

OLD POTATOES BRING GOOD PRICES HERE

PORTLAND, Ore., June 15.—Despite statements to the contrary received from the north, three more cars of Canadian old potatoes have entered this market. The stock is reported in fair condition.

Two carloads of California new potatoes were condemned by local inspection officials during the last 24 hours, because of infection, and a very close watch is being made on all shipments from points outside this state.

Market for old potatoes is showing increased strength. For the first time this season old stock is actually selling higher in some instances than new crop offerings. Sales of new Oregon are reported as low as \$1.85 a cental with purchases from farmers down to \$1.55. Sales of best quality new potatoes are reported generally at \$2 to \$2.25 a cental.

Restored to Good Health. "I was sick for four years with stomach trouble," writes Mrs. Otto Gans, Zanesville, Ohio. "I lost weight and felt so weak that I almost gave up hope of being cured. A friend told me about Chamberlain's Tablets, and since using two bottles of them I have been a well woman." Obtainable everywhere. (Adv.)

FORUM OF THE PEOPLE

More About Oswego.

OREGON CITY, Ore., June 15.—(Editor of the Enterprise.)—I notice by your issue of June 6th that Mr. V. P. Cooper of Oswego paid you a visit, and reported that the cement plant at Oswego is going to commence operations, My, what a startling piece of news that must have been for the people of Oregon City. The citizens of Oswego got a spasm similar to this about twice a year for the last three years, but the truces are getting so case-hardened that it don't faze 'em any more.

The idea now seems to be to tackle some of the adjoining towns, so get busy you Oregon Cityites, put your shoulder to the cement wheel and help start that plant.

No matter what the consequences to yourselves or community, (for that will be an after consideration.)

No matter if you have been warned by your friends who have lived in the vicinity of so called wet process or dustless plants that the operation of the plan will cover your lawns and gardens with cement dust and probably ruin your home which took years to build.

You must ask no questions about the dust, for probably there will be no dust.

If a four and one half foot petition is thrust under your nose to sign, do not hesitate nor take the time or trouble to look into the matter but sign your name immediately, no matter whether you are signing away your rights or not.

If makes no difference whose names are on or whose names are not on those petitions, for we have some who have erected buildings for rent in Oswego on the strength of the cement plant operating and by all means these parties must not be disappointed.

We also have little get-together meetings here occasionally so that we may feel of the bumps on each others heads and see in what lines we are deficient, and finally wind up the meeting by belittling those who do not agree with us or who have the courage to stand up for their rights.

Unless you are willing to do all this you are a mossback, a knocker, a stumbling block to progress, and something to be despised and driven out of the country.

But it is not up to you to make these accusations and spit venom every time you open your mouth to speak, for these privileges are reserved for the crippled and the blind.

As to your editorial in which you refer to a merchant who made the remark that the operation of the cement factory would bring more stores and consequently more competition, permit me to say, that in my conversation with the present business people of Oswego I find that they are in perfect accord with your views and, to perfect what my merchant opposing any legitimate business or industry on those grounds certainly is a mossback.

But in tracing that remark I find it originated from an old law-bag whom the people do not consider a business man as he has been out of business in Oswego since the spring of 1892.

In fact I fail to find any one who is opposed to the operation of the cement plant or any other plant so long as they conduct themselves in a lawful and proper manner. They merely resent some of the methods employed and insist that every citizen has rights that should be respected.

As secretary of the Oswego Commercial club, I wish to submit the plain facts in the Oswego Commercial club case and leave it to the reader to judge for himself as to who or what is right or wrong.

The Oswego Commercial club was organized a number of years ago with quite a large membership including the promoters of the cement plant and for three or four months was a thriving organization. And among the numerous matters taken up the cement industry was not slighted.

But the club eventually died a slow and peaceful death, only to be brought back to life by Mr. Prosser and four or five other citizens who had the welfare of this community at heart, among them myself.

This mere handful struggled along the best they could, they didn't meet for the purpose of furthering the interests of any private corporation or individual or for attacking or black-garding any one whose views were different from theirs, but met regularly, paid their 25c per month dues and did what was in their power to help the community.

The meetings were all public, every one was welcome to attend and state their views without fear of being insulted if their views happened to be different.

