

The Bram Bow

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LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the family seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Her superb composure claimed his admiration. Absolutely ignorant though she had been of his proximity, the voice from out of the skies evidently alarmed her not at all. Still bending over the lifted foot, she turned her head slowly and looked up; and "Oh!" said a small voice, tinged with relief. And coolly knotting the laces again, she sat up. "I didn't hear you, you know."

"Nor I see you," Maitland supplemented, unblushingly. "Until a moment ago. I—er—can I be of assistance?"

"Can't you?"

"Idiot!" said Maitland, severely, both to and of himself. Aloud: "I think I can."

"I hope so"—doubtfully. "It's very unfortunate. I . . . was running rather fast, I suppose, and didn't see the slope until too late. Now," opening her hands in a gesture ingeniously charming with its suggestion of helplessness and dependence, "I don't know what can be the matter with the machine."

"I'm coming down," announced Maitland briefly. "Wait."

"Thank you, I shall."

She laughed, and Maitland could have blushed for his inanity; happily he had action to cloak his embarrassment. In a twinkling he was at the water's edge, pausing there to listen, with admirable docility, to her plaintive objection: "But you'll get wet and—run your things. I can't ask that of you."

He chuckled, by way of reply, slapping gallantly into the shallows and courageously wading out to the side of the car. Whereupon he was advised in tones of flustered indignation:

"You simply wouldn't listen to me! And I warned you! Now you're soaking wet and will certainly catch your death of cold, and—what can I do? Truly, I am sorry."

Here the young man lost track of her remark. He was looking up into the shadow of the motoring cap, discovering things; for the shadow was set at naught by the moon lust that, reflected from the surface of the stream, invested with a gentle and glamorous radiance the face that bent above him. And he caught at his breath sharply, direct fears confirmed: She was pretty indeed—perfection pretty. The firm, resolute chin, the sensitive, sweet line of scarlet lips, the straight little nose, the brows delicately arched, the large, alert, tawny eyes with the dangerous sweet shadows beneath, the glint as of raw copper where her hair caught the light—Maitland appreciated them all far too well, and clutched nervously the rail of the seat, trying to steady himself, to recollect his routed wits and consider sensibly that it all was due to the magic of the moon, belike; the witchery of this apparition that looked down into his eyes so gravely.

"Of course," he mumbled, "it's too beautiful to endure. Of course it will all fade, vanish utterly in the cold light of day."

Above him, perplexed brows gathered ominously. "I beg pardon?"

"I—er—yes," he stammered at random.

"You—er—what?"

Positively, she was laughing at him! He, Maitland the exquisite, Mad Maitland the imperturbable, was being laughed at by a mere child, a girl scarcely out of her teens. He glanced upward, caught her eye gleam with merriment, and looked away with much vain dignity.

"I was saying," he manufactured, "that I did not mind the wetting in the least. I'm happy to be of service."

"You weren't saying anything of the sort," she contradicted, calmly. "However—"

She paused significantly.

Maitland experienced an instantaneous sensation as of furtive guilt, decidedly the reverse of comfortable. He shuffled uneasily. There was a brief silence, on her part expectant, on his, blank. His mental attitude remained hopeless; for some mysterious reason his nonchalance had deserted him in the hour of his supermost need; not in all his experience did he remember anything like this—awkward.

The river purled indifferently about his calves; a vagrant breeze disturbed the tree tops and died of sheer lassitude; Time plodded on with measured stride. Then, abruptly, full-winged inspiration was born out of the chaos of his mind. Listening intently, he glanced with covert suspicion at the bridge; it proved unattended, inoffensive of mien; nor arose there any sound of hoof or wheel upon the highway. Again he looked up at the girl; and found her in thoughtful mood, frowning, regarding him steadily beneath level brows.

He assumed a disarming levity of demeanor, smiling winningly. "There's only one way," he suggested—not too archly—and extended his arms.

"Indeed?" She considered him with pardonable dubiety.

Instantly his purpose became as adamant.

"I must carry you. It's the only way."

"Oh, indeed no! I—couldn't impose upon you. I'm—very heavy, you know."

"Never mind," firmly insistent. "You can't stay here all night, of course."



He Began to Wade Cautiously Shoreward.

"But are you sure?" (She was yielding!) "I don't like to—"

He shook his head, careful to restrain the twitching corners of his lips.

"It will take but a moment," he urged, gravely. "And I'll be quite careful."

