

NOTICE REGARDING PICTURES

The second shipment has arrived and every one will be supplied as fast as the circulation department can get pictures ready for delivery. Call any day this week.

BROWN DESCRIBES NIGHT OF HORROR IN FOUL BULL PEN

Denver Humanitarian, Now in Portland, Writes of Experiences in Jail of Great Western City.

Edwin Brown, the author of the article which follows, is a noted humanitarian and worker among the masses. He is, at the present time, in Portland in an effort to bring about the establishment of a municipal lodging house—a shelter for the man out of work.

With bars they blur the gracious moon and blind the goodly sun. And they do well to hide their hell. For in it things are done.

Down at the foot of a street which for years was the city's most fashionable thoroughfare, stands a city hall, and in it is the city jail, and deep within that jail is the dungeon—the hell pen.

It was a cold night in February. I went to the railway station to board a midnight train. On reaching there I found there was no train until 12 o'clock in the morning, so I decided to return to my hotel. Just then a clock struck 12. A police officer began to clear the place of 12 men who were in the waiting rooms.

"Why are they driving you out?" I questioned him. "No one," he answered, "is allowed to remain in the station after midnight, unless they have bought a railroad ticket or have the price of one. They know none of these men have either."

"What are you going to do this cold night?" I anxiously inquired. "I am going down to the tower of a switchman I know," he said. "He's friendly to me because I am out of work. He will let me sleep on the floor of his lookout."

"I am arrested," he said to me with a shamed face, "as a vagrant and for investigation. This is the first time I ever was in jail. I am glad my old father and mother don't know where I am to-night. Oh, what wouldn't I give to be back home again sitting in the old rocking chair in the big kitchen with the cat in my lap and watching mother cook supper, just as I used to be."

The city jail, I did not reiterate, as others were doing. My clothes were torn open, I was searched, and in an instant the on-guard from barred door was clanked, with a curse, the great key turned, and I was in that cavern of hell, the bull pen of the city.

The first thing I did was to observe my surroundings. I was in a dungeon cell, 20 by 20 feet in size, in the heart of the jail. It was dimly lighted by a single gas lamp hanging from the ceiling.

Although there were more than 100 men in the crowded space, the grating of the iron doors and the clank of key would herald a new victim until we were 20, and yet I doubt if in the whole city there was a man who was better or worse than we.

Some of the poor creatures were sitting with heads hanging in a dejected manner. Some were lying on the stone floor sound asleep. One or two were moaning; another talking to himself in low, monotonous tones; several were talking to each other, in particular in a loud, bitter voice, was condemning the law and the system of jails; one was raving with delirium tremens.

There was no one to look after the ventilation of the place, and at the end of the great cell the cold came in so forcible it could be endured only a short time, and at the other end the steam pipe ran up and was so hot we could not remain near. Those who were not sleeping were talking and drunken, drifted from one side of the cell to the other as long as nature would endure.

I thought of the young man 25 years of age who went mad there. His head was covered with bruises and cuts, and came out that he had received no medical attention. The men gave him water which was all they could do for him, for they could not inform the humane world.

Exhausted by an excess of emotion, I fell into a semi-sleep. I was awakened by a young man who began to whistle in the sweetest tones. "Merrill's 'Spring Song.'" He whistled it with a master's skill, putting in all the grace notes and with its crescendos and diminuendos. I was surprised and thrilled by the impromptu specialty. As the melody filled the cell it took possession of my quick imagination until I forgot the wretched man and surroundings and saw myself a boy again.

The whistling ceased and a dim ray of daylight from somewhere fell into our prison—the day had come. At that moment a man with a rich, deep voice began singing "Lead Kindly Light" and

IN DEADLY BATTLE SPEAKERSHORN OF CZARLIKE POWERS

(Continued from Page One.)

Members and spectators were strained almost to breaking by the excitement attending important stages of the contest. In a demand for the speaker, and Shirley (Democrat, Kentucky) was demanding that the speaker put the motion to adjourn.

While the house adjourned Speaker Cannon, standing on the lower step of the flight that leads to the "throne," shook hands with his followers as they filed by. With a broad smile he passed out friendly greetings.

