

WILSON IS INAUGURATED

Greatest Crowd in History Witnesses Ceremony—Seventh Democratic President Now Holds Reins.

Washington, March 4.—Woodrow Wilson became president of the United States today amid imposing ceremonies and tumultuous scenes of popular greeting. Standing at the historic east front of the capitol he took the constitutional oath of office, and in his brief inaugural address made a fervid appeal to all patriotic men for counsel and aid.

"This is not a day of triumph," he said; "it is a day of dedication. Here must not the forces of party, but the forces of humanity. Men's hearts will upon us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do. Who shall live up to the great trust? Who dares fail to try? I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men to my side. God helping me, I will not fail them if they will but counsel and sustain me."

Vice-President Marshall had been inaugurated in the senate chamber

President Taft bowed to the crowd as they took their seats in the center of the platform.

President-elect Wilson sat at the right of President Taft, while Vice-President Marshall took his seat at the left of President Taft at the edge of the platform and talked with Senator Bacon.

A burst of applause and cheers greeted Champ Clark as he passed on to the inaugural stand at the head of the line of house members.

Major-General Wood directed the closing in of the troops before the guests had all been seated and the crowd gradually edged toward the inaugural platform.

Speaker Clark leaned toward President-elect Wilson and the two shook hands, bringing more applause from the crowd.

Applause came from the crowds near the entrance of the capitol as former Speaker Cannon emerged, swelling

tice repeated the oath to the president.

Mrs. Wilson, seated on a lower level, climbed on a chair at the edge of the platform and peered up at her husband as he repeated the oath after the chief justice at 1:35 o'clock. In a moment her daughter, Margaret, pulled another chair forward and joined her. A moment later, as President Wilson began his inaugural address, Mrs. Marshall joined them and peered over the rail.

Lieutenant Commander Rodgers, naval aid at the White House, placed chairs for the other women and they stood on tiptoe for a near view of the proceedings.

While President Wilson was delivering his address, the first van load of the Wilson family's belongings reached the White House from Princeton. There were seven trunks, 11 suit cases, 11 umbrellas and several walking sticks. There also reached the White House a large cake, which graced the Wilson dinner table in the evening. It was surmounted by a brown donkey and a purple elephant.

President Wilson's voice at first failed to carry into the crowd, but as he raised it he secured close attention, which he held throughout the reading of his address. Although he had memorized much of his address, he adhered closely to the reading of the manuscript.

A burst of cheers greeted the President's declaration, "our work is a work of restoration," and it swelled into cheers and hails were thrown into the air when he said:

"A tariff which cuts us off from our proper part in the commerce of the world, violates the just principles of taxation and makes the government a fact instrument in the hands of private interests."

From time to time as the President spoke the sun peeped from behind the clouds and shed a feeble light on the scene.

A moment later the crowd voiced its approval in cheers at his declaration that "justice and only justice shall always be our motto."

A storm of cheers greeted the ending of his speech at 1:54.

William J. Bryan was the first man to shake hands with the President. He then shook hands with Mr. Taft. The party then prepared to head the procession back to the White house, and this time President Wilson sat on the right-hand side of the carriage. The procession to the White House started at 1:57 p. m.

Vice-President Marshall returned from the inaugural stand to the senate, Mrs. Wilson with other members of the family party took carriages for the White House.

CONVICTS TO BE REWARDED

Good Roads Congress Would Give Incentive for Highway Work.

Chicago—The Fifth International Good Roads Congress closed here Sunday after adopting resolutions urging the employment of convicts on public highways at a commutation of 10 days of their sentence for every 30 days of labor. The resolution reads:

"We urge the adoption by every state of the convict labor system of Colorado, giving all available convicts the privilege of working on the public highways with a commutation of 10 days for every 30 days' work. We urge the state and national construction of post roads and the construction of a national Lincoln memorial highway, connecting Washington with the capitals of every state in the Union."

