

ARTISTS' MODELS FORM A CLUB

STORIES OF NEW YORK GIRLS WHO EARN THEIR LIVING IN STUDIOS

SO FAR, the Models' Club of New York is the only one of its kind, not only in this country, but in the world.

It is always spoken of as the "Models' Club," though "Art Workers' Club" is its official title. And, as a matter of fact, the membership is almost as largely drawn from among the prominent painters and illustrators of both sexes in the metropolis as it is from among the young women who pose for their pictures.

The association is purely one of combined business and social interests, as any other club might be. It was organized to bring the young women of this profession together. It is entirely in sympathy with their work, and for its encouragement. As for reformation, that is the one point upon which the officers of the club will talk freely. Artists' models, they say, are a little in need of reformation as any respectable working girls of any other class. And in this statement they include those who pose for the figure with those who are costume models only.

Of course the club attracts the most serious workers of the profession. There is a lower stratum with which it never comes in contact. Nevertheless, it is certain that the character and social standing of many of the young women who have taken up posing as an occupation today would be a revelation to those who consider it, of necessity, degrading. Many are girls from good families of other states—handsome daughters of the South, whose family fortunes have been swept away, ambitious, energetic young women from the West and intelligent girls of good New England families. Always, it is the same tale. They came to New York intending to make their living by other means and with no knowledge of the conditions against which they must contend. And when their original plans fell through they turned to a means of livelihood, which is always open to one with a beautiful face or figure, no matter how inexperienced she may be.

A West Virginia Belle.

Take, for instance, the story of Miss Julia Middleton, who has been one of the most popular models among New York artists this year. She was a West Virginia belle, and comes from one of the most exclusive families of that state. When her father, a prominent lawyer, met with reverses a year ago, she was obliged to become a breadwinner. Like many another girl, her thoughts turned to the metropolis as the place where fortunes are made in a day. She decided to journey thither, and go on the stage.

By a singular chance, a few weeks before leaving home, Miss Middleton happened to read an article in one of the magazines of the month upon the work



MISS JULIA MIDDLETON, FROM AN IDEAL HEAD BY CARL BLENNER.

of an artist's model. It described how many models posed for one thing only—hands, face, neck, and shoulders, arms or figure—whatever was most beautiful about her. Miss Middleton has the most wonderful red hair—half with a natural wave, which never leaves it, even in the damp weather. And she said to herself:

"Well, if I don't succeed in getting on the stage in New York, I need never starve, for I can make my fortune posing for my hair."

She little thought at the time that this was a jest in sober earnest. But months afterward, when she had tried, and tried in vain to get a position behind the footlights, and when it became necessary to earn money somehow, she remembered the magazine article, and started out among the studios to look for work.

hall and caught a glimpse of the burlesqued gold beneath her hat. Every one knows Miss Phelps' preference for red hair in her pictures. She ran over to the grating and called down to the man running the car: "If that young lady is a model I want to see her at once." Such was the beginning of Miss Middleton's success.

From the West Indies.

Another model who owed her start in life to Miss Phelps was a beautiful young woman, a native of the West Indies. She came to New York, thinking it would be an easy matter to earn her living teaching French. She was as ignorant of the great competition she would meet in this line as she was of the fact that her French accent was simply atrocious. Miss Phelps met this young woman on the steamer coming from the West Indies, and recognized the disappointment in store for her. She advised her to take up posing, if she could not obtain pupils, and promised her work.

The girl was confident of success then. When the steamer stopped at Staten Island she landed complacently over the rail and said condescendingly:

"Why, New York is quite a little place, isn't it?"

However, she soon learned. One day she knocked at Miss Phelps' studio door, and was discouraged. Before long she had become the rage among the artists.

A New England Maid.

Then there was a sweet little New England maiden who came to New York a few months ago to teach the authorities at the celebrated Pratt Institute in Brooklyn something entirely new in free-hand water color sketching. She anticipated that it really wouldn't be a week before she had convinced them how superior her way was to theirs, and had formed classes which would pay her splendidly for their enlightenment. Alas! She was the one to learn. She learned that her work was neither new nor creditable, that she was at the mercy of a strange eye without the slightest knowledge that would help her to earn a cent. She had a pretty figure, and was offered money to pose for a class at the institute. Then the teacher, taking an interest in her, gave her a list of several artists to whom she might safely apply for work.

