

DOINGS OF OREGON'S LEGISLATURE

A Brief Resume of Proceedings of the People's Representatives at the State Capital, Bills Introduced, Passed, Rejected, Etc.

One "Dry" Measure Boiled Down to Only 115 Words

State Capitol, Salem—All pending legislation intended to make effective the prohibition amendment enacted by the people at the election last November is embraced in a bill of precisely 115 words introduced in the house by Representative Cardwell, of Douglas county. The Cardwell bill, which, its author says, is all that is necessary to make Oregon as dry as the proverbial bone, is:

"Any person or persons who shall, after the first day of January, 1916, manufacture, sell or have in his, her or their possession for the purpose of sale, any intoxicating liquor of any nature shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine in a sum of not less than \$200 or more than \$1,000, or by imprisonment in the county jail for a term not exceeding six months; provided, however, that this act shall not apply to licensed physicians prescribing alcoholic liquors for medicinal purposes or the sale thereof for scientific, sacramental or mechanical purposes. All laws and parts of laws in conflict herewith are hereby repealed."

In striking contrast to this measure is the Committee of One Hundred's bill containing about 8000 words, and the bill of Representative Lewis, containing about 6000 words, either designed to carry into effect the prohibition amendment. The Cardwell bill is proclaimed by its author as containing more real legislation than the two others combined.

"My bill will do the work," said Representative Cardwell. "You don't need another word to drive every saloon, brewery and distillery out of the state."

In explanation of the provision that will give physicians the right to prescribe alcoholic liquors for medicinal purposes, he declares that the constitutional amendment requires that exception to be made.

"The amendment specifically provides," he said, "that licensed physicians be permitted to prescribe intoxicating liquor for medicinal purposes. Now this legislature can't go ahead and pass a bill that will deny them that privilege. Our law would be unconstitutional if we would."

Many Sweepid Changes Proposed in Election Bill

State Capitol, Salem—A plan to remedy many legislative ills and to establish a closer relation between the legislature and the people who make laws through the use of the initiative and referendum is embraced in a pair of bills introduced in the house by Representative Blanchard, of Josephine county.

Mr. Blanchard's first bill requires that all initiative measures be filed with the secretary of state on or before January 1 preceding the biennial elections.

The second one proposes to change the time of the biennial legislative sessions from the odd-numbered to the even-numbered years, and postponing the 1917 session to January, 1918.

This would place the legislative meetings in the same year with the elections and would eliminate the necessity of holding special elections to consider measures referred to the people by the legislature.

Because the initiative measures would be on file with the secretary of state before the legislatures would meet it would be possible for the legislatures to take up and dispose of the measures proposed by initiative. While the Blanchard bill would not compel the legislature to consider those measures, the author is sure that no legislature would refuse to act on them.

Free Textbooks in Peril

State House, Salem—Oregon's free textbook law may be repealed by the present legislature. The house committee on judiciary introduced a bill providing for the repeal of the law passed by the 1913 legislature, which gives the various school districts of the state the privilege of voting on the question of free textbooks. Only one district—St. Johns—has adopted books under the provisions of this act. The present law allows all schools—parochial as well as public—to obtain free textbooks if a district votes to adopt them. Representative Schuebel introduced a bill last week providing that only public schools be entitled to free textbooks. The judiciary committee did not agree on the Schuebel bill, so compromised by drawing up a new bill repealing the textbook law and deciding to report the Schuebel bill adversely.

Absent Voters' Bill Filed

State Capitol, Salem—A bill providing that registered voters who are away from home at general elections may, by presenting the proper certificate, vote for presidential electors, state officers and on constitutional amendments wherever they may be in the state, was introduced by Senator Perkins, of Multnomah. It is styled "Absent Voters' Law." The act provides that the voter must obtain a certificate from the judges of election in the district in which he lives. It will also be necessary to identify himself.

Proposed Changes in Hazard List Made in House

State Capitol, Salem—Classifications of occupations and a scale of premiums based upon the hazard risk involved by every class is proposed in a series of amendments to the workmen's compensation act introduced in the house by Representative Schuebel of Clackamas.

The proposed assessments are to be based on the total payroll in any particular hazard. The rates vary from one-half of 1 per cent in the printing trades to 8 per cent for structural steel, subaqueous works and powder works.

