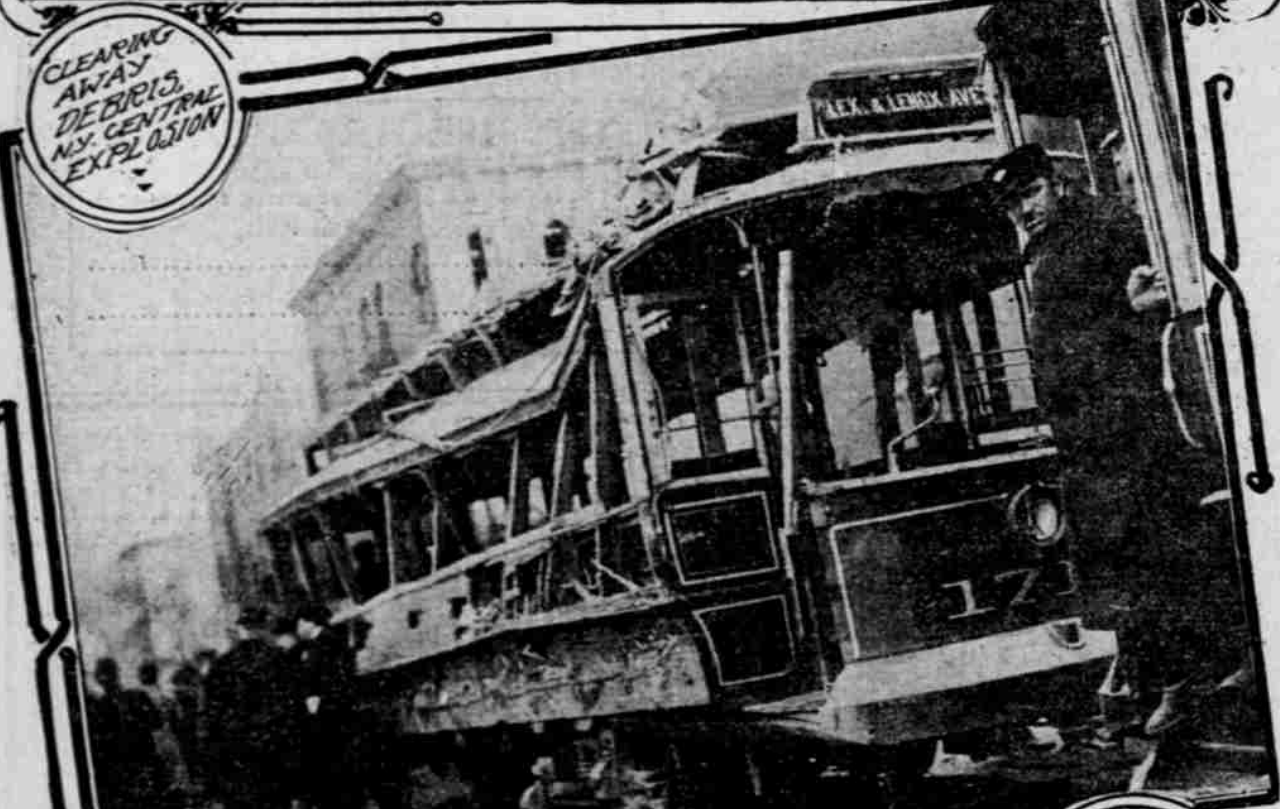


RESCUERS STRIVE TO CLEAR AWAY DEBRIS AT SCENE OF BIG EXPLOSION

Awful Havoc Is Wrought by Disaster in Central Power-House in New York City.



SCENE TAKEN SHORTLY AFTER THE EXPLOSION

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—(Special).—These pictures show the work of clearing away the ruins caused by the terrible explosion at the New York Central power-house. One body was taken from the ruins and it is believed the bodies of five more still are to be found. While this work was in progress an investigation to place the blame for the accident was being made by the police and fire department, and by the coroner and district attorney.

"TOURIST CITY" OF SOUTH IS NOW KNOWN AS GREAT BUSINESS CENTER

New Year Seen Los Angeles Offering Visitors Something More Substantial Than Climate—Trade Expands Wonderfully—Improved Harbor Facilities Are Aid to Growth.

