

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE

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THE MASTER KEY

By John Fleming Wilson

CHAPTER XV. The New Plot.

THE morning brought John Dorr, Ruth Gibson and Tom Kane together to discuss the problem before them. The papers so necessary for the consummation of the deal that Everett had proposed were again not.

"It's really only a formality," said the manager of the hotel. "The man was a robber and Mr. Dorr tried to capture him, as he had every right to do, and the man was killed."

"I'm under arrest," John told him. "The officers were good enough to let me stay here till you came. Now I must be off. Let me introduce you all around."

"This done, John Dorr went on, 'They can tell you all about things, and when you've learned the worst come down and get me out, if you can.'"

Everett agreed, and Dorr rose, and with a smile said goodbye to his companions. As he left the hotel with an officer on either side of him, Ruth broke John and cried, 'Tom Kane comforted her as best he could till Everett suggested that they had best go to some more private place and discuss matters.'

In Ruth's room she and the cook explained affairs briefly. Everett followed their narrative carefully up to the incidents of the night before. When Ruth had finished and the cook was silent Everett thought a moment, then he laughed.

"I don't mean to make fun of all this," he apologized, "but I've known John Dorr for years and this is precisely the kind of trouble he revels in."

"But he's in jail!" Ruth protested tearfully. "True enough," was the reply. "That is the first thing I must do, get him out. I'll be off now and see the district attorney and bail him out."

"Please hurry," Ruth pleaded. "Don't worry," was the cheerful response. A moment later he was gone, promising to bring John back with him.

"What do you think of Mr. Everett?" Ruth demanded of Tom Kane. The old man lit his pipe and scrutinized the ceiling. "Well," he said judicially, "considering the looks of them on Wilkerson's side and then on John's side, I should think that this Everett was on the right side."

With this judgment she had to be content. But she insisted that he tell her all about the conditions at the 'Master Key' mine. "I know you have not told me all the truth," she said.

"Well," he answered her, "there's not much to tell one way and a heap in another. The mine's practically shut down. You know first you went away, then John and then Wilkerson. Pretty much all was left was me and Bill Tubbs. Bill, he kind of represented Wilkerson, and I stuck up for John."

"There was a queer look in Jean's eyes as she took the sheet he handed her and glanced at the writing. 'I see you still can do it,' she murmured. 'Read it!' he growled."

Mrs. Darnell read it through silently and then aloud. "Dear Ruth—I hate to ask you to come down and see me in the jail, but I have something very important to tell you. Bring the papers too. JOHN DORR"

"Are you sure he is in jail?" demanded the woman when she had finished. "And what is the idea of getting the papers into his hands?"

"He'll just turn them over to Everett," muttered Drake. Wilkerson smiled slyly. "The idea is that Drake here will disguise him self as a chauffeur, take this note to the hotel, see that it reaches Ruth and then drive her supposedly to the jail, but really to where I'll meet him."

"They discussed the plan and at last agreed that it was feasible. Drake himself saw nothing dangerous in it so long as Wilkerson was to meet him and take Ruth off his hands. He promptly proceeded to dress himself as a chauffeur and went whistling away to a garage after receiving explicit instructions as to what streets he was to take and where he was to meet Wilkerson."

It was an hour later that Drake drove his rented car up before the hotel and delivered his note. It found Ruth still deep in conversation with Tom Kane and yet anxious for the return to Dorr and Everett. On the presentation of the note which Wilkerson had forged she instantly took alarm.

"John must be in trouble and Mr. Everett can't get him out," she said. "He's written for me to come down to the jail and see him and bring the papers."

unfortunate all around, but I know that John will fix things." Tom Kane fixed his honest old eyes on the girl and shook his head. "I don't want to discourage you, Ruthie," he said quietly, "but until that man Wilkerson is out of the mine for good you can't do more than patch matters up temporarily."