Every workman coming under provisions of the act is required to contribute 1 cent a day regardless of the occupation he is engaged in, and the employers are required to retain the money from every man's wages and remit it to the commission.

Whenever the money paid in any one calendar year to the workmen of any one employer coming under provisions of the act shall not exceed 50 per cent of the contributions into the fund by such employer, his rate of assessment shall be decreased by 10 per cent.

Whenever, in the opinion of the commission, the money in the industrial accident fund shall be sufficient to meet all payments then due, with a surplus of 30 per cent, the employers shall be exempt from payment for the next calendar month.

A waiting period of six days is provided, but if the incapacity or inability extend beyond a period of four weeks payments shall be computed from the date of the injury.

The commission is authorized to inspect factories and workshops for the purpose of determining whether employers have taken all possible precautions to protect their employees from injury.

Portage Line Men Report

State Capitol, Salem—The Portage railway commission in a report filed in the senate requests that action be taken with a view of turning over the railway, its rolling stock, etc., to the regular state board of supervision when the Cello canal is completed.

May 1. It announces that there remained January 1, 1915, in the state treasury \$22,841.40 of the last appropriation of \$25,000 to the credit of the Portage railway. It is requested that \$5,000 be left in the present fund and that the balance be turned over to the general fund. Joseph T. Peters, L. A. Lewis and W. J. Mariner, the commissioners, who have served continuously since they were appointed by the legislature February 23, 1907, tender their resignations, to take effect upon the completion of the Cello canal.

Oregon Capitol Near Destruction

Salem, Or.—Oregon's historic Statehouse was endangered for a time Sunday by a fire which started shortly before 5 o'clock p. m. following an explosion of oil in the central heating plant, just outside the basement of the Capitol. The entire interior of the heating plant was a mass of flames and the blaze leaped out the skylight and up along the side of the Statehouse. Quick work by state officials, state employees and the Salem fire department soon had the blaze under control.

It was feared that two filled oil tanks would explode, but this danger was eliminated by Joe Bernardi, fireman, who rushed through the flames and shut the pipe which feeds oil to the burner of the heater.

Merger Work Begins Soon

State Capitol, Salem—The joint committee to investigate bills and suggestions for consolidations and abolitions of boards and departments will start work at once, announces President Thompson, of the senate, who named Day, Barrett and Bingham members of the senate committee. The house committee is composed of Speaker Selling, Hare, Hunt, Eaton and Wentworth. It is the plan to make a thorough investigation of conditions and make recommendations for reform in the state government.

Annexation Bill Signed

State Capitol, Salem—Governor Withycombe has signed house bill No. 23, introduced by Representative Lewis, which will enable cities to merge under a constitutional amendment passed at the recent election. The measure is primarily for the benefit of St. Johns and Portland, both of which will vote upon a proposal for a merging of the smaller city with the larger one in a few months.

Anti-Advertising Bill Liked

State Capitol, Salem—The house committee on roads and highways voted to report favorably on the bill introduced by Representative Smith, of Multnomah county, to prevent advertising along the Columbia Highway. This measure is favored by the good roads and motor enthusiasts, who want to preserve the scenic beauties of the highway.

Immigration Board Dead

State Capitol, Salem—The economy program was given impetus when Governor Withycombe signed the bill of Senator Dimick abolishing the immigration commission. An appropriation of \$50,000 was made for the department by the last legislature and \$71,000 was asked for the present biennial period.

TRADE BALANCE FIRST TIME REAL

Markets of World Now Open to People of United States.

Economist Says America Is Keeping Her Money at Home on Account of War.

Chicago—For the first time in history the United States is "experiencing the sensation of a real trade balance in its favor," Dr. Edward E. Pratt, chief of the Federal bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, told the Illinois Bankers' association at its annual dinner here Thursday.

As a result of the developments abroad during the last six months, Dr. Pratt said, "we have turned the corner and are facing a new era of business expansion in this country—an era which has made the term 'home market' obsolete and rachaic and put in its place the unfamiliar term of 'world market.'"

He explained that while the export excess in favor of the United States had ranged annually for 14 years from \$250,000,000 to \$650,000,000 "invisible factors" had made this only "an apparent favorable balance."

