

The BRASS BOWL

PICTURES BY A. Weil

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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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 prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Hannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Brentwood, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met a young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Don't!" she insisted—much as to say that he was fabricating and she knew it! "We must hurry, you know because . . . There, I've dropped my handkerchief! By the tree, there. Do you mind—" "Of course not." He set off swiftly toward the point indicated, and on reaching it cast about vainly for anything in the nature of a handkerchief. In the midst of which futile quest a change of tempo in the motor's impetuous drumming surprised him. Started, he looked up. Too late; the girl was in the seat, the car in motion—already some yards from the point at which he had left it. Dismayed, he strode forward, raising his voice in perturbed expostulation. "But—I say!"

CHAPTER VII.

"Handsome Dan."

Standing in the middle of the road, watching the dust cloud that trailed the fast disappearing motor car, Mr. Maitland cut a figure sufficiently forlorn and disconsolate to have distilled pity from the least sympathetic heart. His hands were thrust stiffly at full arm's length into his trousers pockets; a rumpled silk hat was set awry on the back of his head; his shirt bosom was sadly crumpled; above the knees, to a casual glance, he presented the appearance of a man carefully attired in evening dress; below, his legs were sodden and muddled, his shoes of patent leather, twin wrecks. Alas for jaunty and elegance, alack for ease and aplomb!

"Tricked," observed Maitland, casually, and protruded his lower lip, thus adding to the length of a countenance naturally long. "Outwitted by a bit of a girl! Dammit!"

But this was crude melodrama. Realizing which, he strove to smile; a sorry failure.

"Handsome Dan," quoted he; and cocking his head to one side eyed the road inquiringly. "Where in thunder d'you suppose she got hold of that name?"

Bestowed upon him in callow college days, it had stuck burr-like for many a weary year. Of late, however, its use had lapsed among his acquaintances; he had begun to congratulate himself upon having lived it down. And now it was resurrected, flung at him in sincerest mockery by a woman whom, to his knowledge, he had never before laid eyes upon. Odious appellation, hateful invention of an ingenious enemy!

"Handsome Dan!" She must have known me all the time—all the time I was making an exhibition of myself. . . . Wentworth? I know no one of that name. Who the dickens can she be?"

It had not been contrary to his code of ethics, he would gladly have raved, gnashed his teeth, foisted the dance of rage with his shadow. Indeed, his restraint was admirable, the circumstances considered. He did nothing whatever but stand still for a matter of five minutes, vainly racking his memory for a clue to the identity of "Miss Wentworth."

At length he gave it up in despair and abstractedly felt for his watch box. Which wasn't there. Neither investigation developed, was the watch. At which crowning stroke of misfortune—the timepiece must have slipped from his pocket into the water while he was tinkering with that infamous carburetor—Maitland turned eloquently red in the face.

"The price," he meditated aloud, with an effort to resume his pose, "is a high one to pay for a wave of a gray glove and the echo of a pretty laugh."

With which final fling at Fortune he set off again for Maitland Manor, trudging heavily but at a round pace through the dust that soon settled upon the damp cloth of his trousers legs and completed their ruination. But Maitland went beyond being disturbed by such trifles. A woman vainly engaged his solitude to the exclusion of all other interests.

At the end of 45 minutes he had covered the remaining distance between Greenfield station and Maitland Manor. For five minutes more he strode wearily over the side path by the box hedge which set aside his ancestral acres from the public highway. At length, with an exclamation, he paused at the first opening in the living barrier; a wide entrance from which a blue stone carriage drove wound away to the house, invisible in the waning light, situate in the shelter of the grove of trees that studied the lawn.

"Gasoline! Brrr!" said Maitland, shuddering and shivering with the combination of a nauseous odor and the night's coolness—the latter by now making itself as unpleasantly prominent as the former.

Though he hated the smell with all his heart, manfully inconsistent he raised his head, sniffing the air for

further evidence; and got his reward in a sickening gust.

