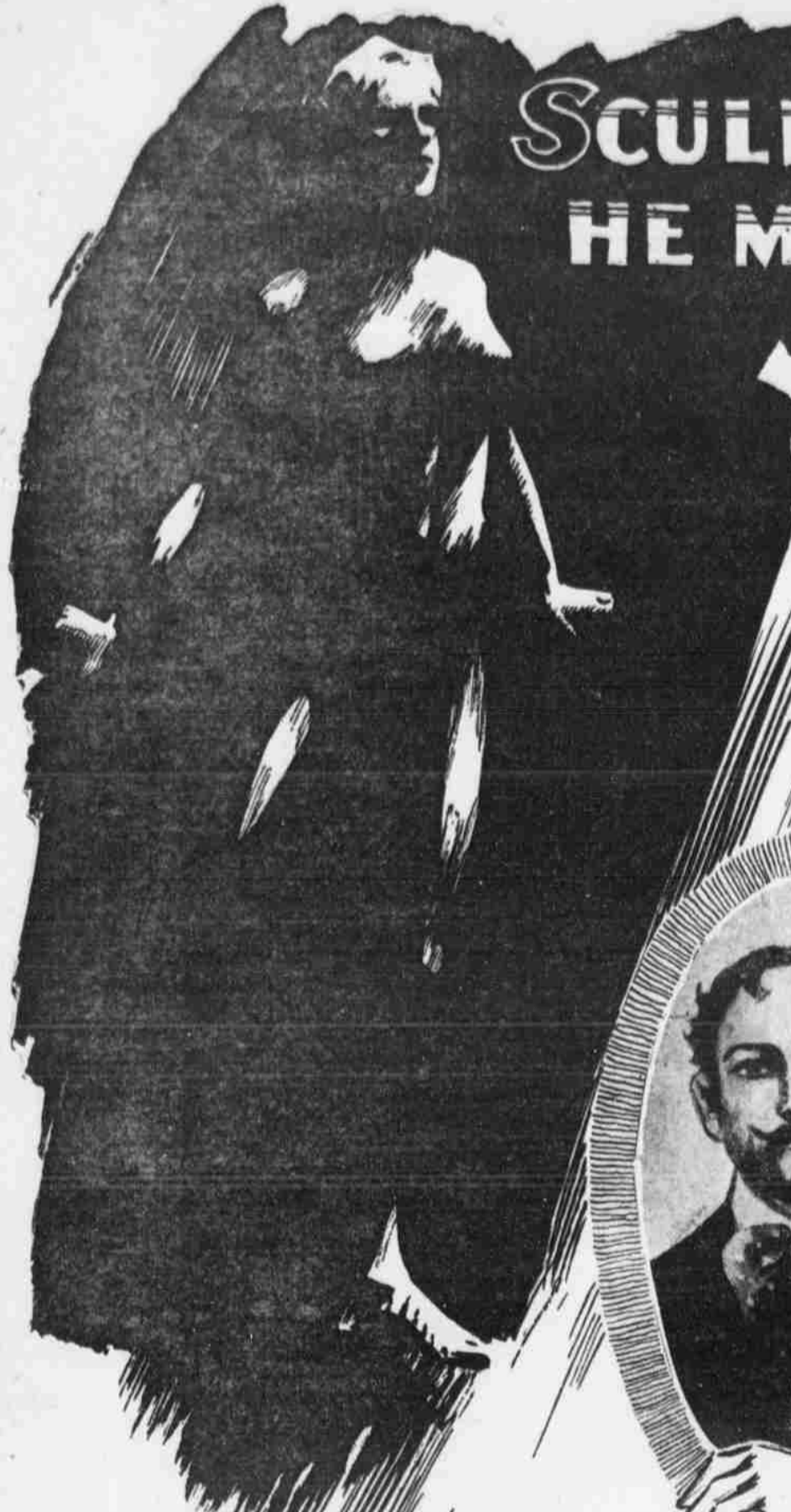


SCULPTOR IN LOVE WITH A STATUE

HE MADE *and* which he believes will come to life



Francois de Lautier

seeking spirit, but many of them believe with De Lautier's family that the sculptor had gone crazy from his work. The society ordered a close investigation of the case, and members began to watch the strangest courtship perhaps the world ever has seen; the love of Pygmalion and Galatea in real life.

