

NEW BILLS OPEN AT PORTLAND THEATERS

Orpheum. BY LEONE CASS BAER.

MY FRIEND Millie Schloth, who is an authority on swimming and teaches it to all the little boys and girls who go to the public schools in Portland, told me that the thing that struck her most forcibly about Annette Kellerman's diving was that she didn't splash the water. What I know about diving would go comfortably on a postage stamp, but Miss Schloth's observation came back to me yesterday when I watched Lucille Cavanagh dance.

The thing that struck me forcibly was that the Cavanagh personage doesn't splash in the air. She cleaves it, just as a bird might, with climactic moments of astonishing grace. Just as Miss Kellerman steps off into space and sinks like a cupful of light and laughter into the water, so does Lucille Cavanagh wait with a perturbed breeze onto the Orpheum stage and flash into radiant dance, easily and assuredly complete the performance.

If there is such a thing as aesthetic jazz dancing, that is what Lucille Cavanagh does. Neither one nor the other, but a delightful blending of the two. She dances with the abandon of youthful spirits and the understanding of the meaning of the various movements. You might call it interpretative dancing which is really interpreted, for you can get what she is conveying merely by watching her.

Usually, interpretative so-called dancing means to me a careful perusal of the programmed synopsis of the "dance" and a earnest endeavor to hitch the story to the maneuvers of the dancer. To all of this Lucille Cavanagh offers welcome respite. She has one exquisite offering, an Indian moon dance, in which she glides up over a marble parapet, coming with the rising moon out of starting to poise a moment at the top of a flight of steps, then to dance down and into the moonlit garden in a wild, spirited, modernized Indian dance, full of grace and weird beauty, stealing back to the garden wall and away again with the moon.

There's an elfin quality in Miss Cavanagh's dancing, a sort of Peter Pan girl she is, dancing for the sheer love of it and to express herself. Another number, extremely colorful, is called "Keep me dancing all the time," and there's at least three other specialties, all unique.

Miss Cavanagh is aided materially by a trio of men, Wheeler Fawcett and Mel Craig, who play the violin and saxophone joyously and in ragtime mood, and William B. Taylor, who sings pleasingly. The scenic quality of the act is worth a paragraph, a garden, all blue and gold and moonlight.

A travesty of the eternal triangle receives a sparkling, new treatment in the keeping of Homer B. Mason, as the husband, Marguerite Keeler as the usual wife and George E. Roman as the inevitable "other man." There are comedians and comedians and any one of a hundred could ruin this clever sketch, but Homer Mason puts Homer Mason in it so strongly, adding impromptu, seemingly, flights of fun and pungent wit and his own personality and fascinating mannerisms until the role becomes a joyous rollicking one and the audience laughs from certain rise until curtain fall.

Homer isn't the usual husband, only in the respect that he neglects his wife. When the big moment arrives and Homer meanders home to find wife on the verge of flying to sunny Spain with one of its native sons who wears a lavender and chatters at length about happiness, Homer doesn't run true to form as established in the rules laid down for wronged husbands. What Homer does and does not do is so clever and so spontaneous good that it will be memorable. Mr. Roman's Spanish Lothario is a gem, and Miss Keeler in attractive and satisfying as the lonely wife.

Clark and Verdi, the Italian and the "wop" return to argue and juggle with the English language. One is the walking delegate type—conscious of his new shoes, his American polish and his superiority over the others over here only 18 months and full of Italian conversation which he is desirous of turning into English. The comedy of the two was a natural flavor, ring of honesty and is chock-full of originality.

A delightful act is offered by Jack Clifford and Miriam Wills. This is not the Jack Clifford who used to dance with Evelyn Thaw, but an entirely different personage. This one is a character comedian of an excellency who shows us a study of an old hyscoid station agent at Jasper Junction, who carries on a skillful parry and thrust of wits with a show girl who waits between trains. The girl is Miriam Wills, pretty, charming and possessed of a sweet voice. They wind up by singing together and individually, varying from a drug addict impersonation by Clifford to an operatic adventure by the two.

