

EMILIE GRIGSBY'S LIPS ARE SEALED

Yerkes' Ward Won't Talk of Her Social Triumphs or Snubs in London.

SHE IS BACK IN NEW YORK

Despite Girl's Reticence, Her Arrival With \$800,000 Worth of Gems Is Not Devoid of Incident. No Duty Is Paid.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—(Special).—Her lips closed about her alleged social triumphs in England, where she was the companion of Princess Mary during the coronation festivities, Miss Emilie Grigsby, ward of the late Charles T. Yerkes, the millionaire traction magnate, is back home in New York. She arrived this week on the Olympic, accompanied by \$800,000 worth of jewelry, much luggage and two colored servants.

Reporters beset her before the Olympic had docked, but she would have none of them. They wanted to know about her friendship for the Princess and how the royal family entertained her. She would not discuss it.

Ever since she landed she has remained in seclusion at 6th Park avenue, the "house of mystery," which Yerkes gave to her. She refuses to tell about her chumminess with Princess Mary and absolutely will not talk about her social triumphs in London, which so shocked the American colony, whose members knew her better than the Britons.

New York Talkings. If Miss Grigsby will not be interviewed, however, New York is talking. Members of the smart set are again asking themselves how this pretty protégée of a millionaire became so intimate on short acquaintance with royalty and the very cream of British aristocracy. This intimacy was marked at the time of the coronation; it has not been so since.

In fact, it is whispered in London that the King himself took cognizance of the social prominence of Miss Grigsby, and that that fact, and the American girl's popularity at court began to wane. If this rumor be true, Miss Grigsby will say neither yes nor no.

Despite her reticence, Miss Grigsby's return to her native shores and to the house her late admirer willed her was not devoid of incident or publicity. The customs officials wanted to know why she had not declared for duty diamonds, necklaces, brooches, rings, pearls, rubies and sapphires, valued at \$800,000.

Miss Grigsby Explains. Deputy Appraiser O'Connor halted her at the Custom-House while she explained. Miss Grigsby was voluble to O'Connor. So was Hamilton Busbee, Miss Grigsby's lawyer, who had embraced her heartily on the deck of the steamer. Miss Grigsby explained to the reporters that Busbee was her grandfather. No one had ever suspected it before.

Miss Grigsby said she had not declared her gems for duty because they were given to her in the United States; she had taken them aboard with her and maintained she therefore had the right to bring them back duty free.

She Has Little List. She had a little list, written on dainty blue paper, of all the gems. Deputy O'Connor checked the jewels and found the list correct.

Miss Grigsby came out of the interview triumphant, but a little pale. The customs officials thought she might be making a mistake, but she refused to make known what Miss Grigsby's plans are.

SOUTH BEND VOTERS VEXED. Sweeping Change in Administration Planned by Faction.

SOUTH BEND, Wash., Sept. 10.—(Special).—Dull business, high taxes and frequent and burdensome street assessments have wrought the voters of this city up to a point where one faction, which has hitherto been in the minority but now appears to be reinforced by the women voters, threatens to change the entire city administration. These and other local issues have for some time made it reasonably certain that a hot municipal campaign is in prospect and this prospect has now been converted into a certainty by the fact that petitions are being circulated for the submission of the local option question at the city election in December.

It is said that like petitions are being circulated in Raymond.

MOTHER SEES SON KILLED. Edward Clark Meets Death at Winchester When Steam Pipe Bursts.

ROSEBURG, Or., Sept. 10.—(Special).—Edward Clark, aged 32 years, for the last 18 years employed by Kendall Bros., owners of the Electric Light & Water plant at Winchester, was almost instantly killed today by an exploding steam pipe. Clark was in charge of a cement-mixer, and was turning on the steam when the valve suddenly exploded. The body was brought here tonight.

Clark was survived. He is survived by his mother and two brothers, Dewitt, of Roseburg, and Alvin, of Nlabon, Wash. Mrs. Clark went to Winchester this morning to pass the day with her son, and was within a few feet of him when the accident occurred. An inquest will be held tomorrow.

