

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE

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A BILL, which will mean better roads is planned by Representative Weeks and will be introduced in the house soon.

Clackamas county, itself, with its 60 road supervisors, pursuing 60 different lines of road policy, is a convincing argument for a change.

For many years, Clackamas county roads have been controlled through the supervisor system, and every opportunity has been given this method to prove its merits.

The fault with the present method of road management is not with the supervisors themselves. As men they are, in the main, honest, law-abiding and hard working.

The remedy offered by Representative Weeks is possible and simple. He would leave the matter of road constructing entirely with a roadmaster, who would have the power in every county to appoint deputies.

The roadmaster could decide on a well defined policy of construction and stay with it until completion. Trunk lines and then laterals could be built in a systematic fashion so that every section of the entire county would be directly benefited.

There is nothing startling in the proposal of Representative Weeks. It cannot be classed as "freak legislation." It comes under the head of common sense.

THROUGHOUT THIS BROAD, BRIGHT LAND OF OURS we are now seeing that great American institution, established by the late President Jackson, the Spoils System, playing its important part in the history of the nation the same as it has for the last 50 years.

Oregon City itself will witness, in a short time, that magnificent piece of political reasoning: Jones is an office holder and a Democrat; I am a Republican and I am in power; Jones does not believe as I do, therefore I must remove Jones as soon as possible for the betterment of the service.

If private enterprise were run in such a blundering, inefficient, inconsistent way it would probably be in bankruptcy in 90 days. Only the length of the public purse and the power to levy unlimited taxes have saved public corporations, national, state and municipal, from foreclosure by the creditors.

Provide at Once Means For Shipping Our Grain and Other Commodities

By JAMES SPEYER, Banker

NOW that all Europe is at war the first and by far the most important step for our government to take is to PROVIDE MEANS FOR SHIPPING OUR GRAIN, COTTON, FOODSTUFFS AND OTHER COMMODITIES THAT MAY NOT BE DECLARED CONTRABAND OF WAR.

THE NEXT IMPORTANT MATTER TO ATTEND TO IS TO SEE IN ADVANCE THAT OUR PEOPLE WHO SHIP STUFF ABROAD ARE PAID. I AM CONFIDENT THAT THE MONEY IS THERE AND THAT IT WILL ONLY BE NECESSARY TO MAKE DEFINITE ARRANGEMENTS.

Third, I am firm in the belief that our Stock Exchange should not be opened at a date so early as to make it a dumping ground for American securities held in Europe.

DUTY

The depositors in a bank furnish the bank with the money to make loans and stimulate and encourage the business of the community. This being true, it is the duty of the bank to value highly even the smallest depositor and do its utmost to make him feel that his confidence in the bank is appreciated.

The Bank of Oregon City 33 YEARS IN BUSINESS.

COMPROMISE BILL TO CLOSE RIVER PASSED BY HOUSE

REVISED FORM OF GILL PLAN IS APPROVED BY LOWER BODY

FATE OF FISHERMEN NOW WITH SENATE; DIMICK WILL FIGHT

Clackamas County Senator Prepares for Defense of Local Industry—Schuebel and Hunt Lead House Contest

SALEM, Ore., Jan. 27.—(Special)—Notwithstanding a determined fight by Representatives Schuebel and Hunt, the house today, by adopting the compromise report of the committee on fisheries, which fixes the deadline for salmon fishing with nets in the Willamette river at the mouth of the Clackamas river, virtually voted to put an end to one of Clackamas county's large industries.

Only 12 members voted with Schuebel against the measure. Risley and Hurlburt voted for it, although Oregon City fishermen here a few days ago declared they expected the entire Clackamas delegation to stand for their interests.

Schuebel in a strong appeal urged the house not to vote away an industry of \$75,000 annually, declaring that many poor people depended upon it for a living.

The river below Clackamas is being dredged he argued and no fish can be caught. He said that there were more salmon last year than for many years, showing net fishing had no effect upon the annual run.

