For an Instant They Were Swaying Back and Forth.

The BRASS BOWL

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

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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 finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfields, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelors' club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisty. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

The interior of the safe was revealed in a shape little different from that of the ordinary household strongbox. There were several account books, ledgers and the like, together with some packages of docketed bills, in the pigeon holes. The cash box, itself a safe within a safe, showed a blank face broken by a small combination dial. Behind this, in a secreted compartment, the Maitland heirlooms languished, half forgotten of their heedless owner.

The cash box combination offered less difficulty than had the outer dial. Maitland had it open in a twinkling. Then, brazenly lifting out the inner framework bodily, he thrust a fumbling hand into the aperture thus disclosed and pressed the spring, releasing the panel at the back. It disappeared as though by witchcraft, and the splash of light from the bull's-eye discovered a canvas bag squatting humbly in the secret compartment; a fat little canvas bag, considerably soiled from much handling, such as is used by banks for coin, a sturdy, matter-of-fact, every-day sort of canvas bag, with nothing about it of hauteur, no air of self-importance or ostentation, to betray the fact that it was the receptacle of a small fortune.

At Maitland's ear, incredulous: "How did you guess?" she breathed.

He took thought and breath, both briefly, and prevaricated shamelessly: "Bribed the head clerk of the safe manufacturer who built this."

Rising, he passed over to the center table, the girl following. "Steady with the light," he whispered; and loosed the string around the mouth of the bag, pouring its contents, a glistening, priceless, flaming, iridiscent treasure horde, upon the table.

"Oh!" said a small voice at his side. And again and again: "Oh, Oh! Oh!"

Maitland himself was moved by the wonder of it. The jewels seemed to fill the room with a flashing, amazing, coruscant glamour, rainbow-like. His breath came hot and fast as he gazed upon the trove; a queen's ramsom, a fortune incalculable even to its owner. As for the girl, he thought that the wonder of it must have struck her dumb. Not a sound came from the spot where she stood.

Then, abruptly, the sun went out; at least, such was the effect; the light of the hand lamp vanished utterly, leaving a partly-colored blur swimming against the impenetrable blackness, before his eyes.

His lips opened; but a small hand fell firmly upon his own, and a tiny, tremulous whisper shrilled in his ear.

"Hush—ah, hush!"

"What—?"

"Steady . . . some one coming. . . . the jewels."

He heard the all musical clash of them as her hands swept them back into the bag, and a cold, sickening fear rendered him almost faint with the sense of trust misplaced, illusion resolved into brutal realities. His fingers closed convulsively about her wrists; but she held passive.

"Ah, but I might have expected that!" came her reproachful whisper. "Take them, then, my—my partner that was." Her tone cut like a knife, and the touch of the canvas bag, as she forced it into his hands, was hateful to him.

"Forgive me—" he began.

"But listen!"

For a space he obeyed, the silence at first seeming tremendous; then faint but distinct, he heard the tinkle and slide of the brazen rings supporting the smoking room portiere.

His hand sought the girl's; she had not moved, and the cool, firm pressure of her fingers steadied him. He thought quickly.

"Quick!" he told her in the least of whispers. "Leave by the window you opened and wait for me by the motor car."

"No!"

There was no time to remonstrate with her. Already he had slipped away, shaping a course for the entrance to the passage. But the dominant thought in his mind was that at all costs the girl must be spared the exposure. She was to be saved, whatever the hazard Afterwards—

The tapestry rustled, but he was yet too far distant to spring. He crept on with the crouching, vicious attitude, mental and physical, of a panther stalking its prey.

Like a thunderclap from a clear sky the glare of the light broke out from the ceiling. Maitland paused, transfixed, on tiptoe, eyes incredulous, brain striving to grapple with the astounding discovery that had come to him.

The third factor stood in the doorway, slender and tall, in evening dress—as was Maitland—a light, full overcoat hanging open from his shoulders; one hand holding back the curtain, the other arrested on the light switch. His lips dropped open and his eyes, too, were protruding with amazement. Feature for feature he was the counterpart of the man before him; in a word here was the real Anisty.

