

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Tariff Reform Only Is Subject of Communication.

Protection Principles of Twenty Years Ago Are Entirely Out of Date—Would Place Business On Its Merits and Stop Abnormal Protection of Monopoly.

To the Senate and House of Representatives: I have called the Congress together in extraordinary session because a duty was laid upon the party now in power at the recent elections which it ought to perform promptly, in order that the burden carried by the people under existing law may be lightened as soon as possible and in order, also, that the business interests of the country may not be kept too long in suspense as to what the fiscal changes are to be to which they will be required to adjust themselves. It is clear to the whole country that the tariff duties must be altered. They must be changed to meet the radical alteration in the conditions of our economic life which the country has witnessed within the last generation. While the whole face and method of our industrial and commercial life were being changed beyond recognition the tariff schedules have remained what they were before the change began, or have moved in the direction they were given when no large circumstances of our industrial development was what it is today. Our task is to square them with the actual facts. The sooner that is done the sooner we shall escape from suffering from the burden of a tariff which only men of business will be free to thrive by the law of nature (the nature of free business) instead of by the law of legislation and artificial arrangement.

We have seen tariff legislation wander very far afield in our day—very far indeed from the field in which our prosperity might have had a normal growth and stimulation. No one who looks the facts squarely in the face or knows anything that lies beneath the surface of action can fail to perceive the principles upon which recent tariff legislation has been based. We long ago passed beyond the modest notion of "protecting" the industries of the country and moved boldly forward to the idea that they were entitled to the direct patronage of the Government. For a long time—a time so long that the men now active in public policy hardly remember the conditions that preceded it—we have sought in our tariff schedules to give each group of manufacturers or producers what they themselves thought that they needed in order to maintain a practically exclusive market against the rest of the world. Consciously or unconsciously, we have built up a set of privileges and exemptions from competition behind which it was easy by any, even the crudest, forms of combination to organize monopoly; until at last nothing is normal, nothing is obliged to stand the tests of efficiency and economy, in our world of big business, but everything thrives by concerted arrangements. Only new principles of acting will save us from a final hard crystallization of monopoly and a complete loss of the influences that quicken enterprise and keep independent energy alive.

It is plain that those principles must be. We must abolish everything that bears even the semblance of privilege or of any kind of artificial advantage, and put our business men and producers under the stimulation of a constant necessity to be efficient, economical and enterprising, masters of competitive supremacy, better workers and merchants than any in the world. Aside from the duties laid upon articles which we do not, and probably cannot, produce, therefore, and the duties laid upon luxuries and merely for the sake of the revenues, the duties on the tariff duties henceforth laid must be effective competition, the whetting of American wits by contest with the wits of the rest of the world.

It would be unwise to move toward this end headlong, with reckless haste, or with strokes that cut at the very roots of what has grown up amongst us by long process and at our own invitation. It does not alter a thing to upset it and break it down, unless a chance to change. It destroys it. We must make changes in our fiscal laws, in our fiscal system, whose object is development, in more freedom and whole some development, not revolution or upset or confusion. We must build up trade, especially foreign trade. We need the outlets of the enlarged field of energy more than we ever did before. We must build up industry as well, and must adopt freedom in the place of artificial stimulation which so far as it will build, not pull down. In dealing with the tariff the method by which this may be done will be a matter of judgment, exercised item by item. To some not accustomed to the excitement and responsibilities of

Darrow Plans to Retire.

Los Angeles—Clarence S. Darrow, former chief counsel for the McNamara, who has been tried twice for alleged jury-bribing in connection with the famous dynamite trial, left Saturday for Chicago, whence he came two years ago to defend the two brothers now in the state prison at San Quentin. It is not called on to face another trial, Mr. Darrow said, he will never practice law again, but will retire to a ranch he has in Northern California and devote himself to literature.

Buffalo Hears Explosion.

Buffalo, N. Y.—A terrific explosion was heard in the northern part of this city and at Tonawanda at 2:30 o'clock Wednesday morning. It is reported that a trestle on the Niagara Falls line of the International Railway company, whose employees are on strike, had been blown up. No verification of the report can be had. Many persons started at once for the scene, but as there is no wire communication from the vicinity, no details are as yet obtainable.

All Save Two in Army Desert.