Dimick will make a fight against the bill in the interest of the fishermen in the senate.

SENATE NOW HAS ITS FIRST WOMAN MEMBER

SALEM, Ore., Jan. 25.—Miss Kathryn Clark of Glendale, received certificate of election to the office of state senator from Douglas county at the hand of Governor Withycombe this morning, following the canvass of the votes in the special election, by Secretary of State Olcott. Miss Clark is now a full fledged state senator, the first woman in Oregon to hold that position.

COURT REFUSES TO REVISE ASSESSMENT

The Waverly Golf club Wednesday lost its action in the circuit court to secure a reduction in the assessment of \$170,000 of the golf links near the Multnomah-Clackamas line.

Assessor Jack placed the valuation of the land owned by the club at \$170,000 and the club building at \$30,000. The matter was appealed to the board of equalization last September but the board refused to reduce the assessment and the club appealed to the circuit court.

CHANGES ARE MADE IN S. P. SCHEDULE

Material changes in the schedule of Southern Pacific trains passing through Oregon City have been announced by officials of the company. The changes will become effective today.

Number 19, formerly due at 2:58 p. m., will arrive at 2:43 p. m. Trains number 27 and 28 will go as far south as Brownsville instead of Lebanon.

GLADSTONE WOMAN DIVORCED Circuit Judge Campbell Tuesday signed a divorce decree separating Mrs. Nora W. Knoll from Frank W. Knoll. Mrs. Knoll was awarded her maiden name, Nora Webster. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Webster and lives in Gladstone.

THE MASTER KEY

By John Fleming Wilson

CHAPTER XVII. The Forged Deeds.

WHEN the train pulled into Los Angeles the next morning John Dorr's party got off, and John left Ruth with Tom Kane while he went to engage an automobile to take them to Beverly Hills, a suburb recommended by Everett as quiet and restorative for shattered nerves.

As they stood there Wilkerson, Mrs. Darnell and Estelle also got off the train, still disguised, and were hurrying away when Wilkerson observed Ruth and called Jean's attention to her.

For an instant she was nonplussed. Then she said in a low tone: "So much the better. We can keep an eye out on them."

"I must find out where they are going to," Wilkerson returned. "I don't like the looks of it."

He soon came back with word that they had ordered the car to take them to Beverly Hills.

After some inquiry Wilkerson found the address of a hotel that seemed to answer their requirements, and they were soon on their way thither in a taxi. Within an hour the deft Estelle had installed herself and her mistress in a comfortable suite. Wilkerson took a room near by. Then came the question of their disguises.

"There is no need of wearing them any longer," Wilkerson stated. "If need be we can put them on again."

Mrs. Darnell laughed scornfully. "Yes, and all the hotel people saw us come in with our disguises on. What will they think if they see entirely different people occupying these rooms?"

Wilkerson had already started to remove his makeup. Now he paused. But his reckless nature got the better of him, and he laughed at her fears.

So they both were soon their real selves and sat down to a hearty breakfast in Mrs. Darnell's room.

This ended, Jean took out the papers and spent an hour going over them carefully. Wilkerson smoked nervously, but did not interrupt her. When she laid the documents down he saw a queer glimmer in her watery eyes.

"So it has come to the old game, eh?" she said in a low voice. "I thought you had had enough of that."

"Enough of what?" he demanded quickly. She smiled maliciously. She formed the word slowly and precisely: "Forgery!"

His dark face grew pallid, and his eyes flashed ominously. "I did it for you that time—and no thanks! But this is all right. Those deeds are genuine."

"They merely assume the property to Thomas Gallon and his heirs and assigns. When you found Tom Gallon at last and had him ready to do anything you wanted just as the price of your silence I suppose it didn't occur to you to have him deed over the 'Master Key' mine to you, did it?"

"He wouldn't have done it!" he burst out furiously. "He shot me once. He would have shot me again to save the mine for the girl."