For days and nights these men, whose study is spirits and manifestations of spiritual life, watched in the studio in the artist's magnificent old home on the Boulevard de Jena. These men are among the best known scientific men of Paris, four of them, bound together to seek only truth. In watching they occupied seats in four different parts of the studio, not communicating with each other until after they left the house. The sculptor to aid them, described to them

his sensations. He said that, after completing the statue he regarded it merely as a piece of marble and loved it only as his best work. One evening while the finishing touches were being put on he said he suddenly felt the marble grow perceptibly warmer beneath his hand, and, glancing up, caught an expression on the face which he had not placed there.

Statue Seemed to Come to Life.

"The entire face seemed transformed," he said. "I was startled and stepped back. The statue was gazing at me as if lovingly; as if thanking me for creating it. Plainly I could see that indefinable thing called life in the statue. I sprang forward—not knowing what I was doing. This time the marble was cold and lifeless.

"I slept poorly that night, and the next day considered it a strange freak of fancy. I finished the work and prepared to exhibit it. On the evening of the 12th of January I again saw the transformation, and for half an hour stood as if exchanging thoughts with the spirit within the marble.

"That night I fell in love with her. Plainly she spoke her love as if she had said it in that many words. The look of love and beseeching, her imploring, pleading expression was unmistakable. Yet then I said, as my friends say now, that I was losing my mind. I thought it over in every way. I shunned the studio for days. Then, impelled by some powerful influence, I went back. This time she was happier. She knew I loved her—but, before I left, my brain reeling from the experience and the awfulness of the situation, she

begged me again with that imploring look to restore her to life.

"Imagine my situation! A young man, his whole artistic career opening before him, devoted to his art, to be placed in such a situation. Either I was to force myself to silence and refuse to make efforts to free the spirit from its bounds, or condemn myself to be thought a lunatic by every man and woman of my acquaintance.

"I chose the last course. They think me crazy—perhaps you gentlemen, think me crazy, but if I had been crazy I would not have expressed myself. Crazy persons are more cunning than that. I seek only the truth, and to free that spirit. I firmly believe that, some day, the soul within the marble will triumph and that it will live."

Four Days' Vigil by Scientists.

The scientists watched four days and nights in the separate corners. A mellow light at all times flooded the niche in which the statue stands. On March 3, at 5:18 in the afternoon, there happened the strangest thing of the entire weird affair. The scientists, quite weary of their pursuit, were dozing in their chairs. Two were smoking, the other two carelessly glancing at papers.

M. Jules Aigu said: "Suddenly I felt impelled to look at the statue. I glanced over the top of the paper and sat transfixed. The entire statue appeared to have changed, mellowed, humanized. Near the throat there was a rosary, almost flesh colored, spot as if warm red light were showing entirely through the marble. The spot was apparently two inches across. The whole face seemed to glow softly. I watched this for perhaps a minute and died. Then the statue was as before. I immediately leaped across the studio and examined the niche closely to see that there had been no deception.

"Imagine my astonishment when every one of my companions arrived at the statue at practically the same instant. We searched for a moment, and then by common impulse each of the four asked: 'Did you see it?' We all had seen it."

The report of the committee added to the sensation caused by the discovery of De Lautier's love affair. The wits of the boulevards are now asking each other: "Have you been invited to De Lautier's wedding?"

Great Work Lost to Art World.

The psychologists are intensely interested in the case, and will continue their investigations. Meantime, the statue itself is lost to art—and it is declared by the few artists who have seen it to be one of the most wonderful pieces of sculpture produced in years.

De Lautier is 29 years of age. He exhibited a piece called "Phryne" in 1904, which won him some recognition, and his "Phryne," shown in 1908, was better. Two other works were far below them, but, in 1900, his "Love Unfolding" created quite a furore among artists, and he was hailed as a coming man. Five other pieces, shown in the following two years, were graceful and pretty, but of little artistic value.

As a member of a wealthy and noble family De Lautier occupied a high place in society, and his art friends declared that he was wasting his talents. In 1902 there were rumors that he was engaged to be married to Mile. Jeassure, a young and beautiful girl, member of a wealthy family, which, however, had but little social standing as compared with De Lautier. His family made no objection, and the match, which was essentially a love match, was arranged.