Guaymas, Sonora—Commandant Sanchez, of El Cobre, was left with an army composed of his aide and first sergeant Saturday when state troops demanded the surrender of the town. All the federal soldiers of the El Cobre garrison promptly deserted, only to march in with the victorious insurgent state troops. Sanchez and his two loyal followers were taken prisoners. El Cobre is near the smelting center of Fundicion.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

General News of the Industrial and Educational Development and Progress of Rural Communities, Public Institutions, Etc.

STATE ENGINEER CRITICIZED WILL LEARN NEW THINGS

Governor Says Land Board Cannot Invite Co-operation.

Salem—That the desert land board, under the mandates of the act passed by the recent legislature providing an appropriation for the Columbia Southern project, has no right and is given no power to develop that project to a greater extent than reclamation of lands included in desert land selection No. 13 for this state and private lands included in the act, is the declaration made by Governor West following the return of State Engineer Lewis from Washington, D. C. Among other things the state engineer took up the question of development of an enlarged Columbia Southern project through federal co-operation.

The governor plainly asserted that the state engineer in desiring federal co-operation is doing it merely to shift responsibility from himself to the government, that the engineer is afraid of the estimates that he has proposed, and that in event the project is a failure under those estimates it is the plan of the state engineer to hide behind the government and accuse it of being responsible for his own failure.

"The State of Oregon cannot under the act of the legislature enter into co-operation on this project," continues the governor. "The act itself provides that 'the desert land board is hereby authorized and directed on behalf of the State of Oregon to complete as far as can be done with the appropriation made by this act, the reclamation of lands included in the Oregon desert land selection list No. 13.'"

GOOD ROADS ARE INDORSED

Lane County Pomona Grange Is Guest of Springfield.

Springfield—Springfield entertained the Lane County Pomona Grange Saturday in Woodmen hall. There was an attendance from all the granges in the county. The various topics discussed were salient and much interest was manifested in the meeting.

The later session was turned into a good roads meeting. M. Svarverud, of Eugene, made an appeal for better roads.

M. J. Duryea, manager of the Eugene Commercial club, spoke on the subject of "Transportation Necessary to Development of the Farm," and Professor McAllister, of the University of Oregon, told of the possibilities of concrete construction for country roads and explained the new method that he has developed.

Good roads from the County Court's standpoint were discussed by County Judge Thompson. He urged the grange to study the question of expenditures. "The roads belong to the people," said the judge, "and not to the County Court. The good roads question is one that will be solved largely by the people. If they want good roads, they must say so, for they will have to pay for them."

GRANGE MAKES BIG SAVING

Members Get \$250 Worth of Groceries on Co-operative Plan.

Portland—The hall of Evening Star grange, Section Line road, might have been taken for a grocery store Saturday, as the front rooms on the lower floor were filled with articles which had been purchased by Andrew Holm, the manager of the new plan of co-operative buying for grange members. It was delivered day for the next month. About \$250 worth of articles, feed for stock and groceries, covering everything used in the family, were stored in the hall, and later taken to the homes of the members. They saved an average of 10 and 15 per cent under this method of co-operative buying.

On the amount delivered Saturday the saving, under the co-operative buying plan, was between \$25 and \$30. Manager Holm explained that this was just started, and that it is hoped to develop an extensive plan of co-operative buying throughout the county, when it has been demonstrated that a saving can be made.

The greatest saving on the goods bought and delivered Saturday was on feed for stock, which was 15 per cent over the regular prices paid.

There is space in the grange ground, at the corner of East Eightieth and Division streets, on which a general delivery store may be built.

Rural Sidewalks Urged.

Orengo—At a special meeting of the Orengo Civic Improvement league steps were taken to build sidewalks to Quatama and towards Reedville and in several other directions to connect the outlying districts with the town. The farmers living along these lines have agreed to assist in the building. Those living near Quatama have agreed, if the town buys the lumber, to haul it from the mill, furnish the cross pieces and build the walk. M. McDonald, W. J. Head, Thomas Goodin, Mr. Green and Mr. Dunsmore were appointed a committee to report the best means of raising the funds.

At the last meeting of the city council ordinances were passed fixing the width of sidewalks, prohibiting hogs inside the fire limits, warning owners to keep poultry on their own premises, licensing moving-picture shows and prohibiting them on Sunday.

