

NEW CLOSED CAR BEING MADE BY FRANKLIN CO.

One of the latest types of enclosed cars manufactured by the Franklin Automobile company is the Touring Limousine. This type is mounted on the standard Franklin chassis, has four doors and is very roomy. It is an enclosed car with one or two compartments adaptable for owner or chauffeur driven. When the car is driven, the section of passenger is made quite complete by the glass partition at the back of the front seat. The partition is equipped with a sliding panel which permits companionable relations of front and rear seat passengers. Or the partitions can be removed entirely, making the body into a one compartment car, suitable for family parties when the owner drives. The change facilities by rattle proof partition locks, can be made in a few moments.

The car is painted in Franklin gray,

with black enamel fenders. The appointments are of the very latest in motor cars and very beautiful.

The Pendleton Auto company have ordered a shipment of these cars to be made up at the Franklin factory. Motor enthusiasts await their showing at the local showrooms.

OREGON ROADS

(Continued from page 8.)

Bear Creek-Shorty Davis Ranch: 10 miles; good condition.

Shorty Davis Ranch-Paulina: 25 miles; fair condition.

Paulina-Burns; Passable; fair condition. Road is bad at Brown Ranch and Buck Mountain.

Grants Pass-Waldo: Good smooth road.

Grants Pass-Crescent City Highway: Grants Pass-Waldo: Good smooth road.

Waldo-Monument: Rough but dry (Oregon Mountain.)

Monument-Crescent City: Good.

Bend-Sisters Highway: Open and in fair condition; some detours necessary around construction.

BOSCH SALES MANAGER OPTIMISTIC AFTER TRIP

Alfred H. Bartsch, general sales manager of the American Bosch Magneto corporation, has just returned from a six weeks circuit of the eastern and southern states, having visited 23 leading cities in that time. The trip was made for the purpose of investigating general conditions and studying their probable effect on auto motive sales during the next six months.

The conclusions which Mr. Bartsch drew as a result of his investigation were interestingly outlined in a letter just received by Mr. H. H. Graham, of Pendleton Storage Battery, Bosch dealer in this city.

Mr. Bartsch found the south to be very "spotty" insofar as general business is concerned. Cars were selling well in some places and not well at all in others; for instance in Virginia at least 20 per cent of the cars in the state up to the time of his visit, had not been re-registered. They were standing idle because of lack of funds. The same situation held in South Carolina and in Georgia.

Conditions in North Carolina and Florida are, at the present time, better than in other states in the south. North Carolina looks good from a future point of view as does Florida, but both states can be included in that circle of hesitation which describes the entire South. However, while previously not listening to sales talks or merchandising efforts, there now exists a more receptive state of mind.

Cotton possibilities look fair with a possibility of improvement from a price point of view, as it seems as though there would be a definite shortage through the entire south. This, of course, will cause a rise in price of this commodity sooner or later. To bring the supply of America back to that of last year we will have to raise 12,000,000 bales—better than 50 per cent increase over 1920-21—but this can't happen this year. From this it would seem that next year will be a banner year in the south and it is desirable to plan sales accordingly.

The central south has naturally been materially affected by the flood situation in the Mississippi valley. Unlike Florida, there has been an excessive amount of rain and it had been impossible to plant crops of any nature. It seems, however, that the flood situation subsided just in the nick of time for the planting of cotton, thereby greatly brightening the outlook throughout the Mississippi Valley.

In the Chicago territory, in the southwest and in the central west, spring has been about two months behind and has been the cause of a drop off in business, which usually "peaks-up" in March and April. A late spring has also retarded business in the Ohio territory but good business can be expected in this territory from now on, increasing as the farmers become more and more optimistic, as they undoubtedly will, and provided of course that they secure good crops and good prices.

Mr. Bartsch noticed a particularly intensive activity on the part of "guy" battery and tire manufacturers in the west and middle west, an activity that bids for the attention of the so called legitimate manufacturers.

Generally speaking, however, there is a definite lack of pessimism and a general looking up, which suggests that the near future, while it cannot be considered excellent, will be from fair to good and with intensive merchandising, sales ought to be somewhat better than last year.

"The Island of Terror"

Chapter eight of "White Eagle," adapted by Herbert Crooker from the Pathe Photoplay serial starring Ruth Roland. Original story by Val Cleveland.

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Ruth's hopes for rescue dwindled rapidly as the little cabin began to fill up with water. Suddenly the tide caused the ship to list to the other side, a giant wave smashed open the port-hole, and the rush of the mad waters against the cabin door burst it open. The girl was swept out into the passageway and thrown against an iron ladder leading to the deck above. Half climbing and half wading through the rushing waters she found her way into the wireless room.

