EVANS' STORY OF FLEET REALISTIC

Admiral Gives Vivid Details of Voyage From Atlantic to the Pacific.

WIT WINS LOUD APPLAUSE

Speech at Armory Under Auspices of Commercial Club Is Replete With Humorous Incidents and Nautical Wisdom.

"Heave Ho, Heave Ho, Yo merrily Ho,"
So singe the stalwart tar.
"Oh! a life for me is a life at sea,
Aboard a man-of-war."

BY ERNEST M'GAFFEY.

"Fighting Bob" Evans captured his audience last night at the Armory to the last man, and the ultimate woman in his discourse under the auspices of the Portland Commercial Club. It wasn't a lecture, nor an address, nor a speech. It was just a bluff old sea-dog, sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, telling you the story of the fleet. As easy as if he were sitting in a farm-house, out in the kitchen, with a pipe between his lips, and a mug of cider handy. It was keen with the tang of salt-sea breezes. It was biting with sarcasm at so-called naval "experts." It was shot through and through with a dry wit that searched out the weak spots in your risibles and brought the fresh laughter to the lips of the most cynical. I was patriotic, it was picturesque, it was inspiring.

There was never quite such a discourse, for it was the sea-yarn told to an audience of veritable "land-lubbers," the story of the marvels and wonders of the sea, and told by the man who had passed through it all. It had the unmistakable stamp of truth to lend it greater charm. Mere narrative in the recital of the lecturer has a dessicated sound which palls on the average listener's ears. But the most blase of those who were in the Armory last night must have seen that great Armada setting out to sea from Hampton Roads as the doughty Admiral rehearsed the first setting out of the fleet. You could hear the roar of the guns as the salute to Roosevelt was given. You could see the white squadron of America spread its pinions and cleave the blue salt water with flags and pennants flying.

Details Graphically Told.

Even Liberty, on her far-away pedestal, must have felt that now she was, of a verity, enlightening the world. All the tales of those who go down to the sea in ships rose before every American heart as the clear and resonant tones of the Commander told the story. It was bringing history up from the depths to hear this epic of the sea. It held before the eyes the putting out of the Spanish Armada, the defense of Holland, the names of Nelson and Collingwood, the deathless glory of navies passed and gone, the laurels of England and America, the proud masts sweep over the waves, the signal, the broadside, the rapture of the fight.

Every word from the lips of Admiral Evans, who rolled out his account of the voyage of the fleet, seemed to bring back something of those by-gone days and to make the syllables suffer a sea-change, into something rich and strange. Every picture he painted, for his brush-stroke was wide and high, as befitted his subject, was one that held sky and sea and cloud in its perspective. Space liberates the soul; and it was as if the very solitude of leagues of billowy water had lent new power to the speaker's vision and made him inspired with his subject. He told the story like a man who loved his theme.

Confidence in Ships and Men.

The telling of the fleet's passage through the Straits of Magellan was dramatic in its intensity. You could see the log and mark the flash of messages through the darkness. All through the telling ran the thread of perfect confidence in ships and crew, and the audience thrilled to this feeling with the speaker himself, and continually broke into spontaneous and instant applause. Sometimes this chord of sympathy with Admiral Evans and his theme was expressed in a silence that spoke louder than applause.

The crossing of the ships over the equatorial line, the rites of Neptune administered to those who had never passed that mystic crease of demarcation, was told in a bold and literal manner. Admiral Evans is evidently a firm believer of every tradition and custom of the Navy. The recital of the meetings with the various Presidents of the South American republics, their coming out to sea in some instances to meet the American fleet, the salutes from republic to republic, the crowds on shore, the cheers, the flying flags, the interchange of National and individual courtesies was a kaleidoscopic glitter of color and movement that fascinated and enthused the audience to its highest pitch.

"On the Peruvian shores, as the fleet drew near, was the word "Welcome" in large white letters. As the ships wore in nearer shore these letters resolved themselves into hundreds of figures, dressed in white, and disposed to represent the invitation. As the ships departed the white figures on the dazzling green slopes shifted, wavered for an instant, and then the word was "Farewell."

Can Depend on Sailors.

