

# Oregon Legislature Opens 28th Session

State Capitol, Salem—Ben Selling, of Portland, was elected speaker of the house of representative at the opening of the 28th legislative assembly Monday by a vote of 37 to 22 for Allen Eaton, of Eugene.

The Selling forces remained intact and voted solidly for their man on the first ballot. Likewise the Eaton strength was undisturbed by the efforts of the opposition.

Selling had 37 votes on the first ballot. Cardwell, of Douglas, one of his supporters, was absent. Eaton had the remaining 22 votes.

The four Democrats, including Miss Towne, the only woman member, voted for Eaton.

Selling had the support of the Multnomah delegation with the exception of Gill. On the other hand, Selling gained the vote of Stewart, of Wheeler, who previously had been counted with the Eaton forces.

Upon Eaton's own motion the election of Selling was made unanimous

State Capitol, Salem—Disposing of preliminaries with celerity, the state senate early Monday afternoon perfected its permanent organization, and the announcement of committees made it ready for active work.

W. Lair Thompson, of Lakeview, was elected president without serious opposition, although Senators Dimick, of Clackamas, and Kellaheer, of Multnomah, voted for Senator Wood, of Washington county. Mr. Thompson also voted for Senator Wood. The vote was, Thompson 26, Wood 3. As was predicted, I. N. Day, of Multnomah, was elected temporary president and John P. Hunt, of Marion, temporary secretary.

So far along did the senate get with its work resolutions were introduced by several members and three messages were received from Governor West. The only exciting race was that between Glenn O. Holman, Theodore Rowland and James Church for calendar clerk. Eight ballots were



Ben Selling, of Multnomah County, Speaker of House.



W. Lair Thompson, of Crook, Klamath and Lake Counties, President of Senate.

and Selling was escorted to the chair by Eaton himself, and Hinkle, of Umatilla.

Chief Justice Moore administered the oath and the new speaker lost no time with speechmaking. He immediately proceeded with the organization.

The following named attaches were elected by the house: Chief clerk, W. F. Drager, Salem; journal clerk, Harold A. Wilkins, Portland; reading clerk, Dudley, R. Clark, Portland; calendar clerk, Charles Erskine, Bend; sergeant-at-arms, H. T. Bruce, Portland; doorkeeper, George Miller, Baker; mailing clerk, W. S. McAdams, Independence.

The speaker appointed Joseph F. Singer, of Portland, assistant sergeant-at-arms. The committee on rules also



W. F. Drager, Salem, Chief Clerk of House.

was named. The committee is composed of Forbes, Jeffries, Eaton, Lewis and Hinkle. The committee on resolutions is formed of Handley, Irvin, Ritter, Davey and Hare.

The house reconvened at 2:30 in the afternoon and immediately went into committee of the whole for the election of clerks and other officers. Davey, of Malheur, was chairman of the committee and Olson, of Multnomah, secretary.

Before reporting back to the house the committee voted to destroy its records and pledged its members to keep secret the vote and other proceedings of the committee. It was not until then that someone noticed that the newspaper reporters had been present all the time and had taken notes on all the proceedings. Whereupon the reporters agreed not to use the information with the understanding that they be admitted to future so-called secret meetings.

The committee of the whole reported back to the house the result of its deliberations. The speaker then appointed his committees on rules and on resolutions and named Gerald Knewes, Edward Heenan and Farrell Olds as pages.

## Coos Bay to Seek Jetty.

Marshfield — L. J. Simpson, of the Port of Coos Bay; Captain T. J. Macgenn, of the steamship Breakwater, and C. A. Smith, of the Smith industries, were chosen one day this week by the Port of Coos Bay to represent this district at Washington about the middle of January in a request to congress and the board of engineers of the War department for reconstruction of the north jetty on Coos Bay and a new jetty on the south side of the bar. The party will leave Marshfield January 9.

taken without any candidate having a majority. Then a recess was declared and when the session was resumed Mr. Holman's name was withdrawn. On the next ballot Mr. Church was elected by a large majority.

The senate was called to order at 10:20 o'clock by W. D. Wood, dean of the upper house. I. S. Smith, of Marshfield, nominated I. N. Day, for temporary president; Dan Kellaheer, moved that the nominations be closed, and Mr. Day was elected by a unanimous vote.

W. Lair Thompson, of Lakeview, for temporary secretary, and there being no other nominations, Mr. Hunt was declared elected.



John W. Cochran, Multnomah County, Chief Clerk of Senate.

