

DOINGS OF OREGON'S LEGISLATURE

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

TO PROTECT SCHOOL MONEY

West Would Repay Cash Used to Pay Salaries.

Salem—A bill having for its purpose to reimburse the common school fund for disbursements which have been made from it for salaries of certain employees of the State treasurer's office during the past two years, and for equipment of the office, has been introduced in the senate by Joseph. The bill evidently emanated from the office of Governor West. It asks for a total appropriation of \$25,822 for this purpose.

The bill seems to have arisen over difficulty that has found its way among members of the State Land board as to whether the common school fund, or any part of it, can be used for the payment of salaries and expenses in connection with the administration of that fund.

It has been contended by the executive, as shown in the appearance of this bill, that the expenses of administration must be paid out of the general fund, and that the irreducible school fund can be used for no other purpose than for the benefit of the common schools of the state.

COMMITTEES MUCH PLEASED

Conditions at Various Institutions of State Found to Good.

Salem—The joint committees which have been investigating the several state institutions have returned, and, while they have not yet filed their formal reports, it is an open secret that in most instances they were highly pleased with the administration of the places during the last two years.

The committee which investigated the new branch asylum took along R. E. L. Steiner, of the Salem insane hospital. Conditions were found to be excellent.

The committee for the State Training school visited the institution and interviewed many of the attendants and the boys confined there. They were, on the whole, satisfied with the conduct of the school, but recommended segregating the older and younger boys, and that a large appropriation be granted.

Civil Service Is Favored.

Salem—House Bill 136, introduced by Representative Applegren, of Multnomah, has found favor with the committee on education, which reported it back with the recommendation that it pass. It will go to third reading in the regular routine.

The bill provides for a system of civil service for school teachers, superintendents and assistant superintendents of schools in school districts having, or which will have, more than 20,000 population.

Lax Officials Attacked.

Salem—Town marshals, chiefs of police, sheriffs and others having the enforcement of laws in their hands will be subject to arrest, prosecution and a fine of from \$50 to \$500 if they refuse or neglect to do their sworn duty in regard to the sale of liquor if a bill introduced in the house by Representative Howard becomes law.

Mr. Howard believes that these officials should be punished if they fail to uphold the liquor laws, which they are sworn to enforce, and provides this way of doing it.

Bee Inspector Is Proposed.

Salem—Bees will be well regulated by a state inspector of bees, if a bill introduced in the house is passed and becomes one of Oregon's laws.

"The man who gets that job will get stung, in my opinion," remarked Reading Clerk Clarke, when the bill was sent to the desk.

Another bill will define how any real live bull should behave when women wearing red sweaters or red head-gear are about. It is entitled "An act to prohibit bulls more than one year old from running at large."

Marriage Bill Passes House.

Salem—"There are some thin-skinned preachers who like to know who they are marrying," said Representative Howard, of Douglas, himself a preacher, in presenting his arguments for the passage of his bill requiring that information as to character and previous marital experience be given the county clerk at the time of application for a marriage license, this information to be for the guidance of the minister who shall perform the ceremony.

Woman's Age Is Question.

Salem—Senator Miller was approached by a woman in the lobby of the capitol who urged him to introduce a bill which will make it binding and mandatory upon all women who register to give their correct ages. The woman did not give her name to Mr. Miller. He says he is opposed to any such bill, but possibly will introduce a bill that women need only to take oath, in registering, that they are 21 years of age or over to obviate the general feminine shyness in giving their ages.

Olson Would Prohibit Fishing.

Salem—A bill by Olson, of Multnomah county, introduced in the house, proposes to prohibit fishing for salmon in the Willamette river, except by angling, March 15 to April 15 and from June to November 15.

THIRTEEN MEASURES PASSED

Legislature Makes Record in First Three Weeks of Session.

Salem—At the end of the third week of the legislative assembly, 13 bills have passed both houses and received the signature of the governor. Of this number 12 are house bills and one is a senate bill.

None of the bills carry an emergency clause and none will become laws until 90 days after the adjournment of the legislative assembly.

