



"THE MASTER KEY"

CAST

Harry Wilkerson Harry Carter
 James Gallon Wilbur Higby
 Ruth Gallon Ella Hall
 John Dore Robert Leonard
 Story by John Fleming Wilson

The opening scene of the fourteenth installment of the Universal Special Feature Serial, "The Master Key" which is now rapidly drawing to a close shows Ruth and Dore in the camp of the beggars. Ruth and Dore awake before Sir Donald and rise briskly, prepared for an exciting day.

Near a road in the hills Wilkerson and his men are in camp. Wilkerson and Drake are wide awake before the rest of the men fully arouse they have a conference regarding their perilous situation. Drake tells Wilkerson that it would be best for him to throw the idol away, but Wilkerson wants to keep it as a souvenir and a memento of his good luck.

Meanwhile, trouble is brewing for both Wilkerson's and Dore's party, for high up in the hills the surviving Hindu priest has appealed to the fanatical hillmen to avenge the murder of his brothers and to retake the idol from the white men. The chief of the hillmen is exceedingly angered and calls on his men to join him in a war of vengeance.

On the advice of Sir Donald, Dore upon setting out from the beggars' camp, calls on the American consul for protection. At about the same time Dore and Ruth are in the consul's office telling the story of their adventure the hillmen start out from their mountain fastness to seek the white men. They are headed by the surviving priest.

Wilkerson and his party become lost in the hills and make camp for the night in a deserted hut. That same night Dore sets forth to regain the idol, his Hindu friends informing him of its being taken into the hills. Dore disguised in Oriental garb, is accompanied by Sir Donald's servant Ruth remains in the care of the American consul and attends an informal reception in the consulate. At the reception Sir Donald appears in army uniform and American and foreign officers in uniform also are present, representing both the armies and navies of several nations. A young naval officer is introduced to Ruth and asks for a dance. Sir Donald standing nearby is seen to be mildly jealous.

While the ball is in progress at the consulate, Dore, riding into the hills, meets the retired British trooper who have been hired by Sir Donald's former servant. Dore explains his mission to the soldiers and they accompany him. They have gone only a few miles, however, when they are discovered by the hillmen and a desperate chase follows.

Wilkerson and his party in their deserted hut hear the firing and prepare to make a desperate defense if the hillmen come their way. Dore and his men see the deserted hut and, not realizing that Wilkerson is within, make for it. Wilkerson and his men are on guard with horses tethered nearby and Dore and his men come up. Both Wilkerson and Dore are astounded to meet each other and for a moment trouble seems to be imminent but when both hear firing in the distance and realize that the hillmen are near, Dore turns to Wilkerson and says:

"It's race against race, Wilkerson. We must fight for each other."
 Wilkerson appreciates the fact and Dore takes the lead while Wilkerson follows his orders. The men drop behind rocks and commence firing. The hillmen in American Indian fashion ride around the hut firing as they ride. Dore and Wilkerson's party are hard pressed and fall back closer to the hut. One by one they step back into the hut through the door. Then they barricaded the door and begin firing through the windows. Wilkerson and Dore are side by side firing through the same window. The hillmen are now at a disadvantage and one after another they fall from their horses.

Wilkerson and his men decide on a sortie and pursue the fleeing hillmen, inflicting great losses upon them. After they have completely routed the captives Dore and Wilkerson return to the hut and enter into conversation.
 Back at the consulate Ruth is having a splendid time. A young American naval officer in his splendid white and gold uniform appeals immensely to her, but when she thinks of the faithful Dore riding into danger among the natives she quietly rebuffs the naval officer's advances and returns to dance with Sir Donald.

As Ruth is about to retire for the night in the American consulate, she steps out on the balcony and looks up into the hills where but a few hours before she last saw Dore before he disappeared from view. She has a vision of Dore bound by Wilkerson's men, lying on the floor of the deserted hut. As a matter of fact, Dore is in grave danger for Wilkerson realizes that Dore is after the plan to the mine and is determined to do anything to prevent him from getting it.

All considerations of race are forgotten, now that the common danger from the hillmen is passed. Dore, apparently, made a grave mistake when he returned to the hut and placed himself in Wilkerson's power. As he sits by a table in the deserted hut with his head in his hands Wilkerson quietly signals two of his men who pounce upon Dore.
 See this wonderful story at the Grand Theatre, Thursday, May 27.

The Waters-Davis Case
 Considerable interest has been felt in the suit by which Mrs. Wm. Waters of Coos Bay, has been trying to secure a share of the estate of the late J. M. Davis, on the ground that she is his daughter by an Indian woman. Davis was one of the first settlers on Coos river and nearly all of the old settlers of the county who still survive have been brought into court as witnesses in the case, making the court house look much like the scene of a pioneer reunion for several days last week. While it seems to be pretty generally conceded that Davis, like other husky pioneers, probably dined with Siwash Delilahs, and that the Waters woman might be his daughter, yet no evidence of a marriage between them was brought out. After an hour's deliberation the jury reached a verdict for the defendant.—Coquille Herald.