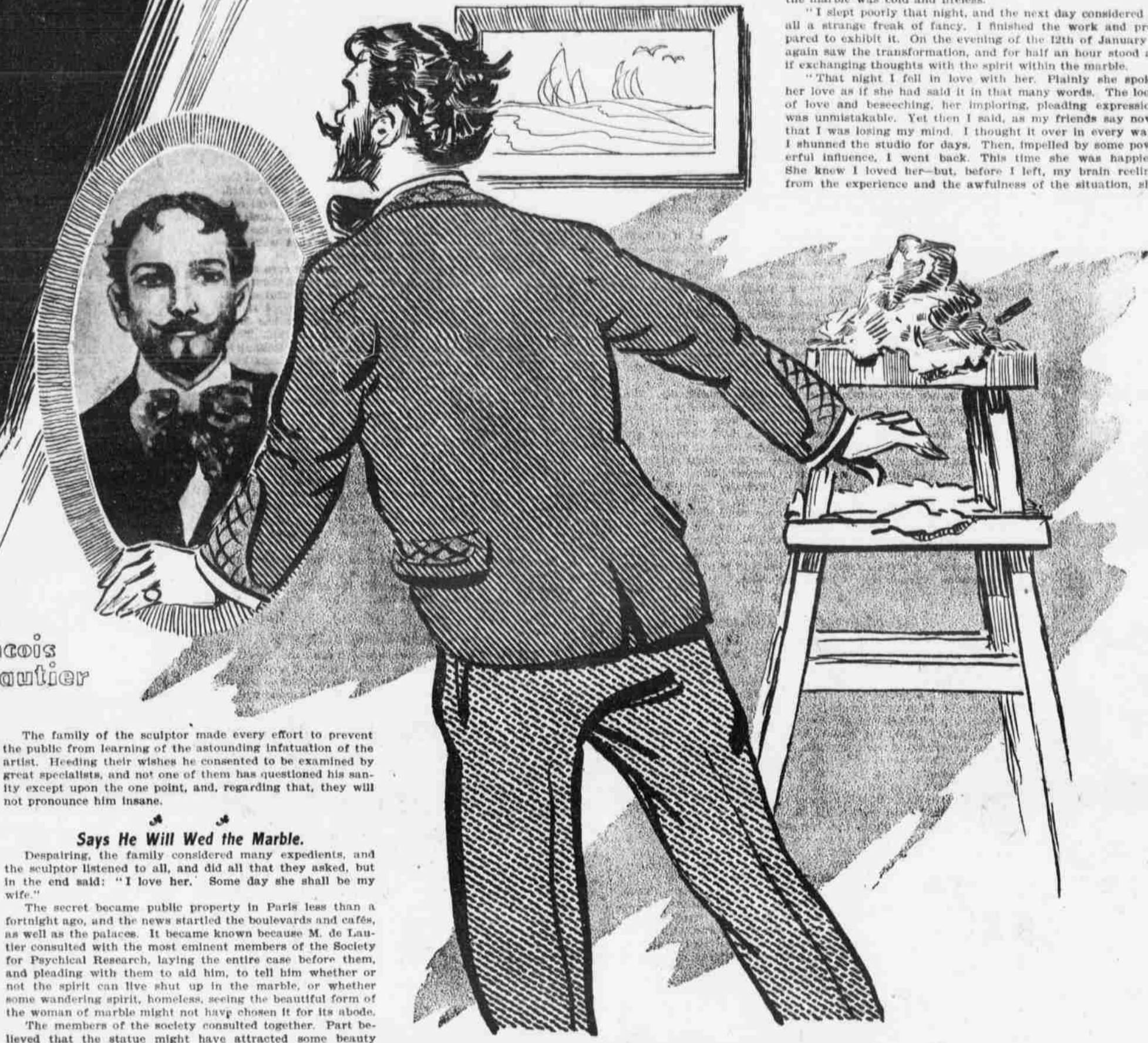
Within a few months, while the arrangements for the wedding were made, the beautiful young girl died. The artist was inconsolable, and, after a period of travel in the orient, he returned and set to work on his now famous statue. His artist friends declared he would attempt to idealize his lost love, but, whether he attempted this or not, his friends declare that the marble woman bears not the slightest resemblance in face or form to the dead Mile. Jeassure.

Friends Believed Him Inspired.

De Lautier worked eleven months on the marble before it was completed, and during that time he permitted his friends and fellow artists to inspect it closely and to enter his studio freely while he was at work. They declared the work his greatest, and vowed that he was inspired.

Since the middle of January, however, the sculptor has closed his studio to the public, refusing admittance to all except his closest friends and those who he hopes may be able to help him in his strange quest. He keeps the niche in which the marble woman stands filled with sweet flowers for her, and each afternoon and evening he visits the studio and sits for long periods before the woman he loves, striving to communicate with her.

