

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE

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THE EDITOR OF A COUNTRY PAPER was giving the other day some personal reminiscences of his dealings with a certain metropolitan paper.

He was confident that the paper, on getting the first tip over the wire that there had been an accident, had faked the circumstances of the whole thing in advance.

Local correspondents for big city papers perform their work faithfully and often at cost of much hard exertion and inconvenience.

This is only one of thousands of instances that could be adduced of the methods prevailing in a certain section of the metropolitan press.

Gradually the public is also learning better about newspapers. It wants to find out what happened, not fictions originating in the brain of clever reporters many miles away.

THE PLAN OF FEDERATION formed by the Congregational churches at Oregon City, Jennings Lodge, Clackamas and Parkplace is the logical solution for the church in the small town which does away with financial difficulties and promotes the best interest of religious work.

In a community like Clackamas or Parkplace there is always difficulty in meeting the expenses of maintaining a church. The salary of the minister, the upkeep of the church and the purchase of the small necessary equipment, together have always been great enough to hinder the church from taking any part in extended missionary work.

In the federation of the four Congregational churches there lies a possibility which makes the federation important as an experiment. Who knows but that in the course of a few years, churches of a community, of several denominations instead of one, will unite in one large institution?

The federation is new to the west. It will be watched closely by all interested in religious work not so much because of its novelty but because of its importance.

CLACKAMAS COUNTY SCHOOL CHILDREN are finding it difficult to go to school, owing to the poor roads. In several districts the attendance has been materially reduced because the roads are in such a condition that it is impossible for the pupils to walk a mile through the mud and water.

The condition is not a reflection on the road supervisors themselves. It is a convincing argument that the present system of road building is all wrong, that it is inefficient and wasteful.

Yet this is the condition despite the fact that in 1914, \$300,000, in round figures, was spent on roads and, moreover, this will be the condition a year from now, if the same tactics are followed through 1915.

According to figures prepared by Mr. Staats, while he was extending the tax roll, Clackamas county will again spend about \$300,000 in mud and dust. Tons of crushed rock and gravel will be scattered along the roads to be pounded out of sight in the rainy season, hundreds of men will work in the 60 road districts and their work will be dissolved before the storms of the following winter.

We have made many mistakes in handling the road funds. They are now best forgotten. The logical thing for Clackamas county is to profit by the record of the past and adopt common sense policies which have been found successful in other states.

EARLY EVERY ONE OF THE STATE LEGISLATURES is considering this winter demands for more help for road building. Ten years ago all the states together put up but \$2,000,000 for road building, exclusive of local funds. In 1914 they spent \$43,000,000. But

OUR INTERESTS ARE ENTIRELY AT HOME

IT is the policy of this bank to confine its business to this immediate vicinity. We consider it but just to our depositors, and to those whose business we solicit, to follow this course. We ask you to deposit your money with us, and, in turn, we hold ourselves in readiness to meet the demands of those whose welfare we are trying to promote; that is, our townspeople and farmers adjoining us.

The Bank of Oregon City 33 YEARS IN BUSINESS.

four-fifths of this was done by six eastern states and two Pacific coast states, the problem is far from solved nationally. Many of our big problems always come back to the cost of living questions. Food has gone up in price, and one reason why is that it costs so much to haul it over bad roads to market.

Early efforts in the better roads problem were along the line of trunk line highways. Costly stone roads were laid out across the states to connect the great centers of population. These are joyous for the automobile trippers. But they furnish but little help to the man who wants to haul his potatoes or his corn to the railroad station.

What is wanted today, for the economic salvation of the American people, is not boulevards for pleasure riding, but good roads leading around through the back country so that farmers can haul loads to market, without having to cut them down one-half because of mud, sand, and dust.

The state of Missouri has recently agreed to spend dollar for dollar with any amounts that may be put up by counties or by popular subscription. It is a good proposition for every other state.

The city taxpayer should assent generously to such a law in every state. Every improved back country road means that one man, in getting produce to market, can do the work of two, and one horse the work of a pair.

Oregon City Spectator at Fair First Paper West of Rockies

Yellow after 69 years of existence but still legible, a copy of the first newspaper printed west of the Rocky mountains, the Oregon City Spectator, will be sent to the Panama Pacific exposition and will occupy a prominent place in the Coos county exhibit.

The paper is the property of Jack McDonald, of Marshfield, who has received it from relatives, early settlers in the state. It has been framed so as to protect it from further wear as the paper is badly worn with too much handling.