State Funds Decreasing.

Salem—The quarterly report of his office, just prepared by State Treasurer Kay, shows that the balance in the general fund March 31 was \$555,309, while the balance January 1 was \$1,072,613. With the large appropriations made by the last legislature the balance in the general fund will be rapidly eaten up, according to the prediction of Mr. Kay. The report also shows that practically all of the \$6,321,358 in the common school fund principal is loaned out at 6 per cent interest, there being only \$149 left.

Soil in Fine Condition.

The Dalles—Farmers of Wasco, Sherman and Gilliam counties are jubilant over the moisture which has been experienced during the past three days. Rain came down slowly and while the total precipitation was only half an inch, all of it went into the ground. The days being cool and cloudy none of the moisture evaporated. The soil has been placed in excellent condition for spring cultivation and plowing will now progress rapidly. Rivermen do not anticipate unusually high water here this spring.

State Butter Contract Awarded.

Monmouth—The Monmouth Creamery company has been awarded the contract of supplying the state institutions at Salem with butter for April. This will amount approximately to 3000 or 4000 pounds of butter. The creamery is now under the management of Frank E. Murdock.

Pedagogues Not Only Ones Instructed in Summer Session.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—The women of the household who have their hearts set on some day owning a piece of land, and the young people just out of school who are looking for opportunities, will find as much of real interest to them in the O. A. C. summer session, which opens June 16 and lasts six weeks, as will the school teachers who are anxious to prepare themselves for advanced positions and bigger salaries.

The beautification and sanitation of the home premises, the kitchen garden, the economical and hygienic preparation of food, the solution of all sorts of home problems, these are included in the plan of instruction outlined by Prof. E. D. Ressler, director. The teachers will also be given special work besides the regular courses for elementary and high schools, such as the beginnings of agricultural work for those in districts where such instruction may be included in the schools next year, domestic science and art, manual training, business courses, music and drawing, physical training, school law, supervision and management, especially in the country schools.

For the convenience of those who cannot remain the whole six weeks, some of the courses are arranged to give a complete lecture schedule in two weeks. This work includes also two week courses in manual training and domestic economy for boys and girls of the high school and upper grades. The idea is to give them, at the formative period of their lives, some comprehension of the value and true dignity of the professions of farming and home-making. It is felt that in the past the emphasis in the public schools has been too much on the professions more commercial, too little on those of the farm home, and that this may be in some degree responsible for the present necessity for the "back to the farm" movement—or, more properly, the "stick to the farm" movement.

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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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MR. TAUBERY'S DIAMOND

(Continued.)

Quite half an hour had dragged by when the cab door was swung open and the detective sprang in. At the same time I noticed a covered cart with a black pony in the shafts pass the other window at a leisurely pace. Our driver must have had his orders, for he turned his horse and followed in the same direction.

Peace remained silent, so I left him alone and contented myself with staring out of the window. We were going northward towards Hampstead. The lines of houses broke up into separate villas. Lilac and laburnum bushes peeped over the garden walls. The throng of traffic grew thinner, the pavement less crowded. It was past five when we drew up at a little public house. Peace toddled out, and I followed at his heels.

"He is unloading his cart in Ashley street, yonder," said the driver, leaning from the box, as he pointed with his whip to a side road. "Do you want me to wait, sir?"

The inspector nodded and disappeared through the inn door, leaving me on the pavement. As he had given me no orders I strolled back to the corner and peeped down the road, which ran at right angles to the one in which I was.

About forty yards away stood the little covered cart with the gray-haired dealer of the auction room talking to a lad beside it. Presently the lad crawled under the canvas hood and handed down the identical long-tailed horse that had brought about the public discomfiture of the gallant Colonel Gunton. The dealer pushed it across the stone pavement into a little furniture shop, and the boy, whipping up the black pony, drove quickly away.

I turned back to find the detective at my elbow.

"Peace," I said, "what is your interest in that bicycle horse?"

"It happens to play the comedy part in our little mystery."

"What do you mean?"

"Only that it has a hole in the saddle for a pommel should a little girl ride in it, and the hole leads down to a hollow inside. Do you guess what it was that dropped into the hollow inside?"

"Not Mr. Taubery's diamond?"

