

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE

Published Every Friday. E. E. BRODIE, Editor and Publisher. Entered at Oregon City, Oregon, Postoffice as second-class matter. Subscription Rates: One Year \$1.20 Six Months \$0.75 Trial Subscription, Two Months \$0.25

THE MASTER KEY

By John Fleming Wilson

CHAPTER XIX.

A Message From the Grave.

THE NEW JITNEY BUSES are sapping the life-blood of streetcar and taxicab companies. Thousands of unemployed motorists and unemployed owners who are in debt account for this new development in traffic.

It proves profitable to haul passengers at five cents in competition with streetcars the days of trolley cars and rail tracks on streets are numbered.

Traction companies are laying off men, and report declines in earnings in some cities of the coast as high as \$1000 to \$2000 a day on account of jitney bus competition.

In the five largest Pacific coast cities losses to traction companies by jitney competition are estimated at \$7,000,000 a year and gross earnings tax in these cities are falling off.

The traction companies have paid out enormous sums to help pave the streets, just as the railroads are taxed to help build hard surface roads, only to find it develops their worst competitor.

President Franklin T. Griffith of the Portland Railway, Light & Power Co. in a hearing before the Portland city commission said: "In mere justice any transportation service should pay to the city the same per cent of its gross earnings that this corporation is forced to pay; it should bear the same proportionate burden of taxation; should be responsible to the public in cases of personal injury; should do its share in maintaining the streets it uses, as this company is forced to do."

Anything less than this merely gives competition an unfair advantage, removes revenue from the public treasury and gets the public nowhere, because there is no means of discovering whether or not this new service can meet the needs of the public and the franchise demands made on its opposition.

"If the jitney is the coming means of transportation and can carry the load, it is to be permanent, adequate and can bear the load of traffic efficiently, and the just tax load as well, then the jitney is the thing for the public. But that cannot be proven until the jitney is put on a business basis and made to carry the burdens the public forces present transportation corporations to assume when serving it."—Pacific Coast Manufacturers.

WITHIN A FEW DAYS the blanks have been distributed for returns for income tax for the year 1915. A year ago at this time it would be difficult to exaggerate the annoyance felt by those liable to such tax. The regulations of the treasury department mere more or less vague.

Bank men and other authorities differed as to their interpretation. Some argued that a married couple would have to pay tax if their joint income was \$4000, while others declared that a joint income under \$6000, might be exempt. To complicate the matter further, last year's return was for but six-months of a year. After the income on a given item was figured out for a year, it had to be divided by five-sixths. Many a taxpayer found that his arithmetic had gone bad under this scholastic test. The profanity expended was infinite.

One taxpayer known to the writer, being in doubt as to what exemption he might claim, left the exemption line in the return blank, thinking that the internal revenue officials would fill it out for him, but they failed to do so. So he had to pay the tax on his whole income without exemption, then go through the red tape of filing sworn petition for refund, with corrected returns, and the repayment has not yet been made.

Last year some newspapers conducted columns of questions and answers on the income tax. Learned authorities offered answers surrounded by much legal verbiage, over which the perplexed taxpayer puzzled his head as best he might.

Last year's law was put through in haste, but this year the blank return is in much better shape, and seems clear enough in ordinary cases. Space is left for the wife's return after each item, so that one blank can cover the income of both husband and wife.

While many income taxpayers are not reconciled to this tax, and argue that it is unfair, this is a country where it pays to submit good naturedly to the will of the majority. The average man cannot get much excited about the sufferings of his neighbor on a \$10,000 income, who is taxed \$60 under the law.

LACKAMAS COUNTY this year will spend almost \$300,000 with no supervision to speak of. The county will build many miles of roads with no one in charge of the work who is an adequate superintendent. County Judge Anderson, honest and capable but overworked already with other county business, probate and juvenile work, cannot handle all the details of road construction with the dispatch and accuracy the work demands. He says he will call to his aid Commissioners Mattoon and Knight, neither of them road men.

Again, as in years past, much of the money raised by the taxpayers will be sunk in roads of mud and dust. Again, through lack of proper and expert supervision, a year will pass with little improvement in the county's roads. Men, with no expert knowledge of road work, will direct the expenditure of \$300,000.

And the people wonder why the taxes are high; they wonder why they raise great sums of money for roads and each year see no improvement. They wonder what becomes of the quarter of a million raised annually here for the last five years and why the roads are still clogged with dust in the summer and hub-deep with mud in the winter.