The next International Good roads congress will meet in San Francisco in 1915.

Probers Cannot Agree.

Washington, D. C.—The senate campaign expenditures committee made to the closing congress no report upon its exhaustive inquiry into campaign expenditures for 1904, 1908 and 1912, and into the relations of John D. Archbold and the Standard Oil company with members of congress and Federal officers. Members of the special committee have found it impossible to agree upon the report, and the question is to be carried over to the new congress, when it is believed better progress can be made.

Election Better On Hike.

Portland, Maine—Leading a 22-year-old donkey and wearing a khaki uniform, B. H. Anderson, of Butler, Pa., left Portland Tuesday to settle an election bet on Theodore Roosevelt by walking from this city to Portland, Oregon. Anderson, who was a page in the national house of representatives in 1901, was a follower of Colonel Roosevelt and laid a wager on his election. The distance Anderson will lead the donkey is 4300 miles, and he expects to complete the journey in eight months.

Strike May Be Averted.

London—There are prospects of an amicable settlement of the dispute which threatened to cause a strike on all the British railway systems. The Midland Railway company has issued a letter offering to reinstate the dismissed guard, Richardson, whose dismissal because he refused to violate the company's written regulations at the order of his foreman, led the railway men to threaten a strike in order to compel his reinstatement. The company makes certain stipulations, which it is believed will be accepted.

Jail Preferred to Wife.

Des Moines, Ia.—John Davis was sentenced to a year in the penitentiary in the District court here Monday for wife desertion, after he had told the judge that he preferred hard labor in prison either to returning to Mrs. Davis or contributing to her support. Davis was in court a week ago and was given that much time to determine which he would prefer—imprisonment or reconciliation. His liberty on a bond of \$1000 was offered him.

Foreign Steamers Fired On.

Constantinople—French and Italian steamers passing Charkoff have been fired upon by the Bulgarians. One Italian vessel was badly damaged and as a consequence was beached. It is reported that British vessels also have attracted the fire of the Bulgarians.

NEWS NOTES OF CURRENT WEEK

Resume of World's Important Events Told in Brief.

Fire swept the town of White Plains, N. Y., causing \$700,000 loss. A Kansas sexton dropped dead of heart disease in a grave he was digging.

Snow and cold have almost stopped the fighting between Turks and Bulgarians.

The first Alaskan territorial legislature met at Juneau, March 3, with 24 members.

Taft's last day in the White House was one of the busiest and apparently happiest of his administration.

The senate voted to promote three colonels in the army, and turned down several other Taft appointments.

Fire destroyed almost the entire town of Numadzu, Japan, burning two thousand houses and causing \$3,500,000 loss.

More than 600 Indiana suffragettes stormed the legislature and a resolution was introduced granting full suffrage rights to women.

American officers at Douglas, report the discovery of a plot to capture Douglas, New Mexico, and Agua Prieta, Mexico, by Mexican rebels.

Dr. Freidmann has been informed by New York medical authorities that he must have a physician's license in order to administer his tuberculosis serum in America.

Senator Fall, of New Mexico, bitterly assailed the Mexican border policy of the United States, declaring the troops are a menace instead of a protection to residents.

A ship's butcher was arrested by customs officials at Honolulu trying to get ashore with a big string of sausages, which were found to be stuffed with about \$4,800 worth of opium.

The congressional conference committee has allowed \$1,000,000 for a new postoffice building at Portland.

The great suffragist parade in Washington was forced to fight its way along the entire line of march, jeers and insults meeting them on all sides.

Portland Rose Festival plans for 1913 to cost \$100,000 are announced.

Society women of Corvallis, Or., have agreed not to go above a \$7 limit for hats.

Eastern Oregon farmers traveled 100 miles to attend the college course for farmers at Burns.

President Taft pardoned four Federal prisoners on account of their previous good character.

All requests for tuberculosis serum are being refused until the U. S. surgeon-general has made satisfactory tests.