Foreign investment in the United States, the speaker said, totaled \$7,500,000,000, with an annual interest of \$350,000,000, constituting a fixed charge on American industries, while American investments abroad produced a revenue yearly of only \$75,000,000, reducing the balance against the United States on this count to \$275,000,000.

Moreover, he pointed out, American tourist traffic poured millions into European coffers each year, the 1914 figure being approximately \$286,000,000; foreign-born Americans sent home annually at least \$150,000,000 and foreign shipping concerns collected freight from American foreign commerce amounting to \$25,000,000 a year.

The result of all these invisible factors during the fiscal year of 1914, Dr. Pratt declared, had been to produce an actual excess of remittance over receipts of \$55,000,000.

The change began on July 1, 1914, he said, and by December 31 last year the trade balances exceeded remittances by \$133,000,000, due to the huge exportation of foodstuffs, merchandise and gold and silver. At the same time came "a period of export capitalism, and we are just at the point of expanding into the world's markets."

To illustrate "export capitalism," Dr. Pratt cited the Swedish loan of \$5,000,000, the Argentine loan of \$15,000,000 and the Russian loan of \$25,000,000, all floated in this country during the last six months.

Austria Will Make Big Display at Panama Fair

San Francisco—Austria will be represented at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition with exhibits covering between 8000 and 10,000 square feet of floor space. Construction was begun in the center of the Palace of Varied Industries of an enormous covered booth with a front facade 300 feet long.

This block of one-fifth of an acre will be filled with a varied assortment of products of Austrian manufactures to come directly from Vienna, Prague, Carlsbad and Budapest, via Rotterdam. Some of these exhibits already have arrived in New York.

The work of gathering and installing these exhibits is in charge of Oscar Moser, who was appointed by the Austrian government as exposition commissioner; Louis Kainz, of the Austrian board of trade; and Landor Decsenyi, assistant commissioner.

In the Austrian exhibit are elaborate and comprehensive exhibits of Bohemian crystal glass from the Carlsbad factories, porcelains, rare Vienna bronzes of great value, Bentwood furniture, precious and semi-precious stones in great variety, carpets, rugs and a variety of textile products for which certain districts are famous. Also there will be exhibits of fine Austrian wines and models and large painted scenes illustrative of the scenic railways and celebrated watering places of the country.

Many Cadets See Service

London—One of the unusual features of the war is the number of naval training ships and cadets that have been in action. The Highflyer, which fought the ill-fated commerce destroyer, Wilhelm der Grosse, in the early days of the war, was a naval training ship. Two seagoing training cruisers for cadets, the Cornwall and Carnarvon, distinguished themselves in the Falkland Islands battle. A large number of cadets also perished in the Hawke, Hogue, Aboukir and Cressay, which were sunk by submarines.

Ban on Absinthe Favored

Paris—The license committee of the chamber of deputies has decided to submit a report favoring the prohibition of the sale of absinthe. The commerce commission of the chamber began the consideration of the rehabilitation of industries ruined by the war, methods of manufacturing products formerly supplied by now hostile countries and the question of finding a foreign market for the output.

Old Lady Number 31

By LOUISE FORSSLUND

Author of "The Story of Sarah," "The Ship of Dreams," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Captain Abraham Rose and Angelina, his wife, have lost their little home through Abe's unlucky purchase of Tenafly Gold mining stock. Their household goods sold, the \$300 auction money, all they have left, will place Abe in the Old Man's home, or Any in the Old Ladies' home. Both are self-sacrificing but Abe decides: "My dear this is the first time I've had a chance to take the wust of it." The old couple bid good-bye to the little house. Terror of "what folks will say" sends them along by paths to the gate of the Old Ladies' home.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Now the Amazonian Mrs. Homan, a widow for the third time, made sturdy retort:

"That's jest like yew old maids—always a-blamin' the men. Yew kin jest bet I never would have let one of my husbands go ter the poorhouse. It would have mortified me dretful. It must be a purty poor sort of a woman what can't take the care of one man and keep a roof over her head. Why, my second, Oliver G., used ter say—"

"Oh! Miss Ellie wrung her hands, 'can't we do somethin'?'"