"Tank leaked," he commented with brevity. "Quart of the stuff must have trickled out right here. Ugh! If it goes on at this rate, there'll be another breakdown before she gets home." And, "Serve her right, too!" he growled, vindictive.

But for all his indignation he acknowledged a sneaking wish that he might be at hand again, in such event, a second time to give gratuitous service to his gray lady.

Analyzing this frame of mind (not without surprise and some disdain of him who weakly entertained it) he crossed the drive and struck in over the lawn, shaping his course direct for the front entrance of the house.

By dead reckoning the hour was two, or something later; and a chill was stealing in upon the land, wafted gently southward from Long Island sound. All the world beside himself seemed to slumber, breathless, insensate. Wrath-like, gray shreds of mist drifted between the scuffed holes of trees, or, rising, veiled the moon's wan and pallid face, that now was low upon the horizon. In silent rivalry lone and velvet-black shadows skulked



At That Very Moment the Safe Was Being Attacked.

across the ample breadths of bird-drenched grass. Somewhere a dew stirred on its unseen perch, chirping sleepily; and in the rap silence the inconsiderable interruption broke with startling stress.

In time—not long—the house lifted into view; a squat, rambling block of home-grown architecture with little to recommend it save its keen associations and its comfort. At the edge of the woods the lord and master paused indefinitely, with little purpose, surveying idly the pale, columned facade, and wondering whether or not his entrance at that ungodly hour would rouse the staff of house servants. If it did not—he contemplated with mild amusement the prospect of their surprise when, morning come, they should find the owner in occupation.

"Bannerman was right," he conceded; "any—"

The syllables died upon his lips; his gaze became fixed; his heart thumped wildly for an instant, then rested still; and instinctively he held his breath, tiptoeing to the edge of the veranda the better to command a view of the library windows.

These opened from ceiling to floor and should by right have presented to his vision a blank expanse of dark glass. But, oddly enough, even while thinking of his lawyer's warning, he had fancied. . . . "Ah!" said Maitland, softly.

A disk of white light, perhaps a foot or 18 inches in diameter, had flitted swiftly across the glass and vanished.

"Ah, ah! The devil, the devil!" murmured the young man, unconsciously.

The light appeared again, dancing sideward the inner wall of the room, and was lost as abruptly as before. On impulse Maitland buttoned his top coat across his chest, turning up the collar to hide his linen, darted stealthily a yard or two to one side, and with one noiseless bound reached the floor of the veranda. A breath later he stood by the front door, where, at first glance, he discovered the means of entrance used by the midnight marauder; the doors stood ajar, a black interval showing between them.

So that, then, was the way! Cautiously Maitland put a hand upon the knob and pushed.

A sharp, penetrating squeak brought

him to an abrupt standstill, heart hammering spasmodically. Gaining himself to spring, if need be, he crept back toward the library windows, and reconnoitering cautiously determined the fact that the bolts had just been withdrawn on the inside of one window frame, which was swinging wide.

"It's a wise crook that provides his own quick exit," considered Maitland.

The sagacious one was not, apparently, leaving at that moment. On the contrary, having made all things ready for a hurried flight upon the first alarm, the intruder turned back, as was clearly indicated by the motion of the light within. The click of steel touching steel became audible; and Maitland nodded. Bannerman was indeed justified; at that very moment the safe was being attacked.

Maitland returned noiselessly to the door. His month had settled into a hard, unyielding, thin line; and a dangerous light flickered in his eyes. "Temporarily the idler had stepped aside, giving place to the real man that was Maitland—the man ready to fight for his own, naked hands against firearms, if it need be. True, he had but to step into the gunroom to find weapons in plenty; but these must be then loaded to be of service, and precious moments wasted in the process—moments in which the burglar might gain access to and make off with his booty.

Maitland had no notion whatever of permitting anything of the sort to occur. He counted upon taking his enemy unawares, difficult as he believed such a feat would be, in the case of a professional cracksmen.

Down the hallway he groped his way to the library door, his fingers at length encountering its panels; it was closed, doubtless secured upon the inside, the slightest movement of the handle was calculated to alarm the

old, feeling for the electric light switch. Unhappily he missed this at the first cast, and—heard from within a quick, deep hiss of breath. Something had put the burglar on guard.