At the first studio at which she knocked the artist's wife came to the door. Recognizing the child as one who had had the best of home influence, the lady asked her in and induced the artist to engage her for the mornings. Meanwhile she persuaded the girl to study stenography, during the afternoons and take an office position.

These are only three out of dozens of interesting stories; but they illustrate the cause of scores of young women's taking to the profession of posing, and why so many girls of excellent social standing are among the models of today. It is looked upon as an easy way of making a living, and often in an emergency is the thing which saves a girl with a pretty face or figure over until she has learned a profession or gained a regular position. However, the life of the model is anything but an easy one, and not the least of its hardships has been, until recently, the situation of the fashionable studio region. This is in an expensive part of the city, far from department stores, libraries, or public buildings where the girls might rest between poses. It is without restaurants where they may obtain a lunch for little cost. Until the club opened its hospitable doors the young women had to choose between wandering about the streets between the hours of their engagements or spending a car fare going home for the interval.



MISS ADA CHRISTIAN, PAINTING BY CARL J. BLENNER.

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pointments to meet their friends at the club rooms, and entertain them there if they wish.

Every day at noon a lunch is served at the club, at cost, for all members who care to drop in for it. It is simple, but wholesome and well cooked. Every day from 4 o'clock, moreover, when the work of the artist and their models is ended, afternoon tea is served to the girls and their friends by the matron. This forms a delightful social hour, when the models may meet to chat over the work of the day, help each other by comparing notes, and form new friendships. In winter time the girls flock there to fortify themselves with a warm drink before the cold ride home.

The club is really the only means which many of the models have of becoming acquainted with others of their profession. Coming as they do from many different cities and from varied walks of life, there is no natural sisterhood among them. They rarely meet in the studios, and the mutual aid which workers in every field can render each other was impossible among them before the club was established.

Some of the girls who pose assume fictitious names and hide the nature of their work from their friends. This is one thing which the Art Workers' Club is trying to correct. It tries to show them that their calling is as respectable as any other means of livelihood. It tries to inspire them with a real pride in their work. For, if the better class of girls could be induced to acknowledge their vocation openly, this would elevate the profession as nothing else could.

The members of the club are also encouraged to get up various amusements, such as private theatricals, among themselves, and the clubrooms are given them for evenings for these entertainments.

From a business standpoint, the Art Workers' Club is as advantageous to the artists as it is to the models. It keeps the names and addresses of all its members in both fields of the work. The artist applies to the club for a model of any description, and the matron in charge generally knows which girls will come nearest to his requirements, and what hours each has disengaged. The model knows that she is sure of good treatment in any studio to which she is sent by the club, and the artist knows that any model sent him by the club will be required to keep her engagements with him or forfeit all aid from that source thereafter.

On the other hand, it is often the artist who breaks an engagement at the last moment. Then the club fights the artist's battles for her, and makes the artist pay for the time she has reserved for him.

At present the Art Workers' Club has about 200 members among the models of New York, and almost as many among the best-known artists of that city. The subscription for either class is only \$1 a year, making membership within reach of all. Of course, this does not begin to pay the expenses of the club, which is supported mainly by private donations from the women who founded it, and from their friends. The one requirement for a member is a sincere purpose to elevate the profession and for serious work therein.

F. A. DUBSON.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE CORONATION SHOW

ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH AS IT LOOKS BOARDING UP.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY'S UGLY APPEARANCE THE CORONATION TIMBER.

LONDON PROPOSES TO GET ALL THE FUN POSSIBLE OUT OF EDWARD'S ENTHRONEMENT

LONDON, May 27.—The cablegrams sent out from this town just now may make you think that the affair in Westminster Abbey on June 26 is what all the world and his wife have been hurrying into London for to see. But really except for a half-mile royal joint in public across Green Park from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey at 10:30 A. M., and then home again some two and a half hours later, tired and hot and hungry—except also for some booming cannon when the King's crown is put on—there will not be much doing in London on the great day outside of the wholly private ceremony in the Abbey.

