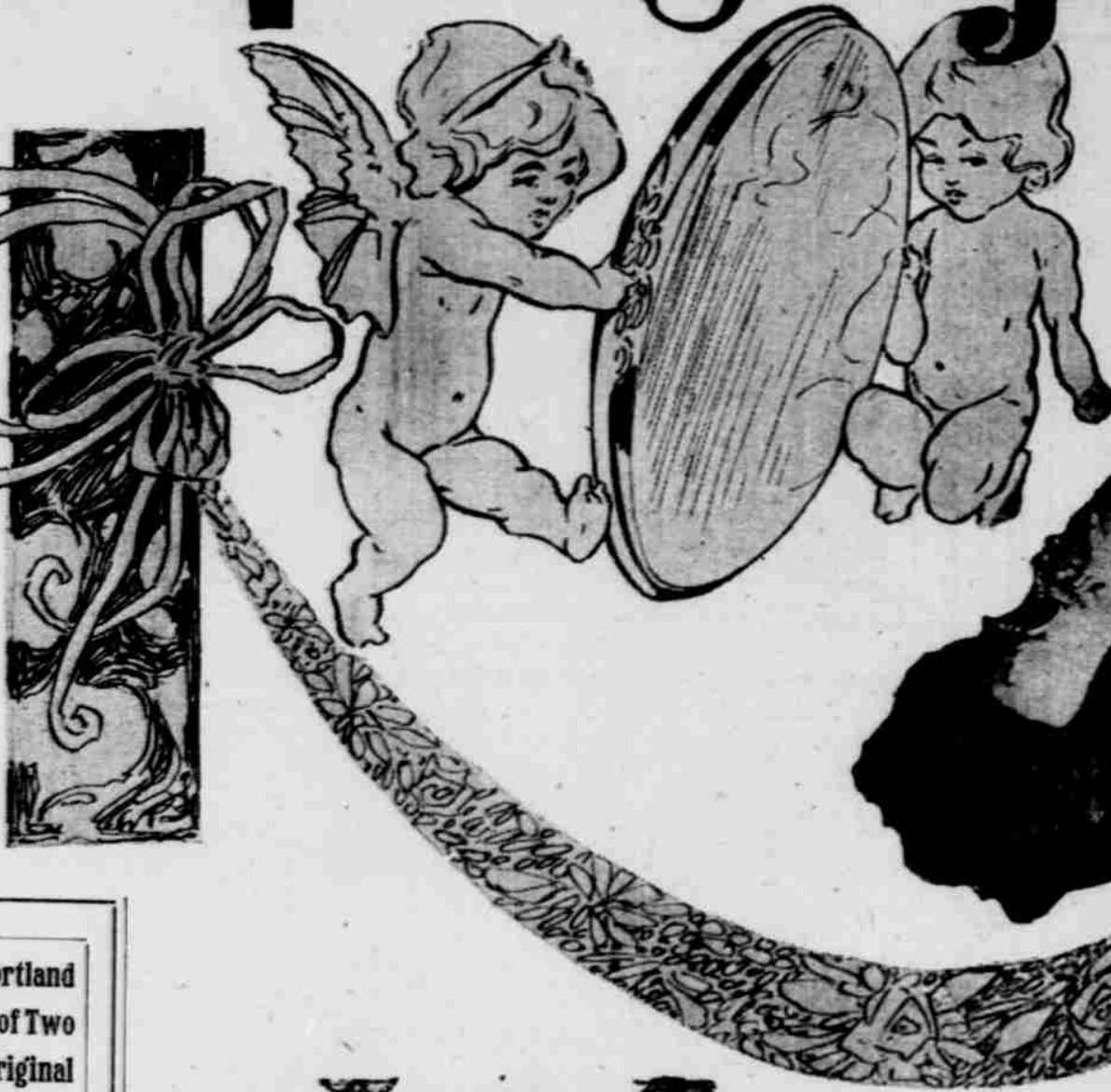


Only Three Such Jewels in the World



Edith Angus, Portland Actress, Has One of Two Duplicates of Original Worn by the Wife of the Shah of Persia

EDITH ANGUS, a Portland actress, owns one of the rarest and most beautiful sets of stage jewelry in the world. Part of these jewels were copied from a sign made especially for the wife of the Shah of Persia, the only other copy in existence being made for and owned by the famous French actress and model, Cleo de Merode. Another section of the beautiful collection is copied from the jewels worn by Sarah Bernhardt in her characterization of Cleopatra. How Miss Angus came into possession of this unusual collection is a story of exhibitions.