Another instant wasted, and it would be too late. The young man had to chance it. And he did, without further hesitation stepping boldly into the danger zone at the same time making one final, desperate pass at the spot where the switch should have been—and missing it. On the instant there came a click of a different caliber from those that had preceded it. A revolver had been cocked, somewhere there in the blank darkness.

Maitland knew enough not to move. In another respect the warning came too late; his fingers had found the switch at last, and automatically had turned it.

The glare was blinding, momentary; but the flash and report for which Maitland waited did not come. When his eyes had adjusted themselves to the suddenly altered conditions, he saw, directly before him and some six feet distant, a woman's slight figure, dark cloaked, resolute upon its two feet, head framed in veiling, features effectually disguised in a motor mask whose round, staring goggles shone blankly in the warm white light.

On her part, she seemed to recognize him instantaneously. On his . . . it may as well be admitted that Maitland's wits were gone wool-gathering, temporarily at least; a state of mind not un pardonable when it is taken into consideration that he was called upon to grapple with and simultaneously to assimilate three momentous facts. For the first time in his life he found himself nose to nose with a revolver, and that one of able-bodied and respect-compelling proportions.

For the first time in his life, again, he was under necessity of dealing with a woman. . . . But, notwithstanding . . . he found the fact that this housebreaker, this armed midnight marauder, was a woman! And so it was not altogether fearlessness that made him to all intents and purposes ignore the weapon; it is nothing to his credit for courage if his eyes struck past the black and deadly mouth of the revolver and looked only into the blank and expressionless eyes of the wind mask; it was not lack of respect for his skin's integrity, but the sheer, tremendous wonder of it all, that rendered him oblivious to the eternity that lay the other side of a slender, trembling finger tip.

And so he stared, agape, until presently the weapon wavered and was lowered and the woman's voice, touched with irony, brought him to his senses.

"Oh," she remarked, coolly, "it's only you."

Thunderstruck, he was able no more than to parrot the pronoun: "You—you!"

"Were you expecting to meet any one else, here, to-night?" she inquired in suave mockery.

He left his shoulders helplessly, and tried to school his tongue to coherence. "I confess. . . . Well, certainly I didn't count on finding you here, Miss Wentworth. And the black cloak, you know—"

"Reversible, of course; gray inside, as you see—Handsome Dan!" The girl laughed quietly, drawing aside an edge of the garment to reveal its inner face of silken gray and the fluted ruffles of the gray skirt underneath.

He nodded appreciation of the device, his mind now busy with speculations as to what he should do with the girl, now that he had caught her. At the same time he was vaguely vexed by her persistent repetition of the obnoxious nickname.

"Handsome Dan," he iterated all but mechanically. "Why do you call me that, please? Have we met before? I could swear, never before this night!"

"But you are altogether too modest," she laughed. "Not that it's a bad trait in the character of a professional. . . . But really! It seems a bit incredible that any one so widely advertised as Handsome Dan. Anisty should feel surprise at being recognized. Why, your portrait and biography have commanded space in every yellow journal in America recently!"

And, dropping the revolver into a pocket in her cloak, "I was afraid you might be a servant—or even Maitland," she diverted the subject, with a nod.

"But—but if you recognized me as Anisty, back there by the ford, didn't you suspect I'd drop in on you—"

"Why, of course! Didn't you all but tell me that you were coming here?"

"But—"

"I thought perhaps I might get through before you came, Mr. Anisty; but I knew all the time that, even if you did manage to surprise me—er—on the job, you wouldn't call the police." She laughed confidently, and—oddly enough—at the same time nervously. "You are certainly a very bold man, and as surely a very careless one, to run around the way you do without so much as troubling to grow a beard or a mustache, after such a picture has been published broadcast."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

erating another and better plan, hazy in mind a short passageway connecting library and smoking room. In the library itself a heavy tapestry curtain hid its opening, while an equally heavy portiere took the place of a door at the other end. In the natural order of things a burglar would overlook this.

