

DOINGS OF OREGON'S LEGISLATURE

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

FOR COMPETITION ON ROADS

House Says All Companies Should Be Allowed to Bid.

Salem—Open competition will be had on all road contracts, if the senate adopts an amendment to the Barrett and Hurd road bill, officially known as senate bill 12, made by the house after one of the hottest fights on the floor at this legislative session. The bill was then passed.

Section 24 was the only one to which objection was raised. It prohibited any state or county official having road work in charge to accept bids for any patented article for road building.

Lewelling, of Linn, started the fight when he moved that the section be stricken from the bill. He was seconded by Forbes, of Crook, who charged, that while the amendment sought to prohibit trust grafts being worked off on the people, "it in reality prevents certain paving companies from bidding and delivers the work into the hands of a trust that stretches out its tentacles into every city, town and hamlet from Maine to California—the Barber Asphalt company."

After a sharp skirmish, in which Parsons, of Linn, made a desperate but futile effort to have the section retained intact with but a few words changed, the house demanded the vote and the roll call showed that the entire section had been eliminated.

EIGHT-HOUR LAW DEFEATED

House Passes Ten Other Senate Bills in Short Order.

Salem—Getting down to work promptly at 10:30 Monday morning after the week-end adjournment, the house made rapid progress, passing ten senate bills and defeating one, which was perhaps the most important of them all—the eight-hour law. This was a measure passed by the people at a recent election, but it carried no enabling clause and was held to be without effect. It was a bill by Senator Smith, of Curry.

Defeat of the bill is believed not to be of any importance, as it is said in the house to have been brought about for the reason that certain members wished to discipline Representative Lawrence, of Multnomah, who made a speech for the bill.

In some manner, it is said, he had aroused the anger of some members, who decided to vote the bill down this time.

NEW CONSPIRACY BILL FAILS

Notice Given of Movement for Reconsideration.

Salem—An effort to put through the senate a substitute conspiracy bill prepared in the district attorney's office of Multnomah county failed Saturday. It received but 15 favorable votes with Bean and Miller absent. As a result a motion to reconsider will be made. With Miller present Senator McCulloch is satisfied that the necessary 16 votes for passing will be secured.

The bill as originally introduced by McCulloch made it a crime to conspire to commit a crime or to conspire to defraud. The substitute bill provides only that it shall be a crime to conspire to defraud and its introduction stated openly that the present bill is to be hit at paying combinations and collusive bidding on all public work.

Goat Meat Big Problem.

Salem—Whether or not goat meat shall be sold for mutton is the weighty question which came up in the house on Senate bill 22, by Burgess.

It seems, from the statements made on the floor of the house, that some butchers in the state have been making the sheep the goat by pretending to sell mutton chops and other choice portions of "spring lamb," when in reality they were selling plain old goat. The house voted down the bill compelling the sign "goat meat" to be placed on goat meat.

Textbook Bill Passed.

Salem—With some opposition the Miller textbook bill passed the senate. This bill provides that one-third of the textbooks of the schools shall be changed every two years, this third to make up the textbooks for that division for the following six years.

Thus under the bill no textbooks will be changed oftener than six years, but a portion of them will be changed every two years.

Anti-Lobbyist Bill Passes.

Salem—The house passed the Scheibel anti-lobbying bill, which is calculated to keep the lobbyists off the floor of both houses and to force them to register with the secretary of state their names and the name, or names, of the persons, or persons, by whom they are employed. It also requires them to make a sworn statement of their expenditures at the capital.

Filing Fee Bill Defeated.

Salem—Senator Barrett's bill, providing for a filing fee instead of a petition, for candidates for office, met defeat in the house. Eaton of Lane and others held that, although the primary and election laws are unsatisfactory, this would be no improvement. In fact, they argued, it would forever shut off the office seeking the man

ORATORY ENDS; HOUSE BUSY

False Pretense Bill Passed; Fake Companies Hit.

Salem—The house Wednesday got down to hard work, when Speaker McArthur asked that all unnecessary oratory be eliminated and that serious consideration of the large amount of work be made the order. During the morning, seven house bills were passed, the most important of which were those extending the term of a grand jury to six months, if necessary, to complete the work in hand, and providing that obtaining money on false pretenses may be punished without written evidence of such false pretenses.

Some members questioned the advisability of extending the grand jury time of service to six months, but Latourette, of Multnomah, author of the bill, declared it necessary that the time should be so extended, as he said now a jury is discharged every 30 days and often cannot complete its work in that time.

Latourette was also author of the false pretense bill, which met slight opposition. He said that, under the present laws, it is necessary to present written evidence of fraud in order to convict. He said that all the "blue sky" laws on earth will be of no avail so long as written evidence of fraud must be had, but that, with oral evidence admissible and sufficient, "these crooks who are selling apple orchard land and other fake properties throughout our state will be careful what they tell people."

