

DOINGS OF OREGON'S LEGISLATURE

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

FOR COMPETITION ON ROADS

House Says All Companies Should Be Allowed to Bid.

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

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

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

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

EIGHT-HOUR LAW DEFEATED

House Passes Ten Other Senate Bills in Short Order.

Salem—Getting down to work promptly at 10:50 Monday morning after the week-end adjournment, the house made rapid progress, passing ten senate bills and defeating one, which was perhaps the most important of them all—the eight-hour law. This was a measure passed by the people at a recent election, but it carried no enabling clause and was held to be without effect. It was a bill by Senator Smith, of Curry.

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

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

NEW CONSPIRACY BILL FAILS

Notice Given of Movement for Reconsideration.

Salem—An effort to put through the senate a substitute conspiracy bill prepared in the district attorney's office of Multnomah county failed Saturday.

It received but 15 favorable votes with Bean and Miller absent. As a result a motion to reconsider will be made. With Miller present Senator McColloch is satisfied that the necessary 16 votes for passing will be secured.

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

Goat Meat Big Problem.

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

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

House Pays Injured Militiaman.

Salem—The house passed a bill by Upton, of Multnomah, granting to Raleigh Wilson \$2500 for injuries he received by falling under artillery equipment during maneuvers near Fort Stevens August 14, 1911. Some of the members objected because the bill provided for warrants being drawn only on order of the adjutant general of the national guard, but it was explained that this is necessary in order properly to safeguard the money and to see that it is expended so that it will do him the most good.

Textbook Bill Passed.

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

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

Anti-Lobbyist Bill Passes.

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

Filing Fee Bill Defeated.

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

ATTORNEY-GENERAL RULES

School Fund Must Be Held Intact by Land Board.

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

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

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

The company is engaged in the manufacture of telegraph systems.

\$8,287,810 WILL BE ASKED FOR

Requests for Appropriations Likely to Break All Records.

Salem—The magnificent total of \$8,278,819, according to official figures, as near as can be estimated now, will be the requests that the present legislature will be called on to face in the water appropriations.

This will be a record-breaker for requests, but there is no reason to believe that when the smoke has blown away and the final tale has been told that this will be a much more expensive legislature than the one two years ago.

In fact, there are indications that the amount may be reduced below that of two years ago. The scythe is already beginning to mow down appropriation bills, over \$100,000 being lopped off. The committees of both the house and the senate, having to do with ways and means, are slashing right and left on institutional and other appropriations.

Already over \$5,000,000 in requests have been put in, and the list shows not only the appropriation bills that have been introduced, but the estimates that have been made for the various state boards, commissions, offices and institutions, so that it gives a fairly adequate idea of the entire financial situation that now presents itself to the legislative assembly.

GIVES GOVERNOR BIG STICK

Executive Supplant District Attorneys, Sheriffs and Constables.

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

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

Senate Kills \$100,000 Bill.

Salem—The senate, in a single swat cut off a bill that contemplated the expenditure of \$100,000 in the next two years.

The bill provided for furnishing a pure water supply for state institutions at Salem, appropriating \$50,000 a year for that purpose for an indefinite period.

It was introduced by Day by request by the committee. No effort was made to defend it and it died a sudden death.

Senate Kills Several Bills.

Salem—Several bills fell under the ax in the senate Wednesday and they will probably not reappear again this session. Among the more important of the measures to be killed was that of Howard to teach sex hygiene in the public schools. Moser's bill regulating physicians and druggists and the dispensing of alcoholic liquors, and Bonebrake's to regulate the sale and use of poison, were all indefinitely postponed and sent into the discard by the upper body.

Senate Asks Larger Court.

Salem—By a vote of 22 to 7, with Miller absent, the bill providing for an increase of the Supreme court from five to seven members passed the senate. The bill was introduced by Senator Butler, who declared that the work is now so congested as to make it practically a one-man court. He said so much work is appearing and so much work to do that all of the judges cannot pass on every case.

Farrel, who is not a lawyer, also supported the measure, stating that last year 285 opinions were written.

Saddle Mountain Park Asked.

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

Would Purchase Locks.

