

PORTLAND BOYS TO NOTED FEZ WEARERS

Three Past Imperial Potentates Bring Up Vanguard of Steady Procession.

HOSTS KEPT ON QUI VIVE

Dr. Smith, of Damascus Temple, W. W. Irvin, of Ostris, and J. Frank Treat, of El Zagal, Arc Guests. Police Patrol Used as Joke.

Three past imperial potentates all at the same time demanded and received the attentions of the Al Kader Shriner yesterday and brought to an ostentatious close the steady procession of fez wearers that has been passing through Portland for the last few days.

It kept the Portland nobles on the qui vive for whole hours at a time saluting and bowing before the big chiefs of their organization.

The first of the distinguished Arabs to arrive was Dr. Frederick R. Smith, of Damascus Temple at Rochester, N. Y., who retired as imperial potentate at the recent Seattle council meeting.

He was followed closely by W. W. Irvin, of Ostris Temple, Wheeling, W. Va., who has been out of the official harness for a few years.

Last night, then, came J. Frank Treat, of Zagal Temple, located at Fargo, N. D., who was one of the most popular imperial potentates the Shriners ever had. He is well known in Portland, where he is a frequent visitor, and the boys here fixed up a special brand of entertainment in his honor.

"Victims" Bundled into Patrol. When he arrived at the North Bank depot one of the best little patrol wagons in the service of the Portland police bureau was there to receive him. Despite his protests he was bundled into the wagon and started, ostensibly, for the police station.

But just around the corner from the station was a part of Al Kader's band, which headed a lively, dancing, prancing procession to the Imperial Hotel, where the past officer was unloaded amid the cheery greetings of a multitude of his fez-bedecked fellows.

A score or more of Fargo Shriners accompanied the past imperial potentate and enjoyed the unexpected form of entertainment as much as Mr. Treat himself did. They remained here through the evening and left at midnight for San Francisco.

Women Deck Table With Roses.

Just by way of demonstrating their versatility, the Al Kader boys provided a far different form of reception for Past Potentate Smith. His special train, bearing more than 100 Rochester Shriners and their wives, rolled into the Union depot over the Northern Pacific at an early hour, but Mr. Smith had suffered so much from the loss of sleep at Seattle that he did not crawl out of his berth until after 8 o'clock.

Meanwhile a committee of young women labored industriously to decorate his table in the special dining car attached to the train. When the band and Mrs. Smith walked in to breakfast sweet scented roses met their gaze. This delicate attention so pleased Dr. Smith that he invited some of the girls—as many as the car would accommodate—to join him and Mrs. Smith at breakfast.

Promptly after breakfast H. T. Hutchinson led an imposing committee of El Kader nobles into the station yards and escorted Mr. and Mrs. Smith to waiting automobiles. They were taken to the Imperial Hotel, where they held an informal levee for hundreds of members from all parts of the country.

Faith in Wheeling Stogies Shown.

At noon yesterday George W. Stapleton, illustrious potentate of Al Kader Temple, entertained Dr. Smith, Mrs. Smith and some members of their party at a luncheon at the Imperial Hotel. In the afternoon he sought and obtained a few hours' additional sleep at the Multnomah.

Later in the day George A. Sears, president of the Coast Bridge Company, of Portland, and a former resident of Rochester, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Smith at his home at 572 East Twenty-second street. J. P. Whitlock, of Portland, also joined in the entertainment to the Damascus Temple and was host at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Smith at the Automobile Club last night.

Past Imperial Potentate Irvin, of Wheeling, traveled with a number of his fellow nobles on the qui vive. The whole party was generous in its distribution of some of the principal products of their city—stogies. They demonstrate their own faith in the Wheeling stogies by smoking them industriously and without apparent ill effects.

Mr. Irvin was greeted by scores of fez wearers who had met him at previous imperial council meetings and was the constant center of an active and joyous group around the hotels. He is a good story-teller and an apt hearer, which is only one of the reasons why he is popular among the Shriners.

Springfield Party Arrives.

J. G. Ham, wife and daughter of New York City, were among yesterday's arrivals and joined with good spirit in the wholesome entertainment. Mr. Ham is a member of Mecca Temple and a leading manufacturer of New York. They will remain in Portland for several days and are staying at the Portland.

El Riad Temple, of Sioux Falls, S. D., sent a party of 30 members with their families to Portland yesterday afternoon. Most of them continued to the expositions in California.