"I could do a-plenty," mourned Miss Abigail, "et I only had been savin'. Here I get a salary of four dollars a month, an' not one penny laid away."

"Yew tergit," spoke some one gently, "that it takes consid'able ter dress a matron proper."

Aunt Nancy, who had been sneezing furiously at her own impotence, now found her speech again.

"We're a nice set ter talk erbout dewin' somethin'—a passel o' poor ole critters like us!" Her cackle of embittered laughter was interrupted by the low, cultivated voice of the belle of the home, "Butterfly Blossy."

"We've got to do somethin'," said Blossy firmly.

When Blossy spoke with such decision every one of the sisters pricked up her ears. Blossy might be "a shalier-pate;" she might arrange the golden-white hair of her head as befitting the crowning glory of a young girl, with puffs and rolls and little curls, and—more than one sister suspected—with the aid of "rats;" she might gown herself elaborately in the mended finery of the long ago, the better years; she might dress her lovely big room—the only double bed-chamber in the house, for which she had paid a double entrance fee—in all sorts of gewgaws, little ornaments, hand-painted plaques of her own producing, lace bedspreads, embroidered splashes and pillow-shams; she might even permit herself a sultor who came twice a year more punctually than the line-storms, to ask her withered little hand in marriage—but her heart was in the right place, and on occasion she had proved herself a master hand at "fixin' things."

"Yes," said she, rising to her feet and flinging out her arms with an eloquent gesture, "we've got to do somethin', and there's just one thing to do, girls; take the captain right here—"

she brought her hands to the lace on her bosom—"to our hearts!"

At first there was silence, with the ladies staring blankly at Blossy and then at one another. Had they heard aright? Then there came murmurs and exclamations, with Miss Abigail's voice gasping above the others:

"What would the directors say?"

"What do they always say when we ask a favor?" demanded Blossy.

"How much will it cost?" It won't cost a cent."

"Won't, eh?" snapped Aunt Nancy. "How on earth be yew goin' to vittify him? I hain't had a second dish o' peas this year."

"Some men eat more an' some less," remarked Sarah Jane, as if favored by a spinster as ever the sun shone on; "generally it means so much grub ter so much weight."

Miss Abigail glanced up at the ceiling, while Lazy Daisy, who had refused to tip the beam for ten years, surreptitiously hid an apple into which she had been biting.

"Le's have 'em weighed," suggested a widow, Ruby Lee, with a pretty, well-preserved little face and figure, "an' et together they don't come up to the heartiest one of us—"

Miss Abigail made hasty interruption: "Gals, hain't yew never noticed that the more yew need the more yew git? Before Jenny Bell went to live with her darter I didn't know what I should do, for the 'taters was gittin' pootly low. Yew know she used ter eat twenty ter a meal, an' then look hungry at the platter. An' then et old Square Ely didn't come a-drivin' in one mornin' with ten bushel in the 'farm wagon! He'd been savin' 'em fer us all winter fer fear we might run short in the spring. Gals, thar's one thing yew kin depend on, the fore-sightedness of the Lord. I hain't afraid ter risk a stretchin' the board an' keep o' thirty ter pervide some fer

thirty-one. Naow, haow many of yew is willin' ter try it?"

Every head nodded, "I am;" every eye was wet with the dew of merciful kindness; and Mrs. Homan and Sarah Jane, who had hung plates at each other only that morning, were observed to be holding hands.

"But haow on arth be we a-goin' ter sleep him?" proceeded the matron uneasily. "Thar hain't a extry corner in the hull place. Puttin' tew peopls in No. 30 is out of the question—it's jest erbout the size of a Cinderella shoe box, anyhow, an' the garret leaks—"

She paused, for Blossy was warming at her sleeve, the real Blossy, pallid-hearted, generous, self-deprecating.

"I think No. 30 is just the coziest little place for one! Do let me take it, Miss Abigail, and give the couple my great big barn of a room."

Aunt Nancy eyed her suspiciously. "Yew ain't a-gwine ter make a fool o' yerself, an' jump over the broomstick ag'in?" For Blossy's old sultor, Samuel Darby, had made one of his semi-annual visits only that morning.

The belle burst into hysterical and self-conscious laughter, as she found every glance bent upon her.