That night things may be expected to warm up a little, and we shall doubtless discover whether the new verb "to maffick," has come into the English language to stay, or whether occasion for it died out when the first wild burst of joy at the relief of Ladysmith and of Mafeking settled down into dull apathy toward the progress of the war in South Africa. "Ary and Arriet" should be expected to break loose on coronation night, to deluge every one with confetti and to tickle each other's faces with peacock feathers, but the chances are that a large proportion of the extra million and a half or two who are to be packed into London on that night will feel as if they hadn't had their money's worth at the end of the actual coronation day.

Seven-Mile "Royal Progress."

It is to relieve such feeling that the King and Queen are going to make a "progress" of seven miles through the city on the day after the coronation—and that is what the world's "a-waiting for to see." The King and Queen will wear their crowns and robes of state, and will

travel in what is perhaps the most gorgeous coach now in actual use anywhere in the world. Heraldic and titled supporters and troops from all quarters of the globe will help to make the "royal progress" as brilliant an affair as the procession at the time of the late Queen's jubilee.

It is a lucky time for the King, and more especially for the Queen, that the royal progress does not have to be made in the same gilded chariot that will take them from the palace to the Abbey. The journey of June 27 is to be made in a coach of more recent vintage, with springs that will not cause the unhappy occupants to think they are crossing the English Channel on a bad day. The long, slow journey will be hard enough, at best, for delicate, sensitive Queen Alexandra, and it would have been a physical impossibility for her to make it in the vehicle to be used in the short procession of the day before, as she has a tendency to sea-sickness.

By the Lord Mayor's Leave.

Perhaps the most interesting point in the journey will be the imaginary line at the lower end of the Strand, marking the boundaries of the proud little patch in the heart of the metropolis which is entitled to call itself the City of London, and which has the Lord Mayor of London all to itself. Even Edward VII, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, and all the rest of it, may not enter the city without the Lord Mayor's consent.

As the route of the progress lies partly through the city, a herald in wonderful raiment will ride ahead of the King to the boundary line at Temple Bar, and after a quaint ceremony—"Who Goes There?" business—blowing of trumpets and all that sort of thing—will politely ask the Lord Mayor, who will be in waiting to guard the city's right, if the King may please enter the city. It is reasonably safe to say that the Lord Mayor will

graciously consent. Just what would happen if he didn't is something that seems never to have suggested itself to anybody.

Wherever there is an open space along the seven miles of streets, which will be traversed by the procession, on frontages where building operations are in progress, along the sides of the public squares, in front of hotels and Government buildings that stand back from the sidewalk—are signs of whole forests stripped and brought to London. Every club along the line of march is putting up scaffolding. There is a mammoth timber terrace for the exclusive use of peers, a building on the northern side of Trafalgar Square, while in Constitution Hill, past which the King will drive from and to Buckingham Palace, a stand which, it is said, is the largest ever built is being constructed.

But perhaps the most remarkable of all are the tiers of seats being built around the two old churches that stand in the middle of the Strand, St. Mary's and St. Clement Danes. Both of them are picturesque and venerable buildings, but that has not prevented them from being utilized by the stand-builders.

The widening of the Strand has cleared out the buildings that used to surround the churches, so that they command a splendid view of the street, and each of them now is being enclosed with a mass of scaffolding which is intended to result in an immense "three-decker" stand capable of holding several thousand people. The topmost tier of seats will reach almost to the base of the spire, so that the entire bodies of the churches, with the exception of their roofs, will be hidden.

Carpenters and the Abbey. As for Westminster Abbey itself, the amount of carpentry work that is being done around it is a thing that makes folk who love the old church for its romance shudder and gnash their teeth. To begin with, the western entrance and the approach thereto are disfigured by a mass of

there will be at least four triumphal arches, also in imitation marble, and also bearing the royal arms, besides being decorated with rich gilt. From the curves formed by the arches, loops of peacock grass, ornamented with tiny flags, will hang.

Though the business that will be done in seats on the grandstands on Coronation day promises to be startling, there will be even a brisk trade in seats in windows. Even now, it is hard to find a shop, or office building, of any sort, which is not advertising "windows to view the coronation procession." Almost all of these windows have been bought up by rich syndicates—most of the stands also are being built by syndicates—who are planning to charge whooping prices for them. Some one has estimated that these windows will accommodate about 200,000 spectators, that the grandstands will probably seat 100,000, while 70,000 more will find places in the show windows of shops, almost every one of which along the route will contain a tier of seats. Added together, these figures give a total of 370,000 people who will be seated in one way or another along the coronation route. Present indications are that the humblest of these seats will sell for two guineas, or \$10 apiece.

