

PLAIN "MR. AND MRS." IS PREFERRED BY DANCERS

Douglas Crane, Artist, and Iva Payne, His Happy Little Wife, Win Plaudits Enroute to San Francisco, Their Adopted Home.



BY LEONE CASS BAER. I T len't particularly domestic felicity that causes the Douglas Cranes to bill themselves according to the way they sign their names on hotel registers. Truth to tell, they are married happily, and to each other, but they had no intention of advertising it when they first became famous as Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane. But they had to write it that way.

The combination of Mrs. Crane's professional name, the one she had won recognition in and which had been programmed much in Eastern theatricals, did not fall musically on the ear when placed side by side in print with the name that rightfully belongs to Mr. Crane. Not only did the two names refuse to harmonize artistically, but they even brought smiles and promoted a tendency to pun-making. For instance, how would this strike your fancy? "Douglas Crane and Iva Payne." Not alone the rhyme, but the subtle suggestion in Mrs. Crane's name, Iva Payne. See? Anyway, the Cranes perceived plainly, so they billed themselves as we know them.

Mr. Crane almost gnashed his perfectly fine white teeth when I remarked that he was as alike William Faversham, in an exterior decorative way, as W. Faversham was like himself. Naturally Mr. Crane, being original in all else he does, has private ideas of looking only like Douglas Crane, and one can't blame him. I pointed out that Mr. Faversham is a very handsome man and a very fine actor. Mr. Crane said yes—very Faversham is a good actor.

Denounce Would Be Address. And the fascinating, slender Mrs. Douglas Crane—Australian by birth and San Francisco by adoption—has more plans and big ambitions in her pretty little head than many a big man. She wants to do dramatic art, not alone dancing, although she wants never to leave off doing the interpretative dances that have brought her success. Mrs. Crane is a living refutation of the theory that a good dancer must begin in almost babyhood, or, at the least, under 12 years, to dance. She was 20—she's only two or three years more now—before she ever danced. Not even the waltz and two-step did she know. Always she had loved to dance. Little made-up steps, but an old grandfather, to whom she owed everything, was strictly opposed to her endeavors. At the death, having no obligations, she went to New York and had a few sons. Immediately she was engaged for Otis Skinner's big production of "Kismet," originating and choreographing the dancing girl in that colorful drama.

It was while she was in New York that she met Mr. Crane, an artist whose miniature and portrait painting is known in the largest American art centers. He had graduated from the Heatherly Art School, which had earlier turned out our recent distinguished

visitor, Forbes-Robertson, a most excellent painter. Mr. Crane had visited Portland as the guest of Dr. E. DeWitt Connell, and while in the city painted portraits of Mrs. Connell, little Jane Hogue, the daughter of Judge Carey, Ann Ditchburn, Lella Shelby (now Mrs. Frank S. Owen) and Helen Goode (now Mrs. Pietro Morosini, of New York City). Mrs. Gay Lombard and others. After he returned to his New York home he met the little dancing sprite, Iva Payne, at a studio tea. They were wed and went to San Francisco on their honeymoon tour. There they were the first to inaugurate their dances, and, having a social position of their own, the Cranes became instantly the dancing rage.

Loss of Sweet Play Regretted. Fred Belasco starred Mrs. Crane in Louise, Bosses Hale's delicately pretty play, "Her Soul and Her Body," and sent a company into Southern California after a week's tremendous success in San Francisco. The role Mrs. Crane played in it was so good that she gave her dance interpretations, as well as an opportunity to display the dramatic genius she certainly possesses. But the play was too sweet and simple and nice. The craze for dirt and filth and muck-raking of the underworld was on, and so the clean, nice story was laid away in lavender with netrics, and many tears falling from the big, wide-blue eyes of the little Crane girl.

"But some day," she said wistfully, "I'm going to revive it. I'll put a punch in it, and a few of the things the public wants, and while it won't be my sweet, lovely play any more, it will be what the public imagines it wants." The Cranes are crazy over San Francisco. They talked about it incessantly, completely disregarding the code that in interviews it is considered official to praise no city but the one you happen to be playing.

