DANCERS FLOAT IN DREAMS AT HEILIG

Sleepy Music and Airy Forms Carry Audience Off to Realm of Unreal.

ART OF EACH IS INDIVIDUAL

Spirit of Life and of Drama Is Visualized and Natural Poetry of Motion Is Expressed—End Comes All Too Suddenly.

BY LEONE CASS BAER.

Of all the good things brought to us by Serge de Diaghileff's Russian Ballet the "Spirit of Youth," of Nijinsky, must come first. And we want next to keep close in our hearts the lovely Lopokova.

And after these and the splendid art of the maitre de ballet we remember the glory music and the maquettes of the great decorators, Bakst, the Luther Burbank of color, Roerich, Anisfeld and the other several, whose jewel-like settings for the ballets glow and flame in our memory.

A truly dazzling repertoire has been presented in the three performances in Portland and we must consider ourselves, indeed, blessed to have been included in the tour of this imperial organization from Russia.

Russia Is Home of Dancers.

Their school has sent us many great dancers, Kosloff, Mordkin and Nijinsky, Pavlowa Boim, Flore Revelles, Lopokova, the list is legion and difficult to spell, let alone pronounce.

Their art is incomparable. We cannot compare one with any of his brothers or sisters. That is possibly their great achievement. It is certainly their genuis, their fascination for us that each is individual.

Each has builded alone, and dances alone, maintaining intact his own vivid personality—using that same personality to invest the role he dances for us in choreagraphic drama.

Their dancing is not a fashion; a fad or passion of a brief period, it is a get-down-under-the-skin training. They breathe the arts and graces of life in dance. They are born to it—and for it.

Centuries of training could not make a Lopokova out of any American girl timber. The Russian dancer brings us tremendously vital personality, a wonderful temperament for the dance and of it, a warm, glowing intelligence and a splendid understanding. They come to us from the land of natural music, and they are all musicians; in them dwells the spirit of the drama, and they are all actors.

For such food as they have given us, then, in the last two days, let us be devoutly thankful. It may be many a weary moon before we shall look upon their like again.

Engagement Comes to Close.

A matinee yesterday and a night performance ended the engagement of the Russian Ballet at the Heilig. The matinee programme was entirely new, save for Scheherazade, which was given here on one occasion by Gertrude Hoffmann.

The evening programme was new, too, save for a repetition of "Prince Igor," one of the dramatic numbers of Friday evening.

At the matinee "Les Papillons," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Scheherazade" were given. Nijinsky did not appear at the matinee.

To the soft and tender music of Carl Maria von Weber, music of leaves and flowers and rare perfume, Lydia Lopokova and Nicholas Zverew danced the exquisite pas de deux, "Le Spectre de la Rose," from a poem by Theophile Gautier. Leon Bakst has set the ballet in a boudoir, with open French windows, through which we sensed the dream garden, full of soft moving shadows, and the mystery of a Summer night.

Soul Seeks Adventure.

Lopokova, as a young girl just come from a ball, creeps in from the sweet darkness. Sleep wooes her weary body, but her soul, wide awake, clamors for Adventure.

She sinks into a chair and presses her face against the heart of a full-blown red rose, a souvenir of Love and the Dance.

And while the music whispers and sings and sobs and the shadows outside dance madly to its cadences, the spirit of the rose is blown in through a window, virile yet spiritual, and as it floats to the feet of the sleeping girl's body it takes on the human substance of a young man.

To and fro with the music and the night wind he dances, hovering now over the sleeping girl, crouching beside her, caressing her, until her spirit awakes, too, and she dances with her love-dream.

Exquisitely they dance, seeming to float on the perfumed air like spirit shapes, hands and feet and arms and legs, eyes and lips realizing for us their dream of the dance.

Dance Is Over Too Soon.

And all too suddenly the night wind, rising on splendid chords and harmonies, blows the rose spirit through the window, out again into the now quiet darkness.