Bessie Brown's best offering is her imitation of Eddie Fox, and a bad girl episode in which she crunches a lemon drop and waxes confidential about her naughtiness. Bessie is full of pep and sings. A chap named Albert Vernon keeps the piano busy while Bessie sings. It's a capital turn all through.

Julius Le Rue and Jean Dupree, in black velvet, are Parisian sand-artists who take handfuls of colored sand and fling it on cardboard surfaces and make glowing lifelike pictures while we wait happily.

The bill opens with a comedy Bicycle turn, sponsored by Harry and Emily Larned in which Harry rides up and down steps as his big bet.

P. S.—There will be no show Wednesday night.

Lyric. COMPLICATIONS came so fast in "Mixed Pickles," which opened at the Lyric theater yesterday afternoon that the audience had difficulty in figuring what was coming next. The big "mixer" was Joe Berry, played by Jewell La Velle.

At Franks as Ike Leschinski and an "irritating" wife and a beautiful daughter. There was a minister who wanted to win the girl's hand and competing against him was Joe Berry and the deacon. Finally Joe decided to send the preacher a telegram calling him out of the city. While he was away Joe, impersonating the parson and while the garb, made love to everyone in sight. Of course there was a grand climax when the pastor returned from the wild-goose chase. Even Ike had troubles over the situation.

The Rosebud chorus was featured in "Good-bye, Wo! Women, Good-bye, After the First of July," "Some Sunny Day" and "Just Give Me a Week in Paris," while Madeline Mathews stopped the show with her act at singing and singing "When I Woke Up in the Morning He Was Gone."

Dot Raymond sang "Aino" and was ably assisted by the Rosebud chorus, as was Jewell La Velle in "Mother of Mine." Clarence Wurdig made a good impression with his "He Likes Their Jukebox," while Billy Binzhan started the musical interruptions with "Camp-Meeting Band."

"Mixed Pickles" will continue the rest of the week, with the regular Rosebud chorus contests Friday night.

Baker. PRIDE striving for supremacy

against generosity and the spirit of the great and untamed west is the dominant feature in "The Great Divide," this week's attraction at the Baker theater, which opened yesterday afternoon.

"The Great Divide" is the story of an eastern girl whom chance and fate have for the moment left unprotected in her brother's cabin in the midst of a mountain wilderness. Three drunken men find their way to the little cabin and in desperation the girl, Ruth Jordan, throws herself upon the mercy of the least aggressive of the men, promising if he will protect her she will marry him later. The bargain is made and the new life commenced. Then it is that the insurmountable pride of Ruth, a part of her inheritance from Puritan ancestors, refuses to accept the generosity and true comradeship of the man. It comes, but only after the soul of both the man and the girl have been cruelly bared with much suffering.

Miss Olive Templeton plays the role of Ruth Jordan. In her quiet, unpretentious way, she portrays the stubborn pride which is keeping the girl from happiness. The part calls for a large display of emotion, which, with many interpretations, become less dignified, even ridiculous. Miss Templeton sustains the part with a fierce determination which makes the more effective ultimate surrender to Stephen Ghent in the climax of the play.

There is about Albert McGovern, who portrays Stephen Ghent, the quiet dignity, by reason of which these two characters are outstanding in their excellent work, giving to the whole cast a finer and more finished atmosphere. Albert McGovern breathes the primitive western atmosphere. He typifies in his interpretation of the role the squareness and the bigness of the outdoor man who is at home in the mountains, and at such a disadvantage in homes of artificial culture and refinement. His rebirth from the drunken beast of the first act to the generous-hearted husband of Ruth does not need the lines of the play to make itself evident. By his complete transformation, Albert McGovern, the actor, has told the story.

Verna Fulton furnished the comedy that keeps the other emotional roles in the right perspective to a well-balanced melodrama. In the part of Polly Jordan, sister-in-law to Ruth Jordan, she deals on every subject in the world from Dante and his inferno to man in general, and on every subject with the same amount of laugh-bringing wisdom. Her spontaneity and whole-hearted goodness are essential to the production.

