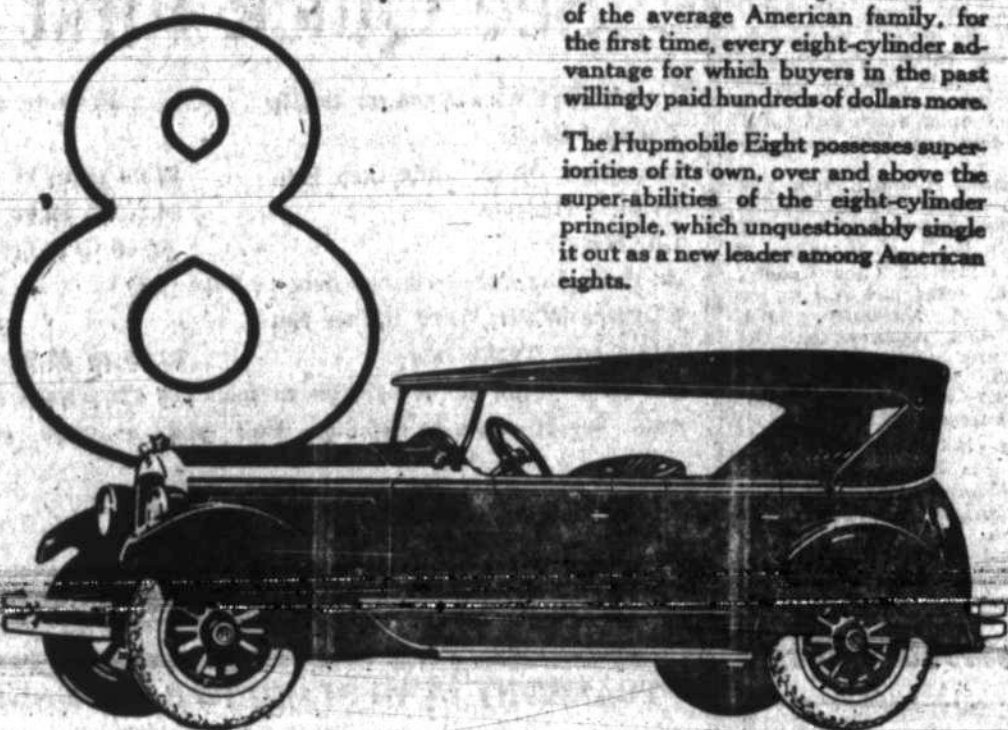




TOMORROW THE NEW HUPMOBILE EIGHT IS TO BE UNVEILED

Some Mechanical Features

Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes.
Special air-ply balloon tires.
99 1/2 pound balanced crank-shaft.
Light, rigid connecting rods; light pistons.
Mechined combustion chambers, absolutely uniform in size.
Uniform temperature in all cylinders.
Thermostatic control of engine temperature.
Airplane valve mechanism (rockers-tappet type).



Hupmobile Eight and specifications will be on display within a few days in the show rooms of

J. D. Graham & Son

At 2:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon, the eagerly-awaited Hupmobile Eight will be revealed for the first time at our salesrooms.

Hupmobile invites your immediate comparison between the performance of its new Eight, and all other eight-cylinder cars and all superior sixes.

For Hupmobile has here produced an Eight with all the sound qualities of endurance and reliability which have made Hupmobile famous the world over—

A car which now brings within reach of the average American family, for the first time, every eight-cylinder advantage for which buyers in the past willingly paid hundreds of dollars more.

The Hupmobile Eight possesses superiorities of its own, over and above the super-abilities of the eight-cylinder principle, which unquestionably single it out as a new leader among American eights.

In many important respects the Hupmobile Eight far outdistances anything hitherto accomplished in eight-cylinder engineering in America.

It produces more power per cubic inch of piston displacement than anything which has preceded it.

Its performance is so smooth and symmetrical that there is not even a murmur of "roughness" at any speed.

More than any other fine car, it combines compactness for handling and parking with roominess for riding comfort.

It records an average gasoline economy heretofore unequalled among eights.

It has beauty of design, finish and equipment not excelled within \$1,000 of its price; and its own price is less than that of many sixes.

We venture to predict that the men and women who drive the Hupmobile Eight, in their own way and at their own pace, will never again be satisfied with any car that falls short of its amazing abilities.

The price of the New Hupmobile Eight is undoubtedly the most attractive ever placed on such a car. We are now ready to give out complete price information when you come in to see the car.

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

Jedediah Smith

The Oregon school child is familiar with the story of John Smith, of Colonial fame. The story of his adventures among the Indians of the rocky Atlantic coast, and the tale of his being saved from death at the hands of the chieftain, by intervention of the chieftain's daughter, is told and retold in all the books which the children read.