In the Far East, now as in the time of Cleopatra, rare jewels set in gold and silver of exquisite workmanship, adorn fair women, while bejeweled armor and the trappings of favorite steeds bespeak the priceless wealth lavished upon the favorites of great potentates. To all this, in our sterner civilization of the West, we are superior and eschew such gaudy trappings in this day of relics of barbarism. And yet the charm of Oriental splendor is ever a bright spot in literature and in the romance of ancient times, and were the Prince of India to walk before the footlights of today, had he not the atmosphere of luxury and an untold wealth of jewels and other personal adornments brought from that wonderful tomb of Hiram, King of Tyre, he would be commonplace. One has only to imagine what the Queen of Sheba would look or seem like in a tailored gown to realize the necessity of atmosphere and proper settings for Oriental characters, and the actor of today impersonating such characters must divest himself of 20th century culture and surroundings, calling to his aid such costumes, regalia, jewels and other stage accessories as the barbaric splendor of ancient times calls for. To impersonate long dead and gone kings and queens, or such bedecked, gilded women of today as live in Egyptian harems or in the garish atmosphere of the great splendor and dazzling magnificence of the Orient, and do it properly, more depends upon proper costuming than upon talented acting.

Realizing how absolutely necessary such personal adornments are to people in the theatrical profession, I was more than interested in the most unique and valuable collection of stage jewels it has ever been my privilege to see, and which has lately become the property of Miss Angus. This set of jewels was awarded the gold medal at the St. Louis exposition and was included in the Persian exhibit there. It was made at special order by the most celebrated expert in Paris, and it is estimated by a Portland jeweler that the workmanship alone is worth nearly \$200, the detail being most perfect. The entire set consists of a tiara, dog collar and elaborate pendant, two corsage ornaments or epaulettes and a magnificent cossus which encircles the waist and hangs to the floor over front of the gown. The stones used are cut from crystal found on the River Nile, and are called Nile stones. Their brilliancy exceeds that of Rhine stones and the exquisite cutting of the lapidary has made it difficult to distinguish them from genuine diamonds. The set contains 172 stones of various sizes, all perfectly set and fitted in platinum.

The pieces, which are copied from the jewels which the Shah of Persia had designed and set for his wife, are those worn as corsage ornaments in the picture. The first copy of these was made for that beautiful artist's model and actress, Cleo de Merode, who wore them on her shoulders. It is estimated by Portland jewelers that the worth of these pieces in genuine diamonds would be at the very least \$25,000 each. This seems a fabulous sum to invest in such ornamental trappings, but to one of the vast wealth of the Shah this, as Miss Angus says, "amounts to no more than a piece of sterling silver does to us." All have read with wonder and a bit of incredulity of the wonderful collection of precious stones owned by the Shah, and of how he has all visitors put on boxing gloves before entering the apartments in which they are displayed, in order that rubies, diamonds, emeralds or pearls may not be confiscated by strangers with the kleptomaniac habit. If the value of his jewels were turned into good American coin and dis-

tributed among the poor of this country, charitable institutions would go a-begging. So with all this the expenditure of \$70,000 for two diamond ornaments for his wife is not an unusual event in his career.

The cossus is an exact copy of that worn by Sarah Bernhardt in her famous impersonation of Cleopatra. It is a most elaborate affair, and when Miss Angus first received it was much longer than at present. She had one section taken out and made into the tiara which she wears with the set. The original tiara, or crown, is now the property of May Irwin. The effect of this entire outlay of brilliant jewels is most gorgeous. The stones, being fastened together with double rings,

