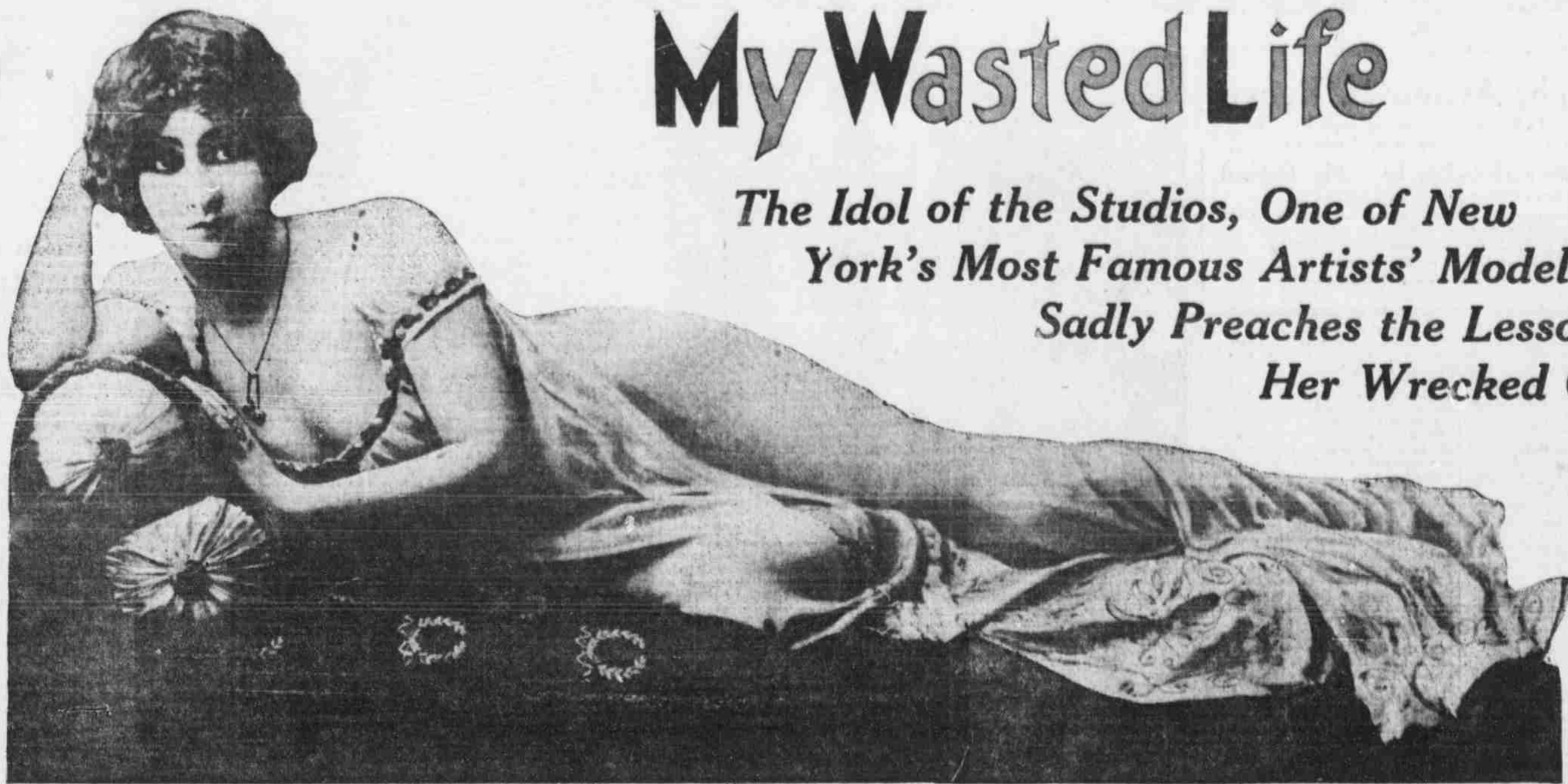


My Wasted Life

The Idol of the Studios, One of New York's Most Famous Artists' Models, Sadly Preaches the Lesson of Her Wrecked Career



A Photograph of Miss Fanning as She Was at the Height of Her Fame as an Artist's Model.