His friends whisper that he believes the spirit of his lost love has entered the marble, but if he has any such belief he has failed to communicate it to the psychologists who are endeavoring to assist him in winning his marble bride.



PARIS is watching with keenest interest one of the strangest cases of infatuation in the history of that passion torn town. The scandals and the love affairs of nobility and wealth, and politics go scarcely noticed. The entire capital is watching a man, infatuated madly and worshiping at the feet of a beautiful statue—one that he carved himself.

It is Pygmalion and Galatea repeated in real life. Francois de Lautier, member of a wealthy and noble family, himself a well known sculptor in Paris because of his social rank quite as much as because of his sometimes remarkable work, has fallen in love with a marble woman, and declares that, within the marble there glows the spark of life which some day, he believes, will cause the whole being to live and breathe.

The astounding feature of the situation is that, according to the greatest specialists in Paris and in Vienna who have examined him, De Lautier is entirely sane. He realizes himself that his claim has caused all his friends and members of his family to believe him insane, yet he quietly insists that he loves the marble woman, that there is a spark of life in her being which some day his love will fan into full life and bring her to him as his wife.

The family of the sculptor made every effort to prevent the public from learning of the astounding infatuation of the artist. Hearing their wishes he consented to be examined by great specialists, and not one of them has questioned his sanity except upon the one point, and regarding that, they will not pronounce him insane.

Says He Will Wed the Marble.

Despairing, the family considered many expedients, and the sculptor listened to all, and did all that they asked, but in the end said: "I love her. Some day she shall be my wife."

The secret became public property in Paris less than a fortnight ago, and the news started the boulevards and cafes, as well as the palaces. It became known because M. de Lautier consulted with the most eminent members of the Society for Psychological Research, laying the entire case before them, and pleading with them to aid him, to tell him whether or not the spirit can live shut up in the marble, or whether some wandering spirit, homeless, seeing the beautiful form of the woman of marble might not have chosen it for its abode.

The members of the society consulted together. Part believed that the statue might have attracted some beauty

How the SULTAN OF MOROCCO

Bought Two Dozen Dinner Gowns & Fifty House Gowns in Paris for his wives



details which the order of a new gown usually produces. There was no previous poring over samples and catalogues of expectant wearers. There were no measurements to enter in the books of the Paris modiste.

El Mokri, who hated to shop just as any other man does, after one look at the dazzling display of stuffs offered for his selection, was glad and happy to leave all the details to the dressmaker.

After all, it did not matter. There have never been any clothes such as these in the Morocco harem, and so there are no standards. Long silken trousers of the most gorgeous brocades are the usual style. Over these is a long, loose gown tied at the waist with great silk cords, nearly like the European bathrobe, except that it is made of silk embroidered in gold. Under this is worn a waistcoat also embroidered, or sometimes over it is worn a little coat of bolero style. In either case the whole is low in front, to show the beautiful white neck of the wearer. This is the reason that only dinner gowns which are low necked, and house gowns which are cut on the same easy style as the oriental robe, are included in the order.

When the ill starred Fatima was first installed in the harem she wore a loose yellow gown, embroidered with silver, over a silver waistcoat. Over this was a filmy robe of thinnest muslin, so light as to reveal delicately the beautiful color underneath. Her white throat and dark hair were encircled with ropes of pearls. Her small hands were covered with rings, and each of her polished nails was enameled with a half moon of henna. Her beautiful white feet and ankles were bare.

Moslem majority, and the ambitious mother, versed in the statecraft of her race and sex, with the help of the lord chamberlain, made him sultan. As soon as he was proclaimed Abdul Aziz found himself condemned to a splendid isolation. No Moor, according to etiquette, can hold any converse with the sultan except on affairs of state. His mother even is not allowed to dine with her son, so practically the new ruler was cut off from all companions except the women of his harem.

Begins Course in European Customs.

Acting upon the suggestion of his mother, however, Abdul Aziz remembered that, as Europeans were not his subjects, he could receive them, nominally upon affairs of state, but really as his friends. From that time on he has had Europeans visit him upon one pretext or another. For chief justice, or "kaid," he retained Sir Harry McLean, a shrewd Scotchman. Then began a course of experimenting in European inventions which has kept Sir Harry busy as the master of a circus ring. Bicycles, rifles, cameras, billiards, phonographs, and every modern device has been tried and mastered by the sultan, with Sir Harry as chief trainer. All this time the sultan has been taking the English illustrated weeklies and periodicals. He has been as delighted with these as a child with a new toy. He pored over the pictures, and asked endless questions about them, keeping Sir Harry busy most of the time telling him about things of the world.

