

CRATER LAKE IS NOW AT ITS MOST BEAUTIFUL APPEARANCE TO VISITORS

United States Engineers Are Keeping Road to Hotel From Being Damaged by Water From Melting Snowdrifts. Trip Enjoyable.



GOVERNMENT CAMP, TWO MILES FROM RIM OF CRATER LAKE. HIGHEST CROSSBAR ON SNOW-MARKING POLE INDICATES DEPTH OF SNOW THE PAST WINTER—MORE THAN 20 FEET.

BY DENNIS H. STOVALL.
THE DALLES, Or.—(On Tour.)—As the roads are now and as they will remain for several weeks—possibly all summer—the Columbia Highway and Eastern Oregon route is the quickest way to Crater Lake from Portland. This is said with no idea of unfairness toward the Pacific Highway through Western Oregon. The writer lives in the Willamette Valley and has traversed both routes, but is obliged to admit that for slinging miles from the tail of a car, these Eastern Oregon roads are great.

Our party is not out for speed—we want to enjoy the scenery and have a good time as we go along. We have not been disappointed, yet by just joggling along, we made the trip from Crater Lake to The Dalles in just 21 hours' actual running time. It is a short day's run from here to Portland. So there you have it—less than three days from Portland to Crater Lake! When the work now being done on the rough spots is completed, the trip can be made from Oregon's metropolises to Crater Lake by way of the Columbia Highway and Eastern Oregon, in two days.

Road to The Dalles Direct.
There is almost a direct north-and-south road from the park to The Dalles. Starting from Headquarters, in the park, this route drops 16 miles down the fine Government Boulevard and Forest Reserve road to the beginning of the Bend road, about two miles south of old Fort Klamath. We did not need gasoline or oil, as we had stocked up at Medford with enough to take us through to Bend. Anyhow, and with no desire to advertise a car that doesn't need it, let it be said that our Oakland Six is as stingy with gas

as a miser is with pennies. She has averaged from 20 to 24 miles to the gallon, right through the mountain country. But those who need gasoline can get it at Headquarters, in Crater Lake, for 50 to 60 cents per four quarts, 40 cents at Fort Klamath, 37 cents at Crescent, 35 cents at La Pine and 26 cents at Bend.

Our route took us directly into the Big Springs Indian reservation. This is a fine forest road, with one stiff pull of about four miles in sand, just after leaving the Fort Klamath road. This is far from bad, however, and once getting to the top is clear sailing all the way through to La Pine. The road is crooked, winding through the yellow and digger pines, but it is hard and smooth and good for 35 miles an hour for the driver who has a good eye and a firm hold on the steering wheel.

Forest Ranger Aids Tourists.
We camped one night on Beaver Marsh, on Big Springs Creek. This is in the heart of the reservation. The water is as cold as melting snow can make it and the camp offers an abundance of cool shade and fuel. Just a short mile from the creek crossing is a forest ranger station, with telephone and a Government warden who is happy in giving out all possible information about the surrounding region—as to fishing, side trips and trails.

We had a number of copper-skinned callers. These were Indians from the surrounding ranches. In spite of their dark complexion, they are an agreeable people. Many of them rode ponies, but some came in motorcars. All of them were interested in our car. And let it be said that these Indians, isolated as they are, with the blood of a savage race flowing in their veins, can talk spark plugs, self-

starters, horsepower, bore, stroke, ignition and carburetor stuff about as good as a real paleface. Many of them are well-to-do stockmen, and they have the money to buy what they want. At Crescent, where we stopped a little while to get camp supplies, a big car, driven by a swarthy buck, rolled up to the store. Mrs. Buck occupied the seat by her lord, and held a fat, frolicking papoose in her arms. In the tonneau were two smaller bucks and three girls.

Indian Buys Dainties.
We were much interested in watching Mr. Buck buy things for his happy family. His first order was for two dozen bananas which he liberally distributed among his brood, then followed a dozen oranges, a big box of chocolates, and seven bottles of soda pop! He had the cash to pay for all of it.

Who says it isn't fun to be a red man!

On through to La Pine the road leads, good all the way, with side roads to The Sisters, Odell Lake, Willow Springs and many other good fishing and camping places. These side roads are reported good, and conspicuous signs point the way.