"We've made a little Tipperary parody to sing for an encore," said Mr. Crane. "Here it is," and he recited: "It's a long way to San Francisco, It's a long way to San Francisco, But we've come back to San Francisco, The place that we call home. Good-bye, New York City, And the Middle West so bare, We've come back to San Francisco, And the 1915 fair."

Mr. Crane has designed a wonderful California poppy dress, all yellow, for before more than 500 persons Wednesday evening, when the young people of the St. Lawrence Dramatic Club entertained at the parish hall in this laughable skit of college life. The quips of the players were merry and the performance was carried out with a laughable success, the humor of the lines being accentuated by the personality of the young actors. The

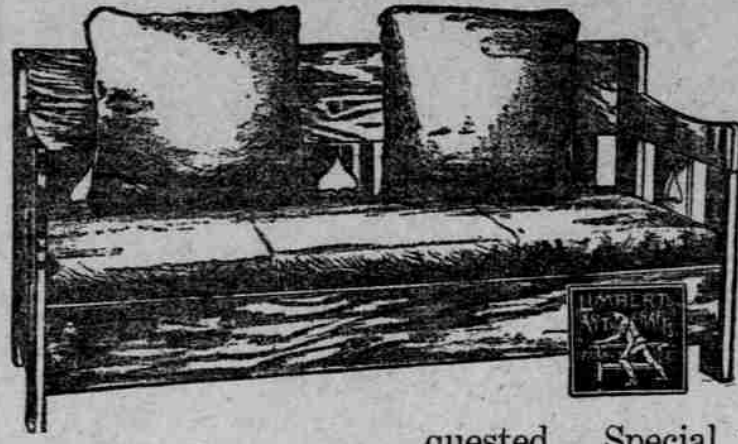
audience represented many parishes of the city. There were no long waits between the acts, while necessary delays were filled by musical offerings. The Brox quartet, composed of Abdon Neils, Kinzie, Patricia, Fordney and Edward Gunn, sang several selections between the first and second acts. Between the second and third scenes the audience was treated to violin selections by Albert Orlet, Jr., who responded to several encores.

Situations Are Perplexing. The farce was notable for the ludicrous situations produced. The theme was based on the kidnapping of the sophomore toastmaster by the freshmen on the eve of the annual banquet, and the ruse by which the "soph" finally recaptured their leader. The wives of a woman were bound up in the final success of the upper-classman's efforts. Not only was the play a dramatic, but it was a financial success, for the hall was crowded to overflowing, many standing in the rear. The popularity of the play has led to requests for its reproduction in the near future in other parishes.

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\$15 Hardwood Dresser, with 18x24 French plate mirror..... \$ 9.35
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\$25 Genuine Quartered Oak Chiffonier, with 16x20 French plate mirror..... \$15.30

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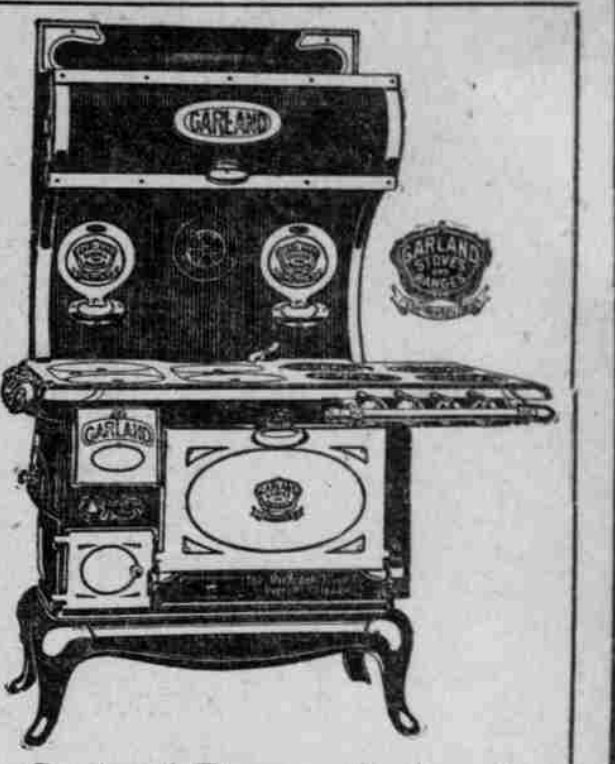
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COLLEGE SKIT WINS

"The Toastmaster" Pleases St. Lawrence Parishioners

AMATEURS ARE APPLAUDED

Continuous Round of Pleasure Is Kept Up by Merry Quips—More Than 500 Persons Present to See Play Given.