The girl awakens from her vague and tender and delicious vision, half real, half ideal. She picks up the faded and crumpled red rose and holds it close to her face, her wonderful eyes searching the emptiness of the little boudoir. And the curtain falls slowly.

M. Nicholas Zverew appeared as the rose spirit. His dancing breathed the spirit of the rose, and poured out to us its perfume.

Lopokova most eloquently expressed the elusive spirit of the dreaming young girl. Lopokova's sex never dominates—in truth, like Pavolwa's, it disappears. We sense her as a beautiful trinity—man, woman and child—so close to us we can hear her heartbeats and yet as far away as the cold stars.

"Les Papillons," a ballet in one act, by Michel Fokine, set to Robert Schuman's wondrous interpretative music, was danced in the midst of the splendid ruins of a castle surrounded by cypress trees and blossoms and water. No more appropriate setting can be dreamed of for this exquisite episode of the little butterflies.

Imagination Turned Loose.

It is a revel of dancing and music, with no story set down for us to follow—but leaving each of us to weave for himself whatsoever our imagination will. Lopokova and Sokolova appear in this ballet as young girls—with Adolf Blom as Pierrot. It is a poem in pantomime, a dance dream.

Lopokova is the gay little butterfly, a sad little butterfly, with wings outstretched and trembling. She dances on the greensward as if the wind carries her, alighting like a bit of thistle down amidst her companions.

For many moons will linger the memory of the little Lopokova, butterfly, exquisitely fragile and ethereal, dancing her song with her companion butterflies and the Pierrot.

The artistry of Blom as Pierrot is, too, unforgettable. In the role his body weaves dreams with silent and graceful movements. Seeing them we are wholly removed from a mundane world to one of joy and enchantment.

Scheherazade Most Barbaric.

Insolently barbaric, sinister and tremendously dramatic was Scheherazade, the famed prelude to the Arabian Nights and which is held as the most pretentious offering of all the Serge de Diaghileff's ballets.

It is surely the masterpiece of the daring decorator, Leon Bakst, fantastic in theme, bizarre and color mad. Huge bronze and silver doors lock us in the inmost shrine of King Schahriar's harem. Sweep of balcony above us, a broad staircase leading to mystery and on all sides of us great arches and alcoves dripping, reeling, spilling color. And restless as the Rimsky-Korsakov orgy of triumphal music are the women of the harem, indolent, amusement seeking, who pace this walled-in-world, locked away from love and joy, like birds in a cage.

The drama of Scheherazade is terrifying, an abortion of color that gleams and glows, set to mad glorious music, a sensual story of evil loves, of white women and black men, and their intrigues and revenges and slaughter, a voluptuous orgy of Arabia real and terrible. Mlle. Flora Revalles is Zobedie, a Princess whose amour for her favorite, a negro, brings death and destruction on the harem. She is essentially feminine, in the role, preening with the knowledge of beauty, passionate and cruel. Mlle. Revalles' body is like unto a tensely strung instrument whose golden strings are set a-quiver at the sweep of a scented breeze. She is the incarnate spirit of human barbaric passion in Scheherazade. Adolf Blom appeared as Le Negre, now whirling in dance like a catapult through the air, or writhing a mass of black arms and legs, at the feet of Zobeide.

Dancing women in a kaleidoscope of color, bodies of men and women in rainbow colors tossing frantically in delirous dance, ending in slaughter when the Sultan, outraged, returns to find Zobeide faithless. A prison house full of dead women and dead men, red, dripping scimitars, wailing of music and an old Sultan weeping convulsively over the slain body of Zobeide sear our memory as the curtain falls.

"The Morning After"

(BY DR. L. W. BOWER.)

One of the characteristic headaches due to uric acid in the system, which acts as a poison when it accumulates, is due to alcohol taken the night before. The kidneys do not succeed in throwing off this poisonous accumulation, the stomach is nauseated, or the blood congests in the head, causing throbbing pain, called headache — the heart is depressed, circulation of blood poor to the extremities, the muscles feel tired, or twinges of pain here and there are felt, and when this uric acid is deposited in the tissues or joints it causes rheumatism or gout. I always advise the drinking of hot water, a half pint in the morning, and a little Anuric. Sometimes the "blues," or a sort of rash, or a pimply face, gives warning of an "uric acid storm." At such times always take Anuric (double strength), which can be obtained at almost any drug store, and which you will find dissolves the uric acid almost as hot water does sugar.