The first issue of the Spectator, of which the paper now held by Mr. McDonald is one, appeared in February, 1846. The paper was printed on a new Hoe hand press which was brought "around the Horn." Colonel T'Vault was editor.

The Spectator was followed by the Argus and the Free Press appeared at about the same time. The press which was first used for the Spectator and later the Argus was moved to Roseburg. The Argus was merged with the Statesman, now of Salem, which was printed here until the state capital was moved to Salem.

In 1866, D. C. Ireland, formerly with the St. Paul Pioneer Press, came to Oregon City and started the Enterprise, the only paper of the pioneer group in Oregon City that survived.

FORUM OF THE PEOPLE

Is Charity Deserving? BEAVER CREEK, Ore., Jan. 29.—(Editor of the Enterprise)—I see by yesterday's paper that there is urgent need for more funds and donations of food and clothing if the Co-operative Relief committee shall be able to meet the calls for help from the needy of Oregon City.

At the dinner table today we were discussing the situation with a neighbor, who is doing a little carpenter job for us.

The question of helping people was one he had studied on a good deal. He said he thought of course, the women and children needed the help—but the men—well a good many of them would rather go to a free soup kitchen than to work for their board and small pay.

Said he, "How did we get our little start?" By hard work and denying ourselves things that we wanted, amusements that called for money, etc. Many men who are idle now have earned more than we have during the summer, but where have their wages gone? Often times to the saloons and dives, and should we take our hard-earned money to feed them now?

Said he, "I never turn a hungry man away from my door. I'd feed any man came to my door hungry, till the last potato was gone."

I believe there are many who feel the same way, and who would gladly do all in their power to help deserving people—people who are doing all in their power to help themselves. I would like to submit one or two suggestions:

First—Let the committee make a canvass to find out what these needy men are capable of doing and make a list of same, for example: (a) handy with tools, can do rough carpenter work; (b) good hand to paper and paint; (c) raised on farm, good milker (e) good at clearing land; (f) willing to do house cleaning or any odd job.

Second—Publish these lists, revised from week to week, in the Oregon City papers, with the understanding that the men are willing to work for their board and small pay until regular work opens up. Often a farmer who could not pay regular wages would hire one or two men under these conditions and if very short of money, would be able to give potatoes, meat and fruit to help support the men's families.

Third—The women who are able-bodied and free to be away from home could be included in these lists. A near neighbor of our's who is ill, though not sick in bed, would be glad to have some woman who is a "half nurse" and could get up appetizing meals for her.

It also occurs to me that both men and women could make articles in their own homes, such as chairs and other articles made out of hazel brush, wall clothes racks, footstools, and the women could crochet lace, make children garments, etc. These things could all be brought to the relief headquarters and exchanged for provisions and clothing. Many people would be willing to give a fair price for such articles, partly because they wanted them, and partly because they were glad to help these needy people to help themselves, thus preserving their self-respect as they could not do if they (the needy) did nothing but waited for some one else to do everything for them.

I have but one other suggestion to offer. Among these needy ones, cannot some trusty person be found who will stay every day at relief headquarters to receive any contributions that might be brought in. Suppose some farmer whose heart was touched, should bring in some sacks of potatoes for free distribution and find the relief headquarters closed, what would he do with them? Would he be likely to bring any more? Not every farmer can keep posted on when the rooms are open. If the unemployed men are really anxious for work—any kind of honest work that will help support themselves and their families until they can get regular jobs—why is it we never see them a few miles from Oregon City on the side roads? If they do come out into the country hunting work it must be they stick to the main road. Sincerely, FARMER'S WIFE.

Another Questions Charity. OREGON CITY, Ore., Feb. 2.—(Editor of the Enterprise)—Regarding a letter signed by "Farmer's Wife" in today's issue of your paper, gives one considerable food for thought. There is much truth in it. When the first appeals came out this year for help, I interpreted myself in adding to the funds from several sources, then I thought I would get some of the "needy" to split the wood in my basement, that I usually did, but I did, but I paid the full market price. You see I thought I could save myself a little and help that man too, but I was mistaken. The same thing occurred to my wife, I phoned to the committee to send a woman to help her. After a day in different kinds of work, when asked the price, it was 25c an hour! Nevertheless, I will do all I can to help the needy and no one shall go away from my door hungry while I have anything—but isn't it a strange phenomena? Yours, INTERESTED.

