## WORKS OF BRILLIANT ARTISTS

Portlanders Have Rare Opportunity of Seeing Magnificent Collection of Paintings on View at the Museum of Art.

isfactory idea of the sems of modern art displayed there. And it would be safe to wager that a small proportion of the city's residents and guests have paid that first visit. Yet I assure you it is well worth more than the cursory glance usually accorded to periodical xhibits in large cities, even. It will repay close examination and to the students of art it is a valuable opporunity to compare methods of our best living American artists and to trace the development of modern art tenden les from the somewhat conventional style of a quarter of a century ago to the broad, breezy treatment of many of our younger men and women, and to the disciples of "impressionism," who are also in evidence there.

This collection has been chosen with great care and comprehension and then, fter reaching this city, which is the central point of so many pathways this Summer, it has been disposed on the valls of three of the museum rooms in a manner to enhance the value of each subject, either by contrast or by onious relationship. The result is one that Portland may feel proud to have its multitude of Summer guests ome acquainted with as typical of their appreciation of art lines.

No more natural question could be asked, after seeing the museum of art on the Exposition grounds than "Has Portland a permanent art museum?" and then "What kind of works of art do you exhibit there?"

The answer at the corner of Fifth and Taylor streets is one that a larger and older place than the "Rose City" might rejoice to give.

### "A Grey Day."

Now let us see what we have there Going up stairs and passing through the first room-B- we enter room A, where the numbering begins, and find water colors, pastels and decorative studies. The keypote of the whole exhibit is struck, so it seems to me, by the poetic character of number 1-"A Grey Day" -by Marianna Sloan, for the whole display will be found to be on a high plane of sentiment and feeling. The figure study, numbered 1, is worthy of especial mention, both for its drawing and coloring. The style is a combination of genre (carried to such perfection by the Dutch) and of character ortrayal, so succeesfully developed by se best modern French and American artists, among the latter being the celebrated William M. Chase, of New York, who is represented in this collection by subject of quite a different nature: The Beach at Landevoort," which is from the collection of Mrs. W. H. ker, of San Francisco. The artist, Emma Lampert Cooper, is represented another excellent subject "At the om." There is somewhat more color and lightness of handling in this than "Uncle Joseph" just refered to pment of thought as an artist passe from one manner to another in paint-ing. We know that Raphael had three distinct manners, as had Murillo, Turner and others.

The decorative element is introduced in No. 5, and the artist. Violet Oakley, has a series of six panel studies which she made for the Governor's room in the Pennsylvania Capitol at Harrisburg. The other numbers include historic episodes, among other subjects being the burning of Tyndale's translation of the Bible and his own martyrdom. The style is strong and direct; the coloring is solid and rich, while there is much tenderness of thought

in the treatment.

The various methods of treating the an figure pictorially are all to be seen in the three rooms, from the almost pho-tographic (though broad) treatment of Ar-thur I. Keller, to the esthetic, almost classic work of Hugo Ballin in 100 ("Music") and 188 ("Portrait," showing Rossetti influence), and 148 ("Mother and Child," lent by the Century Company), and fur-ther to the tender, dreamy style of Olive Rush's 157 and 158 ("The Lullaby Moth-er," lent by the Delineator Company, of New York).

Mora's Bold Work.

The bold realistic work of F. Luis Mora in 6 ("The Cigarette," medal pic-ture from the St. Louis Exposition, 1800, 842 (La Chila," which is a study for the principal figure in the artist's large can-vas at the Lewis and Clark Exposition), is vas at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, is full of force and living principle, while the examples of "impressionistic" work that lead all others in that respect are 48 and 49 ("Bailet Girts"), by Edgar Hilsire Germain Degas, who ranks as a master of

Germain Degas, who ranks as a master of the "impressionist" school, second only to Manet, its chief apostle. These two pic-tures by Degas are loaned from the Crocker collection in San Francisco. In looking at such work as this, the question is not, "Is this the most beauti-ful or most pleasing picture I ever saw?" but "What was the artist's idea? Does be convey to me a sense of satisfaction he convey to me a sense of satisfaction as to form, outline, color, character; do I feel my thought stirred in a new way, so I see more in things than before? If you can answer "yes." then the particular manner of the artist takes secondary place and his inspiring motive comes bemanner of the artist takes secondary place and his inspiring motive comes before you as the all-important thing, just as two or three fine planistos may render a Beethoven sonata in as many different styles of technique, yet each convey to you the controlling thought of the composer. The master is, of course, the one who stirs your thought and causes you the least sense of his own personality. The individuality of artist or musician or poet governs his interpretation of Nature's message, but he must always let

ture's message, but he must always let us remember that Nature is ever greater

than her most inspired devotes.