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 31.—(Special).—The past year has seen the completion of the change of Los Angeles from a tourist city to a business city, and the chief city of Southern California begins the new year with a different attitude toward life from what it has had before. Not that tourists are no longer welcome—far from it, but the city is boasting now of something better than a climate to draw visitors. Up to a short time ago it was a current joke, when residents were asked what the city lived on, to answer "The tourists," and it was largely true. The tens of thousands of visitors who came here annually were people of wealth and they spent their money freely. And from this the year-round residents made their living in the lean months of summer.

The number of visitors has doubled and trebled. More and more people have come here to live the year through. The tourist business is greater than ever, but now it is only a small issue. The city points to the recent census returns and says boastfully, "Now they can no longer call this a tourist city." The residents point to the bank clearings of nearly \$12,000,000 for 1910, an increase of \$10,000,000 over those of 1909, and say proudly that these figures indicate something more substantial in the way of business than the transient tourist trade. They are right, for Los Angeles has immense manufacturing concerns, gigantic business enterprises and trade with all the world.

Canal Will Help.

Los Angeles business men look forward to the completion of the Panama Canal as a time when the city will take a jump that will still further open wide the eyes of the world. They are preparing for it. They have annexed the seacoast and built the harbor and are offering inducements to steamer lines to come to its port. They are drawing business from Northwestern Mexico, Arizona, Western New Mexico, Nevada and Utah, and are assisting in the development of newly reclaimed territory, like the Imperial Valley, an empire in itself—they are drawing business from all this territory, that it may be handled at this new harbor. The business men received a fine Christmas present from the State Railroad Commission in the form of an order to the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe roads to equalize the rates between Los Angeles and San Joaquin Valley points so that the local industrial concerns can compete on equal footing with their rivals in San Francisco. This was a tremendous victory for the business interests of Los Angeles, for they had been practically barred from this extensive and rapidly developing territory by arbitrary prohibitive freight rates ever since the valley was opened up.

Evils to Be Removed.

The recent raid on the Cleveland Oil Company by the postoffice authorities and the arrest of the officers of the company, has marked what is believed to be the beginning of the correction of evils that have long been recognized in this community. With the discovery of vast treasure of oil in the lands surrounding Los Angeles fake oil companies have sprung up with incredible rapidity. All that was necessary for some time was printed stock blanks. The public fell over itself joining the come-on class. One could buy a trunkful of stock for a few dollars. The dollars were all that the promoters wanted and the way they sold shares

in imaginary oil concerns would have made P. T. Barnum at least double his estimate of the birth rate of suckers. Legitimate enterprises suffered because they had difficulty in obtaining capital in anything that smacked of oil, for capital does not belong usually to the come-on class. A gusher would be struck in the old fields and a hundred companies would claim that they were drilling wells on land adjacent to and in the same oil area with the new gusher.

Some of these companies did go so far as to put drilling outfits at work, and some bored wells for water. But not one in a hundred was drilling for anything but the public's dollars, and the public could have just as many shares of stock as it wanted to carry away in return for the dollars. At last the real public was loaded down with oil stock and would purchase no more. The oil boom was over so far as Los Angeles and vicinity was concerned. To be sure, occasional suckers would appear and invest, and once in a while some visitor would be separated from his dollars. But there were not enough to go around and it became necessary to seek new fields—of suckers, not oil. The oil was there and is there still, and is being developed by legitimate companies, few of which have any stock for sale and none of which asks the public for money, because capital with a big "C" is interested and knows the propositions are legitimate.

Government Takes Hand.

So the bogus concerns reached out as they crossed the boundaries of the State of California they became "inter-state." Then Uncle Sam took a hand in the play and the game was over—or nearly so. The mail was used, and unless the scheme was bona fide it became a violation of the postal laws. The promoters of legitimate enterprises shouted for joy and the purchasers of stock in the fake concerns put away their stock in some safe place where they could find it later when tempted to an investment of which they knew nothing except the glare of the "spiel," and recall the old adage about the fool and his money.

The Llewellyn Iron Works dynamiting, the aviation meet and the holiday festivities smothered an exciting tragedy in the mountains near Redlands this week when Robert Powell went to the ranch resort conducted by the Harvey Brothers and shot John Harvey to death. Powell was arrested when he gave himself up to the authorities, arraigned on a murder charge and held for trial to the Superior Court. The sister-in-law of the man he killed has retained counsel to defend the slayer. Those are the bare details, sordid enough. But other facts that are undisputed have come to light bearing on the tragedy that may change the aspect of things when Powell is brought to trial. Mrs. Louise Harvey, wife of Louis Harvey, is a half sister of Powell.