To attempt to say what the more desirable will bring would be rather a rash prophecy; but if you calculate that each one of these windows will pay only \$10 for his seat, you have \$2,000,000 changing hands.

To keep the crowd back, the line of march will be hedged with troops and policemen. The soldiers will come from India, from the colonies; some of them will be volunteers or Imperial Yeomen, and there will be \$3,000 of them in all. So you can imagine the scene—the pavements from the shopfronts to the curbs, black with people, pressed back by the "thin, red line" of troops, the windows of every story white with faces, thousands looking on from endless stands and other thousands peering down from the roofs. It is expected that the London streets through which the procession is to move will be impassable at 8 o'clock in the morning.

Energetic Americans who come to London with the intention of seeing King Edward's royal progress undoubtedly will see it, in spite of high prices, crowds and the unfamiliarity of their surroundings. But even should they miss it—as so many missed the Queen's funeral—they at least will have the rare opportunity of seeing the coronation procession, and the various upward frolicking in a way that probably it has never done in all the long years of its history. Even the merrymaking of the Diamond Jubilee time promises to be surpassed.

A Good Time for Every One.

It will be rather an interesting thing to see just how stiff old London goes about deporting itself. Continental cities, like Paris and Vienna, go in for that sort of thing at regular intervals, and do it well because they are accustomed to doing it, and also because "letting yourself go" comes more naturally to the Latin than to the Anglo-Saxon temperament. All the same, you never can tell. London's "Mafeking night" orgy couldn't have been beaten for sheer spontaneity and enthusiasm by any other London celebration that the coronation "rejoicing" may not be an Eden as one might suppose.

The idea seems to be to give every one in London a chance to have a good time on coronation day, and the various arrangements that are being made to that end have nothing at all to do with the procession through the streets. Every London borough is collecting a fund toward organizing some sort of fête within its precincts. Public squares without number will be given up to entertainments for the children as well as for the older people, where bands will play and comedians perform; Punch and Judy shows, innumerable will be on view. There will be a great dinner for children and poor folk in other parts, as well as sports of all kinds. The hands of the clock are to be pushed back, too, and the River Thames utilized for merrymaking, just as it used to be in the time of good Queen Bess. There will be great water fetes at Chelsea and Battersea, with long processions formed of ornamental barges. The picturesque old city of Richmond, seldom missed by visiting Americans in any event, will be especially won't a visit at coronation time, for there is to be a Venetian

fete on the water front which, at night, will be illuminated with fireworks for a couple of miles.

Another reminder of old times is the plan to light up Great Britain from end to end on coronation night with bonfires. There is an official bonfire committee which is planning to have a fire of really great size on every hill-top throughout the land. The funds for building these fires are being raised in the different localities and they are all to be lighted at exactly 10 o'clock on the night of June 26, when there also will be displays of colored green and of rockets on a grand scale. Most of the fires are to be made of peat, and will burn brightly for over four hours, so that to any one on a vessel off the English coast on that night, it will look as if the fighting men of the country were being warned against the coming of another Spanish Armada.

Odd London Insurance Customs.

There is a custom that seems much more common in England than it is in America, and which is playing a decidedly prominent part in the arrangements for the coronation festivities—that of insuring against every possible chance of financial loss. Of course, the speculators who are building all the immense grand stands and who have bought up most of the available windows, the proprietors of coronation shows

who have arranged special programmes, and the managers of hotels and restaurants who have doubled or trebled their facilities in the expectation of immense crowds, all stand to lose disastrously in case of anything happening to prevent, or even postpone the great ceremony. Therefore most of them are insuring against such an event just as they would against death, physical injury or fire.

The King's life has been insured probably some thousands of times during the last two months, in cases for amounts as high as \$100,000. The life of the German Emperor—whose death, of course, would lead to the coronation being postponed—is being insured almost as extensively. The lives of other Continental rulers are being insured by London traders who make a specialty of catering to visitors from their respective countries and who probably would not come in large numbers in case of mishap to their ruler. Some entertainment purveyors have insured at heavy premiums, of course—against not making as big a profit as they hoped out of the ventures. "Risks" have been taken even on the possibility of the rain spoiling business. To take the rates for this insurance the companies drew up a funny little table of rain statistics and calculated their chances of having to pay by studying the June weather for the last 100 years and averaging up.