"Well—" She perceived that, with not right, he was stubborn; and with a final small gesture of deprecation, weakly surrendered. "I'm sorry to be such a nuisance," she murmured, rising and gathering skirts about her.

Maitland stoutly denied the hideous insinuation. "I am only too glad—"

She balanced herself lightly upon the step. He moved nearer and assured himself of a firm foothold on the pebbly river bed. She sank gracefully into his arms, proving a considerable burden—weightier, in fact, than he had anticipated. He was somewhat staggered; it seemed that he embraced countless yards of ruffles and things ballasted with (at a shrewd guess) lead. He swayed.

Then, recovering his equilibrium, he incautiously glanced into her eyes. And lost it again, completely.

"I was mistaken," he told himself; "daylight will but enhance—"

She held herself considerably still, perhaps wondering why he made no move. Perhaps otherwise; there is reason to believe that she may have suspected—being a woman.

At length: "Is there anything I can do," she inquired, meekly, "to make it easier for you?"

"I'm afraid," he replied, attitude apologetic, "that I must ask you to put your arm around my neck—my shoulder. It would be more natural."

"Oh."

The monosyllable was heavy with meaning—with any one of a dozen meanings, in truth. Maitland debated the most obvious. Did she conceive he had insinuated that it was his habit to ferry armfuls of attractive femininity over rocky fords by the light of a midnight moon?

No matter. While he thought it out, she was consenting. Presently a slender arm was passed round his neck. Having awaited only that, he began to wade cautiously shoreward; the distance lessened perceptibly, but he contemplated the decreasing interval without joy, for all that she was of an appreciable weight. For all burdens there are compensations.

Unconsciously, inevitably, her head sank toward his shoulder; he was aware of her breath, fragrant and warm, upon his cheek. He stopped abruptly, cold chills running up and down his back; he gritted his teeth; he shuddered perceptibly.

"What is the matter?" she demanded, deeply concerned, but at pains not to stir.

Maitland made a strange noise with his tongue behind clenched teeth. "Urrrrgh," he said distinctly.

She lifted her head, startled; relief followed, intense and instantaneous.

"I'm sorry," he muttered, humbly, face aflame, "but you . . . tickled."

"I'm—so—sorry!" she gasped, violently agitated. And laughed a low, almost a silent, little laugh, as with deft fingers she tucked away the errant lock of hair.

"Ass!" Maitland told himself, fiercely, striding forward.

In another moment they were on dry land. The girl slipped from his arms and faced him, eyes dancing, cheeks crimson, lips a tense, quivering, scarlet line. He met this with a rueful smile.

"But—thank you—but," she gasped, explosively, "it was so funny!"

Wounded dignity melted before her laughter. For a time, there in the moonlight, under the scornful regard of the disabled motor car's twin head-lights, these two rocked and shrieked,

while the silent night flung back disdainful echoes of their mad laughter.

Perhaps the insane incongruity of their performance first became apparent to the girl; she, at all events, was the first to control herself. Maitland subsided, rumbling, while she dabbed at her eyes with a wisp of lace and linen.

"Forgive me," she said, faintly, at length. "I didn't mean to—"

"How could you help it? Who'd expect a hulking brute like myself to be ticklish?"

"You are awfully good," she countered more calmly.

"Don't say that. I'm a clumsy lout. But—" He held her gaze inquiringly. "But may I ask—"

"Oh, of course—certainly; I am—was—bound for Greenpoint on the Sound—"

"Ten miles!" he interrupted. "The corners of her red lips drooped; her brows puckered with dismay. Instinctively she glanced toward the water-bound car.

"What am I to do?" she cried. "Ten miles! . . . I could never walk it, never in the world! You see, I went to town to-day to do a little shopping. As we were coming home the chauffeur was arrested for careless driving. He had bumped a delivery wagon over—it wasn't really his fault. I telephoned home for somebody to bail him out, and my father said he would come in. Then I dined, returned to the police station and waited. Nobody came. I couldn't stay there all night. I phoned to everybody I knew, until my money gave out; no one was in town. At last, in desperation, I started home alone."

Maitland nodded his comprehension. "Your father?" he hinted delicately.

"Judge Wentworth," she explained, hastily. "We've taken the Grover place at Greenpoint for the season."

"I see"—thoughtfully. And this was the girl who he had believed had been in his rooms that evening, in his absence! Oh, clearly, that was impossible. Her tone rang with truth.