The fact that especial attention is not called to each figure piece exhibited in the rooms at Fifth and Taylor streets does not imply that they are inferior to those stready mentioned, for there are many powerful examples of figure work, in color and in black and white, sketches preparatory to elaboration on canvas or on a larger scale in water-color or as designs for reproduction in flustration of books

### Mr. Du Mond's Work.

In this connection particular attention should be given to the exquisite figure designs for illustrating Milton's poem on the "Nativity." For they are the work of an artist of special interest to Portlanders for several reasons, not least being that to him we owe the fine art collection at opening in the city. The work ing that to him we owe the fine art collection at present in the city. The work
of Frank Vincent Du Mond in connection to
with the Lewis and Clark Centennial
should win the gratitude of all who appreciate efforts in behalf of advancement in
education and culture. Worthy of study
are the refined conceptions, "An Imperfect Pligrim" (SiD, "Farmers' Daughters P
With Their Bare Arms" (MD), and "The
Same That Titian Saw" (MD), the latter
being an illustration for Henry Van re
Dyke's "Little Rivers." The charm of
this picture is subtle, for we have not
yet fathomed the meaning of the sympathy between man and Nature. These three
are copyrighted and lent by Charles Scribner's Sons, and the Milton designs by the

NE visit to the exhibit now being beld at Portland's new Art Muscum is inadequate to give a satactory idea of the gems of modern which are full of sunlight, of breeziness. which are ful of samight, of erreitness, of warm color and exquisite atmospheric effect. In this latter line of work Mrs. Heien Savier Du Mond is also well represented, and by her excellent work throws reflected light of keen interest on this city of her birth. It is not an easy task to select two or three works for mention out of a dozen or more equally good, but of Frank Vincent Du Mond's landscape studies Nos. 156 (recently sold), 331 and 324 may be mentioned, and of Helen Savier Du Mond's Nos. 228, 300, 319 and 331.

### Studies in Animal Life. Of next interest to human figure sub

jects come those representing animal life, especially when in compositions showing their relationship to man. Of these one must call attention to F. Luis Mora's "Load of Hay" (No. 19), and his "Stone Boat" (No. 80). It must be borne in mind that these are first studies of the subjects, to be worked up later, but just because they set forth the artist's spontaneous effort at interpretation of a theme or a pervading idea, they are of vital interest to the lower of mathematics. to the lover of methods, to the student, and to the observer who realizes he is being taken into the confidence, as it were, of his earnestly striving brother. Among these animal pictures, let me call attention to the work of William H. Howe a disciple of the great Troyon—and point out Nos. Es ("Evening. Picardy, France"). 277 ("Milking Hour, Lowlands, Holland"). and 285 ("Dordrecht, Holland"). Holland"), and 305 ("Dordrecht, Holland"). The color, clear, brilliant, yet duly blended; the drawing correct to the life. Other numbers by this clever artist are delightful landscapes, pure and simple, windmills, heaths, dunes, all dealt with in a maner of sturdiness and solidity that fit our idea of the Dutch character. Of these special notice should be paid to 308 ("On the Dunes, Etaples, France"), where cool, dark trees are made to stand against yellow send dunes which actually keep their low and dunes which actually keep their place in the color scheme, though the chemistry of pigments lets us know that yellow is an advancing color (optically), while blues and greens retreat, or at the best remain stationary. This is as clever as the orange background to a certain well-known portrait, which remains background in spite of the sombre figure al-

most silhouetted against it.
Then, again, the combination of land-scape and human figure is gloriously rep-resented in E. Irving Council 54 ("Conresented in E. Irving Couses 55 ("Con-juring the Buffalo"), which represents an indian crouching before a little fire of twigs be has built in the forest, thereby performing one of those superstitions rites of which the life of the red men scene so full. Here the human being can be almost felt to be a part of the land-scape, so at one is the nature thought in-spired by both. Neither "sets off" the other, but they belong to one harmonious whole. Very much the same feeling is roused by "The Faggot-Gatherer," by Jules Guerin (2), where the figure of the woman, the dull color of the faggots, the equally dull and gray fereground, background and sky, so melt into each other not only as to pigments, but esthetically, we might say morally, that a harmony is folt like that of primitive tones of music, quietly blending, while one deep, fundamental bass note, constantly recurring, holds all in place, inseparable.