As Ruth at one time had been a student of the wireless, she now determined to make use of her knowledge. Looking at the chart on the table, she found her latitude and longitude and sent out an SOS. The girl heard the wires buzzing—she was about to receive an answer! Suddenly the water which had been steadily rising about her put the apparatus out of commission, and the girl struggled to leave the room.

Entering the hatchway, she saw that the decks were more than half awash. Taking a desperate chance, she stumpled forward to the mast and started climbing the rope ladder to the crow's nest. When she reached the top she looked down and saw that the ship had almost submerged. Ruth tried to call for help, but the water was so deep she could not be heard, and she was drawn under by the suction. Grasping a piece of wreckage, she clung to it, hoping that help would soon reach her.

Ruth had not been mistaken. Her message had been received by the White Rider aboard the Dragon, and he little yacht was already hastening to her under full steam. In another hour she was lifted out of the water and carried aboard.

The lifeboats from the Queen Esther arrived safely on the island of Siburo. As the boat with Phil aboard was beached, the young man ran up the sandy shore looking for Ruth. He saw that the figure he had imagined to be his sweetheart was Julia Wells. "Where is Miss Randolph?" he demanded.

"I haven't seen the dear girl," replied Julia. "When the ship started sinking I ran to the boats without thinking of looking for her."

"We must start inland at once and find the native village," Phil heard Loomis saying. "We have no provisions or water." Phil refused to go with them. Sitting dejectedly on the floor he gazed into space as though he expected to see the girl's spirit sailing toward him.

Suddenly Stanton sprang to his feet. "The yacht was approaching. His heart was filled with hope, mingled with fear. There was the slight possibility that Ruth might be aboard. The yacht seemed to fairly crawl toward shore. Finally he heard the anchor chains rattle, and a small boat put off from the ship. Phil shouted with joy as he saw the girl of his dreams standing in the bow. He waded out into the sea, lifted her bodily from the craft and carried her ashore.

"Oh, my dearest!" he cried, half laughing, half crying. "I had given you up as lost." The rest of the young couple's conversations was mingled with kisses.

"I am sorry to interrupt," said the White Rider, with a smile, "but we must overtake Loomis and the others. Then Chief Lame Elk must be found to decipher the Sacred Wampum."

"Somehow," replied Ruth, "I fear that we are courting danger. No one seems to know anything about these natives."

"Have no fear," interrupted the White Rider, "the natives here consider the Wampum Belt as sacred as do the Canyon Indians. In fact, they were originally a Canyon tribe who long ago became discontented and emigrated from the Golden Canyon and settled on this island. I have sent for four sailors to go inland with you and take provisions. I will anchor the yacht here for the time being and await your return."

"But why can't you come along?" asked Ruth.

"Because," returned the mysterious man, "if the natives were to recognize me it would only bring danger to us all." The girl decided to ask no more questions, but to follow his instructions. Consequently, with Phil and the sailors, she started inland.

Meanwhile, the Loomis party, weary and hungry, plodded along the inland trail. After about an hour they reached the edge of the trail and were not aware of the fact that they were walking into danger. A tall young Siburo warrior at that moment peered through the brush and smiled grimly as he saw the white intruders. Shouting an order to his tribesmen, Brown Panther descended upon the newcomers.

"We tolerate no intruders," he told the white folks who were now his captives. "And now, since you have landed, you must not leave. By the Siburo law, you cannot be injured, but you will be conducted to the turquoise quarry, and there you will remain without food and water until you will be free to leave—your bodies will remain."

The faces of the Loomis party became terror-stricken. As the natives were about to take their prisoners, Hendrix, in a terrific blow, struck Brown Panther's jaw, knocking him down. That was the signal for a general fight. But the whites were several times outnumbered and their cause was hopeless. It was not long before the captives were brought to the turquoise quarry. The spot was like an enormous hole in a rock, with smooth rock sides rising up straight from the bottom of the quarry, on the edge of which stood Indian warriors on guard.

Julia Wells, Loomis and the rest of the party were famished for want of food. A single drink of water would have been heaven to them. As Brown Panther gave his guards further orders, he saw Ruth and Phil, with their sailors, approaching. The chieftain and his men quickly surrounded the new arrivals, but suddenly he saw the Wampum Belt. Immediately he was impressed.

"My warriors are at your command," he told the girl. "Your commands will be obeyed."