Probably the most important bill so far signed is that abolishing the office of state land agent. This was something suggested in the report of State Land Agent Rinehart, and also recommended by the governor in his message.

Another act of some import is one providing that a wife deserter who is convicted shall be compelled to work on the county roads for the time for which he has been sentenced, and that the county shall pay his family \$1 a day for each such day worked.

The bills which have so far been signed by the governor are as follows: S. B. 73, by Bean—Providing for penalty for wife desertion.

H. B. 5, by Carpenter—Repealing act providing for the publication of an official newspaper.

H. B. 10, by Forstrom—Repealing act providing that county court clerks should act as county clerks.

H. B. 17, by Campbell—Repealing sections relating to time terms of certain officers commence.

H. B. 41, by Llewellyn—Abolishing the office of state land agent.

H. B. 37, by Heltzel—Providing for the manner of executing the satisfaction of a mortgage.

H. B. 84, by Hinkle—Relating to eliminating indebtedness of irrigation districts.

H. B. 91, by Hinkle—Relating to decrees of divorce.

H. B. 126, by Mann—Relating to registration lists of automobiles by county clerks.

H. B. 145, by McArthur—Relating to crimes against nature.

H. B. 194, by Gill—Repealing section relating to binding children as apprentices.

H. B. 199, by committee on revision of laws—To repeal sections of code providing for weather service.

H. B. 200, by committee on revision of laws—Repealing sections relating to appropriation and condemnation of land.

This record of 13 bills passing both houses and receiving the signature of the governor within the first three weeks of the session is a record-breaker. So far there has been no veto message coming from the executive offices, the majority of the bills going into those offices being bills repealing obsolete sections of the code.

BRANCH ASYLUM INSPECTED

Legislators Pass Busy Day at Pendleton Institution.

Pendleton—In a special car, which was set off here when No. 6 passed through Pendleton, 20 members of the legislature arrived in Pendleton to pass the major portion of the day inspecting the Eastern Oregon state hospital. The delegation was met by officers and members of the Commercial club, who entertained them at breakfast, after which they were taken in automobiles to the state hospital, where Superintendent McNary and his staff and Captain C. A. Murphy received the visitors.

The entire forenoon was given over to conducting the legislators through the institution and pointing out its further needs. As guests of Superintendent McNary the party had luncheon in the dining room of the new hospital.

Much interest was manifested by the committee from Salem in the splendid architecture and up-to-date methods in vogue at the institution. The mammoth bake ovens attracted no little attention. The two ovens will bake 1000 loaves of bread at a time, and will make five bakings at one heat. Without an exception the visiting members of the legislature expressed themselves as favorably impressed with the institution and believe in its rapid future growth.

Penitentiary Probe Starts.

Salem—The first steps of the investigation of the state penitentiary were undertaken Saturday. At 9 o'clock in the morning the members of the joint committee met at the prison. The first day was almost entirely taken up with an outline of the plans for the investigation. The policy to be pursued and the general scope of the investigation was thoroughly discussed at this meeting and it is doubtful if any future session of the committee will carry it much further than this.

Bills Swamp Legislature.

Salem—The house concurred in a senate resolution calling for the final introduction of bills by the 25th day of the session, except by a four-fifths vote of the members. The house, however, will retain its previous decision to stop the list of bills on its 20th day, except by such a vote. It concurred in order to assist the senate in making the rule for that branch of the legislative assembly.

SOURCE OF FUNDS IS TRACED

Senate to Inquire Into Campaign Gifts by Federal Employees.

Washington, D. C.—Federal office holders and employees who have been solicited to contribute to National campaign funds are to be summoned as witnesses by the senate campaign expenditures committee, when it opens its investigation into the campaign expenses of the general election of 1912. Subpoenas will be issued for several United States marshals and other Federal employees who have either collected or contributed to these funds, and an effort will be made to determine the extent to which "assessments" have been made on Federal office holders.

