THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, NOVEMBER 13, 1904. palm of Horse Show belleship from

Queen Apparent of Horse Show

Dainty, Fascinating Mrs. George Law, Rich Widow, Whose History Reads Like a Ouida Novel

HE sensation of New York's horse show, which opens tomorrow, will be Mrs. George Law. Her dearest friends assert it, and her dearest enemies admit it,

By one of those paradoxes peculiar to America's theatric social life, the real star of Madison Square Garden during horse show week is never a thoroughbred equine, but a beautiful woman. The men who back this greatest of all horse shows, which draws its support not from New York alone, but from the social centers the country over, herald long in advance the entries of famous horses, but down in their hearts they realize that the suc-cess or failure of each exhibit rests with some fair woman.

Men of wealth and international repute come for thousands of miles to see the horses. They remain to ad-mire the woman in the box around the feminine boxholders talk horse. After the show, they talk only of the woman

the show, they this only of the woman who has been the sensational feature of the week. It is no easy thing to become Queen of horse show week. Competition in beauty, brains and frocks is tremen-dons, and a woman's social godmother must weave her charms and wave her fairs weave her charms and wave her fairy wand for a year in advance. Mere gowns, mere wealth, mere beauty, mere wit has never won this distinc-tion. It has demanded all these—and nore-a certain picturesqueness dear to the heart of that section of society known as the smart set. Mrs. George Law has the beauty, the wit, the wealth, the gowns and the picturesque-ness. Best of all, she has succeeded in ness. Best of all, she has succeeded in piquing the curiosity and the interest of those men and women in whose hands rest the power to "feature" a social newcomer, just as the theatrical manager "features" a dramatic debu-tante who gives promise of great tal-ent. In this particular instance, the Gueen-prospective has had no less im-portant social godmothers than Mrs. George E. de Forest, Mrs. William Jay, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and Mrs. Stur-Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and Mrs. Suy-yesant Fish, while the Prince Charm-ing who is guiding her footsteps to the enchanted palace whome silver door-plate reads "Mrs. Astor," is no door-plate reads "Mrs. Astor," is no less personage than Craig Wadsworth, most eligible of bachelors. Rumor has ofttimes asserted that he would fain play Prince Charming to the end of the story, but certain it is that no New York man has led more fair women through the mazes of a social debut to the covoted position in the Astor set than this same Mr. Wads-worth.

Reads Like a Ouida Novel.

Mrs. Law is a New Yorker, yet not of New York society. Her history reads like a Oulda novel. While of gentle birth, she is in a way a social Cinderella. The petted grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge Smith, she was studying singing in Paris under Mme. Marchesi, when her grandpar-ents suffered financial reverses and she ents suffered financial reverses and she was compelled to return to New York, where she lived in comparative re-tirement until she met George Law, the man who built the Eighth-avenue car line. This man, many years her senior, with a sad reputation for reck-lessness and wild habits, fell in love with the incipient beauty, married her and settled down to a life so quiet that it simply amazed his former friends and associates. This marriage was not calculated to advance the chances of even a beautiful woman, but when of even a beautiful woman, but when Mr. Law died after a short and un-eventful married life it was found that his dainty, girl-wife had inherited all his millions, unhampered and unre-

stricted Even after her prescribed period of mourning had elapsed Mrs. Law was too clever a woman to open up her social campaign. She lived in the utsocial campaign. She lived in the ut-most socilasion and paid no attention to the rumors which followed her wherever she went, the fate of every woman who achieves notoriety even through so small a cause as inheriting millions. It was said that in the re-tirement of her home she gave the most eccentric of dinners, that her rooms were cooled by having immense



A PAUCHITE PARISIAN PHOTOGRAPHT OF THIS BED LAST

had not the slightest intention of making sny public appearance until the Horse Show bugies sounded, when she would be found in the right box among the proceeded to ask what claims, beside herse show meak. The conquest of Paris and London, of men of art and men of troyal blod was not enough. New York is at once the storm-hardest for the geoimonplace woman, easiest for the geoimonplace woman, easiest for the geoimonplace woman, easiest for the geoimonplace storm-hardest for the geoimonplace woman. Secret of Her Success. What was the secret of Mrs. Law's prediminary conquests? Why had she browshit to her fart a sumence of form proceeded to ask what the secret of Mrs. Law's prediminary conquests? Why had she browshit to her fart so the secret of Mrs. Law's prediminary conquests? Why had she browshit to her fart a sumence of the success. Some Who Will Contest.