### Potthast's Water Scenes.

OL quite another thought is Edward Potthast, who sees the aggressive brillancy and motion of life chooses water and boat scenes to express it. In 97 ("Reflections") the water dances and sparkies under his brush till we can almost see it ripple and give and take the crisp reflection of the boat on its surface. So again in 12 ("Mid-Ocean") and 13 ("Water Front Noank"). There is nower ("Water Front: Noank"). There is power and authority in a style like this, a grasp of the realities and the courage of "an eye for an eye." Temperament place such eye for an eye. a marvelous part in seeing comprehending recording! One artist finds trees very solid stately, rich in color, nother means exhausted in this partial list, sees them as a vehicle of motion, while and before passing downstairs to room

a third sees only the aspiring towards a third sees only the sapiring towards heaven and mingling with the clouds of tree tops and tender branches. The first one would be a realistic recorder, the second an interpreter of character, while the third would be a translator of thought pictures and even a symbolist. One can find all of these temperaments plainly written in the most glowing Autumn tints, the freshest Spring green, the smeller the freshest Spring green; the sunniest golden-leaved groves and the coolest depths of forest, rich in color as a Dupre

or Rousseau.
Of marine subjects there are some mas-Of marine subjects there are some masterly examples that make one catch a quick breath in sympathy. 'Mid-Ocean' has already been mentioned; 10, by Alson S. Clark ('The Incoming Tide'), will be found exquisite in color and handling; 19, by Mathias Allen ("Regatta Day at Macatawa") broad in style, gray in harmony, breezy in character, 28 by that master, Winsiow Homer ("In the Rapids") bold, strong, full of powerful contrasts of color and suggestions of life crowded to the brim with tense action, and more than this, enthualasm. Stand for just a moment on the other side of the room and look across at 23 or 37 the room and look across at 33 or 57 and you wish you knew those cool retreats in which to pass the scorehing days of

Poets of the Brush. Our poets of the brush I leave for th last, just as the tender uplift of the spiritual thought comes to us after the stir and stress of the day. We love these expressions of reverence for Natones or in affence, hold a thought of gratitude for such loving deeds. Each vis-tior to the gallery will recognize and choose those things that most arouse his own train of thought, but several exown train of thought, but several ex-quisite bits must not go unmentioned. No. 1, ("A Grev Day"), by Marianna Sloan; St. by the same artist, ("Look-ing Eastward, Late Afternoon"); 3 by Colin Campbell Cooper ("Church at Merrill-Aubrey, France"); 22, by Theodore Robinson, ("Cos Cob Harbor") an ex-quisitely soft moonlight scene; 28, by Blanche Dillaye ("Still Evening in the Little Street 1; 58, by Charlotte B. Comant ("The Far-Away Catakills"), a re-markable study in soft, dull blues, that should be viewed six or seven feet away, that the planes of distance may take that the planes of distance may take their proper places, 64, by Charles War-ren Eaton ("The End of Summer"), dreamy, poetic in the extreme, a perfect gem; 74, by E. J. Couse ("Driving the Flock"), a picture of more than ordi-nary significance, for in it are not only a serming background of landscape, a sply drawn, softly harmonized flock of cesp urged on by a little boy, but a sentiment of positive consecration, so that one feels much as when before an altar; the picture breathes innocence and holi-ness, and thus becomes a piece of sym-bolism; 77, by James Henry Morer ("Nobolism; 77, by James Henry Morer ("No-vember Evenings"), the moon rising he-hind a hill, the whole picture nearly in monochrome and wholly charming; 78, by Charles W. Eatons, ("At Close of Day"), a very harmonious effect in green-gray tint; 50, Childe Hassam's ("Au-tumn Hase"), an excellent example of this past master of poetic effects; 53, a singular but exquisite thing in pale pink and green gravs ("The Bluffs at Lyle"). singular but exquisite thing in pase pank and green grays ("The Bluffs at Lyle"), by E. C. Ekrich: St. Anna Scott Page's ("A Moonlight Night"); 31 ("Folding the Sheep") by William Ritschel, a grand conception of repose of evening; 32 Lillian R. Reed's ("Moonlight") a path ilan R. Reed's ("Moonight") a path through the woods with the stars twink-ling overhead, sombre in tone, well harmonized, far from gloomy, indeed, it can be called cheerful, which is due to the star effect. 120 and 121, by C. W. Eaton are most poetic in treatment, as is 194, "Sketch" by Harry Wentz; 23 ("Moonlight at Sea"), by Potthart, dis playing this artist in quite a different vein from his \$7; 260 by Lewis Cohen ("Connecticut Pasture") in very soft gray green tints; 256 ("Connecticut Land-scape") representing still another style of the versatile Edward H. Potthast.

