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AIR IS STILL FREE

The old fashioned farmer, who depends on Dobbins for motive power for traveling and plowing and all, suffers like other farmers from the low price of what he sells and the high price of what he buys, but he escapes some troubles and some burdens as well. The automobile and chauffeur license fees and gasoline taxes do not worry him much, and if he has given a neighbor a ride in his buggy we have not heard of his being fined for doing so without a license.

The more we progress in civilization the more we are governed and mis-governed and taxed and fined.

In old times whoever chose to run a stage between Lebanon and Brownsville might do so and fix his own rates for fares or for freight. Now-a-days an auto bus line must have a license before it can start and permission before it can stop, and a state commission decides what it may charge for its services.

It is the same with a railroad company. It may not build a new line in Oregon without permission of the powers that be, nor may it discontinue service over a line nor change its rate of charges without the same authority. An effort is being made to compel a railroad company to build a lot of new road in this state, whether it has the funds or not and whether or not its managers think there would be enough business to pay the expense of running trains over it.

The Southern Pacific company, which announced the withdrawal of its daily Lebanon-Brownsville train, because it did not pay expenses, has been ordered by the public utility commission to continue the service until that body investigates and gives its O. K. to the change.

We are governed too much. That is why taxes are so high. We could save a lot of money if we could be rid of half or two-thirds of the commissions and officials and their secretaries and clerks and underlings, and the legitimate business of the state would be benefited.

We haven't been taxed for the air we breathe nor limited in the amount we may use. We are still free in that respect, provided we have a place on which to stand while doing the breathing, but a tax has to be paid on that place, unless it is public or church property, and we can be debarred by legal process from standing even there—"run in" as "vags."

A PUNCTURED BOOM

Southern California has for several years been experiencing a boom in real estate that has few equals in history. Real estate men have made fortunes, while tracts and lots, vacant or occupied, have changed hands over and over again, each time at a handsome increase in price over the price of the preceding sale.

Places far out in the country were built over and became part of the nearby cities. There was a constant flow of building mechanics attracted by the boom.

Six months ago there began to be indications that the crest was being approached. There was a slackening in the erection of the larger structures, but work went merrily on in building smaller houses. The slump was felt in the ranks of labor. Workmen found that when a job was completed the contractors shifted men and they lost their jobs. They learned that this was due to an article of the builders' code of ethics. The employer said: "You have received your wages from the job. Other men

have been idle. It is but fair that we give them their turn, for they are out of money and you are not." Work was slackening and there was only enough to go around among those who were "broke."

But the grand crash did not come until the foot and mouth disease broke out among the cattle, and the efforts of the officials failed to stamp it out. The state is spending large amounts, the federal government has appropriated a million and a half, cattle are being slaughtered by thousands, but the disease is not subdued.

Panic seized the people. They fled in all directions—anywhere to get out of the plague-stricken state. Last week 800 automobiles were massed at one time this side of the Arizona line. The authorities of that state would not admit them until they were put through a slow process of fumigation and sterilization.

Many of the refugees were penniless and without food, and donations of articles were sent them from the Arizona side.

Refuges at the Oregon line are being halted and fumigated and required to pay a part of the cost of that operation.

Boarding houses are empty, thousands of tenements are to let in the golden state.

The California boom is as flat as a pancake.

Building permits in Los Angeles in January, February and March this year were 4 per cent in excess of these for the same months last year. If the cattle plague is quelled soon business may settle down to steady prosperity in place of the fleck boom.

Produce has accumulated in the cities. Perishable kinds are spoiling. An embargo is on. Nothing from the infected and suspected areas can go to market, for all the neighboring states stand in fear of the scourge.

As the Eugene Register points out, his may make a better market for Oregon products, unless the plague breaks out in this state, but it shuts out a good California market for our output, for those who cannot sell cannot buy. Tourist traffic is likely to be cut by half, for many easterners will not come to Oregon when they fear to go on through our sister state. So even if we had no human sympathy for the sufferers, our own selfish interests would bring a share of the calamity home to our consciousness.

THE GUTENBERG BIBLE

A leaf from the first book ever printed with movable type, a Bible in the library of John H. Nash, San Francisco. Mr. Nash also has a picture of John Gutenberg, who invented the art, manufactured the type and printed the Bible from which this leaf was taken.

The Zellerbach Paper company has reproduced both the page referred to and the fine portrait, in their original colors, and one of the copies can be seen for a short time in the Enterprise office. The editor got Mr. Zellerbach to make a frame for it and intends to keep it hanging in the living room at his home as one of his most prized possessions.

The first Gutenberg bible to come to this country is now in the New York public library. It was offered for sale at auction in London in 1847. James Lenox instructed his agent, Henry Stevens of Vermont, to buy it. Stevens bid it in for five hundred pounds sterling. Lenox raved at the "mad price," but finally took the book.