A big party from Abou Ben Adhem Temple, of Springfield, Mo., arrived late Friday night and remained at the Imperial. They were up bright and early yesterday and took in all the automobile and streetcar sight-seeing excursions on the list.

Many members of Aad Temple, at Duluth, went to Gearhart and Seaside yesterday morning.

200 Sail on Great Northern.

The steamer Great Northern, when it sailed from Elsie at 1 o'clock yesterday, carried about 200 Shriners and their families. The full organized delegations from Akedah Temple, Tulsa, Okla., Bedouin Temple, Muskogee, Okla., and Mirza Temple, Pittsburg, Kan., took the steamship trip to San Francisco.

A party of 100 members of Beni Kadem Temple, of Charleston, W. Va., also went on the steamer train.

Most of the Shriners who tarried in Portland yesterday deposited their baggage at the depot last night. Some will remain here for a few days more, but will remove the fez that distinguishes them from the ordinary citizen.

Owners of Machines Thanked.

The Portland committee yesterday had an ample supply of automobiles to accommodate all the visitors. Scores of machines owned by persons who are not Shriners were placed at the disposal of the Al Kaders.

SIGHT-SEEING SHRINERS AND THEIR FAMILIES CAUGHT IN ALL MANNERS OF POSES BY OREGONIAN PHOTOGRAPHERS IN PORTLAND LAST WEEK.



1—Left to Right—Mrs. D. Morgan, Potentate Damascus Temple; Miss Beatrice Porteous, Miss Norma Rodman, Dr. F. R. Smith, of Rochester, N. Y., Past Imperial Potentate, and H. T. Hutchinson, Al Kader's Chairman of Damascus Reception Committee. 2—Carl Green, of Seacoast Temple, Lincoln, Neb. 3—Mrs. Carl Green. 4—W. H. Sheftall and E. H. Abrams, of Alee Temple, Seaside, Ore. 5—Miss Helen Paul, of Oklahoma City. 6—Mrs. E. G. Beavler, of Oklahoma City. 7—John A. Wilson, of Midlan Temple, Leitch, Kan. 8—Miss Norma Otten, One of Al Kader's Flower Girls. 9—Miss Marian Morgan, Another Flower Girl. 10—Dr. J. H. Martin, of Zenn Zenn Temple, Erie, Pa., Who Was "Arrested." 11—J. M. Nichols and Baby.

helped us entertain our guests," said George W. Stapleton, potentate of Al Kader Temple, last night.

"We appreciate the compliments of our own members who gave the use of their machines, but we are particularly thankful to those Portland people who are not Shriners and who generously offered the services of their cars that our entertainment might be a success. Without them we could not have handled the crowds properly."

"The visit of the Shriners has done much to advertise Portland and to impress the attractions of the city upon a large number of people in other parts of the country who doubtless are in position to do us a lot of good."

Because of a Red Cap.

"Where is a good hotel?" questioned a woman—not a member of a Shrine party—at the Union Depot yesterday. John H. Burgard volunteered the inquiry, and instinctively lifted his hand to his red fez.

"All right, I'll go there," she replied, and she relieved one of the uniformed depot attendants, wearing the regulation red cap of his profession, of a couple of grips.

"I guess you red-capped fellows are kept pretty busy these days," she commented, including both Mr. Burgard and the depot attendant in her patronizing glance.

SIDELIGHTS ON SHRINERS' VISIT

One attention that the visiting Shriners greatly appreciated in Portland was that provided by a company of attractive girls at the Union and North Bank depots.

As each party of excursionists passed through the station gates the girls attached carnations and roses to the buttonholes of the men and the wigs of the women. The girls were on duty last Sunday and again on Friday and yesterday. Among the most active in the group were Misses Marian Morgan, Louise Ramsdell, Verna Barker, Norma Rodman, Ruth Plummer, Margaret Kader, Helen Minsinger, Edna Minsinger, Genevieve Caughey, Helen Adams, Jeanette Virginia, Beatrice Porteous, Ada Otten, Lucile Bronaugh, Elsie Cramer and Adelaide Miriam.

They don't do things in Independence, Or., as they do in Milwaukee, Wis., and as result Edward Kelckbush, of Milwaukee, left Oregon last week a poorer and a sadder man.

The other day, as Mr. Kelckbush and his wife were riding through Independence on their Harley-Davidson side car, he spied the first saloon he

had seen in many a mile of dusty travel and he immediately halted his rig and disappeared behind the swinging doors.