"Exactly. Yet we have still to find out the man who put it there."

"But, in the meantime the old dealer may—"

"Tut, tut, Mr. Phillips. The old dealer has nothing to do with it. He is only obeying an order to buy the toy whatever it cost, and to keep it until called for. We may have to waste some time, so I have ordered a steak and fried potatoes in an upper room that conveniently overlooks the door of his shop. Let me show you the way."

We passed through a long bar at which a dingy assemblage lounged and smoked, and so upstairs into a private room, the windows of which commanded Ashley street. We ate our meal in relays—one watching at the window, while the other disposed of his section of stringy steak and heavy beer. The daylight softly faded, the gas jets sprang out along the street, the tramp of home-coming fathers dropped into silence—but there was still no caller at the furniture shop. The shutters had been put up for the night. It seemed plain to me that nothing would happen for that evening at least, though Peace did not seem to despond.

Nine o'clock—ten o'clock—ten-thirty, and the customer arrived.

I had watched his cab come rattling down the street with a casual interest, for many had come and gone since we first mounted guard. It had passed the little shop and was almost beneath us, when a head was thrust out of the window and a voice cried irritably to the cabman. A street lamp showed him to me clearly—a white-faced youth with a straggly, brown mustache and an indecisive chin.

The cab turned about, and pulled up opposite the shop door. The inspector touched my arm, and we walked down the stairs, picked up our driver, who was smoking in the bar, and so bundled into our own vehicle. A few whispered instructions, and we drove

slowly round the corner into Ashley street.

The customer had been expected. As we passed the shop at a walking pace I could see that the dealer and his assistant were hoisting the bicycle horse to the roof of the waiting cab. Fifty yards more and we drew up by the pavement.

Peace kept the windows closed, so that I could not look back along the road; but through the glass in front I could see that our driver was quietly taking note of affairs. It was not the first time that the inspector had employed him, as I learnt afterwards, and the man knew his business.

Suddenly our cab whisked round and set off at a rapid pace. The stranger had selected a fast horse, that was evident. We swung through a maze of narrow streets, tugged up a long hill, skirted a stretch of open common—a part of Hampstead Heath, I believe—and finally stopped in the shade of some tall trees. As I got out I saw the lights of the chaise stationary at some distance up the road.

"There may be trouble, Mr. Phillips," whispered the little detective. "I'm not certain I ought to bring you along. If anything—"

"Nonsense!" I interrupted, glancing down at him with some amusement.

"Well, take this, anyway. I had it from a German burglar."

He thrust a strip of hardened rubber into my hand, about eighteen inches in length by two in thickness. "It will stun a man without leaving a mark," he said gently.

The four-wheeler that we had followed was waiting before a green door set in a high brick wall. Without an attempt at concealment, Peace walked



"NOW, JACK STEADMAN, THAT IS QUITE ENOUGH."

to the door and tried the handle. It was not locked, and we passed into a fair-sized garden, set about with flower-beds and clumps of laurel. In the middle I could see the outline of a square gray house. Two of the ground floor rooms glowed behind their curtains; the rest was darkness.

We crossed a corner of the lawn, and stopped behind a patch of bushes directly in front of the entrance porch. The night was very still and silent. What desperate men were gathered in that quiet place? How could we hope to arrest them flushed with the triumph of so splendid a prize? To be truthful, I began to feel a certain anxiety for our position; though upon Peace's face, showing white in the gloom, was a look of perfect serenity—a look that I could not understand.

"Mercy, oh, mercy!"

It was a trembling wall of terror, a wall that was suddenly blotted out by a roar like the challenge of a bull. From within the house came the jingle of overturned chairs and the jingle of breaking glass. And all the time the shrieks and hoarse ravings drew nearer and louder, until, with a loud bang, the hall door was flung open and a man tumbled down the steps as if thrown from a catapult. His assailant, in black silhouette against the hall lights, hesitated for a moment, stick in hand. Then, with a shout of rage, he sprang forward and struck at

the weight of a railway car while the truck is taken from beneath for repairs. Yet the primitive barrel is put together without nails, screws, bolts, or pins—it is entirely self-fastened.

