ZONE'S POPULARITY WAXES AND WANES

Favor of Visitors at Fair Is Varied – Oregon Building Comes Into Its Own.

PAINTING OF NUDE DRAWS

Art Work as Realistic as Living Woman Is Curiosity-Compelling Feature, Declares Miss Anne Shannon Monroe.

BY ANNE SHANNON MONROE.

OREGON BUILDING, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, Sept. 21.—(Special.)—One of the very interesting things about the life of this exposition is to observe the effect of time on Zone features, statuary, buildings, paintings—everything. Those things which at first were so tremendously popular are not now so; others hardly noticed at the beginning are now of first import; and many that were popular at the start-off are still popular, but looked upon with more discerning eye; good points are noted—and bad, where at first the whole was accepted.

This is a mighty fine object lesson in the value of being surrounded by good things; if you have just a small sum of money, buy a masterpiece and sleep on the floor. Its educational value—in your home daily—is worth the aching back, and besides, the back won't ache long; you can accustom yourself to anything; that is the great trouble—that we can accustom ourselves to just anything. And we often do.

Picture of Nude Is Realistic.

"Stella," the star painting of the Zone, which is perhaps the most talked-of feature away from the exposition and the most persistently visited by people living here, is a wonderful study of a nude woman, so realistically painted as to seem to many to be a living woman; this is the curiosity-compelling feature—this and her exquisite beauty.

After seeing her many times, one discovers that the face is that of an innocent, unconscious young girl of 19 or so, while the body is that of a mature, well-developed woman of 30; it is an inconsistence that to the layman is not felt till after several visits. You love "Stella" just the same, but this jars; your sense of the fitness of things is outraged. You make inquiries and you find that two models did really pose for the famous painting.

Reader of Minds Attracts.

The mind-reading woman, Madame Ellis, continues to puzzle and haunt; you go back again and again to get the secret of her trade, and you are never nearer it. She is a rather smart, quick-speaking young woman, not at all mystic in appearance. Blindfolded, she sits on the platform in clear, vivid light, while her co-worker goes down in the audience. He stops at every member, taking them as they come, and accepts a question from each, which he reads to himself and then asks Madame Ellis to both read and give the answer. She never fails in her reading; quick as a flash back comes her high, metallic voice. Any answer that could be in the questioner's mind she rarely fails to find; her prognostications as to the future are, of course, but guess work. But how does she do it? If it is not telepathy, no one yet has found an answer. Everything is done plainly, in the open; there are no signals possible between her and her partner. And this puzzling, haunting, tormenting question, How does she do it? keeps the crowds thronged at her doors.

The general run of questions, it is interesting to note, are not on love, courtship and marriage, but on business matters. "Will I sell those lots?" "Will I be able to place my mining stock?" "Will I find a new position?" This is their trend, entirely away from sentiment, showing the practical turn of the present mind.

Living Doll Popular on Zone.

One of our Portland guests asked of a popular fortune-teller on the Zone, after being satisfied as to her coming marriage, "How many children will I have" The grizzled old fortune-teller looked up at her with wonderful light in her lined face. "Oh, my dear, when have I been asked that before? The women never ask that any more—never anything about children—and it used to be the second question always—in your mother's time."

Well, this is an interesting commentary, too.

Most loved along the Joy Zone, I fancy, is little Elizabeth, the living doll. Many people go back day after day for a chat with the happy-hearted cultured little woman, only 32 inches tall, 22 years old and perfectly formed. She speaks four languages fluently, but best of all, the language of charm and breeding. Elizabeth is always a perfect woman, with all her cunning quick-wittedness and her constant contact with a changing, careless public.

Faces of Watchers Interesting.

It is interesting to watch the faces of the people who gather about her small parlor, where she plays and talks and entertains all day. They invariably break into a smile, as though in the presence of some winsome baby, and then they are captivated by her very feminine and grown-up charm.

I called to see Elizabeth at her home on Lombard street; she lives with an aunt and uncle, Hungarian, who "manage" her. She showed me the dress she was making for herself—a bright red velvet of graceful design. Imagine the difficulties of dressmaking when one can have no paper design, and where are there grown-up patterns for little women of 32 inches

She is a great reader and never misses a careful perusal of the daily papers and she is better informed on current topics than many women of my acquaintance; in fact, in every way she is a perfectly normal, unusually bright and intelligent person, whose miniature stature has not minimized her brain power. Her lovely, long, blonde hair reaches almost to the floor.

Big Men Popular With Her.

