GOTHAM GIRL MODELS

Over One Hundred Young Women Who Are Professional Posers.

GOOD WAGES COMMANDED.

Miss Pauline Bradley, When She Poses, the Ideal Virginia.

STUDY OF FEMALE FORMS.

Miss Arabella Gold, Miss Ella Stirling and Other Noted Models.

There are in New York city about 100 young women who are not feeling the hard times, although they are wage earners and depend upon the patronage they receive, says the New York Herald. But in their cases they are the exceptions to the rule that "when one business is dull all businesses are equally dull," for their work is of a kind for which there is a constant demand, and there is little or no opposition to them in their peculiar field. These 100 young women act as models for the first-class artists of New York.

It is said that no young woman is ever perfectly proportioned all over. If she is right in arm her waist is usually too long for her length of body, and if waist and body are equally adjusted then there is trouble with her outlines; and where an artist looks to find a lovely curve he meets a cruel hollow or too much adipose to be graceful. The greatest trouble is knock knees, and few are the young women who, whether from high heels or careless walking, do not have the slight outward tendency of the calves which betokens this defect. But the one hundred young women here mentioned are as free from these faults as any one hundred girls in the world, for it is to New York that all the best models come from all over the world.

One of the best models in the city, or, for that matter, to be found anywhere, is Miss Callahan. This young woman has posed for all the artists in the city, and is now away for the summer with William M. Chase and his family. Miss Callahan is Mr. Chase's favorite model; and it is to secure her for the season that he takes her away to his summer home. She is rather tall, exquisitely proportioned and quite pretty of face.

Her principal accomplishment is her ability to catch the idea of the artist for whom she is posing, and to retain the expression he requires for his subject. Miss Callahan can look sad for hours at a time, or she can be merry as a mountain nymph. Mr. Chase considers her indispensable to his work.

Girls Whose Pose Is Perfect.

Another lovely model is Miss Pauline Bradley. She is the ideal Virginia, and, whether merry with Paul, or lying dead upon the beach in "The Death of Virginia," she is equally successful. She is a very conscientious poser, and never for a minute allows herself to take advantage of the artist's rapt attention to his canvas to fall into sagging attitudes, or to mislead him by catching for a minute an easier pose. She is always perfect, if properly directed at first, the artists say.

Miss R. L. Paine had the honor to be for several months a model for the statues at the world's fair. Three months before the fair opened she was taken to Chicago by a party of artists, and there she remained, posing for all sorts of graceful female figures—ideal, allegorical, heroic and angelic. She has been everything, from the baby Cupid on the wall coming out of a cornucopia in company with several others of graduated size, to the old woman who picks up chips in the streets. Nearly all of her posing, however, is for the nude, as she is beautifully formed.

Frequently an artist requires an old woman for a model, and then his trouble begins. It is seldom that a woman past middle age has kept her form well. She may be toofleshy or too

thin, too bent, or, by some defect of walk, too deformed. But when such a woman is found she is a great prize, and is paid better, flattered more and petted twice as much as her pretty younger sisters, because she is a rarer specimen; and in the studio favor is governed entirely by artistic requirements. One of the richest working women of New York city is a woman of past sixty, who has posed since she was a young girl, and who boasts that she can now pose for "head" pictures of young girl subjects, as her eyes are undimmed and her color good. Mostly, though, she is a draped picture for nun pictures and dowagers, besides old women of the streets, and madonnas.

The chief grief of an artist is that after he has found a good model and got her trained so that she understands expression and the art of keeping her pose for fifteen long minutes she begins to realize how beautiful she is, and so goes upon the stage. One by one the best models disappear in this way, and the artists see them no more until they read their names upon the playbills, and it is to be recorded that they usually make great "hits" and are much admired.

Beautiful Miss Gold.

One of the most recent lights in the stage world, though as yet she has been seen only as a living picture in the large theaters, is Miss Arabella Gold, for a long time the model of Sarony and of other artists. Miss Gold is very talented. She began as a young reporter, then went singing in concert halls, found she was beautiful, posed to artists to get money to study for the stage, and is now in Boston awaiting her debut. Miss Gold is petite, but so perfectly proportioned that her smallness is not noticed by an artist.