There are forty complete and twenty fragmentary copies of the Gutenberg Bible known to exist today. Last year Dr. A. S. D. Rosenbach bought one at auction in London for a little more than \$43,000. It had been sold at auction five times within 100 years: In 1822 for \$840, in 1844 for \$950, in 1858 for \$3,070, and in 1887 for \$13,250.

Come into the Enterprise office and see Gutenberg, the father of printing, and a sample of his work.

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C. P. STAFFORD, Agent

Any Girl in Trouble

may communicate with Ensign Lee of the Salvation Army at the White Shield Home, 563 Mayfair avenue, Portland, Oregon.


The charges which the Ku Klux brought against Ex-Governor Walton of Oklahoma have been investigated and kicked out of court. Another woman was flogged Friday night at Tulsa, in that state. Of the 99 indictments at Herrin no further reports are coming. These are three prominent points in the week's news about the K. K. K.

A good many families, it is reported by the state chamber of

commerce land settlement committee, are coming into the state to make their homes. The opponents of the income tax, who say it will depopulate the state, are not broadcasting this piece of news.

The idea of the traveling gavel mentioned in the report of Charity grange this week is a good one. The more such organizations fraternize with each other the more power they can exert.

In the Days of Poor Richard
by IRVING BACHELLER



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(Continued)

December had arrived. The general was having his first great trial in keeping an army about him. Terms of enlistment were expiring. Cold weather had come. The camp was uncomfortable. Regiments of the home-sick lads of New England were leaving or preparing to leave. Jack and a number of young ministers in the service organized a campaign of persuasion and many were prevailed upon to re-enlist. But hundreds of boys were hurrying homeward on the frozen roads.

One day Jack was sent for. He and his company had captured a number of men in a skirmish.

"Captain, you have done well," said the general. "I want to make a scout of you. In our present circumstances it's about the most important, dangerous and difficult work there is to be done here, especially the work which Solomon Binkus undertook to do. There is no other in whom I should have so much confidence. Major Bartlett knows the part of the line which Colonel Binkus traversed. He will be going out that way tomorrow. I should like you, sir, to go with him. After the trip I shall be greatly pleased if you are capable of doing the work alone."

Orders were delivered and Jack reported to Bartlett, an agreeable, middle-aged farmer-soldier, who had been on scout duty since July. They left camp together next morning an hour before reveille. They had an uneventful day, mostly in wooded flats and ridges, and from the latter looking across with a spy-glass into Bruteland, as they called the country held by the British, and seeing only, now and then, an enemy picket or distant camps. About midday they sat down in a thicket together for a bite to eat and a whispered conference.

"Binkus, as you know, had his own way of scouting," said the major. "He

was an Indian fighter. He liked to get inside the enemy lines and lie close and watch 'em an' maybe hear what they were talking about. Now an' then he would surprise a British sentinel and disarm him an' bring him into camp."

Jack wondered that his friend had never spoken of the capture of prisoners.

"He was a modest man," said the young scout.

"He didn't want the British to know where Solomon Binkus was at work, and I guess he was wise," said the major. "I advise against taking the chances that he took. It ain't necessary. You would be caught much sooner than he was."

That day Bartlett took Jack over Solomon's trail and gave him the lay of the land and much good advice. A young man of Jack's spirit, however, is apt to have a degree of enterprise and self-confidence not easily controlled by advice. He had been traveling alone for three days when he felt the need of more exciting action. That night he crossed the Charles river on the ice in a snowstorm and captured a sentinel and brought him back to camp.

Soon after that the daring spirit of the youth led him into a great adventure. It was on the night of January fifth that Jack penetrated the British lines in a snowstorm and got close to an outpost in a strip of forest. There a camp fire was burning. He came close. His garments had been whitened by the storm. The air was thick with snow, his feet were muffled in a foot of it. He sat by a stump scarcely twenty feet from the fire, seeing those in its light, but quite invisible. There he could distinctly hear the talk of the Britishers. It related to a proposed evacuation of the city by Howe.

"I'm weary of starving to death in this God-forsaken place," said one of them. "You can't keep an army without meat or vegetables. I've eaten fish

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"I'm getting scales on me."
"Colonel Riffington says that the army will leave here within a fortnight," another observed.

It was important information which had come to the ear of the young scout. The talk was that of well-bred Englishmen who were probably officers.

"We ought not to speak of those matters aloud," one of them remarked. "Some d-d Yankee may be listening like the one we captured."

"He was Amherst's old scout," said another. "He swore a blue streak when we shoved him into jail. They don't like to be treated like rebels. They want to be prisoners of war."

A young man came along with his rifle on his shoulder.
"Hello, Bill!" said one of the men.
"Going out on post?"

"I am, God help me," the youth answered. "It's what I'd call a h-l of a night."

The sentinel passed close by Jack on his way to his post. The latter crept away and followed, gradually closing in upon his quarry. When they were well away from the fire, Jack came close and called, "Bill!"