British merchants resent the Chinese war on the opium trade, as it is injuring also the trade in opium from India.

Secretary Meyer blames Wilson for the defeat of the two-battleship plan.

Money trust investigating committee recommends revision of national banking laws.

The U. S. senate has allowed an amendment to the sundry civil bill of \$1,500,000 for government exhibit at the San Francisco exposition in 1915.

Official circles in Washington believe General Huerta will be equal to the Mexican situation and that affairs in that country will soon be running smoothly.

PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 86¢; 84¢ per bushel; bluestem, 98¢; 99¢; forty-fold, 88¢; red Russian, 85¢; 85¢.

Barley—Feed \$23.50 per ton; brewing, nominal; rolled, \$25.50; 26.50.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$21¢; middlings; shorts, \$23¢; 23.50; 25.00; 30.

Hay—Eastern Oregon timothy, choice, \$15@17 per ton; mixed, \$10@12.50; oat and vetch, \$12; alfalfa, \$11.50; clover, \$10; straw, \$6@7.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$27@28.

Apples—Spitzenberg, extra fancy, \$1.25@1.50; choice, 75¢@1; Yellow Newtown, extra fancy, \$1.25@1.50; choice, 75¢@1; Winesap, extra fancy, \$1.25@1.50; Red Cheek Pippin, extra fancy, \$1.25@1.50; Arkansas Black, extra fancy, \$1.75@2; Baldwin, extra fancy, \$1@1.52; choice, 75¢@1; Rome Beauty, \$1.25@1.50; small sizes, all varieties, less; Ben Davis, etc., common pack, 50¢@60¢.

Vegetables—Artichokes, \$1.50 per dozen; cabbage, 1¢ pound; cauliflower, \$2 per crate; celery, \$2.50@4 crate; peppers, 30¢ pound; rhubarb, \$2.75 per box; sprouts, 10¢; tomatoes, \$2 per box; garlic, 5¢@6¢ pound; turnips, 90¢@1 per sack; parsnips, 90¢@1; carrots, 90¢@1.

Onions—Oregon, \$1 per sack.

Potatoes—Jobbing prices: Burbanks, 50¢ per hundred.

Poultry—Hens 16¢; broilers, 22¢; turkeys, live, 18¢@20¢; dressed, choice, 25¢; ducks, 17¢; geese, nominal.

Eggs—Fresh locals, candled, 15¢ per dozen; current receipts, 17¢@18¢.

Butter—Oregon creamy cubes, 37¢ pound; prints, 39¢.

Pork—Fancy, 10¢@10¢ per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 14¢@14¢ per pound.

Hops—1912 crop, prime and choice, 16¢@18¢ per pound; 1913 contracts, 15¢.

Wool—Early shorn, east of mountains, 15¢@20¢ pound.

Cattle—Choice steers, \$7.50@8; good, \$7@7.30; medium, \$6.50@7; choice cows, \$6.50@7; good, \$6@6.50; medium, \$5.50@6; choice calves, \$8@9; good heavy calves, \$6.50@7.50; bulls, \$5.50@6.

Hogs—Light, \$8@8.50; heavy, \$6.50@7.

Sheep—Yearling wethers, \$5@6.50; ewes, \$4@5.25; lambs, \$6@7.15.

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON

Co-Author with A. Conan Doyle of 'The Hound of the Baskervilles,' &c.

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THE TERROR IN THE SNOW

(Continued.)

It was a quiet, moonless night, lit by the stars that blinked in their thousand constellations. Though the snow lay deep, the air struck mildly. Indeed, if it were freezing, it could not have been by more than two degrees. Upon the edge of the distant cliffs robes of confusing mist curled in veils as thin as moonlight; but in the foreground the yew walks and aisles of ancient laurel showed clearly upon the white carpet. About the central avenue of fir which carved the gardens into the darkness lay impenetrable pools of shadow. As I waited, the silence was startled by a bell. It rang the four quarters in a tinkling stroke, followed by eleven musical strokes. I knew that the sound must come from the little church that lay to my right; but, though I leant from my window, the angle of the wing in which I was, hid the building from me.