ATTORNEY-GENERAL RULES

School Fund Must Be Held Intact by Land Board.

Salem—Attorney-General Crawford has ruled on two important matters relating to the administration of the state's affairs.

In response to an inquiry from George G. Brown, clerk of the state land board, he holds that the irreducible school fund is to be devoted solely to maintaining the public schools of the state. He holds further that disbursements of the state school fund may be made by the proper authorities without special appropriation by the legislature, and that furthermore the legislature itself could not touch the money in this fund for any other purpose than to direct in what manner it may be expended for the cause of public education in Oregon.

In reply to the railroad commission Mr. Crawford gives his opinion that the American District Telegraph company, of San Francisco, comes within the purview of the public utilities act and may be considered as a public utility concern and is subject to regulation of the commission.

The company is engaged in the manufacture of telegraph systems.

GIVES GOVERNOR BIG STICK

Executive Supplant District Attorneys, Sheriffs and Constables.

Salem—Only four votes were mustered against the substitute bill by the senate judiciary committee giving power to supplant district attorneys, sheriffs and constables, and the substitute measure passed the senate.

The drastic provisions of the original bill, which allowed the governor summarily to supplant such officials, were materially softened in the new bill. Under the new bill officials may be supplanted for periods of 90 days, but only after they have been given a hearing in court and the Circuit judge decides that such officer is not being faithfully executing the criminal laws of the state.

Deschutes Measure Passed.

Salem—The house passed the bill by Abbott, of Multnomah, appropriating \$50,000 for a survey of the Deschutes river. There were 45 votes for and six against. Speaker McArthur and other members spoke in favor of the bill, saying it is one of the greatest pieces of constructive legislation before the legislature. The emergency clause was attacked by some members, but carried, as it was shown that three months' delay might beat the state out of a similar appropriation from the Federal government.

Saddle Mountain Park Asked.

Salem—Congress is urged to create a Saddle Mountain park, in a memorial introduced in the senate by Lester. The purpose of the park is to protect the water supply which is reserved on Saddle Mountain, the supply furnishing water for all the Oregon coast from the Columbia river to Tillamook Head, according to the memorial.

Measure Limits Power Sales.

Salem—Olson, of Multnomah, introduced a bill in the house to protect the state's water power and to prevent the sale of power manufactured in Oregon outside this state. It is said to be aimed at retaliation of a similar bill that has been introduced in the Washington legislature.

Would Purchase Locks.

Salem—The house passed the Hagood bill, consenting to the purchase of the canal and locks at Oregon City. There was no opposition.

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.)

The sergeant stepped forward and whispered. The man was sufficiently satisfied, for he dropped the slide at once, and the door swung back to admit us; the hairy-faced porter bowing a welcome in polite submission. The inspector led the way up the stairs, and I followed at his heels. The sergeant had disappeared.

It was a broad, low room in which we found ourselves, the rafters of the roof hidden by the plaster of a ceiling. Round the walls on benches ranged behind tables a dozen men sat smoking and drinking. The chatter of talk faded away as we entered. In silence they stared at us, calmly, judiciously, without fear or curiosity. I could not have imagined a more composed and resolute company.

I carried myself awkwardly, as an impertinent intruder should; but the inspector sauntered across the room to a bar on the further side as calmly as if he were the oldest and most valued member in the club.

A pale-faced man with a stained and yellow beard rose from his seat behind the glasses. His eyes were fixed on Peace with a weak, pathetic expression like a dog in pain.

"Good evening, Mr. Greatman," said the inspector. "Can I have a word with you?"

"Yes, sir, if you will kindly step into my private room," he answered in excellent English, opening a hatch in the bar. "This is the way, sir, if you will follow me."

We walked after him down a short passage and stopped before the darkness of an open door. A spurt of a match and the gas jet flared upon a bare chamber, hung with a gaudy pattern and furnished with half a dozen wooden chairs set round a deal table in the center. In place of a carpet, our feet grated upon a smooth sprinkling of that grey sand which may still be found in old-fashioned inns.

It was here then, if the detectives were not mistaken, that this crime had found a climax, this sordid murder not thirty hours old.

"If you would like a fire, gentlemen," suggested Greatman, "I can easily fetch some coals."

"Pray do not trouble yourself," said the inspector, politely. "My name is Peace, of the Criminal Investigation Department, and I called to inquire if you can tell me anything concerning the murder of the sculptor, Amaroff."

"I know nothing,"

"That is strange, seeing that he was strangled in this very room."

"Here?" cried the Pole, with a stare of unbelief changing into sudden terror. "Here—in my room?"

"So I believe," said Peace.