Everywhere and at all times "Fighting Bob" upheld the honor and obedience of the men. With an earnestness that bespoke absolute sincerity he asserted that the American Navy, ships and men, could be depended on to uphold the integrity and the safety of the country at all times and against all hazards. His words came as crisp and challenging as the words of John Paul Jones himself. But he did not believe in allowing the Pacific Coast to depend upon an Atlantic squadron. He argued for a fleet of 24 battleships in the Atlantic and a fleet of the same number of battleships in the Pacific. With these in commission, peace was assured. "Even if they had to fight for it," he added humorously.

"The perils around Magellan were not the only ones threatening the fleet," declared the speaker. "At almost every other important port there would be rumors of a plot to blow up the fleet. One plot was to set torpedoes afloat on driftwood, send the driftwood out into the ocean have the ships cross these barriers and thereby blow up. The only things to prevent this were: First, there was no driftwood; second, there was no way of setting driftwood into the course the fleet was taking, and, third, the ships would never have crossed any such obstructions. With these slight exceptions, the plan was ingeniously complete."

Canal in Wartime.

The Admiral ridiculed the Panama Canal as a means of assisting or carrying on naval warfare. A stick of dynamite in a desperate man's hands would be enough to cut off egress or ingress. For the rest he did not believe in any intention of the Japanese to seek trouble with the United States. And in many instances with a most ingenuous manner he spoke of the pleasant and amicable effect that six miles and a half of battleships certainly had on the countries before whom they maneuvered. He told of the marksmanship of the sailors with the big guns, and more than once declared "we had the ships, the men, the guns, and the proficiency. We had the goods, and we could deliver them." Occasionally the curt "Ay, ay, sir," of the sailor would creep into the narrative and all along during the intensely interesting evening quaint bits of sea slang and nautical as well as infrequently naughty expressions enlivened and bit into the otherwise sedate English of Admiral Evans.

The reception of the fleet in Los Angeles and San Francisco has passed into history, but it will never be as vivid as it was coming from the man at the helm. Again it was the broad sweep of the unconscious word-artist. Again, there was the mighty procession of ocean leviathans crossing the waste miles of tossing billows; once more the air and earth trembled to the Titan-rolling chorus of the guns. Sea, sky, cloud, wind, rain, and storm—all these figured in this unique and remarkable monologue. The very beginning was as abrupt as the dipping of a flag. The ending was the same. Abrupt, yet beautiful. But there was over all and under all the Homer-chant of a great deed, greatly done. And for hand-maidens to this going forth to herald the glories of a Nation one and undivided, there were stars and sunshine, waving scarves in sunny climes and fair, and eager faces lining flower-lined shores. And for the sterner aspects there was the suggestion of dangers passed and perils avoided, and through the storms, far-heard and menacing, the bugles of the Almighty:

To where God loosens over sea and land
The thunder of the trumpets of the night.

MEET IS BEING PLANNED

PULLMAN ATHLETES MAY MEET O. A. C. HERE MAY 8.

Negotiations for Event Now Under Way—Pullman Arranges Schedule of Spring Events.

WASHINGTON STATE COLLEGE, Pullman, March 31.—(Special.)—Portland may get the track meet between the Washington State College and Oregon Agricultural College this year. Manager H. V. Wexler, of the state college track team, is dickering with the Oregon management to the end that the meet may be held at Portland May 8, and although it has not yet been clinched, Wexler expresses himself as in favor of the date and place, so that it is entirely probable that the event will take place at Portland.

This will be the first time in two years that the two institutions have contested in track athletics. O. A. C. is reputed among local athletes to have a strong bunch of men this year, while the prospect for the strongest team in the history of W. S. C. is good here.

Practically all the dates for the various intercollegiate, as well as the minor meets, such as interclass, etc., have been scheduled by Wexler for the coming season on the track.

On April 17 will occur the event which is known as the Junior meet, when the $40 cup presented by the junior class will be contested for. This is an annual affair and develops some keen and interesting rivalry among the various class athletes. It has been a feature of Spring athletics for a number of years past, all "W" men being, of course, barred from participation.

The Freshmen have a bunch of crack athletes for their meet with the Idaho '12 class April 24. The University of Idaho collegiate meet has been scheduled for May 1.

The third big intercollegiate meet of the year will be that with Whitman at Pulman, May 21.

On June 5 will occur the conference meet at Seattle, in which Washington State College will enter a number of her best athletes.

MANY STARS TO MEET

MULTNOMAH GAMES ATTRACT SOME FAST MEN.

Smithson Will Strive to Lower His Record in Hurdles and Will Have Spirited Competition.