Inch by inch the young man edged into the smoking room, the door to which provisionally stood unclosed. Once within, it was but a moment's work to feel his way to the velvet folds and draw them aside, fortunately without rattling the brass rings from which the curtain depended. And then Maitland was in the passage, actually on the alert, recognizing from the continued click of metal that his antagonist-to-be was still at his difficult task. Inch by inch—there was the tapestry! Very gently the householder pushed it aside.

An insidious aroma of scorching varnish (the dark lantern) penetrated the passage while he stood on its thresh-

old, feeling for the electric light switch. Unhappily he missed this at the first cast, and—heard from within a quick, deep hiss of breath. Something had put the burglar on guard.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Must Attempt to Find Owner

Only Thing to Do When One Picks Up Lost Property.

When one is on the public thoroughfare or in the street car or train or boat and picks up an object that is valuable, is it his?

True, he may find something which is too small and trifling to warrant searching to find the owner, such as a handkerchief, a pair of gloves, etc. But when he finds something of value, it is not his until he has done everything in his power to find the owner. The street railways and trains are so systematized today that if, when one finds an object of value, he returns it to the company's representative, it is almost sure to catch up with its owner. Every person of intelligence knows that the first place to inquire for it is at the lost and found department.

When, however, one is on the street and finds something which, if he lost it himself, he would very much like to have returned, there are the following

Of a newspaper in which to advertise.

If he fails to find the owner after this then he can rightfully call it his own and have a clear conscience, but if he avoids looking over the lost and found columns and fails to do his part toward finding the owner he is almost as dishonest as if he took the goods.

Only One Life.

The chief of the fire department of Philadelphia, watching a dangerous fire in that city not long ago, was amazed by the daring of a recruit in the service, a young fellow plainly of German origin.

After the fire man had emerged from his perilous position, the chief met him with many expressions of commendation and admiration.

"Well done, Hans, my boy!" exclaimed he; "but I never expected to see you alive again!"

"Alive again?" repeated the German, surprised. "Vy, I hafat been dead!"—Kochanski.

STEAMER OSKOSH LOST.

Turns Turtle Off Clatsop Beach—Engineer Alone Escapes.

Astoria, Feb. 14.—The gasoline schooner Oskosh, belonging to the Elmore fleet of coasting vessels, bound from Tillamook to the Umpqua river with a small cargo of flour, turned turtle about 10 o'clock Monday morning near the striped buoy, half a mile south of the end of the Columbia river jetty, and six of her crew, including the captain, were drowned.

The engineer, George May, being the only survivor. She left Tillamook early Saturday morning, the fact of her being lightly laden no doubt contributing greatly to the disaster.

The lost are: Captain Thomas Latham, one of the best known steamship men in this section; William R. Deane, part owner of the vessel and engineer; Al Davis, cook; Gus Chiberg and Gus Ramager, deckhands, all residents of Astoria.

About 11:20 a. m., as they were nearing the striped buoy off the end of the Columbia, the vessel suddenly broached to. She went down by the nose slowly, then settled on her side, and went completely over with a sudden plunge. Mr. May says that what happened afterward is like a dream. He managed to reach a beam in the engine room, and he crawled on top of it, and throwing his arm around the mast held on for life.

The water was up to his armpits, but there was about two and a half feet of air space. For nearly six hours he hung on in this manner, with his ear drum nearly bursting from the awful pressure of the air at the hull rolled and tossed, and faintly with hunger and weariness, until the hull was thrown upon the beach a short distance south of the jetty.

The wreck was thrown well up on the beach and he nearly sufficed by the time he was safe. He managed to break through a partition and got out on the beach, none the worse, physically, except a few bruises and from hunger and weariness, for his awful experience. This was about 2:45 p. m. He then made his way to the jetty where he was met by George Flatman, one of the engineers, and taken on a handcar to the head-quarters.

REYES PROPOSES PLAN.

Diaz' Envoy to France Recommends Conscriptio for Mexico.

