorous as such mountaineers as we had become should be. Then it rained, and the boys didn't care to ascend again, but I, who had been brought by Mr. Parkhurst all this way on purpose to decide on the Bonanza's work of fixing up the grounds, secured some ponies from the superintendent and made the ascent, riding over the snow that sometimes was hard enough to sustain our horses, sometimes wasn't, when we floundered through until we got onto the solid again. Then it halted and it rained and it blew and we got so cold that we had to light a fire and warm our numbed

bodies, but the view of Crater Lake through a mist of rain! If it is indescribably beautiful in its glorious coloring of every tint of blue, in its clear and distinct outlines, melting into more mystical when partially seen and wholly sensed in the haze of uncertainty. To me the impression was of the lifting of the veil, between the seen and the unseen, between the material and the spiritual plane.

Crater Lake necessarily will not be secured by many in such weather conditions and yet I venture to say there are many who would travel continents to behold such a scene rather than the one that is generally gained. Only a few hours' work was necessary to give the directions required and half frozen we returned to camp, where our prolonged absence had caused some uneasiness. After a hearty meal we left the camp and made our way this time toward Klamath Falls, where we arrived at night after passing through a delightful country, over clear roads of much better grade than those from Medford. On the road we stopped at the Indian reservation, made friends with a number of the Indians, who, to their astonishment and delight, were given a rapid ride around the grounds in the auto.

Klamath Falls was crowded. Klamath

across the road; but these cheerful boys—college boys—just laughed and went to work, either to cut the tree in half or to find a way around it. Here I saw the advantage of a college education. There was skill of no mean order displayed in this work and I saw an automobile handled in a way I did not think possible and made to do things I did not believe it could be made to do. But it was the developed gray matter that did it—not but what these boys had plenty of muscle, too.

At last we reached Camp Arrant as hungry as wolves, and the commissariat store, a cache, in a log-house, barricaded during the winter against the bears that are so numerous there, even to cooing the stove-pipe chimneys, which was factiously thought to be to prevent the little bears from getting in, tempted by the smell of the goodly number of bacon fitches hanging from the rafters, but as the reader may correctly surmise intended to keep out the snow, which I was informed lies some 15 feet deep here during all the winter.

The superintendent of the park lives near by. That is, he lives there during the season, and the season has just commenced. He informed us the roads were impassable, that they were blocked with snow, and the numerous bridges were all "down," but our boys were made of sterner stuff than that which is talked by "weat." They said, "Let's try it anyway." So we piled into the auto, and away we went to encounter the first bridge that was down.

Now you must understand that these bridges are constructed by heavy logs—too heavy to be swept away by the rapid streams and not very lofty—and then they are covered with planks not nailed or secured, but held in place by their own weight. At the end of the season they are removed and piled up on either side to prevent their being washed away by the swollen stream. Each summer they have to be replaced to form a bridge. Whose work it was to do this we did not inquire. There was no one to inquire of. We did not even ask one another, but there was no way of proceeding without relaying the planks, so all went at it with a will—all but the writer, who is exempt from such work by reason of his age. Even the New York tenderfoot worked at it till he was exhausted. New York had grit if he hadn't hardened muscle, and soon one bridge was built and crossed.

Then we came into a snow bank lying right across the road disputing progress. We charged it and yelled, but though it yielded for a while, its passivity was greater than our force, and we were stalled; stalled in a snowbank in mid-summer!

Then, again, was shown engineering skill. Out came jack-screws, wheels were lifted, a layer of flat stones was placed as a causeway, and with infinite adjusting, tugging and panting the barrier was crossed.

