IRA POWERS DRAWS PARALLEL ON FAIR

Delay in Building Bridge Over Willamette Is Cited.

MISTAKE POINTED OUT

Exposition Booster Declares Men Who Oppose 1925 Fete Are Fighting Progress.

"Who here remembers the days of real sport on the waterfront when if one wanted to cross the Willamette in the center of the city, which was Stark street, he stood on the bank and swung his hat in the air and shouted across the stream to attract the attention of the ferryman?" demanded Ira F. Powers, chairman of the 1925 exposition campaign committee, in a recent talk. He persisted in drawing parallels between Portland of the present and Portland of the past, seeking in this way to learn what may happen by turning back and seeing what has happened. He said opposition to the proposed exposition is born of the same distorted vision that opposed the building of a bridge across the river.

"The old Knott-street ferry landing on the west side at Stark street did not waste its energy by plying back and forth across the stream at regular scheduled intervals," said Mr. Powers. "It crossed only when there was business in sight. A prospective passenger, in order to get service, had first to attract attention of the ferry operator.

Bridge Is Opposed.

"When a bridge was first proposed, there was a storm of opposition. It was more than 16 years after the project was launched before the bridge was built. People laughed right out loud and asked why a bridge was needed. Why, they said, nobody lives in East Portland anyway; no need of a bridge. This sounds quaint at this time, when two-thirds of Portland's population lives on the east side of the river.

"West Portland people opposed the bridge it was said it would help East Portland at the expense of the older city. It was opposed generally, too, on account of the cost of the improvement. Then, as now, anything worth having was not worth paying for in the minds of a portion of the population.

Tolls Are Collected.

"However, the forward-looking people of that day prevailed and the bridge finally was built. It was made a toll bridge, foot passengers being charged 5 cents to cross. It was opened April 11, 1887, and spanned the river at Morrison street. When Portland, East Portland and Albina, separate municipalities before, were consolidated in 1891, the new structure was made a free bridge.

"The bridge controversy raged for so long in Portland that it passed into tradition and even into the literature of the period. A poem, 'The Willamette Bridge,' was penned in 1873 by Stephen Maybell, a house painter of that early day, in which he rather cleverly jibed at the delay in the bridge project.

"In its issue of January, 1887, the West Shore, a magazine of that day, printed sprightly comment upon the bridge in view of its completion then in sight. This periodical was issued from the printing house of George H. Himes, now secretary of the Oregon Historical society.

Comment Is Published.

"The West Shore said of this poem:

"'More than 16 years ago Stephen Maybell, then a young and untutored bard of East Portland of some genius, ventured the opinion that the progressive enterprise of bridging the river would be accomplished.

"'The theme was celebrated in verse and it has passed into the permanent literature of the vaporous land of Webfoot. The author, seized by poetic inspiration, dashed off a poem in which the prediction was breathed that the romantic Willamette would be spanned by a bridge.'

"The poem in part was as follows:

Behind the pines had sunk the sun,
And darkness hung o'er Oregon,
When on the banks o' Willamette
A youth was seen to set and set,
And set and sing unto the moon
A wild, yet sweet, pathetic tune—
"They're going to build, I feel it yet,
A bridge across the Willamette."

The flatboat drifted slowly o'er
And reached, at last, the other shore;
The captain—brave, courageous soul—
Fished her to land with fishing pole.
When hark, from o'er the waves a strain—
That youth, that voice, that wild refrain—
"They're going to build, I feel it yet,
A bridge across the Willamette."

So winter rains and summer flowers
Passed on, with sad pleasant hours;
Yet still sat on the river bank
A man, bald-headed, lean and lank,
Grown old, still singing the same tune—
"'Tis coming, coming, coming soon.
They're going to build, I feel it yet,
A bridge across the Willamette."

Years pass'd—there came a traveler roun'
To visit our East Portland town;
As on the river bank he stood
He saw a sight that froze his blood—
Right there, beneath the glowing sun
There sat a glowing skeleton,
Which turned its hideous, fleshless head,
And, grinning most horribly, said:
"They're going to build, I feel it yet,
A bridge across the Willamette."

* * *

Again the traveler came to see,
And stood upon the granite quay,
Gazing long and silently
Upon the river rushing by.
A monster bridge now spanned the stream,
And murmuring, as in a dream—
"They've built a bridge, that's it, you bet,
A bridge across the Willamette."

"To my mind all this is very illuminating. It proves to my complete satisfaction that every single forward step, from the earliest improvements to the present day, planned for Portland have been contested by persons who, for reasons of false economy or otherwise, fought it bitterly.