PECK'S BAD BOY ABROAD

He and the Groceryman Illustrate the Russo-Japanese War With Gunpowder

(BY HON, GEORGE W. PECK, ex-Governor of Wisconsin, formerly publisher of "Peck"s Sun," suther of "Peck"s Bad Boy," etc.-Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowies.)

The OLD groceryman had a war map spread out on the counter. and for an hour he had stood up in front of it, reading a morning paper. with his thumb on Port Arthur, his fingers covering the positions occupied



Grocery.

by the Japanese and Russian forces Manchuria, and his face working worse than the face of the Czar eating a caviar sandwich and ordering troops to the Far East, at the same time shying at dynamite bombs of nihilists. There was a crash in front of the grocery and the old man jumped behind a barrel, thinking Port Arthur had been blown up and the Russian fleet torpedoed.

"Hello, Matsuma, you young mon-key," said the old man, as the bad boy burst the door open and rushed in with a shovel at shoulder arms, and boy burst the door open and rushed in with a shovel at shoulder arms, and came to "present arms" in front of the old man, who came from behind the barrel and acknowledged the salute. barrel and acknowledged the salute. "Say, now, konest, did you put that chunk of ice in the stove the day you

skipped out last?" "Sure, Mike!" said the boy, as he ran the shovel under the cat that was sleeping by the stove and tossed her into a barrel of dried apples. "I wanted to demonstrate to you, old Michael-ovitski, the condition of things at Viadivostok, where you candle-eating Russians are bottled up in the ice, and where we Japanese are going to make

where we Japanese are going to make you put on your skates and get away to Siberia. What are you doing with the map of the scat of war?" "Oh, I was only trying to figure out the plan, of campaign, and find out where the Japanese would go to when they are licked," said the old man. "This thing is worrying me. I want to see Russia win, and I think our Government ought to send them all the embalmed beef we had left from the war with Spain, but if we did you monkey Japanese would capture it, and have a military funeral over it, and have no mating fish and rice. When this country was in trouble, in 1854, the Devisors react of first of membra

and have a military funeral over it, and go on eating fish and rice. When this country was in trouble, in 1864, the Russians sent a fleet of warships to New York and notified all Europe to stand back and look pleasant, and, by the great horn spoons, I am going to stand by Russia or bust. I would like to be over there at Port Arthur and witness an explosion of a torpedo under something. Egad, but I glory in the smell of gunpowder. Now, say, here is Port Arthur, by this barrel of dried apples, and there is Mushapata.

dried apples, and there is Mushapata, by the ax handle barrel, see?" "Well, you and I are just allke," said the boy. "Let's have a sham battle, right here in the grocery. Get down tust can of powder

and put some kerosene on your head, where the hair was. Geel but you are a sight. Don't you go out anywhere and let a horse see you, or he will fin a way." "Have all the forts and warships come down yet?" said the old man, looking up toward the ceiling, holding up his elbow to ward off any possible descending bar-rel or stove lid. "I now realize the truth of General Sherman's remark that war is hell. Gosh' how it smarts where the skin is burnt off. Give me some of that salad oll." and the old man sopped the old on his face and head, and the boy rubbed his lips and ears, and they looked at each other, and tried to smile two cracked, and wrinkled, and scorched smiles, across the counter at each other. "Now, you little Japanese monkey, I hope you are satisfied after you have wrecked my store, and fitted me for the hospital, and I want you to get out of here, and never come back. By ginger, I know when I have got enough war. They can settle that affair at Mukden, or Holoyahoo, or any old place. I wash my hands of the whole business. Git, you Spitz. What did you pour so much powder around the floor for 7 All I want-ed was a little innocent filustration of the horrors of war, not an explosion." "That's what I wanted, too," said the boy, as he looked up on the top shelf at the cat, that was licking herself where the hair used to be. "How did I know that powder would burn so quick? Say, you are unreasonable. Do you think I will go off and leave you to die here un-der the counter of bloodpoisoning, like a now. I know how you feel toward me. Dad feit the same way toward me. Dad feit the same way toward me. Dad feit the same way toward me.

now. I know how you cut as good as now. I know how you feel toward me. Dad feit the same way toward me, down in Florida, the time he got skun. You old people don't seem to appreciate a boy that tries to teach you useful noi-

lig. "What about your dad getting skun down in Florida? I never heard about it," shid the old grocreyman, as he took a hand mirror and looked at his burned face