By Nellie Fanning Hulges.

I AM not yet twenty-nine years old and yet I have lost everything in life worth having. I have lost my opportunity for success. I have lost my husband; I have lost my own dear daughter; I have lost my friends and I have lost my beauty. I have wasted my life. It is my own fault. Drink did it.

When I was seventeen I began posing for artists. My success was instant and astonishing. From the depths of misery into which I have plunged myself I can say this without risk of being called immodest. When I was twenty I was sought after by the most famous artists and sculptors.

I posed for Abbey for his wonderful murals, "The Quest of the Holy Grail," in the Boston Public Library, and now I who helped inspire that exquisite conception of the hunt for the most sacred vessel am ruined by the devil's brew! It is ironic.

I posed for Gibson, for Christy, for Bryson Burroughs, for the great sculptor, George Gray Barnard—and a dozen others of the best. At twenty-two I had my world at my feet. I was queen in Bohemia. And now—at barely twenty-nine—I am done for.

I tell my story so that some other girl may read it and be saved, perhaps, from taking the road that has led me to the pit. If only one can be saved it will have been worth while.

I want to urge every girl who is standing at the threshold of life to avoid drink as she would Satan and everything that goes with him.

Throw the glass in the face of the first man, even if he is your husband, who offers you drink.

To drink means to lose out. I say that through my own experience and through that of others whom I've observed and I have been in a position to observe, for I studied to be a trained nurse at one time. I saw the victims of drink brought in on stretchers and I saw them carried out in pine boxes and often these poor broken wrecks had started out with brilliant careers.

I knew one beautiful girl who posed at the time I did. She had intelligence of mind and heart as well as beauty. She would have made a wonderful wife and mother. She allowed herself to be mastered by the poison that wrecks the body, dulls the mind and coarsens the sensibilities. I remember the first glass she took. She was at her first party in a cafe. I think she was the prettiest thing I have ever seen.

She was a little confused by the glitter and the drosses. A happy young artist leaned over to her with a glass of wine. He held it to her lips. She objected.

He murmured something about hoping that she "was not provincial." He pointed out to her fashionable women who were taking straight whiskey. The word "provincial" had made its impression. She had not the sophistication to know that she was better than those fashionable women. She took her first drink. Today she is an outcast.

As I am!

I was seventeen years old when I began to pose. My father was a gentleman. He had been a graduate of the University of Dublin. He left us no money. When I was sixteen I worked in a department store in Philadelphia. I did not like it. I had what I afterward grew to know was called—temperament. I did not know it myself until I, by accident, went to a famous artist's studio. The beautiful place, the charming polished people, the soft, colorful life struck from my heart chords I did not know were there. I let my craving for beauty burst its bounds. I wanted to live. I turned from my dull, pent-up life and became a model.

And here I want to say that there was nothing that dragged me down but drink. It was my good fortune, perhaps, to meet only gentlemen. Certainly I never met any creatures such as Stanford White was supposed to be. The men I posed for, without exception, were interested in my good, and their advice was always of the best.

I was only seventeen, and I was a beauty. My arms and shoulders were exquisite. I had the grace of maidenhood. The great artists vied with each other for me. Then I began to meet other models and go to studio parties. They are gay, these parties. It is what is called Bohemia. They called me the Little Puritan, for I remembered what my artist had told me, and I held tight to myself.

Then one night there was a very gay party. They pressed me to drink. One model said: "She thinks she's too good to drink with us. I guess we'd better not invite her any more!" I was ashamed to refuse, and I liked them all and didn't want them to drop me.

So I took a glass and drank. It made me feel funny and gay, and I drank another. And after that I was among the gayest of the gay at the parties. But always, except for that, I was still the "Little Puritan," but I was also a queen of Bohemia.

In those days I did not drink greatly. But the point is that I had begun. I had admitted the enemy into my gates. And there he crouched, I know now, waiting for the opportunity to spring. And the chance came.

I married. I was still a child, but I loved my husband dearly. I loved him so well that I forgot to drink. A baby came, a little girl. And then things began to go badly for us. We needed money. My husband permitted me to pose again. And once again I went out into my old life and posed and met my old friends.