The sentinel stopped and faced about.
"You've forgotten something," said Jack, in a genial tone.

"What is it?"

"Your caution," Jack answered, with his pistol against the breast of his enemy.

"We've got you at last—you d-d rebel!" said Clarke.
"I suppose you need some one to swear at," Jack answered.

"And to shoot at," Clarke suggested. "I thought that you would not care for another match with me," the young scout remarked as they began to move away.

"Hereafter you will be treated like a rebel and not like a gentleman," Clarke answered.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you will be standing, blindfolded against a wall."

"That kind of a threat doesn't scare me," Jack answered. "We have too many of your men in our hands."

CHAPTER XV

In Boston Jail.

Jack was marched under guard into the streets of Boston. Church bells were ringing. It was Sunday morning. Young Clarke came with the guard beyond the city limits. They had seemed to be very careless in the control of their prisoner. They gave him every chance to make a break for liberty. Jack was not fooled.

"I see that you want to get rid of me," said Jack to the young officer. "You'd like to have me run a race with your bullets. That is base ingratitude. I was careful of you when we met and you do not seem to know it."

"I know how well you can shoot," Clarke answered. "But you do not know how well I can shoot."

"And when I learn, I want to have a fair chance for my life."

Beyond the city limits young Clarke, who was then a captain, left them, and Jack proceeded with the others.

The streets were quiet—indeed almost deserted. There were no children playing on the common. A crowd was coming out of one of the churches. In the midst of it the prisoner saw Preston and Lady Hare. They were so near that he could have touched them with his hand as he passed. They did not see him. He noted the name of the church and its minister. In a few minutes he was delivered at the jail—a noisome, ill-smelling, badly ventilated place.

The yard was an opening walled in by the main structure and its two wings and a wooden fence some fifteen feet high. There was a ragged, dirty rabble of "rebel" prisoners, among whom was Solomon Binkus, all out for an airing. The old scout had lost flesh and color. He held Jack's hand and stood for a moment without speaking.

"I got sick one day an' couldn't hide 'cause I were makin' tracks in the snow so I had to give in," said Solomon. "Margaret has been here, but they won't let 'er come no more 'count o' the smallpox. Sends me suthin' tasty ev'ry day or two. I tol' 'er all 'bout ye. I guess the smallpox couldn't keep 'er 'way if she knowed you was here. But she won't be 'lowed to know it. This 'ere Clarke boy has p'isoned the jail. Nobody'll come here 'cept them that's dragged. He's got it all fixed for ye. I wouldn't wonder if he'd be glad to see ye rotted up with smallpox."

Jack and Solomon lay for weeks in this dirty, noisome jail, where their treatment was well calculated to change opinions not deeply rooted in firm soil. They did not fear the smallpox, as both were immune. But their confinement was, as doubtless it was intended to be, memorably punitive. They were "rebels"—lawbreakers, human rubbish whose offenses bordered upon treason. The smallpox patient was soon taken away, but other conditions were not improved. They slept on straw infested with vermin. Their cover and food were insufficient and "not fit for a dog," in the words of Solomon. Some of the boys gave in and were set free on parole, and there was one, at least, who went to work in the ranks of the British.

Early one morning shells began to fall in the city. Suddenly the firing ceased. At nine o'clock all prisoners in the jail were sent for, to be exchanged. Preston came with the order from General Howe and news of a truce.

"This means yer army is lightin' out," Solomon said to him.
"The city will be evacuated," was



"YOUR CAUTION," JACK ANSWERED

any. "I shall have to kill you if you call or fall to obey me. Give me the rifle and go on ahead. When I say go go to the right, haw to the left."

So the capture was made, and on the way out Jack picked up the sentinel who stood waiting to be relieved and took both men into camp.

From documents on the person of one of these young Britishers it appeared that General Clarke was in command of a brigade behind the lines which Jack had been watching and robbing.

When Jack delivered his report the chief called him a brave lad and said: "It is valuable information you have brought to me. Do not speak of it. Let me warn you, captain, that from now on they will try to trap you. Perhaps, even, you may look for daring enterprises on that part of their line."

The general was right. The young scout ran into a most daring and successful British enterprise on the twentieth of January. The snow had been swept away in a warm rain and the ground had frozen bare, or it would not have been possible. Jack had got to a strip of woods in a lonely bit of country near the British lines and was climbing a tall tree to take observations when he saw a movement on the ground beneath him. He stopped and quickly discovered that the tree was surrounded by British soldiers. One of them, who stood with a raised rifle, called to him:

"Irons, I will trouble you to drop your pistols and come down at once."

Jack saw that he had run into an ambush. He dropped his pistols and came down. He had disregarded the warning of the general. He should have been looking out for an ambush. A squad of five men stood about him with rifles in hand. Among them was Lionel Clarke, his right sleeve empty,

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