Mr. Cooper joined this organization about November, 1913, paid his 50c initiation fee, attended two or three meetings and then practically did not

The BLACK BOX by E. Phillips Oppenheim

Revised from the Photo Play of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

SYNOPSIS.

Quetz did not wait for another word. He jumped a rough bush of scrub on the right-hand side, galloped over the ground, which was already hot with the coming fire, and followed along down the road which Lenora had passed. When he came to the first bend, he could hear the roar of flames in the trees. A volume of smoke almost blinded him; his horse became wholly unmanageable. He slipped from the saddle and ran on, staggering from right to left like a drunken man. About forty yards along the road, Lenora was lying in the dust. A volume of smoke rushed over her. The tree under which she had collapsed was already aflame. A twig fell from it as Quetz staggered up, and her skirt became a smolder. He tore off his coat, wrapped it around her, beat out the fire which was already blazing at her feet and snatched her into his arms. She opened her eyes for a moment. "Where are we?" she whispered. "The fire!"

"That's all right," Quetz shouted. "We'll be out of it in a moment. Hold tight to my neck." "Say, that was a close shave," he faltered, as he laid Lenora upon the ground. "Another five minutes—well, we won't talk about it. Let's lift her on to your horse, Laura, and get back to the camp."

CHAPTER XXXII.

The professor laid down his book and gazed with an amiable smile towards Quetz and Lenora. "I fear," he remarked, dolefully, "that my little treatise on the fauna of the northern Orinoco scarcely appeals to you, Mr. Quetz." Quetz, whose arm was in a sling, but who was otherwise none the worse for his recent adventure, pointed out of the tent. "Don't you believe it, professor," he begged. "I've been listening to every word. But say, Lenora, just look at Laura and French!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"That fellow French has got grit," Quetz declared. "He sticks to it all the time. He'll win out with Laura in the end, you mark my words." "We've wired for them to meet Craig," Quetz said, after a short silence. "I only hope they don't let him slip through their fingers. I haven't much faith in his promise to turn up at the professor's. Let's see what Laura and French have to say." "Can't see any sense in staying on here any longer," was French's immediate decision, "so long as you two invalids feel that you can stick the journey. Besides, we're using up these fellows' hospitality."

"If only I could do something for him!" she murmured. "He's in some kind of trouble, I think," Mrs. Malony observed. "He is not what you might call a communicative person, but it's easy to see that he is far from being happy in himself. You'll ring when you're ready, Miss Mary?"

The door was suddenly opened and Craig entered. "Look across the road," he begged. "Tell me if there is a man in a blue serge suit and a bowler hat, smoking a cigar, looking across here." Mrs. Malony and the girl both obeyed. The girl was the first to speak. "Yes," she answered. "He is looking straight at these windows." Craig groaned and sank down upon a chair. "Leave us, if you please, Mrs. Malony," he ordered. "I'll ring when I'm ready."

"How kind you are to me!" she exclaimed. "You think of everything!" He sighed. "If I had had you for a little longer, Mary," he said, "perhaps I should have been a better man. Go to the window, please, and tell me if that man is still there." She crossed the room with light footsteps. Presently she returned. "He is just crossing the street," she announced. "I think that he seems to be coming here."

"I shall not," the girl objected. "My uncle told me, if anything happened to him, that I was to remain here." "And remain here she shall, as long as she likes," Mrs. Malony insisted. "I've given my promise, too, to look after her, and Mr. Craig knows that I am an honest woman." "You may be that," the man replied, "but it's just as well for you both to understand this. I'm from the police and what I say goes. No harm will come to the girl, Mrs. Malony, and she shall come back here, but for the present she is going to accompany me to headquarters. If you make any trouble, I only have to blow my whistle and I can fill your house with policemen."



"I Cannot Tell You Anything More. Good-By."

guess you'd better cough up the truth. Where's this precious uncle of yours?" "My uncle has gone out," the girl replied, drawing herself up. "He left five minutes ago." "What's that in your hand?" he demanded. "Something my uncle gave me before he went out," the girl replied. "I haven't looked at it yet myself." "Give it here," he ordered. "She spread it out upon the table. "You may look at it if you choose," she agreed. "My uncle did not tell me not to show it to anyone." They read it together. The few lines seemed to be written with great care. They took, indeed, the form of a legal document, to which was affixed the seal of a notary and the name of a witness.