From La Pine to Bend the road is rough in spots, due to the deep wearing of auto trucks. Just now the new highway is being built over this portion, leading by Lava Butte. When this is completed, the Bend-Crater Lake highway will be one of the very best and the most picturesque in the state.

Just before reaching Bend we entered the yellow pine lumber camps that supply logs for the two big mills on the Upper Deschutes. These camps, and the mills, employ more than 400 men. It makes Bend a lively town. In

truth, it was like entering a real city. And Bend is a real city. We soon found that out, for we just missed getting arrested. The city of Bend, with its hundreds of blue motor cars, has traffic ordinances, and officers who enforce them. We kept to the right all right, and we may as well turn all O. K. since the intention of our trip was to have been properly trained to do. But when we stopped for about five or six minutes to buy a slice of bacon and a can of condensed milk, we forgot to park the car against the curb. We had halted just 45 seconds, and opened the screen door of the shop when the traffic officer nabbed the chief driver of the party. Before that bacon and condensed milk could be bought we had to park the car!

Road North of Bend Fine.
Just the same, Bend is a good town, and we left, with no ill feelings. We rolled on north over a fine highway as Oregon affords, laid out in graceful curves along the bank of the Deschutes. Oh, how charming that country is! With the river flowing and boiling in the canyon below; cliffs and pinnacles of painted rocks lifting into the bluest of blue sky; bunches of juniper trees covering the flats and benches; green fields of alfalfa where an abundance of irrigating water gives succulence and plenty; pretty bunches of yellow sand and a desert painted in brightest shades of lavender, purple and crimson. The brightest touches, just now, are given by acres of "Indian paint brush," desert petunias and rock lilies. It is a picture that constantly pleases and swiftly changes.

Redmond Alive With Boosters.
A few miles below Bend the highway crosses the river and leads a distance out into the Deschutes Valley. It comes back to the east side near Redmond, "the hub city of the Deschutes." Redmond has a live bunch of boosters and is determined to become a city of importance. No doubt it will, for it has splendid advantages, located as it is directly on the railroad and in the heart of the irrigated region.

The commercial organizations of Redmond and Bend, with the help of the many motorists of that prosperous region, have done a good work in marking the main highway. The "white-and-blue route," indicated by white and blue signs, leads the traveler easily and unerringly. We followed this route on north, crossing Crooked River near Terrebonne and turning directly to the left at the top of the canyon grade instead of taking the old route. This led us straight north to Metolius, Madras and Gateway.

The roughest part of all the routes is through Hay Creek Canyon between Gateway and Antelope. This is rocky and rough. But there are only a few miles of it, and the magnificent scenery more than compensates for the slow going. A new highway is now under construction which, when completed, will obviate the rocky way through the canyon bottom. This road will lead higher up, along the cliffs.

Cliff Grades Numerous.
And speaking of cliff roads, and cliff grades, Eastern Oregon has a number of these; yet few of them are dangerous, for the reason that the grades are easy, the turns not sharp, and the way open so that the drivers of approaching cars can see each other in time to make a safe passing.

From Shaniko we took the route by Maupin, rather than by Grass Valley and Moro. This route is shorter by a

CHAMPOEG COUNCIL OF CAMPFIRE GIRLS IS ORGANIZED AT MONMOUTH

Prospective Teachers Will Be Trained in "Feminine Order of Boy Scouts," so That They Can, in Turn, Take Up This Work When They Have Become Qualified as School Teachers.



Champeog Council, Oregon Normal School Campfire Girls, Monmouth.

Front Row, Left to Right—Beatrice Pogue, Ethel Duncan, Edith Adams. Second Row—Velma McConkie, Buena Temple, Blanche DeArmond, Edna Messinger, Genevieve Kirkpatrick, Helene Klinke, Genevieve Thompson. Third Row—Ruth Wiley, Leola Fisher, Esther Harris, Ethelaine McDonald, Guardian, Bernice Chandler, Ellen McDonald, Grace May.