Meanwhile Wilkerson and Jenn Darnell were anxiously awaiting news from Henry Pell. It was getting along in the forenoon, and the woman insisted that if he had succeeded in getting the papers he should have been on the ground long before. Her companion

"Humph!" said Kane. "That sounds funny to me." Ruth nodded, looking at the note. Then she said, more cheerfully: "I'll dress anyway. Maybe he needs me. Now, you old doc, leave me a while."

Kane departed, and Ruth quickly changed into street dress. While she was doing this the battery returned to say that a machine was waiting for her.

"The one that brought the note," he said. "He says he was told to wait."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Tell him I'll be right down."

When the boy had gone she called Tom Kane on the telephone and told him that she was going. "John went a car for me," she added.

"All right," came back the answer. "I'll just travel along. Maybe I might help John myself."

So it was agreed, and they met in the lobby, where Ruth showed the note to the clerk in her impulsive way. Something in that official's expression made the old cook unobtrusively take out his revolver and see that it was in good condition. He followed Ruth to the street and into the waiting machine.

This move disconcerted Drake. He had not intended to have two passengers, but he saw no help for it and merely nodded when Ruth ordered him to take her to the city prison. He started his engine and they sped off up the hill.

They rode for some time and as neither of them was acquainted with the city it did not occur to them that they were being rapidly conveyed into a part of town only partly built up and now reeling in dense clouds of swirling fog.

"It's a long way," Ruth remarked several times, but Kane merely grinned. He was busily pondering over some method of extricating John Dorr.

Suddenly the car swerved around a corner, drove down a steep hill and came to a stop before a big gray building with the boarded up residence of an absentee. Reaching back, Drake opened the door, and Ruth sprang out. A figure darted across the sidewalk, and she felt herself clutched by the arm.

She looked into the gleaming, cruel eyes of Wilkerson. "I've got you now!" he said triumphantly. "Oh!" moaned Ruth, shrinking back in terror.

"Yes, indeed," Wilkerson taunted her. But at that moment he heard another voice, stern, commanding and familiar. He looked around into the muzzle of Tom Kane's revolver.

For the moment they faced each other, while Ruth shrank back still farther. The old man's eyes gleamed, and his trigger finger seemed to rest on the trigger with a precise and deliberate touch.

"You here!" said Wilkerson with an oath. Suddenly the old man's temper flared up. The other saw death in his eyes, turned on his heel and ran as fast as he could up the street.

Without a second's hesitation Kane swung his weapon round till it covered Drake, covering at his wheel. "Now you drive us back to the hotel," he thundered. "And if you make a false move I'll drill you as sure as God gave me good shooting eyes."

Drake saw that he was helpless and sulkily waited till they were in and then turned his car back toward the center of the city. Tom Kane sat grimly just behind him with his gun ready. And his mind was piecing things together. Suddenly he saw a policeman on his beat and realized that he was playing his cards for him. He ordered Drake to halt and hailed the officer. To that somewhat astonished individual the cook explained briefly that he had just foiled an abduction plot and that the chauffeur was in it. Though Drake strenuously denied the charge the policeman decided that it was a case for the captain.

"I'll just ride in front here, and we'll go to headquarters," he remarked. "You can put up that gun, old fellow, for I'll see that young fellow doesn't cut up any monkey shins."

In the meantime Everett had successfully managed Dorr's business and he had been released on nominal bail for a hearing. "And I guess you won't find us very anxious to make it hard for you," said the prosecuting attorney.

Free again, John insisted on taking the quickest route back to the hotel. Everett, sympathetic in this, agreed and in a few minutes they were at the hotel inquiring for Ruth.

"Why, she left only a little while ago to see you in the prison," said the clerk. "She had a note from you."

"I wrote no note," said John. "Here it is," was the response. "She left it on the desk in her hurry."

Eagerly John snatched the sheet of paper, but the instant his eyes lit on it he turned a furious face to Everett. "It's a forgery, a trick," he said. "I never wrote it!"

(To be continued.)

DAVID FOX APPEALS

David Fox, of the Wilhoit district, filed notice of appeal Monday from the settlement offered by the county court for damages due to the opening of the new Wilhoit cut-off. Fox claims that damage resulting from the new route of the road is \$1129 while the county offered him only \$250.