C, one must pause to notice with care the work of Thomas R. Manley, which possesses many merits, among them being solid, rich coloring, as in 35 ("Moonrise at Dusk"); 72 ("Golden Clouds"), a water color with the depth and richness of an oil painting, and recailing Dupre's style; and 141 ("Moon at Sunset") (Childs Hassam's "Concord at Sunset"), Childe Hassam's "Concord Meadows" (71), and "The Porch of an Old House" (72) are two of the ten-derent bits in the first room. It is as if the artist looked, not at his subject only, but through it as well, to some thing less perishable than the merseys could grasp.

A most singular new style that shows

Japanese influence in its purely plo-torial effects is that set forth by Maurice Prendergast in 35 ("East-River Park"), 109 ("Seashore"), 102 ("Frank-iln Park"), which are a perfect rict of color, and may be called kalledoscopic, for the little pieces of brightness sug-gest motion, and one could almost ex-pect to see them shift about and make a new pattern. It is Nature arranged in a pattern, which is the effect in Jap. ancee pictorial art. There is much vigor in Prendergast's work and a so't of human interest is awakened in the spectator, though not one sentiment of tenderness, of poetic revery or that mysticism which some persons connect with art, can be traced in his work or the effect it produces.

Notice the excellent illustrative work

Notice the excellent illustrative work of Frank Brangwyn 173 ("April Cover, 1804"), lent by the Charles Scribne"s Sone, as is his 203 ("The Sinking of the Venguer"), and 204 ("The Best Gunners in Europe"), and especially his 243. In room C on the first floor, ("Look across, now, said Gerale"), which represents in black and white two men in a boat towards dusk. Without knowing the story this illustrates. out knowing the story this illustrates, one feels sure there is something of terror and superstition in the minds of the men, so strong is the mental quality portrayed. The illustrations of Elizabeth Shippen Green and Jessie Willeox Smith are worthy of special mention for delicacy of fancy, grace of drawing, appreciation of childhood moods and characteristics and pure moods and characteristics and color. Such well-known illustrators as Howard Pyle, Henry Reuterdahl, Howard Chandler Christy and Charles Lana Gibson are represented here, but need no special word as the reading public is well acquainted with the style of their productions. But some of the less well-known men and women are fast treading in their footsteps, as, for instance, Edwin B. Child, Frederick instance, Edwin B. Child. Frederick Dorr Steele, W. Hatherall, Anna W. Betts, Sarah B. Stillwell (a pupil of Howard Pyle of great promise), S. M. Arthurs, F. C. Yohn with his spiendth sketch. ("One of Cromwell's Famous Ironsides") 356; Arthur I. Kellar, Mayfield Parrish, already favorably known to magazine readers; W. G. Aylward, and many others, whose work shown here is lent by the Century Company and by Charles Scribner's Sons; Frank Craig's "Flight of the English Army" (381) must not be overlooked for it is the work of one of our best illustrators and belongs to the set of "Cromwell" studies lent by the Scribners,

The weird, almost morose and ter-rifying subjects in which Charles Liv-ingston Bull delights attract some per-sons even more than the poetic, the fanciful, the dramatic or the realistic; this statement is made after hearing his subjects selected for special notice and admiration for a miss of perhaps 16 years. 16 years.