Avoid too much meat, tea and alcohol. Drink an abundance of water, both hot and cold. Take Anuric three times a day until the bad symptoms all subside. This is the best way to avoid rheumatism and many of the pains and aches due to a uric acid condition. If you drink any alcoholic beverage you should keep the kidneys and liver active with Anuric, so as to throw off the poisons which accumulate. If your tongue is coated—a dark brown taste, breath foul, followed sometimes by colds, indigestion, olliousness, constipation or sour acid stomach, you should take some vegetable laxative. Such a one is made in sugar-coated form from the May-apple, leaves of aloe and root of jalap, and commonly sold by almost all druggists as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are standard and have been in ready-to-use form for nearly fifty years.

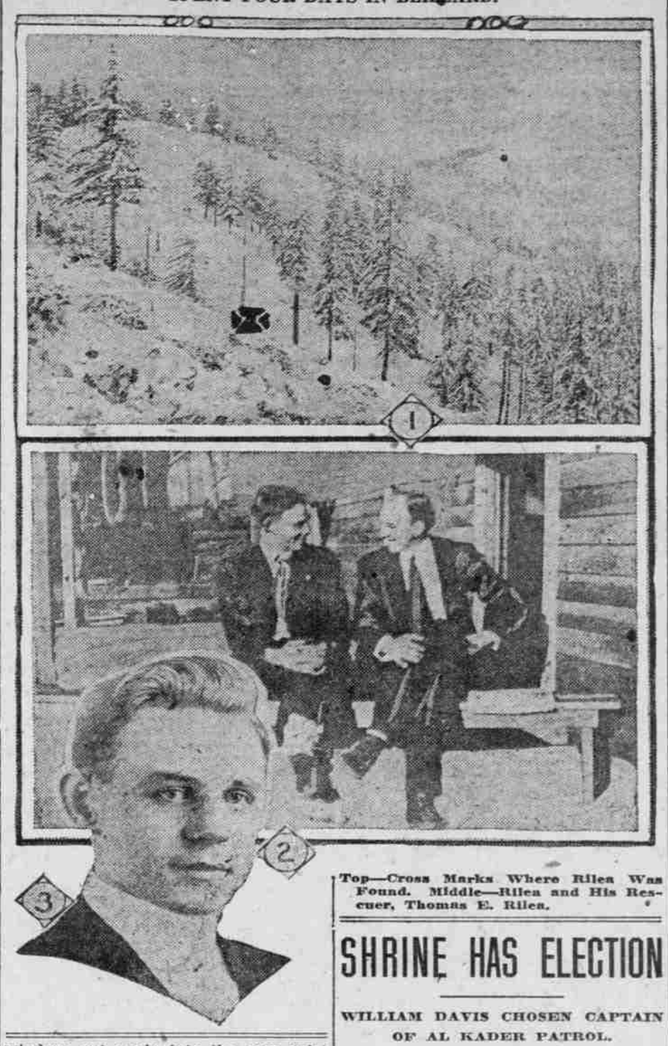
Crane Hotel to Be Enlarged.

CRANE, Or., Jan. 13.—(Special.)—The hotel which was opened for business about November 1, has been filled almost every night and many people have been turned away. The proprietor says that as soon as the weather will permit, he is going to build an addition that will double the capacity.

First Wedding Is of Indians.

LEWISTON, Idaho, Jan. 13.—(Special.)—Probate Judge William Bollinger's first marriage ceremony had as principals two Nez Perce Indians. The ceremony was performed in the Probate Judge's office with Courthouse officials as witnesses.