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GOLD BEACH GOSSIP
 (From the Gold Beach Globe)
 The new cannery at A. S. Miller's place canned its first salmon last Thursday.
 At a foreclosure sale yesterday a fine span of horses were bid in by D. M. Moore, mortgagee, for three hundred and five dollars.
 As representatives of this locality and particularly the proposed Rogue river road, a delegation will go from Gold Beach.
 Dr. Dunlap has returned from Portland in his usual good health. He came back over the trail from Dothan to Agness and says he prefers an automobile road to a trail.
 Robert Fromm and Gilbert Anderson caught a young leopard seal in their drift net one day last week. They have it in a wire pen under the dock at Wedderburn where it can be seen by all who wish.
 John Jensen, formerly of this place but who has resided in Langlois and Bandon the past twelve years paid this place a visit Friday night. He was astonished at the growth of the city. The only place that looked familiar to him was the residence of Alf Gauntlet. He is the same genial John, only a few gray hairs.
 It will be remembered some months ago District Attorney Meredith flooded the Chetco river with contraband liquor and fishermen have been catching blind salmon, salmon with black eyes and even seals with one eye all containing scars and marks of personal encounters.
 Owen Smith, son of J. R. Smith, the Lobster creek miner was arrested by Deputy Game Warden Adams some ten days ago for violation of the game law and was given a hearing before Justice of the Peace Sidney Smith of Agness, who imposed the minimum fine of twenty-five dollars and costs which have been paid.
 Secretary of Agriculture Houston and Chief Forester Graves are scheduled to arrive in Brookings today to inspect Curry county and a portion of the Siskiyou National Forest a short

business visit. As soon as their coming was announced, W. J. Ward and other heads of the Brookings company arranged for a banquet in honor of these national officials and invitations were sent requesting each locality of the county to send representatives to Brookings to assist in entertaining the distinguished guests.

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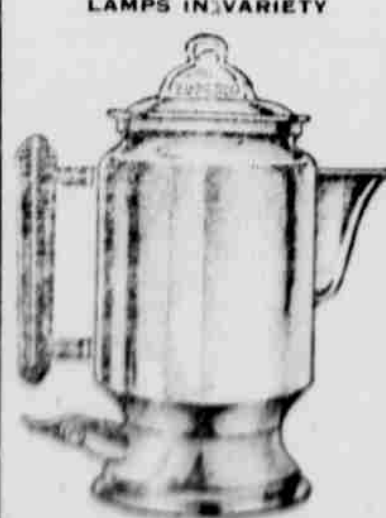
Twin Resentments.
 She—If you loved me as you once did you would not make a row about the price of my new hat. He—If you loved me as you once did you would not wear a contraption that looks like a cross between an old fashioned flour sifter and little Willie's kite.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

His Unprejudiced Opinion.
 "Which side of the house do you think the baby resembles most?" proudly asked young Popjoy.
 "Well—him," answered Smith; "I can't see that he looks so very much like the side of a house."—Woman's Home Companion.

A Legacy.
 "Now open up, my man. Didn't you invent that tale of woe?"
 "No, sir; I got it from a friend who has gone out of the begging business."—Louisville Courier Journal.

It All Depends.
 "Pop, what do you call a man who runs an auto?"
 "It depends upon how near he comes to hitting me."—Houston Sun.

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FRIENDLY ADVICE.
A Parting Shot by Josh Billings to a Cheeky Drummer.
 About Christmas time once the some time famous Josh Billings, humorist, was on his way to his old home at Lanesboro, Mass. On the train were three traveling men who wanted a game of whist. One of them pointed to the unpretentious and unprepossessing Josh and said:
 "Let's ask Rule into the game and comb some of the hayseed out of his hair."
 "My venerable friend," he said as he laid his hand on the shoulder of the old man, "will you join us in a game of whist?"
 "Ya-as; we will get there in about three hours," replied Josh, putting his hand to his ear.
 "You don't seem to understand," said the young fellow in a louder tone. "We want you to take a hand."
 "Ya-as; the stand of corn has been unusual good this year."
 "My friend," the young fellow then yelled, "will you take a hand in a game?"
 "Ya-as; I was tellin' Mandy this mornin' how plenty an' how fat the game is this year."
 "Oh you go to the devil!" shouted the young fellow as he took his seat, while the other drummers unmercifully pestered him.
 When Lanesboro was reached the old fellow got up, handed one of his Josh Billings cards to each one of the trio and then said to his interlocutor:
 "Young man, while you are traveling on your cheek don't get any hayseed on your clothes or the other drummers will take you for a Rule and get you into some game and skin you."