"Then what good are these papers?" Gradually he perceived the drift of her speech. He looked at her for a moment dumbly, as if for instruction. But she was ruthless. He must propose the crime himself. She handed him the papers.

He stared at them and then glanced across at Jean. She was waiting. He cursed her under his breath. She had always been waiting—waiting for him to break the law, to suffer that she might have comforts and jewels and keep unimpaired that beauty that had been his downfall. But the spell worked, as it had worked before.

"I'll have to go out and buy some blank deeds," he said laboriously. "I may have to look up some other points, too, about these papers."

As he left the room Jean Darnell looked after him, a lazy triumph in her eyes.

"Estelle," she said languidly, "you may dress my hair. I shall go to a matinee this afternoon. If Mr. Wilkerson comes, tell him I am engaged till tonight."

Life at Beverly Hills was a welcome change to Ruth after the strenuous days that had passed since she left the "Master Key" mine.

There were not many at the hotel and the most prominent figure among the guests was a tall, carefully dressed Englishman, so typically the tourist that the old cook insisted on identifying him on the register.

"I ain't seen many of the new kinds of people," he explained. "I've been out in the mine so many years that the styles in real things has kind of escaped me. I admire to know just what kind of birds I'm roosting with."

"Who is he?" laughed Ruth, as they gazed out at the rising hills. "He's marked down as Sir Donald Faversham, and he's from the British Isles," Tom Kane rejoined. "He is here for his health, they say. I suppose that's why he has to wear them white ankle warmers on his legs."

"Those are called spots, Tom," said John, smiling. "That Englishman is a monoco."

"Does he see through it?" inquired Kane, with apparent anxiety. "I reckoned he was near sighted, for I spoke to him a while ago and he didn't even see me."

Oddly enough, Ruth blushed at this. Sir Donald had seen her, and she had been made aware of it instantly; not that Sir Donald had been in the slightest offensive. He had merely silently testified by respectful glances his appreciation of the arrival of a very pretty woman.

John Dorr saw the blush and interpreted it rightly. He, too, had observed the Englishman's sudden interest in the lovely girl. For the first time he felt a sharp twinge of jealousy. He had so long been alone in Ruth's regard that he had not analyzed his own feelings toward her. He determined that Sir Donald Faversham should not impose his company on them.

The very next morning, when Ruth and John came out from the hotel ready for a stroll, Faversham lay in wait for the old cook and asked him for a match for his cigarette. Tom reached into his waistcoat pocket and pulled out a bunch of black matches, which he handed out with an air of doing a service to some one he could not see.

Sir Donald looked at the queer matches, not knowing the peculiarities of the western sulphur article, and in spite of himself Kane had to instruct him to pull off one of the matches and strike it. When Sir Donald choked and sputtered over an inhalation of brimstone Tom looked profoundly concerned.

"They're a little strong for some people," he remarked pityingly. "Strong!" answered Faversham, wiping his eyes. "I should jolly well say they were!"

Their conversation had attracted Ruth's attention, and she and John both looked back. John smiled faintly, but Ruth was indignant.

"Tom did that on purpose," she said. "I'm ashamed of him."

How it happened only Sir Donald could have told, but within three minutes he was exchanging remarks about the scenery with them all. "And there's an awfully jolly bit just over the other way," he said to Ruth.

The ice was broken, and Ruth promptly accepted the implied invitation to see this specially lovely scene and Sir Donald led the way, talking with her. After an instant's hesitation John and Kane followed.

The acquaintance thus made was destined to have a great bearing on the lives of both Ruth and John. It had ripened into a genuine liking on Ruth's part before the dance that night was over.

The next morning John and Tom met Ruth walking with Sir Donald about the hotel grounds, and the young man could not help showing in both voice and manner that he was little pleased that Ruth should have so suddenly taken up with a stranger.