If one should omit giving special attention to the work of Allen B. Talcott and of Jules Turcas, in room B. many of the most pleasing and note worthy sketches would be missed. And the well-known name of F. Hopkinson Smith must not be omitted, for he has four most exquisite examples of his

delicacy of color treatment, excellence delicacy of color treatment, excellency of drawing and quality of vital interest. Yet it is useless to continue mentioning names of artists or their works; the only thing that can avail much is to go and see them, study them with the eyes of the mind, open the heart to receive new sentiments of genuine pleasure, looking sympathetically upon what these lovers and translators of pattern have tried to tell the world have what these lovers and translators of nature have tried to tell the world by means of the brush and pencil, and come away, wiser and happier and up-lifted beyond the routine of daily life into a glimpse of the truly beautiful, which lies within your own soul and which contact with these pictures has

aroused to new life.
ANNA VON RYDINGSVARD.

## THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN'S SELECTED FICTION THE GUEST OF HONOR & By Hermann Knickerbocker Viele

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ETTERS of introduction: Clara
sighed. "One can't help wishing
they were much might they were made misdemeanors, like other lottery tickets." And this being her third remark of kindred import, curiosity became at least excusable. So Mrs. Penfield stroked a sable muff in silent sympathy.

"We had one yesterday from Jack's Boston aunt," went on her churming hostess, "a Mrs. Bates, who is continually sending us spiritualists or people who paint miniatures or Armenian refugees, just because we spent a week or so with her one Summer when the children had the mumps. In Lent one does not mind, one rather looks for trials, but now one's dinner table is really not one's own.

Maude, do let me give you another cup of tea; it's awfully bad, I know; we have to buy it from the Dumbar girls. If one's friends would only not sell things one

has to drink!" "Buch a delightful little teapot would make any tea delicious, I am sure," mur-mured Mrs. Penfield, and the conversation rested while a noiseless menial entered, put wood upon the fire and illuminated an electric bulb within an opalescent shell. An odor of cut flowers floated in the air and an exotic whiff of muffin.

Mrs. Pessenden, when she had made the ten sank back once more among the cushions and stretched her small feet to the

"I am not at home, Pierre," she an-"Perfectly, madame," replied the men-

fal, as though the absence were self-evi-

"Some women are so inconsiderate when they are old," she said, remindingly. they are old," she said, remindingly.

"And so are most men when they are young," rejoined the lady of the cushions, "and Jack though nice in many ways is no exception. When I ask him to help by having unexpected men who must be fed to luncheon at the club, he says champagne at midday gives him apoplexy. And so we have to invite an unknown person to our very nicest dinner."

"What unknown person? Inquired Mrs. Penfield, and Clara sighed.
"A Mr. Hopworthy," she replied.
"Fancy, if you can, a man named Hopworthy."

Mrs. Penfield tried and falled.
"What is he like?" she asked.

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"What is he like?" she asked.

"I haven't an idea. He called here yesterday at 3 o'clock!—and Jack insisted on inviting him for tomorrow night—and I had to give so much thought to temorrow night!"

"O' course, he is coming," put in Mrs. Pehfield; "such people never send regrets."

"Or acceptances, either, it would seem," returned her friend; "he westch has not so much as answered, and soon it will be too late to get even an emergency girl."

"Oh, one can always scare up a girl," the other said, consolingly.

Pietre entered with a little silver tray.

"A note, if madame piesses," he an-

nounced. Perhaps had madame pleased a pineapple or a guinea pig might have been forthcoming. When he had retired madame tore open the envelope. A flush of pleasure made her still more charming.

"Hopworthy has been seriously in-jured!" she cried, almost in exultation.
"And how much anxiety you have had for nothing, dear!" said Mrs. Penfield, rising. "So often things turn out much setter than we dare to hope. What does he say?"
"Oh, only this; he writes abominably,"

and Clara read:
"Dear Mrs. Fessenden: I assure you

nothing less than a serious injury could prevent my availing myself of your charming invitation for Wednesday even-"Oh, Maude, you can't think what a

relief this is."

"But-" began Mrs. Penfield, and paused, while Chara, folding the note, tore it deliberately in twain.

"I don't believe he has been seriously hurt at all," she said on second thought. "He simply did not want to come. Fanny a man who invents such an excuse!"

"But"— began Mrs. Penfield once more, when Mrs. Pessenden interposed.