The wonder of it all saved the day for Maitland; Anisty's astonishment was sincere and the more complete in that, unlike Maitland, he had been unprepared to find any one in the library.

For a mere second his gaze left Maitland and traveled on to the girl then to the rifled safe—taking in the whole significance of the scene. When he spoke, it was as if dazed.

"By God!" he cried—or, rather, the syllables seemed to jump from his lips like bullets from a gun.

The words shattered the tableau. On their echo Maitland sprang and fastened his fingers around the other's throat. Carried off his feet by the sheer ferocity of the assault, Anisty gave ground a little. For an instan they were swaying back and forth with advantage to neither. Then the burglar's collar slipped and somehow tore from its stud, giving Maitland's hands freer play. His grasp tightened about the man's gullet; he shook him mercilessly. Anisty staggered, gasped, reeled, struck Maitland once or twice upon the chest—feeble, weightless elbow jabs that went for nothing, then concentrated his energies in a vain attempt to wrench the hands from his throat. Reeling, tearing at Maitland's wrists, face empurpling, eyes staring in agony, he stumbled. Mercilessly Maitland forced him to his knees and bullied him across the floor toward the nearest lounge—with premeditated design; finally succeeding in throwing him flat; and knelt upon his chest, retaining his grip but refraining from throttling him.

As it was, all strength and thought of resistance had been choked out of Anisty. He lay at length, gasping painfully.

Maitland glanced over his shoulders and saw the girl moving forward, apparently making for the switch.

"No!" he cried, peremptorily. "Don't turn off the light—please!"

"But—" she doubted.

"Let me have those curtain cords, if you please," he requested, shortly.

She followed his gaze to the windows, interpreted his wishes, and was very quick to carry them out. In a trice she was offering him half a dozen of the heavy, twisted silk cords that had been used to loop back the curtains.

Soft yet strong, they were excellently well adapted to Maitland's needs. Unceremoniously he swung his captive over on his side, bringing his neck and ankles in juxtaposition to the legs of that substantial piece of furniture, the lounge.

His hands, the first to be secured, and tightly, behind his back, Anisty lay helpless, glaring vindictively the while gradually he recovered consciousness and strength. Maitland cared little for his evil glances; he was busy. The burglar's ankles were next bound together and to the lounge leg; and, an instant later, a brace of half-hitches about the man's neck and the nearest support entirely eliminated him as a possible factor in subsequent events.

"Those loops around your throat," Maitland warned him curtly, "are loose enough now, but if you struggle they'll tighten and strangle you. Understand?"

Anisty nodded, making an incoherent sound with his swollen tongue. At which Maitland frowned, smitten thoughtful with a new consideration.

"You mustn't talk, you know," he mused half aloud; and, whipping forth a handkerchief, gagged Mr. Anisty.

After which, breathing hard and in a maze of perplexity, he got to his feet. Already his hearing, quickened by the emergency, had apprised him of the situation's imminent hazards. It needed not the girl's hurried whisper, "The servants!" to warn him of their danger. From the rear wing of the mansion the sounds of hurrying feet were distinctly audible, as, presently, were the heavy, excited voices of men and the more shrill and frightened cries of women.

Heedless of her displeasure, Maitland seized the girl by the arm and urged her over to the open window. "Don't hang back!" he told her nervously. "You must get out of this before they see you. Do as I tell you, please, and we'll save ourselves yet! If we both make a run for it, we're lost. Don't you understand?"

"No. Why?" she demanded, reluctant, spirited, obstinate—and lovely in his eyes.

"If he were anybody else," Maitland indicated, with a jerk of his head toward the burglar. "But didn't you see? He must be Maitland—and he's my double. I'll stay, brazen it out, then, as soon as possible, make my escape and join you by the gate. Your motor's there—wait! Be ready for me"

But she had grasped his intention and was suddenly become pliant to his will. "You're wonderful!" she told him with a little low laugh; and was gone, silently as a spirit.