Soon he came out with two tumblers of foaming beer and he presented one of the tumbler to his wife, who, for the moment, imagined she was back in dear old Wisconsin. Suddenly, however, they heard this announcement: "You are under arrest," and they looked around to see that they were within the clutches of the law.

"What's the idea?" snapped Kelckbush, surprised.

"There is a law in Independence which specifically forbids serving drinks on the street, that's the idea," replied the "copper."

When it came time to pay the fine of \$5 Kelckbush wrote out his check calmly, but he made this notation, "I pay this under protest and I hope independence goes to the devil with it."

"Where is the potentate of Accamanscar Temple?" asked Ira F. Powers, chairman of Al Kader's automobile committee, at the Imperial Hotel yesterday morning. His voice indicated that he was greatly perturbed.

"I don't know, but I'll find him," responded John H. Burgard.

Mr. Burgard proceeded diligently through the lobby. Presently he returned and complained to Mr. Powers: "Say, I can't find that fellow. He won't believe there is any such temple as Accamanscar."

"Oh, yes, there is," insisted Mr. Powers. "The potentate is right here." And he led Burgard "around the corner" where a big crowd of Al Kader and visiting Shriners who had been let in on the secret were gathered. A man in a starched uniform of immaculate white was pointed out as the "potentate of Accamanscar."

"All right, I'll buy," said Mr. Burgard, and he did.

The Wichita members, of whom there were a large number, were conspicuous by the big satin suitcases that they wore on their clothes. This form of decoration was carried out even by the women, and added visibly to their natural charms which already were great.

An interesting meeting took place at the Imperial Hotel Friday, when Dr. C. H. Alexander, member of Alhambra Temple at Knoxville, Tenn., accompanied by Dr. C. W. Lowe, of Al Kader Temple, Portland, whom he had not seen for more than 20 years. The twoparty

were boyhood friends. Dr. Lowe went to Seattle this week to seek his friend, but failed to find him. He was so delighted at meeting Dr. Alexander here in Portland that he decided to accompany him to San Francisco last night.

Moolah Temple of St. Louis came to the coast with its own male chorus of more than 20 voices—said to be the only organization of the kind in existence. Charles Galloway, director of the choir, and several of the other members were here yesterday.

J. Putnam Stevens, the new imperial potentate, will not visit Portland now. He has gone with a party of friends to Alaska, where he will remain for several weeks. It is possible that he will visit Portland on the return trip.

Fred A. Jacobs, of Al Kader Temple, entertained a large party of Acca Shriners, of Richmond, Va., at lunch at the Imperial Hotel Friday. He formerly lived in Virginia, and many Accas were his personal friends.

E. G. Paul, the hunting potentate of India Temple, of Oklahoma City, was accompanied on his visit here yesterday by Miss Helen Paul, his sister. Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Heevley, of India Temple, completed Mr. Paul's immediate party.

Mere Rules Won't Keep Lulu Temple From Preening Self.

Forbidden to Bring Pageantry Into Shriner's Review, Philadelphia Ignored Comment and Make Gorgeous Display.

They'll never forget it—the way Lulu Temple, of Philadelphia, "put it over" in Seattle at the Shriners' imperial council.

It seems the rules committee, in charge of the imperial council affairs, decided this year that when the patrol passed in review of the imperial potentate, it should be the patrol only—no bands, bugle corps or trimmings whatsoever. The rule was looked upon by some as pretty rigid—a passing before the all-great potentate is an event of pride with Shriners, and they lavish training and regalia to make it impressive. No regiment passing in review of kaiser or king hopes to make a better showing than the individual temples at a Shrine council.

New Lulu Temple, of Philadelphia, is a great and mighty temple. The potentate is a millionaire, and a royal scout of the council has gorgeous costumes, never appearing two consecutive days in the same costume. It has at least five "changes." It also has a magnificent mounted patrol, a band of 50 pieces and a bugle corps of 30 or thereabouts. In truth, it is a splendid blaze of magnificence whenever it goes in review anywhere.

The new ruling made it a little tough, at least, but Lulu stood back and said nothing. Rules are only rules, after all, and like promises made to be broken on great enough provocation.

So while some of the lesser temples paraded and cavorted in front of the imperial potentate and all the grand officers, etc., Lulu merely rested on its oars, so to speak.