Tired! Are you tired? run down? nervous? Is everything you do an effort? No! It is not laziness. You are ill. Your system needs a tonic. Your Stomach, Kidneys and Liver need stirring up. Nothing will do this better than Electric Bitters.

50c. and \$1.00 All Druggists

WOMAN REFUSES OPERATION

Tells How She Was Saved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Louisville, Ky.—"I think if more suffering women would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound they would enjoy better health. I suffered from a female trouble, and the doctors decided I had a tumorous growth and would have to be operated upon, but I refused as I do not believe in operations."

"I had fainting spells, bloated, and could hardly stand the pain in my left side. My husband insisted that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so thankful I did, for I am now a well woman. I sleep better, do all my household work and take long walks. I never fail to praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for my good health."—Mrs. J. M. RANNEY, 1900 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, it is not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. (Paid Adv.)

PROHIBITION BILL NOW BEFORE HOUSE

SALEM, Ore., Jan. 12.—The prohibition bill offered to be enacted by this legislative assembly in accordance with the constitutional enabling act adopted under the initiative, as introduced in the house this morning by Representative J. E. Anderson, of Hood River, a Wasco, who will lead the fight for it on the floor, Speaker Selling had promised Anderson that, owing to the prominence of this measure and the importance with which its introduction was regarded by the general public, its introduction should be the first matter recognized under the order of introduction of bills, and accordingly this made the bill No. 1 on the house calendar for the session.

Dr. Anderson the representative chosen for the honor of introducing the prohibition measure, is one of the few members from Eastern Oregon to serve on the Committee of One Hundred during the prohibition campaign and had a hand in drafting the bill he today introduced. He is believed to be wholly in accord with its provisions, many of which were his own suggestions.

PLAINTIFFS SUED IN ONE DAY OF COURT

Marie T. Daggett and William and Marian Gregan were each a plaintiff and a defendant in two suits tried before Circuit Judge Campbell Wednesday. They live in the northern part of the county.

In a suit to replevin furniture, which was tried before a jury in the morning, Mrs. Daggett won and in a suit in the afternoon tried before Judge Campbell in which Mr. and Mrs. Gregan were the plaintiffs, several accounts were allowed. The two families were friends at one time but, following a quarrel, each filed a suit against the other.

Three new bridges on the Columbia highway to Astoria will cost \$46,000.

No. 28 REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF The First State Bank of Milwaukie at Milwaukie in the State of Oregon, at the close of business Dec. 31st, 1914.

Resources Loans and discounts 65,515.65 Bonds and warrants 27,872.63 Stocks and other securities 133.50 Banking house 11,657.00 Furniture and fixtures 2,800.00 Other real estate owned 2,725.72 Due from banks (not reserve banks) 2,669.02 Due from approved reserve banks 20,877.41 Checks and other cash items 30.85 Cash on hand 6,091.08

Total 139,762.27

Liabilities Capital stock paid in 25,000.00 Surplus fund 1,700.00 Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid 1,844.12 Postal savings bank deposits 1,082.33 Individual deposits subject to check 81,027.54 Demand certificates of deposit 1,358.50 Cashier checks outstanding 3,348.26 Time certificates of deposit 5,047.00 Savings deposits 19,334.52

Total 139,762.27 STATE OF OREGON, County of Clackamas.—ss. J. A. L. Bolstad, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

A. L. BOLSTAD, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of Jan., 1915. (SEAL) O. WISSINGER, Notary Public. CORRECT—Attest: PHILIP STRIEB, F. BIRKEMEIER, PHIL. T. OATFIELD, JOHN F. RISLEY, Directors.

LIVE WIRES PLAN TRIP OVER W. V. S.

EXCURSION EARLY IN MARCH PREPARED FOR—BOARD OF TRADE TO BE GUESTS.

In order to further plans for an excursion over the line of the Willamette Valley Southern early in March, the Live Wires, the organization which fostered the road from the beginning, Tuesday noon appointed a committee, consisting of L. Adams, W. L. Mulvey and E. E. Brodie, to complete arrangements.