MARSHALL LORD.

QUEER NEW IDEAS

STRIKING CONCEPTIONS AND ACHIEVEMENTS IN SCIENCE

One of the latest inventions, which comes now with particular timeliness, is a swinging electric fan. Directly in front of the fan are placed narrow strips turned so as to catch the breeze. This is set up when the motor is started. Thus the whole mechanism is swung on a pivot until it reaches a certain point, when it swings back. In this way the fan stirs up the air in several directions—a decided improvement on the old stationary form.

A young man of Minnesota has just patented a "horse bicycle"; that is to say, he has devised an arrangement whereby the bicycle may be ridden in the ordinary manner, and also quickly changed so that the rider will enjoy a backward and forward career similar to that of a horse. Those who have ridden on the new machine say that the canter motion is most delightful and exhilarating.

Another young man has recently invented a changeable gear for a bicycle, which acts automatically at a certain back-pedal pressure. Further pressure changes the apparatus into a brake. It now remains for these two inventors to get together and devise a bicycle which will canter, trot, gallop or walk at the will of the rider.

The latest use to be made of electricity is by a dentist in Paris. By the use of certain high frequency electric currents he extracts teeth without pain. The current is applied through a molding of the part which is to be protected and the inside of this molding is covered with a metallic powder and a layer of tin foil. If considerable work is to be done about the part and there is danger from the heat set up by the current of electricity, a layer of asbestos paste is placed over the tin foil and the heat is absorbed. The advantage of using this method of painless dentistry is obvious. The patient does not have to undergo the weakening effects of anesthetics and he can watch the entire operation of having his teeth removed without feeling it. So successful has this electrical dentist been that he is now studying how to apply the idea to other operations in his business.

An important development in train dispatching and signaling has been brought about on two Western railroads through the introduction of the telephone.

The Illinois Central and the Chicago & Northwestern Railroads have equipped some of their trains with telephones, which are connected to the nearest station and thence to any local or long-distance station desired. No matter how fast the

train may be moving it has been found that ordinary conversation can be heard distinctly through these circuits. It is proposed now to substitute this improved telephone service for the telephone operators used at present. If the telephone proves to be entirely practicable at all times, its use will mean a saving of many thousands of dollars.

A yacht which sails on dry land is the novelty which may be seen on the great trackless plains of the Mojave desert, near Death Valley. One day two young miners were trudging their weary way over the plain when a gust of wind struck them and blew away their hats. One of them suggested that if they had a wagon with sails on it, they might overtake their hats or at least be able to travel faster than the wind. The other said: "Why not? Let us try it." They set to work and built a low truck on which they mounted two sails. Between their camp and their mine lay the smooth, hard surface of the plain, formerly the bottom of a lake, and they were soon able to manage their wheeled yacht so that they would make the trip in a few minutes. It is said that, in favorable winds, they can travel at the rate of 50 miles an hour.

Two French scientists have discovered a way in which to purify vitiated air. They place sodium bi-oxide in water, and the result is that the compound decomposes on itself, throwing off the oxygen into the air and leaving the oxide of sodium in the water. If the operation be carried on in a room which is poorly ventilated, the supply of oxygen is thereby constantly renewed and at the same time the carbonic acid gas which is exhaled from the lungs of the people in the room is absorbed by the oxide of sodium, forming bi-carbonate of soda. The discovery should be very important for crowded offices and other places where it is difficult to get pure air.

Scientific and Industrial Notes.

Canada buys of American agricultural implements \$2,000,000 worth a year. Electric railways are rapidly displacing the old-fashioned diligences in Switzerland.

The first cotton mill in the United States was built at Beverly, Mass. The imperial maritime customs values the exports from China to the United States in 1901 at \$1,923,231.34. The total trade of exports and imports between the United States and China is \$42,000,000 per annum.

Of the silk used in the United States \$25,000 worth is imported and \$107,000 worth home made. The domestic silk industry employs 24,000 men, 36,000 women and 6000 children in 433 mills, with \$31,000,000 capital.