It is not true that I drank then. Still, my husband grew more and more restless. He didn't forbid me to pose—but one day he left me. Then he took from me my little girl Helen. And then I was served with divorce papers!

When they came I thought I would die. And then the enemy arose and whispered: "Drink—and forget it." I remembered how gay drink had once made me. And I—drank again. I drank myself into a stupor.

When I awoke from it I was horror-stricken. And it came to me that my drinking had not washed away any of my troubles. I read the papers. My husband had charged that I had been unfaithful to him, and that I had beaten my little girl. It was lies, all lies. Even when I drank I was kind to her. I loved her. But there it was.

I drank again. Instead of fighting for my good name and my little girl I drank and drank again!

Realization of what I was doing came to me from time to time, but I could not help myself. At last they put me in the House of Good Shepherd, and just when I was released my divorce case came up in New York. I had no money or clothes to go even. What little I did have went for liquor. I couldn't appeal to him or to the judge or any one. How could I—without money, and with the record I had made for myself.

The day the divorce was granted I was drunk!

Last week I was arrested in Philadelphia for intoxication. I was released after I had taken the temperance pledge. I am going to try to keep it. If I could only see my little daughter now and then I know I could keep it. But they will not let me see the child—and so I do not know.

I am only twenty-nine. I am too young to go under. And yet I have lost everything in the world that would make me keep up—lost it through my own criminal folly and weakness.

If I had refused that first drink it may well be that the crisis would never have come to me. And that is why I want to repeat what I said at the beginning of this article—if a man offers you drink throw the glass in his face.

You can't beat drink. It saps ambition, will, character—everything that is worth while. And in the end it has taken from you everything in your life that is worth having.



Another Striking Barnard Statue, for Which Nellie Fanning Posed Before She Wasted Her Life.



"Maidenhood," a Famous George Gray Barnard Statue for Which Nellie Fanning Was the Inspiration.



Little Helen Hulges, the Daughter Lost by Divorce.

The Happy Titled Marriage of a Noted American Beauty

HER Serene Highness, the Princess Victor of Thurn and Taxis, who before her marriage to Prince Victor, at Uniontown, Pa., on Nov. 1, 1911, was Mrs. Lida Fitzgerald, having been by her first marriage the wife of Gerald Percival Fitzgerald, which marriage the Princess had dissolved by special act of Parliament, has called the American's attention to the story which appeared in the issue of January 19 last concerning herself and Prince Victor. The story in question was chiefly based on the recent successful action brought in the

London High Court of Justice—by Princess Victor against Josephine Moffitt, and which, for all time, settled the scandal created by Miss Moffitt masquerading without any justification as the wife of Prince Victor. It will be remembered that Josephine Moffitt's so-called defense that she had contracted a prior marriage with Prince Victor was withdrawn on the eve of the trial, when Justice Sargant granted an injunction, and in the course of his judgment stated: "Today that ground has been definitely and entirely abandoned by the

defendant (Josephine Moffitt) and she admits now fully that she never had a claim at all to be known or called by the name of the wife of Prince Victor." The suggestion that Princess Victor is not entitled to the rank of Princess is absolutely unfounded, as the family laws which affect certain German and Austrian royal or princely houses have nothing whatever to do with the case, the Prince being neither German nor Austrian. He is a Hungarian magnate, and according to the laws of Hungary no such rule exists, the wife of a Hungarian, however, entitled he may be, being entitled to all the rank and

privileges of her husband, including obviously that of presentation at court. After her marriage, Princess Victor visited Hungary, and was received by her husband's family in the most cordial manner, and her marriage has been duly recorded in Hungary. The marriage has been an extremely happy one, although unfortunately owing to the war, she is temporarily separated from her husband, who is an officer in the Hungarian army now serving his country. The fact that he is a member of the Park Club of Budapest—one of the most exclusive clubs in the

tro-Hungarian Empire—is of itself sufficient evidence of his position and character. Princess Victor also calls attention to the photograph which accompanied the article of January 19, and states that it "bears not the slightest resemblance to the original"—that is, herself. She is particularly averse to publicity concerning herself, in any shape or form, leading as she does a quiet domestic life. For this reason she has refused always to allow her photograph to be published, notwithstanding many requests in connection with society functions and charitable work in which she serves as