"Why, that was when we first got down there," said the boy, looking at the old man and laughing. "Gee! but



trees, like a giraf, he said he wanted to go fishing and get tanned up, so we hired a boat and I rowed while dad fished. I ast him why he didn't try that new prescription to raise hair on his bald head that I read of in a magaine. It go bareheaded in the sun. He ast me if anybody ever raised any hair on a bald head that way, and I told him about Mr. Rockefeller, who had only one hair on his head, and he played goif bare-headed and in two weeks had to have his trees, like a giraf, he said he wanted to go fishing and get tanned up, so we hired a boat and I rowed while dad fished. I ast him why he didn't try that

talent. He conferred with Mr. Fox, of

the firm of "R. Fox, Sons, Co. & Rela-tives, "Theatrical Managers," who man-

ple drama:

condemned," he looked up and saw the red face of the old groceryman peeking in the back door. "Come in, Alexandroviski, and rub some of this sweet oil on your countenance, and put some kerosene on your head, where the hair was. Geel but you are to see dad's head after the blisters began to raise. First, he thought the blisters was hair, but when he got back to the hotel and he looked in a glass, he see it wasn't hair worth a cent. His head and



face looked like one of those hippopota-muses, and dad was mad. If I could have got dad in a sideshow I could have made a barrel of money, but he won't never make a show of himself, not even to make money, he is so proud. There is more proud flesh on dad than there is on any man I ever nursed. Well, dad ast me what was good for blisters, and I told hinf lime juice was the best thing, so he sent me to get some limes. They are a. little sour thing, like a lemon, and I told him to cut one in two and soak the

he sent me to get some limes. They are a little sour thing, like a lemon, and I told him to cut one in two and soak the julce on his head and face, and I went to supper. 'cause dad looked so disreputable he wouldn't go to the dining-room. When I bought the limes the man gave me a green persimmon, and of course cid got the persimmon instead of the lime, and when I came back to our room after supper dad was in bed, yelling for a doc-tor. Say, you know how a persimmon puckers your mouth up when you eat it? Well, dad had just sopped himself with persimmon juice and his head was puckered up like the hide of an elephant, and his face and cheeks were drawn around sideways and wrinkled so I was scart. I gave him a mirror to look at hisself, and when he got one look he said? ''Hennery, it is all over with your dad, you might just as well call in a lawyer to take my measure for a will, and an undershor to div me other at will you might just as well call in a lawyer to take my measure for a will, and an undertaker to fill me with stuff so I will keep till they get me home by express, with handles on. What was that you called the fruit I sopped my head with " and he groaned like he was at a revival. Well, I told him be had used the persim-mon instead of the lime juice I told him to, and that I would cure him, so I got a take of dog soap and laundered dad, and put on stuff to take the swelling out, and the next day he began to notice things. It would have been all right only a clumbermaid told somebody the mean old man with the pretty boy in 611 had the smallpox, 'cause all the boarders will leave if a man has a pimple on his-self, so they made dad and I go into self, so they made dad and I go into quarantine in a henhouse for a week,

cakes of ice dragged through them in carts: that her teeth were filled with dismonds. In reality Mrs. Law was merely waiting until her affairs could be so arranged as to permit her to return to Paris, home of her happy Firmood.

Conquered Paris and London.

There in her apartment on the Avenue d'Autin she entertained the cream of Parisian society, and those Americans who were admitted to the best and most exclusive Parisian houses, By and by it was borne in upon Ameri-cans who visited Paris that it was an honor to be received by Mrs. George Then, just as invitations wer Law. being sought with the engerness that presages a social success for any hos-tess. Mrs. Law quietly closed her Parisian home and started for new fields iman nome and started for new heids of conquest-London. Here, during the past social season, her star rose gradually but surely. Her campaign among the ultra-fashionable Mayfair set was admirably arranged, said management being carefully concealed by the little woman's charming person-ality, to which no less personage than King Edward and Queen Alexandra fell essy victims. Her success was largely due to the fact that she was so different from the majority of American candidates for social recognition at the court of St. James. She was so petite, so gentle, so clinging, almost helpless in her way. And, above all things, she lacked the positiveness, the things, she lacked the positiveness, the signassertion which generally marks the American woman bent on London's conquest. Clearly here was a woman who would appreciate being helped--and the great social lights of King Edward's circle proceeded to lionize her and make much of her.