The curtains fell behind her in long, straight folds; Maitland stilled their swaying with a touch, and stepped back into the room. For a moment he caught the eye of the fellow on the floor; it was upturned to his, sardonically intelligent. But the lord of the manor had little time to debate consequences.

Abruptly the door was flung wide and a short stout man, clutching up his trousers with a frantic hand, burst into the library, brandishing overhead a rampant revolver.

"'Ands hup!" he cried, leveling at Maitland. And then, with a fallen countenance: "G-r-r-reat 'eavins, sir! You, Mister Maitland, sir!"

"Ah, Higgins," his employer greeted the butler blandly.

Higgins pulled up, thunderstruck, panting and perspiring with agitation. His fat cheeks quivered like the wattles of a gobbler, and his eyes bulged as, by degrees, he became alive to the situation.

Maitland began to explain, forestalling the embarrassments of cross-examination.

"By the merest accident, Higgins, I was passing in my car with a party of friends. Just for a joke I thought I'd steal up to the house and see how you were behaving yourselves. By chance—again—I happened to see this light through the library windows." And Maitland, putting an incautious hand upon the bull's-eye on the desk, withdrew it instantly, with an exclamation of annoyance and four scorched fingers.

"He's been at the safe," he added quickly, diverting attention from himself. "I was just in time."

"My wor-r-rd!" said Higgins, with emotion. Then quickly: "Did 'e get anythin', do you think, sir?"

Maitland shook his head, scowling over the butler's burly shoulders at the rapidly augmenting concourse of servants in the hallway—lackeys, grooms, maids, cooks, and what-not; a background of pale, scared faces to the tableau in the library. "This won't do," considered Maitland. "Get back, all of you!" he ordered, sternly, indicating the group with a dominant and inflexible forefinger. "Those who are wanted will be sent for. Now go! Higgins, you may stay."

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir. But wot an 'orrid 'appenin', sir, if you'll permit me—"

"I won't. Be quiet and listen. This man is Anisty—Handsome Dan Anisty, the notorious jewel thief, wanted badly by the police of a dozen cities. You understand? . . . I'm going now to motor to the village and get the constables; I may," he invented, desperately, "be delayed—may have to get a detective from Brooklyn. If this scoundrel stirs, don't touch him. Let him alone—he can't escape if you do. Above all things, don't you dare to remove that gag!"

"Most cert'inly, sir. I shall bear in mind wot you says—".

"You'd best," grimly. "Now I'm off. No; I don't want any attendance—I know my way. And—don't—touch—that man—till I return."

"Very good, sir."

Maitland stepped over to the safe, glanced within, cursorily, replaced a bundle of papers which he did not recall disturbing, closed the door and twirled the combination.

"Nothing gone," he announced. An inarticulate gurgle from the prostrate man drew a black scowl from Maitland. Recovering, "Good morning," he said politely to the butler, and striding out of the house by the front door, was careful to slam that behind him, ere darting into the shadows.

The moon was down, the sky a cold, opaque gray, overcast with a light drift of cloud. The park seemed very dark, very dreary; a searching breeze was sweeping inland from the sound, soughing sadly in the tree tops; a chill humidity permeated the air, precursor of rain. The young man shivered, both with chill and reaction from the tension of the emergency just past.

He was aware of an instantaneous loss of heart, a subsidence of the elation which had upheld him throughout the adventure; and to escape this, to forget or overcome it, took immediately to his heels, scampering madly for the road, oppressed with fear lest he should find the girl gone—with the jewels.

That she should prove untrue, faithless, lacking even that honor which proverbially obtains in the society of criminals—a consideration of such a possibility was intolerable, as much so as the suspense of ignorance. He could not, would not, believe her capable of ingratitude so rank; and fought fiercely, unreasoningly, against the conviction that she would have followed her thievish instincts and made off with the booty. . . . A judgment meet and right upon him for his madness!

Heart in mouth, he reached the gates, passing through without discovering her, and was struck dumb and witless with relief when she stepped quietly from the shadows of a low branching tree, offering him a guiding hand.