Forrest Smithson, Multnomah's crack athlete and champion hurdler of the world, is working out daily to get himself into the finest possible shape for the big indoor track meet to be held at the Armory Saturday night. Smithson is entered in several events and is to run against some of the best athletes of the Northwest. All of his competitors will strive hard to beat him, on account of the reputation they will gain from such a feat, but Smithson is confident of maintaining his superiority.

The Multnomah Club champion intends to try to lower the indoor record for the 50-yard hurdles, and the meet is to be conducted under the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union, which will serve to secure recognition of any marks made that night. The Seattle Athletic Club is sending a formidable team, comprising many of the best athletes of Washington. Among these are Malcolmson and Gish, stars of the University of Washington, who are to compete for the Seattle Athletic Club during the A-Y-P Exposition, and are being brought here to start the season.

Malcolmson has entertained an ambition to win over Smithson for some time, and will likely prove Smithson's strongest competitor Saturday night. However, there are several high-class athletes from the University of Oregon and the Oregon Agricultural College who will prove factors in the indoor games. It is well to watch the performances of the Eugene and Corvallis contingents, for they have a habit of springing surprises.

Aside from the regular field and track feature, as well as the ten-mile Marathon, there is to be a class drill of the pupils of Professor Robert Krohn, of Multnomah Club. This drill is a beautiful series of evolutions. Professor Krohn has taken a keen delight in this branch of athletics, and his classes are a credit to the famous athletic institution.

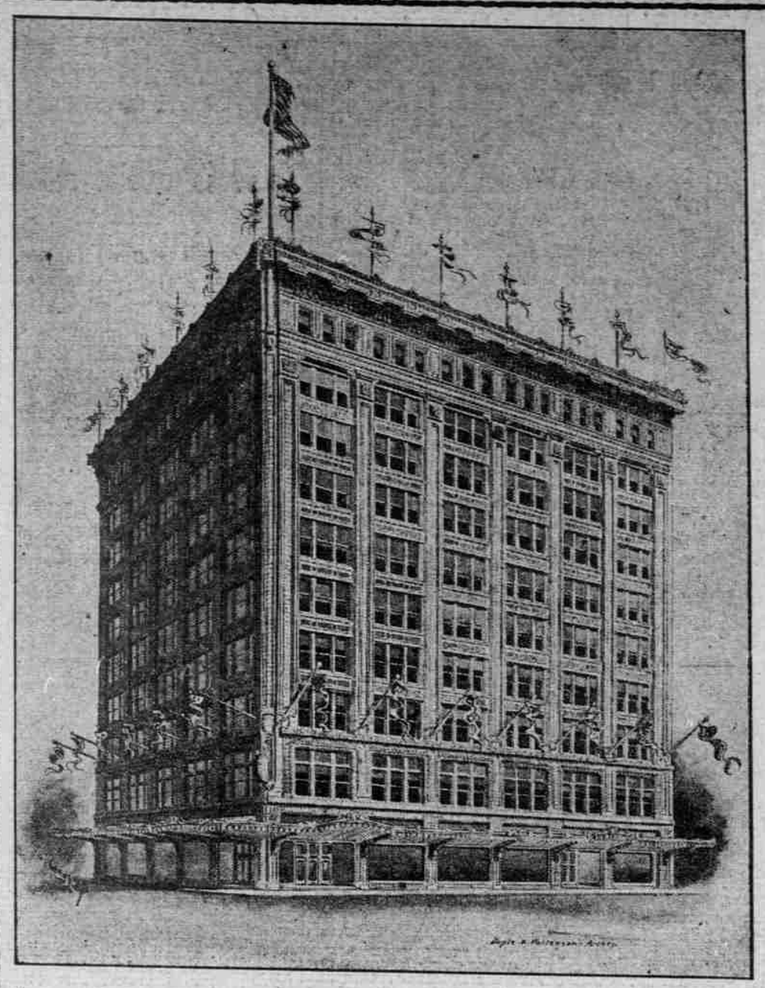
Mission to Be Restored.

NORTH YAKIMA, Wash., March 31.—(Special.)—The old Ahtanum mission, which was established in this valley over half a century ago and which was the first white settlement in this section, is to be restored. The local council of the Knights of Columbus has purchased the buildings and ground surrounding, and will keep the place in its original condition. The mission was established by the Oblate Fathers in the early fifties.

Mable Gale Awaits Charter.