At Ruth's request, he led them to the quarry where the girl was horrified to see the captives. She commanded Brown Panther to liberate them and permit them to accompany her to Chief Lame Elk. The Indian assented reluctantly, and soon the party of whites and Indians were on their way toward the native village. As they came to Lame Elk's hut, Brown Panther drew Ruth aside.

"Let me first advise Lame Elk of your presence," he told her. "He is very ill, and I fear the sudden shock might endanger his life." Ruth and the group waited while Brown Panther disappeared inside. A moment later he emerged and motioned for the girl and several of the party to enter.

The old chief was indeed on his death-bed. His shriveled form seemed to be but a shell waiting to pass into the Great Beyond. Ruth slowly took off the Wampum Belt and handed it to the old man. At first he did not seem to realize the significance, then a terrible look of awe passed over his face. He groaned heavily and fell back in his rude chair. A moment later he seemed to recover and attempted to speak. Ruth bent closer to hear his words.

"My time is too short to tell the full meaning of the cipher," he muttered. "The Great Spirit calling me . . . find Stone Ear . . . my beloved wife . . . she must be in your country . . . we were separated when I brought my tribe here from the Golden Canyon." Almost exhausted, he took an amulet from his neck and handed it to Ruth. "Give Stone Ear this token," he continued. "She will know it is from me . . . and she will read the Sacred Wampum."

"Stone Ear!" the girl exclaimed. "She was the Indian who brought me my father's last message!"

As she spoke a terrible shudder passed over the frame of the old chieftain. He tried to rise to his feet, then fell back and lay quite still. Brown Panther bent over Lame Elk and endeavored to revive him. It was too late, the Great Spirit had claimed him.

"You are the cause of this!" he shouted, turning to the girl in a fury of rage. "And you shall atone!" Ruth, frightened, drew closer to Phil, as Brown Panther left the hut and addressed the crowd.

"The strangers have brought a calamity to us!" he cried. "Your great chief, Lame Elk, has passed on to the Happy Hunting Ground!"

The air was filled with a mixture of strange jargon and moaning. The Indians rushed to the hut to seize Ruth and Phil, but the two eluded them and broke into a run. The sailors from the Dragon did a gallant bit of fighting, holding back the warriors while the young people fled. Once Phil was forced to drop behind and lay low three of the Siburo's who sprang at them from behind a boulder. As the chase continued the young people were separated.

Ruth ran on and on. Looking over her shoulder, she saw that Phil had disappeared, but that young man had already proved he was perfectly capable of taking care of himself, so she did not permit herself to worry. Finally she came to an entrance of a cave. Here was a place of shelter! Running through the dark passageway, she suddenly saw an incline before her, leading to a deep pit below. Unable to stop she slid down the incline toward the pit and managed to grasp a stout pole protruding from below. Clinging to the slippery pole she looked about her. A steep wall surrounded the pit. She looked down. A shudder of fear passed up her spine as she saw two lions in the bottom of the pit, leaping up at her hungrily.

(To Be Continued)

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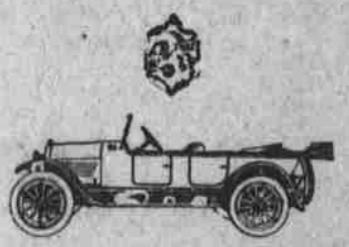
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Seventeen Places Which Should Be Inspected Frequently

- 1 Storage battery inspected. Every two weeks.
 - 2 Grease cups turned up. Every hundred miles.
 - 3 Oil and gasoline connections inspected. Every week.
 - 4 Crank case drained and washed out with kerosene. Every 1000 miles.
 - 5 Metal universal joints packed with grease. Every 1000 miles.
 - 6 Differential and transmission packed with grease as oil. Every 1000 miles.
 - 7 Spark plugs cleaned. Every 1000 miles.
 - 8 Carbon removed from cylinders. Twice a year.
 - 9 Valves ground. Every 5000 miles.
 - 10 New piston rings. Every eighteen months.
 - 11 See that wheels are in line. Once a month.
 - 12 See that water is circulating. Every time the car is started.
 - 13 Inspect bearings on wheels. Once a month.
 - 14 Gasoline pipe and carburetor thoroughly cleaned. Every month.
 - 15 Self starter inspected. Every month.
 - 16 Inspect steering wheel and steering knuckles. Once a month.
 - 17 Test and equalize brakes. Once a month.
- Probably only a slight adjustment will be necessary. If new brake lining is required, wear them. Their use, in close, compact texture will give longer and safer service.

Fingerprints Prevent Baby Switching



Mrs. Harriet Kelly and her baby are fingerprinted in a New York hospital. Physicians at that hospital thereafter will follow this procedure to prevent any possible mix-up of new-born babies.

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