"I, John Craig, being about to receive the just punishment for all my sins, hereby bequeath to my niece, Mary Carlton, all moneys and property belonging to me, a list of which she will find at this address. I make one condition only of my bequest, and I beg my niece to fervently respect it. It is that she never of her own consent or knowledge speak to anyone of the name of Ashleigh, or associate with any of that name."

JOHN CRAIG. The man folded up the paper. "I'll take care of this," he said. "It's yours, right enough. We'll just need to borrow it for a time. Go and get your hat and coat on, miss."



"He Fought Too Hard," Quetz Said Gravely. "He is Dead!"

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"I'll go," the girl whispered. In silence she put on her hat and coat, in silence she drove with him to the police station, where she was shown at once into the inspector's office. The man who had brought her whistled for a moment or two with his chief and handed him the paper. Inspector French read it and whistled softly. He took up the telephone by his side. "Say, you've something of a find here," he remarked to the plainclothes man. "Put me through to Mr. Quetz, please," he added, speaking into the receiver. The two men whispered together. The girl stole from her place and turned over rapidly the pages of a directory which was on the round table before her. She found the "A's" quickly. Her eye fell upon the name of Ashleigh. She repeated the address to herself and glanced around. The two men were still whispering. For the moment she was forgotten. She stole on tiptoe across the room, ran down the stone steps and hastened to the street.

CHAPTER XXXIV. The professor, who was comfortably seated in Quetz's favorite easy chair, glanced at his watch and shook his head. "I am afraid, my friend," he said, "that Craig's nerve has failed him. A voluntary surrender was perhaps too much to hope for."

His servant entered bearing a note. "This was left a few minutes ago, sir," he announced, "by a messenger boy. There was no answer required." The man retired. Quetz unfolded the sheet of paper. His expression suddenly changed. "Listen!" he exclaimed. To Sanford Quetz: Gather your people in Professor Ashleigh's library at ten o'clock to-night. I will be there and tell you my whole story. JOHN CRAIG. The professor sat for a moment speechless. "Then he meant it, after all!" he exclaimed at last. "Seems like it," Quetz admitted. "I'll just telephone to French."

The professor rose to his feet, knocked the ash from his cigar, struggled into his coat and took up his hat. Then he waited until Quetz had completed his conversation. The latter's face had grown grave and puzzled. It was obvious that he was receiving information of some importance. He put down the instrument at last with a cut word of farewell. The professor moved towards the door. "If only this may prove to be the end!" he sighed. Quetz spent the next hour or so in restless deliberations. There were still many things which puzzled him. At about a quarter past nine Lenora and Laura arrived, dressed for their expedition. "I'm afraid we are in for a bad thunderstorm, girls," Quetz remarked. Laura laughed. "Who cares? The automobile's there, Mr. Quetz."

"Let's go, then," he replied. They descended into the street and drove to the professor's house in silence. Even Laura was feeling the strain of these last hours of anxiety. On the way they picked up French and a plainclothes man and the whole party arrived at their destination just as the storm broke. The professor

"Say, what have you got there?" French asked. Quetz examined the strange-looking lump of metal steadily. The most curious thing about it seemed to be that it was absolutely sound and showed no signs of damage. He turned to the professor. "I think you are the only one who will be able to appreciate this, professor," he remarked. "Look! It is a fragment of opotam—a distinct and wonderful specimen of opotam." Everyone looked puzzled. "But what," Lenora inquired, "is opotam?" "It is a new metal," Quetz explained, gravely, "towards which scientists have been directing a great deal of attention lately. It has the power of collecting all the electricity from the air around us. There are a dozen people, at the present moment, conducting experiments with it for the purpose of cheapening electric lights. If we had been in the room ten seconds sooner—"

He paused significantly. Then he swung round on his heel. Craig, a new pitiful object, his hands nervously twitching, his face ghastly, was cowering in the background. "Your last little effort, Craig!" he demanded, sternly. Craig made no reply. The professor, who had disappeared for a moment, came back to them. "There is a smaller room across the hall," he said, "which will do for our purpose."

Craig suddenly turned and faced them. "I have changed my mind," he said. "I have nothing to tell you. Do what you will with me. Take me to the Tomba, deal with me as any way you choose, but I have nothing to say." Quetz pointed a threatening finger at him. "Your last voluntary word, perhaps," he said, "but science is still your master, Craig. Science has brought many criminals to their doom. It shall take its turn with you. Bring him along, French, to my study. There is a way of deal with him."