"Come," she said, quietly. "This way."

Without being exactly conscious of what he was about he caught the hand in both his own. "Then," he exulted almost passionately—"then you didn't—"

His voice choked in his throat. Her face, momentarily upturned to his, gleamed pale and weary in the dreary light; the face of a tired child, troubled, saddened; yet with eyes inexpressibly sweet. She turned away, tugging at her hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Dog.

The dog is man's most faithful friend. A man may lie, but a dog won't; a man may get drunk, a man may slander his neighbor, a man may embezzle and defraud, a man may borrow money, a man may steal money, a man may go into politics, a man may knife his best friend, a man may run people down with an automobile, a man may gamble himself to ruin, a man may waste his substance in riotous living, a man may go to heaven—but a dog won't. Can these things be truthfully spoken of other friends man has about him? There is a strong affinity between man and the dog; it must be the affinity of contrast. Yet any man will resent being called a dog. Possibly the dog would resent being called a man if he understood—I do not know. I only know that the maxim works but one way; and if we would say: "Man is the dog's most faithful friend," there would be many a cavil, saying that it was mighty rough on the dog.—Success Magazine.

And Then He Wasn't Pleased

Wifey's Economy That Drew No Praise from Husband.

There was a pensive look in Mrs. Compton's charming eyes, but she smiled across the table at her husband when he asked her if she felt too tired to go with him to a concert. "I suppose you have been busy packing all day," he said, thoughtfully.

"Oh, yes, I've been busy," she said, with a little sigh, "but I feel satisfied, for everything is packed now, except the last things, that can't go in the trunks till to-morrow, and besides that I have done something I'm sure will please you, Henry. It will show you that I'm really learning to be thrifty and economical like you."

"I should like to hear what you've done," said Mr. Compton, with as serious an air as his wife's.

"I knew that the battery in my little electric lantern would not begin to last till our vacation was over," said Mrs. Compton, "and yet it didn't really need to be recharged yet. So rather than have that spark wasted, I went into the library at dusk, with all the curtains drawn and the shades down, and just sat there in the dark—or it would have been dark except for the lantern, I mean—and pressed one finger after another on the lantern button, changing fingers as they got numb, till at last the spark gave out. So now I can have it recharged to-morrow with a clear conscience."—Youth's Companion.

What's in a Word?

Two men were discussing the trouble in India, and each had a deal to say about his notion of Hindu character.

"They're such a bellicose set of people," said one.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the other, in surprise. "I was always under the impression that they were very spare men."—Harper's Weekly.

CONGRESS ASKED TO "HALT."

Fifty San Antonio Citizens "Demand" Non-Interference.

Washington—That the president and congress shall "call a halt and take hands off" in the matter of the Mexican revolution is the "demand" of certain residents of San Antonio, Tex. The demand reached the senate in a petition bearing 50 signatures. The document was addressed to "The President of the United States and to the Speaker of the House of Representatives," and read:

We the undersigned citizens of San Antonio, Texas, and liberty-loving people of the United States, do hereby most earnestly protest against your taking any part in the Mexican revolution, now going on in Mexico. There is not an honest, liberty-loving man in this country, knowing the cause of this revolution, but who is at heart and soul in sympathy with those revolutionists; we therefore demand that you call a halt and take hands off of same and let old despot Diaz and the revolutionists fight it out."

RUEF WILL GO TO PEN.

Bids Friends Good-Bye and Surrenders to Deputy Sheriff.

San Francisco, Feb. 28.—After being at liberty for 15 months on a bail bond aggregating $600,000, Abraham Ruef was taken into custody at midnight tonight, following the vacation of the Supreme court's order remanding the case for rehearing.

Early in the evening, Ruef held a consultation with his attorneys and, after bidding friends about town goodbye, went home. A deputy was waiting at his residence with a bench warrant issued by Judge Lawler. Ruef quietly surrendered himself and the pair started for the county jail.

