

YOUTHFUL FORGER BRAGS OF FRAUDS

G. L. Thorne Uncovers Long Crime Career and Tells of Upset of Big Coup.

BLIND PIG PLAN FAILS

Suspicion of Woman Stop Project for Liquor Sales—Man Who Lived by Wits Tells of Getting More Than \$25,000 by Fraud.

(Continued From First Page)

made public the fact that C. H. Libby, a Portland attorney, allowed Thorne to use his name in obtaining the money from the Baker City bank, and this angle is being investigated.

Story is Like Fiction. Thorne's arrest Saturday by Detectives Paul Meloney and Tom Swensen probably saved Portland people between \$100 and \$2000, according to Thorne's own admission yesterday.

He has been caught three times, once by a slip of the tongue when he drank too freely, and once by a "big accident." The first time he was caught by a University of Utah student in Baker City in February, 1912, the law driver let him off at the wrong house and, falling to realize the mistake, he was arrested and incriminating papers found in his possession. He served 18 months in jail.

Arrest Here is by Chance. His arrest Saturday was even more by chance. He had won a friend's watch in poker, had left it at a place on Washington street and, later, after a lunch with the friend at the Hazelwood, sought to get it. Detective Meloney and Swensen chanced to see him, became suspicious as he returned to the watch, and arrested him as he was about to begin his Portland operations with incriminating papers on his person.

He spent two months setting the stage for his Portland operations. He planned to operate on the two holidays at Christmas time, but the misfortune of a woman named Bradley, who spoiled the plans. He then set the time between bank closing Friday and midnight for his operations, with two days before the banks opened to tell the story of his wholesale swindles.

He tells his own story: "I have been here for more than two months, staying at the Benson, as Dr. W. A. Elliott, at the Seward and Humpage as Dr. Russell Elliott.

No Checks Out at Time. "I had no checks out when caught, but everything was ready to go. I had cash a cashier's check at the Scandinavian American Bank for \$100—the police haven't got this yet, but it was ready to work. I had a \$100 check on Western for \$125 signed by O. W. Weston. I got hold of his signature and used it in forging the check.

"I had a \$5 check O. W. by the first manager at Meier & Frank's and had raised it to \$100. That's what I was going to turn over to cash it—when I was pinched.

"At a private house at Ninth and Yamhill I was having some checks printed for the Fisher-Macy Company, stocks and bonds, and I planned to cash these in the places. I had time to get around to them all. I knew Kelly at the Lotus personally, as Dr. Elliott, and I was going to get him for \$100. A man named Bradley knew the address at Ninth and Burnside knew when I was in a bank in Boise, and thinks I am a bank clerk. I had him down for \$250.

Woman Spells Operations. "Things didn't turn out in Portland just as I had expected, because of a little female domestic trouble. "I had rented a house at 20 Twenty-first street North for a night, large, comfortable, and had a woman in it with the woman who was in it with me on it.

"I've been drawing money off a checking account at the Scandinavian American Bank in Seattle. It was real money, you see, because I was working on a credit.

"I also had a falling out in a real estate deal planned here. I was going to buy two lots in Laurelhurst from W. T. Baker, get the deeds and abstracts, have copies made, return the original, and mortgage the original. I had to have a woman for my wife and I couldn't trust the one I had in view.

"Another woman, who was a physician, getting some checks—they were to have been finished in time Friday—drawn on the Lead & Tilton Bank by the Finley-Deady Company—that fell low De Ford was in with me on that. He came from Oklahoma where I knew him in the oil business.

Charge Accounts Out. "I would also have left charge accounts behind me at the Robertson, the Winkler Hardware store and the Kolacht Electric Company. If I had gotten away Saturday as I planned.

RARE SCENES OF OPEN-AIR SPORT IN PORTLAND WHICH CAME WITH THE FIRST GENUINE COLD SNAP OF SEASON.



Upper—Boys Find Ice Good at Montgomery Flats. Lower—Youngsters Who Took the Chance the Ice Wouldn't Break and Went Far Out.

promoted a phony sale of lots and left with \$400. I bought the land I sold with a forged New York draft for \$2000 that didn't come back for two weeks and I was gone before that time.

"I went from there to Los Angeles as L. Baldwin at the Northern Hotel, but I was E. R. Hall at the Clark Hotel. Hall is a wealthy real estate man at San Diego. Money didn't come in rapidly enough, so I made side trips. A forged Bill's card made it possible to forge checks ranging from \$50 to \$150 on banks far enough away not to get wind for a few days.

Cigarette Too Thick. "I left there with \$100, but I got more than that. Life was too fast, the cost of living was too high and the cigarettes are too thick to make much money there.

"The time I got caught in St. Louis I ordered \$1000 worth of diamonds from some wholesalers in St. Louis just after I left Cheyenne. I represented myself as the son of Mr. Richard, retailer, and that I was buying them for him. I got the diamonds and had them in my pocket, but I was so pleased over the deal that I gave a wine sipper. I imbibed too much of the sparkling stuff, spoke too freely, and in a few moments one of the wholesalers slipped away from the table, telegraphed St. Louis, and it was my downfall. The dinner cost me \$120 and I had to put up \$500 bail to get away.

"I was in Portland in 1910 and cashed a check in a saloon on Third street. I told them my name was Charles Attwater, from Idaho. I got \$100 off a Seattle newspaper when I picked up the counter stamp and fixed a forged check in the newspaper office.

Banks Said to Be Easiest. "I fixed up this Baker City check case in Salt Lake, not ten minutes' walk from the police, who wanted me badly there and have my picture in their records. I was in Seattle in 1911, and while there got \$100 out of the Mount Jewell Company on the name of Charles Attwater. I drew the draft on the young woman, whom I met through Moore's girl. The State Land Board sent me a check for \$100 at Walla Walla on a deal similar to that at Baker City.