"Oh, no, no; not that. But I confess that I am tired to death of this perpetual dove-party. I just simply can't live another minute without a man in the house."

"Now, Miss Abigail," she added imperiously, "yew run across lots and fetch him home."

CHAPTER IV.

One of Them.

Ah! but Abraham had slept that night as if he had been drawn to rest under the compelling shelter of the wings of all that flock which in happier days he had dubbed contemptuously "them air ole hens." Never afterward could the dazed old gentleman remember how he had been persuaded to come into the house and up the stairs with Angelina. He only knew that in the midst of that heart-breaking farewell at the gate, Miss Abigail, all out of breath with running, red in the face, but exceedingly hearty of manner, had suddenly appeared.

"Shoo, shoo, shoo!" this stout angel had gasped. "Naow, Cap'n Abe, yew needn't git nervous. We're as harmless as doves. Run right erlong. Yew won't see anybody ternight. Don't say a word. It's all right. Ssh! Shoo!" And then, lo! he was not in the county almshouse, but in a beautiful, bright bedchamber with a wreath of immortelles over the mantel, alone with Angelina.

Afterward, it all seemed the blur of a dream to him, a dream which ended when he had found his head upon a cool, white pillow, and had felt glad, glad—dear God, how glad!—to know that Angelina was still within reach of his outstretched hand; and so he had fallen asleep. But when he awoke in the morning there stood Angelina in front of the glass taking her hair out of curl papers; and then he slowly began to realize the tremendous change that had come into their lives, when his wife committed the unprecedented act of taking her curls out before breakfast. He realized that they were to eat among strangers. He had become the guest of thirty "wom-folks." No doubt he should be called "Old Gal Thirty-one." He got up and dressed very, very slowly. The bewildered gratitude, the incredulous thanksgiving of last night, were as far away as yesterday's sunset. A great seriousness settled upon Abe's lean face. At last he burst forth:

"One to thirty! Hy-guy, I'm in fer it!" How had it happened, he wondered. They had given him no time to think. They had swooped down upon him when his brain was dulled with anguish. Virtually, they had kidnaped him. Why had they brought him here to accept charity of a women's institution? Why need they thus intensify his sense of shame at his life's failure, and, above all, at his failure to provide for Angelina? In the poorhouse he would have been only one more derelict; but here he stood alone to be stared at and pitied and thrown a sickly-satisfying crumb. With a sigh from the very cellar of his being, he muttered:

"Ayo, mother, why didn't yew let me go on ter the county house? That air's the place for a worn-out old hull like me. Hy-guy!" he ejaculated, beads of sweat standing out on his forehead, "I'd ruther lay down an' die th'n face them air women."

"Thar, thar!" soothingly spoke Angelina, laying her hand on his arm. "Thar, thar, father! Jest think haow dretful I'd feel a-goin' down without yew."

"So you would!" strangely comforted. "So you would, my dear!" For her sake he tried to brighten up. He joked clumsily as they stood on the threshold of the chamber, whispering, blinking his eyes to make up for the lack of their usually ready twinkle.

"Hol' on a minute; soppusin' I fergit whether I be a man or a woman?" Her love gave inspiration to her answer: "I'll lean on yer, Abe."

Just then there came the loud, imperative clanging of the breakfast-bell; and she urged him to hurry, as "it wouldn't dew" for them to be late the first morning of all times. But he only answered by going back into the room to make an anxious survey of his reflection in the glass. He shook his head reprovingly at the bearded countenance, as if to say: "Yew need not pride yerself any longer on lookin' like Abraham Lincoln, for yew have been turned into a miserable old woman."

Picking up the hair-brush, he held it out at arm's length to Angelina. "Won't yew slick up my hair a little bit, mother?" he asked, somewhat shame-

facedly. "I can't see extry well this mornin'."

"Why, Abe! It's slicked as slick as it kin be naow." However, the old wife reached up as he bent his tall, angular form over her, and smoothed again his thin, wet locks. He laughed a little, self-mockingly, and she laughed back, then urged him into the hall, and, slipping ahead, led the way downstairs. At the first landing, which brought them into full view of the lower hall, he paused, possessed with the mad desire to run away and hide, for at the foot of the stairway stood the entire flock of old ladies. Twenty-nine pairs of eyes were lifted to him and Angelina, twenty-nine pairs of lips were smiling at them. To the end of his days Abraham remembered those smiles. Reassuring, unselfish and tender, they made the old man's heart swell, his emotions go warring to-

gether.