A model much sought after, and a lady of very excellent education and admirable in every personal attribute, is Mrs. Cook, whose form graces every large picture exhibition ever held in the city. She is a widow with three children, all of whom she supports by posing, and, besides that, she lives nicely and goes in very good society, where her occupation is known, and she is much petted on account of her beauty of face and figure.

And this brings out the question of a model's pay. So many false stories are told concerning the sums earned by posing that it is well to settle the point beyond dispute. An artist's model is

paid $1 an hour—no more and no less. If she poses half a day, an afternoon, she gets $5, and for a whole day $10. It is seldom that a model is hired for the whole day, as an artist cannot work upon one subject so steadily. But if he is rich and succeeds he keeps her in readiness to await his mood, and pays her just the same. It is then that the model brings her lunch and her book, and realizes that her lot has fallen in a very pleasant path.

Very often an artist is too poor to pay a model for every hour she spends in his studio. Suppose he has chance visitors, who, being possible patrons, cannot be neglected, and yet he wants to paint on his picture. He then says to the model: "I will pay you $10 a week, and I want you for every spare minute you get. Then the model, who is invariable conscientious, drops in upon him at all hours of the day, and if he has no callers sits for him.

Miss Ella Sterling and Miss Nellie Taylor, the latter now a little chubby, are very fine models and very fine young women as well. Indeed, it may be stated that all good models are young ladies of rare mental attributes, or they would be unable to catch the artistic inspiration, and so could never give the right expression to the pictures.

Like Professional Beauties.

Professional models are like professional beauties in society. They have a great deal to start with. But, unless they supplement this with great care on their part, they would never hold their own in competition with others of their set. In many respects a model must treat herself as if she were a society beauty, and so in many ways her life is as expensive as the women of the 'smart set."

Models must be very careful not to catch cold, for a cold makes the face red, and redness is not the peaches and cream shade desired for a picture. They must be careful, too, to avoid stiffness and neuralgia and rheumatism, as these make a pose difficult to get and tiresome to maintain. They must, above all things, avoid the injuries like "black and blue spots" and cuts and burns, for nothing makes an artist more provoked than to be compelled to supply flesh tints to his pictures.

The chief trouble with an artist's model, like that of any woman who longs to remain beautiful, is her tendency to get stout. As soon as she loses her lines she might as well retire from all poses for the nude. Hereafter she must pose corseted and draped and in society dress. For this work she gets only a little pay, possibly 50 cents an hour, and this kind of a model more often than not starves to death summers and in dull seasons.

A large revenue is obtained by a few elegantly formed girls who pose for portraits. A society woman will order her picture painted, and will then hire a girl to sit while the dress is being done. The lady herself only sits for face, neck, hands and hair. Thus the sitting for a portrait, which is usually such a long and tedious operation, is made much easier. The lady who is being painted drops in from time to time, to be sure that the gown is receiving the touches and lines it would have if she herself were wearing it, instead of the "clothes horse," which the model sometimes facetiously terms herself.

There is a model's story illustrative of the attention which an artist pays to his model. It was a picture of a laughing girl, with her head in her hands, that was on the canvas. And the artist had it nearly done. "Now, keep very still," said he, "and I will finish that chin."

"You have kept me in position for more than an hour without a rest," said the model, "and I am getting nervous."

"Please, dear Miss A., do not mention resting just now," cried the enthusiastic artist; "I am just in the painting mood, and I shall finish the laughing girl in another hour. Now, attention, please."

The Model Cried.

But the model, weary, as she afterward said, so that she "really couldn't help it," began to cry, ever so little, letting her chin quiver and her lips pout unsmilingly. Meanwhile the artist painted rapturously, watching every line in the chin, and copying it exactly. Was the picture a success? Far from it. It was torn up, stamped upon, thrown away, and the model sent flying out of the door when the artist realized how she had made him spoil what he hoped would be a masterpiece. This story is only to show that gay badinage is not indulged in during painting moments; nor are artists and their models in the habit of conversing.

Sir Joshua Reynolds and the painters of his day, whether painters of the nude or the draped, had no difficulty in getting models, nor were they put to any expense. In those halcyon artistic days there were fewer painters, and these few were lionized beyond belief. The highest tribute an artist could pay a society lady was to ask her to pose for one of his pictures.