Soon another and another bridge to be planked, a succession of snowdrifts were ahead, but lacking prudence, our captain went ahead and boldly leaving the

original road, selected other routes, skirting some snowbanks and selecting some that were less formidable. We dug a way through them. In some cases that automobile twisted through the trees—absolutely twisted; for the space was so narrow that it couldn't be made to pass straight a distance of its whole length. Well, we got right up to the base of the crater rim after building so many bridges that we forgot to count, and then the grade was so terrific and the snowbanks were so steep that a 40-horsepower auto would have stuck there till the snow melted; so we got out and walked the last mile to the top of the rim, tramped over the snow which was hard enough to bear us, and I, who had not been there before was well rewarded for the glorious, wondrous and mysterious sight that opened up to me.

Much has been written on Crater Lake. It has been often described; it has been photographed, then painted. I think everyone who has some perception of the hidden meanings of things and who has written or spoken of it says that Crater Lake is indescribable. I know how it appeared to me, but I cannot and shall not attempt to describe it. It is a memory that will all ways live with me. It was not a bit different from what I expected. It seemed so very familiar to me. Something forgotten only, but remembered

BY THOMAS HAWKES.  
THE road from Medford to Crater Lake had to be inspected and opened for the season. The site for a tent city in connection with the hospitality had to be selected. The drive up the Crater Rim to the buildings had to be decided upon. The camp at Arrant had to be opened and the stores inspected and Mr. Parkhurst, the energetic manager of the Crater Lake Company, was anxiously awaiting the time when it was possible to do these and sundry other necessary things. It must be remembered that the present highway through the forests is merely a rough wagon road, originally made from a homestead to homestead before the idea of good roads had dawned. Though the country through which it passes is indescribably beautiful the roadway is execrable, even at its best; that is, after having been well worn by a season's traffic. But one cannot imagine its roughness after a winter's rain, when the wheel tracks have been worn into gullies; when the rocks are exposed and the roads veritable "rocky" roads; when trees of all sizes have been uprooted and lie across the way, forming barriers to any but the most intrepid and hardy pioneers who are strong enough and willing enough to hew their way through and regain the right of way or form another one through the rock and forest. Anxiously the news was awaited from scouts who knew the conditions of the mountains.

At last word came that though the bridge at Bishop Creek was washed out, the stream had abated and that an automobile might get through.

Not a moment was lost. Mr. Parkhurst and myself started from Portland for Medford. The afternoon of the following day we set out with the famous Russ Cutbert as captain-chauffeur, with his brother Joe, who can make an automobile from start to finish and apparently make it do most anything.

Woodbridge, the owner of the car, and L. Lewis Cochran, an ardent automobilist of New York, completed the party of six adventurers.

The serious nature of the undertaking began to surmise when I perceived the working tools that were taken along. These were ropes and blocks, mattocks and axes, and they were all needed, and most skillfully used before our journey was successfully completed and Crater Lake was gained.

But oh, the grades, the wretched unnecessary grades! We were like the brave old Duke of York, who marched his men up the hill and down again. We traveled some 48 miles to Prospect, where we slept in tents and we gained only some 1200 feet elevation over Medford, yet in that distance we at times more than the lower feet necessary to arrive at the rim of the lake. These grades are absolutely unnecessary, as is evidenced by the fact that in the next 20 miles to Camp Arrant we rose three times the amount of the former 48 miles with far easier grades. Doubtless this will be obviated by a new road that is projected. Just before entering Prospect the Rogue River becomes a mighty rapid and there are two beautiful waterfalls from tributary creeks falling some 160 feet into the canyon.

This scene alone would well repay any traveler, even if there were no Crater Lake at the end of the journey. These rapids at present are only partially discernible by the tourist; from the approach to the bridge, for that structure in the usual fashion is hoisted in. I was told it was to prevent horses from being frightened, but it seems to me that horses that are not scared by the "choo-choo flying devils" were hardly as uncomplaisant as to be frightened at leaping water.

