

Competition is Inevitable—and Even in Reading and Answering want Ads. You Must Be Alert If You Would Be First.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

Victory of American

Peeress Over British



Inverlochy Castle.



Lady Abinger



Mlle. Suzanne Meyer at Work

NOVEL WORK OF FRENCH WOMAN

Unknown a Few Years Ago, She Is Now Acclaimed the Creator of a New Art.

FLOWERS FROM CRUMBS.

Won the Unstinted Admiration of Distinguished Artists—Interesting Story of Her Rise.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, Aug. 2.—In a pretty villa within a stone's throw of the Bois de Boulogne, there lives a young artist who four years ago was unknown to fame, but whose name today is on every one's lips and who has the proud consciousness of having given a new form of expression to art.

WHEN SHE COMMENCED.

It was in 1902 that Mlle. Meyer began her life work. Most of us have at one time or another taken a piece of crumb and worked it between our fingers abstractedly, making pellets of it or even little figures, but never suspecting the possibilities lurking within the humble paste. Mlle. Meyer did so, too. But one day—she is passionately fond of flowers—she was led to

attempt to imitate a flower that lay on the table, using her bread as modelling clay, and molding it in order to make it more plastic. This sounds very simple, and yet in this almost childish pastime lay the germ of her astonishing creations, which have excited such widespread admiration at the Salon this year. The artistic craving must have been very strong within her, for she had never studied drawing or painting or modelling. It is indeed to this fact that she in all probability owes her success today.

GREW MORE INTERESTED.

The artist grew more and more interested as she gradually grew more skilful. The long slender fingers became more sensitive and could create the various parts of the flower—stamens, pistils, petals and stalk—with comparative ease. Nor is it to be supposed that it was an easy matter to prepare this novel substitute for clay. Only constant watchfulness and practice could teach the exact proportions necessary to obtain the required consistency and flexibility of the "paste." Finally, however, all these preliminary obstacles and difficulties were overcome and within two years of her first essay, Mlle. Suzanne Meyer was able to exhibit some of her wonderful work at the Salon des Artistes Français.

ACCEPTED THE EXHIBIT.

She sent roses, cornflowers, and a lily which was such a perfect imitation of nature, that two bees are said to have settled in the corolla! The jury (to its honor be it recorded) ever ready to welcome new ideas, accepted the exhibit with enthusiasm and awarded it a place in the section for decorative art.

WORKED HARDER THAN EVER.

The artist resumed her labors with redoubled ardor. Many tempting offers were made her, but she refused them all. (Continued on page fourteen.)

How British Blue-Blood Society Gave Lady Abinger a Cold Reception When She Went As a Bride to The Other Side—Speedily Turned Tables on Those Who Had Slighted Her and Was "Commanded" to Visit The Queen.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—When the American woman comes to London today she is welcomed, petted and flattered; for she is the fashion. By her tact, her originality, her hospitality and, best of all, her good, sound common sense, she carries all before her. Haughty duchesses, with the blood of the Conqueror in their veins, royalties, great and small, church men and politicians follow where she leads.

But it was a very different story when Helen, Lady Abinger, landed on these shores in the dim past of 43 years ago. Society was just then under the spell of the early Victorian influence—narrow, conventional, conservative. In those days the American woman was regarded as an interloper. She was supposed to be "outré," pushing, vulgar, and was always assumed to be the daughter of a pork butcher!

DETERMINED TO GET EVEN.

The handsome bride of Lord Abinger with some of the bluest of southern blood in her veins, whose father, Commodore Magruder, was one of the first men in the American navy, observed promptly the situation. She saw it was a case of "ought we to visit her?" Proud and independent she held herself aloof. She made up her mind they had to come to her before she would make the slightest move. To be more than even with English society was, however, her determination. When she appeared at court, or at one of the big political receptions out of which she could not possibly be left because of her husband's position, Lady Abinger resolved she would show the wives of British noblemen that she was one of the best dressed women in Europe and make them furiously envious.

For one of Queen Victoria's drawing-rooms, as the courts of those days were called, Worth himself traveled from Paris with her gown that he might see her in it and make suggestions as to the arrangement of her jewels and flowers. The famous modesty glared in designing her dresses, for he said there was no woman in Europe who could show them off to such advantage, her figure being matchless. For the particular function in question she had said to him:

PRICE WAS NO BAR.