She interrupted his train of thought with a cry of despair. "What will they think!"

"I dare say," he ventured hopefully. "I could hire a team at some farm house—"

"But the delay! It's so late already!"

Undeniably late; one o'clock at the earliest. A thought longer Maitland hung in lack of purpose, then without a word of explanation turned and again began to wade out.

"What do you mean to do?" she cried, surprised.

"See what's the trouble," he called back. "I know a bit about motors. Perhaps—"

"Then—but why—"

She stopped; and Maitland forbore to encourage her to round out her question. It was no difficult matter to supply the missing words. Why had he not thought of investigating the motor before insisting that he must carry her ashore?

The humiliating conviction forced itself upon him that he was not figuring to great advantage in this adventure. Distinctly a humiliating sensation to one who ordinarily was by way of having a fine conceit of himself. It requires a certain amount of egotism to enable one to play the exquisite to one's personal satisfaction; Maitland had enjoyed the possession of that certain amount; therefore his approval of self had been passably entire. Now—he could not deny—the boor had shown up through the polish of the bean.

Intolerable! thought! "Cad!" exclaimed Maitland, bitterly. This all was due to hasty jumping at conclusions; if he had not chosen to believe a young and charming girl identical with an adventuress, this thing had not happened and he had still retained his own good will. For one little moment he despised himself heartily—one little moment of clear insight into self was his. And forthwith he began to meditate apologies, formulating phrases designed to prove adequate without sounding exaggerated and insincere.

By this time he had reached the car, and—through sheer blundering luck—at once stumbled upon the seat of trouble—a clogged valve in the carburetor. No serious matter; with the assistance of a repair kit more than commonly complete, he had the valve clear in a jiffy.

News of this triumph he shouted to the girl, receiving in reply an "Oh, thank you!" so fervently grateful that he felt more guilty than ever.

Ruminating unhappily on the end of contemplated absolution, he waited round the car, satisfied himself that there was nothing else out of gear; and apprehensively cranked up. Whereupon the motor began to hum contentedly; all was well. Flushed with this success, Maitland climbed aboard and opened the throttle a trifle. The car moved. And then, with a swish, a gurgle, and a watery whoosh! it surged forward, up, out of the river, gallantly up the slope.

At the top the amateur chauffeur shut down the throttle and jumped out, turning to face the girl. She was by the car almost before he could offer a hand to help her in, and as she paused to render him his due of thanks, it became evident that she harbored little if any resentment; eyes shining, face aglow with gratitude, she dropped him a droll but graceful courtesy.

"You are too good!" she declared with spirit. "How can I thank you?"

"You might," he suggested, looking down into her face from his superior height, "give me a bit of a lift—just a couple of miles up the road. Though," he supplemented eagerly, "if you'd really prefer, I should be only too happy to drive the car home for you?"

"Two miles, did you say?"

He fancied something odd in her tone; besides, the question was superfluous. His eyes informed with puzzlement, he replied: "Why, yes—that much, more or less. I live—"

"Of course," she put in quickly, "I'll give you the lift—only too glad. But as for your taking me home at this hour, I can't hear of that."

"But—"

"Besides, what would people say?" she countered, obstinately. "Oh, no, she decided; and he felt that from this decision there would be no appeal; 'I couldn't think of interfering with your . . . arrangements.'"

Her eyes held his for a single instant, instinct with mischief, gleaming with bewildering light from out a face schooled to gravity. Maitland experienced a sensation of having grasped after and missed a subtlety of allusion; his wits, keen as they were, recoiled, baffled by her finesse. And the more he divined that she was playing with him, as an experienced swordsman might play with an impertinent novice, the denser his confusion grew.

"But I have no arrangements—" he stammered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FIGHTING AT JUAREZ.

First Encounter Results in Nothing But Harmless Exhibition.

El Paso, Feb. 8.—The first battle of Juarez between federal troops and insurrectionists was exhibited here today. "Exhibited" is the proper word, for no one was hurt on either side, and the "exhibition" was viewed by a thousand or more El Pasoans, who lined the bank of the Rio Grande on the American side, about three miles west of this city.

The exchange of missiles occupied about 15 minutes, during which about 200 shots were fired. According to Pascual Orozco, leader of the insurrectos, his men fired only 50 of these. He declared that the federals got away so fast that they were out of range before more could be fired at them.