On March 6, 1914, the Live Wires made the first concerted move toward the construction of the new road into the rich Malahua country by adopting a series of resolutions and appointing a committee to investigate the possibility of building the line. Judge Grant B. Dintick and his associates had made preliminary surveys but it was not until the members of the Live Wires became interested that early completion of the line became possible.

Next Tuesday noon the members of the Board of Trade will be guests of the Live Wires. Transmission Wire M. D. Latourrette will extend a former invitation to the merchants' organization, E. Kenneth Stanton is in charge of the program for the day.

CLACKAMAS CHILDREN NOW NUMBER 9012

Clackamas County has 9012 children between the ages of six and 20 years and 6219 or 69.9 per cent of them attend school, according to a recent census bulletin. The data contained in the report relates to the year 1910 and has only recently been made public. The distribution by age groups, and the number attending school is as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Age, Total No., No. Attending. Rows: 10 to 14 (3144, 2019), 15 to 17 (1753, 1069), 18 to 20 (1641, 232)

Malahua is a new old town and also a big little town. It has an excellent band and a music-loving and music-supporting public. The band has built a large auditorium. An effort is now being made to attract the O. A. C. Glee club for a date on February 2.

Foley's Honey and Tar Stops those Night Coughs

They Are Weakening, and Disturb the Whole Family.

Coughs and colds usually grow worse at nightfall. Keep a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound at hand. Use it freely—there is nothing in it that can possibly harm you. But it clears the throat of phlegm and mucus, stops the coughing and tickling, and heals the raw inflamed surfaces.

QEO. B. COLLIER, Many, La., says: "My wife was troubled with a terrible cough, and we could get nothing to relieve her until I asked Dr. Self of Hornbeck, who recommended Foley's Honey and Tar so strongly that I purchased a 50c bottle. Before the contents of this bottle were used, the cough had entirely disappeared and her health was completely restored."

PHIL DESORMEAUX, Schaffer, Mich., writes: "Last winter I could not sleep at night on account of a bad cough. It did not bother me during the day, but started up at bedtime and kept me from sleeping. I was very weak and in bad shape. I started using Foley's Honey and Tar and was greatly pleased to find that the cough left me entirely, my appetite improved, and I slept soundly at night."

Good druggists are glad to sell Foley's Honey and Tar Compound because it always satisfies the customer and contains no opiates, habit forming.

*** EVERY USER IS A FRIEND. Jones Drug Co. (Adv.)

THE ANNUAL JUVENILE ORGY over the Christmas candy inspired Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the pure food expert, to issue a warning against the eating of sweets by children, as dangerous for digestion and teeth.

Here are a few incidents that recently came to notice on the candy question:

A girl remarked the other day that she always kept candy on a chair near her bed at night. Her mouth tasted so bad mornings, that she had to have the sweets before she got up. She never dreamed what the cause could be.

A young girl seemed to be declining in health, and to be pale and nervous. She was taken to a physician, who had some difficulty in diagnosing the trouble, but finally asked if she ate much candy. The parents said no. Later it appeared that her father had been accustomed to give her three cents a day as spending money. Visiting a store one day the mother noticed a great heap of chocolate teddy bears, sold for seven for a cent. It came over her that perhaps this was the explanation of her daughter's three cents a day and poor health. Inquiry elicited the fact that for a number of weeks she had been consuming 21 chocolate teddy bears per day.

A candy manufacturer, speaking in conversation the other day, was telling how he had made such a success of selling coconut candies. He formerly used chopped corn instead of coconut, but found it too expensive. Lately he had been converting cows' hoofs and horns into fine shavings on a turning lathe. With a bit of sweetening, the children accepted it as coconut, smacked their lips and asked no questions.

Probably the children got their accustomed Christmas treats of candy this year, in spite of Dr. Wiley's remarks. But the fact given above, all actual happenings, suggest that children need supervision in their use of sweets.