These rapids are so beautiful and so extensive, the falls are so splendid that they should be shown. It should not be necessary to accompany the traveler to dismount and go out of the way to see them, but the road should deviate from its direct line and be made to wind along the banks of the rapids, giving the traveler the advantage of seeing such beauty; in fact, forcing it upon his attention. In planning a road for such a purpose as this one is to be used, a direct route is not desirable if it does not lead to the objects of greatest interest on the way. The public for all time will thank the ones who lengthen the distance and add to its charm. It is to be hoped that full advantage may be taken of this wondrous work of nature—that neither may it be passed by, nor may it be necessary to leave the car and plunge into the forest as we did to gain the glorious view.

Starting from Prospect at an early hour, we arrived at Bishop Creek to find the bridge washed out. Nothing daunted, one of the "boys" waded waist deep into the stream and gave the assurance we could make it. The doughty Russ Cutbert, at the helm, handled the ship. The rest of us literally took to the woods and clambered and straddled over a mighty tree that had fallen across the rocky stream and so gained the other side, and looked back with eager expectancy to the attempt to rush the creek. With full power the captain launched her into the flood, amid exultant shouts of "She comes, she comes," but, alas, she stopped in the middle and L. a tenderfoot, and the New Yorker, a tenderfoot, said, "We are up against it." But no. Ropes and blocks were at work, attached to a tree. Our united strength added to that of the auto, applied by the use of considerable gray matter, our machine was rescued and soon put into action.

Then we were soon "up against it" again. If "it" is in this case a tree, or many trees, who surely were often up against it, for many times we found trees large and small lying squarely

Queen Mother and Queen Mary Tussle for Authority in England

Former Tries to Dominate British Court, but Latter Plays a Waiting Game and Is Sure of Ultimate Success. Change of Flags on Buckingham Palace Is Significant.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—(Special.)—Queen Alexandra does not take kindly to being a Queen Dowager, and so far she has proved rather a handful for King George and Queen Mary. The new flag that now flies for her at Buckingham Palace—a mixture of the British and Danish flags—has sufficed to induce her to lower the Royal Standard that only the reigning monarch should fly, but she clings to Buckingham Palace and has extracted a promise that a set of apartments will be reserved there for her whenever state ceremonies are in progress which she desires to attend. After that she will remove to Sandringham—when she is quite ready. Marlborough House in London will also be at her disposal from the New Year.

So the contest between the stubborn Queen Mother and the strong-willed Queen Mary is an interesting spectacle. Queen Mary has restrained herself, so far, with exemplary patience, but she is not the kind of royal wife to allow a mother-in-law to dominate the Court as Queen Alexandra's sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, dominates the circle round the Czar. That will speedily be made plain.

That the importance of the heir to the Throne in the national life is to be steadily maintained is evident from the rapid conferment of the title of Prince of Wales—a title King George himself had to wait much longer for when his father came to reign. Queen Mary was responsible for that. She had her way, but Queen Alexandra got even by securing rigid mourning at

meanings altering all the Royal Arms throughout the Empire. Everything from a military button to a notepaper die would have to be altered and it would cost not less than \$15,000,000.

Very shortly a gorgeous percentage will arrive in England by way of America bringing the homage of India and priceless gifts to King George. This is the Gajewar of Baroda, a powerful Maharajah and one of the wealthiest men in the world, whose son is at Harvard. In his possession are a marvelous necklace of 300 brilliants, worth well over \$10,000,000, and a set of artillery made of gold and silver.

It is interesting to watch the effect of the changed conditions on life and pleasure in England. As Cowes week will have no Royal inspiration this year, yachting has had a bad slump as a society pastime. But shooting, on the contrary, is all to the good. American millionaires looking out for grouse shooting in Scotland are finding the best moors already appropriated by Britshers, whose pockets are unusually prosperous for this time of year. The fact is, the shorter London season, the lessened expenditure on entertaining and the rubber boom have left money enough for special indulgences.

Those who have spent the last few months abroad are criticizing the conduct of some American and British women at Cairo, whose habit of regarding the Arabs romantically has nearly landed several daughters of well-known families into undesirable notoriety.

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