Upon motion of Burgess, of Pendleton, the temporary president, a committee of three on credentials, composed of Von der Hellen, of Jackson; Hawley, of Benton, and Smith, of Josephine.

Burgess, Perkins, of Multnomah, and Hollis, of Forest Grove, were appointed a committee on permanent organization.

The report of the committee on credentials called attention to the vacancy in Douglas county because of the resignation of Senator Neuner to become district attorney. Order of business was outlined in the report of the committee on permanent organization.

## Woman Appointed Senator.

Salem — Miss Marion Towne, of Jackson county, will not be the only woman member of the next General Assembly if the plans of Governor West, announced Thursday, do not go astray. He said that he would appoint Miss Kathryn Clark, who conducts a hotel at Glendale, state senator of Douglas county, to succeed George Neuner, recently named district attorney. The state senatorship was offered to Dexter Rice, of Roseburg, but he declined it, giving as his reason press of private business affairs.

## Brewery Loses Charter.

Roseburg — By an order issued by Judge Harris, of Lane county, the Roseburg Brewing & Ice company, a corporation organized here many years ago, has been deprived of its right in the future to manufacture, dispose of or keep in storage any quantity of beer. The order is the result of action taken about two years ago by Governor West, when he instructed District Attorney Brown to begin proceedings to annul the brewery's charter. In his decision Judge Harris held that the brewery had violated local option laws.

# NEWS NOTES OF CURRENT WEEK

## Resume of World's Important Events Told in Brief.

Brazilian diamond dealers are lowering prices.

Three Aberdeen, Wash., lumber mills have resumed operations.

Villa with an army of 8000 is marching north to attack many towns on the border.

A suit has been filed to test the validity of the Arizona mothers' pension law.

The bill proposing that the government purchase ships for commerce, is being pushed in congress.

Hordes of Turks are reported swooping into Russia, with the intention of crossing the Armenian mountains and attacking Tiflis.

Germans admit that the allies had an opportunity three months ago to split the retreating German army in two, but the chance was lost and the gap closed by the timely arrival of German reinforcements.

Great Britain decides to relax ban on commerce with that country, Italy and The Netherlands, whereby commerce to the latter two countries from the U. S. is expected to undergo a minimum of molestation.

The Chilean government has decided to send the battleship Captain Prat, the finest vessel in the Chilean navy, to take part in the international naval parade in connection with the formal opening of the Panama canal.

Work on 8000 portable kitchen wagons for the French army was begun at Louisville, Ky., this week. The value of the order is placed a \$250,000. The French government specified that the wagons be ready in three months.

President Wilson has practically decided that he cannot attend the opening of the Panama-Pacific exposition unless the European war ends before that date, as he feels it incumbent upon all high officials to be at their posts of duty during the conflict.

A German submarine boat reported by wireless to the admiralty in Berlin that it has torpedoed and sunk in the English Channel off Plymouth the British battleship Formidable. The submarine was pursued by British destroyers but escaped undamaged.

Two negroes, Edward and Will Smith, of Montgomery, Ala., were taken from the Wetumpka jail early one day this week and lynched by a mob. They had been accused of implication in the murder of R. A. Stillwell, an Elmore county farmer. Searching parties later found the negroes' bodies hanging in the woods.

New Orleans celebrates 100th anniversary of peace between English-speaking nations. The ceremonies were opened with the firing of a 21-gun salute, so timed that the last gun boomed at 8:20 a. m. Friday, 100 years to the minute, according to historians, after General Jackson finally triumphed over the British on the field of Chalmette.

The recent lull in the activity of the German forces seemed to indicate preparation for a renewed attempt to pierce the Russian lines before Warsaw, and the fighting of the last few days shows that this attempt is being made on the lines from the Vistula south along the Bzura and Rawka rivers to a point east of the town of Rawka, which is in German hands.

The Austrian government has notified the Italian foreign office that she is striving to ascertain whether four Italian subjects were taken as hostages after the capture of Belgrade, as has been widely reported in Italy. The Austrian foreign office has given notice to the Italian foreign office that she is prepared to remedy the mistake, if one was made, and will offer reparation.

The German army authorities have issued a general order prohibiting in future troops in the field from fraternizing with forces of the enemy, as they did at several points in the western theater of the war at Christmas. To such an extent was this fraternizing carried out that at one place where the Germans and British played football Christmas day they agreed to suspend hostilities for two days more.

The fourth trial of Dr. E. Clarke Hyde, of Kansas City, charged with the murder of Colonel Thomas H. Swoke, was reset for April 5 in the criminal court. The prosecutor asked for the continuance because, he said, the funds to pay necessary expert witnesses are not available at this time. Frank P. Walsh, attorney for Dr. Hyde, opposed the postponement on the ground that it was depriving the defendant of his right to a speedy trial.