Newport—Grange pushing for a co-operative creamery.

Here Is a Problem In Law That Bothered Students

University of Oregon, Eugene, Feb. 2.—"A owned a tract of land that was mortgaged to C. A then leased the land to B for a term of two years. By parol agreement between A and B, a barn was thereafter built on the land by A, and, according to the said agreement, B was to hire the barn and upon having paid for it, was to have 'the right to remove it. The barn was set firmly upon a solid foundation, but was built and used solely for agricultural purposes. B paid for the barn, and thereafter and during the term of his lease, he bought the whole tract of land from A, subject to the mortgage to C, which he assumed. C, afterward foreclosed the mortgage, and at the sheriff's sale the land was bought up by D, who, by patrol, agreed that the barn should not pass to him by the sheriff's deed. D then sold the land to E, but said nothing about the barn. B then removed the barn as an 'agricultural fixture,' relying upon the privilege the law extends to tenants. E sued him in trespass. What should the judgment be?"

This problem in land law was tackled, along with seven others equally complicated, in a four hour examination given Saturday by Dr. Edward W. Hope, professor of law, to students in the new state university law school. The examination was in "Introduction to Property," and the question above is respectfully referred for discussion to the land-owners, tenants and landlords of the state. The problem may be an easy one for the lawyers, but it bothered the law students considerably.

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THE MASTER KEY

By John Fleming Wilson

CHAPTER XVIII. The Battle in the Mine.

OH an hour or so Drake equivo-cated and tried to postpone action. But it was made plain to him that he could not avoid action. The starving men were in no humor for words. They demanded food and wages.

At last he saw that he must do something immediately. He called some of the leaders into the office and with apparent frankness told them he had known nothing of the situation and that he felt sure Wilkerson was unaware of it.

"What are you going to do?" came the demand. "This," replied Drake, writing rapidly. He showed them the message: Harry Wilkerson, Los Angeles, Cal.: Come to mine at once. Trouble is brewing. DRAKE.

"Will that bring him?" demanded one of them coldly. "It will. Now who will take it and send it?"

Two men volunteered to take old Tom Kane's burro and make the trip. "And while you're in Silent Valley," Drake said, yielding to a sudden inspiration, "take this \$20 and get some grub for the camp."

"There's still some locked up in the cook house," said another. "It's old Tom Kane's lookout, so we didn't exactly feel like taking it."

Drake turned to Tubbs quickly. "Distribute the food as far as it will go," he said.

Tubbs looked suddenly serious. "I guess you better leave that to me," he said in a low voice. "I know where it will do the most good." He winked slyly.

Meantime John Dorr, Everett and Tom Kane were spending long hours in discussing what was to be done to save the "Master Key" to Ruth. Tom once more went over the exact situation at the mine and asserted that unless prompt measures were taken not only would there be actual distress, but likely rioting.

"You know some of the worst ones hang with Wilkerson," he said grimly, "and they might at any time take it into their heads to do a little dynamiting. Dynamiting is mighty dangerous stuff around several thousand dollars' worth of machinery, and if they blew up the workings there wouldn't be any mine left, you see."

"I see," said Everett at last. "Not having the papers, I can't put this deal through the way I want to eventually. But something must be done on the spot."

"In the way of money?" added Kane harshly. "Precisely," Everett assented with all cheerfulness. "Now I'm going to loan John Dorr here \$5,000 today for the 'Master Key' mine. Then."

John shook his head. "That isn't business-like," he protested. "Everett fixed his keen eyes on him. 'Any reason why I shouldn't loan money to Miss Ruth Gallon's manager and guardian? Any reason why you, looking after her interests, should refuse help in fixing up her affairs?'"

Dorr flushed. "I didn't mean it that way. It seems as if I kind of messed things up myself, and I thought I might get 'em set right by myself."

"You called on me, and I'm the doctor," said Everett authoritatively. He pulled out his wallet and commenced counting out bills. "I came prepared for this, for I thought there might be an emergency."

"But who will take charge of it? Who will go to the mine?"

The broker laughed at him. "Not you. You'd be in a fight in three minutes, specially if Wilkerson turned up. Tom Kane is our man." He turned on the old man abruptly. "Will you take this money and go?"

The old cook stared at the crisp bills and then at Dorr. "I ain't handled paper worth that much lately," he remarked. "But if you want me to go in there and feed them people and get 'em back to work and keep things going till John can fix things up here I'll go."