But you want it all," the sheriff said dubiously. "Sure; it's all mine," persisted the other. "Didn't Gallon use all the money he got out of it while I was away? And when we came to a settlement he found that the mine wouldn't pay half he owed me."

"I'm simply a peace officer," the sheriff said finally. "I don't know who's in the right. That's for the court to decide."

"Wasn't I in possession?" demanded Wilkerson. "Haven't I been driven out by force, me and my workmen?"

"From what I've seen of your workmen," was the curt response, "I don't like their looks. And there are tales going around that Vigns is for the court to decide."

"How can I help who's in the country?" demanded Wilkerson, much injured. "That's your lookout, not mine. All I'm asking for is protection."

The sheriff departed without giving him any satisfaction, and Wilkerson determined that he would act. The



"Ruth oughtn't to be here."

Wilkerson covertly studied the desperado's impassive visage. Jose Vigns bore a renowned name on the border for daring, shrewdness and wickedness. He was known as "The Merciless." For five years he had had a price set on his head, yet because of the loyalty of his adherents and his own fearlessness he had escaped.

No man better fitted for a sinister purpose could have been found. Yet mingled with Wilkerson's satisfaction at having such a tool to his hand was a dread of the man himself, and his calm insistence on the privilege of looking the camp when it was captured gave him a sense of nausea.

After all, they were Americans down there in the "Master Key" camp. Through his binoculars he could see Ruth on the porch of the bungalow Vigns, too, saw her. He took no pains to conceal the cruel interest in his eyes.

The next few days resulted in little advantage to either side. John Dorr could not reopen the mine nor even send in for much needed supplies because of the constant menace of the outlaws, who occasionally fired scattering shots down into the gulch as a warning that they were vigilant.

On the other hand, Wilkerson found it impossible to seize the camp with out precipitating a battle, from which he shrank. Deeply involved as he already was in crime, he dreaded to cross the border line which would forever place him beyond the pale and make him an outlaw.

Instead, he used every method to put himself outwardly in the right. He sent plea after plea to the sheriff of the county to come and restore order, asserting that he had been driven from his rightful property by violence and that the situation was such that, with

The Mexican peered into the window of one of the cabins and saw a gold watch on the table. Instantly he broke the glass with the butt of his carbine and reached in for his booty.

Dorr and Kane had warned the miners at the first appearance of Wilkerson that there might be trouble brewing, but that the first blow must come from the other side.

"Boys," said the old cook, "you know the sheriff. He's listened to both sides, and he don't rightly know which is the one to take. But one thing is certain—he's got to keep order and protect human life and our property. If those fellows make a wrong move we've got the sheriff on our side. See?"

They had seen the point, with many mutterings. They had quietly prepared themselves for just the occasion which the Mexican's net now gave. As the bandit pulled his arm back with the watch in his hand a revolver cracked, and the arm fell shattered to his side. And as Wilkerson glanced furtively about him he saw the camp ready. He cursed the maddened Mexican and grasped Vigns by the arm.

"Stop your men!" he implored. "Don't let them fire a shot or we are lost!"

It was too late. Passions long restrained now broke out, and within a minute a battle was raging between the walls of the gulch.

The miners had the advantage. They fought from the shelter of their own cabins, and they were united by a common purpose. Their attackers were scattered, were divided between lust for loot and thirst for blood and had no sure refuge nor rendezvous. Yet they would eventually have made the camp untenable had not the thoughtful sheriff prepared a surprise for both parties.

After consultation with his advisers in the county seat he had appealed to the governor on the ground that as one of the opposing forces was Mexican

he felt that a superior authority should handle so delicate a situation. The governor had agreed and ordered a troop of cavalry to the "Master Key" to pressure order. It was just when Wilkerson had seen his chance for a grand coup that the troopers arrived.

Ruth, with some of the women, had taken refuge in John's house on the hill, with old Tom Kane as their body-guard. Wilkerson knew that if he could capture Ruth he could make his own terms. He directed several of his men to make a detour around the hill and effect this. Meanwhile he set fire to a cabin below in order to distract the attention of Dorr and his men.

The ruse had nearly succeeded but for Kane's quickness. Though he had not used his gun for many years, he had lost none of his old time skill, and when the marauders made their final dash on the porch of the house the cook, with a single glance over his shoulder, shot from the hip. His man tumbled dead at Ruth's feet, and his companions sneaked back.

At that instant the cavalry rushed in, and before five minutes were passed their commander had separated the combatants and proceeded to disarm them.