Mistake Pointed Out.

"The present-day objectors run just as true to form as those of the early days and they are just as much mistaken.

"It is a grave mistake for the city and the state to heed the counsel of these objectors who ever stand in the path of progress. I do not believe they will prevail. By this time, with the city's past experience, we should have learned they are false prophets and we cannot, must not, accept their guidance or follow their banner."

Cranberries to Be Exhibited.

MONTESANO, Wash., Nov. 13.—(Special.)—Grays Harbor county will be represented at the Pacific northwest fruit exposition in Seattle by a cranberry exhibit in charge of Miss Mabel Webber, home demonstration agent. The exhibit is planned by Wynooche valley women who have been demonstrating original recipes for cranberries. These women, who have done much to advertise the county's cranberry resources, are: Mesdames J. H. Taylor, T. W. Birdwell, W. L. Crass, Fred Spaulding, Warren Mobray, I. C. Edwards and Robert Taylor.

NEW BILLS AT THE THEATERS

Orpheum.

BY LEONE CASS BAER.

DRAMA like the "Star-Spangled Banner" and "Shakespeare" nowadays needs to be played with pep. Too often the necessary verve is prominently conspicuous because of its absence.

Vera Gordon puts pep into her drama. She is soul-satisfying as an emotional artist. There is a splendid technique in her art; but what is technique as against power and feeling? There is enough of range in her portrayal of a mother in her playlet at the Orpheum to justify the assertion that she is a very fine emotional actress, with an unusual understanding of humor.

Miss Gordon's work has not all been on the screen, but it was as the mother in "Humoresque" that she leaped into recognition. Now she has returned to the speaking stage for a while and is appearing in a little playlet, "Lullaby," which gives her excellent opportunities to display the pantomime and acting which made her role in "Humoresque" so memorable. She adds to these gifts a delightfully rich speaking voice, impressive in the dramatic moments.

In "Lullaby" Miss Gordon portrays a kindly, old-world Russian woman, the newly-rich Mrs. Leon Wolkewitch, recently owner of a delicatessen on Delancey street and suddenly promoted to wealth through the death of her husband. An adventuress has wormed herself into the friendship of the widow and is showing the one time delicatessen owner how to spend her money rapidly and clamber into society.

A youth in whom the adventuress is interested calls, and the little comedy takes a sudden and unexpected dramatic turn, for in him the widow recognizes her son who was stolen and thought to have been massacred. From this point on the enactment is dramatic and even melodramatic, with a sensational and gripping climax in which the mother sings an old lullaby with such tenderness and earnestness that her seemingly dying son revives.

Miss Gordon's acting is of high artistic merit and significance, and her company gives capable support, particularly in the instance of Stanley Price as the son.

The bill is an excellent one throughout, with dancing by three hand-picked wielders of wicked ankles. There is Joe Bennett, Maurice Diamond and Jim Toney. Of these Maurice is truly a sensation. He is an acrobat set to music and his maneuvers defy every physical law. He is a clever comedian besides and is the pivot of fun in an act called "Snapshots of 1922." Helen McMahon, a dainty blonde infant, assists materially, and a clever young lady, Florence Gast, as a dancing rag doll, occasions interest and surprise.

Bennett is an ebon atmosphere with roly-poly eyes and a pensive air. He chats affably, sings a bit, and convulses with his shuffling steps.

Jim Toney is the third fine dancer and his differs in that he burlesques beautifully the inevitable esthetic terpsichore and settles down into novel and lazy meanderings of his own.

An interesting girl, Ann Norman provides an animated background and assistant for Jim's clever comedy.

A pleasing turn is that of Charles Harrison and Sylvia Dakin along with a talented young pianist, Billy Hogue. They call it "The Three of Us," appearing first as choir singers and later putting on a delightful hodge-podge of melody, steps and chatter. Miss Dakin is charming and sings in a flutey sweet voice, while Harrison provides genuine entertainment in whatever he does, whether it's imitations and burlesquing or singing in his high, sweet voice. They have a snappy encore, with Harrison doing a Sousa while the other two play on instruments.

The Rios open the bill in a novelty aerial act, in which Madame Rios demonstrates her ability to sing while suspended face downward from a swinging bar and acting as a trapeze from which the agile Rios performs.

The closing act is a return of the graceful Miss Robbie Gordone in character studies and poses in a spotlight and other things.

Hippodrome.

