A STRANGE YOUNG WOMAN.

Some Facts About Marie Bashkirtseff Told for the First Time.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF HERSELF AND OF HER PICTURES.

All About Her Beauty, Her Clothes, Her Feet, Her Admirers, Her Life, Her Death, Her Tomb, and Her Friends.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY

Much space has already been occupied by matter written and printed about the late Marie Bashkirtseff. It is worth while to give to the public an account of this interesting young woman founded upon facts, and that is what we will now do. The idea is to abandon as far as possible the system of theorizing and rhapsodizing which has hitherto distinguished previous comment on the life and writings of Mlle. Bashkirtseff, and to print only such anecdotes and matter-of-fact descriptions as shall enable each reader to theorize for himself, with a chance of constructing accurate theories.

Numerous paintings and drawings of the talented young girl are reproduced here to give an idea at least of the style of her work, while numerous reproductions of photographs, hitherto unpublished, help to a conception of her personality.

Ever since the publication of her diary the interest in Marie Bashkirtseff has steadily grown, and it is perhaps greater in this country even than in Europe.

The deep interest which Mr. Gladstone showed in the book, and his lengthy criticism of it sharpened public curiosity, and within the

PHOTOGRAPH OF MARIE SHOWING HER PRETTY HANDS.

last few days a new English translation of the diary, better than its predecessors, has been published in London, and almost as extensively reviewed as though it had never been touched upon. Even in France Gladstone's interest in the book produced a great effect, and to-day in the Palace of the Luxembourg, the guide who points out to you "The Meeting," Marie's great picture, also points out with pride the spot on which Gladstone stood as he looked at the picture for the first time.

This increasing interest in the Russian girl makes it unnecessary to apologize for the amount of space now devoted to telling about her. In addition to instructing the public, this publication of news about Marie Bashkirtseff will prove a great relief to various American girls who knew her. One of these lives in Buffalo, one in Newark, one in Omaha, and one in South America.

These girls have grown very tired of telling over and over what they know about Marie Bashkirtseff. Now that it is all told where everybody may read it, they will be relieved from further responsibility.

The statements which follow are those of Marie Bashkirtseff's most intimate friends.

Of the diary little need be said. It is a complicated monument of vanity, ambition, and egotism; interesting to the student of human

MARIE PHOTOGRAPHED IN RUSSIAN PEASANT'S COSTUME, WITH BARE FEET.

nature, but useless otherwise except as warning to parents not to spoil their children.

It is probably safe to say that Marie's diary is a decidedly truthful narrative so far as statements of fact are concerned. As to the theories and profound sentiments put into few words, of which she was so fond, it is not uncharitable to say that many of them were probably less original than she thought them. She lived in an atmosphere of cleverness, and men and women, superficially clever at least, surrounded her constantly. In addition, she was a tremendous reader. Balzac, Homer, Zola, Charles Fourier, Theophile Gautier, Aristophanes, Plutarch, Xenophon, Pliny, Epictetus, Herodotus, Plato, Livy, Voltaire, Alfred de Musset, and Victor Hugo are among the curiously diversified gentlemen whose works Marie read constantly. With her wonderful memory and power of assimilation it is evident that some of the philosophizing and phrasing of these worthies have come to us in Marie's diary, strained through Marie's brain. As to Marie's character, almost all of her friends have formed different opinions of it; she was a good girl, and a moderate one, that is certain—as pure a girl, really, as any who never wrote a diary or loved an artist. She was a tremendous egotist.

"Such as philosophers like Aristotle and me," she says, calmly and with conviction.

She was as a marvel of precociousness.

"At three years of age," she says, "I longed for indescribable grandeurs."

She was not weaned, as she tells us, until she was 3½ years old. The spectacle of a young woman lacking such trifles of being weaned and longing for indescribable grandeurs is at least pathetic.

Her nightly prayer when ten years old was:

"Oh, God, grant that I may never have the small-pox, that I may be beautiful, that I may have a fine voice, that I may be happy in my domestic affairs, and that mamma may live a long time!"

One thing is certain: Marie Bashkirtseff was a girl who needed spanking probably more than any girl who ever lived, and she was never spanked at all. Had she been spanked one-half as thoroughly as she was petted and spoiled, she would have taken proper care of her health, would have thought healthier thoughts, and, perhaps, have been alive to-day, a brilliant, normal, and useful woman.

