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"Paris Models? Oh Horrors!" Said the Countess

Worse Yet, When the Countess' Pretty Guests Kicked Up Their Heels and "Hiked" Back to Their Latin Quarter, the Great Sculptor Borga Followed and Married One of Them!

Paris, December 18. Why is the Latin Quarter convulsed? Why is mirth so uncontrolled in every atelier—struggling young painters grinning at their most serious tasks, pretty models giggling on their "thrones," even grey-bearded, decorated sculptors smiling into their whiskers? And why that frigid attitude of the great ladies of Paris society, even those of the American Colony, toward the erstwhile much-courted great ones of Mont Parnasse?

Listen. It is because of an unforgivable insult added to an incredible injury. Because two of the prettiest of those giggling models got themselves socially received at that most aristocratic, that most exclusive resort, Paris-Plage, on the western coast, where the pine forests extend down to the sea; because, in the end—after drinking pink tea with the Countess, and playing tennis with other guests of Lady Douglas—they kicked up their dainty French heels and romped back to their dear Montmartre—and, oh! because that great, fascinating sculptor, Borga, actually followed and married one of them!

"But no," says Paris society, "it is unforgivable."

"But yes," says Mont Parnasse, is one artist-model voice, "it is delicious!"

You must know that Paris-Plage is sacred. Haughty British lords go there to play golf. Great names from the Faubourg St. Germain are on the register of the most exclusive hotel. Celebrated painters linger there late in the season for Autumn landscapes—but Paris models? No, never!

One bright October morning, as the guests of that most exclusive hotel came in to déjeuner, two new arrivals were noticed in the dining room. They were attracting much attention because of their piquant beauty and giggling, girlish ways.

"Oh! They are artists," some one carelessly explained. "Although they look so young, they really have talent. They are here to paint the sand dunes."

In France all is permitted to the "femme-peintre." She may travel alone, she may wear eccentric clothing, her manner may be unconventional, but if she is "forte" (strong in her work) she may go anywhere and difficult doors readily open to her. So Mlle. Alexandrine Ledoux and Mlle. Emilie Delearde were immediately taken up. Bubbling over with spirits, they acted quite as a tonic to some of the elder element from whom they received invitations for motor-ing, pink teas and other amusements, and their pretty faces were magnets which the young gallants, whether English, American or French, could not resist.

Among these satellites was an American artist, a student of the Beaux Arts—the na-

tional school of art in France—to whom these two faces seemed familiar, although he could not at first succeed in placing them.

"Where have I seen that brown-haired girl before?" was his puzzled thought.

He turned the question over and over in his mind. Many times as her roguish eyes flashed like electric sparks from one member of the little coterie to another—

"Was it at Ambassador Bacon's reception I met her? Was it at one of Mme. Waddington's soirees? I seem to know that face so well! Oh! I seem to know even more than the face—Great heavens! I could draw in all its details each graceful curve that now I only see suggesting itself through the modish gown—for it was she who posed for that memorable drawing on which I got No. 2 at the Beaux Arts last Autumn. She is a "regular" model, out on a lark!"

From one end of the tea table he shot embarrassing questions at her.

She recognized him! Pleading glances—don't-give-us-away looks! The facetious American was not malicious enough to push the joke any farther.

Borga, the rising young French sculptor, became quite conspicuous in his devotion to la petite Emilie. Borga is one of the most interesting of the younger French sculptors. He first became known in the Salon through his realistic, carefully studied statuettes of animals. He was a familiar figure in the Jardin des Plantes, where he went daily to study from the living animals. His talent is versatile, however, and he has lately produced some portrait busts that have been much admired.

The impressionable knight of the chisel fell each day farther and farther under the spell of Emilie's charms.

The girls had gone to Paris-Plage for a fortnight's holiday. Playing society was great fun for the first week, but during the second week the two daughters of the "Boul Mich" could hardly restrain themselves. "Oh! for a cigarette!" said Alexandrine. And in the evening, when the orchestra played in the long salon, it was a trial for them to waltz stiffly and go through the stately "Boston," sometimes to the very tunes to which their little bodies were wont to sway through the Oriental movements of the "Machiche" or the "Tokinoise" at the Bal Bullier.

"How tiresome these peoples' lives must be.

Why, it is not living at all," observed Emilie. "If it were not for shocking Borga I'd just cut loose."

"Oh! you won't shock that 'type,'" replied Alexandrine; "he'd think anything you did was perfect. I never saw such a case."

"Besides," added Emilie, "if he doesn't love me for what I am, what's the use. Let's have some fun for the last day, anyhow."

So it was arranged. They were to leave for Paris on an evening train. The bright vermillion with which these two young girls painted Paris-Plage will never quite disappear. The most rabid and fiery accessionists whose canvases hung in the Autumn Salon have never found the vermillion quite so vermillion as that which Emilie and Alexandrine used to paint the aristocratic resort—Paris-Plage. It began with the morning bathing hour.

Breaths were held, hearts stopped beating, and the blushing Autumn sun brought refuge behind a kindly, protecting cloud as Emilie and Alexandrine came tripping along the beach in the abbreviated bathing suits of two of their admirers. During the rest of the day popping of champagne corks, glimpses of lingerie, the ringing, whole hearted laughter of the Quartier Latin. Shoppers tipped toward the sky; delighted cavaliers, horrified matrons, indignant and neglected young society girls.