On his way to the mine Harry Wilkerson's courage, newly fired by a last conversation with Jean Darnell, commenced to ebb.

Drake and Tubbs received him with unaffected relief. A few words sufficed to make the status of affairs plain. Tubbs looked at his superior with strained anxiety in his bleared eyes. Dull and sodden with liquor as he was, he understood perfectly that everything depended on the next few days. The engineer had lived in mining camps and on the desert all his life, and he knew the passions engendered by the arid mountains and the

remorseless desert. What would Wilkerson do? Was he strong enough to baffle these men who were ready for anything, even to bloodshed if aroused? Wilkerson had lost his sense of fear oddly enough. As he had come into the camp a dozen miners had recognized him and scowled. He had felt their hatred, and it fed the man's sinister passion to do harm, to hurt, to destroy. Now he faced Drake and Tubbs arrogantly.

"It won't be long till these chaps find out who's the boss," he said. With a significant look at Drake he pulled out the forged deeds and handed them to Tubbs.

"Those mean that I'm legally the owner of the 'Master Key' mine," he announced.

The engineer peered at them dully. He haltingly mumbled over some of the legal phrases at the beginning, saw the names Thomas Gallon and Harry Wilkerson prominently displayed. He was impressed. He did not understand the purport of the papers. He did understand that Wilkerson was smiling with the insolence of triumph achieved. He grinned slowly and passed the papers back.

"I guess that'll fix 'em!" he said huskily. "I guess it will," was the rejoinder. Tubbs seemed thoughtful, glancing out of the window now and again. Drake noted his feeling.

"The sooner you let the miners know and get things settled the better."

Wilkerson licked his dry lips. The battle was on. He broke the silence by saying gruffly, "Call 'em up here, Hill!"

Nothing loath, Tubbs went out on the porch, and his hoarse tones resounded through the little valley. Instantly men appeared from doorways, came from a dozen places in response to that call. And women, clutching their children, peered out to see what was in the air.

When the men were gathered before him Wilkerson stepped forward and commenced to speak. He could not break their sullen silence, and, after a few words of generalities, he mustered his courage and shouted: "I am the owner of this mine! I have the deeds right here!"

The effect of this was far other than he had expected. Not a murmur came from the still, motionless throng. It was as if they had not heard him. In a lower tone he repeated it. "I am the owner of the 'Master Key' mine and all that goes with it!"

He held up the papers, and Hill Tubbs looked at them and gravely nodded his head, as much as to say that he had inspected them and could vouch for their authenticity. Still no sound from the miners.

There is a quality in the silence of the crowd of earnest men that is more questioning than any word could be. The men who had worked and toiled for old Tom Gallon, who had been deceived and baffled, who had had their loyalty tested to the utmost, now demanded through their imperious silence that Wilkerson open up his mind to them. If he was indeed the owner of the "Master Key," what did he intend to do?

"You'd better say some more quickly," warned Drake in a low tone. And Wilkerson, completely bewildered, set the match to the powder. He stepped forward with as ugly a look as he could assume and cried, "Now tell me what you want?"

Instantly the air was filled with roars of rage and disappointment. Fifteen minutes later Harry Wilkerson was sweating within the cabin with a shaking hand he poured himself out a tumbler of Tubbs' whisky. He had promised the miners' back pay, steady work, full wages and food. He must make good, and he did not know how.

"Tubbs," he said sharply, "you must find out what men we can trust. Say nothing, but get all the information you can. I'll make it worth the while of the men who'll stick by me."

Again the engineer chuckled fatuously. "They'll all stick by ye," he said sagely, "as long as ye pay 'em like you said ye would."

It was late in the afternoon when Tom Kane appeared on the mill wagon. The driver had already informed him of how affairs were going, and the cook wasted no time. He climbed down from the high seat, jerked his battered case out of the wagon and made straight for his shanty. Within five minutes he had divested himself of his black clothes and donned his official overalls and apron. Then he appeared on the porch as calm and unconcerned as though he had not been away.

In no time at all a couple of dozen miners had gathered to shake hands and swap news. Naturally their biggest item was Wilkerson's proclamation of ownership.

At this Tom Kane laughed scornfully. He derided the papers, ridiculed the miners for being fools easily taken in and stated in set terms that he, Tom Kane, actually held the place of authority.