"Remember, she's only a girl," Tom warned him, feeling his mood. "She's been brought up in the mountains, and she's as friendly as a pup. I don't like the way the man puts petticoats on his feet and I'm used to being looked at by two eyes, but Ruth is all right. You must remember that young as she is and inexperienced, she has a good lot of common sense."

"I suppose it's foolish of me," John answered. "But I'm used to activity, and this dawdling about doesn't suit me and that makes me generally cross and unreasonable. If I only knew what Wilkerson was doing! If Everett would only come!"

The wish was fulfilled that afternoon when George Everett turned up and was warmly greeted by both Kane and Dorr. After a few words he asked for Ruth.

"You can see that she's all right," John answered quietly, pointing to her as she came up the steps with Sir Donald. Both were in tennis garb, and Ruth was delightfully flushed.

Sir Donald made a few pleasant remarks and then excused himself. His quick senses told him that Everett had come on business and that he would be one too many.

"I don't know that I have anything new and startling to tell you," Everett told Ruth in answer to her question. "I know a dozen places where I can raise the money to finance your mine, but we must have the deeds, papers and surveys first. And they're gone. I understand."

"Yes," Dorr replied bitterly. "I suppose Wilkerson has them. I ought to have been on his trail long ago."

Everett glanced at Ruth and saw the discouragement on her face. He went quickly on: "However, I've made temporary arrangements which will relieve you of all trouble for the present. Miss Gallon. I'll talk over the business details with John and Tom Kane."

She brightened and laid one hand affectionately on John's arm. "I knew everything would come out all right when John took hold," she said softly.

For two days Harry Wilkerson worked steadily and secretly in his room. At last his task was done.

"No one can ever prove that old Tom Gallon didn't draw that deed himself," Wilkerson said triumphantly. "And it makes me the owner of the 'Master Key' mine, Jean. And, once in charge, I'll make us both worth millions! Then—"

She shrank back at the flame in his gaze upon her.

"Now, what are you going to do?" she demanded, attempting to bring the conversation back into business channels.

He bit his nails savagely. "Drake is out, all right," he told her. "You see, Kane didn't turn up to prosecute the case, and they turned him loose. What do you say to my wiring him to go and

Complaint has been made by residents of Estacada," says the Progress. "against the nuisance caused by the pigeons in town. While these birds can do little harm this time of year, as soon as the gardening begins their lives will be in danger."

take charge of the mine while we decide just what to do! He can see what's going on, and warn us."

"Dorr and the rest are still at Beverly Hills," she inquired.

"Sure!" he said severely. "They're being up with some loaded Britisher they think has money. They figure on telling him to finance them. I reckon. And I happen to know that Sir Donald wouldn't finance anybody. We needn't worry about Dorr."

Mrs. Darnell remained in thoughtful silence a while and then agreed to the suggestion. Wilkerson immediately wrote the message:

CHARLES DRAKE, San Francisco, Cal.: Go to Mount Valley at noon and take charge of "Master Key" mine work you hear further from me. An wiring, Tubbs, mineowner, to this effect.

HARRY WILKERSON

When he had sent this and a message to Tubbs he resumed his gloomy contemplation of his forged deeds. He did not see the look of burning scorn on Jean's face as she left the room.

"Why must I always have to use fossils?" she murmured idly. "A lovely pair—Wilkerson and Drake!"

Drake did not hesitate when he received Wilkerson's telegram. He took the next train for Mount Valley and on arrival there procured a rig and drove to the mine.

On his arrival he was dismayed to see that no work was being done. The machinery was idle, and the miners were loafing about the streets or gathered in little sultry groups. They eyed him curiously, but when he asked for Tubbs they made no comment nor asked any questions.

Following their directions, he soon found himself on the porch of what had been John Dorr's house. He knocked, and there was shuffling of heavy boots; then the door opened, and an unshaven, bloated faced man asked him gruffly what he wanted.

Drake produced Wilkerson's wire, and instantly the engineer showed relief.