"But"— began Mrs. Penfield once more, when Mrs. Pessenden interposed.
"I shall hope never to hear his wretched name again," she said: "Maude, dear, you won't forget tomorrow night?"
"Not unless Butler forgets me," said Mrs. Penfield, whereat both ladies laughed the laugh that rounds a pleasant

"Jack," whispered Clars, "please count and see if every one is here; there should

It was Wednerday evening, and the Fes-sendens' Colonial drawing-room housed an assembly to make the snowy breast of any hostess glow with satisfaction, espe-cially a hosters possessing one inch less of waist and one inch more of husband than

lady present ... announced Jack "Exactly twenty," announced Jack,
"that is, if we count the envoy and the
Countees each as only one, which doesn't
seem quite respectful."
"Please don't try to be silly," said his
wife, suspecting stimulant unjustly,
To her the function was a serious
achievement mean respectations.

achievement, nicely proportioned, com-plete in all its parts; from Mrs. Bailing-ton's tiars—a constellation never known to shine in hasy social atmospheres—to the envoy extraordinary's extraordinary to shine in hazy social aimospheres—to the envoy extraordinary's extraordinary's foreign boots. Even the Countess, who wore what was in effect a solfering tea gown with high-bred unconcern, was not a jarring note. Everybody knew how the Countess' twenty priceless trunks had gone to Cape Town by mistake, and her presence made the pretty drawing-room a salon, just as the envoy's presence made the occasion cosmopolitan, When the mandolin club in the hall struck up a spirited fandango, no pointed chin in all the town took on a prouder tilt than Chan Fessenden's.

The envoy extraordinary had just let fall no less a diplomatic secret than that, in his opinion, a certain war would end in peace eventually, when Mrs. Penfield, who happened to be near, inquired:

"Oh, Chara, have you heard anything more of that Mr. Hopworthy?"

"Don't speak to me of him?" retorted Clara, clouding over. "When Jack called at his hotel to leave a card, he bad the effrontery to be out Just fancy, and he had almost sent him grapes!"

"But—" began Mrs. Penfield.

Pierre was at the door; one hand behind Pierre was at the door; one hand bening him held the orchestra in check. "Madame is served." he formed his lips to say, but having reached "Madame," he found himself effaced by some one enter-ing hurriedly—a tall young man with too abundant hair and teeth, but otherwise

permissible.

The new arrival paused, took soundadvanced upon her with extended hand. Evijently it was one of those amusing utile incidents called "contretemps," which often happen where front doors are much alike and the people on the left have odd acquaintances.
"I trust I am not late," the biunderer began at ence. "It was so kind of you to think of me; so allogether charming, so delightful." His eyes were dark and keen, his broad, unsheltered mouth,

n, his broad, unsheltered mouth, ich seemed less to utter than to manufacture words; gave the impression of astonishing productive powers, and Clars, though sorry for a fellow creature doomthough sorry for a fellow creature doom-ed to rude enlightenment, was glid he was not to be an element in her well-ordered little dinner. But as her guests were waiting she gave a slight impatient flutter to her fan. The other went on

unobservant.

"One can say so little of one's pleasure in a hurried note, but I assure you, my dear Mrs. Fessenden, nothing short of a serious accident—"

Where had she met this formula beunobservant.

fore?

"Oh, Mr. Hopworthy!" she responded with a smile, an automatic smile, self-regulating and self-adjusting, like the phrase that followed. "I am so glad you were able to come," And turning to her husband she announced, too sweetly to leave her state of mind in doubt: "lack, here is Mr. Hopworthy, your aunt's old friend."

With her eyes she added: "Frend, behold your work."

Jack grasped the stranger's hand and wrung it warmly.

Jack grasped the stranger's hand and wrung it warmly.

"I'm glad you're out again," he said.
"Now tell my wife just how you left Aunt Bates." And so saying he backed toward the door, for he could be resourceful on occasion. Two minutes later when he reappeared his face was wreathed in smiles.

when he respectively all serene," he whispered to his wife. "They have crowded in another place at your end. We'll make the best of it."

Perhaps it occurred to Clara that things to be made the best of were oftenest crowded in at her end, but she han no time to say so, for Pierre had come into his own again—Madame was served. his own again—Madame was served.

Jack led, of course, with the scintillescent Mrs. Bailington, he having flatly refused to take in the Countess. Jack's point of view was always masculine, and

point of view was always masculine, and often elementary.