At the end of this article such extracts from the diary are printed as will suffice to give an idea of the whole book and do away with the difficult task of reading 800 pages. These ex-

PHOTOGRAPH OF MARIE IN MONK'S DRESS, WITH BARE FEET.

tracts include every remark about her own personality that appears in the diary. They are classed under appropriate headings, showing Marie's ideas of religion, the superstitious side of her character, her fondness for deep theorizings, and conclude with a miscellaneous assortment of quotations.

The general idea that Marie's diary was faithfully reproduced in its entirety is wrong. All that she said about herself is left intact, but certain savage attacks on prominent people, with unprintable scandal about certain women and men prominent in Paris society, have been omitted. Ten copies only of the complete work, scandals and all, were struck off for private distribution. Certain pages from one of those copies would afford very interesting reading.

Every young girl in America wants to know everything about Marie Bashkirtseff, but there are several things that she wants to know more than others. An attempt has been made to string this information along in the order of importance.

Marie's Family.

Marie was really of good family, as she says. Her father was a maréchal de noblesse in Russia, near Poltava. The difficulty which Marie experienced in getting on in society was due to a mysterious scandal about her aunt. This kindhearted woman, Mme. Romanoff by name, had something wrong about her past. Paris even whispered that there had been some sort of an unexplained death in her family, and that through this death she had become possessed of her enormous fortune. It is certain that Mme. Romanoff could not go back to Russia, and that when Marie and her mother, Aunt Romanoff's sister, went to the Russian embassy, Aunt Romanoff did not go along because she would not be received there.

In spite, however, of her disadvantages, socially, the aunt could not be dispensed with, for it was her great fortune, which was absolutely at Marie's disposition, that enabled the young woman to gratify her whims, pay her

PHOTOGRAPH OF MARIE HOLDING HER DOG COCO II.

professors, buy her extravagant clothes, and generally to make her way.

It was very difficult for those who knew Aunt Romanoff to believe the tales that Paris gossips told of her. She was so kind-hearted, so devoted to Marie, and so big. She must have weighed nearly 300 pounds, and she only cared for two things, leaving aside her worship of Marie: cigarette smoking and gambling. She smoked constantly. Marie, although a Russian, did not smoke. She knew how, but didn't believe in it.

When Marie died it is said that her mother and her aunt could not even cry for a whole week, they were so crushed. But they have cried almost all the time since, and have worn deepest mourning constantly. Both were seen by the writer at Monte Carlo a year ago. They visited the gambling rooms regularly, and, while one played the bets on the tables, her sisters supplied the money from a solid leather bag full of it. Mme. Romanoff told a friend, who feared that she would weaken her finances by gambling, that there was no danger of that. She laid aside each year thirty thousand francs from her income to gamble with, and never exceeded that amount.

Marie's Age.

The wonderful Marie's exact age also interests girls very much. She tells us that she was 12 years old when her diary began in 1873, and this would make her 24 years old, lacking a few days, when she died in October, 1884. It has been said that she was born 13 years old, and it is certain that all who read her book find it hard to accept her own story of her age. Many have declared off-hand that she was 30 when she said she was 21, but there is little reason to doubt her statement. The best possible judges of her age were the girls who knew her intimately and who worked beside her for years in Paris. These declare most positively that Marie told the truth about her age, and say that if she had not done so they would have found it out, which probably is true. Francois Coppée says that Marie looked to him younger than she gave. Those who knew the girl best are quite willing to believe that she was at 21 years of age the very remarkable trash which decorates at that age the pages of her diary.

Marie's Love Affairs.

In her affections this young person appears to have been guided by her head rather than by her heart. She picked out excellent parts upon which to settle her affections. She once confessed to a friend that at the age of 12, before she saw the often-mentioned Duke of H——, who is the present Duke of Hamilton, she was violently in love with the Prince of Wales. She had never seen him, but that did not matter. She fell in love with the Duke of Hamilton because he was so aristocratic, but later in her diary she bemoans in a thoroughly natural fashion her folly at leaving him so deserted when she might as well have worshiped the Prince of Wales. She says pathetically and truly, though not so very true in her case:

"We cannot always control these things." Toward the end of her life however, she had one sincere love affair. The love is no doubt that she was read over and over with the artist Bastien Lepage. This love, which started in admiration of the painter's art, ended in a tremendous feeling for the man himself. Her affection showed itself in all sorts of ways; for instance, her favorite spinach green was instantly adopted by Bastien Lepage, and Marie made small talk to other girls in Paris, recommending to them the Spinach club, and marcelled them and decorated with spinach green ribbons to the Salon to admire the painter's work. According to her custom, Marie clothed her one solitary real love affair, was different from other girls. She knew all through her acquaintance with Bastien Lepage that he kept a mistress, in accordance with the way in which those things are ordered in France, but to this she had no apparent objection. In fact, she rather startled one of her young friends not quite so knowing as herself by asking Bastien's brother, Emile, in a spirit of philosophical research, why Bastien Lepage wanted to keep a mistress, and if women of that sort didn't bother him?