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



PRESIDENT MADERO AND WIFE

Driven from the Mexican National Palace by Revolutionists Under Felix Diaz

MEXICAN ARMY STARTS REVOLT

Arsenal Captured and Leaders Freed From Prison.

Felix Diaz, Nephew of the Former President, Leads Rebellious Troops to Victory.

Mexico City—The army rose in revolt Sunday in Mexico City, took possession of the public buildings, shot down Federal adherents in the streets, released General Felix Diaz, leader of the Vera Cruz revolt, and General Bernardo Reyes, from prison, and, falling into line under the Diaz banner, virtually captured the Mexican capital.

At least 250 persons were killed in the street fighting that took place in the great public square and other parts of the city. Many of these

cabinet, he took refuge in the National Palace, where they were besieged, but with some loyal troops at their backs they succeeded in defending the palace from the assaults of the revolutionists. The president fortified himself in the palace, while General Felix Diaz, with a large majority of the regulars behind him, has virtual control of the capital.

President Madero and his ministers left the National Palace about 10 o'clock Sunday night. It is believed they have gone to Chapultepec. General Huerta has been left in charge of the loyal forces in the palace.

General Angeles, from Cuernavaca, and Colonel Vasconcelos, from Chaulco, have been ordered to the capital.

Felix Diaz and his followers gained control of the city early in the afternoon. He took possession of the palace and captured the arsenal by assault. Only a few scattered companies of the city garrison maintained an appearance of loyalty to the administration.

General Diaz took possession of Bellem City prison and penitentiary without opposition.

Police Chief Figueroa is a prisoner of Diaz as the result of a controversy over the patrolling of the streets, Diaz insisting that it should be done by his men.



GENERAL FELIX DIAZ

Released from Federal prison and placed in command by Mexican revolutionists

were civilians who were taken by surprise when the firing began. Several women were killed. The number of wounded is large.

General Reyes himself was killed in front of the National Palace soon after being released. Following General Reyes' death, his son, Rodolfo, shot himself through the head, dying instantly. Grief over his father's death was the cause. He was a well-known attorney. General Villar, a loyalist, was wounded. Colonel Morales, prominent among the Federal leaders, was slain.

General Gregorio Ruiz, a Federal officer, two captains and three lieutenants, were executed in the patio of the National Palace. It is officially reported that this was done by order of the government, but another story is that they were killed by a detachment of their own men because they opposed their joining in the revolt. Added to this is the report that these mutinous troops were overpowered and disarmed.

Francisco Madero, president of the republic, led the loyal troops for a time. Later, with members of his

Mutiny Part of Conspiracy.

El Paso, Tex.—Rebel agents here declared Monday that the Mexico City mutiny was part of a general revolutionary plan, prematurely exploded. They connect it directly with the program of General Trevino, former Federal commander in the state of Nuevo Leon and a military favorite of the Diaz regime. They say the date for a general revolt of the army had been set for March 1, and that virtually all the revolutionary factions in the republic were in league with the movement.

Peel Blamed for Corruption.

Philadelphia—District Attorney Whitman, of New York, in an address here on the government of American cities, declared that the unwholesome conditions found to exist in municipalities are due to the people themselves in failing to elect officers to enforce the laws. Mr. Whitman spoke before the American Academy of Political and Social Science. He pointed out that thousands of citizens go to the polls to vote for president, but fail to do their duty at municipal elections and then decry municipal corruption.

Madero's family has taken refuge in the Japanese legation, and the president is making a fight, desperate in its efforts against what appear to be enormous odds for retention of his power.

General Diaz, who is the nephew of the deposed president Porfirio Diaz, now is at the head of a majority of the capital troops, including most of the artillery, and is in possession of the arsenal in the city and the powder works near by.

Madero is relying on the loyalty of General Blanquet, who has been summoned from Toluca, 40 miles distant, but Blanquet has only 1000 men under his command and the rebels are confident of defeating him should he refuse to join the revolt.

Officer Glides 4000 Feet.

San Diego, Cal.—Lieutenant L. E. Goodyear performed a perilous aerial feat here Saturday. He left the army aviation camp on Goat Island for a 30-mile run for a military air pilot's license. When at an altitude of 9000 feet he arrived off Lajolla, 16 miles from the starting point, his motor began to miss fire. Fearing the escaping gas, he stopped the engine and made a glide of 4000 feet to the ground. Then, repairing the machine, he flew back to North Island, completing the test.