I feel that the story which I have now to tell may well turn me into an object for ridicule. I can only declare that, when I saw it, I drew the conclusions at which I arrived there are many more practical people in the world than myself who would have judged no differently. At best it was a ghastly business.

I had returned to the dressing-table and was changing my dress-coat for a comfortable smoking-jacket when I heard it—a faint and distant cry, yet a cry which was crowded with such terror that I clung to a chair with my white face and goggling eyes staring back at me from the mirror on the table. Again it sounded, and again; then silence fell like the shutter of a camera. I rushed to the window, peering out into the night.

The great gardens lay sleeping in the dusky shadows. There was nothing to be heard; nothing moved save the curling wreaths of mist that came creeping up over the cliffs like the ghosts of drowned sailormen from their burial sands below. Could it have been some trick of the imagination? Could it—and the suggestion which I despised thrust itself upon me—could it bear reference to that grim tragedy that had been played in the old fir avenue so many years ago?

And then I first saw the thing that came towards me.

It was moving up a narrow path, hedged with yew, that led from the gardens and passed to the right of the wing in which I stood. The yew had been clipped into walls some five feet high, but the eastern gales had beaten out gaps and ragged indentations in the lines of greenery, so that in my sideways view of it the path itself was here and there exposed. It was through one of these breaches in the walls that I noticed a sign of movement. I waited, straining my eyes. Yes, there it showed again, a something, moving swiftly towards the house with a clumsy rolling stride.

It was never nearer to me than fifty yards, and the stars gave a slifty light. Yet it left me with an impression that it was about four feet in height and of a dull white color. I remember that its body contrasted plainly with the dark hedges, but melted into uncertainty against a patch of snow. Once it stopped and half raised itself on its hind legs as if listening. Then again it tumbled forward in its shambling, ungainly fashion—now hidden by the yew wall, now thrust into momentary sight by a ragged gap until it disappeared round the angle of the house. Doubtless it would turn to the left, round the old chapel, across the snow-bound park, and so to the woods—where a wolf should be!

I was still staring from the window in the blank fear of the unknown when I heard the swift tap of feet upon the road beneath me. Round

the corner of the wing came a man, running with a patter of little strides, while a dozen yards behind him were a pair of less active followers. What they wanted I did not consider; for at that moment the sight of my own kind was joy enough for me. The electric lamps in the room behind me threw a broad golden patch upon the snow, and as the leader reached it he stopped, glancing up at where I stood. The light struck him fairly in the face. It was Addington Peace!

"Did you hear that cry?" he panted; and then, with a sudden nod of recognition: "I see who it is, Mr. Phillips—well, and did you hear it?"

"It came from over there—in the fir avenue," said I, pointing with a trembling finger. "I don't understand it, Inspector; I don't indeed. There was something that came up that yew walk behind you about a minute afterwards. I should have thought it would have passed you."

"No, I saw nothing. What was it like?"

"A sort of a dog," I stammered; for under his steady eye I had not nerve enough to tell him of my private imaginings.

"A dog—that's curious. Are all the rest of you in bed?"

"No; they're gambling."

"Very good. I see there is a door at the back there. Will you come down and let me in, after I've had a look around the gardens?"

"Certainly."

"If you meet any of your friends, you need not mention that I have arrived. Do you understand?"

I nodded, and he hopped away across the lawn with his two companions at his heels.

I slipped on an overcoat and made

I RUSHED TO THE WINDOW, PEERING OUT INTO THE NIGHT.



my way quietly down the stairs. From the roulette-room, as I passed it, came the chink of money and the murmur of merry voices. They would not disturb us, that was certain. I reached the garden doors in the center of the main building, turned the key, and walked out into the gloom of a great square porch.