All the old pictures have the hands of celebrated beauties, and the undraped pictures brought over for the Chicago fair were the forms of old-time famous beauties. And history tells how they arrived at the artists' studios with their maids in attendance; and how careful the artist was to have a luncheon provided for them, and the rooms sufficiently warm for my lady in decolette. A very handsome screen, with mirror, and all toilet things was procured, and when not lying upon a couch posing—as nearly all old pictures were painted—my lady was behind the screen refreshing herself with sal volatile for the ordeal; yet willing to undergo it for the sake of acquiring immortality and great present honor and prestige.

The artists say that now society ladies do not pose; or, if they do, it is strictly

sub rosa. But that does not prevent a very large army of good and beautiful women from following the profession.

WROTE "HEAVENLY TWINS."

Sarah Grand Has Stepsons Named McFall.

Sarah Grand, who has blown the shrillest bugle call of all the pretticoat brigade, was at the reception of the Authors' club a short time ago, and one could hardly believe that the little woman, almost shrinking into the embrasure of the window, was the successful authoress of "The Heavenly Twins," and the original of the poetic photograph bearing her name.

She appeared in a dark blue dress with commonplace white lace at the throat, and a drooping black hat dressed with pink roses.

A few days later she was serving tea to a number of her friends at one of her Monday "at homes," and looked very feminine and attractive in an empire gown of gray crepon with gray satin sleeves.

Her manner is shy and her welcome cordial, yet she has not the air of a woman of the world, and her personality and face are somewhat unsympathetic. If her nature is ardent it is not revealed in her almost embarrassed manner. In person she is of medium size, slender, without decided coloring, except in her hair, which is a pretty warm brown, and is worn in a sort of "scrumble" over the brow and in a loose, large knot on the nape of the neck. Her eyes are light blue, and are not remarkable.

To be frank, Sarah Grand has not the self-possessed air of a married woman, although it is said she was married at

AUTHOR OF "HEAVENLY TWINS."

sixteen to a much older man, and soon after divorced. She looks like a spinster of perhaps forty, with whom happiness has played will o' the wisp tricks. The note of pessimism in her books is reflected in the drooping muscles and weary expression of her face.

She lives in a pretty flat in Wynnestay Gardens, Kensington, and her admirers have to climb six long flights of stairs to reach their star. She has chosen this eyrie to escape the noise of the street, and lives here with her two stepsons, whose names are McFall, and who also write and draw cleverly for the illustrated papers. The elder Mr. McFall cannot be many years the junior of his gifted "belle mere," and is her man of affairs, negotiating the sale of her books, for, as she says, "it is impossible for me to attend to my business and try to write." It is enough for the artist to attend to her work.

Her flat is a light, airy apartment, and on the door plate is her name, "Mrs. C. R. McFall," but above it in larger letters is "Madame Sarah Grand," by which title she insists upon being called. No one seems to know why she is called madame instead of Mrs., but it is the custom, and she is usually addressed by the full name, which is decidedly awkward in conversation.

The entrance hall of her apartment is hung with souvenirs from Africa, trophies brought home by her stepsons, and resembling Mexican weapons, hats and baskets. The drawing and dining rooms look more like an American house than English, and are furnished in a light style, with framed drawings and etchings on the light-colored walls, with summer draperies and cushions about the rooms.

Asked if she wrote her stories from personal conviction, or from a literary aptitude toward the suoject, she replied: "I write what I feel and believe, and I love to turn over human nature."

She added that she had been greatly repressed in her youth; that she was never allowed to have an opinion or to be as "bad" as she wanted to, and said: "It is such a satisfaction now to have a pen in my hand and to be able to talk back as much as I want to."

Some one said, "Is it true that you offered the MMS. of 'The Heavenly Twins' to eleven publishers?"

"No, only to five, and when they would not have it I had it set up at my own expense in a country printing press, and then sent the book again to Mr. Heineman, the publisher, who finally agreed to take it and pay me the cost of printing, 100 guineas, and to give me £100 more."

She did not add the fact that the publisher found on carefully revising the book that the language was too frank for a prudish public, and, in consequence, all the original 500 volumes were destroyed and a carefully expurgated copy was printed and circulated.

Since the publisher has given the authoress a bonus of £100 on each of the eleven editions, and her subsequent productions have not been sacrificed at such a low price.

Delightful Thomas Hardy, with his quaint old-fashioned manners and his clever wife, to whom as his secretary "Tess" and "A Pair of Blue Eyes" and his other stories were all dictated, was also a tea drinker at Sarah Grand's little bamboo table.