Assistance Is Asked.

The day of the shooting she telephoned Powell from the ranch that her husband and brother-in-law were abusing her and asked him to come to her rescue. Powell took his gun, went to the Mountain Home ranch and shot one of the Harveys to death and wounded the other. Then he took his half-sister to Redlands and surrendered. Mrs. Harvey's story will be one of the features of the trial. She tells a story of hardships that is almost unbelievable, but the authorities who have investigated her account of her life with the Harveys say that it is true in every particular.

She says she was kept virtually a prisoner and forced by the brothers to do manual labor of all kinds. She was forced to play the part of a beast of burden by dragging heavy loads of wood through the snow-clogged mountains. When overcome by fatigue, beatings and abuse forced her to attempt tasks far beyond her strength, and she says when she telephoned Powell she had been struck repeatedly and was afraid her life was in danger. Powell's friends say his defense will be insanity brought on by brooding over the wrongs of which his half-sister had told him. When the telephone message came, they say, asking him to save her, he became obsessed with the idea that he must rescue her at any cost. Powell and his half-sister are wealthy.

MAGIC CATCHES WOMEN

London Society Leaders Gladly Pay Mystic \$25 for Soul-Mate Rites.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—(Special).—Fashionable devotees of occult rites in the metropolis have been offered a large selection of thrills by one Aleister Crowley, who has conducted certain ceremonials, called "The Rites of Eleusis."

Women whose pastime it is to consult clairvoyant oracles and women in search of soul mates paid \$25 each, and flocked to the entertainments provided by Magician Crowley. His idea was to tap the infinite by means of ecstasy. To produce that disconcerting condition he arranged seven ceremonies, named after the planets of the zodiacal system. Colors played a considerable part in the rites. Visitors to the rite of Mercury, for example, were recommended to wear "shades of blue and colors," while those attending the rite of Venus were advised to wear green or sky blue.

Crowley's rites were performed amid clouds of pungent incense calculated to half stupefy sensitive women, while the main part of each ceremony consisted of recitations from Swinburne, given in total darkness by someone, with a strong American accent, aided by a badly played violin accompaniment.

Golden harvests can be reaped in London nowadays by any pseudo-mystic clever enough to exploit the vogue for occultism that has been in the hold of society women. Crowley's success is in sprouting wizards from the East, black magic adepts and conjurers from the four corners of the world to look to Mayfair as the banana. And all though all such practices when performed for profit are illegal, the police do not interfere, unless occasionally to summon a poor woman for forcing an entrance. Altogether, the high-class exponents of hanky-panky are enjoying a good time.