Mrs. Jordan, as played by Miss Anna McNaughton, is irresistible, simply because of her likeness to the ideal mother. Her white hair, covered with a black lace cap, her white dress and her general motherliness make her a delight.

The western atmosphere is brought into the Baker production of "The Great Divide" to an extent by the lighting effects obtained during the first and second acts, which are laid in the mountains of Arizona. An effective and dramatic scene is presented in the first act where Ruth Jordan leaves with her chosen fiancé, the stage being darkened, no word being uttered, the two silhouetted figures only, speaking eloquently.

The cast of "The Great Divide" is as follows: Philip Jordan.....Lee Miller Polly Jordan, his wife.....Verna Fulton Mrs. Jordan, his mother.....Anna McNaughton Ruth Jordan, his sister.....Olive Templeton Winthrop Newbury.....John G. Kee Dr. Newbury, his father.....George F. Webster Lon Anderson.....Walter B. Gilbert Burt Williams.....George P. Webster

Irving Kennedy Pedro.....William Lee An architect.....Irving Kennedy A boy.....Walter Corry

DWELLING CRISIS OCCURS High Rentals Boost Own-Your-Own Home Movement.

WASHINGTON.—In view of the sudden speculation in apartment buildings in New York City, residents are being forced to consider the "own your own home" idea as never before, and the United States department is receiving letters from many persons who are considering plans for building in suburban towns. Dithin seven weeks in the early spring one apartment house was sold for four times its asking price. This speculative activity due to the realization of the shortage of houses makes certain the rise of rents, and for that reason flat-dwellers of every class are now finding themselves compelled to consider the one great measure of protection—the owning of a home.

The fact that the state of New York went to the war more than 250,000 men who are now returning has brought the housing situation to a crisis, and the summer will mark such a trend toward home owning as has not existed since multiple family dwellings became popular and necessary as part of the economy of crowded city life.

One temporary solution of the housing problem will be found by many residents of New York in retirement to the country or to seashore resorts long before the usual vacation time. For this reason hotels and boarding houses in the city will continue to be filled by heads of families and by women in business, while children with their mothers and aged relatives will find safe havens far from Manhattan.

The fact that building and loan associations and banks are preparing to assist builders on the most favorable terms possible is encouraging investments in homes.

COINCIDENCE IN SUICIDES Housekeeper Follows Example of Wife One Year Previously.

HATBORO, Pa.—Miss Eleanor Matthews Good, housekeeper in the home of William H. Craven, committed suicide in the same room and in the same manner, in the Craven house, along the Old York road, as did the wife of Craven just one year ago. After the Miss Good of manage the household. Returning to his home he smelled gas and found the housekeeper dead upon the floor of the bedroom. A rubber tube was attached to a gas jet. It is believed that melancholia, resulting from illness was the cause of the suicide. A letter found near the body contained comments on the fact that Miss Good expected to be married, but also expressed the fear that her illness might affect her mind.

BANK FAILURES ARE RARE Only Two National Institutions Fail in Past Four Months.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—Controller of the Currency Williams in a statement today called attention to the solidity of the national banking system as illustrated by the fact that in the last four months only one small national bank, with \$25,000 capital, failed. In the last 16 months only two national bank failures were recorded.

Strand. "HELP! Help! Police!" is an emblemly fitting title for the new

George Walsh photoplay at the Strand theater, for George, in the sunny grin and athletic performances, is accused of almost every crime in the calendar, from arson to kidnapping and keeps his muscles in play every minute of the five reels, battling police and crooks—excepting a few moments when he has his girl resting in his arms.

Business rivalry and romance are responsible for the series of thrilling and laughable incidents in the new Walsh picture. Hero and heroines have duds who are bitter business, each engaged in making rubber heels. There's nothing smooth about the course of their love, for circumstances, aided and abetted by a suspicious father-in-law-to-be, cause George to be accused of burglary, arson, house-breaking, kidnapping and grand larceny. George brings his dad to the verge of ruin by forcing from him \$20,000 for bail, but he squares things in the final reel by bringing the real culprits into court.