A BURLESQUE of a Parisian apache dance is the best sketch in the new Hippodrome bill. It is put on by Marrissy and Young in an act called "Will You, Harry?" The exaggerations of the apache habitual slouchy manner combined with a touch of Carmenesque romance are ridiculously funny. The other parts of the act are also good and there was one absolutely new joke.

There must have been quite a few Scotch persons in the audience, for Tom Brown's musical Highlanders received hearty applause, especially after their bagpipe serenade and the execution of the Highland fling. There are three men and three girls in the troupe, and the Highland kilts and short stockings worn by the latter added to the attractiveness of the performance.

Grace Ayers and her dwarfed brother gave a fine exhibition of whirlwind roller skating with considerable skill and comedy combined. The brother, who is rather fat, provides the comedy and some of the skill, but Grace restricts herself to the fine points of skating and does some lightning stunts especially meritorious.

This act takes the place of the usual acrobatic team found on the programme and is rather a relief. The other two parts of the bill are Hart and Evans, mostly clogging and some real dancing, and Jack Lyle, the Beau Brummel hobo. He tries to hide a good baritone voice in his humorous monologue that is mixed with rhyme and reason, but breaks forth several times in melodious song. His line is good.

Gareth Hughes stars in the pretty little motion picture comedy "Garments of Truth" by taking the part of a country boy with a highly developed imagination bent toward romance and adventure. His escapades get him into all kinds of trouble until he is cured by phsyco-analysis and comes home absolutely truthful. Then the village fathers find that truthfulness doesn't quite fit into the scheme of life they live and the truth teller proves a disadvantage. In the end he marries the pretty girl who inspired most of his imaginative rambles and truth conquers in a humorously happy ending.

Guard Instructor Named.

EUGENE, Or., Nov. 13.—(Special.)—Sergeant R. L. Vaughan, who for the past year has been stationed with the Reserve Officers' Training corps at the University of Oregon, has been appointed sergeant-instructor of the Oregon national guard unite of this city. The sergeant a week ago was transferred to Camp Lewis but will return to Eugene at once.

Eugene Elks to Visit Albany.

EUGENE, Or., Nov. 13.—(Special.)—Two hundred members of the local lodge of Elks are arranging to make a trip to Albany Thursday night to help initiate a class of candidates. Dr. L. L. Baker, Charles Huggins and Arthur Denney are members of a committee preparing for the excursion.

Baker.

BY LEONE CASS BAER.

"LINGER LONGER LETTY" when it was on the road as a starring vehicle for Charlotte Greenwood, that eccentric clown of eloquent arms and legs, depended on that young woman as the mainspring and works and solid gold case. Charlotte Greenwood in turn depends for her values as a comedienne on her dancing and the amazing gyrations of her long arms and long legs. The plays Morosco has starred her in, "So Long Letty," and its sister play, "Linger Longer Letty," are made to fit Miss Greenwood's personality and length of limbs and general scheme of architecture. Fitted out with music and dance and a flock of chorus maids who stepped into the picture when Miss Greenwood loped off stage, the piece was a success.

If Miss Greenwood could make it that success with the cards all stacked for her, then it is all the more credit to Marjorie Foster, that she makes the Greenwood role interesting and exceedingly funny. The author, in telling the story, gave Miss Greenwood plenty of scope to express her gift for original and grotesque characterization and Miss Foster follows as faithfully as her own pretty rounded curves and graces will allow, the text and letter of the Greenwood clowning. She even sings a verse or so of the "Linger Longer Letty" ballad, and registers violently with the comedy sense of her audience.

In the start of the play Letty is a rough diamond of the kitchen with much need and an ardent desire for a polish. She is a patsy of the pots and pans, a Cinderella for the entire household, with a flock of sisters who are lilies of the field, neither sewing nor spinning.

A fire of resentment has been smoldering in Letty's breast and it leaps to a flame when the boy next door, a returned sailor, finds himself ignored and relegated to a back seat by the gay young majors and second lieutenants and colonels of the neighborhood. Letty takes stock of the situation and decides that she and Jim will blossom out, leave the kitchen and the drudgery for others and get some fun out of life. One of the steps they take is an assumed affection for each other, which, of course, develops into a real one as the play progresses. When Letty, the drudge, has developed over night into a languid lady of fashion into whose presence the majors and lieutenants and colonels crowd unreasonably begging for dances and favors, and when poor old Jim has come from his back seat into the limelight so that the other girls want him, he and Letty drift into each other's arms while the orchestra plays the w. k. tune from Mendelssohn.