AUTHOR'S APPEAL SUCCESS

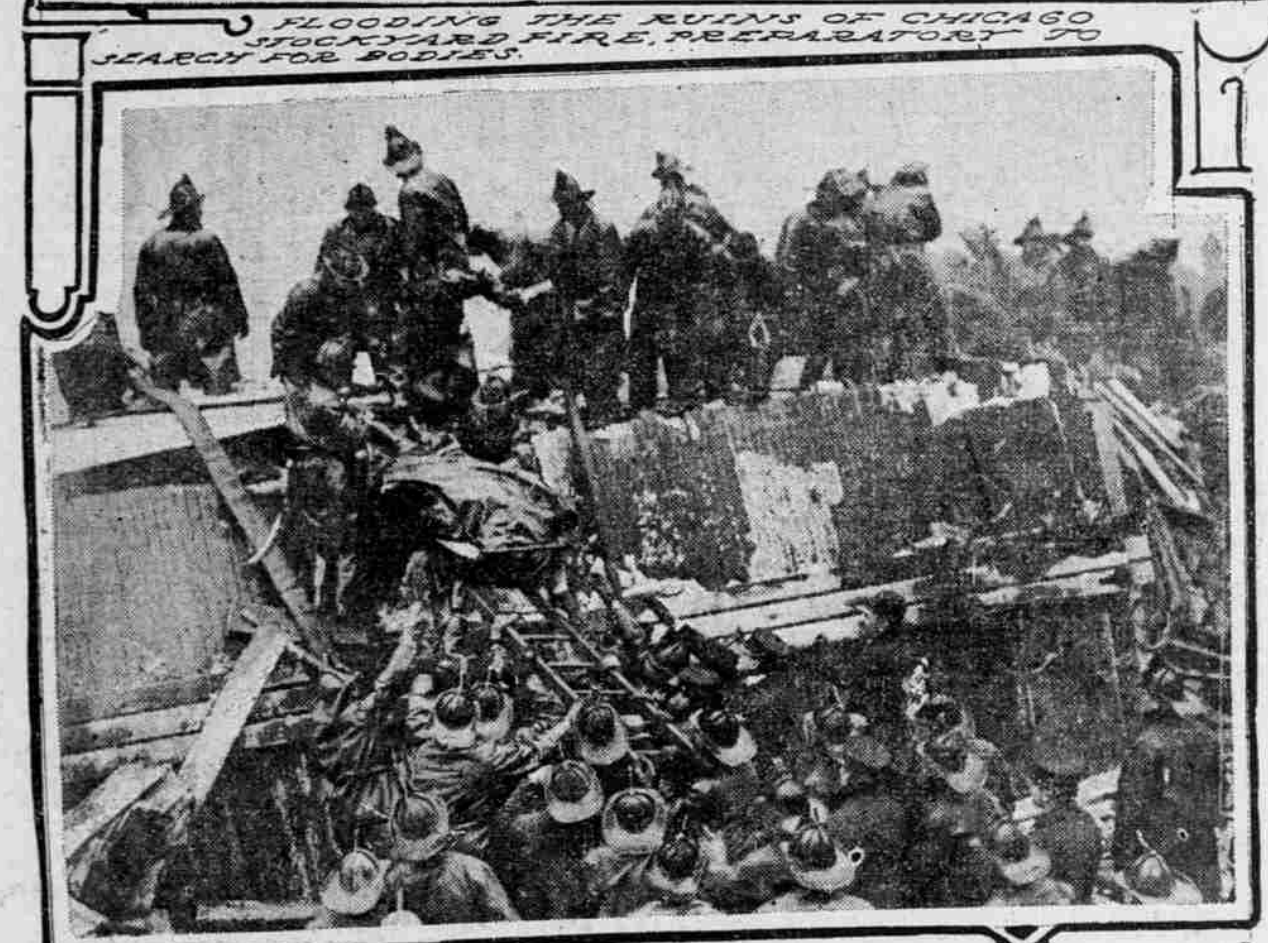
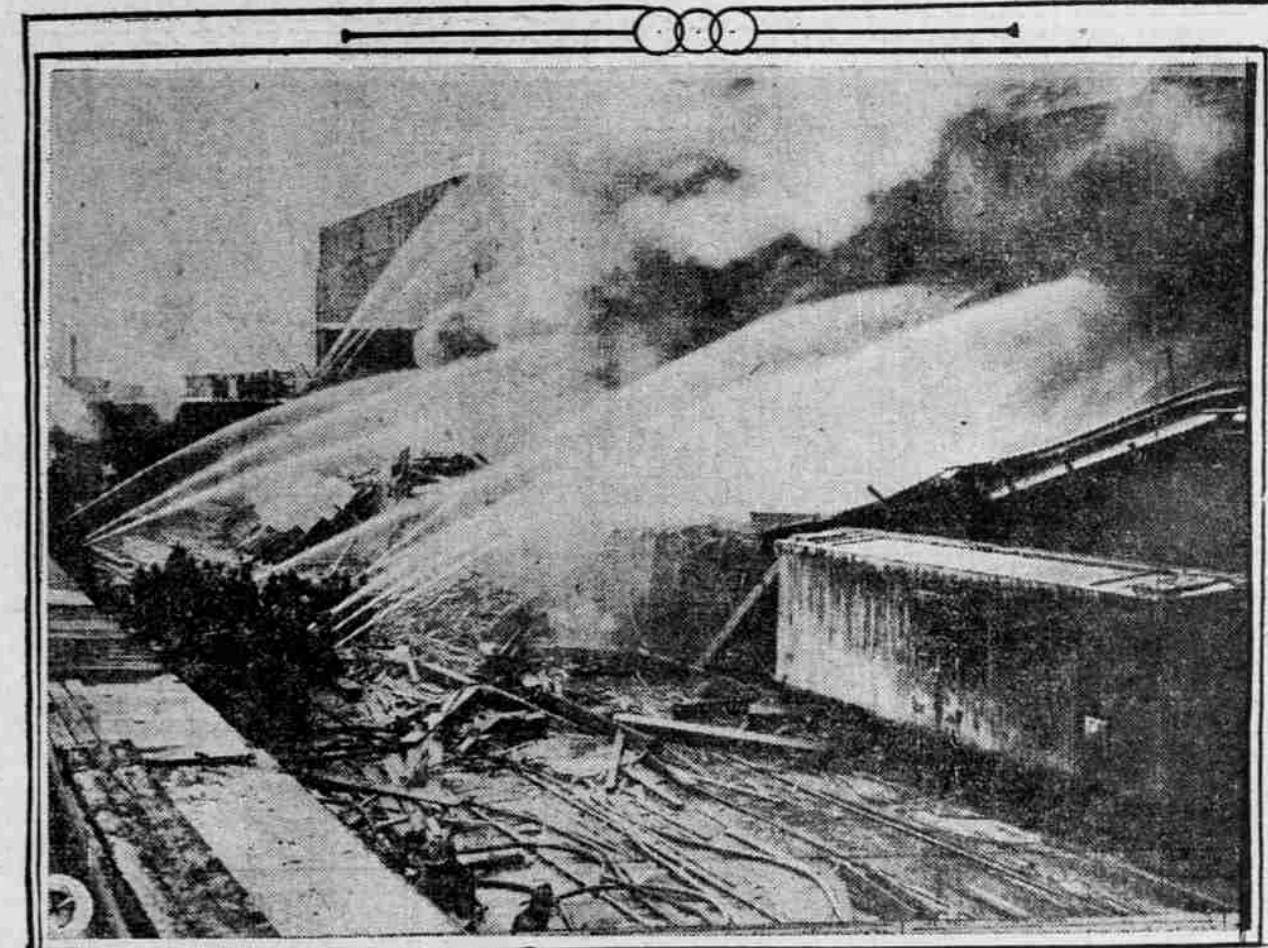
Idea of Promoting Lasting Memorial to Bard of Avon Popular.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—(Special).—"The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" performed on the boards of Haymarket Theatre, Shakespeare, ably personified by Granville Barker, enters on the Terrace of Whitehall to keep tryst with Mary Fittion.