Angustana Synod in Session. MARSHFIELD, Or., Sept. 10.—(Special).—The annual conference of the Portland Mission district of the Columbia conference of the Angustana synod of the Swedish Evangelical Church is in session in this city. The purpose of the gathering is to discuss church work and means of forwarding the denomination in this section. The new Swedish Lutheran Church of North Bend will be dedicated tomorrow, when a number of the visiting ministers will take part in the exercises. Among those from Portland in attendance are Rev. B. Nystrom, Rev. Mr. Sanstead and Rev. J. Richard Olson.

WARD OF LATE CHARLES T. YERKES, WHO HAS RETURNED FROM EUROPE.



MISS EMILIE GRIGSBY.

"MY MONA" IS GLEW

Woman May Have Stolen Precious Painting.

WORDS ARE OVERHEARD

Tourist, Struck by Strangeness of Phrase and Peculiar Actions of Strangers, Reports Incident to French Consul.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—(Special).—That two women, or one of them, was implicated in the theft of the "Mona Lisa" from the Louvre in Paris on August 22, is the theory advanced to the French Consul here by Mrs. Stanley Fleetwood, of New York, who recently returned from a tour of Europe, in the course of which she visited the famous art galleries.

Mrs. Fleetwood believes that the painting was stolen, or its theft conspired at, by one of two women whom she saw standing before the famous picture just before the Louvre was closed on the evening before the day the theft was discovered. These women attracted her attention when one of them remarked to her companion: "Oh, let me have just one more look at my 'Mona Lisa'."

"I was immediately struck by the peculiar remark," said Mrs. Fleetwood. "I watched the two women closely. They consulted together in whispers and cast sidelong glances at the painting. We were alone in the gallery at the time, and, fearing I know not what, I hastened to leave the place. I am convinced that these women are connected in some way with the theft of the painting."

Mrs. Fleetwood said that she was reminded of the circumstance on the following day when the newspapers published the fact that the painting had disappeared. She was just on the eve of leaving for New York, and she mentioned to friends that perhaps she ought to tell the French authorities of what she saw. They persuaded her to remain silent, but on her arrival at this port she resolved to tell what she knew.

RARE TIME IS IN STORE. (Continued From First Page.)

It is one to unloose my vocabulary in a way intimate to the law. The gathering! That is the word—the gathering! Who will preside over these hundreds of tents and their occupants? Why, the Mayor! And who is the Mayor (big M, please)?

Now, presidents are elected in the finality by a college; governors are elected by the people, sometimes, perhaps by direct primary, perhaps by "initiative and referendum," maybe by the recall—I am not sure about these terms, but I know along in the idea of November on leap years, we take a long leap in the dark and elect a governor. And mayors? Well, we elect them, too, and after we elect them—well, wait and see, wait and see.

Poet Needed to Describe Smile. But the Mayor! He was born mayor. He asks no odds of anybody or anything—not man nor devil nor beast nor bird nor power under the sea or over the sea or on the sea. He was born Mayor! And the name of the Mayor of the tented city? That question must be a joke, or else the questioner is a foreigner, for Albert Torier was and is and ever shall be the Mayor of the tented city.

Did you ever see his honor the Mayor (four caps, please) in full regiments, all dressed up in "Mayoral" garb, with the insignia of his high office repeating placidly upon his manly breast, with his official smile lighting up his countenance like a lightning bug in a grain of wheat? No? Well, the official Torier smile is "all of these," and then some. But I have mislaid my poetry pencil, and the key on my type machine marked "press this button for poetry" fails to respond to the press. So I must pass it up to Dean Collins and ask him to collaborate with me. I will give him the words if he will supply the rhythm.

Often a grasp of the "Mayoral" palms and an embrace in the "Mayoral" arms

(for I had not seen His Honor for 103 these many days). I was escorted to the executive mansion, which stands reposes would be a better word—on the corner of Wislow avenue and Looney street, in the tented city.