"Come in! Come in!" he said. "Come in and have a drink!"

The interior of the cabin showed that Bill Tubbs had apparently been merely camping out in his new quarters without regard to the decrees. But Drake was not squeamish after his long trip and shared a drink with his host. A few words served to put the situation before him.

"There ain't no money to pay the men; the store's closed; the cook shant ain't running; Wilkerson is away; Dorr hasn't turned up with the money he promised, and I'm just kind of sitting on the lid while the pot boils. I'm mighty glad to see you. Maybe you can do something with these fellows. I've done my best, and I can't do any more."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before there was the noise of boots on the porch, and Tubbs smiled in sickly fashion.

"I guess they spotted you right off," he said.

"What do they want?" demanded Drake as there came a pounding on the door.

Two miners entered, and Tubbs introduced them to Drake.

"This is the new boss, boys," he said. "Who sent you here?" was the first question asked.

"Wilkerson," responded Drake. "Humph!"

"I'm just here to take charge temporarily," Drake went on hastily, not liking the ugly tone of the man's voice.

The other man took this information and after digesting it said: "Going to start up and pay wages?"

"I'm not acquainted with the situation yet," was the evasive reply. "I'll go over things with Mr. Tubbs tonight, and then in the morning I'll see what is to be done."

"The first thing is to give us money and food," was the curt answer. The men stamped out, leaving Drake to look at Tubbs in some dismay.

The engineer was so relieved at having some one else to bear the burden of responsibility that he refused to be worried.

"Have another drink, partner," he said familiarly, "and forget it till tomorrow."

After a very poor meal which Tubbs scraped up the two sat down and smoked. Tubbs' tongue gradually loosened under the influence of many more drinks, and before 10 o'clock brought up a waning moon Drake knew a great deal that made him uncomfortable. He resolved to shift the burden to Wilkerson's shoulders as quickly as possible.

The next morning did not bring cheer. His head ached from the fumes of Bill Tubbs' whisky, and the chill of the mountain air was not dissipated by a cold breakfast. And before the sun had risen above the peak of the mountain the miners had approached him with questions.

(To Be Continued.)

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hutchins

SPRINGWATER FARM SOLD.

I. M. Park, of the Springwater district, has sold his 20-acre farm to J. F. Lovelace, of Estacada. The buyer already owned 20 acres adjoining the property which changed hands. The sale includes implements and some stock. Mr. and Mrs. Smiley Lovelace and Neil Bronson, of Estacada, will probably operate the farm.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Real estate transfers filed with the county recorder Thursday are as follows:

W. J. Wilson, sheriff, to P. B. King, 61 acres in section 35, township 3 south, range 2 east of Willamette meridian; \$2810.00.

Charles M. Richmond to Lena G. Richmond, 4.45 acres in section 25, township 1 south, range 1 east of Willamette meridian; \$1.

United States in James Willis, 160 acres in section 24, township 4 south, range 4 east of Willamette meridian; patent.

I. C. Clodfelter et ux, to J. M. Boyce et ux, tract of land in section 30, township 2 south, range 4 east of Willamette meridian; \$5.

N. W. Scott et ux, to J. M. Boyce et ux, 157.78 acres in section 25, township 2 south, range 4 east of Willamette meridian; \$1.

G. L. Lindale et ux, to J. M. Boyce, 157.78 acres in section 25, township 2 south, range 4 east of Willamette meridian; \$1.

J. N. Elliot et ux, to P. C. Weydert, 49 acres in the Z. N. Norton donation land claim; \$10.

Mary G. Mackey to Portland and Oregon City Railroad Co., lots 5, 6, 7, 8, block 4, Ardenwald; \$450.

Real estate transfers filed with the county recorder Friday are as follows: Andrew Prasen to D. O. Leavens, tract 19, Willamette Tracts; \$10.

Carolina Eggerth to Charles M. Eggerth, 10 acres in sections 3, 10, township 3 south, range 2 east of Willamette meridian; \$1.