MONMOUTH, Or., Aug. 12.—(Special.)—The Champeog Council of Campfire Girls has been organized at the Monmouth Normal School for the purpose of instructing teachers and prospective teachers who may expect to take up the campfire work in schools when they are sent out to

teach. Miss Laura Taylor, head of the department of physical education, is the guardian of the local camp. The campfire work does for the girls what the Boy Scout movement does for the boys, and the idea has been popular from the start. Miss Ethelaine McDonald, of Hood River, was the first guardian of the Champeog Council. The members are: Vada Smith, Margaret

Parrott, Marion Howe, Irene Williams, Florence Buell, Bernice Chandler, Ellen McDonald, Grace May, Esther Harris, Ruth Wiley, Velma McConkie, Buena Temple, Blanche DeArmond, Edna Messinger, Genevieve Kirkpatrick, Genevieve Thompson, Helene Klinke, Edith Adams, Beatrice Pogue and Ethel Duncan.

didn't know he ever saved anything," said one woman.

"And I know he hasn't any relatives who might leave him anything," put in another.

Then the picnic day came, and with it Schuets and his "car." Bumping along back of a friend's automobile, Schuets smiled his way up the street to the picnic in a wheelbarrow. It was fastened to the rear axle of the auto by a heavy rope. Schuets's feet were resting on the tonneau. This afternoon he took a second ride in his "car" to satisfy all the neighbors.

Sunshine Picks Out Hottest Day.
PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 8.—Morris Sunshine appropriately picked the hottest day of the season to obtain a marriage license. He appeared at city hall with his bride-to-be, Mrs. Kate Rubin, a widow, of 408 Greenwich street. Sunshine has been a widower for two months. He is 45 years old, and his bride is 43.

Charities Get Part of Fortune.
NEW YORK, Aug. 6.—Anna R. Morrison, who died on January 6 last, left \$114,911. To Ada Kaufman, niece, was given \$15,420. The residue was distributed among seven relatives and five charitable institutions.

by a companion, was bathing at the time. Mills went out beyond his depth and sank. Nearby residents were summoned and a physician with a pulmonary reached the lake 20 minutes after the body was recovered. After 45 minutes of work there were signs of life, but consciousness could not be restored, and half an hour later the physicians gave up their attempt to save the boy's life.

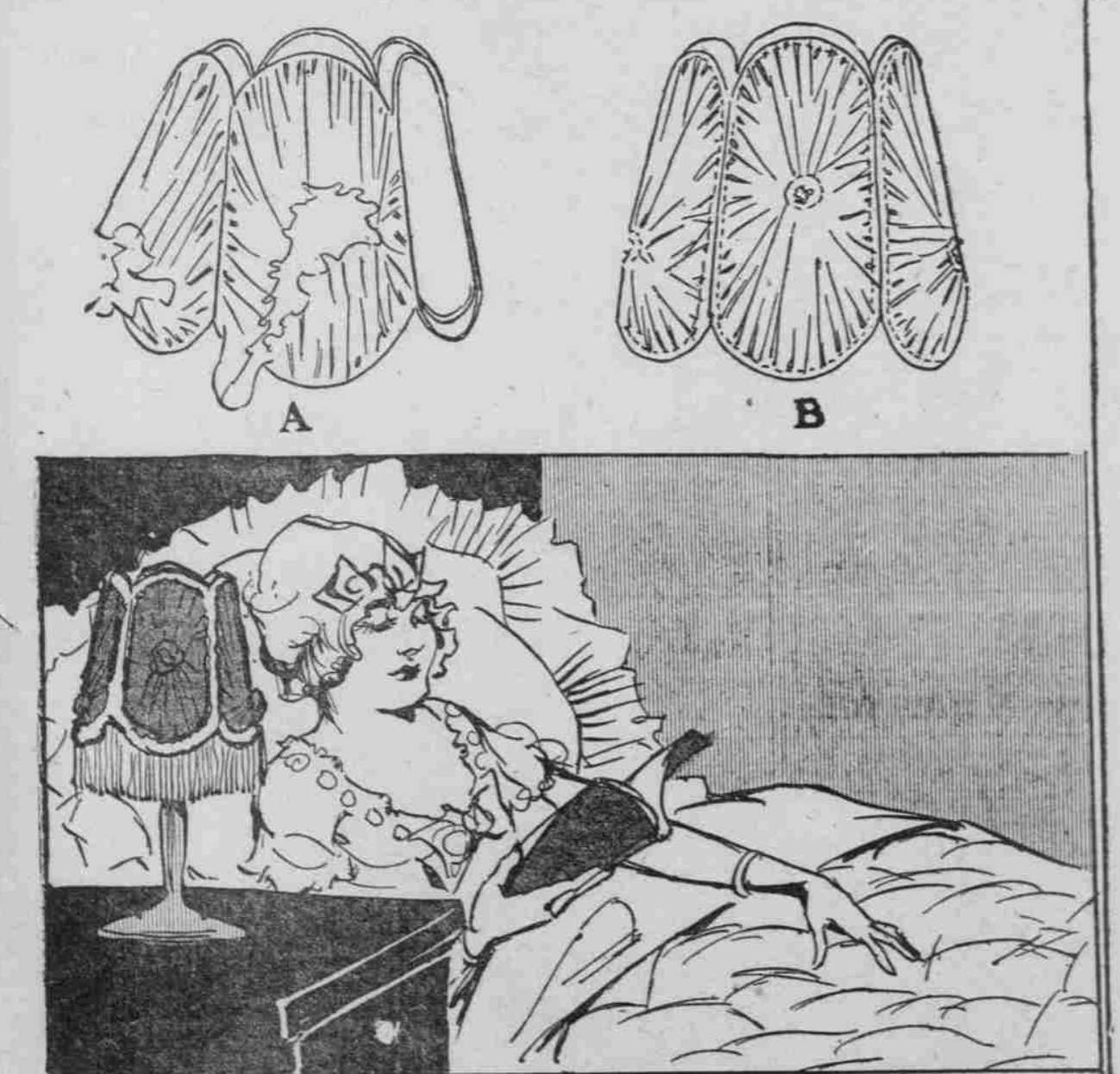
WHEELBARROW HIS 'MOTOR'
Gossips Learn How Poor Neighbor Can Afford Joy Rides.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 7.—Thomas H. Schuets, proprietor of a roadhouse, went jfrriding for the second time in his new "car." It resulted in bringing out most of the neighborhood and put an end to the neighborhood mystery of "How can Schuets afford a car?" Several days ago Schuets had announced he was going to attend a picnic at McElhinney's grove, at Sappington, St. Louis County, in his new "car." That started the neighborhood mystery. Here and there about the Schuets neighborhood little groups gathered and words flew thick and fast.