An appeal to the United States Supreme court on some constitutional ground is his only resource now. If such action is not taken, Ruef probably will start for San Quentin in a day or two to begin [illegible] a 14-year term on a charge of bribery.

EATING DOGS AND CATS.

Starving Chinese Use Pets to Ward Off Death.

Shanghai.—A missionary who arrived here from the famine district, where he had been engaged in relief work, says that 3,000 persons are dying daily and that 350,000 are wholly dependent on the foreign famine committee, which was organized here.

In many places dogs and cats are being killed for food and houses are pulled down by the occupants and the debris exchanged for anything that can be eaten.

There is urgent need of help pending the arrival of the American transport Buford, which is bringing supplies donated by the people of the United States.

Cholera Kills Hawaiians.

Honolulu — Four more deaths from cholera have occurred among the Hawaiians isolated at the quarantine station because of contact with infected persons. This makes a total of six deaths since the disease first made its appearance. here.

San Francisco—F. E. Tritter, chief quarantine officer of the port, notified all shipping men that vessels clearing from Honolulu must obtain a certificate from the chief quarantine officer of the Hawaiian port. Vessels not so provided will be sent to quarantine on arrival here.

Chief Poisoned, Belief.

Lawton, Okla.—The death of Quannah Parker, chief of the Comanche Indians, Thursday, resulted from poison administered by medcine men of the Cheyennes, instead of pneumonia, as reported by the white physicians, is the belief of medicine men of the Comanches. The Comanches will send White Parker, son of the late chief, among the Cheyennes to investigate. Qmannh had been among the Cheyennes three days when he became ill. He hurried home and died 20 minutes after reaching there.

500 to Try to Flank Madero.

El Paso, Tex.—The Mexican military commander has ordered the regular schedule on the Mexican Northeastern railroad, operating from Juarez south to Casas Grandes and Pearson, discontinued and commanded all cars to take south 500 soldiers and two field pieces. These men will try to flank Madero, who is reported south of Juarez, marching on Chihuahua, with 500 Federals that left Juarez Friday in his rear. This troop movement will leave only about 400 soldiers in Juarez.

Jap Coolies Going Home.

San Francisco.—The number of Japanese laborers in the United States has decreased 11,152 in the past three years, if statistics prepared by the Japanese foreign office are correct. The figures were made public by Matsuzo Nagai, Japanese consul general for San Francisco. The report indicates that the United States has lost 6,371 Japanese, of all classes, by excess of departures over arrivals in the three years.

Uncle Sam May License Autos.

Washington—The Federal automobile license bill introduced by Wanger, of Pennsylvania, was favorably reported by the house committee on interstate and foreign commerce. The measure provides a Federal license in addition to the local license, but exempts the automobile from the local license of other states through which it may pass. Provision also is made for the licensing of drivers.

Police Party May Be Lost.

Dawson, Y. T.—A police expedition of four men, which left Fort McPherson and Herschel Island, in the Arctic Ocean, a week before Christmas, with police advices and mail from whalers, traders and trappers, has not yet arrived here, though the journey should have been made in 30 days. A relief expedition has gone out from Dawson. Indians report one whaler at Herschel.

DAILY DOINGS OF OREGON STATE LAWMAKERS AT SALEM

Salem, Feb. 28.—Governor Oswald West and State Treasurer Kay returned today to Salem from their visit to definitely locate the site for the branch asylum at Pendleton. The governor says that though the site recommended by the legislative investigating committee does not accord with the views as to the proper location of the buildings held by himself and Mr. Kay, he considers the matter settled, since the legislature accepted the report of the joint committee and the work of building the Eastern Oregon asylum will be carried on as expeditiously as possible and Eastern Orgon will get the finest institution to be had for the money.

More land will be necessary, the governor thinks, in order to acquire necessary water rights, intake and right of way for water for power purposes. Though the matter is not yet fully determined, all the buildings at Pendleton will probably be of concrete. They will be arranged in a crescent shape, with the administration building in the center and fronting, with two retreating wings on either side and the other buildings will be in the rear.