Paris.—General Bernardo Reyes has completed the first part of his military mission from President Diaz, of Mexico, and gave an outline today of his conclusions. They have to do with the establishment of obligatory military service in Mexico.

The general said his ideal was a powerful army based on his suggestions and that would make possible a grand homogeneous republic free of revolution and anarchy.

General Reyes said he had no idea of returning home now, as his doing so might be interpreted as a desire on his part to profit politically by the present political chaos in Mexico.

He said he would recommend to Diaz obligatory military service for two years, with no possibility for the richer classes to hire substitutes, as has been the practice in Spain.

The greatest difficulty he had found was the refusal of the educated and more prosperous classes to mingle with the poorer.

MADERO SHAVES; ESCAPES.

Insurrecto Leader Leaves Whiskers and Statement in El Paso.

El Paso, Tex.—While United States officers were searching the city for Francisco I. Madero with a warrant for his arrest, the self-styled "provisional president" of Mexico and leader of the insurrectos, was employing shears and a safety razor upon his beard, skipped over into Mexico.

After a year of being him with organizing a revolution against a friendly nation on American soil, was not served.

Besides his whiskers, Madero left in El Paso a statement to the American public, which was given out by the insurgent junta. It hadero expressed regret that his duty to his followers in the movement against Diaz does not permit him to remain and face the charges. These, he declares, are brought about through the Diaz administration. He thanks the American people for their interest in the revolution.

Cost of Living Up to Women.

Washington.—Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, head of the bureau of chemistry and pure food expert, who is about to be married, has written a book, "The Housewife's Budget," which declares that the solution of the cost of living problem is up to the housewives.

"American women should discharge their cooks and don kitchen aprons," said Dr. Wiley. "If they did they would reduce the waste about 25 per cent. Our people should consume less meat and more vegetables. Housewives should purchase the raw broken cereals and cook them at home."

Mob Spirit Rampant.

Oklahoma City.—Mob spirit is rampant in Swanton county as a result of the fight over the removal of the county seat from Mountain Park to Snyder. County Commissioners Bull and Thompson and County Clerk Bristow are prisoners in the Mountain Park jail charged with illegally removing the county records to Snyder. Additional guards were stationed around the Mountain Park jail today, as it is feared an attempt will be made by Snyder residents to release the prisoners.

Taft Meets Boy Scouts.

Washington.—President Taft, who is honorary president of the Boy Scouts of America, gave evidence of his interest in the movement by receiving at the White House Wednesday afternoon the many leaders of the organization who are here in attendance on the first meeting of their national council. The boys, clad in regulation khaki suits, marched in procession from the New Willard hotel to the executive mansion.

Ammunition Blows Up.

Managua, Nicaragua.—Three soldiers were killed, and it is estimated 7000 rifles and 10,000,000 cartridges were destroyed, as the result of an explosion in the ammunition barracks near the palace of the president. The barracks were gutted. Search of the ruins disclosed the bodies of three soldiers, believed to have met instant death.

DAILY DOINGS OF OREGON STATE LAWMAKERS AT SALEM

Salem, Feb. 14.—The senate this morning cleared away a mass of debris which had accumulated on the desk. Almost forgotten resolutions, which had lost potency were dragged out and given the death thrust, so the decks may be cleared for the last rush of legislation. Bills postponed indefinitely included Albee's proposed regulation of street paving companies, by which they would have been required to complete contracts within six months, and Abraham's bill providing a detailed classification of railroad rates.

Another bill put to sleep was Kellaher's plan for half rates on long distance telephone lines during the night hours. Kellaher made a minority report, but gained little support. Representative Clyde's bill for free text books in the schools came from committee without recommendation. Patton's bill placing the surveyor of Marion county on a salary of \$150 per month was the only new bill passed.

By a vote of 4 to 14, the house this morning passed over Governor West's veto the bill repealing the whipping post act.

The fight to save the bill was led by its author, Buchanan of Douglas, who commented on the statement made by the governor in his veto message in which he said he had no sympathy for the wife beater.