Personally Marie thought it her duty to appear to hate this mistress violently, and to flash scorchful lightnings at her when she met her at the Salon, for the mistress also used to go there to admire Bastien's spinach green works of art.

At one time, before she met Bastien, Marie thought herself in love with Gambetta.

All the loving was not on her side, however, for plenty of men were fond of her. Even the aged and venerable Victor Hugo fell a victim. She met Hugo at Gambetta's house, whither she went on a pilgrimage after Gambetta's death, and was proud of the fact that he held her hand in a fatherly way all the way back from Passy, raving about her complexion and intelligence with great enthusiasm.

Marie Bashkirtseff's Personal Appearance.

In the first place she was a very pretty girl, and in her diary did not in any way exaggerate her personal charms so long as she confined herself to actual description. Occasionally, when she went into generalities, saying that she was the most beautiful being that was, ever had been, or ever would be upon this earth, she went beyond the facts. There is one fact, however, not mentioned in her diary, and which Marie probably never realized—she outlived her beauty. It faded away as her fatal disease progressed, and she got thin, and old, and plain. Marie's beauty was that of youth and freshness, not a beauty of feature, but what the French, for some unknown reason, call the "beauty of the devil." She was pink, and round, and soft. She was of medium height and of beautiful figure. Her figure, beyond all question, was her greatest attraction; she looked as well without stays as with them. Her curves and lines were marvellously beautiful, as she herself frequently tells us. Her

UN MEETING.

Bought by the French Government, now hanging in the Luxembourg. This is the painting so warmly praised by Gladstone. It is popularly considered Marie's best work.

arms were round and well shaped, without being too fat. Her hips were really as wide as she said they were, so wide that she could have no drapery about them, but not too wide. Her neck was large and powerful, broad at the base, and very round, and barely escaped being too muscular for beauty. Her head, as she herself used sadly to remark, was, perhaps, too big for her height. It did not come within the proportions set down by artists as desirable, according to which a human being's body should be a certain number of times as long as the head—7½ times, or some such number.

Her teeth were poor. They were not bad in the ordinary sense of the term, but were irregular and short and rather far apart, as she herself said when she remarked that her two front teeth were separated like those of Bastien-Lepage—only she didn't say, which was true, that they were all more or less separate. Her eyes were beautiful very in election a gray-blue, with black lashes, and extremely penetrating. Their ability to go through one was celebrated in a poem of violent praise written by Francis Coppée of the French Academy. Her eyebrows were very marked. Her hair was very light, with a great deal of bright gold running

PHOTOGRAPH OF MARIE PRAYING ON HER OWN TOMB.

through it. It was thick, fine, and silky, naturally curly, and not very much of it. It lay always in a loose lot, sometimes on one side of the neck, sometimes high, but always in negligent fashion. She wore a careless bang, and trusted to nature to do her crimping; she never used curling irons.

In the way of detail her complexion was beyond question her best point, although she herself took a more especial pride in her feet. Her hands were plump, and white, beautiful, of form. Her lips were red, her face full and rather small, not large.

Her nose was not good, which caused her deep sorrow, and exclaims why it is never once mentioned in her diary. She stood to say that it was a Russian peasant's nose. She particularly disliked its nostrils. In her diary, as quoted in English, she speaks with high scorn "a young man with pig's nostrils—but she herself had big nostrils. Everybody knew of her childish vanity and of the pleasure she derived from her beauty and her points were constantly discussed among the artists and others who surrounded her, and almost all these unanimously agreed that her chief defect was her upper lip. It was too long, decidedly too long.

Her feet she adored.