In her handling of the title role nothing too complimentary can be said of Miss Foster. She dons a sad-looking bathing suit and wads her lovely hair under a skull cap and is a forlorn chrysalis of the kitchen, only to emerge as a resplendent butterfly in a gorgeous evening gown, a feather fan and her radiant red hair a frame for her expressive face. She gives excellent account, too, of the comedy and the lines that fall her way. Right along with her in importance for characterization is Selmer Jackson in the role of Jim. His gift for yokel impersonations goes further than a mere ungainliness and awkwardness of movement and facial expression, and is carried out in his squeaking, halting speech and baleful glares. His clothes and Miss Foster's when she fixes up for the party are a riot and worth a paragraph of mention.

The entire company assists nicely, Mayo Methot and Jane Gilroy as sisters to Letty, George P. Webster as their father and Lora Rogers as a widow next door who vamps the papa. Rankin Mansfield and Billy Lee are colonels or majors, Leo Lindhard is a gentleman modiste who creates clothes for Letty after her revolution, and Guy Kibbee is an indiscreet butler. The kitchen scene is so real the housewives all appreciate it immensely.

The cast:

Mrs. Brewster	Lora Rogers
Nancy	Mayo Methot
Mayme	Jane Gilroy
Letty	Marjorie Foster
Mr. Larkin	George P. Webster
Colonel Wells	William A. Lee
Walter	Rankin Mansfield
Jim	Selmer Jackson
Lazelle	Leo Lindhard
The Butler	Guy B. Kibbee

Lyric.

AL FRANKS has more troubles than a careless bootlegger in the leading role of "The Blue Elephant," the musical comedy entertainment which opened yesterday afternoon at the Lyric.

Franks, of course, appears as Ike Leschinski, the character which he has made so popular with Lyric audiences. All the troubles of Leschinski start when he makes a trip to New York. There he meets a girl, who tells him she is looking for her uncle and starving in the meantime.

Ike rushes her to the first restaurant in sight, which happens to be "the Blue Elephant," a tough resort where the waiters carry guns and a new bouncer is hired every night. Ike is seen leaving the place hurriedly after an unexpected official visit from the police. Iny Blotz, one of Ike's friends, tries to square things up with Mrs. Leschinski, be he succeeds only in bringing about a flock of complications. Uproarious comedy scenes follow thick and fast until Ike's complete innocense is established.

Two new players made their bow in the Lyric cast yesterday. They are Jewel LaVelle, who was a Lyric favorite three years ago, and Anna Chick, character woman. Both made immediate hits yesterday. LaVelle sang "Sunset Land" to big applause, and Miss Chick was forced to give two encores of her snappy Irish song number, "Doublin' Back to Dublin." The newcomers replace Eddie Mar and Madeline Mathews, respectively, who have left Portland to fill other engagements.

A catchy song boosting the 1925 exposition is put over with a bang by the Lyric quartet, composed of Harlan Thompson, William Ruhl, Jack Davis and Harry Levy. The boys wrote the number during spare hours in the dressing room.

Other pleasing songs are "Jabberwocky," by Billie Bingham; "When," by Dorothy Raymond, and "I Love the Land of Old Black Joe," by Howard Evans.

MAN DROWNED AT NIGHT

Mill Worker on Way Home From Dance Goes Into Slough.

KELSO, Wash., Nov. 13.—(Special.)—Mike Anderson, an exploye of the Inman-Poulsen Lumber company, was drowned this morning about 2 o'clock in the Coal Creek slough one mile from Stella. With three companions he was coming home from a Finnish dance at Mount Solo. His companions say he had been drinking. They were uncertain as to whether he fell or jumped into the water, as none saw him go in.

The slough is 35 feet deep at the point where he was drowned. Unsuccessful efforts were made to recover the body. Anderson was unmarried.

PRISONERS' GOODS GUARDED BY POLICE

New Identification System Is Instituted.

DESK SERGEANT INVENTOR

Thumbprint of Arrested Person Is Filed With Property Taken by City Jailers.

Persons arrested by the Portland police who may have large sums of money on them or other valuables are absolutely certain of having them returned to them intact, due to the new system of property identification which has been inaugurated by Charles Cason, property clerk at central headquarters.

This system, which has won high commendation from police officials throughout the country, is now being installed in many of the larger police departments, according to Chief Jenkins, who recently toured the east.

Thumb Print Taken.