This was the kind of order in which Worth delighted to bring out in him the immense fund of originality and artistic taste he possessed, and he grudged no time nor thought in developing the "confection." He and his assistant remained up one whole night making sketches and thinking out schemes of color for that robe. It was a

May night and Worth, who constantly got ideas for some of his masterpieces from a landscape, a sunset, a mist, frequently went on to the balcony in search of inspiration. As the night gave way before the day the sky became suffused in pale rose, fringed with gold, a purple mist veiled the horizon.

COMMANDMENT TO WINDSOR.

When informed that it was she remarked "What a beautiful creature, and what a marvelous gown. I really must know a little more about the wearer." Almost directly afterward Lord and Lady Abinger received a "command" to "dine and sleep" at Windsor castle.

This, of course, was a great triumph for the daughter of Columbia. It signified that she had "arrived." She was overwhelmed with invitations to swell functions. Titled dames who had hitherto ignored her rushed to call upon her. She met these advances coldly. Heaps of invitations found their way straight into the waste paper basket. To many of her visitors she was "not at home." Among those whom she did receive was the late Marchioness of Salisbury.

NOT INTERESTED IN SOCIETY.

Lady Abinger takes no interest in Society—with a large "S." The truth is her eyes were opened to its shallowness and hypocrisy by the coldness of her first reception in England and the fawning which followed when royalty condescended to smile upon her. She never has entertained largely. Popularity she despises. She has become a most exclusive and retiring woman and is very little seen even by her own countrywomen, although there is none who has a warmer heart for her friends.

ANN HARCOURT.

first aid. When eventually Lord Abinger opened his eyes he saw bending over him a vision in white muslin and he said afterwards that his fate was sealed then and there.

"What on earth is the matter?" he demanded. "Are you an angel who has missed your way? Eh?"

ABINGER'S DECISION.

Before a week was over Lord Abinger decided he was going to marry his beautiful amateur nurse and to her supreme amazement offered her his hand and heart. His death took place in 1901 when he was succeeded by his son, the fourth baron, who, to the great grief of his mother, also died two years later. The present Baron Abinger is a nephew of Lady Abinger.

The Hon. Ella Scarlett, the eldest daughter of Lady Abinger, was the first girl in the front rank of society to become a lady doctor. It was after her example that Queen Amelia of Portugal decided she, too, would like to study medicine, while scores of young English girls also followed the example set by Miss Scarlett, who is today one of the most flourishing of London M. Ds.

LIVES MUCH IN SCOTLAND.

Lady Abinger spends a great deal of each year at Inverlochy Castle, her favorite seat which is in Scotland, and is the Lady Beautiful of the neighborhood. There she entertains quietly her immediate friends in old-fashioned staidness. She has never gone in for motorcars, but her carriages and horses are perfectly turned out, and she is one of the few people who retain a postilion, her being usually a particularly decorative black youth. When in London she resides in unfashionable South Kensington and goes to court once in three years, in orthodox fashion. She has a few charities which are carried on in the most unostentatious manner and her great aim and object in life is to keep her name out of the newspapers.

NO "SWAGGER" CHARITY.

She steadily refuses to give her patronage to "swagger" charity bazaars or other philanthropic gatherings of the same order. Those who do not know Lady Abinger's nationality never think of taking her for an American. Now and again, however, a piquant touch of the American accent announces to the observant that she hails from over the Atlantic. Without apparent effort she retains a large measure of her youthful good looks, and is still a remarkably handsome woman.

One of Lady Abinger's special pets, which accompanies her to her houses in London, Surrey and Scotland, is a venerable cockatoo which was given her shortly after her marriage by Disraeli. Notwithstanding her age she is still frisky and hearty and devotedly attached to his mistress.

A SORDID SEQUEL TO MESALLIANCE

Count Erbach Seeking Separation From Plebian Wife He Swore to Cherish.

TRYING TO SAVE HIS MONEY.

Now Pleads That He Was Non Compos Mentis When He Wedded Daughter of a Washerwoman.

Special Correspondence.

BERLIN, Aug. 2.—Another chapter can now be added to the romantic story of Count Erasmus Erbach-Erbach's romantic marriage to a washerwoman's daughter, who had herself served an apprenticeship at the tubs before she wedded the infatuated young nobleman. It might be entitled "The Sordid Sequel." It is a case of Cupid being vanquished by poverty—of love yielding to luxury. To rid himself of his wife, which is necessary to secure his reinstatement as the heir to a magnificent property, and \$1,000,000 a year, the count has had recourse to the ignominious plea that he was of unsound mind when he contracted the marriage and has retired to a sanatorium, while his relatives work



GEN. OKU

JAPAN'S NEW CHIEF OF STAFF.

