

LAKESIDE'S BEAUTY SPOTS DESIGNED TO REFRESH TIRED FOLKS

Picturesque Mountains and Verdure Fringed Lake Are Among the Attractions.

CLIMATE IS DELIGHTFUL

Trip of Exploration Reveals New Beauties; Angler May Find Joys to Delight the Heart.

By Fred Lockley.

Lakeside, Or., July 10.—Lakeside is located on the bank of Ten Mile creek at its junction with Ten Mile lake. It is 104 miles by rail southwest of Eugene, is 17 miles north of Marshfield and three miles from the ocean.

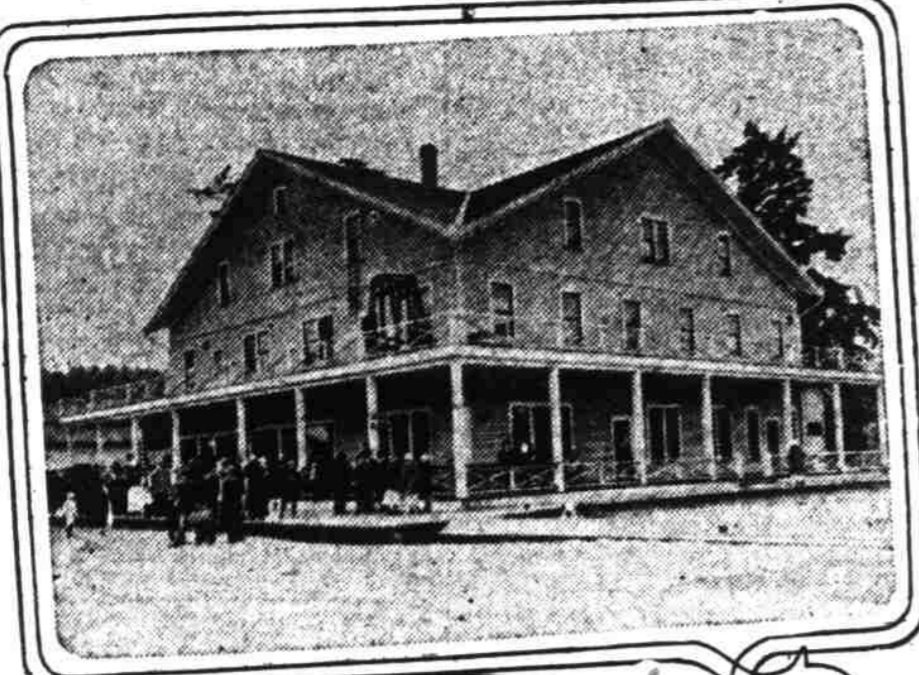
From the window of my room I can look out on the tranquil waters of Ten Mile lake. If the world at large knew of Ten Mile lake, North lake, Clear lake and Eel lake their waters would no longer be tranquil and solitary. Their heavily wooded shores would echo the creek of oars in the oarlocks, and the staccato exhaust of motorboats or the gay laughter of tourists and summer vacationists.

Coos county is rich in natural resources. I can imagine some far-distant day when her timber will be all cut, her places gold washed out, her coal dug, but she has one resource which is perpetual and which is her mild and delightful summer climate and the beauty of her inland lakes.

Lake Is Explored.
Yesterday, with Ed Smith, the proprietor of the Ten Mile hotel, and Jack Raymond, the owner of the "Joy Flyer," I went on a trip of exploration on Ten Mile lake and North lake. Jack Raymond is a fair sample of what Coos county can produce. He is a native son of Coos county, is 19 years old, is 5 feet 2 inches high, weighs 197 pounds and is lean as a greyhound, his weight being all bone and muscle. His motorboat, the "Joy Flyer," can make 2 1/2 miles an hour, but as I wanted to see something beside a cloud of spray he slowed the speed down to from 12 to 15 miles an hour.

If you decided to take a walk around Ten Mile lake and North lake to get an appetite for breakfast you would surely come back with the appetite for you would walk 133 miles

SCENERY OF COOS RUGGED AND VARIED



Above—Ten Mile hotel, Lake Side, Or. Below—Ten Mile lake.

If you followed the shoreline of the lakes. If you can imagine a starfish and a lizard lying beside each other you will

have a fair picture of the geography of Ten Mile lake and North lake.

