

"THE MASTER KEY"

By John Fleming Wilson

UNION MUST PAY BOYCOTT DAMAGES

UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT
MAKES FINAL DECISION IN
FAMOUS CASE.

HIGH TRIBUNAL IS UNANIMOUS

Home and Bank Accounts of Union
Members Attached—Judgment
Largest Ever Confirmed
Under Sherman Act

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—Ending 11 years of litigation, the Supreme Court held today that some 150 Connecticut labor union members must pay \$252,130.09 damages under the Sherman anti-trust law for a Nation-wide boycott of D. E. Loewe & Co., Danbury, Conn., hat manufacturers who refused to authorize their shops. The bank accounts and homes of many of the men already are under attachment to pay the judgment and the next step probably will be foreclosure.

Leading lawyers of Congress disagreed today on whether this decision means that union workmen would be liable in the future for damages on account of boycotts. Some hold that the Clayton anti-trust law, passed last year after this suit had been tried, would make another such prosecution impossible.

It was in the Danbury hatiers' case that the Supreme Court decided in 1905 that labor unions were subject to the terms of the Sherman anti-trust law and sent the suit back to the New York Federal courts for trial. The judgment, the largest ever before the court under the Sherman law as well as the vigorous defense of the union men, attracted widespread attention to the litigation.

Justice Holmes announced the court's unanimous opinion today. His discussion of the law involved was brief. He said the ground for decision under the Sherman law had been set out by the 1905 decision to a large extent and narrowed further by the decision in the Eastern States Retail Lumber Dealers' case of last year to the effect that the circular of a list of "unfair dealers," with the intention to put the ban upon these dealers among a body of possible consumers combined with a view of joint action, was violating the Sherman anti-trust law.

SCHOOL GIVES HOUSEWARMING.

BEAVER CREEK, Or., Jan. 4.—The members of Beaver Creek Union Sunday school gave a housewarming to Willis Hughes in his new house, New Year's eve.

An impromptu program, together with a Jubilee tree and its presents furnished a great amount of merriment.

Willis Hughes received a rocking chair, a map stool, a china bread plate, paper dolls and other presents. Emmet Hughes was kept busy winding a fine watch, which would run only about a quarter of a minute after being wound.

Fred Henrich received a lady's trimmed hat which he wore with becoming grace for the remainder of the evening, while a number of the men had their beauty enhanced by the dust-cap presents, which they wore.

After partaking of delightful refreshments, while the party was awaiting the arrival of the New Year, Steve Landergren's songs and jokes made the time pass pleasantly, until a couple of blasts fired off near by, announced that 1915 had arrived.

NATURALIZATION LAW EFFECTED

OTTAWA, Ont., Dec. 31.—The new imperial naturalization act, which becomes effective throughout the greater part of the British empire tomorrow as a result of the agreement reached at the last imperial conference, is of vital interest to Canada, inasmuch as it changes the whole system of naturalization in the dominion.

Under the main provisions of the act an alien who becomes a British subject in one part of the empire becomes a British subject in every part of the empire. The act reduces the residential qualifications from three years in Canada itself to five years within the empire, the last year in Canada.

Among the distinguished American-born Canadians who already have filed applications to become subjects of the British empire under the new act are Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Sir William Van Horne and Hon. George E. Peckley. All three were born in the United States.

BAN FAILS TO SHOW UP.

CHICAGO, Jan. 5.—Ban Johnson, president of the American League, failed to arrive here on the east yesterday and this afternoon's scheduled meeting of the National baseball commission was cancelled. The commission will meet later in January.

CHICAGO, Jan. 5.—A policeman and a burglar were killed and a highwayman was fatally wounded here today in two revolver duels between gunmen and policemen.