He then called Dorr and Wilkerson to him and curiously stated that his orders were to see that there was no trouble. "What your quarrel is I don't know," he said.

Wilkerson tried to argue, but neither the officer nor the sheriff, who now arrived, would listen to him. They also turned a deaf ear to John Dorr's statement of Wilkerson's crimes, including the kidnaping of Ruth in San Francisco.

"If you have anything against Wilkerson," the sheriff asserted, "swear out a warrant for him. I'll serve it quick enough."

With this John must perforce be satisfied, but after a conference with Kane it was agreed that the letter should go to the county seat and make formal complaint and procure a warrant for Wilkerson's arrest on the ground of forgery.

"You and I know those deeds he flourishes aren't genuine," John said earnestly. "Let's make it an issue and try it in court. At any rate, we'll be rid of him for awhile."

"I know you're right," the old cook assented heartily. "I'll be off today. With these troopers around the greasers won't dare do anything openly. But keep your eyes open, John! They will sneak something across if they can."

"Trust me for that," was the reassuring response.

But when Kane had gone Dorr realized that he was in a nasty predicament. Wilkerson was desperately play



The Cook Shot From the Hip.

ing so bold a game that it would take every resource at his disposal to meet him successfully. Ruth must be protected in her rights. The "Master Key" mine must remain in her possession undisturbed. That would be impossible until Wilkerson was eliminated. And that man was after great stakes; otherwise he would never have ventured so far.

As he debated this inwardly John went over in memory all the events of the brief period since old Thomas Galton had died, leaving his daughter in his charge. Before his mind's eye ran the pictures of the last scenes and then—

Like a flash it came to him! What was it that letter the old man had so carefully cherished and handed him at the last? Had Galton foreseen something like this and prepared for it? In his last days had his failing powers concentrated on his single aim and evolved a final safeguard for the "Master Key"?

With the sealed letter in his hand John Dorr stared at the superscription: Not to be opened until my daughter's eighteenth birthday or before then if her welfare is threatened.

Quickly he tore the envelope open. The inclosure fell out in two portions. He put them together, with a muttered ejaculation at his own carelessness and read the crabbid script:

Silent Valley, Cal., June 20. Little Girl—Read carefully what I write on this depends your future welfare. The "Master Key" mine discovered by me five years ago contained a mother

and En Hing, Chinese hatchet men, were electrocuted in Sing Sing prison here today. It was the first time New York state had ever put a Chinese to death.

Frank M. Melville has sold his paper the Sherwood Journal, to L. A. Hammersley, who will take charge at once.

OSSINING, N. Y., Feb. 5.—Lee Dock

SALMANACA, N. Y., Feb. 5.—The bodies of Mrs. Lizzie Drake, Mrs. Irene Spencer, and the latter's daughter, Gertrude, with the heads beaten to a pulp were found today in bedrooms of the Drake home here. The murderer used a sledge hammer in his work, and frightfully mutilated the bodies of his victims.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 4.—Kaiser Wilhelm, according to advices received here today, presented iron crosses to all the members of the crew of the submarine U-21, which sank three British merchant vessels recently in the Irish sea.

PROHIBITION BILL, UNAMENDED, PUT THROUGH HOUSE

(To be Continued.)

SENATE SECURES DELAY TO STUDY BILL THOROUGHLY

MOBER, OF MULTNOMAH, PROTESTS POSTPONEMENT UNFAIR TO SPORTSMEN

HOUSE TURNS DOWN BILL BY SCHUEBEL CONCERNING O. A. C.

Dimick's Memorial to Congress Favorably Reported by Committee—Oregon City Men at Capitol

SALEM, Ore., Feb. 8.—(Special)—The bill to close the Willamette river to net fishing with two bills relating to fishing in the Rogue river today was made special order for 2 o'clock next Monday afternoon. Several senators asked for a postponement for time to make a thorough investigation.

Senator Dimick said he had no objection to a postponement, but Moser objected, saying it looked like an attempt was being made to put action off until the last of the session and kill the bill that way. Dimick assured him that there was no such desire and that all the senators would be ready to act on the bill Monday.

Two reports were submitted by the senate committee on fisheries—one making the suspension bridge the deadline and the other that the bill do not pass.

The house today defeated Schuebel's bill providing that certain departments of the Agricultural college, now maintained by continuing appropriations, be maintained out of the annual millage tax. The bill passed several days ago, repeals continuing appropriations. The friends of the school will now try to get appropriations through and failing will have to support departments out of the millage tax. The Schuebel bill made this compulsory.