Into the audience chamber I was ushered into that sacred hall where the Mayor's subjects bow and cringe before him—and then borrow his official hand or the "mayoral" gimlet—maybe the corker. But I was upon no such mercenary errand bent—I wanted a ukase to allow me the privilege of slaking my thirst at the "Mayoral" pump. Then I essayed to borrow "two-bits" from his honor—Did I see the full meaning of "hard times" until you attempt to extract a loan of two-bits from His Honor, Mayor Torier, and four-bits from the attendant? Come off it, to suck up the waters of the Williamette through a straw.

Albert Gets His Dues. In all of that "airy persiflage" in my "non-excusable" Nit. For Albert has heretofore and oft throughout his journalistic career of some 40 or 50 years hit me belts that counted—and I am only holding him up as worth seeing so that the reader may come to this "greatest fair ever" and make all Oregon proud by assisting to make the banner crowd—the greatest assemblage (Ha, Ha) ever assembled (Ha, Ha, Ha) in Oregon. He was invited to compete. Every Oregonian ought to be here at least one day this week. Our fair is already one of the noted events of the kind in the country. We might make "the" event of the year. It would be from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from Duluth to New Orleans.

Albany to Send Big Delegation. ALBANY, Or., Sept. 10.—(Special).—Hundreds of Linn County people are planning to attend the State Fair at Salem next week and the delegation from this county will probably be larger than at any former state fair. Scores of families from Linn will camp on the grounds during the entire fair.

AFRICAN WOMEN JOIN AUXILIARY TO CONGRESS OF FARM WOMEN ORGANIZED.

Peereases in Victoria Head Branch of Movement to Better Homes of Agriculturists.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Sept. 10.—Women in the union of South Africa have been the first to organize an auxiliary to the international congress of farm women which is to hold its first congress in this city, beginning October 15, at the time of the dry farming congress. Announcement was received today from Pretoria that a woman's section of the South Africa dry farming congress had been called to meet October 5 and 6 and was seeking affiliation with the National gathering at Colorado Springs.

Among the officers of the African women's organization are: Viscountess Gladstone, wife of the Governor-General, Lord Herbert Gladstone, patroness; Lady Methuen, wife of the commander-in-chief, South African forces; Mrs. Louis Botha, wife of the famous Boer General, now Prime Minister and Minister of Agriculture; and Mrs. J. C. Smuts, wife of the Administrator of Transvaal Province, vice-presidents.

The object of the two farm women congresses is to discuss conditions in rural homes seeking to make them healthier, happier and more beautiful.

Labor Commissioner to Go East. OLYMPIA, Wash., Sept. 10.—(Special).—Charles F. Hubbard, State Labor Commissioner, leaves shortly for Lincoln, Neb., to attend the National convention of officers of bureaus of labor, September 18, 19 and 20. At the same time the factory inspectors' National convention will be held at Lincoln and he will attend those sessions. Before returning to Olympia he probably will visit the museum of forestry appliances at New York. He will be home again before October 1.

Free Delivery Is Promised. MARSHFIELD, Or., Sept. 10.—(Special).—After an effort on the part of the Chamber of Commerce for the past year, Marshfield is at last to have a free mail delivery service. S. H. Morse, city inspector, has been in the city to look over the mail route, and the question of free delivery, and has announced that the free delivery service will be established. There will be two deliveries daily in the business section of the city, and one in the residence section.

SINCLAIR BREAKS, PAPA-IN-LAW SAYS

Mr. Fuller Believes Author Will Be Great Man if He Will Eat More Meat.

BRAIN IS OVERPOWERING

Adventures in Dieting Cited as Evidence of Mental Unbalance, but Good Turkey Dinner Makes Great Difference.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—(Special).—If Upton Sinclair would recover his balance, eat more meat, stop thinking overlastingly about himself and his diets, he would be a wonder, is the estimate placed on the Socialist author by W. H. Fuller, father of Mrs. Meta Sinclair, who has found that she cannot get along with him—that she loves the Kansas poet, Harry Kemp, better.

Mr. Fuller has much admiration for the intellectual attainments of Sinclair, though he does think him "strange" in other respects.