ASTORIA, Or., March 31.—(Special.)—The crew of the schooner Mable Gale, which arrived a couple of days ago from Mollendo, was paid off here this afternoon and the vessel will be laid up awaiting a charter.

See Page 8 For Great Anniversary Surprise Bargains Today—Page 9, Tomorrow's Offerings



See Pages 8 and 9
For Complete Details of
The Meier & Frank Store's
1000th Anniversary
Surprise Sale
Today-Tomorrow

Sensational values—Immense special purchases for the two greatest bargain days of the Store's history—In every department the offerings are of such magnitude that it is to your personal interest to be here and share in these matchless values—Plan to be present today and Tomorrow

BOB EVANS LOOKS, ACTS VERY PATTERN OF KIPLING'S FIRST-CLASS FIGHTING MAN

Admiral Is Survivor of Days When Men Went a-Fighting Down to Sea in Ships, With Muse of Poetry and Romance in Tops, Says Arthur A. Greene.

BY ARTHUR A. GREENE.

"BOB" EVANS could never have been anything but a fighter, though he had lived his days in a monastery. Nature attended to that when he was endowed with a certain chin, two certain chilled-steel eyes and a plain, decisive manner of speech which one associates with great captains since the days of the Armada. He looks and acts the very pattern of Kipling's "first-class fighting man"—not the blustering, four-flush, camera-made and newspaper-exploited hero who is mighty in deeds only after the Moet & Chandon and the cigars have been introduced—but the last-ditch leader of desperate assaults and hopeless defenses.

Yet in his apartments at the Portland last night the great Admiral was as mildly gracious and companionable a seasoned old man-o'-war's-man as you'd find on any bloody quarterdeck or in any hotel bedroom in the world. He says what he has to say with the precision and directness of one of his own forward-turret guns when it carried messages of peace and good will to Cervera in Santiago harbor ten years agone. He doesn't palaver nor hedge, and wastes no time bowing to the shadow of his own importance. He's a little man, five feet six, or thereabouts, I should say, and he is slight. He looks physically as agile as he is mentally alert. Were it not for the reprehensible habit of rheumatism which he has, he looks fit to scramble into the shrouds in spite of his 62 years, which he doesn't look. We call him old, but after observing him closely for 15 minutes I'm prepared to believe that he isn't on speaking terms with old age. His face is almost the color of the fair-leather suitcase which stood in one corner of his room, and it is seamed just sufficiently to make him a delight to the student of physiognomy. He threatened to leave his crutches, hitch up his trousers and roll "down below" to his dinner, but just then must have felt a twinge in his bad foot and reconsidered the matter.

That foot, by the way, is a souvenir of one day's outing at Fort Fisher, back in '65, when he was painfully and effectively shot up by some belligerent Southern gentlemen.

His hair is just gray enough to look as if someone had sifted talcum powder through it. He seems to have no more nerves than a tight-rope walker, and commands himself so well that one censes to wonder how he can command a battleship in eruption. His voice is pitched in the middle register and has a kindly, almost an affectionate quality, in spite of his terseness.

"A well-equipped enemy, intelligently directed, could cut the Pacific Coast into ribbons in 60 days; I'm not an alarmist! Thats' the truth!"

So he started talking about things and things.

"It's time for Congress to quit fiddling and do something. Quick! Declarations of war come by telegraph, nowadays! And the 'wire' usually arrives after the first blow has been struck. Germany and England are liable to fight any day, and theres' no telling what other complications might follow. War might come to this country in a minute! Just like that, (snapping his fingers).

"Germany is threatening England's very existence as a maritime power. The feeling between the nations is so ugly that the most trivial cause might be taken as an act of open hostility. Something like an insult to the King by German subjects or to Emperor William by Englishmen. France and Germany are still making faces at each other. We might get mixed up in some very serious business simply as an innocent bystander. You can't tell."

I asked the Admiral when the limit was to be reached in the matter of battleship size.

"About 26,000 tons. We are asking for four of this tonnage, and we figure that is about the maximum. If we get them we'll have as good as any country will ever build. It's possible that 28,000 could be handled, but I'd say about 26,000. Such ships would cost $8,000,000 each; they'd be 530 feet long over all and 89.8 beam. It would take 39 feet of water to float 'em."

"About the ship subsidy plan?" he was asked.