Choo, choo! the whistle blew. "An revoir, benotat a Paris." Exclamations, kisses for all.

They were gone. Borga did not sleep that night. The next day he kept by himself, and the following morning he packed up and left for Paris. He could not resist Emilie, and the escapade ended in a romance. Declaration of love, engagement and marriage followed in rapid succession.

Paris-Plage is still scandalized, and the Quartier Latin is still celebrating the joyous ending of the mad frolic of those two naughty models.

"Breaths were held, hearts stopped beating, and the blushing Autumn sun sought refuge behind a kindly, protecting cloud as Emilie and Alexandrine came tripping along the beach in the abbreviated bathing suits of two of their admirers."

Mlle. Alexandrine Ledoux, One of the Paris Models Who Was "Received" at Exclusive Paris-Plage.



Mlle. Emilie Delearde, the Model Whose Frank So Delighted the Sculptor Borga That He Followed Her Back to Paris and Married Her. And Below, Study in Clay of Mlle. Delearde by Eugene Borga.



The Most Charming CHIN - The Most Fascinating EYES - The Really Perfect SHOULDERS - Are They?

Of all the beauty enigmas that have excited Paris, that which is now current is at once the most absorbing and the most perplexing.

Notwithstanding that axiom in arithmetic that "apples cannot be added to potatoes, nor peas subtracted from gooseberries," the whole play-going Paris world is struggling to reduce to exact quantities the comparative values of a charming chin, a fascinating mouth and a "perfect" shoulder.

It is not a question of which of the three reigning stage beauties is most beautiful, but which special beauty feature of each of these beauties is most beautiful! Did ever before a frivolous metropolis engage in such a "Search for the Absolute," as Balzac expressed his hero's quest of the laboratory synthetic diamond?

These three stage beauties are, of course, Mademoiselle Primrose, of the Capucines; Mlle. Jeanne Renouardt, of the Palais Royal, and Mlle. Greuze, whose supremacy was not questioned until this extraordinary contest developed. Now clasp your aching head firmly in both hands and try and comprehend the intricacies of the problem.

First, you are to forget all about the beautiful tout-ensemble. The question is not whether Mlle. Greuze is more beautiful than either Mlle. Primrose or Mlle. Renouardt; or Mlle. Primrose more or Mlle. Renouardt; or Mlle. Greuze or Mlle. Renouardt; or Mlle. Renouardt more beautiful than either Mlle. Greuze or Mlle. Primrose. No! You are to determine something infinitely more difficult, to wit:

Is the charming chin of Mlle. Primrose more beautiful than either the fascinating eyes of Mlle. Renouardt or the perfect shoulder of

Mlle. Greuze? Or, are the fascinating eyes of Mlle. Renouardt more beautiful than either the perfect shoulder of Mlle. Greuze, or the charming chin of Mlle. Primrose?

Or, is the perfect shoulder of Mlle. Greuze more beautiful than either the fascinating eyes of Mlle. Renouardt or the charming chin of Mlle. Primrose?

You see, there is even difficulty in stating this problem concisely. The foregoing has passed muster at the Sorbonne, and is generally accepted, though a close second is

furnished by a member of the French Institute, namely: "If Mlle. Greuze has a peck of diamonds, and Mlle. Renouardt has three pecks of pearls, and Mlle.

Primrose has nine quarts of emeralds, which is the best actress?" On one feature of the contest all Paris is agreed: there exists no more charming chin than that of

Mlle. Primrose, no more fascinating eyes than those of Mlle. Renouardt, no more perfect shoulder than that of Mlle. Greuze. The difficulty appears when you try to eliminate any two in favor of the other, and if so which?

What! Place any such slight upon the pearly white expanse and exquisite curves of the Greuze shoulder? Jamais! Give any but first place to those eyes of Mlle. Renouardt, so large, so tender, set so wide apart, with lashes so exquisite and brows so heart-breaking—non, nevaire! And, to stultify in any manner that smooth, dainty, pointed, betwisting chin of Mlle. Primrose. Ah, it would be to commit a crime!

Then, if you are of the masculine sex, and of such fortunate station in life that you are excusable for having secret hopes, the problem becomes even more difficult. It is reduced, in this monogamous country, to a question of possession of one only, to the hopeless exclusion of the other two.

This is how you come out: "Shall I choose that charming chin, without which I cannot support life? Ah, but then I lose forever those fascinating eyes and that perfect shoulder!"

"Shall I choose those fascinating eyes, so necessary to my happiness? What! And say farewell to that perfect shoulder and that charming chin? Alas!"

"Shall I choose that perfect shoulder that is the boundary—North, South, East, West—of my whole existence? Parbleu! And leave to others those eyes and that chin?" And at about this stage you apply for admittance to the psychopathic ward.

All of which makes this novel beauty enigma the more absorbing—and perhaps unanswerable.



The Three Paris Actresses in the Novel Special Beauty Feature Competition. Chin—Mlle. Primrose. Eyes—Mlle. Renouardt. Shoulder—Mlle. Greuze.