The Countess followed with a Mr. Walker, who collected eggs and was believed to have been born at sea, which made him interesting in a way. Then came Maude Penfield, preceding Lena Livingston, according to the tonnage of their housbands' rachts. In truth, the whole procession gave in every rank new evidence of Clara's kindly forthought. For herself, she had not only the Extraordinary, but, by perverse fals, smother.

worthy the seat of honor.

For a moment Clara hesitated, hoping against hope for some one to be taken ill—for almost anything that might create an opportunity for a change of cards. But while she stood in doubt the diplomat most diplomatically sat down. Beyond him the Counters was already drawing off her gloves, as though they had been stockings, and further on the gentleman born at sea seemed pleased to find his dinner roll so like an egg.

It was one of those unrecorded tragedies known only to woman. The fallures of a man leave ruins to bear testimony to endeavor; a ...oman's edifice of cobweth falls without commotion, whatever pains its building may have cost.

"I gave you that seat," said Clara to "I gave you that seat," said Clars to the diplomat in dimpled confidence, "be-cause the window on the other side lets in a perfect sale of draught." "A most kind draught to blow me nearer my bostess's heart," he answered

bringing both dimples into play, "a very charming girl has disappointed us. I hop

he is well-bred."
The pleasant fi

nuch too neatly not to have said some-hing of the sort before.

Fortunately both the Envoy and the countess appreciated systers, and before the soup came, Clara, outwardly herself again, could turn a smiling face to her unwelcome guests. But Mr. Hopworthy was bending toward Maude, who seemed very much amused. So was the man between them, and so were several oth-

Already he had begun to make himself Already he had begun to make himself conspicuous. People with broad mouths always make themselves conspicuous. She felt that Maude was gloating over her discounture. She detected this in every note of Maude's well-modulated laugh, and could an interchange of beakers with the stranger have been sure of Fiorentine results. Clara would have faced a terrible temptation. As it was, she asked the Envoy if he had seen the Automobile Show.

she asked the Envoy if he had seen the Automobile Show.

He had, and by good luck machinery was his favorits topic, a safe one, leaving little ground for argument. From machinery one proceeds by certain steps to things thereby created, silk and shoes and books, and comes at length, as Clara did to silverware and jewels, pearls and emeralds. And here the Countess, who mistrusted terrapin, broke in.

She had known an emerald larger than who mistrusted terrapin, broke in.

She had known an emerald larger than
an egg—Mr. Walker looked up hopefully.

It had been laid by royalty at the feet of
beauty—Mr. Walker, who had been about

beauty—Mr. Walker, who had been about to speak, resumed his research, and the Countess held the floor.

She wore a bracelet given her by a potentate whosse title suggested snuff, as a reward for great devotion to his cause, and its exhibition occupied a course.

Meanwhile the hostess, as with astral cars, heard snatches of the conversation all about her.

"And do you think so really, Mr. Hop-"Oh, Mr. Hopworthy, were you actually there?"

Please tell us your opinion Evidently Jack's aunt's acquaintance Evidently Jack's aunt's acquaintance was being drawn out, encouraged to display himself, made a butt of, in point of fact. This came from taking Maude Penfield into her confidence. There was always a streak of something not exactly nice in Maude. As Clara, with her mind's eye, saw the broad, Hopworthian mouth in active operation, she felt—the feminine instinct in such matters is unerring—that Butler Penfield cheriahed every phrase for future retailation at the club, and for future retailation at the club, and Lena Livingston, who never laughed, was laughing. After all, if foreigners are often dull, at least they have no over-mastering sense of humor.

"My Order of the Bull was given me at

25," the Envoy was relating, and though the story was a long one, Clara listened to it all with swimming eyes. "Diplomacy is full of intrigue as an egg of meat," it ended, and once more Mr.

Walker looked up hopefully.