They were really beautiful, as well proportioned, and only cared for as an ordinary young woman's hands. Her toe nails were carefully maintained, manipulated, and polished, and generally made much of. Those feet that she was so fond of having photographed and of exhibiting were plump and white, and dimpled like a baby's. They were very small, and she was like other girls in the fact that she wore shoes smaller than they were. In spite of these tight shoes, she had not a corn to show on them. She hated crushed shoes vehemently, and she used to tell the girls in the studio that sometimes, when a man was being very devoted to her, she found herself preoccupied with the reflection that his corns very likely have corns." The curious fact that she managed to confine tight shoes and tread in them so as to warrant her girl friends who had tight shoes and corns need. The secret of it was that she never walked when she could possibly help doing so, and in fact never took exercise of any sort, except riding early in her life.

In her later years she gave up that form of exercise also. She never rode in Paris, simply for the reason that the French law of propriety would not allow her to do so. In Paris, no man in the family who rides, means that no girl in the family can ride. Girls cannot ride out with a servant, or with a servant and a young man. They can't even ride with a young woman friend and that young woman friend's brother. Some man of their own blood must be on hand to prevent the wild performances to which, according to the French Mrs. Grundy's imagination, horseback riding lends itself.

Marie Bashkirtseff also danced very little, which, as her slippers, like her boots, were smaller than her feet, was a very good thing. She didn't dance much, because she hardly ever wore corsets with evening dress, and under those circumstances, as she told her friends, disliked having a man's arm around her waist.

Besides, dancing gave her palpitation of the heart.

In this article two photographs are shown in which Marie appears with her beautiful and well-beloved feet, unhampered by shoes or stockings. But she was not satisfied merely with having her feet photographed.

Shortly after she joined Julien's studio she became interested in a young artist who was studying in the male department of that art school. His work was praised, he was poor, and Marie wanted to do him good. She sent for him to paint her feet. She never saw his face, and he never saw her face. He saw only her feet. She sat with her big aunt behind a curtain, beneath which her feet and ankles alone were visible. Both feet were resting on a dark red velvet cushion. Beneath one was a half-crushed bouquet of purple violets. It was a very effective pair of feet.

The picture was a success. No skirt of any sort was visible. Only the dimpled feet and the ankles half-way up to the knees. The picture is now cheerfully pointed out to friends who visit Mme. Bashkirtseff's house.

This incident of the feet painting no doubt led to an unpleasant and unjust story which was circulated in Julian's studio about Marie by her enemies. The story related that the rich young Russian's main idea in coming to the studio where great professors taught was to get upon such a footing with one or several of those professors as would allow her to realize the dream of her life: to be painted nude by a great artist.

This thing is not unknown among society women in Paris, or, for that matter, out of Paris. For instance, the painter Gervex has the reputation of having had women of beauty and fashion pose for him "for the Academy," which in plain English means stark naked. Whether or not Marie ever entertained this silly vanity, it is very certain that she never realized to any extent that there is not the slightest possibility of that. She knew that the story was told in the studio concerning her, and attributed it openly to Mlle. Baudry-Sorrel. This is the Baudry-Sorrel who has since had great success in the salon, who has painted Mme. Carnot, wife of the President of the French Republic, &c., but who had not then, and probably has not now, half the ability of Marie Bashkirtseff.

The beauty of her form, although she never invited any great artist to immortalize it, was celebrated by Marie's keen sense of pride and delight. Many women to-day declare that she had the most beautiful body in France, which probably means anywhere, as the French women, though not having pretty faces, usually are very well made.

Marie was proud at having her girl friends see how beautiful she was under her bath. She took a special pride in filling with ecstasy her rival in art, Mlle. Bresian, whom she described as crooked and fat, and to whom she gave an unrestricted opportunity of observing how far from crooked and flat she Marie was.

Her Mouth.

Marie Bashkirtseff's mouth was a very pretty mouth, well-shaped and expressive. The upper lip was thin, the lower lip full. It was not too small or too big, and showed plenty of character. It certainly was not spoiled by that famous kiss from Fabrizio, the Cardinal's son, which she so violently regretted.

Marie's Clothes.

Marie said a good deal about what she wore, but her observations were unsatisfactory, jerky, and scattered. The thousands of girls who have read, talked, and dreamed about this marvellous young person will want to know more about the things that covered her up and ornamented her.