"He is an intellectual freak—a wonder," said Fuller. "Do you know he reads a dozen newspapers a day, and is reading something or other 16 hours a day."

"His union with my daughter—he utterly intellectual, she poetic, human—was as if in an electric generator the negative and the positive poles missed the spark which carries on that trembling wire between them.

Diet Freaks Innumerable. "He decided some time ago that he would, by experiments on himself, determine what was the proper human food. He went through the courses—vegetarianism, Fletcherism, raw-meatism, and all of them. One night we had him to an ordinary dinner, he chewed a prune for 20 minutes.

"When he came we never knew whether he was on the vegetarian or the uncooked meat or the baled hay diet. 'Beef!' he would exclaim—only poison."

"Yes, I've been to Arden. It may be that it was named from Shakespeare's Forest of Arden in 'As You Like It.' I stayed there a day and a few hours. Everything seemed as you'd like to have it. Congenial spirits, single tax, pretty brimshaw, or snarks, and a very clever people. But I went in Upton's uncooked-food period.

"At night I asked Upton where dinner would be had. 'Why, we don't cook,' said he. 'If you're hungry, you'll find in that tent over there a loaf of whole wheat bread. Go to that spring 200 yards off and you'll find some butter my wife asked me to get for her. Help yourself.'

Dog Gets Tomatoes. Mr. Fuller chuckled at the recollection of the incident, and also at his reply, which was: "When does the next train leave for New York?"

Mr. Fuller told how he happened in on his son-in-law one day when he was a vegetarian. He saw a dog leaning forlornly against a gate, and asked the cook: "Doesn't that dog get anything to eat?"

"I replied the cook. 'There's the tomatoes still in his dish.' 'Another time,' said Father-in-Law Fuller, 'I visited him down in Mount Pleasant. He was using a little shack on the farm, which had been occupied previously by 'help,' as his studio or sanctum. At this time, his family became so enthused over the diet that I slept. I got all bitten up. 'Yet Upton,' said I, 'I heard no mosquitos. I'll kill them.'

"To show you how busily intellectual he was, let me tell you that man had found time to study chemistry and specialise in dieting and poisons.

Poison Route Deadbeat. "Said he—The deadliest poison known is sulphuric acid—mixed with cyanide of potassium. I'll get some. He got five gallons of sulphuric acid diluted with water and 10 pounds of cyanide of potassium. 'When we mix these,' said he, 'the fumes will kill anything. You put the cyanide on, then I get the sulphuric acid ready, hold your breath and run for your life.' 'I did it. I was sick for a day or two, and when we could eat, I got a shock there was not a living insect in it.'

"You see," said the admiring father-in-law, "he is a mentality. Why, he is dying so far that that once when I asked him what he was eating now, he answered, 'Nothing; nothing, but cold water since a week ago Friday.'

Meat Diet May Make Him Sound. "Imagine, then, one night last winter when we had him to dinner. Our own dinner was to be a turkey. What to provide for Upton we didn't know. I knew he had been out to Battle Creek, and had ideas on "calories," and that one should take 100 a day. Then he had eaten, not meat, potatoes, coffee, etc., but things which had proteins," etc.

"We've got a turkey dinner for ourselves," I told him; "but the cook can get you any sort of sausage or prunes you want." "What do you think he replied? 'Why,' said he, 'I've found that the food I can best work and thrive on (I had had just his peaked, pinched look) is meat.'

"And what he did to that turkey, taking nothing at all except turkey, I'd hate to tell you. It was marvellous. And he'll be a marvellous young man when he gets himself adjusted and gets ticks to meat."

EDWARD BUTLER STRICKEN. Ex-St. Louis Boss Who Boasted of Buying Elections Dead.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 10.—Edward Butler, capitalist and ex-Democratic boss of St. Louis, died at 12:30 yesterday after a lingering illness, beginning with paralysis a year ago. He was born in Ireland in 1838, and came here more than 50 years ago. He began life as a blacksmith and left an estate estimated to be in the millions. A wife, daughter and son survive.