When a person is arrested in Portland the print of his left thumb is taken on a piece of cardboard by the jailer as soon as he is received at the jail. This inked thumb print is then filed in the envelope containing the money and other property taken from the prisoner.

The property then is turned over to Sergeant Cason. After the prisoner is released from jail, he must then call at the property clerk's office for his property. There the fingerprint card is placed before him and he is again required to submit to the thumb print identification.

If the print taken by the jailer corresponds to that taken in the presence of the property clerk, the prisoner receives his property. Otherwise, he is held for further investigation.

Doubt Is Eliminated.

In most police departments the prisoners sign their names to receipts for their money and property. A man arrested at night on a drunk charge usually has a much different signature after he has become normal, and there always is room for doubt if the property is being returned to the right person.

But under the finger print identification there can be no mistake. It is the only scientific system of identification which has been declared infallible.

It was only recently that a Japanese was arrested one night for some minor offense. In his envelope were several articles of jewelry and about $20 in cash. The next morning a Japanese appeared at Sergeant Cason's office, giving the name of the prisoner, and asked for the property.

Out came the finger print card and the thumb print was taken. It failed to correspond with that taken by the jailer the night before. Investigation instituted by Sergeant Cason then revealed that another Japanese was attempting to steal the property of his countryman. Under the old system he would have been successful.

Problem Is Studied.

During the several months that he has been in charge of the property room, Sergeant Cason has made a careful study of the finger print system of identification, and has now become so adept that he can tell at a glance if the prints taken by him correspond to those taken by the jailer at the time the prisoner is first arrested.

These records are kept on file at police headquarters, not only to protect the department in case some question should later arise as to whether a man lost his property, but likewise to assist the police in case the identification is needed in the apprehension of wrongdoers.

MEXICANS HAVE SKIRMISH

4 Outlaws Killed in Fight and 2 Executed After Capture.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Nov. 13.—Four members of a filibustering party of 40 Mexicans were killed in a skirmish with a party of federal troops in San Antonio canyon, six miles south of Tia Juana, Lower California, this morning. Two were captured by the federals and later executed.

This report was made by Colonel A. Armanta, commander of the federal forces at Tia Juana, to Dave Gershan, United States department of justice agent here, when Gershon called on the Mexican commander at Tia Juana this afternoon.

WOUND FATAL TO NEGRO

Bullet Fired by White Circus Employe Kills William Owen.

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal., Nov. 13.—William Owen, negro, died today from a gunshot wound inflicted during a fight between negroes and whites on the Al. G. Barnes circus grounds here Saturday.

Thomas G. Madden will be charged with murder, according to Sheriff Shay. Madden is a white circus employe. About 100 shots were fired in the clash.

Obituary.

Mrs. Christina Batalgia.

WILSONVILLE, Or., Nov. 13.—(Special.)—Mrs. Christina Batalgia died in this city, at the family home, November 6. She was born April 8, 1859. She is survived by her husband, Anton Batalgia; six daughters, Bettie, Menga, and Margaret Batalgia, who are at home; Mrs. Mary Ridder of Wilsonville; Mrs. Christina Bauer and Mrs. Anna Derr of Portland; one son, George Batalgia, of Wilsonville, and four grand-children. Interment was in Hood View cemetery.

John B. Turner.

WHITE SALMON, Wash., Nov. 13.—(Special.)—John B. Turner, one of the first settlers of the White Salmon valley, died at the home of William Rudolf in this city yesterday. Mr. Turner came to White Salmon in 1875 and settled on his farm one mile north of this city. Mr. Turner was born in New York June 17, 1841. He was unmarried.

Rilda Ellen Peck.

THE DALLES, Or., Nov. 13.—(Special.)—Rilda Ellen Peck, 12-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Peck of this city, died Saturday at the family home following a short illness.

John B. Turner.

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Kelso to Get New Hospital.

KELSO, Wash., Nov. 13.—(Special.)—Dr. A. F. V. Davis is building an addition to the S. A. Stewart residence on Allen street, adjoining his home property, and will open a hospital in the building as soon as the work is completed. Dr. Davis formerly operated the Kelso General hospital here, but closed it when his new hospital under the same name.

Trial of Mahoney's Sister Set.

SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 13.—Trial of Dolores M. Johnson, sister of James E. Mahoney, convicted wife murderer, on a charge of first degree forgery, was yesterday set for November 28 in superior court here. The state alleges Mrs. Johnson forged the name of Kate M. Mahoney, the slain woman, to a power of attorney giving Mahoney access to property valued at approximately $200,000.