JOHN MUIR, the Sierra nature lover who has just died, once remarked: "I have no time to fool away making money. The rich man carries too heavy a pair of blankets." Mr. Muir refused one day an offer of a leading magazine, of \$10,000 for a few short letters. When Harvard university gave him an honorary degree, he said he would have thrown the sheepskin into the fire, if his wife would have let him.

These characters that hold so lightly what other men strive and sweat to gain may seem eccentric. Yet they have commonly acquired more of life's real happiness. Also their intimate touch with nature enables them to see many of the practical facts of life that are hidden from the ordinary man.

Muir's great practical services has been his work for the preservation of forest reserves and national parks. Thousands of users of water supplies have already profited by his foresight. Whole states will be benefited in future years by the preservation through his efforts of sections of grand scenic value as national parks.

Every region has its nature lovers, who in their own field accomplish a little of the same results as those achieved by a national figure like Muir. The man who persuades a growing town to set apart some lovely forest tract or pretty open country space as a park or playground is building for the future business prosperity of that community.

The person who sits in the field watching the ways of the birds may seem to his neighbor to be an idler. Yet he may know more of what is destroying the crops of his section than does the farmer. The man who seemingly roams aimless through the woods may know more as to why the streams are drying up than does the one who depends on the water power. Types of men like Muir are advance scouts of civilization, in dealing with the mysterious ways and acts of Mother Nature.

ONE OF THE EVENTS of the month is the inauguration of new governors in most of the states. It is commonly an occasion of some ceremony. Our democratic republic theoretically has little use for forms and ceremonies and symbols. Practically the American people like a splurge and demonstration. Most of the new governors go in surrounded with much gold lace, band music, and a general environment of tail coats and high hats.

One of the most notable aspects of this office is the frequency with which it changes. Many states keep senators and representatives at Washington year after year. Joe Cannon, Champ Clark and Cabot Lodge have long been household words. But governors live amid the fierce heat of constant change.

Looking through a list of governors dated but three years ago, the editor was surprised to find but seven out of the 48 who were the same at that earlier period. The other 41 had given away to more skillful campaigning, better ability, or smoother political arts.

This suggests that the competition for the position as governor is much more intense than for that of a congressman. The congressman must assert himself from business interests. He must remain years at Washington if he wishes to climb beyond the role of a spectator. A governor is the undisputed sachem of the political tribes at home. A representative drops back into private life after his term expires, and only his intimates think to call him ex-congressman.

A governor of his state is a governor until he does and the halo of past greatness never quite fades out. The governorship is a prize that tempts many men of brains and genius. Once the prize is acquired, the winner is soon pushed out by the climbing ambitions of other men. The sentiment of the political community is that the possession of the office should rotate quickly.

SMALL ACCOUNTS

as well as large ones are welcome here—you need not wait until your business has assumed great proportions before opening an account. Do so today. Our patrons, regardless of the amount of business done, receive every courtesy in all matters of business entrusted to us, and there is nothing in safe banking we cannot perform.

The Bank of Oregon City OLDEST BANK IN CLACKAMAS COUNTY



"Please hurry!" Ruth pleaded.

The result was that things went to the bad, and the boys they came to me and want to know how long they've got to lay off.

"I suppose ye mean how long before a pay day, I says to 'em. 'So far as I know nobody has laid you off."

"They haven't been paid, then?" "No. And Wilkerson cut off all credit at the store. I guess I got in bad with Tubbs when I divided up a lot of flour and spuds that was in the cook shanty among the worst off ones."

There was some ugly talk, and before I could kind of settle the boys' minds they treated Bill pretty roughly. So I just told myself that I would come to San Francisco and explain things—how Wilkerson deserted the camp and the mine was closed down and your people were starving."

"Oh!" mourned Ruth, agitated at the blunt story. "And I seem to have been

WIFE SEEKS DIVORCE. The following divorce decrees were signed by Circuit Judge Campbell Friday: Vivian Lowell from James R. Lowell, A. J. Hatfield from J. R. Hatfield, Lottie E. Wunder from Samuel Wunder, William McConnell from Edna McConnell and Blanche Walker from Ernest Irl Walker.