He wondered, was grateful, yet he grew more confused and afraid. He stared amazed at Angelina, who seemed the embodiment of self-possession, lifting her dainty, proud little gray head higher and higher. She turned to Abraham with a protecting, motherly little gesture of command for him to follow, and marched gallantly on down the stairs. Humbly, trembling at the knees, he came with gingerly steps after the little old wife.

How unworthy he was of her now! How unworthy he had always been, yet never realized to the full until this moment. He knew what those smiles meant, he told himself, watching the uplifted faces; they were to soothe his sense of shame and humiliation, to touch with rose this dull gray color of the culmination of his failures. He passed his hand over his eyes, fiercely praying that the tears might not come to add to his disgrace.

And all the while brave little Angelina kept smiling, until with a truly glad leap of the heart she caught sight of a blue ribbon painted in gold shining on the breast of each one of the twenty-nine women. A pale blue ribbon painted in gold—with yes, peering her eyes she discovered that it was the word "Welcome!" The forced smile vanished from Angelina's face. Her eyes grew wet, her cheek white. Her proud figure shrank. She turned and looked back at her husband. Not for one instant did she appropriate the compliment to herself. "This is for you!" her spirit called out to him, while a new pride dawned in her working face.

Forty years had she spent apologizing for Abraham, and now she understood how these twenty-nine generous old hearts had raised him to the pedestal of a hero, while she stood a heroine beside him. Angelina it was who trembled now, and Abe, gaining a manly courage from that, took hold of her arm to steady her—they had paused on a step near the foot of the stairs—and, looking around with his whimsical smile, he demanded of the bedecked company in general, "Ladies, be yew 'spectin' the president?"

Cackle went the cracked old voices of the twenty-nine in a chorus of appreciative laughter, while the old heads bobbed at one another as if to say, "Won't he be an acquisition!"

And then, from among the group there came forward Blossy—Blossy, who had sacrificed most that this should come to pass; Blossy, who had sat till midnight painting the gold-and-blue ribbons; Blossy, the pride and beauty of the home, in a delicate, old, yellow, real lace gown. She held her two hands gracefully and mysteriously behind her back as she advanced to the foot of the stairs. Looking steadily in Abraham's eyes, she kept a smiling until he felt as if the warmth of a belated spring had beamed upon him.

"The president!" Her mellow, well-modulated voice shook, and she laughed with a mingling of generous joy and tender pity. "Are we expecting the president? Yew dear, modest man! We are welcomein' you!"

Abe looked to Angelina as if to say, "How shall I take it?" and behold! the miracle of his wife's bosom swelling and swelling with pride in him. He turned back, for Blossy was making a speech. His hand to his head, he bent his good ear to listen. In terms poetical and touching she described the loneliness of the life at the home as it had been with no man under the roof of the house and only a deaf-and-dumb gardener who hated her sex, in the barn. Then in contrast she painted life as it must be for the sisters now that the thirty tender vines had found a stanch old oak for their clinging. "Me!" queried Abraham of himself and, with another silent glance, of Angelina.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Puritan Jury.

That the Puritan fashion of nomenclature produced some very odd results is very generally known. The London Chronicle recalls that James Brome, in his "Travels Over England, Scotland and Wales," published in 1700, gives a copy of a "Jury Return, made at Rye, Sussex, in the Late Rebellious Troublesome Times."

The names of the 12 good men and true were: Meek Brewer, Graceful Harding, Killin Pimple, Earth Adams, Weepnot Billing, More Fruit Fowler, Hope-for Bending, Return Spelman, Fly Debate Roberts, Stand Fast on High Stringer, Be Faithful Joiner, and Fight the Good Fight of Faith White.

Origin of "Uncle Sam."

The name Uncle Sam was first used in Troy, N. Y., in 1812, when some goods bought for the government and marked U. S. were inspected by Samuel Wilson, a government employe, whose nickname was Uncle Sam. The similarity of the initials suggested the adoption, and the familiar picture was soon created.