Kaid Sir Harry has had a better chance since then to exercise his versatility in answering puzzling questions about elaborate Paris creations than ever before, even though there have been times when it has been put to severe tests. Even the wonderfully slender waists of the elaborately gowned ladies in the plates attracted the sultan's attention. Kaid Sir Harry explained that this was due to a little bond contrivance of western civilization. A certain number of French corsets was included in the order carried to Paris by El Mokri.



TWO dozen dinner gowns and fifty house gowns for the wives of Abdul Aziz, the sultan of Morocco, is the order that has recently been booked in Paris.

To this order is appended a tale of dire prophecy, and in it may be involved revolutionary consequences. In addition, it is fraught with delights to which no woman could be impervious, be she Moslem or Christian, wise or foolish. Notwithstanding all these possibilities, it was booked by an ordinary man, El Mokri, the sultan's treasurer, in a wholesale, commercial way, as if it had dealt with cases of French wine instead of Paris gowns.

Even the royal wives themselves have no idea of what is coming. To them the mountain of boxes covered with trailing roses and violets, already packed and piled upon one another in size too prodigious to imagine, are a revelation. They contain a thousand times the mysterious delight which the sight of such packages inspires in every feminine soul. There are unknown mysteries and intricacies in the strange shapes of the new garments. The A B C of how they are to be put on has to be learned. Flimsy laces, pale velvets, yards of long, flowing skirts, billows of chiffon, foot ruffles, which the American calls "frou frou"; soft, perfumed pads, silken drop skirts, and tulle interlinings have never been known in Fez.

Even more unaccustomed an experience was the mission on which went El Mokri. There were none of the helpful

Abdul Aziz Decides on Paris Gowns.

To change all this was the sudden notion of Abdul Aziz. When the Paris gowns arrive, and the wives of the sultan are really dressed in European costume, there will be finished one more chapter in the prophecy made long ago by many of the jealous faithful in Morocco.

In the time of Abdul Aziz's father, Muiey Hassan, Lalla R'kia, a Circassian girl, entered the harem. She was a beautiful slave, and was sent to him as a present by the sultan of Turkey. Besides being beautiful she was well educated. Consequently this girl, Lalla R'kia, was well read in French literature. She became the mother of Abdul Aziz. She was considered the forerunner of evil. It is a bad case, the Arab and Circassian, known as such through all the east. Its offspring is opium, given to European imitation and extravagance, and is without the Moslem temperament. It is believed to have brought ruin and disaster to all lines where it has occurred throughout Moslem history.

It is a fact that the present sultan owes to his mother the love of European ideas which have made him such trouble in his kingdom. In Morocco the education of boys is left to their mothers until the boys are 14 years old, so that the young sultan received a fair idea of western civilization. When his father died the boy was just 14, which was the

Lalla R'kia Is Held Responsible.

When the full effects of this order are felt in Fez, greater than ever will be the storm of maledictions heaped upon the head of poor Lalla R'kia, who has been held responsible for all the shortcomings of Abdul Aziz.

Abdul Aziz, of course, has not heeded any such warning. His masculine curiosity has been aroused by the strange plumage worn by the slenderly built belles of Europe. He has determined that the harem shall be clothed likewise. He will begin by decorating his four real wives. When they have learned to wear the fancifully shaped skirts and boleros Abdul Aziz intends to put his whole 400 favorites and retainers



in fashionable clothing. The fun he will get out of the change in the harem uniforms can be guessed at by all who have read the experiments that he has already tried upon his women by forcing them to ride bicycles behind the scullied walls of the castle.

The price of his new entertainment will be a difficult thing to guess at. The amount of the bills for the first relay may make him pause, as the sultan has already entered upon the dangerous course of borrowing money from European kingdoms. The effect of the bewildering variety of the changing European fashions upon 400 women is hard to imagine. Fine fashions not only make fine birds but they have often proved the entering wedge toward a higher and better existence.

It will be a long time, perhaps, before the contents of the great boxes which are splashed all over with roses become known to the people of Fez generally. But once let their contents take root among the inmates of the palace, with the changes in the killing industry of the workers which their adoption will effect, and no man can predict the extent of the revolt which will rise in the hearts, if not in the land, of the followers of the sultan.

The Sultan