Because of the advancing price of wheat Chicagoans are advocating the consumption of "day-old" bread to keep the price per loaf at 5 cents.

A representative-elect to the Oregon legislature will submit a bill to put the state under a commission form of government, proposing to establish twelve departments.

The British admiralty says the captain of the Formidable, when his battleship was struck by German torpedoes, signalled nearby vessels to escape at once from the vicinity, instead of helping him.

# OLD LADY NUMBER 31

By LOUISE FORSSLUND  
AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF SARAH," "THE SHIP OF DREAMS," ETC. COPYRIGHT BY THE CENTURY CO.

More than one faded, fragrant romance is revealed in the chapters of this homely little story. Through it runs like a golden thread, the tender devotion of the aged husband and wife.

## CHAPTER I.

### The Tea Table.

Angeline's slender, wiry form and small, glossy gray head bent over the squat brown teapot as she shook out the last bit of leaf from the canister. The canister was no longer hers, neither the teapot, nor even the battered old pewter spoon with which she tapped the bottom of the tin to dislodge the last flicker of tea-leaf dust. The three had been sold at auction that day in response to the auctioneer's inquiry, "What am I bid for the lot?"

Nothing in the familiar old kitchen was hers, Angeline reflected, except Abraham, her aged husband, who was taking his last gentle ride in the old rocking chair—the old armchair with painted roses blooming as brilliantly across its back as they had bloomed when the chair was first purchased forty years ago. Those roses had come to be a source of perpetual wonder to the old wife, an ever-present example.

Neither time nor stress could wilt them a single leaf. When Abe took the first mortgage on the house in order to invest in an indefinitely located Mexican gold mine, the melodeon dropped one of its keys, but the roses nodded on with the same old sunny hope; when Abe had to take the second mortgage and Tenafly Gold became a forbidden topic of conversation, the minute hand fell off the parlor clock, but the flowers on the back of the old chair blossomed on none the less serenely.

The soil grew more and more barren as the years went by; but still the roses had kept fresh and young, so why, argued Angy, should not she? If old age and the pinch of poverty had failed to conquer their valiant spirit, why should she listen to the croaking tale? If they bloomed on with the same crimson flaunt of color, though the rockers beneath them had grown warped and the body of the chair creaked and groaned every time one ventured to sit in it, why should she not ignore the stiffness which the years seemed to bring to her joints, the complaints which her body threatened every now and again to utter, and fare on herself, a hardy perennial bravely facing life's winter-time?

Even this dreaded day had not taken one fraction of a shade from the glory of the roses, as Angeline could see in the bud at one side of Abraham's head and the full-blown flower below his right ear; so why should she droop because the sale of her household goods had been somewhat disappointing? Somewhat? When the childless old couple, still sailing under the banner of a charity-forbidding pride, became practically reduced to their last copper, just as Abe's joints were "loosening up" after a five years' siege of rheumatism, and decided to sell all their worldly possessions, apart from their patched and threadbare wardrobes and a few meager keepsakes, they had depended upon raising at least two hundred dollars, one-half of which was to secure Abe a berth in the Old Men's home at Indian Village, and the other half to make Angeline comfortable for life, if a little lonely, in the Old Ladies' home in their own native hamlet of Shoreville. Both institutions had been generously endowed by the same estate, and were separated by a distance of but five miles.

"Might as waal be five hundred, with my rheumatiz an' yer weak heart," Abraham had growled when Angy first proposed the plan as the only dignified solution to their problem of living. "But," the little wife had rejoined, "it'll be a mite o' comfort a-knowin' a body's so near, even if yer can't git tew 'em."

Now, another solution must be found to the problem; for the auction was over, and instead of two hundred dollars they had succeeded in raising but one hundred dollars and two cents. "That air tew cents was fer the flour-sifter," inwardly mourned Angy, "an' it's wuth double an' tribble, fer it's been a good friend ter me fer nigh on ter eight year."

"Tew cents on the second hundred," said Abe for the tenth time. "I've counted it over an' over. One hundred dollars an' tew pesky pennies. An' I never hear a man tell so many lies in my life as that air auctioneer. Yew'd 'a thought he was sellin' out the empery o' Rooshy. Hy-guy, it sounded splendid. Fust off I thought he'd raise us more 'n we expected. An' mebbe he would have tew, Angy, a bit ruefully, 'ef yew 'd 'a let me advertise a little sooner. I don't s'pose half Shoreville knows yit that we was gwine ter have a auction sale."