Gen. Baron Oku is the new chief of the general staff of the Japanese army succeeding Gen. Viscount Kodama, who died three weeks ago.

The soldier who succeeds Japan's greatest strategist as chief of staff of her army is about 60 years old. He is a samurai or knight by birth. His distinguished services in the war with China won him the title of baron, and the blows he struck the Russian army in the far east made him known all over the world.

Gen. Oku commanded the second, or left Japanese army, which landed at Pitsuru, on the Liaotung peninsula, early in May, 1904. Operating alone, he won half a dozen brilliant victories in succession.

In military circles it is said that foreign military attaches in Tokio will be kept busy for the next six months with official memoranda having for its subject many new plans which Gen. Oku is known to entertain regarding the already marvelously equipped army of Japan.

A NEW REFUGE FOR EMBEZZLERS.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, Aug. 2.—The "eating game" is still a popular policy with the French police. Some months ago Paris detectives chased a young French embezzler into Greece, and found him protected from extradition by the authorities, whom he paid well; so they quietly sat down and waited for the criminal to spend all his stolen money. Then when he had to move away and crossed into Italy, the detectives arrested him and brought him here.

Ferdinand Bolle, aged 24, was a clerk in the Societe Generale bank. He was married and also had a separate establishment over which a young lady friend presided. He received notice of discharge just at the time that every one was talking of Jean Gallay, the bank clerk "baron" and Mlle. Merrell. Bolle said to himself, "Why should I not imitate this Gallay?" So he began to fill in checks and forge signatures. In a few days he cashed in \$25,000. Then he left Paris with his mistress. The couple fled to Corfu and took a charming and luxurious villa. They began to have a gay time. Bolle foolishly wrote to some friends in Paris, detailing the lively life he was leading. The police were waiting for just such letters, and two detectives armed with the necessary papers, immediately went to Corfu. When they called on Bolle he introduced them to his fair companion and feigned to be surprised. But he refused to return to France. The detectives, when they tried to extradite him, found that the authorities were protecting Bolle. They appealed to the Greek minister of the interior and to the chief of police of Corfu, but received only promises. Then the French ambassador took a hand. This resulted in Bolle and his companion being expelled from that particular village, the authorities of which were misled. But the fugitives merely moved on to the next village and took another

had resolved to get even with him, and she did. With a big bunch of addressed circulars under her arm and a determined expression on her face, she took up her station outside the window. She handed out one envelope, placed her change on the sill and asked the postmaster to mail the letter. Then she watched him, while he

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HOW YOUNG WOMAN SNUBBED DANISH P. M.

IN DENMARK the law makes it the duty of the postal department to stamp single letters sent through the mail, should the sender require it. In case a man wants to buy a whole sheet of stamps and mail a bunch of letters, he must do his own stamping, and has no right to demand the service of the postoffice for this purpose. The letter of the law was invoked by a young woman who had a spite against the postmaster at Odense. Perhaps he had snubbed her, as the functionaries who have the public at their mercy have sometimes been known to do. At any rate she

had resolved to get even with him, and she did. With a big bunch of addressed circulars under her arm and a determined expression on her face, she took up her station outside the window. She handed out one envelope, placed her change on the sill and asked the postmaster to mail the letter. Then she watched him, while he

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FRANK H. MASON

AMERICAN CONSUL WILL REFORM FRENCH PAWNBROKERS.

Frank H. Mason, American consul-general at Paris, not content with reforming the consular service of his country, has turned an inquisitorial eye on the French system of pawnshops. He finds great faults in the system, which it may be useful to point out at a time when not a few Americans, whom accident or extravagance has stranded here, may turn to their "uncle" in Paris.

Mr. Mason has again proved that the powers of observation and the keen judgment he acquired as a newspaper man years ago have done most to gain his success. His report on the pawnbrokers will be presented to the chamber of commerce. It states that, although under the Paris municipal law the business is a city monopoly, there has grown up in it a class of illegitimate brokers who advance larger sums and charge higher interest than the law allows.

The consul-general has elaborated a carefully planned system which may be adopted by the municipality of Paris and which will reform the whole French institution.