"It's almost inconceivable to me that American people are not a unit for it. It's the only possible way for us to regain a respectable footing for our merchant marine. This country's merchant ships began to disappear from the sea just as soon as investors discovered that railroad and other public service corporation bonds were better earners than stock in merchant ships. Capital will never build ships until it becomes profitable to compete with foreign carriers, and the only way to secure this is to lend the encouragement of a subsidy."

This was the longest continued verbal cruise upon which Admiral Evans embarked during the interview.

"How did you first get the idea of lecturing? What made you think you were a platform orator?" I ventured, gently.

"I'm not an orator! Don't get a foolish notion like that!" he came back, and the target was reduced to an attenuated frazzle.

"Never did anything of the kind before, but I like it. You see, I'm interested in a better navy and some others and myself thought it would be a good scheme for me to go around and tell people what I know about it."

In spite of his denial of the soft impeachment, "Bob" Evans is rarely eloquent in his rugged, level-headed picturesqueness.

"I saw a man pick up an unexploded shell with its fuse burning and throw it overboard. That was on the old Powhatan during the Civil War. That's the bravest deed I ever saw. It was in action and the gun he was helping to work was faulty. After the fuse had ignited the shell dropped out of the breech to the deck. The gunner calmly picked up the sizzling thing, carried it to the rail and threw it overboard. Why, I'd have fainted, and so would you."

"The two greatest naval commanders in American history were Farragut and David D. Porter. It was my privilege to serve under them both as a youngster.

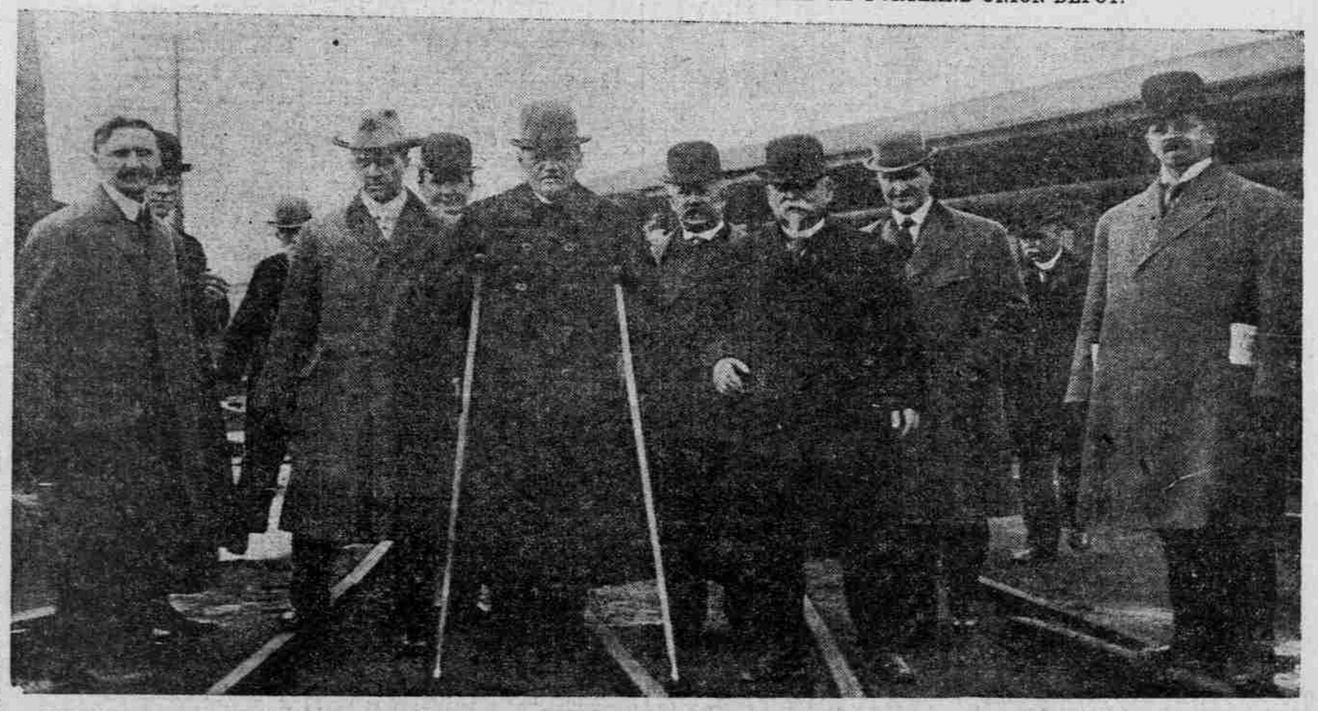
"Paul Jones? He was a fine pirate and a dandy fighter. That's about all. He started in as a slaver, you know, (which I didn't). Yes, he was mate on a slaveship before the Revolution." (I'm thinking now what the dear D. A. R. will do to Admiral Bob just for that.)