Tonight the federals are behind the walls of the cathedral of Guadalupe, the barracks and the building of Juarez, across the river from here. Orozco remains in possession of the position which he occupied at noon and held against the federal advance. He declared in an interview with the Associated Press correspondent that he firmly intends to attack Juarez, but that he awaited the arrival of General Blanco with 350 men. He said that he looked for the latter at any moment.

Orozco's present force in the vicinity of Juarez numbers between 600 men—probably 550. Of these, 320 were with him in the skirmish this afternoon. The federal force, by actual count, numbered 184—100 soldiers and 84 mounted infantry. They took with them no artillery and Orozco has none.

Orozco quit the ranch during the forenoon and by moving through the deep arroyos which scar the desert everywhere, reached a new position on the hills along the river across from the summit of the mountain. Here the correspondents who had been on his trail since daybreak discovered him. He carried a rifle, like his men. He answered questions only after deliberation and often evasively.

He was of no mind to betray his plans. He borrowed some ink for his fountain pen and also a writing tablet. He expressed a wish to visit El Paso to get a "square meal."

PRELIMINARY WORK BEGINS.

National Irrigation Congress Establishes Headquarters in Chicago.

Chicago.—Arthur Hooker, secretary of the 19th National Irrigation Congress, which will have its next sessions in Chicago, December 5 to 9, has established executive offices at 214 Hotel La Salle, where the organization will make its headquarters until after the close of the convention.

"The preliminary work for the coming congress is well under way," said Secretary Hooker, "and we expect to begin our campaign for foreign delegates within 30 days. Dr. E. McQueen Gray, of Albuquerque, N. M., the foreign secretary of our organization, who has been in correspondence with many representatives during the last three or four months, is hopeful that the foreign delegation in Chicago next December will be larger than ever before."

"The board of governors of the congress, headed by R. Insinger, of Spokane, Wash., is actively at work, and with the assistance given by the Chicago board of control and our members the coming convention should be of vital interest and influence."

SHIP STRIKES; ALL SAFE.

Steamer Victoria in Blinding Snow Hits Rocks.

Cordova, Alaska.—The steel steamship Victoria, of the Alaska Steamship company's fleet, went on the rocks on Hinchbrook island in a thick snow storm Tuesday night.

The Victoria, which was carrying passengers and freight from Seattle, hung on the rocks a short time, the rising tide lifting her off. A large hole was crushed in her bow and she made water rapidly, but the forward bulkhead held, and Captain Davis at once crowded on all steam and headed the damaged vessel for Nuchuck bay, where she arrived safely.

As soon as the Victoria struck the rocks, wireless calls were sent out. These were picked up by the navy wireless station here and by the operator on the steamship Bertha, of the Alaska Coast company's fleet. The Bertha was only ten miles from the Victoria, and hurried at once to the imperiled vessel's assistance.

Grain Exporters Complain.

Washington.—Kerr, Gifford & Co. and Balfour Guthrie & Co., of Portland, have filed a complaint with the interstate commerce commission against the O. W. R. & N., alleging that that company does not expend sufficient money in fixing up cars for carrying grain. Under its rules the O. W. R. & N. agrees to expend only \$2 per car in making them available for cargoes of grain, and it is alleged in the complaint that there is frequently much loss of freight in transit.

Roosevelt Dam is Ready.

Washington.—The Roosevelt dam, part of the Salt River irrigation project in Arizona, has been completed and will be opened on March 10. According to a statement issued by the reclamation service, the last stone was placed in position in the parapet walls February 5. The exercises in connection with the opening will continue three days. Ex-President Roosevelt will be present, together with Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Ethel and her son, Archie. The dam is 284 feet high. It is 1080 feet long on top, covered by a 20-foot roadway.

King's Critic Is Banned.

Paris.—A threatened British boycott has made it necessary for Edward H. James to find another printer for the Liberator. The printing firm that has been doing the work notified him that they had been informed by a deputation from the British Chamber of Commerce here that if they continued the publication of the paper that libeled King George, they would cause the establishment to lose other and more important business.

Jealousy Killed in Montana.

Helena, Mont.—The house killed the woman suffrage bill by refusing to reconsider the vote by which it failed of a two-thirds majority.

DAILY DOINGS OF OREGON STATE LAWMAKERS AT SALEM

Salem, Feb. 7.—Without a dissenting vote the resolution carrying the proposed amendment for the repeal of the single tax county option amendment passed the senate this afternoon. The sister resolution also passed after a struggle.