The campaign investigating committee will recommend several changes of law to the senate in the final report in its investigations. It is expected that legal restrictions will be urged upon solicitation of campaign funds from employees of the government. The committee has not yet arranged the date for the opening of the investigation of the 1912 expenses.

WAGE INCREASE GIVEN STEEL TRUST EMPLOYEES

Duluth—The increase in wages promised on the first of the year by the United States Steel corporation went into effect Feb. 5. President Oleott, of the Oliver Mining company, issued a statement saying:

"Beginning February 5, the Oliver Mining company will make a voluntary readjustment of wages. The rates for surface labor will be advanced from \$2.10 to \$2.25 a day. There will be adjustments of the rates in other classifications of labor, both surface and underground, it being the purpose to give the highest percentage of increase to the lower paid employees."

TRUST "SPIES" ARE ACCUSED

House-Wrecking Head Says Lumbermen Persecuted Him.

Chicago—Testimony was given before Examiner Fuller in the government suit to dissolve the so-called "lumber trust," that the "trust" had maintained spies in the offices of the Chicago House-Wrecking company in an effort to put the concern out of business.

Maurice Rothschild, president of the house-wrecking concern, testified that detectives employed by him had discovered the presence of spies and that the concern had found false entries in their books and received many fictitious orders and applications.

Rothschild testified accused L. W. Boyce, of Minneapolis, who is a defendant in the dissolution suit and who was head of the Northern Information bureau, which it is alleged obtained and dispensed information to members of the "trust" about independents.

MANIAS ARE LAID TO FILMS

Fire Marshal Connects Arson and Moving Picture Shows.

Albany, N. Y.—Moving picture shows and arson, as cause and effect, were discussed by Thomas J. Ahearn, State fire marshal, in his annual report to the legislature. "It has been shown," he said, "that moving pictures have frequently been the occasion of pyromania."

He cited instances where persons peculiarly susceptible to suggestion had left these shows to set fires. As a remedy he suggested a rigid censorship of films.

The report declared that 15,000,000 persons throughout the country daily attend these exhibitions, and are "exposed to danger from fires and unbridled displays."

Women Request Guard.

Washington, D. C.—Three women suffrage leaders successfully ran the gauntlet of doorkeepers at the White House and confronted President Taft with their request for a guard of soldiers, sailors and marines for their big parade here March 3 and the granting of a half holiday to women employees in the government departments who may wish to make the march to the capitol. The president promised to discuss the question with his cabinet. Senator Sutherland, of Utah, introduced the suffragettes.

Armour & Co. Fined \$50.

Portland—After a bitter fight in Justice Bell's court Armour & Company were fined \$25 on each of two charges, of misbranding and selling short-weight butter. The charges were pressed by State Dairy and Food Commissioner Mickle and his office force. The transaction occurred in The Dalles, where, it is said, an inspector from the commissioner's office weighed 17 squares of butter and found them short 20 ounces in the aggregate.

Mothers' Day Would Incorporate.

Washington, D. C.—Federal incorporation of the Mothers' Day International association was proposed in a bill by Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania. Mothers' day was founded by Anna Jarvis, a Philadelphia woman.

Cabinet Set Sneezing.

London—The Express says that the whole cabinet was set sneezing recently by the simultaneous receipt by each minister at the house of commons of suffragette letters containing red pepper.

SERIAL STORY

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. Fletcher Robinson

Co-Author with A. Conan Doyle of "The Hound of the Baskervilles," etc.

THE STORY OF AMAROFF THE POLE

(Continued.)

I was just about to announce myself, when one of the men knocked over a brass candlestick which stood on the desk, so that it rolled to the further side. With a grunt of annoyance, he stepped leisurely round and dropped on his knees to recover it. Once out of sight of his companions, however, he whipped out a square of wax from his pocket, and with extraordinary rapidity took an impression from a key that he had kept concealed in his hand. It was all over in five seconds, and from the shelter the desk gave to him, no one but myself could have been the wiser. He rose, replaced the candlestick, and continued his work.