It is a very pretty story, regardless of the fact that there may not be historical foundation for some of the chapters, and it would be a pity to detract a single moment from the pleasure which the children and grown people derive from following the thread of the narrative.

But while teaching the children of the Pacific coast, Atlantic coast history, why not give them a little Pacific coast history along with it, or in addition to it? While most of our children may be descended from Colonial ancestors, there are many whose ancestors landed somewhere else and who are not interested in the history of the Atlantic coast, except in a general way, as they are interested in all American history.

We have our own Smith, who was just as vigorous an explorer as was our friend John, and in my opinion, he was even more heroic.

The man to whom I refer was Jedediah Smith, a trapper of the Rocky mountain region at a time when the country west of the Mississippi river was largely unexplored and uncharted. Because he was not quite such a braggart as was John Smith, his name is little known among any but historians. To most people the name Jedediah Smith calls to mind absolutely nothing.

Jedediah Smith crossed the Mohave desert and entered California by way of the Cajon pass long before any emigrant trail was thought of. He led his men north through California, and left them for several months while he crossed the mountains, and

the desert regions of what is now Nevada, to Salt Lake. He then rejoined his men in California and continued his explorations north.

Of the advance of the party Harrison Rogers, Smith's clerk on the expedition, gives an interesting account in his journal, which he faithfully kept up to the day before his death at the hands of the Indians on the Umpqua river.

There is a break in the journal, which undoubtedly covered the time spent by the party in ascending the Sacramento river, but from May 10, 1823, the story is uninterrupted until July 13 of the same year. The journal records the trials endured by the party in covering the distance between the Trinity river in California and the Umpqua river in Oregon. It must be remembered that no white man had yet blazed a trail along the coast. Lewis and Clark had been down the Columbia twenty-three years earlier, and both American and English trappers had followed. Trappers from Astoria had been as far south as the Umpqua, and the country north of that stream was familiar ground to McLoughlin's men; but after leaving the Spanish settlements of California, where he was not welcome, but had been subjected to various indignities, Smith knew that there was no white settlement until he reached McLoughlin's fort at Vancouver, on the Columbia.

With his men and horses, Smith proceeded northward, examining the country for signs of beaver and other fur-bearing animals, and taking note of the Indians whom he saw on the way.

He found it difficult to buy foods from the Indians, and all the food that he could buy was paid for with a larger amount of trading goods than it had been customary to give.

In one place an Indian was killed by one of Smith's men, and it looked for a while as if an attack could not be avoided, but nothing occurred

from the killing, and the party continued up the coast.

They crossed streams either by fording, or by swimming the horses and floating their effects across on crude rafts. At times they found it difficult to find sufficient deer or elk to furnish the party with meat, and their horses became, exhausted from the toil of crossing high points and brushy bottoms. It was found necessary to stop occasionally to permit the animals to graze when a favorable spot was found.

At a number of places horses were lost. While crossing the Rogue river two of the animals were drowned. The men crossed the river on a raft which they made from the timbers taken from an Indian cabin near the river. Again, while slashing a trail through the brush on South Slough, before they reached Coos Bay, a horse was shot by an Indian, and died as the result of the wounds.

The Indians nowhere appeared friendly. As a rule, they ran upon the approach of the strangers, although at Coos Bay the Indians, whom Rogers calls the "Ka Koosh," sold the men some berries. It was south of Coos bay that Smith encountered a man who could talk Chinook. He was the first man from whom information could be obtained concerning the distance to the Columbia.

Having crossed Coos Bay, the party moved on up the beach to the Umpqua river and ascended that stream for a few miles before crossing it. It is not known certainly just where they crossed, but it is likely that they crossed above the mouth of Smith river, as Smith never mentioned having seen such a stream.

On Sunday, the 13th of July, 1823, the party started up the river again, but the going was so bad, owing to marshes, that they camped after traveling about four miles. The Indians were quite numerous here, and had been in Smith's camp on previ-

ous occasions. They informed Smith that a short distance up the Umpqua river would bring him to the pass which leads to the Willamette valley. This was the best news which he had heard for a long time.

The next morning he left his camp, alone, and started up the river to view out a trail for the horses. As he was on his way back he was met by one of his men running, who told him that all the party except himself had been killed by the Indians. Smith and this man made their way up the river and eventually to Vancouver, where they were well received by McLoughlin. Another man also had escaped the massacre, and had travelled up the coast until he ran into a party of Indians, who piloted him across the mountains to Vancouver.