Marie considered fine clothing very much more important to possess than any amount of money. Her extravagance in that direction was simply unbounded. She was free from the hamper ing cares and limitations of ordinary young womanhood. She had simply to rack her brain for a new idea, order the product from the most expensive source, and send the bill to a rich and uncomplaining aunt. Marie, who was remarkably wise in spots, had one wise notion, which is strongly recommended to the young women whose tears are watering this land because they can't get some ring or some bangle. She never wore jewelry! She said that diamonds and such things were made for old people; the young girl who wore a diamond was a fool. Nothing about a young girl should be so bright and sparkling as that young girl's eye. No young girl's eye, of course, could hope to compete with the sparkle of a diamond. Therefore, she said, she was not such an idiot as to put a diamond where it could detract from her eye. Her own words on the subject were: "That the good manners luminous point about a young girl should be the point of her eye. Diamonds and such things were good for old folks who wanted some sparkle about them, and whose eyes could no longer supply it." Marie had lots of fine jewels, bracelets, necklaces, rings, &c., but never put them on.

Here follows a conscientious account of Marie's clothing, which in part must be technical. She dressed beautifully.

In her own house, and in the evening everywhere, always in white; on the street always in black, or afternoon calls, teas, &c., always in gray. For these driving gowns she chose the soft tints of gray. These to most women of her delicate complexion would be trying, but for her they were most becoming and set off her wonderful complexion.

She could wear no bright colors, because she was so brilliant in coloring herself. Except for an occasional pair of silk hers, she never had a bit of pink or red about her; only black, white, and gray.

She wore all the time in winter a long seal-skin cloak, cut close to the figure, like everything she wore, and reaching down to her heels. It was trimmed with Russian sable, and was cut and made by the great Worth, and was the most elegant ever turned out by him, and, as she told the open-mouthed girls at the studio, cost 1,000 francs.

She got her furs of Worth because he was the most expensive man in the business, but she had a very poor opinion of that great dressmaker as an artist, so far as the making of young girls' clothes was concerned. She used to say that he could only make things fit for old women who needed heavy flashy stuff, with a great deal of embroidery down the back.

For her dresses she went to Doucet, another fine detail dressmaker. The friendly rivalry between Marie and this very important dressmaker were quite interesting.

He admired her so much that he designed her dresses for her with his own hand, and she thought so much of him as an artist that she sang his praises in oils.

Doucet said that no one was more satisfactory to dress than Marie, and incidentally he must have made a fortune out of that young woman's weaknesses.

Her ideas of dress were sound. Simplicity was what she most strove for. In fact, she had the honor of setting the fashions in Paris in several instances.

She wore then the long, flowing lines, draped bodices, full sleeves, and very plain, scanty skirts, which showed the outlines of the figure, which all women are now wearing, whether or not they are becoming.

Marie's hats were almost universally of the big, Rembrandt style, simple black, with ostrich plumes. Virot, the most extravagant Paris hatmaker, and of course a Rue de la Paix man, was her hatter.

She never wore bonnets, of course, for unmarried women under 30 in Paris never wear them. The bonnet is as much a sign of marriage in France as having your two middle upper front teeth knocked out is a sign of matrimony in some savage places, like Patagonia.

Marie's favorite dress was a plain white

PORTRAIT OF MARIE BY HERSELF.

woollen gown, with an Empire train, short waist, à la Madame Recamier.

Madame Recamier was her ideal of a beautiful woman. She always tried to look like her, and believed firmly that she did resemble her very much, although the likeness is really not so very striking.

Marie's Lingerie.

About her underclothing this interesting young person was as wildly extravagant as in other directions. She had all those things made of the finest linen lawn, and real lace.

She was especially fond of Valenciennes lace, as being youthful and chaste. The style which she always affected was what the French call the virginal, or young girlish.

Doucet made her underclothes as well as her outer ones. They were horribly expensive, of course, and she ordered quantities of them.

Her wash bills were dreadful to contemplate, and her Aunt Romanoff, who smoked all the time and cared very little for underclothes, made sweet wash bills and Marie's constant changing of lingerie a topic of frequent and amazed though uncomplaining conversation.

Marie was very liberal with all her things, including her underclothes. For instance, she gave to Bresian, whom she hated, but with whom she wished to be on friendly terms, a very fine old-fashioned new bodice, trimmed with long ruffles at the neck and sleeves, which she herself had been wearing at the studio. It cost 100 francs, and Bresian, who was a poor and practical young woman, accepted it with thanks, and probably has it yet.

Marie's Footgear.

As has been said, Marie was devoted to her feet, and spared no pains to dress them well.

In the evening she usually wore white satin slippers, also occasionally green and red satin ones, with her white dresses. They were the only bits of color about her.