The man swayed for an instant, grasping at the back of a chair, and then dropped to the ground, moaning, his face covered with his hands. In that crouching figure before us was written the extremity of despair.

"Come, come, Greatman, pull yourself together," said the inspector, tapping him kindly on the shoulder. "If you are innocent, there is no need to make all this fuss."

"It was Nicolai who lied to me," he cried, looking up with bewildered eyes. "Very probably," said Peace, "it is a habit with him."

"Yet it was I, miserable that I am, who made the meeting between them. Before Heaven, it was with the innocence of a child. If those my comrades of the club had known—"

He hesitated, his eyes searching the room in sudden terror.

"Oblige me by seeing that we have no comrades already at the keyhole. Mr. Phillips," said Peace.

There was no one at the door; no one in the dark passage; and when I in a crouched heap.

returned I found that Peace had lifted the caretaker to a chair, where he sat "You can trust us," the detective was saying. "Believe me, Greatman, it will be best for yourself that you hide nothing."

And so with many fierce cries and protestations, this poor creature began his story.

It was Nicolai, it seemed, who had discovered that Greatman, the caretaker of the Brutus Club, was one and the same with the forger, Ivan Kroll, of Odessa, who had been wanted by the Russian police for close upon twelve years. But having a shrewd head on his shoulders, Nicolai made no immediate use of his knowledge. For forgery a man might be extradited from England. Once in Russia

the charge would be altered to nihilism, and then—Siberia. It was not pleasant for the caretaker of a nihilist club to be at the mercy of a black-bearded spy lounging on the step outside. "It was that which drove me to the brandy," said poor Greatman, alias Kroll.

About the end of August there began, he continued, a duel of wits between the two men, Amaroff and Nicolai, the reasons and causes of which did not, if he might be permitted to say, concern us. Nicolai's career was dependent on his success. For him, failure meant permanent disgrace. Yet it was Amaroff who was playing with his opponent as a cat with a mouse, confusing and surprising him at every turn, driving him, indeed, when time grew pressing, into desperate measures. At the last he formed a plan, did Nicolai, a scheme worthy of his most cunning brain.

"This, then, he did," ended the poor caretaker. "He came to me—I who had so great love and honor for Amaroff, my friend, I whom he had turned from crime and aided to earn a wage in honesty—he came to me and he says: 'Kroll, in my pocket is a warrant that will send you back to the snow places in the East; do you fear me, my good Kroll?' And I feared him. 'See, now,' he said, 'we desire to see your friend Amaroff for a little talk. We cannot harm him here in this mad country. Contrive a trick, bring him into your private room behind the bar. Give us the key of the yard door that we may come secretly to him—and afterwards you will hear no more of Siberia from me. Do you consent?'"

"Gentlemen, I believed him, also having fear of the snow places; and I consented."

"So Amaroff answered my call, and with some excuse I left him in this room. It was at a time when few members were in the club—about seven of the clock. And that, as I live, is all I have to tell. I waited at my seat behind the bar. I saw nothing, heard nothing—and at last when I went to my room, behold it was empty! I tried to suspect no wrong—but I did not sleep that night. In the morning I saw in the papers that Amaroff, my friend, was dead, and how he died I could not tell."

"So Nicolai won the game," suggested Peace, softly. "And there will be no regrettable incident when the Czar enters Paris the day after tomorrow."

"Of that I have no knowledge," said Greatman; but I saw a sudden resplendent shine in his face that seemed to put new heart into the man.

"Well, Mr. Phillips," said the inspector, turning upon me with a warning quiver of the left eyelid, "it is to meet Nicolai at the studio by seven tomorrow morning. We must get to bed early."

"Certainly," I said. I was rather out of my depth, but I take myself this credit that I did not show it.

"Then do you search the studio tomorrow?" asked Greatman.

"Yes—it has been arranged."

"But will you not first arrest this Nicolai, this murderer?"

"My dear Mr. Greatman," said the inspector, "you have told us your story, and I thank you for your confidence. But I advise you now to leave things alone. I will see justice done—don't be afraid about that. For the rest, please to keep a silent tongue in your head—it will be safer. There is still Siberia for Ivan Kroll just as there may be dangers from your friends in the club yonder for Julius Greatman, who arranged so indiscreet a meeting in his private room. Good night to you."

The caretaker did not reply, but opening the door, bowed us into the passage that led to the big room. We had not taken half a dozen steps when I looked back over my shoulder, expecting to see him behind us. But he had vanished.



LIBEL ON ARIZONA WEATHER

Tale Impressed Englishman, Who Probably Went Home and Wrote a Book About It.