Bright and Dark Days.

There are bright days and dark days, and we must take advantage of the former and be as little discouraged as possible by the latter. They are all in a lifetime.

A Tramp of Resource.
 Much experience of thirsty tramps had caused the author of "An English Holiday," J. J. Hissey, to foreknow almost exactly what they would say to

him. One day, when sending his motorcar slowly along a shady English road, he met one of this guild, who accosted him with the preliminary touch of his cap. Mr. Hissey anticipated him by exclaiming:
 "I be mortal thirsty! Have you, good sir, the price of a glass of ale about you? I've driven nearly fifty miles to-day, and since the morning not a bite of food has passed my lips."
 The look of astonishment that tramp gave me was a delight to observe. But this tramp was a man of ready resource, and, seeing I was a hopeless case, he rose to the occasion and promptly exclaimed, with what dignity he could command and with a comical serious expression:
 "If there were a policeman in sight I would give you in charge for begging, that I would!"

Suite or Suit.
 Pat had seen the word "suit" used in connection with furniture. Being in need of bedroom comforts, he entered a store with the purpose of buying some.
 Pat—Hey yez a cheap bedroom suit?
 Clerk (producing a pair of pajamas)—How would this do?
 And the fight was on.—Minnesota Minnehaha.

A Hot Story.
 A contributor to the China Herald, telling of experiences during a summer trip into the desert, narrates that while he watched a lizard run across a sunbaked open strip of sand it disappeared in a trail of vapor. The intense heat of the sand had turned the moisture of its body into steam, the pressure of which rose so high that the little creature was blown into bits or killed by the force of it as afterwards to be found. In talking up his statement he quotes an old Chinese proverb which says that in death we are during the heat of the day water weaped from a cactus will not touch the scorching lava; instead, like steam, it goes up to form the mouth of the volcano. Can you beat it?

NOTICE OF CONTEST
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE
 Roseburg, Oregon, April 19, 1915
 To the heirs of John Lisk, deceased, of Bandon, Oregon, contestee:
 You are hereby notified that Mary E. Brummett, who gives Bandon Oregon, as his post office address, did on April 17th, 1915, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure cancellation of your Homestead Entry No 08273, Serial No. 08273, made August 31, 1912, for the SE 1/4 of SW 1/4 of Sec. 7 and NE 1/4 of NW 1/4 of Section 18, Township 29 S, Range 14 W., Willamette Meridian and as grounds for his contest he alleges that said John Lisk lived alone on the premises; that he cultivated one half acre for garden purposes for his own table use; that no other or further cultivation or improvement was made on said land by said John Lisk; that said John Lisk died Feb. 2, 1915, and was buried at Bandon, Oregon leaving no known heirs.
 You are therefore further notified that the said allegations will be taken as confessed and your said entry will be canceled without further right to be heard, either before this office or on appeal if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the FOURTH publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically responding to the allegations of contest, together with due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail.
 You should state in your answer the name of the post office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.
 J. M. UPTON, Register
 Date of 1st publication, May 4, 1915
 Date of 2nd publication, May 11, 1915
 Date of 3rd publication, May 18, 1915
 Date of 4th publication, May 25, 1915

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE
 Notice is hereby given that the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Coos County, by order made on the 10th day of May, 1915, appointed Rosella J. Anderson as the Executrix of the last will and testament of John L. Anderson, deceased. Therefore all persons having claims against the estate of said John L. Anderson, deceased, are hereby notified and required to present such claims, duly verified in the manner provided

By law, to the undersigned at her residence in Bandon, Coos county, Oregon within six months from the date of this notice, to-wit: on or before the 26th day of November, 1915.
 Dated at Bandon, Coos County, Oregon this 25th day of May, 1915.
 ROSELLA J. ANDERSON,
 5t May 25 Executrix

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF COOS.
 In the matter of the estate of James A. Cope, Deceased.
Notice of Final Account
 Notice is hereby given that Elbert Dyer, administrator of the above estate, has filed in the above entitled court his final account in said estate, and the court, having appointed the 7th day of June, 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m. of said day at the court house in Coquille city, Coos county, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to such final account.
 Therefore all persons interested are hereby notified that hearing will be had on such final account at the above stated time and place, and those having objections to such account, or the closing of the estate, must file and present same on or before such time.
 This notice is published four successive weeks, the first April 20 and the last May 25, 1915, by order of the court.
 ELBERT DYER
 Administrator of the Estate of James A. Cope, deceased.
 GEO. P. TOPPING,
 Attorney for Estate.

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