They were always as small as she could have them made, with very pointed toes and very

PORTRAIT OF DINAH HABARANINE.

This portrait of Marie's cousin is universally the finest thing Marie ever did. Other critics than her family are quite positive that it is her best work. Marie herself thought so, and she was in the habit of saying that her own portrait was better than her friend's painting. The picture was bought by the French Government, which now hangs it in the Luxembourg.

high Louis Quinze heels—for Marie wanted to be taller.

Marie's mother has in her drawing room three separate glass bells, which are shown tenderly to visitors, under each of which is kept a pair of slippers worn by Marie—one green, one red, and one white—the latter the last shoe she ever had on.

Marie never padded out her figure in any way. She was natural itself. She never used powder or paint, or anything of that sort, a thing very rare in Paris.

She did lace occasionally, because in Paris girls do that almost universally. It is not fashionable or even permissible in aristocratic society there to have a waist as big as life size,

LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OF MARIE.

even though that be a small one. But Marie, on a few occasions when she was so foolish as to tie herself up, did not look well; it threw her out of balance.

Marie's Bedroom.

Marie's idea always was to have everything as simple young and girlish as possible. Her bedroom was furnished in the most simple and severe style, all white, with a small iron bedstead, painted white, in one corner, and a white ermine rug over it for a counterpane, and white fur rugs on the bare floor. Her bathroom was an elaborate affair, well supplied with mirrors, to afford her an opportunity to admire the lines and curves of her person, which afforded her such satisfaction.

Marie's Entertainments.

This young girl was very attractive as a hostess, and entertained in royal style. She had really good people at her house (that is to say, good from the social point of view; and others, in even greater numbers, good from the point of view of brains.

Her entertainments, like everything else in which she was interested, were extravagant. To amuse her friends she hired and paid big prices to the greatest artists from the Theatre Français and to the greatest singers from the Grand Opera. The poets, painters, and literary men were there with others one evening. Judic was engaged to entertain the guests on several occasions, and one afternoon, when she sang at Marie's house, an incident occurred which may amuse those who, having read Marie's diary, are inclined to look upon her as a fairly knowing young person.

Judic, although a great artiste, was not the proper sort of a singer in some of her songs for a young girl to hear. She sang that afternoon "Grand Maman, dans votre jeune temps vous avez du passer par là," and various other songs of the young girl type, and then there was a demand for one with a dash of impropriety in it. It was decided that it would not do for the young girls to hear this so Marie was marched off into the next room with her friends, including Mlle. Villot, aged about 45 (the term "young girl" in Paris is applied to any unmarried female. The proprieties having thus been attended to, the young girls listened placidly to the song from the next room.

An interesting fact was that every one of the four knew the song by heart, it being quite popular in Paris at that time, and Marie herself might have sung it very well had she been called upon.

Marie's ambition in entertaining her friends was to do something new and surprising, and she frequently succeeded. For instance, one night she gave a dinner and invited a lot of her artistic and other acquaintances. As they came they were shown to a dressing room, where a professional costumer awaited them and arrayed each guest in a fancy costume which Marie supplied for the occasion. They had not the least idea that they were in for a fancy-dress dinner, such a thing being unknown, but all had to remove their conventional evening toggery and put on the costumes supplied.

When they met in the drawing room and afterward at the table it was in these costumes: Marie was Mme. Recamier, as usual; Bastien-Lepage was a rather undersized Italian brigand; Tony Robert-Fleury was an Arab sheik, all in pure white; Mlle. Villoclelle was decorated in Louis Quinze style; Marie's cousin Dinah as Charlotte Corday, &c. The dinner was a great success, although Fleury declared that an Arab sheik was not comfortably arrayed for dining.

Carolus Duran, Alphonse Daudet, and other distinguished men were frequent guests at Marie's house. Another friend of hers was the Princess Dolgoroukl, the morganatic wife of the late Czar of Russia, and mother of some of the late Czar's children. This is the princess who, at home, always eats off of solid gold plate, who is short and stout and not very pretty, and surprised everybody by winning the Czar's affections.

To Marie herself has been credited the authorship of the story now pretty well known that the Czar fell in love with this commonplace princess because of the fact that she could eat more than any woman he had ever seen.

Marie enjoyed having aristocratic friends very much, always feeling her own social position to be a little uncertain, and she gloried especially in the condescending friendship of the Duchess de Fitz-James. This lady, though her name doesn't sound like it, is as French as possible, and from the glorious Faubourg Saint Germain. Her name in French sounds something like "Fee-zeh," pronounced rapidly. She helped Marie socially a great deal.