Dimick's memorial to congress that it use the postal savings bank as a basis for rural credits system, was favorably reported on by the senate committee on resolutions. It provides for a limit on postal savings bank deposits be removed and deposits not be deposited with national banks. Dimick introduced a bill by request prohibiting the assignment of wages by husbands unless they have the written consent of their wives. The object of the bill is to protect them against professional money lenders.

Dimick made a fight on the bill providing that school tax levies in school districts of the third class shall be reviewed by the boundary boards consisting of the county judge, the county commissioners and the county school superintendent. He said the bill was a scheme of the timber owners to escape paying their share of the taxes. Other members said the timber owners had been gouged and paid taxes not needed. The bill was passed.

Judge Grant B. Dimick, here on legal business today, was extended the courtesy of the senate.

Dr. Clyde Mount, a member of the state board of dental examiners, was here in opposition to bills inimical to the dental profession.

Constipation. When constive or troubled with constipation take Chamberlain's Tablets. They are easy to take and most agreeable in effect. Obtainable everywhere. (Adv.)

TREE PRUNERS CALLED "FAKES" That men are going through the county representing themselves as expert pruners approved by O. E. Freytag, former fruit inspector, is believed by Mr. Freytag, who is now in San Francisco. These men have absolutely no authority to represent themselves in this way, according to word received from Mr. Freytag this week.

TRY THIS FOR NEURALGIA Thousands of people keep on suffering with Neuralgia because they do not know what to do for it. Neuralgia is a pain in the nerve. What you want to do is to soothe the nerve itself. Apply Sloan's Liniment to the surface over the painful part—do not rub it in. Sloan's Liniment penetrates very quickly to the sore, irritated nerve and allays the inflammation. Get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for 25 cents of any druggist and have it in the house—against Colds, Sore and Swollen Joints, Lumbago, Sciatica and like ailments. Your money back if not satisfied, but it does give almost instant relief. (Adv.)

THIS WOMAN'S SICKNESS

Quickly Yielded To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bridgeton, N. J.—"I want to thank you a thousand times for the wonderful good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered very much from a female trouble. I had bearing down pains, was irregular and at times could hardly walk across the room. I was unable to do my housework or attend to my baby I was so weak. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me a world of good, and now I am strong and healthy, can do my work and tend my baby. I advise all suffering women to take it and get well as I did."—Mrs. FANNIE COOPER, R. F. D., Bridgeton, N. J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass. seem to prove this fact.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacement, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice 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. (Adv.)

THE MORNING ENTERPRISE

SHOWER OF GOLD CAMPAIGN GOOD FOR 10 VOTES

FOR MRS. OR MISS.....

VOID AFTER FEBRUARY 15TH, 1915.

DO NOT ROLL OR FOLD

DIST. NO.....

HE GOT THE JOB

A YOUNG MAN HAVING APPLIED TO A WHOLESALE HOUSE FOR A POSITION RECENTLY FOUND HIMSELF BEFORE THE MANAGER FOR EXAMINATION. "HAVE YOU A BANK ACCOUNT?" WAS HIS FIRST QUESTION. "I HAVE," WAS THE REPLY. "LET ME SEE YOUR BANK BOOK," WAS THE NEXT REQUEST. AFTER GLANCING OVER IT AND NOTING THE LONG LIST OF REGULAR, THOUGH SMALL DEPOSITS, HE SAID: "YOUNG MAN, YOU ARE ENGAGED, AND I WANT TO COMPLIMENT YOU ON YOUR SAVING ABILITY. I ALWAYS INSIST UPON EMPLOYING ONLY MEN WHO HAVE THE GOOD SENSE TO SAVE THEIR MONEY." WE INVITE EVERY YOUNG MAN IN THIS COMMUNITY TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT AT THIS BANK.

The Bank of Oregon City OLDEST BANK IN CLACKAMAS COUNTY.



Ruth on the Porch of the Bungalow.

out interference from the authorities. There would be serious trouble and very likely bloodshed.

These pleas availed only partially. The sheriff made a trip into the mine, talked with John Dorr and Tom Kane and then sought out Wilkerson.

"It looks to me as if this was a case for the courts," he said slowly when he had examined Wilkerson's forged deeds. "I know old Gallon pretty well, and he thought a sight of that Ruth girl. Fact is, he told me he intended her to have the mine and left it to her in his will. Now you toddle along with these papers and want to take it away from her?"

"Gallon and I were partners years ago," Wilkerson insisted. "We located this mine together, and when I came back he gave me over my share."

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