Policemen John Sausman and Dan Langan saw a negro and a white man holding up a pedestrian on Indiana avenue. Langan shot at the thugs, and the negro fired, the bullet hitting Sausman in the head, killing him instantly. Langan and the white highwayman engaged in a revolver duel, Langan finally fatally injuring his man.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—Acting Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt announced today that his department had succeeded in establishing constant and reliable wireless communication between the stations at San Diego, Cal., and Arlington, Va. Messages are being sent, he said, both day and night.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—Mary Roberts Rinehart, the writer, has announced she will nurse war victims.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Second Story Man.

JEAN DARNELL paced back and forth in the miserable room where Harry Wilkerson had lodged her and her maid pending the outcome of his wild plotting to get possession of Ruth Gallon's precious papers. Her handsome and cruel face was clouded with slow wrath, and she clenched her hands now and again till the knuckles were white.

For one thing, Mrs. Darnell loved the plush life. Physical luxury was her highest wish, the goal of her loftiest ambition, the one price she had set on her soul. The dull surroundings she had been forced to accept disgusted her. She hated Wilkerson for making her uncomfortable.

So when he came in, walking very slowly and quietly, she turned on him like a wildcat.

"Take me out of here," she panted. "I won't stay here another hour, Ruth or no Ruth."

Wilkerson flinched. "I'm sorry," he rasped, "but Drake made a mess of the whole affair, the police are after Sing Wah and that girl got away."

Mrs. Darnell stopped in her almost hysterical walk about the room and stared at Wilkerson with burning eyes. He returned her look defiantly. "I'd never had to do all this if you had done your part long ago and got the papers when she was in your charge," he said. "But there is no use in crying over what can't be helped."

At this moment Drake entered, presenting himself sullenly. He had already received Wilkerson's aerial compliments on his astuteness in failure, and he expected nothing less from Mrs. Darnell. He was ready to quit the conspiracy.

Jean's quick instinct did not fail her, and she instantly smiled on Drake and murmured: "You poor boy! Now tell me all about it!"

When he had finished his relation of the morning's experiences, with much emphasis on the shooting and his narrow escape from Sing Wah's den, she looked at him thoughtfully.

"It was a madman's scheme," she said. She turned to Wilkerson. "Harry, you used to do things better. Force your will! This isn't the desert. Force won't avail and time is getting short. We must have those papers immediately and raise the money on them and get enough capital ahead to find the old plan to the mother lode of the 'Master Key' mine. Use your wits!"

For a long moment the three of them stood in silence. Then Wilkerson smiled sardonically.

"All right, Jean; I think I understand you. I'll see what I can do today. First I must find out a few things. Drake and I will go together."

"Thanks," said the young man dryly. "I have a notion that I'm about fed up with your plans and plots."

Before Wilkerson could respond with the bitter reproaches ready on his lips Mrs. Darnell interposed, curbing her own unruly temper.

"George," she said, looking at him with suddenly soft eyes. "I know just how you feel. But I means everything to me—all of us. I have trusted you so, and if you fail me now—She threw out her arms in a gesture of pleading. Then she came closer to him

right here so that I can get you on the phone if necessary."

"Oh, I'll stay here!" she mocked. "That seems to be my role—staying where you put me."

He stepped very close to her and looked into her stormy eyes. "And if I put you where you most want to be in the world?"

She saw the passion flaming, as if the man's soul were on fire, and drew back fearfully. Wilkerson understood that movement and laughed grimly. She feared him, and he feasted on the terrors he inspired, even when he also loved.

Once out on the street, Drake sullenly followed his companion's lead into a still lower quarter of the town. Busy with his own thoughts and still shaken from his experiences of the morning, he did not notice that Wilkerson was evidently on the lookout for some one. Once or twice he stopped to think.

Once he greeted an old acquaintance and carried on a low voiced conversation, of which Drake heard nothing except the name "Pell" and "he usually hangs out around Adam's poolroom."

When Wilkerson rejoined him Drake said peevishly, "Where to now?"

"I've got my scheme and my man," was the reply. "It'll be plain sailing from now on."

A moment later Drake was surprised to see Wilkerson step to one side directly into the path of a pale faced, quietly dressed young man of about thirty years of age. The individual stopped, stared at the man who had so rudely interrupted his walk and then recoiled.