"The Toastmaster" made his debut before more than 500 persons Wednesday evening, when the young people of the St. Lawrence Dramatic Club entertained at the parish hall in this laughable skit of college life. The quips of the players were merry and the performance was carried out with a laughable success, the humor of the lines being accentuated by the personality of the young actors. The

WILD WEST UNIT ROUSES

FISHERS' GRANGE PROTESTS PART OF COLUMBIA INTERSTATE FAIR

Attraction Used to Add to Success of Clarke County Event Called Injurious to Morals.

VANCOUVER, Wash., Jan. 23.—(Special.)—Fishers' Grange, which meets a few miles east of Vancouver, did not in any way like the Columbia Interstate Fair, in this city September 7 to 12. The wild West feature especially was repulsive to the members, who have adopted the following resolutions: "The management of the Clarke County Fair Association, acting upon the presumption that an attraction known as the 'Wild West Show' would add to the success of the last fair, employed the Irwin Bros. Wild West Show. We attended the fair and were horrified at the brutality inflicted upon helpless dumb animals by representatives of the wild West show, and further, that the deportment of many members of the show was not up to the standard we demand of our boys and girls. We believe such exhibits doubly conspicuous when heralded as record-breakers and prize-

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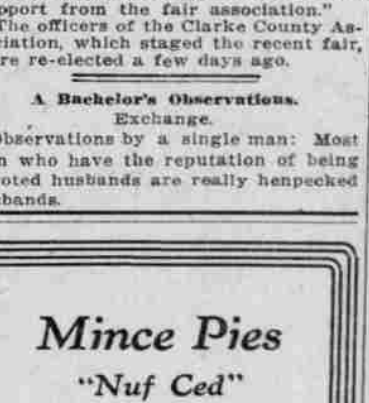
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RESIDENT OF PORTLAND FOR 22 YEARS IS DEAD.



Mrs. Elizabeth A. Ansley, who died January 22, was born in Abbeville, South Carolina, in 1843. Mrs. Ansley came to the Coast in 1880 and had been a resident of Portland since 1893. Her husband, John A. Ansley, died in that year. She was a member of the Third Presbyterian Church. Seven children survive her. They are James W., Jessie, Martha, Ella and Septima Ansley, of Portland; Hearst C. Ansley, of St. Louis, Mo., and Mrs. W. G. Russell, of Magnolia, Ark. A sister, Mrs. N. J. Henry, also survives her. The funeral services will be conducted at the family residence, 1115 Senate street, Laurelhurst, today, at 2 P. M. Interment will be in Riverview Cemetery.

POWER PLANT IS RISING

Pile-Driving Completes Foundation and Ridgefield Poles Are Placed.

STOPS TOBACCO HABIT.

Elders' Sanitarium, located at 518 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit and how it can be stopped in three to five days. As they are distributing this book free, anyone wanting a copy should send their name and address at once.—Adv.

Folly to Expect Too Much.

Much of the disappointment of this world is caused by expecting too much, said the pessimist.

Exchange.

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Craonne, December 25, 1914. (Between Laui and Reims)—I have been away from home 17 weeks and have had during that time many unusual experiences. At first we had an easy time; then we were guarding the railroads at Laui, in Belgium, but for the last seven weeks we have been in the firing trenches. We look like earth diggers. We get cold, wet, then dry again. Our teeth chatter at times, but we do not become seriously ill. We have been at this place for the past 14 days. We hold the south entrance to this city. This position of the city is one man or rifle, and not a single inhabitant has remained. I have seen many burned and destroyed towns, but none so completely devastated as this one. The poor people are to be pitied. The mahogany, and exquisitely carved antique furniture, pianos, etc., which had not been destroyed by the shrapnel and fire, have been used to build barricades. Bedding and quilts, which were left, have been dragged into the deep caves and cellars where we sit when we are relieved from the firing trenches and here we try to find rest and some protection from the shrapnel.

WAR HORRORS TOLD

German Soldiers Wish Conflict Would Cease.

DEVASTATION IS COMPLETE

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