PORTLAND YOUNG MAN, HIS RESCUER AND CANYON WHERE HE SPENT FOUR DAYS IN BLIZZARD.



Top—Cross Marks Where Rilea Was Found. Middle—Rilea and His Rescuer, Thomas E. Rilea.

SHRINE HAS ELECTION

WILLIAM DAVIS CHOSEN CAPTAIN OF AL KADER PATROL.

Banquet Given and Arrangements Made to Raise Fund for Bringing 1919 Conclave to Portland.

Members of Al Kader Patrol of Shriners gathered in the Elizabethan room of the Imperial Hotel on Friday evening for their third annual banquet and election of officers. The following officers were chosen.

Captain, William Davis; first lieutenant, H. T. Hutchinson; second lieutenant, Walter Holman; secretary and treasurer, Hugh J. Boyd; quartermaster, L. D. Freeland.

The evening was enlivened with a series of entertainments by professional performers from various local theaters. Following the dinner addresses were made by some of the leading members, among them James Moffett, potentate of Al Kader Temple; H. T. Hutchinson, Ben Greene, W. R. McDonald, H. T. Buckingham and Harvey Wells. The entertainment was in charge of a committee headed by H. Von Borstel.

The patrol has arranged to take an active part in the campaign to secure the 1919 conclave of Shriners for Portland. A committee consisting of H. Von Borstel, H. T. Buckingham, Harvey Wells and L. G. Carpenter was delegated to make arrangements for a series of entertainments to defray the expenses of sending the patrol to Minneapolis next Summer for the conclave in that city, where Portland's campaign will be pressed forward.

Following is a list of those present: L. D. Freeland, G. H. Hinnenkamp, H. T. Hutchinson, William Davis, James P. Moffett, H. M. Greene, L. A. Jacobson, R. F. Fike, J. C. DePenning, Curt M. Dennison, G. C. Purdin, Phil Neu, Jr., Gus H. Cramer, W. B. Sawyer, W. H. Monroe, C. C. Newcastle, J. A. Dilg, Julius L. Daly, L. G. Carpenter, Alex G. Riddell, J. B. Keefer, J. E. Buckingham, Leonard Lundgren, H. Von Borstel, Harvey Wells, Ben P. Greene, Burt Groocock, Alex M. Oliver, W. R. Elder, Donald, C. F. Weigand, L. R. Elder, Hugh J. Boyd, W. H. Monroe, R. J. Gordon, F. A. Van Kirk, C. E. Mensinger, Carl R. Jones and W. R. Boone.

Miss Hunt to Speak at Corvallis.

OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, Jan. 13.—(Special).—Miss Caroline Hunt, scientific assistant of home economics in the States Relation Service, United States Department of Agriculture, has been secured to deliver a series of lectures before women students attending the Winter Short Course, which is in session at the Oregon Agricultural College now. The subjects of her addresses will cover the planning of meals, school lunches, food for children, and home problems.

SNOW IS ONLY FOOD

Forest Ranger Tells of Sufferings of T. E. Rilea.

WAY LOST IN BLIZZARD

Tree Forms Shelter but Refuge Is Full of Mud and Ice and No Sleep Is Possible—Hope of Rescue Is Given Up.

Details of the experiences suffered by T. E. Rilea, an employe of the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company and sergeant in Company B, Third Oregon Infantry, who was lost in a blizzard in the Siskiyou National forest in December for a period of four days and nights, reached Portland yesterday in a letter from R. I. Helm, forest ranger, with headquarters at Agness, on the Lower Rogue River.

"Mr. Rilea left West Fork on Friday morning, December 22, after the regular mail had left the pack train, to make the 18-mile hike over the mountains to the next settlement at Marial," writes Mr. Helm. "When about half way over he was overtaken by a blizzard and compelled to seek refuge in a canyon about a quarter mile below the trail. The only shelter was an upturned tree. To avail himself of protection overhead he had to stand in mud and water. Here he built a fire of such wood as he could find.

Snow Is Christmas Dinner.