This soon came to Wilkerson's ears, and he hurried down the hill to stop what he knew to be a dangerous accession. Instantly the old cook locked horns with him, poolpoohed him to his face, called him names of peculiar virulence and offered to fight him on any terms.

Before long the camp was in an uproar, and it was due to certain cooler heads that trouble did not ensue immediately. These men insisted that there was time to settle the dispute of ownership, forced Wilkerson to withdraw his command that Kane leave the mine instantly and managed to bring a semblance of peace out of disorder. Kane bowed his neck to the yoke of their authority, but dispatched a trusty messenger to the station with a telegram to John to come as soon as possible. Wilkerson resorted to a scene which was eventually to threaten the very existence of the "Master Key." He sent Drake south to confer with a desperado whom he knew, and could gather a band of Mexicans like himself on short notice, ready for anything that promised loot.

"Tell Jose to be here tomorrow night," he instructed him. "I'll want about twenty men well armed."

Drake rode away as from destruction, cursing the luck that had put him in the power of such a man.

In response to Kane's message John Dorr, Ruth Gallon and Everett left Beverly Hills for Silent Valley. They arrived the third day after the cook, and from the moment they were recognized the miners dropped their attitude of sulky waiting and thronged about their mistress, cheering and shaking hands. When they had got into the big house Kane arrived, apron and all, to report on the situation.

"It's come to a showdown," he remarked. "Wilkerson has several of the worthless fellows here and a lot of half breeds back in the hills. He knows I have that money of yours, and he's promised it to the Mexicans if



The Old Cook Offered to Fight Him on Any Terms.

was wholly drunk, and on the porch talking to Wilkerson were a couple of Mexicans.

"It looks as if they meant to rush the camp," Dorr said thoughtfully. He proceeded to arm himself, and Everett quietly followed suit.

"I'm going to talk to the boys first," said Dorr. He left the bungalow and strode off down the hill, followed by the cook. A gun was fired up by the mine tunnel mouth.

"That's a signal that the Mexicans are making trouble," Kane shouted. "Look out for dynamite in the shaft, John!"

Without a word further Dorr leaped down from the porch of the cook shanty and started up the hill, followed by a dozen faithful supporters. Other shots were fired. Wilkerson appeared at the tunnel mouth and then vanished inside. John sprang upon the trestle and rushed after him.

Instantly a band of Mexicans materialized halfway down the hill, fired a few shots and retreated. John paid no attention to them, but kept on.

Once within the tunnel he saw a faint gleam of light ahead of him. He understood that Kane was right. Wilkerson was playing a desperate game in blowing up the shaft and then in the ensuing confusion allowing the bandits to loot undisturbed.

A few yards farther on John stopped. A dark figure rushed by him toward the open air. But the little glow of light remained. For a moment Dorr hesitated; then he leaped forward and began trying to extinguish a lighted fuse.

He had almost succeeded when a bullet whizzed by him; then a second splattered on the rock overhead. He turned and fired blindly in the direction of the shots and resumed his task. The fuse was short, but he succeeded in extinguishing it and started back. He met a fusillade of bullets. He dashed on toward the mouth of the tunnel and suddenly emerged on Wilkerson, who, not being able to see into the mark of the shaft, was firing blindly into the opening.

With a shout John leaped for the man whom he now knew to be seeking his life. Before Wilkerson could fire another shot he was caught in a mighty embrace and then began a short sharp struggle high in the air.

John Dorr for the first time in his life knew the absolute and terrific thrill for killing that sometimes comes to a man. It was either his life or Wilkerson's. And no one should interfere with his revenge. He threw himself on the man with but one object in view—to slay him bare handed.

Wilkerson fought tigerishly, and for the moment had the advantage. The lofty trestle was an ill place for a heavy man like Dorr to fight on, and the other's agility and lithe quickness seemed about to win when John by a sudden unexpected and desperate maneuver caught him and threw him clear into the air, breaking his clutch with a terrific blow. Then he jerked him to the edge of the trestle and flung him over.

Standing erect, John drew the air into his tortured lungs and let out a tremendous yell of triumph.

Ruth Gallon heard that barbaric yell and shuddered. Tom Kane stared upward at the figure on the trestle, and his open mouth seemed ill-fitted, for he, too, shared in the moment's blood lust.

And on the rocks below Wilkerson's figure appeared grotesquely, his white and sparkling face turned slyly to the sky.

(To Be Continued.)

Cloverdale has erected largest cheese factory in Oregon.