I don't know when I have enjoyed a visit more than the one with the dear little woman Elizabeth. She is a deeply religious little soul, but this does not interfere with her enjoyment of a cocktail now and then or the gayer side of city life.

In short, she is a normal person, curious about life, inquiring and jubilantly young. She has visited the Oregon building and is coming again soon to see the big trees and the fine fruits; she loves big things and prefers a big chair and a big bed and everything else of normal size. "Yes, the big men, too," she added with a cunning toss of her exquisite little head.

The Tower of Jewels, before the exposition opened, was blazoned forth in all the prints as a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Nothing like it had ever been before and nothing like it would ever be seen again. The first-comers walked around it and gazed up at its height and admired it and repeated all that they had read. I remember in those first days the benches before the Tower of Jewels were filled nightly by people who watch the lighting and the brilliant scintilating jewels, and the reflection of the whole in the lake—and it is a beautiful sight; but little by little the more discerning found the all-unheralded Art Palace and Lagoon.

Atmosphere Found Enveloping.

They would wander down by the water's edge and find a bench, and drift into a dreaming mood and the swans would come up in the quiet of the evening, put out their long necks, stick their bills in people's hands and they would accept the attention almost absently, so softly, gently, insinuatingly beautiful was the scene and so enveloping the atmosphere; it is like a scene from grand opera, only you are part of it; you get fully into it, and now people even love it best on dark nights, when the pile of buildings is in shadow and they get it all subtly; thus does accustomedness educate us.

Of all the statuary on these laden grounds, nothing so pleased the public at first as The End of the Trail, by James Earl Fraser. The great muscular Indian, astride the tired little cayuse, both exhausted, at the end of the trail.

Statuary Becomes Wearisome.

Some saw its allegorical meaning; some looked up and said, "Ugh! Sick horse." Some imagined a blinding sand storm, with consequent loss of direction; but one and all liked it and in the list of requests from different states for gifts of sculpture at the close of the exposition, The End of the Trail was easily "best seller;" had it sold early it would have brought an enormous price; it may yet; but to those who have been here some time, The End of the Trail has become wearisome, the bent head of the man becomes neck breaking to the onlooker; you want him to lift his head, straighten his muscles and relieve the tension of the tiresome pose. Also you object to so heavily muscled an Indian; our Indians are slim and sinewy. No, you could not live comfortably with The End of the Trail. Far better The Scout, by Cyrus Edwin Dallan.

And the bronze and marble babies that decorate the garden of the Fine Arts quarter! The duck baby and the turtle baby and the flower baby, and the flying cupid—how we chose them for our own and wanted to buy them; but accustomedness has shown us that these are only cunning little figures from a pictorial sense and not lasting art; they tire after awhile and we turn instinctively to the better things, such as Piping Pan, by Saint Gaudens, and Youth by Victor D. Salvatore, the young sculptor who has spent so much time lately in Portland and now has a beautiful exhibit in San Francisco at the Galleries of Vickery Atkins & Torrey.

Art Gallery Bewildering Maze.

The art gallery, crowded to suffocation, was a bewildering maze at first from which we could get nothing definite because we could not isolate a painting and see it alone; the others peeped in; but now it is a garden—a stuffed and overgrown garden, it is true—but still one in which we can find by-paths to charming spots, little lost nooks and corners of artdom, that afford infinite satisfaction; there are things too good to be true and things we brush aside like worthless weeds; we don't bother any more over those things we don't like.

The visit of Salvatore to the Exposition added to the pleasure in familiarizing one's self with delightful work. He did not exhibit as largely as he might through that thing we call temperament, I imagine; an artist needs a business manager to see he does all the things which he should do to let the public know he is there; but he is well represented in his Head of an Old Lady, a wonderfully intimate study of beautiful old age, his study of a Young Girl, study of an Old Man, and a charming study he calls Seeking.

They are so life-like, so free from affectation and self-consciousness, that they please discerning visitors at once. He ranks among the very best exhibitors.

Oregon Comes Into Its Own.

In the matter of state buildings, at the beginning of the Exposition the Oregon structure was looked on a trifle askance. California ranked first, and Canada, though a nation, was spoken of almost constantly as ranking among the states and having the best exhibit down here.