As I have said, the temperature was scarcely below freezing-point, and if I shivered in my fur-lined overcoat it was more from excitement than any great chill in the air. For a good twenty minutes I waited listening and peering into the night. It was not a pleasant time, for my nerves were jangled, and I searched the shadows with timorous eyes, half fearing, half expecting. Heaven knows what hideous apparition. It was with a start which set my heart thumping that I saw Peace turn the corner of the right-hand wing and come trotting down the drive towards me. There was something in his aspect that told a story of calamity.

"What is it?" I asked him, as he panted up.

"I want you—come along," he whispered, and started back by the way he had come.

We passed round the right-hand wing under my bedroom window, and stopped where the yew walk ended. To right and left of the entrance two stone fawns leered upon us under the starlight.

"This thing you call a dog—could you see it as far as this?"

"No; the angle of the wing prevented me."

"You saw it pass in this direction. Are you certain it did not go back the way it came?"

"Yes. I am quite certain."

"Then it must either have turned up the road, in which case I should have met it; or down the road, where you would have seen it as it passed under your windows; or else have run straight on. If we take these facts as proved, it must have run straight on."

"That is so."

We had our backs to the laughing fawns. Before us lay a broad triangle of even snow, with the chapel and wing of the house for its sides, and for its base the carriage-drive on which we stood. There was no shrub or tree in any part of it that might conceal a fugitive. Close to the wall of the house ran a path ending in a small side door. The chapel, which was joined to the mansion, had no entrance on the garden side.

"If it entered this triangle and disappeared—for I am certain it was not here when I ran by—we may conclude that it found its way into the house. It had no other method of escape. Kindly stay here, Mr. Phillips. This snow is fortunate, but I wish the sweepers had not been so conscientious about their work on the path."

He drew a little electric lantern from his coat, touched the spring, and with an eye of light moving before him, turned into the path under the wall. He walked slowly, bending double as he swept the brilliant circle now on the exposed ground, now on the snow ridges to right and left. The sills of the ground floor windows were carefully examined, and when he reached the door he searched the single step before it with minute attention. A curlew



spectacle he made, this little atom of a man, as he peeped and peered his way like some slow-hunting beast on a cold scent.

It was not until he left the path for the snow-covered grass-plot that I saw him give any sign of success.

Inspector Peace dropped on his knees with a little chirrup of satisfaction like the note of a bird. Then he rose again, shaking his head and staring up at the windows above him in a cautious, suspicious manner. Finally he came slowly back to me, with his head on one side, staring at the ground before him.

"You thought it was a dog?" he asked. "Why a dog?"

"It looked to me like a big dog—or a wolf," I told him boldly.

"Whether it be beast or man, or both, I believe the thing that killed him is in the house now."

I jumped back, staring at him with a sudden exclamation.

"Who has been killed?" I stammered out.

"Baron Steen. We found him on the cliffs yonder. He was badly cut about."

"It's impossible, Inspector," I cried. "He left the roulette-table not a quarter of an hour before you came."

"Ah—he was a cool hand, Mr. Phillips. It was like him to put off bolting till the last minute. The warrant against him for company frauds is in my pocket now. But some one gave the game away to him, for his yacht is lying off the beach there, with a boat from her waiting at the foot of the cliff. But we've no time to lose—come along."

Before the big garden porch the Inspector's two companions were waiting. He drew them aside for a minute's whispered conversation before they separated, and disappeared into the night. What had they done with the body? I had not the courage to inquire.

We entered the house, moving very softly. In the hall Peace took me by the arm.