The rounding up of the crooks is a single-handed affair involving an auto race with an express train and a fight against a sextet that makes one marvel at the physical prowess of the hero. There are a bundle of laughs in every vaudeville act, from Lucy Lucier's impersonation of rollicking May Irwin, singing a cool song, to a series of dancing and funny grimaces of Jalvin, a dusky chap who offers a juggling and balancing novelty with some new stunts.

However, the chief funsters are Jacques and Clarke; and Cooke and La Grande. "Oh Listen, Red," is the skit title of the Jacques and Clarke offering the act introducing a red-headed vamp and a peppery chap who relieves himself of some rather sly jokes and scores a hit with the mother song, "If You Had All the World and Its Gold." A dainty maid, and a Fatty Arbuckle type of the Cooke and La Grande. They joke, sing, clog dance, and the rotund chap belies his avoirdupois with gymnastic work.

NITRATE IS IN DEMAND WAR MATERIAL NOW DISTRIBUTED TO COAST FARMERS.

Great Stock Intended to Blow German Armies Off May Be Used to Increase Fertility of U. S. Soil.

OREGONIAN NEWS BUREAU, Washington.—Demands for nitrates from the fruit growers of Oregon, Washington and Idaho reaching the Pacific coast office of the Bureau of Markets, department of agriculture, are accepted as an indication of the progressive type of farmers who inhabit those states. The bureau announces that up to this time more than 100,000 tons of nitrates have been shipped from San Francisco in the short time since government nitrates originally intended for the war were turned over to the department of agriculture by the war department for distribution among the farmers.

More than a hundred thousand tons of nitrates, originally produced to help in blowing the German armies off the map of Belgium and France, this year will be put to the more peaceful work of increasing the fertility of American farming soil. After the signing of the armistice the war department released to the department of agriculture 111,000 tons of nitrate at a salvage price. To this quantity is added 40,000 tons received from Chile by the department of agriculture too late for distribution last year, so that 151,000 tons will be sold by the department of agriculture to farmers under the authority of the food control act, which provided for its purchase and sale by the government to farmers at cost.

Through this arrangement it is estimated that 100,000 farmers will save about \$1,500,000, according to the government price of the \$3 a ton shipping point charged by the government. Farmers have taken up the full 151,000 tons in order ranging from a bag of 200 pounds to an order for 200 tons.

The price last year was \$75.50 a ton, f. o. b. shipping point, located at six Atlantic and Gulf ports. The department of agriculture last year arranged for the shipping of 120,000 tons from Chile, but shortage of shipping space kept the quantity transported in time for use last year down to about 75,000 tons. This year's price was announced early in 1919, and application blanks were sent to county agricultural agents for distribution to farmers.

Harbor strikes at Charleston, S. C. and New York city have seriously interfered with shipments from these points, but a recent arrangement for lightening nitrate destined for New England and New York points from the Erie basin in Brooklyn was made with the union in New York city, and the nitrate bound for these points is to be moved at once.

Shipments are now being made from 21 storage points, and to date shipping instructions have been sent from Washington to forwarding agents covering about 125,000 tons. Records show that about 110,000 tons have actually been shipped, and it is expected that the entire 151,000 tons ordered by farmers will be shipped before the end of May of this year.

The bureau of markets, which is in charge of the nitrate distribution for the department of agriculture, has appointed at each shipping point a forwarding agent and has charged him with the duty of even-weighting, reconditioning, loading, and shipping the nitrate on orders received from Washington. These representatives receive from the department of agriculture \$1 a year plus the regular commercial rates for services rendered.

Where county nitrate requirements are very light, farmers have been requested to forward cashiers' checks or New York drafts in payment for nitrate at the time of filing their applications, after which the nitrate is shipped direct to them. Where county requirements are comparatively heavy, federal nitrate distributors have been appointed by the bureau, on the recommendation of county agricultural agents, to act as consignees and distributors for all nitrate shipped to such counties. These federal distributors collect money from applicants, send shipping instructions to Washington, receive nitrate and distribute it to farmers. Shipments are forwarded to these distributors on order notify bills of lading, with slight draft attached. The bureau has designated about 500 federal nitrate distributors.

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