Stories About Her.

Marie objected to being thought ill even when she knew herself to be so. She herself never realized how serious her illness really was or that it would end fatally; and in spite of her frequent predictions about an early death, never thought that she was going to die.

She hated any allusions to her state of health, and could not endure the little cares and attention which her family showered upon her, and

PORTRAIT OF HER BROTHER PAUL'S WIFE.

in which she saw only evidence of their belief that she was in a bad way.

Her big and big-hearted Aunt Romanoff offended her particularly in this way. After Marie's illness took on so grave a form she would allow no one, nurse or otherwise, in her bedroom at night. Her aunt, therefore, made up her mind that she would not go to bed herself, and for weeks at a time every night she stretched herself out on a mat in front of Marie's door and spent the night.

It was quite pathetic to think of this enormous tender-hearted woman stretched out on her back smoking cigarettes through the night hours and listening carefully to her beloved niece's breathing, ready at the least sound of coughing to go in and cover her up under pretence of having herself just risen from bed.

Under these conditions it would not do for the old aunt to be all dressed, as that would excite Marie's suspicions. Consequently she slept on the door mat in her night dress. One night however, Mme. Romanoff's great crime of sleeping outside the door was discovered by Marie, and then there was a tremendous time.

Marie flew into a terrible rage, she had a peculiar capacity for raging territory, and

THE UMBRELLA.

words were quite inadequate to punish her aunt, so the young woman first smashed all her medicine bottles on the floor, then threw several things out of the window, and finally poured her big pitcher of water over the aunt.

She walked in the water in her bare feet, trailed the tail of her nightgown in it, which got thoroughly wet, threw open all the windows, although it was in the dead of winter, and then went to bed with only a sheet over her feet and her nightgown wet.

Poor Aunt Romanoff prayed and implored the wayward girl, but with no result. She was locked out of the room and left to weep on her mat of mourning.

In spite of her 300 pounds it never occurred to her, so great was her fear of Marie, to spank that young woman thoroughly, and, having thus restored her circulation, to wrap her up in warm blankets.

The performance of Marie's, done in a fit of rage to teach her aunt not to interfere was one of several similar outbursts which took the form of injuring her own health, despite her friends, and doubtless hastened the foolish child's death. Poor Marie's faithful maid, came in for one of these bursts of rage as Marie herself tells us.

Rosalie had heard somewhere that when a person was ill it was a very fine thing to take a pot of tar and put it under that person's bed, the theory being that the self-sacrificing tar would draw to itself and absorb the invalid's affliction.

She put the tar under her mistress's bed, but Marie found it there, and in her rage as she tells us, she threw out to Rosalie the furniture in the usual coffy coggerfy.

She was evidently a tartar, as is shown from her own account. Later on, however, but she didn't purpose to endure the sufferings of others.

She discharged Rosalie at once, but after several days relenting took her back again, forty times against her wishes, so hard, but principally because she begged so hard, that she had nothing in leaving Marie now beautiful she was.

The incident in Marie's career illustrates at the same time that young woman's curious character and Aunt Romanoff's absolute devotion and abject submission.

To end these scenes Marie began to regret that she had married, and that the girl that she was lying, but because with her fading beauty admiration was essential.

For some reason she got into her head that young men had proposed for her hand, but that her family didn't have the spirit to take it.

She might as well have saved herself the trouble of inventing such a story, for she didn't, because, as a matter of fact the other thing is a fairly good one.

She said to her Aunt Romanoff:

"The trouble is that you don't like my family because our family is way off! I know and I notice that you don't like them."

And unto Rosalie it may seem she confided her Aunt Romanoff's dislike for her family, with the result that Rosalie carried out.

She said to each, in fact, or tried to do it. Rosalie took the money, took to the house in numerous cases of gold. Marie arranged with her aunt, and the girl was carried out around her in a velvet stream, coming out from under the aforesaid tar.

She used to say that if she could get married, then this and that would happen, but if she married, then this and that would happen, but if she married, then this and that would happen, and so on, ad infinitum, and she married, and her wishes were all realized, and she died.

Perhaps Marie was pleased at the thought that she was like Dante, whom she must have seen illustrated in the Salon, visited by Jupiter in a golden shower.