"Harry?" he stammered.

Wilkerson smiled cruelly, but said nothing. The other repeated the name and went on. "Are you here? Why are you here?"

His dread was so evident that Drake looked at him curiously. It was strange that a number of queer acquaintances Wilkerson had and how deeply most of them seemed to fear him. He listened intently to his companion's drawing tones.

"Yes, I'm Harry Wilkerson. I was looking for you, Pell."

The man he addressed licked his dry lips and essayed a smile. "Long time I no see you?" he said in an attempt at a jesting tone.

"How long is it, now?" Wilkerson said as if to himself. "You got five years?"

"For God's sake, man, be quiet!" whispered Pell. "I—no one knows me here, and I'm on the square now too."

"You mean the police don't know you?" grinned Wilkerson. "But, then, I know you, old sport. You wouldn't say now that I wasn't an old friend, would you?"

Pell grudgingly accepted the hand held out and shook it feebly.

"We'll just go to some nice place and sit down and talk over old times," Wilkerson remarked pleasantly.

"But I've got a date! I'm working downtown!" protested Pell miserably.

"Working?" demanded Wilkerson mockingly. "Since when has old Sam Pell been working? Answer! Since he was broke." He laughed loudly.

"I came out here to live on the level," pleaded the other, his foxlike face white with fear.

"Things too hot for you in the torrid east? Well, I never went back on a pal, did I, Sam? And I'm not going back on you now. I'm going to put you in the way of some coin."

At this point they turned into a small Greek cafe, and Wilkerson ordered coffee all around. When they had been served and were alone he introduced Drake and Pell and remarked to the former: "Sam Pell is known as the slickest man in his line. Ain't you, Sam?"

"I ain't working that any more," was the snaky answer.

Wilkerson leaned across the table, and his lean face held a very evil expression on it. "Not working? But you'd do a turn for an old friend, wouldn't you, especially when there's lots of good, safe money in it?"

As if hypnotized, Pell stared into the dark eyes fixed on his and swallowed chokingly.

"I knew you would," said Wilkerson, willfully misinterpreting his inarticulate groan. "Now to business, Sam."

"Henry?" gasped the other. "My name's Henry now. Don't call me Sam."

"Well, Henry," said Wilkerson soothingly. "I declare, I do forget names so easily. Now, I want to explain my little proposition. It's just in your line, Sa—Henry."

Pell bit his finger nails and squirmed on his seat. But when the man opposite him casually pulled out a heavy purse and as he heard the clink of gold he subsided.

Very rapidly and curtly Wilkerson told him of the existence of a bundle of papers that he wished to "recover."

He laid only enough emphasis on their character to enable Pell to identify them on sight and concluded by saying: "It's worth money in your pocket to locate them and get them back. Find a girl named Ruth Gallon in one of the hotels here. She has the papers."

Pell rose nervously. "Not for me, Wilkerson."

Wilkerson rose, too, quite undisturbed. "We'll just walk down the street apiece with you, Sa—Henry, and I can explain a little more clearly."

The outcome was that half an hour later Pell took \$50 advance from Wilkerson and promised to recover the papers for him. Before they parted the latter made several little jokes which Drake could not see the point of, but which seemed to make Pell sick with terror.

"Who is that fellow?" Drake demanded as they were returning to their lodgings.

Harry Wilkerson laughed bitterly. "The best hotel worker and second

story man in America," he replied. "But he's lost his nerve."

"I don't like the way we're getting mixed up with all sorts of crooks in this business," said Drake crossly. "I went into this to oblige Jean and—"

"Help yourself," Wilkerson finished for him. "I notice that Mrs. Darnell and I are putting up the coin and doing the work so far. Where's your kick?"

The evil spell that Wilkerson had cast over so many weaklings closed about George Drake, and he was silent.