Whether the fellow had played his companion a trick or not, I had no desire to be caught acting the spy. So, pulling the curtains aside, I walked into the room. They all turned quickly upon me, the black-bearded man staring hard as if attempting to recall my face. But Peace was the first to speak.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Phillips," he said, as if I were a visitor he had expected. "You are just in time to drive me back. Have you a cab waiting?"

"No," I hesitated. "It's of no consequence. We can find another at the top of the street. And now, Mr. Nicolai," he continued, turning to the big man, who had never taken his eyes off me, "are you quite satisfied, or do you wish your men to make a further search?"

"No, Mr. Inspector," he answered, with a heavy foreign accent. "We are quite content. Nothing more is necessary."

"Shall you be wanting to come again?"

"No—for us it is sufficient. It is for you to continue, Mr. Inspector. You think you will catch these men who kill him, hein?"

"We shall try," said Peace, with a modest droop of the eyes.

"Ach—but where can there be certainty in our lives? Come now, my children, let us be going. Alexandre, you have the door-key of the studio; give him to the Inspector here."

So it was the door-key, thought I, of which Mr. Alexandre obtained a memento behind the roller-top desk!

Peace gave a polite good-bye to his companions on the step, looked up the little green door, and then started down the street at my side.

"I had no business to come poking my nose into your affairs," I said. "Anything you say I shall thoroughly deserve."

"Don't apologize," he smiled. "I was pleased to see you."

"And why?"

"You can do better things than remain a wealthy dilettante, Mr. Phillips. You are too broad in the shoulders, too clear in the head, for living in the world that is dead. Such little incidents as these—they drop you out of the shell you are building about you. That is why I was pleased to see you. I have spoken plainly—are you offended?"

"Oh, no," I said, waving my stick to a passing hansom, though I did not refer again to the topic which I foresaw was likely to become personally offensive to me.

He sat back in his corner of the cab, filling his pipe with dextrous fingers, while I watched him out of the corner of my eye. When it was well alight, he began again on a new subject.

"London's a queer place," he said, "though perhaps you have not had the time to find it out. There are foreign colonies, with their own religions and clubs and politics, working their way through life just as if they were in Odessa or Hamburg or Milan. There are refugees—Heaven knows how many, for we do not—that have fled before all the despotisms that succeeded and all the revolutions that failed from Siam to the Argentine. Tolstoid fanatics, dishonest presidents, anarchists, royalists, Armenians, Turks, Carlists, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia—a finer collection than even America itself can show. On the Continent—well, we should be running them in, and they would be throwing bombs. But here no one troubles them so long as they pay rent and taxes, and keep their hands out of each other's pockets or from each other's throats. They understand us, too, and stop playing at assassins and conspirators. But once

in a while habit is too strong for them, and something happens."

"As it happened to Amaroff?"

"Yes—as it happened to Amaroff."

"It was a political crime?"

"Yes."

"And the reasons?"

"They have the advantage of simplicity. Amaroff was a member of the Russian secret-service, detailed to mix with and observe the Nihilist refugees. The Czar enters Paris in two days, and when the Czar travels the political police of all the capitals are kept on the run. I suppose Amaroff showed an excess of zeal that made his absence from London desirable. Anyway, he was found dead, and the Russians reasonably conclude it is the Nihilists who killed him."

"Who were those men in the studio?"

"The big fellow was Nicolai, the head of the Russian service over here. I don't know a better man in his profession nor one with fewer scruples. The other two were assistants. They came down to the Yard this morning with a request that they might search the studio for certain private papers which Amaroff had and which belonged to them. So we fixed the appointment into which you have just walked."

"And they finished their search?"

"You heard them say so."

"Exactly; but why, then, did they want an impression of the studio key?"

He turned upon me with a sudden impatience in his eyes.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

I told him of my arrival, and what I had seen from my post behind the curtains of the doorway. He did not speak when I had finished, but sat, puffing at his short pipe, and staring out over the horse's ears. So we arrived at our door.

"If you have further news tonight will you call in before going to bed?" I asked him as we stood on the pavement.