The barrel is smaller at its ends than it is in its middle, so that the wooden hoops, self-locking, may be driven on, tightening the staves and pressing the heads into the chine. Although not calked, barrels are watertight. A small barrel is a keg, a big barrel is a cask, and a still bigger barrel is a hoghead.

Willing to Be Frightened.

They were seated in the dim light of a conservatory. She was playing with her fan, and he was murmuring soft speeches in her ear. Suddenly he leaned forward and impressed a kiss on her soft cheek.

"Oh, Charlie," she cried, "how you frightened me!"

"Then after a few minutes she said: 'Frighten me again, Charlie.'"

the moaning wretch who acquiesces on the gravel at his feet.

"Now, Jack Steadman, that is quite enough," said the inspector, pushing his way through the laurels.

"And who may you be?" cried the other, with a furious oath.

"My name is Addington Peace of the criminal investigation department of Scotland Yard, and I arrest you both for being concerned in the robbery of a valuable diamond, the property of Mr. Julius Taubery."

"Stolen a diamond?" he bellowed. "Do you call that a diamond?"

He flung down a stone that sparkled in the lights behind him, and stamped it into the gravel with his heel.

"I am aware that it is the imitation," said the inspector. "But it was not your fault that you missed the real thing. I have a cab waiting. You had better come with me quietly. And I warn you, Steadman, that anything you say will be used in evidence against you."

It was after two in the morning before the inspector tapped at the door of my rooms. I had made the fourth of that odd cab load to the nearest police station; for, though Mr. Jack Steadman had blustered, and the Hon. George Carstairs had groveled and whined thither, they had consented to go at last. And there I had left the detective and his prisoners, driving to my rooms to await his return.

"The case was not quite so difficult as you suppose, Mr. Phillips," he said, in answer to my question. "You remember that I believed the diamond to be still in the house?"

"Certainly."

"It would be hard to imagine a more useful bait. It was certain that the thieves would have another bite at it; it was also certain that I ought to be able to hook them when they did. Yet I very nearly lost the diamond, after all. Taubery, Gunton and the servants had all declared that, since the robbery, nothing had been moved from the dining room, passage or library. There they made a mistake."

"Taubery's little grandson, George, happened to leave his toy horse in the passage from the dining room, and into the hole made for the pommel that poor creature, Carstairs, had dropped the diamond with a last despairing effort to get rid of it before

Colonel Gunton searched him. Ten minutes afterwards the little boy went out for a walk with his nurse, taking the horse with him. When he returned it was left, as usual, in the servants' quarters at the back. I never set eyes on it until a day later. Even then I should not have suspected what it contained had not the nurse complained to me of a man who followed her when she took George for his daily airing in the park. That was the sign for which I had been looking. I accompanied the pair on the following morning. I saw the man, but did not recognize him.

"Neither the nurse nor the boy could well be carrying the diamond about with them. There remained the horse. That night I extracted the real diamond, and not wishing to spoil my bait for the shy fish, I dropped the imitation stone into its place."

"The toy was watched by night and day. It was through a hint from me that it was included in the sale. Poor Colonel Gunton! I admit that his eccentric bidding startled me for a moment."

"You can understand Steadman's fury when, after all his plots and risks and expenditure, his silly dupe brought him back the identical imitation stone that had been made to deceive old Taubery. I don't believe that the Trojans could have been more astonished when the Greeks emerged from the wooden horse than was Steadman when he took out the diamond from the toy and found it to be the imitation!"

"And who was Steadman?"

"A very dangerous fellow, Mr. Phillips. I recognized him the moment he appeared at the door. For years he was a bookmaker in Paris, but left when the place got too hot for him."

As a card player he is well known and avoided. He has been in low water lately. So has his dupe, Carstairs, as I now discover. Lord Winton, the young man's brother, set him up as a coffee planter in Ceylon, but he spent all the money given him and returned six months ago. Carstairs was a distant connection of Mrs. Taubery's and both she and her husband had been very kind to him. He was always loafing about the house, getting free meals and now and then borrowing a fiver. He must have heard of the new diamond and mentioned it to Steadman; for Steadman hatched the plot—there is no doubt about that. Carstairs was merely a dupe and a foolish, vicious dupe at that—he never had the ability to rise higher in crime. How the two became acquainted I do not know; but they have been seen together several times lately. You may take my word for it, that the public will be well rid of them for a year or two."

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)