Queen Elizabeth, her face concealed by a veil, comes out and encounters the poet, by whose persuasive manner she is captivated, and grants the boon he seeks, concluding with a wish "to speak across the ages to my people." Under this subterfuge the author's appeal to his audience to promote a lasting memorial to the Bard of Avon has been made in a most effective and interesting manner. The play was produced by Miss Suzanne Sheldon.

CHICAGO TODAY PASSES SADDEST OF NEW YEAR'S MOURNING FOR DEAD

Covered With Pall of Sorrow, Metropolis of East, During Holiday Week, Pays Last Fitting Rites to Heroes, Crushed and Burned to Death in Disastrous Stockyards Fire.



TAKING BODIES FROM THE RUINS

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—(Special).—With the Troquois Theater disaster ever in mind, when 500 men, women and children met death, Chicago today will pass her most sorrowful New Year's. Christmas this year was sad enough as the result of the great stockyards fire one week ago Thursday, which caused all official and a large part of private Chicago to put on mourning for Fire Chief Horan and two dozen of his men. The whole city has this week been covered with a pall of sadness.

In the churches tomorrow the usual services will be different, being joined with prayers of sorrow for the dead and sympathy for the grief-stricken families.

From the staffs of public buildings, big department stores and residences, flags are still flying at half-mast and will so continue for some 30 or more days.

The relief fund for the families of the dead men has reached over \$100,000. Edward Morris, head of the packing company whose building was destroyed in the fire in which the men

DEAD ARTIST KNOWN TO MANY PORTLAND PEOPLE

Richard La Barre Goodwin, Whose Death Occurred Recently in New Jersey, Made This City His Home for Time.