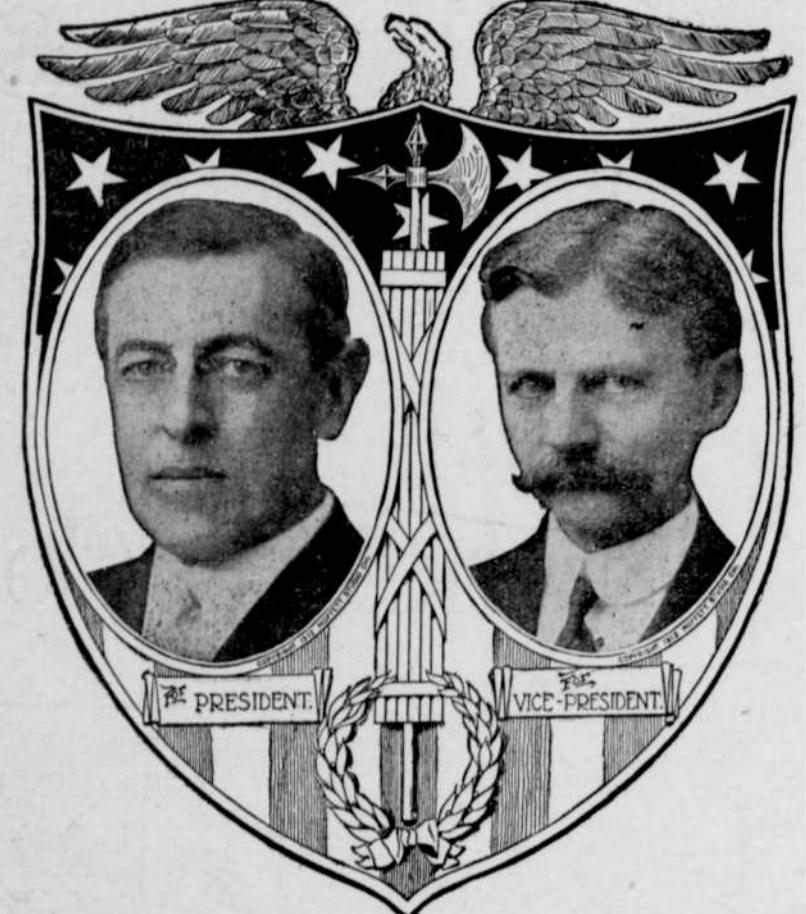
"You're a bit shaken, Mr. Phillips. I'm not surprised. But I want your assistance badly. Can you pull yourself together and help me to see this through?"

"I'll do what I can."

"Take me up to your room, then."

We were in luck, for we tipped too on the great stairs and down the long passages without meeting a guest or servant. Once in my room, the Inspector walked across and pushed the electric bell. Three, four minutes went by before the summons was answered, and then it was by a flushed and disordered footman who bounced into the room and halted, staring open-mouthed from me to my companion.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)



President Wilson and Vice-President Marshall.

only shortly before, and at the conclusion of President Wilson's inaugural address the party hurried back to the White House, ahead of the inaugural procession, where Mr. Taft said goodby to President Wilson and prepared to leave at once for Augusta, Ga. President Wilson shortly after took his place to review the procession.

While Vice-President Marshall was swearing in new senators and returning ones, the remainder of the company began the march to the stands on the east front, where the inauguration of Mr. Wilson was to take place. President Taft and Mr. Wilson were greeted with loud cheers as they came out the main door.

Immediately in front of the presidential platform Major-General Wood and his general staff held a space clear. Across the open space loomed a battery of nearly 100 cameras and motion picture machines, trained on the single spot where President Taft was to pass his mantle of office to President-elect Wilson. Back of the West Point cadets stood the Essex troop, President Wilson's guard of honor, and near them the Black Horse troop of Culver.

The troops were prepared to give way when the delivery of the inaugural address began, so that the crowd might close in to hear the new president. There was a hush in the ceremonies as the company assembled.