"I also am not in sympathy with the man who will beat his wife," declared Buchanan. "But for my own respect and for the respect of the state I believe this bill should pass. I remember the last time I saw a man whipped and when the process was over there were a dozen gaping wounds on his bare back. Is that civilization?"

Salem, Feb. 13.—Two appropriation bills, carrying an aggregate of \$120,000, were killed in the senate today by indefinite postponement. One was McCulloch's, granting \$20,000 for a new bridge over Snake river in Baker county, contingent upon a like appropriation by Idaho; and the other Kellaher's bill appropriating \$100,000 for a building for the Oregon Historical society.

Other bills laid on the shelf by indefinite postponement this morning included Joseph's bill amending the registration law, which was prepared by County Clerk Fields of Multnomah, and Locke's bill requiring a deposit by abstract companies graduated upon the population of the various counties.

The plan for creation of a new water division in eastern Oregon was another bill to feel the sharp edge of the ax.

With only four votes in favor, the senate today turned down the bill increasing the membership of the supreme court by adding two new judges. Governor West has previously announced he is opposed to an increase and its passage would have invited a veto. The vote was 4 to 25, with Joseph, Malarkey, Norton and Oliver in favor.

Abraham's bill providing \$10,000 for a statue of George H. Williams in statutory hall, in Washington, where each state is allowed to honor two of its citizens, was passed with only four votes against it.

A bill providing for a second choice vote for primary candidates when the number of candidates is twice the number of offices to be filled was introduced into the house today. It is the idea of Speaker John P. Rusk and is the first bill introduced by him at this session because of his belief that there have been entirely too many presented to the lawmakers.

Salem, Feb. 11.—Inability to agree on the provisions of Gill's bill, regulating the issuance of bonds by counties for road building, again prevented the enactment by the house today of important road legislation.

Just before the house adjourned until 10 o'clock Monday morning, after spending the entire day in the consideration of road legislation, the Gill bill was referred to a special committee with instructions to incorporate an amendment which will meet the objections of the anti-Good Roads association forces. This will insure the passage Monday of the bills creating a state highway board, providing for a state highway commissioner and state aid in the building of permanent highways.

That at least two of the members of the legislature are opposed to the "salary grab" bills for county officers, which have flooded the house and the senate during the present session, is evidenced in a letter which Senator Norton and Representative Smith of Josephine have prepared for the benefit of their constituents.

Abraham's bill classifying railroads and setting forth the rates for railroads receiving a certain percentage of profits from their operation is still in railroad committee of the senate, but has not been quiescent there, as it has resulted in many warm arguments and debates.

With only one or two dissenting votes, Sutton's bill changing the present method of counting ballots in primary and general elections passed the house today. It provides that the night election boards, instead of taking up their duties when the polls are closed, shall report at their respective polling places at 9 o'clock in the morning of election day and immediately begin counting.

Good Roads Bill Again.

Salem, Feb. 9.—Consideration of all senate and house bills pertaining to construction of permanent roads will be taken up in the house at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning. Since the first of the week the advocates of the bills urged by the Good Roads association have made inroads in the opposition which for a time threatened to defeat these measures. There is still considerable opposition to the bills sent over from the senate and a lively and protracted debate is certain to attend their consideration tomorrow.

Woman Suffrage Action Proposed.

Salem, Feb. 9.—That ever-recurring subject—woman suffrage—has again invaded Oregon's legislative halls. Representative Brownhill today introduced a concurrent resolution proposing the submission to the voters in the general election next year of a constitutional amendment giving women the right to vote. The resolution goes further and would have the Oregon legislature give its endorsement to the proposed amendment.

New Inheritance Tax Law.

Salem, Feb. 14.—A new inheritance tax, framed in the office of the state treasurer and presented by Representative Beals, passed the house this morning, replacing the act at present upon the statute books. According to statements made by Beals in the house it will increase the state's revenue from \$50,000 to \$75,000 a year. One new feature is intended to protect the state from so-called fraud through the transfer of property

Salem, Feb. 10.—With friends of the senate good roads bills denouncing methods used by some of the lobbyists who have been working against them, the house took up consideration of the subject this morning. The fate of the bills at present appears to be in doubt and great fear is now expressed by many of the members that there will be no good roads legislation at this session.