"I cannot promise you that. I have some important inquiries to make in the East End this evening, and I do not know when I shall return."

I suppose I looked depressed at his answer; indeed the prospect of a lonely evening in my rooms with such a mystery in course of solution outside, seemed oddly distasteful to me.

"It is a rough district, as you know," he said, watching me; "but would you care to come along?"

"There is nothing I should like better," I answered simply.

"Well—it's against the regulations; but they allow me some license. Be ready at nine, and I will call for you. Wear old clothes, a cap and a scarf round your neck to hide your collar. Is that understood?"

"Yes," I said, and so it was settled between us.

We were punctual in our meeting, and trotted eastward over the roads we had covered on the previous day. When we stopped it was at a narrow rift in a wall of mean dwellings. We dismissed the cab and threaded our way down the alley, which opened out upon a miserable square. The houses that surrounded it had once been of some pretension. In a simpler age merchants had doubtless lived there, men who owned the tall ships that had lain in the river near by. But now the porticoes had crumbled, the iron railings had bent and rusted, the plaster had fallen in speckled patches from the walls. In the center a few ancient trees still dragged on a disconsolate existence. It was a silent place where wheeled traffic never came. And when, through an upper window, a woman suddenly poured forth shrill abuse upon a drunken man clinging to the railings, each oath rang loudly in the furtive silence.

As we paused at the mouth of the alley, a tall man, with a drooping yellow moustache, brushed by us; and when we turned into a beer-house at the corner he followed us, standing a little apart in an angle of the bar.

There were half a dozen men and women—of the life wreckage of the great city—sitting on the benches; but before the Inspector was served with the drinks he ordered, they had whispered one to another and melted away. As the last one slunk through the door, Peace beckoned to the tall man, who joined us.

"Well, Jackson," he said, "you can't hide your light under a bushel in Steptey, that's certain."

"I'm afraid not, sir," he grinned. "Leastways not in Maiden Square."

"Well, have you found the place? Oh, that is all right," for the man had glanced at me with a brief suspicion.

"This is Mr. Phillips, who has been of much service to me in our little affair; let me introduce you to Sergeant Jackson, Mr. Phillips."

I shook hands with the sergeant.

"London's a queer place," he said, "though perhaps you have not had the time to find it out. There are foreign colonies, with their own religions and clubs and politics, working their way through life just as if they were in Odessa or Hamburg or Milan. There are refugees—Heaven knows how many, for we do not—that have fled before all the despotisms that succeeded and all the revolutions that failed from Siam to the Argentine. Tolstoid fanatics, dishonest presidents, anarchists, royalists, Armenians, Turks, Carlists, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia—a finer collection than even America itself can show. On the Continent—well, we should be running them in, and they would be throwing bombs. But here no one troubles them so long as they pay rent and taxes, and keep their hands out of each other's pockets or from each other's throats. They understand us, too, and stop playing at assassins and conspirators. But once

try finds the cafes invaded between 4 and 5 o'clock by ice eaters. He sees officers and men of the army, merchants and work people, the rich and the poor of both sexes consuming ices with gusto. No one evades this pleasant duty. Lines of carriages draw up at the side of the pavement before the cafes, the occupants, the coachman and the footman all with their favorite delicacy. At first the stranger wonders, then he falls a victim.—London Chronicle.

"Vat is et?" he said.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

ICES A UNIVERSAL DELICACY

People of the South of Italy Remarkable for Their Fondness for This Simple Refreshment.

If you wish to realize what devotion to ices means you should go to Palermo. All over the south of Italy ices are eaten to an extent of which we do not dream, but in Sicily and Palermo in particular the custom has attained amazing proportions. Ices are eaten by people of all ranks and ages from morning to night. Where a true Briton would demand a glass of beer the Palermitan asks for an ice. Morning, noon and night the consumption of ice goes on. They are in wonderful variety and cheap.