"The blizzard continued. The snow piled up chin high. He was able to keep from freezing only by beating about constantly day and night. On Christmas day he feasted on snowballs and icicles, eaten to the chattering accompaniment of a lone bluejay which hovered near his fire, encouraging him to keep on. In the evening his wood supply became exhausted. The wind blew down a tree near by, from which he was able to replenish his fire and to endure the last night.

"On Tuesday he realized that the terrible mental and physical strain was telling on him. He could not hold out much longer. He lost all hope of rescue. At daylight he started to make his way back up to the trail, that his body might be found. By 10 o'clock he had proceeded up the mountain about 1000 feet, when he heard a call. He moistened his lips with snow and was able to answer. C. H. Pettinger, of Paradise Bar, heard the answer back on the trail and came plowing down the hill on skiis. He found him standing in snow up to his shoulders. During the last hour he had apparently not moved more than 10 feet.

Emergency Quickly Met.

"Mr. Rilea's father finally was communicated with and word was sent to Marial, where a searching party was formed. Mr. Pettinger went ahead on skiis, while the others of the party followed, breaking trail with horses.

"After finding Mr. Rilea it required several hours to resuscitate him. Mr. Pettinger had thoughtfully provided for just such an emergency. He had with him necessary food and clothing. After making Tom as comfortable as possible he hastened back to the rest of the party. One was sent post haste to the nearest telephone to send the glad tidings to his grief-stricken parents and friends. Mr. Pettinger then returned to Tom. Improvising a snowshoe from fir boughs and using his pole instead of a ski, they were each provided with a ski and a makeshift. In this way they proceeded slowly over the deep snow toward the horses.

"He was not badly frozen, although his feet were severely frostbitten."

INVENTION TO SAVE HOSE

Portland Man Devises Pliable Coil of Metal.

C. R. Dabney, of 133 East Twenty-ninth street, has invented a contrivance that should please the man who has to deal frequently or regularly with a lawn or garden hose.

It consists of a simple brass or steel coil and clamp to be fastened to the end of the hose where it fastens to the faucet. The coil, which is 15 or 18 inches long, fits snugly around the hose and holds it firm and rigid. Yet it is pliable enough to bend readily. But it will not bend at the same place every time, thereby obviating the principal trouble with the garden hose in common use.

Mr. Dabney has completed a number of other inventions upon which he has applied for patents.

William H. Irwin Buried.

The funeral of William H. Irwin, who died at North Yakima early last week of a sudden attack of heart disease, was held from Finley's chapel Friday afternoon. Burial was at Riverview Cemetery. Mr. Irwin was well-known in Portland, having traveled out of here for a number of years. He is survived by three children, Wilbur, Edward and Virginia, and a widow.

DRAMA LEAGUE TO ACT

THREE PLAYS WILL BE GIVEN AT LITTLE THEATER.

"The Heir," "Balthazar" and "How He Lied to Her Husband" to Be Produced January 30 and 31.

Three plays will be produced at the Little Theater by the Portland Center of the Drama League on Tuesday and Wednesday nights, January 30 and 31, and one of them, "The Heir," is by Mrs. Harry Beals Torrey, wife of Professor Torrey, of Reed College. The other two plays will be "Balthazar," by Anatole France, translated by Dr. Max Cushing, of Reed College, and "How He Lied to Her Husband," by G. Bernard Shaw.

The casts have been chosen as follows:

"The Heir"—Mary Sheldon, Miss Elsie Clair; Stuart Sheldon, sixth, Robert Sabin; Stuart Sheldon, third, Charles Larrabee, and Nathaniel Hepburn, Mathew Riddle.

"Balthzar" — Balthazar, Dale Hinkle; Sembobitis, Webster Corliss; Menkera, Harold Weeks, and Belkis, Miss Imogene Seton.

"How He Lied to Her Husband"—He, Edgar E. Piper; She, Miss Nona Lawler; Her Husband, Jack Barry.