"Hot weather reminds me," said the fellow who is always ready to tell a story when he gets an opening. "I was riding down through Arizona last summer on a train on which there was a party of Englishmen. You never know what hot weather is until you ride through some of those southwestern states in the summer. The heat rolls up in waves and smites you. Everything except the rattlesnakes and the Indians stay out of the sun's rays as much as possible."

"On a station platform stood a dilapidated sprinkling can. It was full of dents and the spout was lying near the can, both evidently not having been used for months."

"You know I have been telling you we have some hot weather out here," said a westerner to one of the Englishmen. "Well, look at that sprinkling can. It has been so hot that it has melted the spout right off! And the farther west you get the hotter it gets; the native son finished as he noticed the awed look on the foreigner's face."

She Says We're Much Too Slender. A Russian princess who is now in Washington has created a commotion in social circles by criticising the American women for being much too

"He's gone," I whispered, gripping my companion by the arm. "I know, I know. Keep quiet." As we stood there listening, I heard the sudden clatter of boots upon a stairway, and then silence.

"It appears to me that we shall have an interesting evening," said Addington Peace.

A twist in the passage, a turn through a door, and we were rattling down the back stairs and out into a moonlit yard. In the denser darkness under the walls I made out a double row of big barrows, from which there came a subtle aroma in which stale fish predominated. From amongst them a tall shadow arose and came slipping to our side.

"He's off, sir," said the sergeant, for it was he. "Rushed by, shaking his fist and talking to himself like a madman. Where has he gone, do you think?"

"To Amaroff's studio; and we must get there before him. The nearest cab-rank, if you please, Jackson."

We ran through the yard, hustled up the narrow streets, lost ourselves, as far as I was concerned, in a maze of alleys, and finally shot out into a roaring thoroughfare, crowded with a strolling population. No cab was in sight. Opposite the lamps of the underground station the inspector stopped us.

"It would be quicker," he said, with a jerk of the head, and we turned into the booking-office and galloped down the stairs. Luck was with us, and we tumbled into a carriage as the train moved away.

We were not alone, and we journeyed in silence. Station after station slipped by, until at last we were in the southwestern district again. My excitement increased as we fled up the stairs of the South Kensington station. Here was a new sensation, keen, virile, natural; here was a race worth the trouble it involved. I did not understand; but I knew that on our speed much depended. Indeed, I could have shouted aloud, but for the influence of those two quiet, unemotional figures that trotted on either hand.

I regretted nothing—an hour of this was worth a year of artistic contemplation.

At the corner we found a hansom, and soon were rattling down the King's Road. When the cab stopped, to the inspector's order, it was not, as I expected, at the corner of Harden Place, but a street preceding it. Down this we walked quickly until we came upon a seedy-looking fellow with a red muffer about his neck, leaning against the wall.

I was surprised when we halted in front of him.

"Good evening, Harrison," said the inspector. "Anything to report?"

"They're there, sir. They came about ten minutes ago. Job and Turner are watching the door in Harden Place, and I came here."

"They didn't see any of you?"

"No, sir, I am sure of it."

"You had better join the others in Harden Place. Keep within hearing, and if I whistle, kick in the side door of the studio—it can be done. There is a man who I fancy will have a key to the door that is due in about five minutes. If I have not whistled before he arrives, let him through. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

The detective faded discreetly into the darkness, while the inspector turned to me.

"There may be complications, Mr. Phillips, and no slight danger. I must ask you to go home."

"I shall do nothing of the sort."

"Mutiny," he said; but I could see that he was smiling. "You are rather a fraud, Mr. Phillips—rather a fraud, you know. There is more of a fighter than a dilettante in you, after all. Come, then, over you go."

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

"American women of good breeding are slender to the point of emaciation," says the princess. "They hurry too much, that is the reason. Everywhere you see the American, whether she is going shopping, visiting or elsewhere, she is moving fast, as if she did not have a second to lose." The princess doesn't seem to realize that just now the one aim of the American woman is the extreme slenderness which she finds so unlovely.

For a New Umbrella. Before using a new umbrella inject a small quantity of vaseline into the hinge portions of the frame. Vaseline will not spread like oil and spoil the covering, and is a sure preventive against rust. Wet umbrellas should be stood on their handles to dry; this allows the water to run out of them, instead of into the part where the silk and ribs meet, thus causing the metal to rust and the silk to rot.

Andrew Lang's Handicap. The London Spectator says that Andrew Lang always had poor health, and most of his work was done when he was tired and sick. This being the case, it is easy to understand and forgive his frequent crankiness.

In the Beginning. "Papa, why does the frost always come in the fall?" "The habit, my son, originated in the Garden of Eden."

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Good for Broken Shinews. G. G. Jones, Baldwin, I. I., writes: "I used Sloan's Liniment for broken shinews above the knee cap caused by a fall and to my great satisfaction was able to resume work in less than three weeks after the accident."

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