The stranger in that beautiful coun-

try finds the cafes invaded between 4 and 5 o'clock by ice eaters. He sees officers and men of the army, merchants and work people, the rich and the poor of both sexes consuming ices with gusto. No one evades this pleasant duty. Lines of carriages draw up at the side of the pavement before the cafes, the occupants, the coachman and the footman all with their favorite delicacy. At first the stranger wonders, then he falls a victim.—London Chronicle.

"And the place?" asked Peace, when we had seated ourselves on a corner bench out of earshot of the man behind the bar—a bottle-nosed ruffian, who watched us furtively as he rinsed the dirty glasses.

"That's the address, sir," said the sergeant, handing his superior a crumpled sheet of paper.

"A club, is it?" he said, glancing up in his quick, bird-like way. "And what sort of a club?"

"Foreign, sir. They call themselves social democrats, but our special branch men tell me that a full half of the crowd are anarchists, and such rats as that. I think it must be so, for Nicolai and his Russians have had the place under close observation for weeks. And you know what that means, sir."

"Yes, I know what that means."

"Amaroff was not a member, but used to drop in there from time to time. He was very thick with the man who runs the place, Greatman, as he calls himself. They tell me that Greatman sat as a model for some statue he was doing, back in July. It must have been a funny sort of statue, for Greatman's a weedy little Pole, and drinks like a fish."

For some time the Inspector sat in silence, drawing circles on the floor with the point of the light cane he carried. The bartender dropped a glass, swore, and then, with a stare at us, retreated into a little cage he had at the back of his domain. Doubtless the presence of detectives was no incentive to trade in the bars of Maiden Square.

"This Greatman—what more do you know of him?"

"We have had nothing against him before; but all the same, it's his private room that has the sand floor."

The Inspector's prophecy of the previous night came back to me with a sudden remembrance: "Amaroff was murdered in a room with a sand floor, probably at no great distance from Leman street, seeing that they carried him there in a coster's barrow." I began to understand the morbid significance of the private room in this little foreign club.

We were drawing nearer to our game; the scent was growing stronger. Addington Peace lent a little forward, with a twist in his jaw that raised a ripple of muscles under the skin.

"Continue, if you please," he said.

"The room is at the rear of the club, and there is a back staircase to a yard behind, where costers store their barrows when not in use. It fits in with what you told us to inquire for, don't it, sir?"

"Yes."

The Inspector's stick recommenced its interlocking circles on the floor; and we sat and watched, as if thereby we were disentangling his sordid story. So still were we all that the bartender poked his luminous nose from his cage in the hope that we had gone. He withdrew it with remarks on the police force which were distinctly audible, and opposed to the complimentary. Suddenly the Inspector turned to me with a motion of half-approval, as if at the neglect of a guest.

"There are times, Mr. Phillips," he said, "when evidence runs in absurd contradictions. Observe the present case, in which you are so good as to interest yourself. We have it from the Russian police that Amaroff is their man, and that in their opinion—they being well qualified to judge—he was murdered by Nihilists. We now learn that he was apparently on intimate terms with Nihilists, and we have good reason to believe that he was strangled in one of their clubs. What do you gather from that?"

"They discovered his treachery, and took an excusable revenge," said I.

"A sound conclusion. And now let us suppose that Amaroff was not a police spy at all; being, in fact, a dangerous Nihilist. What then?"

"Why set yourself such a puzzle?"

"Not for amusement," he said, with his quiet smile. "And now I propose a little experiment. You must introduce us to this club, Jackson; the door-keeper will know you, and pass us in. Afterwards you will go to the back entrance in the yard you spoke of, and wait. It should be easy to conceal yourself."

"Yes, sir. Am I to stop Greatman if he comes out?"

"No. Stop nobody. We had better be going."

The square lay desolate and lonely in the bleak moonlight. We crossed it, and stopped at a house in the shadows of the farther side. At our knock a slide flew back, and, in the gush of light, a hairy face examined us curiously.

"Vat is et?" he said.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mary Broken Up.

Mary dropped her eyes on the floor as Henry burst into the room. Her face lengthened rapidly, and she finally pierced him with a glance. As his laugh rose and fell, she dropped her aw and her voice broke.—Judge.