As a matter of fact, though she would have been horrified to know it, she was just then more like a certain famous English bookmaker who weighs 350 pounds, and is appropriately called Bull.

Bull is the intimate friend of John L. Sullivan. Bull used to be a waiter. He gave up this profession, however, as soon as he could afford to begin honest bookmaking.

Once he made an enormous winning on a certain Derby day, and it was then that he developed the Bashkirtseff instinct. He put all his winnings, English bank notes and gold,

PORTRAIT OF MLLE. DE CARNOBERT.

into an enormous bath tub, undressed himself completely, and had a fine time wallowing in his luck.

Human nature loves a contrast, that's why this little tale about Bull the bookmaker, is inserted into an artistic history.

Marie's Life in Julien's Studio.

A story of the life of the earnest young women who have worked and are working in this famous Paris studio might be written and many columns filled without doing justice to the subject.

Julien began a very poor man, and even in Marie's time the great artists came to correct the work of his pupils simply out of interest in the rising students and struggling artists, and for no payment whatever. The services of Bouguereau, Fleury, Lefebvre, and the rest were all given gratuitously. Now, however, Julien is so prosperous that he can afford to and does pay his masters well.

Marie worked very hard, as hard as any of the girls—harder than a great many whose livelihood depended upon the success of their efforts there. She came in the morning at 8, accompanied by her maid, and worked until 5, when her maid came to fetch her. She obeyed strictly the French rule of propriety which says that no girl unmarried shall ever be seen on the street alone.

Though very democratic in her writing and in her friendships, Marie objected to mingling as most of the girls lunched, at a little creamery around the corner, where milk and butter and crackers were to be had very cheaply.

Every day at noon a very imposing footman would come down with a big basket. This basket contained very fine food, including a good many Russian dishes. It also usually contained a large bottle of champagne. Marie had that fondness for fizz which distinguishes Russia—the greatest champagne drinking coun-

JEAN AND JACQUES.

try in the world. She was liberal, and was always ready to divide the very fine lunch with any of the hard-working girls who were not so fortunate as to have a basket at home.

There were other girls of wealth and social position in the studio even greater than Marie's, but these did not attract so much attention as the young Russian of strange character and great talent. The atelier was divided regarding her. She was the leader of one half of it, and the other half was composed of her enemies headed by Mlle. Amelie Baudry-Sorrel, called Mlle. A. in the diary, the same girl who accused Marie of a desire to be painted nude by some great man.

At work Marie wore a blue workingman's blouse, but always with very fine linen lawn ruffles falling over her hands à la Van Dyke.

There were several Polish girls in the studio. Most of these felt it their duty to hate Marie, she being a Russian. One of these girls, however, was an exception—that was Anna Bolinska, who now ranks as one of Julien's very best pupils, and is still studying with him. She was devoted to Marie always, and she was all the more praiseworthy in thus forgiving the Russian's nationality, as her father and her lover, both ardent Polish patriots, had been exiled to Siberia and died there in the mines.

The punch which Marie speaks of having offered to the girls upon getting her medal at the concours was a regular institution. Each girl when she got a medal, or had her first picture admitted to the salon, was expected to order this regulation punch and invite all the girls to grow sympathetic and hilarious at her expense. The punch was always made by the same wine man around the corner, always came up blazing in the same big copper bowl, and was very powerful. Two small ladies of it

STATUE—NAUSICA.

was a very good allowance for a big girl if that girl intended to do any more work.

The season to which Marie alludes was one of the most striking features of the atelier. It was the season when the girls studied anatomy, and dissected the human body in such a way that any piece of the subject could be taken without disturbing the rest. An student could take the skeleton hand or foot, or a section of the spinal column, and study it across for week, draw it, and set it down exactly as it is. Carcasses were brought up from the Morgue for the artists paint.

The season was very popular. It was customary to spice it with a humorous joke, one morning a part of him and to surprise the coming girl. He on rolling a skeleton in the direct place of the girl's seat. Marie was fond of decorating the skeleton with flowers. On and drink to the health of the girl in the studio was usual, and very frequently being the image of the skeleton.

If the skeleton represented a man in the flesh had known Marie and her friends he was going to wear that skeleton, it would probably have been a very fine man, however much he was. The skeleton succeeded in one case, at least.

So far as his bones and cadaveric dust it would do away with the feeling of loneliness and depression which associates itself with death and a grave.

There were and are very many interesting girls in this interesting studio. Some of them