A mild wind blew over the stands, and the West Point cadets and sailors ran about in little groups to relieve the tedium, while the presidential party slowly assembled. The east front of the capitol, sweeping down from the dome to the ground and out as far as the Congressional library and neighboring apartment buildings presented a brilliant scene of color. The weather still was cloudy, but there was no immediate sign of rain.

It was 1:11 o'clock before the procession to the stand had got as far as the diplomatic corps, so slowly did it move. This was because many remained behind to see new senators sworn in. President-elect Wilson and

into a large volume as William J. Bryan came forward with the other guests comprising the membership of President Wilson's cabinet. Governor Fielder, successor to President-elect Wilson as governor of New Jersey, came out to the stand with Senator Martine.

Mr. Bryan, Mr. McAdoo, Mr. Redfield, Representative Burleson, Mr. Daniels, Franklin K. Lane, Representative William B. Wilson, Professor Houston and the others of the new cabinet were escorted to seats as the crowd voiced its approval by cheers. Mrs. Wilson and her daughters took seats close to the square platform at the left. At Mrs. Wilson's request, Mrs. Marshall took a seat beside her. The two women walked forward to the rail to look at the crowd. The Wilson girls joined them.

"Oh, isn't it wonderful?" said Mrs. Wilson, as she looked out over the immense gathering that extended so far that faces were not recognizable.

At 1:29 the last restraint on the crowd was removed, and across the empty space of asphalt came a cheer-leading mass of men and women waving hats, flags and coats upward in the direction of the president-elect. In a moment a dense sea of people touched the very edge of the inaugural stand, the military preserving their places with difficulty. Somebody in the crowd shouted:

"Three cheers for Miss Nellie Wilson," and a good-natured laugh went up.

The Wilson cabinet on the stand included all but James C. McReynolds, the new attorney general, who had been unable to accept the invitation to be present.

President Taft, who had sat with a good-natured smile on his face as the crowd surged about, burst into a hearty laugh when some one yelled, "Where is Teddy?"

It was 1:34 o'clock when Chief Justice White stepped forward and the party arose and President-elect Wilson raised his hand to take the oath of office. Cheers which greeted the rising fell to a hush as the chief jus-

Madero's Guard Promoted.
Mexico City—Major Cardenas, who was in charge of the escort of Francisco Madero and Jose Pino Suarez on the day they were killed, was promoted from the rural guard to the same rank in the regular army. A general inclination to recognize General Huerta's administration is being manifested by the rebels in all parts of the republic. Nearly all the rebel leaders have now fallen in line. Many of the rebels, however, display sensitiveness in regard to the amnesty bill, which they say wrongly implies their defeat.

Foreign Comments Favorable.
London—That Woodrow Wilson is splendidly equipped to handle the wheel of the American ship of state is the opinion here. The Chronicle declares: "Woodrow Wilson represents the new spirit visible in more than one country, but nowhere so clearly as in America." The Daily Gazette says: "Woodrow Wilson has impressed the Anglo-Saxon race of both the old and the new world with his sterling honesty." The Morning Post: "Few American presidents have entered office so well equipped."

Falls 17 Floors; Rolls Cigarette.
New York—John Brunson, a marble worker, fell from the 17th floor of the Municipal building to the bottom of an elevator shaft and treated his experience so lightly that those who ran to his aid found him rolling a cigarette and casually inquiring if an ambulance could be summoned. Much shorter falls have taken scores of lives on the recent skyscraper buildings, but Brunson was saved from being dashed to pieces because he landed on a bundle of empty bags. He suffered fractures of the leg.

Loeb to Be Guggenheim Director.
New York—The resignation of William Loeb, Jr., collector of the port of New York, has been sent to Washington. Mr. Loeb's withdrawal from office was forecasted recently. A position as managing director of the Guggenheim companies, with a few of which he is associated as a director, has been created for him. Woodrow Wilson, as president, will act upon the resignation, which Mr. Loeb asks to have accepted on or before March 8. On that date Mr. Loeb's bond of \$480,000 as collector expires.