Half in frankness and half in boasting, Butler often said that he had stolen elections in St. Louis for 30 years. Butler was once convicted on charges of bribery in obtaining a contract. The court set aside the verdict and further prosecutions were dropped.

Alaska Storm Loss Not Heavy. NOME, Alaska, Sept. 10.—The storm which raged fiercely in the roadstead all night is abating today. Four lighters of the John J. Sesson Company were driven ashore, and the oil wharf and pumps were washed into the sea. The coal wharf at Port Davis was swept away. There was no loss of life and a few thousand dollars will cover all the damage done.



The Autumn Season Opens With an Elaborate Display of French Hats

Original Models Personally Selected by

Mlle. Calmer (of Paris)

—Mlle. Calmer assumes charge of our millinery trimming rooms as premier designer.

—In order to fully acquaint herself with the requirements of Portland women, Mlle. Calmer comes to us at this early date. Her engagement having been made with the new store in view.

—Tomorrow we exhibit pattern hats from the following world-famous milliners: Madame Lentine. Suzanne Tulbot. Esther Meyers. Caroline Reboux. Madame Louison. Madame Carlier.

And others, also creations of our own milliners.

Lipman, Wolfe & Co.

Merchandise of Merit Only.

FASHIONS IN CLASH

Chicago Now Decries Skirts That Fit Snugly.

WALKING MADE DIFFICULT

Gown Must Fit Like Glove if One Would Maintain Position, Dress-makers Say—Underskirts Are Put Under Ban.

CHICAGO, Sept. 10.—(Special).—Now comes the information from the headquarters of Dame Fashion, now dated at the Chicago Dressmakers' Club, that skirts are to be worn tight this year—so tight, in fact, that fur-trimmed slits, as high as the social position of the wearer will permit, will be necessary to enable the victim to waddle the wearer—to walk.

"Women have had two years to get used to this sort of thing," said one dressmaker, "even though they did not become enthused over the directorate of the harem skirt. Some of them who are susceptible to cold or modesty may wear silk or satin underskirts, but they will obey the fashion."

Chicago has wrested the censorship of style from Paris and New York and the momentous question "what to wear" will be decided at the Fall meeting of the Chicago Dressmakers' Club to be held September 18 to 22.

Things—rather the women—at the meetings of the club will not move so fast as have been their wont, for all will be handicapped by the tight-fitting garments. It is absolutely essential to one's position to wear a gown that fits like a glove, Chicago says. One of the members of the club said that soft and supple brocade would be the most fashionable material—the imported kind, from \$5 to \$10 a yard. Items will be cut in scallops and tabs. Besides the fire color for evening wear, a peculiar purple and a blue with a lavender cast will be seen in choice.

Evening gowns are to be elaborate masses of drapery, with footings of embroidered flowers, bouquets sewed to the train and trimming of fur. "Yards of fur of all kinds will be stylish. Ruches will be fashionable as trimming, especially about the bottom of the skirts. Everything must be snug and fit close to the form. Street dresses will be low at the top, short at the bottom and open at the side or the front."

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This Editorial Is from "The New York World"

"BARGAINS"

People are fooled by the bargain counter. The principle of buying things at a bargain is a wrong one. It is fundamentally extravagant. Occasionally at a bargain counter we buy something that is a real bargain. The memory of this elings to us and influences our future; we come to regard the acquisition of bargains as a permanent pursuit. Then again, our gambling instinct is appealed to. Thus whole department stores flourish like green bay trees. In the long run bargains do not pay. If any one addicted to the habit of buying them will honestly set down all the purchases he has made which have not turned out well, as against those that have, he will be amazed at the result.

People who look for bargains invite sellers to cheat them.

The more one thinks about it the more one sees that from any standpoint there isn't much more to be said on the subject; and think of the beauty of getting it all over so few words. Just think it over.

Our Method in Selling Glasses Is New to Catch a New Victim and the Price, but to See How Well We Can Fit the Eyes.

THOMPSON OPTICAL INSTITUTE

Second Floor Corbett Building FIFTH AND MORRISON.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine must bear Signature

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