Twenty-Six Lost With Schooner.

Bluefields, Nicaragua—Nineteen passengers and seven members of the crew were drowned when the schooner Granada was wrecked off Greytown, Nicaragua, according to advices received here. There are only two survivors. The Granada was a combination schooner and gasoline boat of 36 tons net register and was built in New Orleans in 1912. The vessel was owned by Alberto Bernardo, of Bluefields, and for several months had been engaged in carrying passengers and freight on the San Juan river.

Moose to Found School.

Chicago—Trustees of the Loyal Order of Moose, in session here voted to establish a \$1,000,000 industrial and educational institute near Aurora, Ill., for the benefit of orphans and poor children whose parents were or are members of the order.

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON
Co-Author with A. Conan Doyle of 'The Hound of the Baskervilles,' etc.
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THE STORY OF AMAROFF THE POLE

(Continued.)

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

It was a broad, low room in which we found ourselves, the rafters of the roof unhidden by the plaster of a ceiling. Round the walls on benches ranged behind tables a dozen men sat smoking and drinking. The chatter of talk faded away as we entered. In silence they stared at us, calmly, judiciously, without fear or curiosity. I could not have imagined a more composed and resolute company. I felt that I carried myself awkwardly, as an impertinent intruder should; but the inspector sauntered across the room to a bar on the further side as calmly as if he were the oldest and most valued member in the club.

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

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

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

We walked after him down a short passage and stopped before the darkness of an open door. A spurt of a match and the gas jet flared upon a bare chamber, hung with a gaudy paper and furnished with half a dozen wooden chairs set round a deal table in the center. In place of a carpet, our feet grated upon a smooth sprinkling of that grey sand which may still be found in old-fashioned inns. It was here then, if the detectives were not mistaken, that this crime had found a climax, this sordid murder not thirty hours old.

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

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

"I know nothing."

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

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

"So I believe," said Peace.

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

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

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

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

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

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

There was no one at the door; no one in the dark passage; and when I returned I found that Peace had lifted the caretaker to a chair, where he sat.

"You can trust us," the detective was saying. "Believe me, Greatman, it will be best for yourself that you hide nothing."

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

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

For forgery a man might be extradited from England. Once in Russia the charge would be altered to nihilism, and then—Siberia. It was not pleasant for the caretaker of a nihilist club to be at the mercy of a black-headed spy lounging on the step outside. "It was that which drove me to the brandy," said the Pole, and he took a drink from a bottle on the table.

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

"This, then, he did," ended the poor caretaker. "He came to me—I who had so great love and honor for Amaroff, my friend, I whom he had turned from crime and aided to earn a wage in honesty—he came to me and he

says: 'Kroll, in my pocket is a warrant that will send you back to the snow places in the East; do you fear me, my good Kroll? And I feared him. See, now,' he said, 'we desire to see your friend Amaroff for a little talk. We cannot harm him here in this mad country. Contrive a trick, bring him into your private room behind the bar. Give us the key of the yard door that we may come secretly to him—and afterwards you will hear no more of Siberia from me. Do you consent?'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes—it has been arranged."

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

"My dear Mr. Greatman," said the inspector, "you have told us your confidence. But I advise you now to leave things alone. I will see justice done—don't be afraid about that. For the

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

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

"I shall do nothing of the sort," "Mutiny," he said; but I could see that he was smiling. "You are rather



rest, please to keep a silent tongue in your head—it will be safer. There is still Siberia for Ivan Kroll just as there may be dangers from your friends in the club under for Julius Greatman, who arranged so indiscreet a meeting in his private room. Good night to you."

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

"He's gone," I whispered, gripping my companion by the arm.

"I know, I know. Keep quiet."

As we stood there listening, I heard the sudden clatter of boots upon a stairway, and then silence.

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

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

"He's off, sir," said the sergeant, for it was he. "Rushed by, shaking his fist and talking to himself like a

madman. Where has he gone, do you think?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was surprised when we halted in front of him.

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

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

"They didn't see any of you?"

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

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

"Yes, sir."

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

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