Attractions at White Bear Lake.

Low Sunday rates to White Bear lake, only 25 cents round trip. Yoshimate Troupe of Imperial Japs at Pavilion, Lake Shore. Sunday evening free military band concert, including "Custer's Last Charge," accompanied by fireworks. Base ball, Minneapolis vs. Indianapolis. Double water tobogan slides, excellent boating and bathing. Via the St. Paul & Duluth railroad.

AT MONTE CARLO.

A Stranger's First Impressions of the Gambling Resort.

Hartford Courant.

We drove to Monte Carlo today and stayed to lunch, after which we went to the Casino to see the gambling. Monte Carlo and the adjoining strip of land, Monaco, not more than four miles square altogether, form the principality of Monaco and belong to the prince of the same name, who obtains the bulk of his revenue from Monte Carlo. This is now the only public gambling done in the world.

The building itself is very handsome, but gaudy, with a great deal of red marble and gold ornamentation about it. Each person on entering has to present his or her card, and, if a man, has to swear to being twenty-one. A ticket is then handed them and they go in as we did. We first entered a square marble hall, with door entering out of it. We turned to the left, and, passing through double doors, found ourselves in a sort of vestibule, which led directly into the large gaming hall beyond, which again led into smaller rooms with more tables. Around each table were seated about twenty people with their little piles of money, either gold or silver, in front of them, and their pencils and note-pads all ready to check down every play, while their eyes were fixed with the intensest interest on the roulette wheel in the center of the table. No one spoke, and the click of the balls as they dropped into the holes and the rattle of the money as it was raked across the table with the long sticks or cues of the attendants, or hauled in by some old habitue who might be winning a few hundred francs, were the only sounds we heard.

In the center of each table were seated six men, three on a side, two of whom were on high chairs a little way back of the others. They are the men who have charge of the game, who spin the wheel and pay the money, or, in other words, hold the bank, while at each end is a man who places the money on the spot indicated by the better, and the gambler is allowed to reach over the table for his money. No scenes or disturbances of any kind are allowed. If a man faints, as often happens, attendants are on the spot in a second, and have him away before any one knows what has occurred. Perfect order prevails, and no talking is permitted. The sin is elegantly polished till it shines for the eyes. Not so the poor wretches who go there day after day to their sure destruction.

In the rooms beyond the game was cards, rouge et noir, and for much higher stakes, nothing but gold and bank notes being on the table. An old woman and a young girl were seated at one of the tables. It was a sad sight to see them putting up their gold and then watch with eager eyes and bated breath until they knew if they had lost or won. One man while we were standing there made a whole handful of bank notes, but he had the good sense to get up and go away before he lost them all again.

Senators Swearing Off.

Washington Post.

Senator Murphy, of New York, has sworn off smoking. He has been in the habit of keeping a lighted cigar constantly in his mouth and, his daily consumption has been from twenty to twenty-five long and strong ones. During the silver debate at the extra session of congress he smoked thirty-seven Reina Victorias in a single day. But his physician warned him that this excess was telling on his nerves and his constitution, and advised that he smoke more moderately, but he decided to stop entirely, and since June 1 has not lighted a cigar, although as a matter of habit and comfort he carries an unlighted one in his mouth. Several other senators are promising to follow his example. Mr. Vest stopped smoking more than a year ago, and says he has felt 50 per cent better, although he has grown stout. Senator Quay has also given up the habit entirely by the advice of his physician. Mr. Brice doesn't smoke any more, either, but only chews the end of a cigar.

Juries in Germany.

Washington Star.

It is impossible for a German jury to be hung as is so often the case with similar bodies in this country. Under our plan one ignorant or perverse man can nullify the efforts of eleven intelligent and upright citizens if he wishes to do so. In King William's domain, however, such a thing is impossible. Take, for instance, a criminal case in a German court.

"If, after consultation, the jury stands six to six for and against the prisoner he is acquitted. If seven jurymen believe him guilty and five are equally sure of his innocence his fate is decided by the judge who has presided over the case. If, however, eight of the jury decide that the accused is guilty it amounts to a conviction. It is a simple and fair solution of the jury problem, and something of the same sort is badly needed in the United States."

The Burlington Route.

Dining cars on the St. Paul-Minneapolis-Chicago Limited trains are now run on the Cafe plan. Guests only pay for what is ordered. Moderate prices. Service unequaled.