Both California and Canada were examples of the highest-priced decorative art. Single counties in California had expended as much as had Oregon. But as the months have wore on and we have lived with all these exhibits, we find that the over-ornamentation of California displays, and the purely pictorial nature of Canada's exhibit become a bit tiresome, while the naturalness and freshness of the Oregon building and its exhibits never pall; you can't tire of a tree, neither can you weary of a display of homely farm products; always you can visit a great orchard or wheat field with renewed joy; and Oregon has this atmosphere; so now it is Oregon first with most of those who remain any length of time and this has carried the state's popularity over to the newcomers.

Even socially things have settled and values have ranged themselves. At the beginning it seemed that everyone was society-mad; the functions of the various states, the Exposition officials, and the foreign commissioners, were attended almost solidly by the full invitation list.

Crowds Are Growing Smaller.

Men came from the Army and Navy, San Francisco society people came, and visitors vainly sought the little white admission cards. But gradually all this has changed; of course the continuous entertaining would be impossible for local people; not a night but there were several large functions.

Now, you do not see such crowds at any but the important affairs, the hostesses on the grounds do not pretend to accept all their invitations, they choose such representative ones as it seems that it is their duty by their state to attend. Visitors are more inclined to decline the invitations, saying they came to see the Fair and they can't stand the strain of going out at night and being up in the day time.

Many Governors' balls have been poorly attended, and only a celebrity of National or international importance brings out anything like the full invitation list.

Evangelist Crim Draws Crowds.

Evangelist Crim is holding the attention of the people at the Vernon Church of Christ in a series of meetings. Those who have been coming from night to night have been enjoying the services. Mr. Crim is the pastor of the Central Christian Church.

Woman Wants Divorce From Uncle.

ROSEBURG, Or., Sept. 25.—(Special.)—Declaring that the man she married was her uncle by blood, Mrs. Flora Sawyers appeared in the Circuit Court this week and asked Judge Hamilton to grant her a decree of divorce from her husband, Ebern Sawyers. Six affidavits prepared by residents of their former home served to substantiate the contention of the plaintiff. Judge Hamilton told Sawyers that he should be prosecuted for perjury in connection with a case that he filed against his wife several months ago. The Sawyers were married in Missouri and have several children.

FEMININE MAZAMAS WHO HOLD UNIQUE CLIMBING DISTINCTION AND SCENIC POINT VISITED BY THEM.

Rooster Rock, Three of Party Can Be Seen Here Dots on Summit

PHOTOS BY O. B. Dallan

Miss Margaret Griffin and Miss Mary Hart, of Portland, have the distinction of being the only girls who have ever scaled Rooster Rock, the well-known landmark on the Columbia River, they having been in the party of Mazamas who made the ascent September 12.

Rooster Rock, which is 320 feet high and overlooks the Columbia River near Bridal Veil, was for many years considered almost impossible of ascent. Until last Spring only one person was known to have reached the top. He was a sailor, who made the ascent a number of years ago, and then found it impossible to get down unaided. A line was shot to him and he then returned safely.

The First Women To Climb Rooster Rock, Left To Right Miss Margaret Griffin, Miss Mary Hart

TWO NOT RELATIVES ARE OFTEN BELIEVED TWINS

Dr. Earl Smith and J. C. Tompkins Relate Amusing Incidents of Mistaken Identity in Business and Social Affairs.

Dr. Earl Smith — J. C. Tompkins

"DOC, here's a dollar. Put it on my account."

When this remark greeted J. C. Tompkins as he stepped out of the elevator in The Oregonian building the other day he realized that another misguided soul had mistaken him for Dr. Earl Smith. Consequently he was compelled to return the dollar with thanks and explain, as he has explained dozens of times before and since, that he is not Dr. Earl Smith nor any relative of his.

A glance at Dr. Smith and Mr. Tompkins as they stand side by side is enough to convince anyone on the spot that they are twins. They not only look alike, but they talk alike, smile alike, walk alike and act alike generally.

A queer circumstance about a year ago made the two "twins" acquainted for the first time. A young woman had stopped Mr. Tompkins on the street and spoken earnestly to him about the condition of her boy. She wanted to know if she shouldn't bring him to the doctor's office at once and have him examined. Finally Mr. Tompkins convinced the woman of his identity. Then she marvelled at the resemblance and insisted that Mr. Tompkins go to the doctor's office and meet his strange twin.

Once, down at Rockaway Beach, a friend of Dr. Smith's rushed up to Mr. Tompkins and insisted that he step across the street to meet his wife. Mr. Tompkins didn't know the man from Adam and told him so, but the man only said, "Oh, you can't fool me."