Many Inlets Found.
The rays of the starfish and the legs of the lizard will represent the innumerable inlets, bays, estuaries and bays that, in various channels, make the deeply indented shoreline of the lakes. The hills rise steeply in places from the shores of the lakes and everywhere the almost impenetrable and unbroken forest of fir, spruce, cedar, hemlock, larch, alder and willow, madrona and manzanita comes down to the very edge of the water. We crept through narrow and tortuous channels where the trees formed an interlaced archway overhead.

We took our way through beds of water lilies and we followed a natural canal that led from Ten Mile lake to North lake. On the bank of the canal as well as above and below. Near the shore the overhanging trees were perfectly reflected in the mirror-like surface of the lake. The clouds above looked down upon their reflections below.

Fishermen Are Passed.
We passed a fisherman rowing slowly along shore and the reflections of the wooded shore and the overhanging trees and alder dated with the fishing lines as his boat disturbed the imaged forest on the water. I could not help thinking of Emerson's lines:

"Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of heaven there
And the ripples in rimes the oar for sake."

How Thoreau would have loved this wild western country. A man who could be inspired by the quiet beauty of the lonely woods, where the river would surely be in the seventh heaven of delight here on the picturesque rivers and lakes of Coos county. Thoreau loved the water. "Rivers are a constant lure when they flow by our doors," he says, "to distant enterprise and adventure."

"They are the natural highways of all nations, not only leveling the ground and removing obstacles from the path of the traveler, quenching his thirst and bearing him on their bosoms, but conducting him through the most interesting scenery, the most populous portions of the globe, and where the animal and vegetable kingdoms attain the greatest perfection."

Lover of Nature.
Thoreau had what most of us have, a love of outdoors. "There is in my nature a singular yearning toward all 'wildness,'" he says, "and I am civilizing the Indian, but that is not the name for his improvement. By the wary independence and aloofness of his dim forest life he preserves his intercourse with the gods and is admitted from time to time to a rare and peculiar society with nature."

To Thoreau the clouds were the drapery of fairyland and the wooded hills the temple of Elysium. Later in the day I went out again with Mr. Smith and Oliver Brant, a hook tender for a not-far-distant looking crew. We were in a lifeboat that had been washed overboard from some passing vessel and had drifted ashore. In lieu of oars we had an Evinrude motor. We jogged along at a leisurely pace. The clouds were red in the west. In places their reflections gave the water a look of being lit by subterranean flames. The sun sank into the ocean, the red in the sky faded and twilight came, the lake becoming a silver platter. We stopped by a partly submerged log. Near the shore was a fringe of lily pads.

Humming Is Heard.
A peculiar droning in the upper air sounded like the distant music of bagpipes or of a swarm of bees. The sound was caused by the humming of the wings of the yellow May flies.

As twilight deepened into dusk another sound mingled with the droning sound of the May flies. It sounded as though a hundred beaver were slapping the water vigorously with their trowel-like tails, but it was caused by dozens and scores of good sized trout leaping high out of the water to catch the May flies that flew close to the surface of the lake.

Oliver and myself got out our fishing poles and putting on a yellow May fly we began whipping the water near the lily pads. "Splash! Smack! A big trout jumped high out of the water for my fly but missed. The next one was more successful, or, looking at it from the trout's viewpoint, was unsuccessful, and was fast on my hook. Talk about activity. He jumped high out of the water when he felt the barb and tried to shake the hook out of his mouth, but he was on, hard and fast, and I soon had him jumping and dancing in the bottom of the boat. For half an hour Oliver's fly danced daintily on the water and when the silver lake had turned to ink and we could no longer see the fly on the surface of the water, we turned our boat homeward. I never saw gamier trout than the lake trout of Coos county. I never tasted better ones. Some day, Portland anglers will "discover" Lakeside, and Ten Mile lake and North lake will afford them royal sport.

AUTOS ARE BURIED IN SAND BY WIND WHICH CHANGES LANDSCAPE

Occupants of Cars Near Grand Dalles Stuck for More Than Seven Hours.

The Dalles, Or., July 11.—Sunday's violent windstorm blew sand into great dunes across the public highway near Grand Dalles, Wash., where two automobiles were stuck, half buried in sand, for more than seven hours. The cars were on their way to Goldendale, Wash., when the sandstorm, blinding the drivers, half buried the machines. Unable to see the road, the drivers stopped their cars and the occupants sat huddled in their seats with their faces covered by minutes until the wind abated, when they shoveled their way out with a bucket.