"Let me tell you something—the easiest place in the world to get money from the banks. I have dropped off the train, gone to a bank and got money on a forged name whenever I wanted it.

"For instance, I phoned a man's house, ascertained that he is away from home where he won't be called. Then I forged his name.

"Do you think the cashier looks at that name twice? He finds out that the man is all right and then I get the money.

"I have lived one's life on one's wits in not such a bad thing after all. If I am sentenced to more than three years it will constitute a life sentence, for my only home is to live outdoors. But I should worry."

Her dancing has developed since her one other visit to us two seasons ago. Last year, still pursuing her ambition to make good on her own account, she played a number of songs. And now her act has been added to by her singing. Miss Nesbit's voice is fresh and young, as yet unspoiled by the wearing of two song numbers, in one of which she is assisted in pantomime by Jack Clifford, and two dances, the Evelyn fox-trot, in which she shows bird-like steps and a fairly like floating rhythm, and the Clifford, a physically extraordinary achievement which leaves us gasping.

Mr. Clifford plays a sociable policeman, who calls on the suburbanites hired girls and waxes fat on ice cream and locker. One little wifey pretends she is the cook and catches him. It's a rickety farce and well played. Harry Cordaire and Virginia Milton play the suburbanite pair with finesse, and Mr. Norcross scores with his comedy work. Burley and Burley are quaint comedians with contentment tendencies, abilities in song and dance. They provide fine fun.

Mass Francis is pretty and sings nicely in her offering of bits of musical comedy.

TOTS AND ADULTS SKATE ON PONDS

Hillsides Become Toboggan Runways for Youngsters Fully Enjoying Snow.

THRILLS APLENTY GIVEN

Forecaster Predicts Another Flurry for Today and Little Lakes Give Promise of Becoming Popular Winter Resorts.

"Mother, can't I go outside for just a lit-tle while?" The snow that fell in all parts of the city yesterday and amounted to a young blizzard on the heights and in the unsheltered parts of Portland elicited from hundreds of youngsters this query.

And not only was the request of the youngsters granted, but in many instances the parents joined in the merrymaking, and sled runs were made of all the available stretches of snow that offered the desired inclination.

The snow flurry, accompanied by a strong wind, made the residents of the city shiver and draw closer to their hearth fires and put a little more wood or coal in the furnace.

Not only was sledding indulged in by the youngest of the city, but many got out their skates, which needed no grinding or polishing, and sought the favorite resorts where skating has been found in other years.

On the Montgomery Flats, in Lower Albina, a platoon had set a full sweep of the north wind, enough ice had formed to give the rising generations a thrill and a few bruises. All day the place was crowded by many youngsters and a few older ones.

Guild's Lake, which has always proved one of the first places where ice appears in Portland, was frozen and more than 100 persons gathered in the course of the day for some real ice skating, with all the outdoor appliances attached to skating reminding them of days "back East."

Part of the official forecast declares that the wind will be "gentle to moderate" coming from the north, with the temperature hovering between a maximum of 32 degrees and a minimum of 28 degrees, practically the same range that has been recorded for the past three days.

VANCOUVER HAS ICE SKATING Auto Parties Build Fires, Have Lunches and Music.

VANCOUVER, Wash., Jan. 2.—(Special.)—The temperature last night was 29.7 degrees above zero. The barometer today is falling. A light snow fell today, but the ground has no snow. A number of ponds and lakes near the city have been frozen over and several hundred residents of Vancouver are having their first skating this season.

HOOD RIVER FIELDS FREEZE Skaters Appear on Columbia Slough Despite Low Temperatures.

HOOD RIVER, Or., Jan. 2.—(Special.)—Orchards and berry fields of Hood River are frozen to a depth of from two to four inches, but no damage has been reported since the berry roots have not been lifted from the soil by the "spewing" process that usually accompanies the freezing.

TEMPERATURE 24 AT SEATTLE Coldest Day of Season Is Registered Sunday.

SEASIDE SCENES PLEASE LYRIC COMEDY WINS APPLAUSE FROM PATRONS.

PERSONAL MENTION.

John Major, of Salem, is at the Oregon. Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Stuart are registered at the Imperial from Maupin, Or.

Beginning at Meier & Frank's Today First Annual Sale Remnants, Odds and Ends and Surplus Stock Sale Details in Sunday Papers, Back Page, Section 1

Beginning Today Monthly Sale Toilet Goods and Drugs See Sunday Papers, Section 1

An Exhibition of Educational Pictures in color, carbon and photogravure—150 subjects representing old and modern masters—will be on view in our Music Hall, Sixth Floor, beginning today. Admission free.

Grocery Specials—A fine list of money-saving offerings from our ninth floor Model Grocery. It will pay you to stock up generously at these prices today. Victor Flour, Sack \$1.29

Smallest Horse in the World—Little Lula—today in the Playroom, Fifth Floor.

Meier & Frank Co. THE QUALITY STORE OF PORTLAND

AUTO PATROL BEGINS Portland Motor Squad Makes First Arrest.

MACHINES ARE KEPT BUSY City Is Divided Into Four Sections and One Car Is Assigned to Each—Police Find Winter Automobiling Chilly.

Thompson's Deep-Curve Kryptok Lenses Are Better. Lenses Must Be Changed

THOMPSON OPTICAL INSTITUTE 209-10-11 Corbett Building, 5th and Morrison.



George I. Thorne, alias Dr. Russell Elliott, alias Dr. Ed H. Houston and Navy Other Names, whose Confession Reads Like a Story of Rufus Wallingford.