RICHARD LA BARRE GOODWIN, an artist, soldier and student, whose death occurred recently at his home, Oakwood Court, in Orange, N. J., was well known in Portland through his several years' residence here.

Mr. Goodwin, whose paintings for years have been celebrated throughout the country, first came to Portland at the time of the Lewis and Clark Exposition. He sought the material for his out-of-door work on the grounds and spent a great part of his time in the woods and on the Columbia and Willamette banks, accumulating studies for landscapes, or in hunting and gathering specimens of animal life for later work.

Under Le Clerc, he studied portraiture, and had achieved success in that line before he turned to his later love, landscape and animal painting. While his fame rests more on the latter branch of painting, he found time to create numerous likenesses of famous men.

At the time of his death he had just finished a portrait of the late President Johnson, of the University of Oregon. His portrait of the late Judge C. B. Bellinger is considered to be an excellent piece of work and a faithful likeness.

At the time of the San Francisco fire Mr. Goodwin was a resident of that city, but happened to be visiting in Portland. A trunk left in San Francisco containing the accumulation of works covering a period of eight years was destroyed by the fire.

It was during his residence in Portland that Mr. Goodwin created his famous painting of Roosevelt's cabin, a faithful reproduction of the building at that time on exhibition at the Lewis and Clark Exposition. A plan was set on foot at the close of the exhibition to purchase the painting and present it to Mr. Roosevelt, but the death of Henry E. Goode, chairman of the committee in charge, caused it to be abandoned. The painting is now in a Chicago studio.

Mr. Goodwin was a tireless worker, and continued his activity up to within a few days of his death. He rarely exhibited his paintings, but in accordance

HOBBLE SKIRT DISASTROUS

Wearer Falls at Dance, Broken Legs and Bruises Result.

ELL, Neb., Dec. 31.—The hobble skirt made its appearance in this little town, creating something of a furor, as well as being responsible for a series of accidents.

Miss Paul Bratton had just returned from Sioux City, where she had purchased a hobble gown of costly material. That night on the Pullman ranch, two miles south of town, there was a dance to celebrate the erection of an immense barn. People from miles around had been invited and when the grand march was called, nearly 200 couples appeared upon the floor. In selecting partners, Mrs. Bratton was chosen by Harry Baxter, a young rancher from near Wood Lake.

The Eli orchestra played some of its most entrancing music and the pace set by the dancers became rapid. At a corner of the barn floor, as Baxter and Mrs. Bratton were swinging, the woman's hobble refused to extend sufficiently wide to allow the free use of

wearer's feet and she went down in a heap. At the same time Baxter slipped and fell, breaking his right leg just below the knee. Following along, couple after couple sought the floor, and when men and women had extricated themselves from the mass, George Downing was carried out, his left leg broken just above the ankle.

Among those seriously scratched and bruised were P. L. Martin, B. C. Jackson, and Mesdames Brown, Vinson, Cable and the Misses Tremaine, Endicott, Parish Slayton and Anderson. The accident put an end to the dance. But it gave plenty of business for a couple of doctors, who spent the rest of the night patching together the broken bones and dressing wounds.

A Dream About Teddy.

Harper's Weekly.

I dreamed I reached there—
The one where we receive
What punishment may be in store
For tangle we have made so weary
Likewise where we are given joys
For good deeds we have done—
When suddenly a jarring noise
Exploded like a gun.

"Twas Theodore who had arrived;
He stood and looked about.
The spirits awarred like bees unheld
To learn what made him shout.
St. Peter met him at the gate
With countenance austere.
"Good morning," Teddy said—"But wait!
Please tell me who's in here?"

St. Peter showed him then the list
And Teddy looked it over.
He bent his brow and clenched his fist
And then launched forth a roar:
"How dare you let such persons in?
Right in St. Peter's ear.
I charged them with the forms of sin
And showed what they were worth!"

"Just put them out at once, or I
Will not come in at all!"
St. Peter gave a gentle sigh
And stepped inside the wall.
And closed the gate, and called: "Too bad,
But our list you can't fix.
So, in heaven we've not had
(But once) some politics!"

Then Theodore went further down;
He found a nervous frown
Showered in the pearly gloom.
"Here," said Meppisto, "you just take
This brimstone and a match
And give that match a scratch
And start a hades of your own.
Because the truth to tell,
If I can't run my place alone
I know it would be—"