Shifting sand in this section causes much trouble to automobilists. The road is constantly changing. Great sand hills shifting on the flat cause a complete change in the appearance of the locality every few days.

Banker's Home Burned.
The Dalles, Or., July 11.—"Your house is on fire," the startling information Max Vogt, president of the First National bank, received as he sat at noon luncheon yesterday. With his neighbors assisting all furniture was removed. The fire was confined to the roof, but the residence is water-soaked throughout and damaged to the extent of several thousand dollars. Defective electrical wiring is believed to have started the fire.

Pioneer Is Buried.
The Dalles, Or., July 11.—Daniel Baker, a long-time resident and former business man of the Dalles, died here after a long illness. The funeral, held yesterday, was largely attended. He leaves his widow and five children, all residents here.

Charge May Be Filed as Result of Death

Marshfield Man Who Ran Down and Killed Woman at Myrtle Point May Face Criminal Prosecution.
Marshfield, Or., July 11.—It is possible that C. Moeller, who ran over and killed Florence Dye Sunday evening at Myrtle Point, may have to face a criminal charge. Sheriff Johnson, who was here yesterday, said that there was talk of bringing a charge of manslaughter. Moeller had bought a new car and was inexperienced.

Non-union Men Arrested.
Marshfield, Or., July 11.—Trouble occurred yesterday between lonshoremen at North Bend and non-union men who were loading the steamer Westerner with ties. The vessel was at the city dock. Lonshoremen protested with the men at work and

finally, it is claimed, two non-union men were assaulted. Ed Herman, who was shipping the ties, appealed to the district attorney for protection and yesterday the men were at work again. Ed Lund, head of Marshfield Lonshoremen's union, told the district attorney that every effort to avoid violence had been made by the union men in trying to secure their demands.

Purchase Pendleton Tribune.
Marshfield, Or., July 11.—Clarence E. Ash, for the past two years city

editor of the Coos Bay Times, will leave for Pendleton, where with three other newspaper men, he has purchased the Pendleton Tribune.

Would Have Better Roads.
Chehalis, Wash., July 11.—At its luncheon yesterday the Citizens' club took definite action looking to Lewis county securing a portion of the federal government's recent appropriation of national aid for the various states on post roads. The matter of securing the expenditure of funds under the bill just passed by con-

gress, fostered by Congressman Albert Johnson of this district, on eastern Lewis county roads in the forest reserve, was referred to a committee composed of President Bush, H. C. Coffman and O. J. Albers.

Chief of Police Run Down.
Los Angeles, July 11.—(P. N. S.)—While riding a motorcycle early today, Fred Harris, chief of police of Vernon, a suburb, was run down by an automobile and probably fatally hurt. After a three mile pursuit by other motorists, H. C. Moran, alleged driver of the machine, was arrested.

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Auto Strikes Stump; Girl Seriously Hurt

Sutherland Young Woman Thrown Through Wind Shield, Glass Nearly Gouging Out Her Right Eye.

Sutherland, Or., July 11.—Miss Helen Bennett, daughter of Dr. M. G. E. Bennett of this city, was seriously injured Sunday by being thrown through the wind shield of an automobile in which she was riding with Harold Wells of Eugene, son of Judge J. G. Wells of that city.

The machine struck a small stump on a road west of town, the contact causing Miss Bennett to go against the shield with such force that her head and shoulders protruded through the glass. Her right eye was nearly gouged from the socket and her face and neck badly lacerated by the broken glass, one gash barely missing the jugular vein.

Baker County Says State Owes \$15,000

District Attorney Authorized to Sue Secretary of State for Receipts from National Forests.

Baker, Or., July 11.—District Attorney J. W. Baker, authorized by the county court yesterday to bring suit against Secretary of State Olcott for approximately \$15,000, alleged due the school and road funds of Baker county county's share of receipts of the Minam and Whitman national forests since 1908.

It is alleged that moneys from national forest were not distributed by the secretary in accordance with federal law of 1908 and that by failure to make distribution in proper manner, this county has been "short changed" in the amount noted. Other counties of eastern Oregon entitled to share in national forest receipts are considering similar suits and may cooperate in bringing them.

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