Just how it was that she found herself again in the same room in the hotel Ruth could not have told after her terrible experiences of the night and

at supper both Ruth and John were silent, not only from weariness, but because they had not settled things yet. Everett hadn't been seen nor any preparations made for the raising of the money needed to improve the "Master Key" mine. So by mutual consent they made a short meal of it in the lobby they sat and talked a little while, but presently Ruth had to confess that she was worn out.

"Of course you are," said John repentantly. "I'll take you right up and turn you over to your maid. A good night's rest will set you on your feet again."

"I shall dream of that horrible Chinaman," she murmured, shuddering.

"Don't let that worry you," he said comfortingly. "I have a room right near yours, and if you want help I'll be there."

She thanked him, and together they entered the elevator and were lifted to their floor. In the hallway Ruth gravely shook hands and said "Good night." John tried to hold her little hand longer than was useful, but she shook her head and slipped away to her own room, just down a short hall. He watched her open the door and turned to go to his own room when a thought struck him, and he called gently, "Ruth!"

She came back quietly. "I'm so glad you called me," she said, with evident nervousness. "After all, it's ridiculous to be so early to go to bed. Let's go for a ride some more."

They went out through Golden Gate park and after a brief stop on the bright beach came back into town by way of the Presidio.

Ruth was now quieted, and as they got out at the hotel she sighed happily.

"That was beautiful, John," she said. At the desk the clerk handed John a note addressed in a crabbed hand. He tore it open, glanced at the contents and turned to Ruth.

"Old Tom Kane got here tonight!" he exclaimed. "He came while we were out and left this note for me."

"Ruth's face lit up wonderfully. "Where is he? Where is he?" she demanded. "I want to see him."

At her door he left her with a hasty "I'll be right in as soon as Tom comes, Ruth."

"All right!" she called back, and opened her door as he opened his own.

She paused on the threshold at the sight within. A tall man in a light musk was delving into the desk and rummaging among her papers and belongings. At the sight of her he quickly thrust a bundle of papers into his pocket and slipped toward the open window. Then Ruth understood and screamed for help.

John Dorr heard that call and in three bounds was in her room. She pointed to the open window, gasping: "That way! The thief! He stole the deeds!"

Without a word Dorr leaped to the window. It opened on a fire escape. He peered down. No one. He looked up. A slight figure was mounting quickly and silently toward the roof.

Within another instant John had swung himself out on the ladder and was climbing rapidly after the unknown housebreaker. He paid no attention to Ruth's agonized cry after him: "John! John! Don't go after him! He'll hurt you!"

Helplessly she peered out of the window and saw the two figures going swiftly up toward the crest of the building. The seconds seemed hours as she watched. Then she saw John stumble and catch himself. That decided her. She picked up her skirts and stepped out on the platform herself. Then she gingerly swung herself out on the iron ladder and commenced to climb upward. She saw the thief reach the cornice and crawl over, then John. She struggled up on sobbingly, brushing her tender hands on the rusty rods. Once or twice she stopped and called: "John! John!"

There was no answer.

Then she realized that there was another on the ladder below her. She nearly lost her grip and fell. Surely it must be some accomplice of the thief! She hastened her way up of the ladder, not daring to look down again.

At last she gained the cornice, where the ladder bent suddenly outward and she must perform almost hang suspended by her hands. But she managed to surmount this difficulty and stumbled forward on the roof of the hotel.

At first glance she saw no one. The roof was huge, broken here and there by skylights and chimneys and air shafts. The shadows cast by the moon lay dark and strange across the tarry gravel.

"John! John!" she called softly. Then again in terror, she cried shrilly: "John! Oh, John!"

At that moment the figure of the masked man slipped from behind one of the chimneys and made for the fire escape. She realized that he was escaping. Where was John? She was crying. Could he be killed? She cried again. "John!"

She stood directly in the way of the

CHAPTER XIV.

The Fight on the Roof.

WILKERSON did not follow Pell. After all Pell was a dangerous customer and a man who worked secretly and in his own way. It was like Wilkerson to respect a fellow crook's special methods and mannerisms. He never interfered with an expert when that expert was working for him.