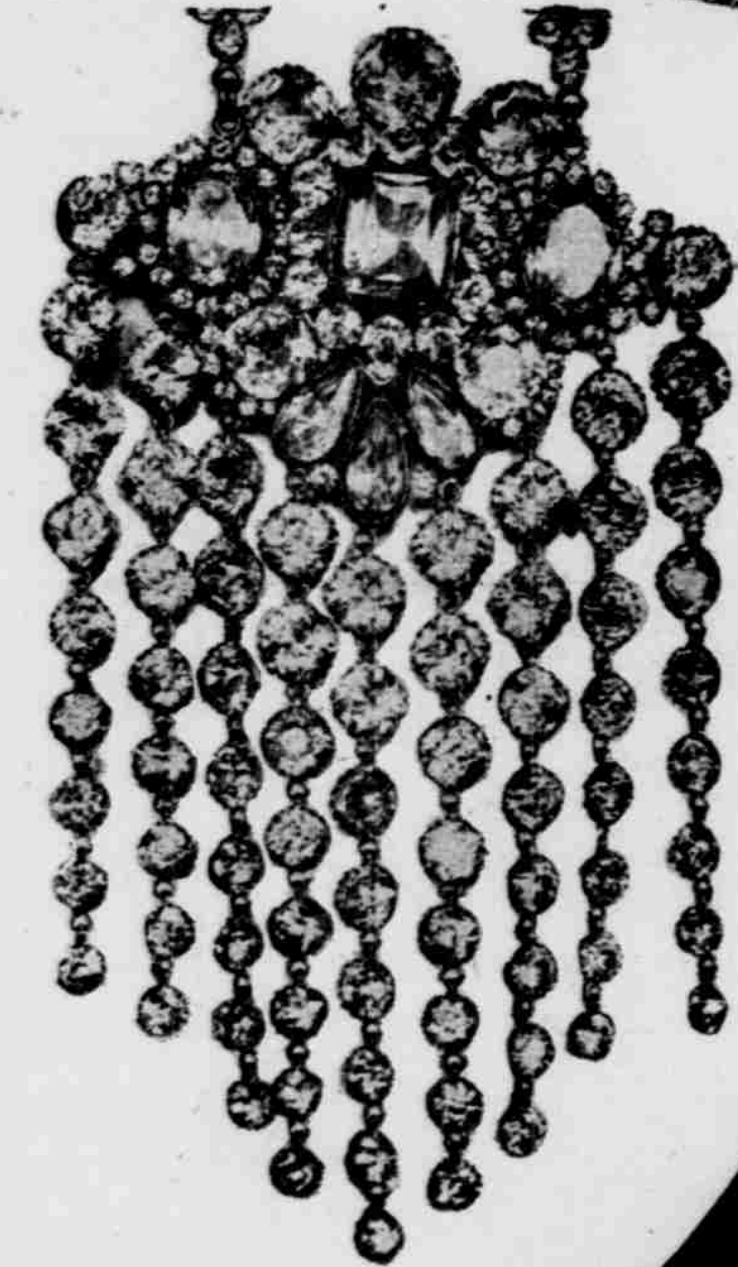
so that there is given ample opportunity for them to bend or move gracefully with the movements of the body, makes the whole a shimmering, bewildering mass of brilliancy which could not be excelled by diamonds. No one could be found to place an estimate on the entire collection duplicated in real diamonds. Mr. Friedlander stating that it would be such a fabulous sum that it would be almost impossible to make a correct estimate. But it is a fact that no one actress has such a complete and magnificent collection of stage jewels which can be worn in an entirety as these owned by Miss Angus, and their effect in an Oriental characterization, such as Cleopatra, or Iris in "Ben-Hur," would be inexpress-

ibly beautiful. The many friends of Miss Angus hope that an opportunity will be given her to wear them while in Portland, but unless some play is produced by the Belasco company in which an Oriental character role is given this popular young actress the handsome stage jewels, which took the prize at a world's exposition, will continue to repose in the safety deposit vault, and Portland audiences denied the privilege of viewing them before the footlights. Miss Angus is tall and of an unusually graceful figure, and her unusual regularity of features fits her admirably for such an impersonation as the jewels would adorn.

In addition to the Oriental "set" referred to, this fortunate lady is the fortunate possessor of many other unusual pieces of jewelry designed for stage wear, one being a curious Chinese ring, which was looted from the Imperial Palace during the Boxer trouble in Peking. It once belonged to a mandarin whose high rank is indicated by the tiger-head carved in the gold. Three odd little bells hang on curious chains in the general form of bangles. These rings are passed down from generation to generation in the royal family of China, and are made so as to be adjustable to the finger. The one owned by Miss Angus is very old and has the Greek key design as a finish. She has a number of other odd rings, bracelets, brooches, necklaces and pendants,

all of which go to make up one of the most complete collections of the day. How would the Oregonian readers like to have all these—or any one of them—duplicated in steel-white diamonds?