Again the hostess forced herself to turn with semblance of attention to her right. But Mr. Hopworthy did not appear to notice the concession. He did not appear to notice anything. He was haranguing. notice anything. He was haranguing, actually haranguing, oblivious that all within hearing of his resonant voice regarded him with open mockery. Jack, in the distance, too far away to apprehend the truth, exhibited his customary unconcern, for Jack's ideals were satisfied if at his table people only attenuough and talked. And perhaps it was as well Jack

"To illustrate," the orator was saying-"To illustrate," the crator was saying— fancy a man who says "to illustrate"— "this wine is, as we may say, dyophysit-ic"—here Mr. Hopworthy held up his glass and looked about him whimsically—"pos-sessed of dual potentialities, containing gorms of absolute antipathies—" Even Jack, could he have heard, must have re-sented the suggestion of germs in his chamosame.

champagne.
"Perhaps you would rather have some
Burgundy with your duck," suggested
Mrs. Fessenden, with heroic fortitude,
and Mr. Hopworthy checked his train of

and Mr. Hopworthy checked his train of thought at once.

"Aye, madame," he rejoined, "there you revive an ancient controversy."

"I am sure I did not mean to," Clara said regretfully, and Mr. Hopworthy smiled his most open smile.

"A controversy," drawled Lena Livingston, "how very odd!"

"It was, indeed," assented Mr. Hopworthy, and went on: "Once, as you know, the poets of Reims and Beaune waged war in verse over the respective claims of the blond wine and the brunette, and so bitter grew the fight that several provinces sprang to arms, and Louis XIV was forced to go to war to keep the peace."

keep the peace."

It was pure malice in Maude to show so marked an interest in a statement so absurd, and it was flendish in the rest to encourage Mr. Hopworthy. Even the most insistent talker comes in time to allence nobody listens. "Oh, Mr. Hop-Hop-Hopgood," cried

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THE DR. LIEBIG STAFF

the Countess, "If you are a savant, per-haps you know my Azel."
"And have you taken out a patent for your axel?" asked the diplomat, whose mind reverted to mechanics.
The Countess favored him with one

you don't mind walking three abreast." Clara's untruths were never compro-mises. When they should be told, she told The Counters favored him with one glance through her lorgnettes—a present from the exiled King of Crete—and straightway took her bag and baggage to the hostile camp. For, of course, the young Count Axel was known to Mr. Hopworthy, or at least he so declared. "Please tell me how you won your Order of the Buil." said Clara to the diplomat, her one remaining hope.
"I think I mentioned that just now," he answered and conversation perished. them, scorning to keep her score immaculate by subterfuge. "Though the Recording Angel may be strict," she often said with chikilike faith, "I am convinced as it should in each guest being

answered, and conversation perished.

And thus the dinner wore away, a grim succession of demolished triumphs. When after an aeon or two Ciara gave the signal for retreat, she sought her own reflection in the glass to make sure her

ended as it should in each guest being next the persons most desired—each guest, but not the hostess. For Jack's resourcefulness having accomplished the additional place, stopped short, and his readjustment of the cards, which had been by chance, had brought the Envoy upon Clara's left and given to Mr. Hopworthy the seat of honor.

For a moment Clara hesitated, hoping against hope for some one to be taken halr was still its normal brown.

"Clara," said Mrs. Penfield, when the ladles were alone, "you might at least have warned us whom we were to meet."

Mrs. Fessenden drew herself erect. Her breath came fast, her eyes were bright, and she had nearly reached the limit of forbearance toward Maude.

"Mrs. Penfield—" she began with dig-

"Mrs. Penfield—" she began with dig-nity, but Maud broke in:
"I must have been a baby not to have recognized the pame."
Clara hesitated, checking the word upon her lipe, for with her former friend, to be

melegant was to be sincere.
"I do not understand," she substituted

pridently.

"To think, my dear, of your being the first of us to capture Horace Hopworthy and keeping it from me," cried Maude.

"I am sure I mentioned that we hoped to have him." murmured Mrs. Fessenden. "So sweet of you to give us such a sur-prise, it was most delightful," Lena Liv-ingston drawled.
"Your house is always such a Joppa for

successful genius," declared Mrs. Bailing ton, "or is it Mecca? I've forgotten which How did you come to know he was in town?"
"Jack's relatives in Boston always send

"Jack's relatives in Boaton always send us the most charming people with letters," answered Clara. "Shall we take coffee on the balcony? The men are laughing so in the smeking-room we can't talk here with any comfort."

Later—an hour later—when the last carriage door had slammed, Jack lit a cigarette and said:

"That Hoppy fellow seemed to make a hit."

Clara yawned.

Clara yawned.
"Yes, he was rather a fortunate discovery." she maid, "but, Jack, we really ought to take a literary magnaine."

Pity the ignorant man who thinks he mown it all,

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