Breaking Into the Four Hundred.

While this was going on, her path frequently crossed that of such women as

preliminary conquests? Why had she brought to her feet a succession of foreign sultors, including the Maharajah of Kapurthala, the young Khedive of Egypt, Count de Dion, Count Casselon, Prince Furstenburg and General Levevre Pontalis, son of the president of the French Cable Company? None of these men denied the soft impeachment when the story of his suit leaked out. Over there

in Paris and in London it was considered an honor to sue for the hand of the beautiful American widow, and an honor to retain her friendship, having lost the suit. And through all these years of so cial campaigning and conquests, she re-tained the friendship of one stanch Amer-ican, Craig Wadsworth, to whom, above all others, she will owe the position which she is to take at the Horse Show

tomorrow night. Mrs. Law is a beauty-of the sort which carries one back two centuries. She does not belong to the new, long-imbed, strong-featured school of feminine beauty. She is more like a Watteau figure, dainty and fragile. Short of stature, she has yet a figure which artists rave about. colorings. Her big saucerlike eyes are arched by well-traced brows. Her manner is dewell-traced brows. Her manner is de-mure and ingenuous, and, save for her well-groomed appearance, she would never be mistaken for a woman of the world. It has been this air of ingenuousness, of almost shrinking timidity, which has led more than one sultor to his hapless fate.

Eighteenth Century Marquise.

Yet beneath this well-assumed air of simplicity and ingenuousness, Mrs. Law is a consummate poseuse. She studies herself as religiously as the philosopher

pores over his Seneca. Benjamin Con-sant, the great French painter, told Mrs. Law that she was the very incarnation of an 18th century marquise. Mrs. Law

Some Who Will Contest.

a brave array of feminine loveliness when the great shows opens tomorrow night-from women whose positions have been iong assured in New York's most exclu-sive circles and who yet do not scorn the title for which she is reaching, to the glided Westerpers who have a more Mrs. Law will find herself pitted against the title for which she is reaching, to the gilded Westerners who have spared neither pains nor millions to wrest the

Billings, the wife of the Chicago gas millionaire. Mrs. Billings has a young daughter, Mias Gretchen, who will be on hand at the horseshow. Truly, Mrs. Law, reading this list, must

which to be grateful on this, the eve of her con-quest, and that heavy indeed will be her debt to her social godmothers- and Prince Charming.-(Copyright, 1904,) Charming.-(Copyright, 1904.) SALLY CHAMBERLIN.

Scientific American.

Artistic Effects in Scrap Baskets

perviceable decoration. It is found this year in innumerable and unusually graceful shapes and in the most effective of

These innovations have been brought. about largely in the effort to compete with the fetching baskets which have been so successfully made by the home basket weaver-the girl who has much leisure time but enjoys working with her ingers. With the aid of the many colored ningers. With the aid of the many colored raffia and sweet grasses and some inge-nuity, she has produced baskets of grace-ful shapes and attractive colorings, which up to this time could not be bought in any

The girl who has come back from her

The girl who has come back from her vacation with a goodly supply of birch bark will be reminded of its possibilities when she sees the cone-shaped waste baskets which are shown in shops this Fall. They are made of a good, thick plece of bark in either the light brown or white tint. A circle of leather for the bottom is fastened to the cone by lacings employing strips of the bark. Sweet grass is fastened not be too and held in

"Tain't against the law, is it?" said the old man, as he handed down a tin cannister of powder. "I want excite-ment and valuable information, but I don't want to unduly excite the neigh-"Oh, don't worry about the neigh-

hors," said the boy, as he poured a little powder under the barrel of dried

little powder under the barrel of dried apples. "Now, as you say, this is Port Arthur. This chest of Oolong tea rep-resents a Japanese cruiser outside the harbor. This box of codfah represents a Russian fort, see? and the stove rep-resents a Russian cruiser. This barrel of an handles is the Russian army, en-trenched behind the bag of coffee. Now, we put a little powder under all of them, and lay a train from one to the other, and now you get out a few of those giant freerackers you had left over last Fourth of July, and a Roman candle, and we can litustrate the whole candle, and we can illustrate the whole

candle, and we can illustrate the whole business so Alexovitch and Ito would take to the woods." "No danger, is there?" said the old groceryman as he brought out the fire-works, looking as happy and interested as the bad boy did. "I want to post myself on the war in the Far East, but I don't want to do anything that would occasion remark." said the boy, as