But in due time it came Lulu's turn to pass in review. Without a word of warning the mounted patrol, a band, pieces, the shiny jet black coats of the steeds glimmering in the sun, dashed to the reviewing field in a squad of Cossacks charging German infantry. The patrol, in gorgeous array, pranced before the potentate like a suburb of radiance and splendor. The big 50-piece band thrilled potentate and outer guard alike and the vast assemblage there, and somewhere into the excitement the bugle corps injected its majestic duty.

It was a kaleidoscopic master stroke. It was like a rainbow dancing on a turbulent sea.

The imperial potentate smiled in wonderment. It was indeed a beautiful sight. The committee on rules gasped in astonishment and hurried to jerk out the booklet of instructions, but before they could take a second breath the mounted patrol, bands and buglers beat a retreat no less splendid than its advance on the field, and all was over. The imperial potentate no doubt was duly impressed. And, after all, there is no penalty attached, and no prizes are awarded.

"You're under arrest," spoke Patrolman Cason to Dr. J. H. Martin, of Zenn Zenn Temple, Erie, Pa., at the Multnomah Hotel Friday morning.

"What for?" demanded Dr. Martin.

"Too much of this liberty!"

"Why, I am a guest here and a Shriner. Can't we have a little fun?"

"That's all right, but you are going too far, 'Guss Along now!"

The officer showed he meant business and his threat to call the patrol wagon met with a responsive movement on the part of the "prisoner" in the direction of the police station.

Dr. Martin was regularly booked on a charge of disorderly conduct and consigned to a cell. The fact that he had been just a little malicious made him suspicious that the charge really was the straight goods, but when a big company of Al Kader fezzies, headed by Dr. E. R. McDaniel, entered the jail Dr. Martin took the joke good-naturedly. As he has made a study of sanitation he asked to inspect the jail and police station.

"You certainly have a most modern and up-to-date place in every particular," was his complimentary comment to Captain Moore, as he departed.

Ira Powers, who has been one of the most active in the arrangements for entertaining the Shriners, for a while Friday felt like the honored guest instead of one of the hosts. Mr. Powers, who incidentally during the week has taken a few minutes off to attend to business matters at the Powers Furniture store, had hardly settled at his desk, when one of the visiting Shrine hands hurried to the store and serendipitously found him.

Mr. Powers has converted one of his display windows into a miniature desert scene, showing a Shriner crossing the burning sands. The display has attracted considerable attention from the Shriners, who by word of mouth passed the news of it along to other shriners. The result was the window has been a drawing card. The window shows a desert, real sand being used, and a huge painting 20 feet long in the back brings out the perspective of a caravan of camels, tents and whatever else is supposed to be seen on a desert. A life-size Shriner is shown crossing the sands in the foreground and the whole display has been a "hit" with the visitors.

These stenographers engaged by Al Kader Temple to write letters for their guests have learned not to take some of the visiting Shriners too seriously.

One fezzie top came in yesterday and dictated the most effusive kind of slush to his wife, then winked at the girl and sent the letter away.

Soon thereafter Ernest A. Cutts, of Savannah, Ga., imperial first ceremonial master, came along.

"I want to let my wife know where I am," he told one of the girls. "Just send her a few lines, saying everything is all right."

The girl made a copy of the slushy Shriner's letter, signed Mr. Cutts' name to it and sent it to Mrs. Cutts.

One automobile that never was empty yesterday was the one driven by Miss Gretchen Colton, daughter of Hubert G. Colton, member of Al Kader Temple. Miss Colton took visiting Shriners over the various fixed routes established by the Portland committee and covered more than 150 miles in repeated short trips during the day. She was busy throughout the morning conveying members of Syria Temple, of Pittsburg, and some of them filled the tonneau of her car with flowers and candy in appreciation of her splendid attention.

"Call for Mrs. Jones," announced one of the pages at the Imperial. Half a dozen women were on their feet. The page had Mrs. Jones' more explicit instructions.

"Mrs. Jack Jones, of Oklahoma City," said the boy on the third call, and the right woman stepped forward to greet a friend who had been waiting patiently for her.

W. C. McWhinney, director of the famous band of Zuhrah Temple, of Minneapolis, was one of the visitors yesterday. He is on his way to San Francisco. Most of the band members also visited here, but the band did not put in an organized appearance, as some of the players returned direct home from Seattle.

Great Crowds invaded the Multnomah Hotel Friday night to hear the lectures and see the pictures of the Columbia River Highway. Samuel C. Lancaster and Henry Berger, Jr., were kept constantly busy explaining the pictures and answering a rapid-fire series of questions. The visitors were noticeably impressed.