He watched the color rising in her cheeks with a curious mixture of pride in her pride and regret at its consequences. "It's no use a-talkin', moth-

er, pride and poverty makes oneasy bedfellers." He leaned back in the old chair, croaking out a dismal echo to the auctioneer's "Going, going, gone!" while the flush deepened in Angy's cheek. Again she fastened her gaze upon the indomitable red rose which hung a pendant earring on the right side of Abraham's head.

"Yew wouldn't 'a had folks a-comin' here ter bid jost out o' charity, would yew?" she demanded. "An' anyhow," in a more gentle tone—the gently positive tone which she had acquired through forty years of living with Abraham—"we hain't so bad off with one hundred dollars an' tew cents, an'—beholden ter jodydye! It's tew cents more'n yew need ter git yew inter the Old Men's, an' them extry tew cents 'll pervide fer me jost bewtiful." Abraham stopped rocking to stare hard at his resourceful wife, an involuntary twinkle of amusement in his blue eyes. With increased firmness, she repeated, "Jest bewtiful!" whereupon Abe, scenting self-sacrifice on his wife's part, sat up straight and snapped, "Haow so, haow so, mother?"

"It'll buy a postage stamp, won't it?"—she was fairly aggressive now—"an' that's an envelop what wa'n't put up ter auction in the cupboard an' a paper bag I kin iron out—ketch me a-gwine ter the neighbors an' a-beggin' fer writing paper—an' I'll jost set daown an' write a line to Miss Halsey. Her house hain't a stun's throw from the Old Men's; an' I'll offer ter come an' take keer o' them air young 'uns o' her'n fer my board an' keep an'—ten cents a week. I was a-gwine ter say a quarter, but I don't want ter impose on nobody. Seem's that they hain't over well-fer-do, I would go fer nothin', but I got ter have somethin' ter keep up appearances on, so yew won't have no call ter feel ashamed of me when I come a-visitin' ter the hum." Involuntarily, as she spoke, Angy lifted her knotted old hand and smoothed back the hair from her brow; for through all the struggling years she had kept a certain, not unpleasant, girlish pride in her personal appearance.

Abraham had risen with creaks of his rheumatic joints, and was now walking up and down the room, his feet lifted slowly and painfully with every step, yet still his blue eyes flashing with the fire of indignant protest.

"Me a-bunkin' comfortable in the Old Men's, an' yew a-takin' keer o' them Halsey young 'uns fer ten cents a week! I wouldn't take keer o' 'em fer ten cents a short breath. That be yew 'uns an' young 'uns," he ejaculated, "but they be tartars! Yew'd be in yer grave afore the fust frost; an' who's gwine ter bury yer—the taown?" His tone became gentle and broken: "No, no, Angy. Yew be a good gal, an' dew just as we calculated on. Yew jine the Old Ladies'; yew've got friends over thar, yew'll git erlong splendid. An' I'll git erlong tew. Yer know"—throwing his shoulders back, he assumed the light, bantering tone so familiar to his wife—"the poorhouse doors is always open. I'd jost admire ter go thar. That's a rocking chair in every room, and they say the grub is A No. 1." He winked at her, smiling his broadest smile in his attempt to deceive.

Both wink and smile, however, were lost upon Angy, who was busy dividing the apple sauce in such a way that Abe would have the larger share without suspecting it, hoping the while that he would not notice the absence of butter at this last home meal. She herself had never believed in buttering bread when there was "sauce" to eat with it; but Abe's extravagant tastes had always carried him to the point of desiring both butter and sauce as a relish to his loaf.

"Naow, fur's I'm concerned," pursued Abe, "I hain't got nothin' agin the poorhouse fer neither man nor woman. I'd as lief let yew go than 'stid o' me; fer I know very well that's what yew're a-layin' out fer ter do. Yes, yes, mother, yew can't fool me. But think what folks would say! Think what they would say! They'd crow, 'Thar's Abe a-takin' his comfort in the Old Men's hum, an' Angeline, she's a-eatin' her heart out in the poorhouse!'"

Angeline had, indeed, determined to be the one to go to the poorhouse; but all her life long she had cared, perhaps to a faulty degree, for "what folks would say." Above all, she cared now for what they had said and what they still might say about her husband and this final ending to his downhill road. She rested her two hands on the table and looked hard at the apple sauce until it danced before her eyes. She could not think with any degree of clearness. Vaguely she wondered if their supper would dance out of sight before they could sit down to eat it. So many of the good things of life had vanished ere she and Abe could touch their lips to them. Then she felt his shaking hand upon her shoulder and heard him mutter with husky tenderness:

"My dear, this is the fust chance since we've been married that I've had to take the wust of it. Don't say a word agin it naow, mother, don't yer.