Regarding the Eastern Oregon institution, the governor says:

"The tract selected by the old board is about equally divided between hill and bottom land, the latter being separated from the former by the O. R. & N. tracks and the county road. The proposed building site was upon the hill tract, but the present board, after careful investigation, decided that the said site was unsuitable and their findings were borne out by the reports both of the special committee appointed by the board and the legislative committee.

"The legislative committee, however, reported that the bottom tract afforded a suitable site for the buildings, and this report was adopted by the legislature."

Salem, Feb. 27.—Baker's demand for greater consideration at the hands of the Oregon & Washington Railroad & Navigation company in the way of distributive and special commodity rates was taken up for investigation officially today by the railroad commission. Baker has made a demand similar to the one made by the city of Medford for distributive rates as favorable as those enjoyed by the larger shipping centers such as Portland, Spokane and Seattle.

Attorney Arthur C. Spencer of Portland, is conducting the case for the railroad company. Attorney F. H. McCune of Portland, is attorney for the Baker Commercial club, the plaintiff bringing the complaint against the railroad company. At 11 o'clock when the case opened before the commission Attorney Spencer put on the stand General Freight Agent F. W. Robinson, of the Oregon & Washington railroad company and he read into the records a stupendous amount of statistics and figures showing the business relation of the business of the road to the different cities and centers of population in Oregon.

E. H. Flagg, chief clerk of the state senate, and John P. Hunt, assistant clerk, were prominent figures in the recent controversy over the revision of the senate journal. Flagg went into the courts to prevent Hunt and Colonel Mercer from revising the journal, as they had been directed by a senate resolution to do, and won his point.

This incident was of more importance than the average reader may suppose. A record of every bill enacted into law must be kept and set forth from the time of its introduction, and unless this record is correct in every detail the law may be assailed in the courts. Legal authorities differ as to whether a law can stand if it is not backed by a completely accurate record.

Salem, Feb. 25.—Of the 725 bills that were introduced in the two houses of the legislature, 275 of them have been allowed to become laws. The legislature itself failed to pass or indefinitely postponed 386 bills, or more than half the number introduced, and the governor by the exercise of his veto power, stopped a total of 64 bills, which is the largest number of bills of any one session that has ever been vetoed by a governor of this state.

By these vetoes and by other arrangements whereby only a portion of the sums appropriated by the legislature are to be used, the governor has turned back into the pockets of the taxpayers approximately $600,000, or more than half a million dollars which will make the appropriations voted by the legislature aggregate a total of about $4,300,000, instead of $4,900,000, as previously estimated.

Among the last bills to receive the governor's disapproval was the Rogue River fish bill, upon which the governor for some time has intimated his action. He says the people have expressed themselves without qualification on the matter and left nothing for the legislature or himself to do other than follow their will. In the message accompanying this veto he says:

"The purpose of this bill is to nullify a law passed by the people of his state at the last general election, whereby the Rogue river was closed to commercial fishing. The commercial fishing on the said river has for years been controlled by one man, who, through riparian ownership has maintained a complete monopoly upon the industry. Through the enjoyment of this monopoly he grew wealthy and was absolute dictator so far as that stream was concerned. Deriving his revenue from Oregon, he spent it in California, where his family resided and his supplies were purchased. The money he spent for the propagation of fish was spent because it would ultimately add to his revenue."

Salem, Feb. 24.—Under a distinct understanding between Governor West and members of the Oregon Naval reserve the governor has sanctioned the bill creating that reserve and has allowed $10,000 of the $25,000 appropriated by the legislature.

This move was made by the governor on the strength of a waiver that the reserve will promise not to use more than $10,000 of the appropriation and a promise that no indebtedness will be incurred against the state by the reserve.

"No attack was contemplated on the Oregon system in my second choice bill, neither do I believe the bill unconstitutional," declared Speaker Rusk tonight, in commenting on the reasons offered by Governor West in vetoing that measure.

Senator Malarkey's public service commission bill, extending the powers of the State Railroad commission to public utilities was the final measure considered by Governor West tonight and the last to be filed by him with the secretary of state.