How did this fortunate girl come into possession of these unusual jewels? There is a bit of heart interest in this, but not romance, as one might suspect. Her father was a lawyer, and the donor of the jewels was a client up to the time of his death. Past favors which the Judge was able to bestow during his lifetime still live in the memory of the client, and the purchase and presentation of this wonderful set of stage jewels, which Miss Angus had long coveted, were



a graceful recognition of old-time favors. This might be woven into a romantic story if a Prince Charming had ridden through Portland town and bestowed such favors upon this lady fair, but in these days we want plain facts, after all—and the jewels are not real diamonds, and the giver is not a sweetheart who would a-woman go. Nevertheless, she likes them both. MARION MACRAE.

Musings for Three Minutes

No Great Difference Between Greek Stories and Actual Occurrences in Oregon.

It is almost startling how some of the old Greek stories fit in with modern times and conditions. Change a name here and there and one can hardly realize that he is being entertained by an idea three thousand years old.

Take the story of Prometheus, for instance. Prometheus was an all-around hustler for the Greek gods, and their gods, a sort of Tom Richardson. And at the time in which this tale commenced the contributions and offerings to the gods had been falling off at an alarming rate; some of their competitors were getting all the trade. The Greek gods had a great many human attributes, and it was only natural that they should dislike to see the altars of the opposition piled high with gifts, while they only got the leftovers.

Thus it came about that Zeus hit on the happy idea of having a sort of business men's excursion down to Earth and let the mortals have an opportunity to get acquainted with the gods and goddesses, in the hope that near acquaintance might increase the offerings.

Thus one Summer day they started out among the Greek towns, and one hamlet, probably about the size of Astoria, Or., Prometheus was the master of ceremonies. There had been something to eat, and as it was too early for J. Ogden Armour with his canned product they had to chase in a bullock from the plains. It was here that Prometheus got in his fine work and showed his sympathy for the mortals.

While Zeus and the rest of the gods were marching up the main street, headed by the village band, and while they were in the town hall listening to the Mayor and the heads of some of the best families expatiate on the desirability of settling in that particular spot of Attica, and of always buying their brand of pickled olives, Prometheus was out in the public square dressing the steer.

He made two piles of it; taking the meat and all the tibia, he placed them inside the hide and set the stomach on top of that pile. In the other, he put all the bones and offal, but covered it over with fat, his idea being that Zeus would pick out the pile of fat and the mortals would get the meat; but Zeus saw through the trick, and in his anger refused to give the mortals fire, which Prometheus promptly stole from heaven.

As a punishment for this act, Prometheus was chained to a rock, and during the daytime an eagle came and ate at his liver, which grew again in the night. This went on for thirty thousand years, until a fellow named Heracles came along one day and killed the eagle, and Prometheus was free.

This liver business is the meat of the entire coconut. What I wish to impress on the irate reader is that the people of the State of Oregon have got the liver disease "bad" and that the Eagle that is eating at their liver is the Harriman system of railroads.

The lumber is sawed; the hops baled; the wheat thrashed; the ore mined; the visit made to the metropolis; thus does our liver grow. Then the railroad steps in and it is a freight rate here and unequal taxes there and so on ad nauseam. Thus does our liver get eaten up.

While we are waiting for our Heracles to come along we can paraphrase the pious Englishman and say: "Death, taxes and the Southern Pacific are always with us."

MARION W. ROBBINS.
Grant's Pass, Or.

Ballade of the Mistletoe Bough.

Hills Parker Butler, in American Illustrated, I am standing under the mistletoe, And I smile, but no answering smile replies— For her haughty glance bids me plainly know—

That not for me is the thing I prize; Instead, from her cold, scornful eyes, Indifference looks on my bareface guide; She knows, of course, what my act implies— But look at those lips! Do they hint a smile?

But look at those lips! Do they hint a smile? I stand here eager, and beam and glow, And she only looks a refined surprise As clear and crisp and as cold as snow, And as—stop! I will never criticize— I know what her cold glance signifies; But I'll stand just here as I am while Till a smile to my pleading look replies— But look at those lips! Do they hint a smile?

Just look at those lips, now! I claim they show A spirit unmet under Christmas skies; I claim that such lips on such maidens owe A—something—the custom justifies; I claim that the mistletoe rule applies To her as well as to the rank and file; We should meet these things in a cheerful guise— But look at those lips! Do they hint a smile?

These customs of Christmas may shock the wise, And mistletoe boughs may be out of style, And a kiss be a thing that all maidens despise— But look at those lips, do! They hint a smile!