The amendment calling for the repeal of the single tax plan not only received unanimous favor in the senate, but was championed by two of the progressive leaders, Dimick and McCulloch. Dimick assailed the single tax plan as a political fraud upon the people and denounced as well, the men who perpetrated the fraud with bitter invective.

"I tell you this state house is full of spies. You can find them in every corner and they are camping on every trail."

That was the allegation hurled to night by Senator Abraham before the committee on revision of laws, when discussion was up on the selling bill for the creation of a public examiner.

The selling bill provides for the appointment of an examiner for two years and then the office is to become elective.

The tariff issue was precipitated into the house this morning in the form of a memorial to President Taft, asking for a special session of congress to revise the tariff. The memorial was presented by Derby of Hood River and Fouts of Multnomah and will undoubtedly lead to a spirited debate.

Giving the Oregon Agricultural College every cent it requested, \$570,000, the ways and means committee adjourned late tonight without accomplishing any great inroad on the asylum and general appropriation bill. Salary bills have been gone over, but the heavy ones are being reserved to the last.

Salem, Feb. 6.—Senator Chase's bill to protect school children from pupils who appeared at school carrying vermin, or who are in an unsanitary condition, passed the senate today without opposition.

Swarming the library, a delegation appeared before the committee on commerce and navigation tonight for the purpose of attacking the eight-hour bill of Dimick. Superintendents of Oregon City mills, attorneys, employees and others appeared, outlining conditions at the mill.

Admission was made in one or two instances of long 14 and 18 and 24-hour shifts, but as a general rule the testimony simmered down to detailed explanation of the manner in which men are required to handle machinery and the sanitary conditions surrounding them in the mills at Oregon City.

Extended arguments for and against the employers' compensation act were made tonight before the house committee of judiciary.

Due for grilling, single taxers will receive a scoring and denunciation on the floor of the senate when the resolutions prepared by the committee on assessment and taxation are reported back. This may be tomorrow, or it may be later, Senator Kellaher of the resolutions committee not being certain when they may be returned.

The resolutions call for a repeal of the single-tax amendment and are aimed, their sponsors say, to place a safe and sane system of taxation in the constitution instead of the county tax amendment now included, which is declared to be a move fathered by faddists and theorists.

Attempt to lower the license on itinerant drug vendors from \$100 a month to a graduated scale of \$5, \$10 and \$15 monthly for different classes of such vendors failed in the senate this morning by a vote of 11 for the bill and 15 against it. The bill was introduced by Senator Barrett, of Washington, but was materially changed in committee.

Salem, Feb. 4.—Allegations that an attempted change in the water code is a move to further the plan for placing two more justices on the Supreme bench will be fought out when the proposed changes are put before the legislature, unless they are killed in committee beforehand.

Open allegations of dishonesty, charges that Dairy and Food Commissioner Bailey had purchased furniture with money of the state and exchanged it for secondhand goods, and a declaration by Governor West that if any dishonest acts by Bailey are found to have been committed in Marion county that a grand jury investigation will be conducted here, were developments this afternoon in connection with the investigation of Bailey's office by a joint legislative committee. The session was also marked by lively tilts between Bailey's counsel and committee members.

Anonymous 24-page pamphlets, assailing the management of the State insane asylum and the treatment of patients in that institution, appeared today on the desks of the members of both houses.

The authorship of the pamphlets evidently rests with Carl Free, now residing at Los Angeles, from the fact that in the same mail in which the pamphlets were delivered came a signed letter from Free, dated Los Angeles, January 20. The text of the

Governor Would Get Action.

Salem, Feb. 2.—Recommending that the office of state dairy and food commissioner either be abolished or that the present incumbent, J. W. Bailey, be removed, Governor Oswald West sent a special message to the legislature late this afternoon. The message sets forth the charges that have been made against Bailey by his deputies and by the press, and calls attention to the fact that the expenditures of the office in late years have not been commensurate with the benefits and that the governor wants the legislature to act.

Corporation Commission Approved.

Salem, Feb. 2.—By unanimous vote of the four members of the senate railroad committee present, the Malarkey idea of a state-wide commission for regulation of public service corporations has been approved. The meeting was held just before 2 o'clock this afternoon with chairman Kellaher absent. Kellaher is a champion of the local idea, but was alone in his views on the committee. He was notified of the meeting but failed to appear.