"Knowing the people will profit no matter which side wins I am filing the Malarkey bill, and will sit back and watch them fight it out," said the governor.

Governor West issued a proclamation today proclaiming Wednesday, March 1, as Colonist Day. In his proclamation he calls upon the people of the state to avail themselves of the privilege of sending a personal letter to some one in an Easten state, accompanied by literature telling of the advantages this state has to offer to the homesteader.

Salem, Feb. 23—Two hundred and thirty-three bills were dumped upon the governor since last Friday. The overwhelming task that has confronted Governor West since Friday has been to read and carefully consider 233 bills, separate the goats from the sheep and be right in his selections or meet the criticism of the public. As a result the governor has been smothered and swamped with work.

He is spending night and day in the seclusion of his office, putting all other matters aside. Even his correspondence has been forced to wait until these bills could have his attention.

He is just beginning to see daylight from beneath the pile and tomorrow is the last day, for all bills must be filed with the secretary of state within five days after they reach the governor, Sundays excluded, or they become laws anyhow.

The governor has called to his assistance various members of the bar of the city of Salem from time to time and also other advisers who have been close friends of his. He has taken in the members of the bar for the purpose of getting their legal advice on some of the bills and his other friends have given him advice on the practical side of the measures has had to consider.

Salem, Feb. 22.—Considerable scurrying followed the discovery today that Speaker Rusk's house bill providing for second choice at primary elections had not reached the office of the governor. It was supposed that all bills had been enrolled and sent to the executive by this morning, but a thorough search failed to reveal it among the bills in the governor's office.

Chief Clerk Drager, of the house, finally located it, however. The bill had not been enrolled, but will be immediately and sent to Governor West for his consideration.

Governor West today appointed the commission to make arrangements for placing the statue of George H. Williams in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C. The commission is to be made up of Dr. T. L. Eliot, C. E. S. Wood and George H. Himes, curator of the Oregon Historical society.

Governor West will veto the state aid road bill, carrying an appropriation of $340,000, according to a statement made by him today.

The same question that arose in connection with the bill among good roads men of Portland will direct the governor in his course, as the bill fails to make provision as to who shall have supervision over the expenditure of the money.

"I cannot allow $340,000 to be thrown about among the counties as though it were thrown among so many birds, with no one having supervision of the method of spending the money," said the governor.

Oliver Bill is Illegal.

Salem, Feb. 23. — In an opinion handed down today Attorney General Crawford holds that the Oliver bill, providing for relinquishment of claim by the state to the John Morrison property in Union county, is unconstitutional. Oliver's bill would make 1,000 acres, which, it is said, should escheat to the state, go to the people who, he declares, are heirs of John Morrison. Many objections have been filed against the bill, it being asserted that Oliver wrongfully used his position as a legislator.

West is Opposed to Treaty.

Salem, Feb. 23.—In passing opinion on the proposed Japanese treaty Governor West said today:

"I believe this is a white man's country, and any attempt to open the flood gates and allow foreign immigration, especially coolies from Japan, to pour in should be blocked immediately." Although the governor has had no time of late to read the papers, he is prepared to state that he does not regard the treaty entirely favorably.

Collect Taxes From Clatsop.

Salem, Feb. 28.—Assistant Attorney General I. H. VanWynkle left Salem this afternoon for Astoria, where an effort will be made by him to collect from the county of Clatsop about $4,000 of that county's apportionment of the state tax for 1909, which Clatsop county refused to turn over to the state treasurer last spring. In view of the fact that the recent legislature appropriated $50,000 for that county's celebration of the 100th anniversary of the settlement of Astoria it is hoped the county will settle.

Shelburn Wants Waiting Room.

Salem, Feb. 28.—A petition was received by the railroad commission this morning from citizens who live in the vicinity of Shelburn, where the Corvallis & Eastern railroad intersects with the Springfield branch of the Southern Pacific company, asking that the commission investigate conditions, and, if it is found necessary, to make an order requiring these roads jointly to build a depot or waiting station at the point of intersection.