"Schuets always spent his money. I

WABASH, Ind., Aug. 7.—Arthur Mills, 14 years old, son of J. T. Mills, a local merchant, was drowned in a lake 14 miles north. The boy, accompanied

EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR AN ATTRACTIVE BOUDOIR SHADE



Materials required: One nine inch fancy frame, four yards of six inch ribbon, choosing color and design to harmonize with the scheme of arrangement in the room; three-eighths yard of white china silk for winding and lining, two and one-half yards of trimming, and one yard of fringe to match color of ribbon. Always be careful to select perfect frame.

To make: Take white silk and tear off three or four strips an inch wide and a yard long. With these folded in half, wind all the wires on the frame. Wind tightly, covering all wires completely, paying particular attention to juncture of corners. Allow no ravelings to show.

When all wires are wound take the white china silk and cut off a piece large enough to cover space indicated by letters A B C D.

Stretch tight and pin carefully all around, then sew with small stitches; trim edges closely.

Repeat the same on area D X Y A B Y C. Always stretch as nearly straight up and down as possible. Area A B C D is also lined. Always be sure to pull taut and trim closely. Lastly area marked G L X A B Y.

To make sunbursts and sunsets divide ribbon into four strips, two of them each forty-two inches long and the other two thirty inches each. Thread needle with extra strong thread and gather one of the strips thirty inches in length, bringing the gathers to a center as in a rosette. Hold the center of the rosette to the center O; do not pin, just hold it there and fasten the ribbon at points marked A B C D. Then pin the gathers all around on the wire of that area, making the plaids as fine as possible. Sew and pull all the plaids evenly, trim the edges close to the gathers and the wire. This process is called a sunburst.

Repeat on surface marked A B C D. Then cut the rest of the ribbon into two lengths, gather as before, securing center of rosette at point marked Y. Pin all around along wires G L X A B Y, never forgetting to make the plaids as tiny as possible. Sew this, too, with small stitches. Trim the edges close to wires.

Repeat the same for area D X A B Y C. Make small braid rosette to hide center of sunbursts.