From the moment the conferees from the camps of the allies and the regulars came out of the ways and means committee at 11 a. m. and announced that they had reached no compromise, it was a foregone conclusion that the death blow would be administered.

Record Crowd Jams the Capitol. By 11:30 the galleries were crowded as they had never been in the recollection of the oldest doorkeeper; the halls leading to the galleries and the house chamber were overflowing, and senators, ex-members and other personages who had the "privilege of the floor" crowded into the big square apartment to witness what was to become one of the most momentous scenes in the history of the house.

Speaker Cheerful and Belligerent. Following the conference of the belligerents under the flag of truce, which lasted just an hour, Representatives Dalzell, Mann and Smith, of Iowa, and former Representative Watson of Indiana, stated Cannon in the speaker's office and told him the result. They found him cheerful and full of fight.

Final Test Glorious Victory. Then came the final test, and interest was at its highest pitch because of reports that the regulars had in reserve strength that was to be used at the decisive moment. As the call proceeded and the insurgents and Democrats stood solid on the line it soon became evident that the great contest which had interested the entire country had been won.

Good Cheer For The Breakfast Table—Crisp, Delicious, Golden-Brown

Post Toasties "The Memory Lingers"

Burleson Falls for the Challenge. Meantime Burleson was striving to get recognition for his resolution to oust the speaker, and Shirley (Democrat, Kentucky) was demanding that the speaker put the motion to adjourn.

Story of the Last Battle. From the moment the conferees from the camps of the allies and the regulars came out of the ways and means committee at 11 a. m. and announced that they had reached no compromise, it was a foregone conclusion that the death blow would be administered.

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you wouldn't compromise or give in an inch." All the "Compromise" on One Side. "We had nothing to compromise on," said Mann, who was probably the maddest member of the house during most of the day. "They did not offer us anything at all. They wanted us to do all the giving in and would hand us nothing in return."

What the Insurgents Offered. The terms "offered" by the insurgent-Democratic combine was merely a demand that the regulars accept the Norris resolution making the rules committee fifteen in number, or the Martin substitute changing the person to be a member of the committee after March 4, 1911. The regulars were, however, to make a "gentlemen's agreement" that the speaker should not be a member of the committee.

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fore had been read and corrected, there was a sudden lull, a hush of expectancy and a gasp. "The crucial moment had arrived. 'Mr. Speaker,' Representative Gaines (Rep. W. Va.) was on his feet shouting at the top of his voice.

Mr. Cannon subsided and the speaker obtained the approval of the house of the journal as corrected, and then announced that he would rule on the point of order raised by the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Dalzell) to the resolution offered by the gentleman from Nebraska (Norris).

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POWERS OF CANNON AND HOW USURPED; EFFECTS OF CHANGE

(United Press Linked Wire.) Washington, March 19.—To wrest from control of the speaker his domination of the rules committee has been the object of the insurgent movement from the first.

The committee on rules is the governing body of the house. Hitherto it has consisted of five members, appointed by the speaker. Under the precedents of the house—which are almost as binding as the rules themselves—the speaker himself has been a member of this committee. Two other majority members and two of the minority completed its membership.

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Advertisement for \$1.00 a week beds. Features images of a brass bed and a wooden rocker. Text includes 'Elegant \$1 Down', 'Brass Bed \$1 a Week', 'Two inch continuous posts, seven spindles head and foot, worth \$35.00, only \$29.75', 'ONLY \$25 \$4', 'One dollar down, one dollar a week, for as fine looking a patent Rocker as there is in the city. Like illustration; finely done in dark brown fabricoid leather, wear guaranteed, only \$25.00', 'One dollar down, one dollar a week, for this big solid oak fumed Mission Rocker. It has upholstered slip seat done in brown chair leather to match frame, worth \$6, for only \$4.00', 'Agents for Monarch Ranges. 185-191 FIRST ST. EDWARDS CO. HOUSE FURNISHERS. Agents for Coffield Springless Washers. A GOOD PLACE TO TRADE'