Just what induced the Indians to massacre the party has never been decided in the minds of historians. Some give it as their opinion that the Indians were of an extremely savage nature, and could not be trusted at any time; that they needed no special inducement to kill. McLoughlin was of the opinion that the men, as soon as Smith had started up the river, began taking liberties with the women of the tribe, and thus invited an attack. Rogers mentions in his journal that an Indian had stolen an ax and was threatened with death before he would return it. It may be that that man watched for an opportunity to revenge himself upon the whole party.

It is a historical fact that several years previous to Smith's appearance on the Umpqua, a party of trappers from Astoria met a party of Indians on the upper Umpqua, and shot down fourteen of them without any other motive than to see how many of them they could kill. I have never seen that occurrence mentioned in any history as a possible reason for the Smith massacre. Personally, I believe that such a slaughter was suf-

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Sweep



Do you sweep floors with elbow powder? Take down and shake your curtains? Do you open the windows and swirl the dust? Disarrange the furniture? Rip up the rugs and send them to the cleaners—and pay them a big bill? Climb up and dust your mouldings? Beat your mattresses?

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cient to urge the Indians to retaliate upon the first body of whites that came their way. Smith's men happened to be that party.

McLoughlin very kindly cared for Smith at Vancouver, and sent a party of men to rescue the furs, which had been lost in the massacre. The man whom he sent invited the Indians to trade, and when they offered among their furs, furs bearing Smith's mark, payment for them was refused and the Indians were told that as they were stolen goods nothing was due for them. Among the furs and other effects which were recovered in this way was the note book in which Rogers had kept his journal. The journal was turned back to Smith, who kept it in his possession for several years. It ultimately reached the hands of a historian who appreciated its value, and it was published for the information of all who are interested in the early struggles of our pioneer trappers.

Smith was paid a liberal sum for his furs by McLoughlin, and he returned to the Rocky mountains. Such is the uncertainty of fate, that after escaping death at the hands of the Indians on the Umpqua, he met death a few years later in a more peaceful part of the country.

The only thing that Jedediah Smith lacked, which John Smith had, was an Indian girl to save his life. Had a beautiful young daughter of the chief come running to him and warned him that her people had killed all his men, poets and historians would never tire of singing his exploits, and undoubtedly a stone tablet would even now be standing to memory, on the banks of the placid Umpqua.

—Theodore S. Easton.

Auto for Every 6.42 Persons

Motor vehicles registration in the United States for 1924 show there is one passenger car or truck for every 6.42 persons, based on an estimated population of a hundred and fourteen million. Registration for the year showed a gain of 16.28 per cent over the previous year, according to the magazine Motor.

Stray Logs

One log, 18 inches in diameter and 16 feet long, mark fork in diamond. One 18 inches in diameter and 28 feet long, mark R in circle. One 14 inches in diameter, 16 feet long, mark D. S. One 32 inches in diameter, 20 feet long, marked with letter B & A. All white cedar.

W. E. Cross.

Legends of Gods and Goddesses in Hawaii

Near the city of Hilo, on the island of Hawaii, are the locally celebrated Rainbow falls, around which many legends center, says the Detroit News. One is that the goddess Hina lived underneath the falls in a cave and that the dragon Kunamoo tried to drown her by throwing up a dam below the falls. She called for aid to her son Maui, who at the time was trying to lasso the sun at a distant point because of the complaint by the natives of the shortness of the summer season. The fable has it that the son in his canoe crossed the ocean from a near-by island in two strokes and chased the dragon to what is known as the "Boiling Pots," where he threw red-hot stones into the water, scalded the monster and finally killed him.

The Naha stone, one of the historical relics of the Hawaiian islands, is found on the grounds of the Hilo public library. An old prophecy concerning the Naha stone was that he who could move it would be king of the island of Hawaii, but that to him who could overturn it would be given sovereignty over all the islands in the group. Kamehameha the Great, who finally conquered all the other islands, visited the island in his youth to test the efficacy of the prophecy, and, having succeeded in turning the stone, was so inspired that he entered upon the career which ended in the union of all the Hawaiian islands under his control. Native Hawaiians put full faith in the story as having been handed down to them from generations to the days of Kamehameha.

Clouds Vary Greatly in Their Composition

Air is viscid, like molasses, but of course not so sticky. Not only is it viscid, but its viscosity varies greatly with temperature and pressure. On the ground clouds diffuse rapidly, higher up they are rosy and still higher they are granular, like sand grains on a beach. There are cloud levels and clear spaces in the air where clouds are rare or never go. These levels were determined before the earth took its shape. They are fixed by the dynamic laws of the globe, says the Neboboth Sunday Herald.

The lowest clouds lie at least 5,000 feet above the ground, and the would float there if this world were all gaseous, like the planet Jupiter. On stormy days they do, in fact, come as near to the land as they can, and hug the ground so closely that they make the day dark. These clouds are heavy rolling billows.

Warranty and Bargain & Deals for sale at the Sentinel