But he could not refrain from a furtive glance in the lobby of the hotel. He saw John Dorr there, still bearing the bruises and burns gained in the wreck of the auto truck. He stared at him, for there was something uncanny in seeing in the flesh the man he had thought to have killed. Then he went swiftly away, as Ruth came out of the elevator and joined Dorr.

Suddenly Ruth heard a familiar voice behind her saying: "It'll be dreadful if it ain't a fight." She did not turn. Her eyes were fixed on the two writhing men.

Suddenly Pell started to roll over toward the edge of the roof, dragging John after him. This new danger appalled the girl. She watched with fascinated eyes.

John Dorr was well out of breath by this time and knew his man. It was a desperate struggle, for the thief was fighting for his freedom and possibly his life. So Dorr settled down to hold him until his wild strength ebbed and he could handle him.

Henry Pell, on the other hand, knew precisely his plight and saw with exactness what would happen to him unless he escaped the huge arms that held him down. Like all men of his class, he was averse to carrying weapons. Tonight he cursed himself for being unarmed. One shot, the fire escape and away! That being impossible, he planned another mode of getting away. In pursuance of it, he gradually worked himself nearer and nearer to the escape ladder. If he could once get his hands on those iron rails and swing himself over, his assailant must inevitably either let go or drop over. Pell knew the steel strength of his own arms, practiced for years in job shop tricks.

But the presence of a second man right in front of the ladder, as he perceived through his blurred eyes, rendered that hope out of the question. In desperate fury he kicked Dorr violently, tore one arm loose and drove his body fist like a bullet into John's throat.

This forced Dorr for the moment to let him go. Pell rushed swiftly toward the ladder. He was halted by the sight of a perfectly level gun held in the hand of a man who evidently knew how to use it. He darted back, and John caught him again, this time with a well directed blow that felled him.

A second later the thief was helpless, flying almost at the very edge of the roof. He was trapped and he knew it. There was but one thing to do, get rid of the evidence that he had been there. With a slit of his elbow, he managed to send the bundle of papers which had fallen out of his pocket over the coping and into the air. Then he choked up to Dorr.

"Are you mad?"

"Mad?" panted Dorr, letting his hold relax. At this moment Ruth came out of her stupor and ran up to them, followed up by an old man, who had also

come up the fire escape. Ruth cried out, "John!" then "Are you hurt, John?"

"Ruth!" he gasped. Then his eyes lit on the form behind her and he shouted, "Tom Kane!"

By this time the tumult had attracted attention in the hotel and a half dozen employees and the house detective emerged from the stairway to demand an explanation.

John started to explain, loosening his hold on the prostrate thief, when the latter with a quick twist of his little body freed himself and darted away. Dorr sped after him instantly.

The chase was a short one. John caught him near the edge of the roof, tackled him low, and they crashed down together. The thief put up a furious fight, managing to get on his feet again in spite of his captor's efforts to hold him till help came. See how that he was about to escape him; that one last desperate struggle caught him fairly and threw him heavily, but not upon the roof.

Unwittingly they had got to the very edge of the roof in their fight, and Pell was swung clean into the air, to fall swiftly to the street below.

"My God!" cried the detective, running up and peering over. "You have killed him!"

It took some time to make matters clear; still longer for the detective to secure himself of the truth of John's statements.

Meanwhile officers from the central station had arrived, called by the policeman on the beat. To them also Dorr had to tell his story.

"Well, the fellow was a crook all right," conceded the sergeant, "for he had plenty of cocaine on him and a little jimmy."

"It was an accident, my throwing him over the edge," John protested. "I was merely trying to prevent his escape."

Ruth was then interrogated, and after listening to her story the whole party went down to her room.

"We'd better see what he got, if anything," said the detective sergeant. "He may have taken other things."

John Dorr was well out of breath by this time and knew his man. It was a desperate struggle, for the thief was fighting for his freedom and possibly his life. So Dorr settled down to hold him until his wild strength ebbed and he could handle him.

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