"Oh, remark nothing," said the boy, as he fixed the firecracker under a barrel of rice, another under a tin can of soda crackers, and got the Roman candle ready to touch off at the stove, It will ready to touch off at the than taking a not make any more fuss than taking a piff-sflash-light photograph. Just a piff-s

Baskets are also covered with tapestry formatio "Well, let-er-go-Gallagher," said the to match the side walls, or with the rich tapestries, showing Marie Antoinette scenes, which are employed in such abundance this Fall. behind the cheese box. "Gol darn the expense, when you want to llustrate your ideas of war." The boy lit the Roman candle, got be-

The Uses of Metal Furniture. hind a barrel of potatoes and turned the sputtering Roman candle on the giant freeracker under the stove, and when he saw the fuse of the firecracker was light-Scientific American. Recent large conflagrations in the busi-ness sections of several large cities have been the means of booming metal office furniture. Some desks and racks of metal. <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

Writing a Modern Play Ancient Methods of Construction Seem Much in Vogue Today.

N THE days before the Garden of anything about sport; all it goes to the Eden knew Adam and Eve, Marigold theater to see is "But we must have a laugh," objected Mooley, the cow, was the greatest living the dramatist.

actress. Knowing this, a well-meaning stork, who was then the wisest of all

birds, undertook to write a play in which Miss Mooley could exhibit her histrionic

the dramatist. "Sure." said the manager, "only it must be at Miss Mooley." "All right." said the dramatist. Two months afterward he submitted the following: "Hey, cowdle cowdle, the cow and the cowdle; the cow jumped, the little cow laughed, and the cow ran away with the smean."

"That's much more like it," said the "Oh, one thing more inte it, sain the morrow." The dramatist was happy. "Oh, one thing more," said the man-ager. "Before you read it to Miss Mooley,

"Good," said Mr. Fox. "You have the right idea-go ahead." Much pleased, the playwright set to work, and in a few months brought back the following simpie drama: "Hi, diddle diddle, the cat and the fid-dle, the cow jumped over the moon; the little dog laughed to see the sport, and the dish ran away with the spoon." "Well," said the Manager, after hear-ing, "It's not bad, the atmosphere is all right, and the jumping scene is great." "What do you think of the character of the little dog?" said the dramatist. "Don't you think his laughter will add a good touch of comedy to the piece?" "H'm, yes," said the manager. "But that's not what our audiences want; they pay their money to see Miss Mooley, and you must make more of her part. You needn't change the plot; just give her all the good bits." "How can I?" said the dramatist. "That's your business, and not mine." "Ht diddle diddle the cat and the fidcharge that spoon scene. The audience don't come to the theater to see spoons. What they want to see is-" But here the drammatist fainted and was carried home.-(William C. de Mille, in

Life.)

Words of One Syllable.

New York Mail. Think not that strength lies in the big, round

or that the brief and plain must needs be weak. To whom can this be true who ence has heard

The cry for help, the tongue that all me

speak. When want, or woo, or fear is at the throat, So that each word gasped out is like a shri Pressed from the sore heart, or strange, wi note.

"That's your business, and not mine," said Mr. Fox. "But it's easy enough-for instance, why make so much of the cat's part?. Why not say, The cow and Sung by some fay or flend? There is a strength Which dies if stretched too far or spun too "Oh! I see what you mean," said the dramatist. "I'll trf." He took his play away with him, and in a few weeks brought back the following version: "Hey, diddle diddle, the cow and the fiddle, the cow immed over the mean.

fine. Which has more height than breadth, more

depth than length. Let but this force of thought and speech be

mine, And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase, Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine; Light, but not heat-a flash without a blaze.

THE scrap basket is becoming each year less of a necessary evil in a well-appointed room, and more of a very meteriable decorrection. It is found this

The dark brown pouches of the Merican nut, which are not unlike a toboggan cap in shape, are being utilized both in their natural form and cut into straps for

natural form and cut into straps for weaving. The pouches are very pllable, and can be put together in the form of any of the stately flowers. Bhapely jardinleres of Russian ham-mered brass, both in their simplest form and elaborately decorated with lions' heads and hig handles, make very hand-some receivers for waste paper and scraps.

scraps.