He impressed me most as a survivor of the days when men went a-fighting down to the sea in ships with the muse of romance and poetry hovering in the tops. Walter Raleigh, roystering old Drake, Amys Leigh, Nelson, Farragut, Dewey and Evans. What a foregathering that will be when they all get together in some snug home port some day! My old naval friend Kipling said the last word about Bob Evans when he wrote in a fly-leaf of one of his books by way of presentation:

Zogbaum draws with a pencil,
And I do things with a pen;
But you sit up in a conning-tower
Bossing 800 men.
To him who hath shall be given
And that's why these books are sent
To the man who has lived more stories
Than Zogbaum or I could invent.

Rosenthal's pumps fit at the heel.

ADMIRAL EVANS AND RECEPTION PARTY PHOTOGRAPHED AT PORTLAND UNION DEPOT.



PERSONS IN PICTURE (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT)—W. J. HOFMANN, J. A. CRUIKSHANK, MANAGER FOR THE ADMIRAL; COLONEL CHARLES E. M'DONELL, ADMIRAL EVANS, GENERAL CHARLES F. BEEBE, GENERAL JAMES JACKSON, ADJUTANT-GENERAL W. E. FINZER, DR. J. R. WETHERBEE.

MORE TIME IS LOST

Committee Fails to Report on "Commission Plan."

COMES UP AGAIN TUESDAY

City Fathers Spend Considerable Part of Session in Working Off Threadbare Puns About a Harmless Street Clock.

Owing to the fact that the committee of seven has not completed the work given it, the City Council did not take up the matter of submitting to the electors the proposed commission plan of city government at its meeting yesterday, but will consider it at an adjourned session next Tuesday morning at 9:30 o'clock. At that time the proposed amendments to be reported by the committee of seven will be ready, and both plans will be discussed.

At the afternoon session of the Council, it developed that the former plan to submit to the electors the question of a bond issue of $2,000,000 for the construction of a high bridge across the Willamette River at Broadway and Irving streets has been abandoned, and the project will be voted upon at the regular election. It was at first thought best to submit it at a special election, to be held at the primaries, but the present plan is to have it acted upon in June.

Councilman Rushlight introduced an ordinance, granting to the Executive Board the right to employ an engineer to draw plans and specifications for the proposed Madison-street bridge, but as there were not enough Councilmen present to carry an emergency, this was laid over until next Tuesday. The Executive Board asked for the privilege of employing an engineer to supervise the construction, as well as to design the new span.

Mayor Lane and the members of the Council had considerable fun over an application of the A. & C. Feldenheimer Jewelry Company for a permit to remove the clock that stands in front of the store at Third and Washington streets to a new location in front of the Rothchild building. The firm secured a special permit 12 years ago to place the timepiece where it has stood so long, but the permit is revocable at the pleasure of the Council, and the jewelers wish the privilege of shifting the clock from the old to the new place.

"The main objection to granting this permit," said Mayor Lane, "is the fact that the clock never kept correct time."

"That is plain on the face of it," said Councilman Annand, who introduced the measure, "but, as the firm has the permit now, it is just as well to let them move the clock."

"It is time they got a good clock," remarked Councilman Driscoll.

"I have no particular objection to granting the permit, but I dislike to have them hand us such poor time," was Councilman Vaughn's comment.

"The clock feels the humiliation," said Councilman Wills. "I have often noticed that it does; it holds its hands over its face nearly all the time."

"Yes, and at other times it gives passersby the glassy stare," added Mayor Lane. "It really should be regulated."

"I don't believe in running the clock down," said Councilman Cottel. "Let us either grant this permit, or keep quiet about it."

"I hope, gentlemen," said Councilman Menefee, "that none of you will get wound up on this subject, for time is too valuable to waste on such a matter."

The Council finally voted, but the application for a permit was denied. Mayor Lane, however, told Councilman Annand, the author of the resolution, to tell A. & C. Feldenheimer that they have just as much right to change the clock's location without the permit as with it, as all special permits are without authority of law.

Latest style pumps at Rosenthal's.