"I'm getting so now that I speak to everybody who speaks to me for fear I shall offend some of Dr. Smith's friends," said Mr. Tompkins last night. "In the elevator one day the boy at the lever yelled 'Hello, Doc,' and when I didn't respond he said, 'What's the matter, Doc, you've got an awful grouch on today.'"

But the trouble isn't always on that side of the fence, for many times Dr. Smith is stopped by Mr. Tompkins' friends.

WEALTHY COUPLE HAS VERY SIMPLE WEDDING

Miss Mollie Andrews, of Cleveland, and Louis E. Stoddard Celebrate Nuptials Without Ushers, Reception and With Only Few Present.

Mr. And Mrs. Louis E. Stoddard

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—(Special.)—Happy Mr. and Mrs. Louis E. Stoddard were caught by the camera leaving St. Thomas' Church, New York, just after they were married several months ago by the Rev. Ernest M. Stires, rector of the church. Mrs. Stoddard was the former Miss Mollie Andrews, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Andrews, of Cleveland, O. She was attended by her brother, Horace Andrews, Thomas W. Farnam, of New Haven, Conn., was best man. There were no ushers and there was no reception. Only relatives were present at the ceremonies.

Louis Stoddard is a son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Goddard, of New Haven. After the return of the couple from abroad they will live in New York and New Haven.

Two years ago Mr. Stoddard was one of the big four of the international polo team (American). The bride wore a traveling costume of navy blue taffeta and chiffon, with a sort jacket of taffeta of the same shade and a collaret of white fox fur. She wore a dark blue turban of rough straw trimmed with blue aigrettes.

STEEL MEN GET THREATS

SHRAPNEL SHELLS FOR ALLIES ORDER ONLY TENTATIVE.

Christian & King Iron Works Hear From Telephone Callers Who Allege Violence to Plant.

Announcement that the Christian & King Iron Works, of Portland, is contemplating taking a contract for the manufacture of shrapnel shells for the allies in the present war, was the signal yesterday for a series of threatening telephone calls coming supposedly from pro-German partisans.

"One man telephoned to us that something terrible would happen to us if we manufactured war munitions for Germany's enemies and said he was the German consul," says H. J. Christian, of the Christian & King Iron Works. "This, of course, looks like someone was trying to play a practical joke on us. We have had, however, several other anonymous calls over the telephone threatening us with all manner of violence if we undertook the manufacture of shrapnel shells for the British. It is true that we have been somewhat disconcerted by some of these hostile utterances."

Arthur King, the junior member of the firm, has just returned from British Columbia, where he was promised by representatives of the allies the tentative contract to furnish 500,000 shrapnel cases. This contract could not be handled by the one plant, and it will be necessary to secure the co-operation of other iron works in the city if the contract is landed. It means $2,000,000 coming into Portland if this contract is secured with the probability of further contracts representing larger sums in future.

The matter has been called to the attention of the Bureau of Manufacturers and Industries in the Chamber of Commerce, and A. J Kingsley, chairman of the bureau, will take it up tomorrow, with a view to planning some method whereby the big contract can be brought to Portland.

Mr. Kingsley is somewhat doubtful whether the Chamber will find it advisable to take an active hand in the matter, however, owing to the division of sympathies among some of its members, and also the pressure that may be brought to bear in case it is ascertained that the Chamber is working on the matter.

IMPERSONATOR IN RECITAL

Francis Labadie Entertains Interestingly at Multnomah Hotel.

Francis Labadie, an impersonator, gave an enjoyable recital at the Multnomah Hotel last Thursday night. He was introduced by Dr. James D. Corby, and after a few preliminary remarks about his travels, he gave a short selection written by Charles Greeley especially for him, entitled "The Town of Yap." This was followed by impersonations from Edmund Vance Cooke and Ben King.

Perhaps the heaviest and most dramatic part of the evening was the rendition of several scenes from Bulwer Lytton's "Richelieu." But the real pleasure of the performance were his interpretations of Dr. William Henry Drummond's sketches. There he showed skill in handling the most delicate and subtle situations, bringing out the genuine love and joy of the simple folk, and glory in living close to Nature.

Of all the dialects he considers the French patois is the most unique. Mr. Labadie proved himself a master here, by making his audience forget the impersonator and visualizing the French peasant himself.

His "Little Bateese," and "The Devil," were particularly effective. At the close of his programme he gave a number of anecdotes which he picked up in his Southern travels, illustrating the negro characteristics.

Mr. Labadie and Robert W. Service were in Alaska together at the time Mr. Service was writing "The Trail of '98."