The opponents of the proposed measures resorted to desperate measures last night. One of the stories they circulated was that the members of the Umatilla county committee which came up to urge the passage of the senate bills changed their minds after reaching the grounds of the subject this morning. This is absolutely denied by Chairman Mann of the house roads and highways committee, who is strongly in favor of the bills passed by the upper house.

Governor West believes that house bill 75, which amends section 4751 of Lord's Oregon laws ostensibly for the purpose of limiting the governor in appointing the members of the state board of pharmacy to registered pharmacists actively engaged in the retail drug business, affords the section named so that it does not provide for a state board of pharmacy and repeals the provisions of the old section providing for the appointment of a state board of pharmacy. It practically abolishes the state board of pharmacy.

At a meeting of the ways and means committee last night the proposed appropriation of \$200,000 for an addition to the capitol for the purpose of housing the state library was cut to \$150,000. Whether the money will be spent for an addition to the present capitol grounds will include the purchase of more land is yet undecided.

Salem, Feb. 9.—Abandoning all hope of increasing the membership of the supreme court and providing two additional judges at the Multnomah county circuit court, the advocates of an increased judiciary have concentrated their efforts and will make a determined fight to secure one more circuit judge for Multnomah county.

Four public utility bills were reported today to the house with the recommendation that it be made a special order. This the house refused to do and it was referred to the committee on railways and transportation, to which committee Senator Malarkey's bill for a statewide commission will also be referred when it comes over from the senate.

Representative Huntington has introduced a bill abolishing "Blank A," now used by non-registered electors in qualifying as voters, and providing that in the future, only registered electors shall be allowed to participate in primary and general elections.

All employers will be required to allow their employees not less than four hours away from their work to vote in primary, general and presidential election. A bill presented by Representative Clyde becomes a law. Penalties provided for violation of act are fines of from \$500 to \$1000 and county jail imprisonment not exceeding six months.

Conflicting reports as to the suitability of the site purchased for a branch insane asylum at Pendleton appeared at the capitol today. The report of the joint legislative committee, presented to the legislature, approves the site selected and declares it the most favorable and appropriate of those available. In the report filed simultaneously with Governor West, the committee, consisting of former superintendents of the asylum, named on the committee by the governor, finds that the site purchased by the state is not convenient or practicable for the purposes for which it was bought.

Salem, Feb. 8.—Denounced by several republicans as a purely political move, backed by the "old guard," the bill creating the office of assistant secretary of state and providing that he shall discharge the duties of the secretary and sit on the board of control during his absence, passed the house this morning. Thirty-two voted for it and 25 against, indicating that it will fall should the governor use his veto power.

Most of the morning was consumed in the debate, with Fouts, Amme and Cottel of Multnomah, Brownhill of Yamhill and Derby of Hood River leading in the attack. Practically all of those who talked in favor of the bill were from the ranks of the "standpatters."

Senator Joseph's anti-trust bill had no place to lay its head. Unconsciously thrust forth from the senate committee on judiciary, where it had been sleeping since January 23, it was given a glassy stare at the door of the revision of laws committee. The "busy sign" was hung out everywhere.

With consideration of the senate good roads bills postponed in the house until Friday, prospects of their passage are bright. Sentiment among many representatives previously opposed to them is changing as a better understanding of the bills is obtained in the house and in the rural districts.

Salem, Feb. 14.—Oil paintings of Frank W. Benson and of Jay Bowerman, recent governor and acting governor, are to be hung on the capitol walls for the benefit of future generations. The senate this morning passed a house concurrent resolution calling for Benson and Bowerman to be done in oil, six votes being cast in the negative. Bowerman himself was one of those voting no, and the others were Albee, Galkin, Kellaher, Miller and President Selling.

Pictures For Capitol.

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