I've brought yer ter this pass. Lemme bear the brunt o' it."

Ah, the greatest good of all had not vanished, and that was the love they bore one to the other. The sunshine came flooding back into mother's heart. She lifted her face, beautiful, rosy, eternally young. This was the man for whom she had gladly risked want and poverty, the displeasure of her own people, almost half a century ago. Now at last she could point him out to all her little world and say, "See, he gives me the red side of the apple!" She lifted her eyes, two bright sapphires swimming with the diamond dew of unshed, happy tears.

"I'm a-thinkin', father," she twittered, "that naow me an' yew be a-gwine so fur apart, we be a-gittin' closer together in sperit than we've ever been afore."

Abe bent down stiffly to brush her cheek with his rough beard, and then, awkward, as when a boy of sixteen he had first kissed her, shy, ashamed at this approach to a return of the old-time love making, he seated himself at the small, bare table.

This warped, hill-and-dale table of the drop-leaves, which had been brought from the attic only today after resting there for ten years, had served as their first dining-table when the honeymoon was young. Abe thoughtfully drummed his hand on the board, and as Angy brought the teapot and sat down opposite him, he recalled:

"We had bread an' tea an' apple sass the day we set up housekeepin', dew yew remember, Angy?"

"An' I burned the apple sass," she supplemented, whereupon Abe chuckled, and Angy went on with a thrill of genuine gladness over the fact that he remembered the details of that long-ago honeymoon as well as she: "Yew don't mind havin' no butter to-night, dew yer, father?"

He recalled how he had said to her at that first simple home meal: "Yew don't mind bein' poor with me, dew yer, Angy?" Now, with a silent shake of his head, he stared at her, wondering how it would seem to eat at table when her face no longer looked at him across the board, to sleep at night when her faithful hand no longer lay within reach of his own. She lifted her teacup, he lifted his, the two gazing at each other over the brims, both half-dressed, half-comforted by the fact that love still remained their toastmaster after the passing of all the years. Of a sudden Angy exclaimed, "We forgot ter say grace."

Shocked and contrite, they covered their eyes with their trembling old hands and murmured together: "Dear Lord, we thank thee this day for our daily bread."

Angy opened her eyes to find the red roses cheerfully facing her from the back of the rocking chair. A robin had hopped upon the window sill just outside the patched and rusty screen and was joyfully caroling to her his views of life. Through the window vines in which the bird was almost meshed the sunlight sifted softly into the stripped, bare and lonely room. Angy felt strangely encouraged and comforted. The roses became symbolic to her of the "lilies of the field which toll not, neither do they spin;" the robin was one of the "two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father's;" while the sunlight seemed to call out to the little old lady who hoped and believed and loved much: "Fear ye not therefore. Ye are of more value than many sparrows!"

## CHAPTER II.

### "Good-by."

When the last look of parting had been given to the old kitchen and the couple passed out of doors, hushed and trembling, they presented an incongruously brave, gala-day appearance. Both were dressed in their best. To be sure, Abraham's Sunday suit had long since become his only, every-day suit as well, but he wore his Sabbath-day hat, a beaver of ancient design, with an air that cast its reflection over all his apparel. Angeline had on a black silk gown as shiny as the freshly polished stove she was leaving in her kitchen—a gown which testified from its voluminous hem to the soft yellow net at the throat that Angeline was as neat a mender and darning as could be found in Suffolk county.

A black silk bonnet snugly close to her head, from under its brim peeping a single pink rose. Every spring for ten years Angeline had renewed the youth of this rose by treating its petals with the tender red dye of a budding oak.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Boys Will Be Boys.

Does the modern small boy really care whether candy is a trifle shopworn or not? Will strawberry cream soda gurgle less deliciously down his gullet because it foams in a semi-opaque glass? Can he resist the lure of highly rounded candy, and will he postpone gluing his jaws together with a stick of licorice while he conducts an autopsy to detect the presence of lampblack in it? If he has attained all this mastery over his elemental nature, as the council of the Housewives' league would have us believe, he must have become a most insufferable young prig. Alas for the days of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn!

### Average Consumption of Water.

While the average amount of water used daily in the cities of the United States varies from 50 to 150 gallons per capita, there is an almost uniform consumption of a little more than half a gallon by each person for drinking purposes.