"The Heir" will be directed personally by Mrs. Torrey and "Balthazar" by Dr. Cushing and Mrs. Eleanor Sanford Large. Mrs. Large, who is director of the Little Theater, will also have charge of Shaw's play, "How He Lied to Her Husband."

All three plays will be produced both January 30 and 31.

On Tuesday night, January 16, Roscoe Nelson will read Henry Arthur Jones' play, "Mary Goes First," and on Tuesday night, January 23, Dr. J. J. Stahl, of Reed College, will read August Stramm's "The Bride of the Moor."

The Drama League is making extensive preparations for entertaining H. Granville Barker, who will lecture in Portland Monday night, March 12, at the Eleventh Street Playhouse, on "Why Worry About Art?" Mr. Barker is a playwright and producer who has won especial notice in England and America for his advanced art in staging plays.

KNIFE WIELDER RELEASED

Prosecutor Finds Cutting Fray Is Provoked by Plaintiff.

Robert Rankin, Assistant United States District Attorney, has returned to Portland from Klamath Falls where he went to take charge for the Government of a case against McKinley David, who was arrested on a charge of having stabbed Willard Lotches with a pocket knife in a quarrel.

Mr. Rankin had the charge against David dismissed when he learned upon investigation that the man was provoked to the assault. Lotches is declared to be recovering from the effects of the wound.

Mrs. Dess Marble Eberman Dies.

Mrs. Dess Marble Eberman died yesterday at her home, 127 East Twenty-eighth street North, following an attack of pneumonia. She was 27 years old and the wife of Arthur Eberman, who, besides a daughter, Katherine, 5 years old, survives. A mother, Mrs. E. Marble, a sister, Mrs. Minnie Vint and three brothers, Earl, Guy and Lynn also survive.

APPOINTEE IS CONFIRMED

Hillsboro Mayor Withdraws First Nomination, Ending Deadlock.

HILLSBORO, Or., Jan. 13.—(Special.)—Mayor Wall last night announced the withdrawal of the nomination of George Pate, ex-chief of police, for Street Commissioner and substituted the name of C. E. Koontz, and the Council promptly confirmed the appointment.

The Mayor and Council have been deadlocked for a week. When the Council refused to confirm the first appointment the Mayor ordered his appointee to take the office, but John Hensley refused to vacate.

The chief of police was ordered to eject Hensley from the City Hall. The Council instructed Hensley to remain, and it was believed the stage was set for a prolonged contest, when the Mayor withdrew his appointment.

Pythian Sisters to Give Parties.

Orphia Temple No. 18, Pythian Sisters, will give a series of card parties throughout the Winter season, the first one to be given on January 18 in Pythian Castle. All Pythian Sisters and their friends are invited. Prizes will be awarded. Mrs. Martha Spencer was appointed by the grand chief of Oregon to serve as installing officer for Orphia Temple. Installation ceremonies took place Thursday night.

HOOD RIVER POLICE CHIEF IS FATHER OF BIGGEST FAMILY IN COUNTY.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Carson and Children: Rear Row, Reading From Left to Right—John, Mrs. Charles Carson, Charles Carson. Middle Row, Reading From Left to Right—J. K. Carson, Helen, J. K., Jr., Elizabeth, Florence and Lucian. First Row—Mrs. J. K. Carson, James, Jennie, Alice, Mayhew and Alberta.

HOOD RIVER, Or., Jan. 13.—(Special.)—Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Carson, of this city, have the largest family in Hood River County. There are 12 children, six of them girls. The oldest, J. K. Carson, Jr., a student of the University of Oregon law school in Portland, is 25 years old, while the youngest two children, James and Jennie, twins, will be 7 next April.

Mr. Carson is Chief of Police of Hood River. He is 53 years old. Mrs. Carson is 49. None of their children has ever been seriously ill. Only one, Charles, is married. Both Mr. and Mrs. Carson are natives of Kentucky.

One of the daughters, Elizabeth, is a student of the University of Oregon, where she is a member of the Delta Gamma sorority. During the recent holidays a reunion of the entire family was held.