Jealousy of Governor West.

Salem, Feb. 7.—Believing Governor West would receive credit from the people of the state for inspiring through his special message the investigation into the office of State Dairy and Food Commissioner J. W. Bailey, members of the Bowerman wing in the senate and house attacked the committees which made the inquiry during the session this morning and attempted to prevent the legislators from receiving the report.

letter makes reference to various charges contained in the pamphlet.

In company with President J. H. Ackerman, Representatives Chittin, Abbott, Mann and Reynolds, members of the house ways and means committee, visited the Monmouth normal school today and went over the buildings and grounds. While the members were noncommittal as to what may be done for the school, they feel that the equipment is not adequate.

Salem, Feb. 3.—All of the official acts of Jay Bowerman as acting governor, which under the law are required to be attested by the secretary of state to be valid, such as all commissions, pardons and appointments of all kinds, are void, according to the opinion of both the governor's office and secretary of state's office, expressed today.

For this reason all notarial commissions and appointments made by Acting Governor Bowerman are invalidated and can be affirmed only by reissuance of the commissions by Governor West or by a curative act of the legislature assembly, affirming all the actions of the acting governor so attested by the secretary of state.

Two bills have been introduced in the legislature attempting to authorize an assistant secretary of state to act in the absence of the secretary of state. One such bill was introduced in the senate by Senator Bowerman of Gilliam, Sherman and Wheeler counties and the other in the house by representative Derby of Hood River and Wasco.

Representative Steelhammer's bill to require engineers and signal boys working on donkey engines in logging camps to be 18 years of age or older, met determined opposition when it came up for passage in the senate yesterday afternoon. Senator Lester of Clatsop, who is engaged in logging, said that boys are perfectly competent to do signal work, and that to shut them out would cause hardship for families dependent upon such support.

Members of the house indulged in some choice personalities yesterday afternoon before they could decide to adjourn until Monday instead of Saturday, in the course of which Huntington of Douglas grew angry and declared that Fouts of Multnomah was using "horseplay" and acting like a "fool."

Salem, Feb. 2.—House bill No. 98, presented by Buchanan of Douglas, and automatically regulating the salaries of county officers, tried to ride the waves in the lower house yesterday afternoon, and several times approached perilously near the capsizing stage. Finally it appeared that even with smooth and experienced hand of the Douglas county man at the tiller it could not survive, and Buchanan succeeded in getting it back to the salaries committee.

Friends and opponents of the bills of the state good roads association, in a forerunner of what is to come, engaged in a skirmish in the house this morning. Those favorable to the bills desired to have them considered in committee of the whole Saturday morning, but they lost by a few votes.

Senator Dimick of Clackamas received a dressing down from President Selling this morning, when he attempted to have his eight-hour bill, which was recalled from the house, reconsidered and referred yesterday, changed from the committee on commerce and navigation to the industries committee.

Dimick charged the bill had been taken from the industries committee, of which he is a member, and sent to the commerce and labor committee, of which Nottingham is a member, by request of Nottingham, in an irregular way.

The senate this afternoon voted to adjourn until Monday.

Salem, Feb. 1.—Senator Joseph contributed four new bills to the senate late this morning, the only new measures presented. One of these is a duplicate of a bill introduced in the house, increasing the membership of the Supreme court by two.

Another provides that two terms of the State Supreme court shall be held in Portland each year, the expense of the justices to \$5,000, the extra \$500 being intended to cover the additional expense entailed.

A third bill adds to the recall provisions for payment of the expense for public meetings, not to exceed \$10 for each precinct in the district affected.

The other bill provides the time for appeal from a judgment shall not run until a motion for new trial has been decided.

The house bill providing for the purchase of ferry slips and operation of a ferry at St. Johns has been favorably recommended to the senate.

A bill allowing the deposit of state school funds by the state land board in any recognized state depository was among those passed by the senate. It meets the condition raised by the decision in the J. Thorburn Ross case so the state may derive interest from this money.

Sailor Boarding House Doomed.

Salem, Feb. 7.—The doom of the sailor boarding house as it is now known to Portland was sounded yesterday when the senate by unanimous vote passed Representative Abbott's bill placing the license fee for such houses at \$250 and divorcing the shipping of sailors from the boarding house business. The bill now goes to the governor. Without the remunerative business of shipping the sailors at \$30 each, the boarding house will lose its glory as a profit making institution.

Jealousy of Governor West.