Ferris Mayfield et ux, to J. H. Kertes et ux, 10 acres in section 4, township 4 south, range 3 east of Willamette meridian; \$7000.

George T. Coffin et ux, to Western Oregon Conference Association of Seventh Day Adventists, lots 22, 23, block 42, Minthorn addition to Portland; \$1.

Bruno P. John et ux, to F. C. Hollis, 32.50 acres in section 31, township 3 south, range 1 east of Willamette meridian; \$10.

Oregon Iron and Steel Co. to Martha E. Imboden, north 1/2 lot 106, Lake View Villas; \$10.

Real estate transfers filed with the county recorder Saturday are as follows: Jens Holsteinson to Samuel Holsten, 1 acres in section 17, township 4 south, range 2 east of Willamette meridian; \$250.

I. M. Parks et ux, to J. F. Lovelace, 20 acres in the John Stephenson donation land claim in township 3 south, range 4 east of Willamette meridian; \$2000.

Elizabeth Fuchs to Dudley Woodward et ux, one-half lot 5, block 37, Oregon City; \$350.

Real estate transfers filed with the county recorder Monday are as follows: Rose P. Humiston et vir, to George E. Griffith, lots 5, 10, 4, 11, block 95, Gladstone; \$1.

Mary M. Charman to T. L. Charman, lot 2, block 7, Oregon City; \$10.

Mary M. Charman to T. L. Charman, lot 3, block 3, Oregon City; \$10.

David E. Lofgren to Lewis Pendleton, tract of land in section 5, township 5 south, range 3 east of Willamette meridian; \$10.

William H. Hieko to Lewis Johnson, tract of land in sections 13 and 14, township 3 south, range 1 east of Willamette meridian; \$10.

J. C. Marquam to Kate I. Marquam, 20 acres in township 6 south, range 1 east of Willamette meridian; \$100.

Samuel Walters et ux, to Charles A. Blackman, 10 1/2 acres township 3 south range 2 east of Willamette meridian; \$1000.

Elec Frederick to R. N. Stephenson, 17 acres in township 3 south, range 2 east of Willamette meridian; \$10.

Elizabeth P. Bradley to T. C. Scheer et ux, lot 3, tract 1, Woodmont; \$10.

W. H. Counsell et ux, to Andrea Olson, lots 22, 23, 24, Pleasant Little Homes; \$10.

B. G. Skulason to Winfred L. Skulason, 2 acres in section 25, township 1 south, range 1 east of Willamette meridian; \$1.

R. F. Love et ux, to A. C. Gilman et ux, lot 1, tract 5, Fruitdale; \$1000.

L. J. Barber to Northwestern Trust Co., lot 28, Finavon; \$10.

C. H. Dye et ux, C. Schoenheinz, lot 10, block 7, Mt. Hood addition to Oregon City; \$175.

J. E. Engant et ux, to Minnie Cornelius, lot 14, block 117, Oregon Iron and Steel Co's 1st addition to Oswego; \$10.

Charles Wolf to George L. Burt, lot 19 and 20, block 3, Annex addition to Oregon City.

George W. Woods et ux, to Beale Burpee, lot 12, Coolidge Home tracts; \$1000.

Robert A. Miller to Lillian M. Hackleman, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 11, 12, block 10, West Gladstone; \$10.

E. A. Pierce to Sarah A. Thomas, 3 acres in section 34, township 2 south, range 7 east of Willamette meridian; \$1.

C. W. Clark et ux, to C. H. Gale, 335 acres in section 28, township 1 south, range 2 east of Willamette meridian; \$1.

Klamath Falls Herald: The success of County Agriculturist Glaisyer's "farmer's exchange" has already been established. Although it has been but a few days since the lots were distributed, over three-fourths of the items advertised have been disposed of. Glaisyer has received letters to this effect from the farmers who listed articles for sale and exchange.

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