Quetz felt his forehead and found it damp. There were dark rings under his eyes. Before him was Craig, with a little band around his forehead and the mirror where they could all see it. The professor stood a little in the background. Laura and French were side by side, gazing at a distended eyes at the blank mirror, and Lenora was doing her best to soothe the terrified girl. "Twice Quetz's teeth came together and once he almost reeled. "It's the fight of his life," he muttered at last, "but I've got him." Almost as he spoke they could see Craig's resistance begin to weaken. The tenseness of his form relaxed. Quetz's will was triumphing. Slowly in the mirror they saw a little picture creeping from the outline into definite form, a picture of the professor's library. Craig himself was there with a mortar and trowel, and a black box in his hand. "It's coming!" Lenora moaned. "Quetz stood perfectly tense. The picture suddenly flashed into brilliant



"I Caught the Girl Trying to Make Her Way Into the House."

clearness. They saw Craig's features with almost lifelike detail. From the corner of that room where the professor was standing, came a smothered groan. It was a terrifying, a paralyzing moment. Even the silence seemed charged with awful things. Then suddenly, without any warning, the picture faded completely away. A cry, which was almost a howl of anger, broke from Quetz's lips. Craig had fallen sideways from his chair. There was an ominous change in his face. Something seemed to have passed from the atmosphere of the room, some tense and nameless quality. Quetz moved forward and laid his hand on Craig's heart. The girl was on her knees, screaming. "Take her away," Quetz whispered to Lenora. "What about him?" French demanded, as Lenora led the girl from the room. "He fought too hard," Quetz said, gravely. "He is dead. Professor!" They all looked around. The spot where he had been standing was empty. The professor had gone. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

show himself till about April 23, 1915, when he made his appearance at the clubrooms, bringing a number of prospective members who immediately joined by signing the membership roll. A resolution relative to the cement plant was introduced by them and passed that same night, which resolution was to be signed by the president. This the president (Mr. Prosser) for reasons of his own, did not wish to do. At the next meeting when the resolution came up Mr. Prosser stated that to avoid any unpleasantness or

the appearance of his trying to hold the resolution up he would turn over the chair to the vice president so that it might be passed and signed by the then acting president. This, however, did not suit Mr. Cooper and his followers, who thereupon proceeded in their way to declare the chair vacant and elect Mr. Huffman as president. You will notice Mr. Cooper makes the assertion that this was done unannounced, while I positively state and Mr. Cooper knows it was not unannounced by any means. After this meeting adjourned Mr.

Cooper then paid his back dues amounting to something like \$4.50. Mr. Cooper and his followers then filed articles of incorporation, elected their officers as by him stated. The original Oswego Commercial club has retained all of its officers, holds its meetings and shall exert its energies toward the welfare of Oswego and the surrounding country, and I sincerely wish the incorporated club success in any undertaking they may undertake for the public good. In regard to the funds, the Oswego Commercial club has made a proposition to the Oswego Commercial club,

incorporated, that all money in the treasury paid by those who are now members of the incorporated club be turned over to their organization and the balance of the funds, or in other words, money derived from dues of the faithful few, or members of the original Oswego Commercial club be given to the Oswego Volunteer Fire department, which proposition after being strenuously opposed by Mr. Cooper was accepted by the incorporated club only to be reconsidered and said acceptance withdrawn at their next meeting. As for your remark in your editor-

ial about Oswego being so backward and held back by itself, permit me to say that you must have been misinformed, as I fall to see it in that light. As we have a public school that we are proud of and our city is making extensive improvements under the guidance of an efficient mayor and harmonious city council; it seems to me that anyone but a blind man could easily see that Oswego is forging right ahead. I feel certain that the citizens of Oswego have the most kindly feelings toward Oregon City and county officials regardless of the fact that we are

somewhat isolated on account of not having car services between the two places. We are in hopes that this obstacle may be removed soon and that we may know each other better. In the meantime any one wishing to enlighten themselves on any matter in connection with Oswego is welcome to come and see for themselves, for the past as well as the present of our citizens is open to inspection and I hope this will apply to the corporations as well. ARTHUR MEYER, Oswego, Oregon.