

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

Romance Deserts the Lives of the Artists' Models of Paris

Giovanni Segantini and his Family in the Engadine



Etienne Pleral

The Segantini Museum

PARIS, Feb. 24.—At last the most impractical of Parisian wage earners—the artists' models—have succumbed to the modern spirit of commercialism and have formed a union to insure for themselves a living wage. The announcement robs the lives of these picturesque characters, in the minds of the public, of what little romance remained to them and breaks the last tie, if any there were, between the professional model of today and the splendid and now famous types of a generation ago. For the men, women and children who gather today at the doors of the big studios and schools of art in Paris are but sorry reminders of Colarossi, Juana Romani, Palma d'Annunzio, Duzzi and Vittl, all of whom rose from humble models to enviable positions in the world of art.

It probably is due to the fact that romance and glittering success baulked so large in the lives of these world-renowned models of a past generation that the profession is so shockingly, seriously overcrowded today. More than 6,000 people are entered in the police register of the city of Paris as professional models. In addition to this vast army, for hundreds of whom employment cannot possibly be found, except at intervals throughout the year, there are many of both sexes who pose now and then during temporary freedom from their own class of employment—the girls of the fashionable cafes and restaurants, under a spell of hard luck; working girls out of situations, and, by far the most interesting class, students of art, music, singing or medicine, who pose a part of every day to make money enough to support themselves while they pursue their studies.

LURE OF BOHEMIA.
The rank of the professional models of Paris have been swelled of late years by the influx of many women who have deserted steadily but poorly paid posts in factories and department stores. Lured by the promise of an easier existence, the irresponsibility

and gay bohemianism of the life of the artists and the night life of the Latin Quarter, they enter the already over-crowded ranks of the models only to discover that, with the exception of a few golden months of the winter, they are unable to find work to compete against the more frugal Italian invaders. A few of them are taken to the seashore by artists, where they work as models when there are not posing. But such work is eminently desirable and only a comparatively few models can get the chance. Others—and this accounts for a large proportion of the whole—yield to temptation or necessity and become familiar figures in the night cafes of Montmartre.

"OUR" PICTURES.
Today the spirit of comradeship which once existed between the artist and his model has almost wholly disappeared. This is due, in a measure, to the decline in the standard of models. In the days which are still easily recalled by the old-timers the popular models worked conscientiously and intelligently with the interests of the artist constantly at heart. The models were perfect masters of their calling, handsome in face and divine in form. Artist and model toiled together on the canvas which was to make the fortune and reputation of both. To-day in some little stinky-saturated cafe, then at vanishing day the two—artist and model—held an impromptu reception in front of the "masterpiece" on the wall, the girl would explain with unconscious pride. If success did not come so readily the model shared the little privations with the artist, many times going hungry and ill-clad, but always with perfect confidence in the ultimate triumph of her companion.

But if the changed conditions are due, in a measure, to the model, the artist of today must also account his share of the responsibility. After he has served his apprenticeship, after he has "arrived" and he "arrives" much more quickly than in days gone by—the Latin Quarter, the Quarter of Youthful Dreams, exists no longer for him, and the poor model, who hoped to share his prosperity as well as his hard times, sadly starts down on her

rounds of the studios. Perhaps, in sheer despair, she turns to more pitiable compensation or in deep despair seeks that time-honored escape from heart-burns and grief—the sluggish Seine.

HISTORY OF JIFANA.
All the old-timers will be able to recall the history of Juana Romani, how from a timid little family creature, with big, dark, soulful eyes, who stood on the platform or model stand at Juana's and Colarossi's, she finally became one of the foremost women artists of France. Her father was a famous Neapolitan brigand whose boldness and daring made him feared. Shortly after Juana's birth the desire for adventure overcame him, and he abandoned his young wife and baby. In the struggle for existence the unhappy and deserted woman collected enough money to enable her to reach Rome. On arriving there she took service as a housemaid in a branch of the Romani family. The Romani were and still are one of the oldest and most important families in the Eternal City. The master of the house yielded to the charms of the beautiful Neapolitan, and they fled together to Paris, taking with them the little girl, Juana. They quickly spent all the money Romani had in his possession, and in a few years the dignified and noble Romani was so reduced in circumstances that he was obliged to accept a position as flute player in the orchestra of a cheap, third-class theater of the quarter, while the little Juana was sent out to pose for the figures in the big art schools.

In symmetry of form, grace of attitude and graceful expression she was without a rival and she quickly passed into the private studios. The child model became the talk of the Latin Quarter and it was not many months before she was engaged exclusively by the most celebrated painters and sculptors of Paris.

RISE WAS RAPID.
She posed for "The Mirror" by Mercur and "The Girl" by Bacci, while many of Henner's nudes were painted from her lithe, snow-white figure. But the little Juana was not destined to occupy for long the humble position of a model. Her first model, the girl began to pose in the schools, she would walk around during the "recess," looking on the floor for bits of charcoal, which she usually found, and

then go shyly up to the wall and begin to draw. As she became less bashful and more accustomed to her surroundings it was noticed that her quick sketches of the students, sometimes of the professor himself, evidenced an aptitude that was far from common. It was the younger Colarossi that first took serious interest in the young girl's talent and he invited her to draw in the academy in which he was director.

TURNED PAINTER.
Her progress was remarkable and a few years later she would pose only for those masters who were inclined to help her with her own work. Among these was Henner, whose influence can be seen in Juana Romani's work. At the age of 20, when at the zenith of her charm, she was much to the despair of her master, retired absolutely from the model stand to devote herself exclusively to her own art. After diligently studying for a year, she sent a picture to the Salon and it was accepted meeting with considerable success. Each successive year showed improvement, and three years later she received a gold medal and afterwards a third medal. Just recently her painting at the Salon won the second medal, thus making her second concours. The government has purchased one of her pictures and it hangs in the Luxembourg gallery near the work of Mercur and Falckert for which she posed. Another fair Italian, Palma d'Annunzio, also possessed of much artistic talent, gave up posing to become an artist, but she married the sculptor d'Alons and is one of the most domestic of women, a devoted mother and a loving wife.

MARRIED AN AMERICAN.
The far-famed American sculptor, Andrew O'Connor, married the woman who posed for the female figures in nearly all of his more pretentious works. His celebrated "Repose and Meditation" is an absolute portrait of her, and her serene Grecian face, Madonna-like in expression, and strong but graceful figure, is repeated again and again in the ornament of many of the great buildings in America. The O'Connors have three little boys and live in the quiet, old town of Chamart, a suburb of Paris. In the center of a large park, picturesque and peaceful, surrounded by a great stone wall, with majestic iron gates at the entrance, O'Connor has his home and

working atelier together, and the household duties of Mrs. O'Connor do not prevent her lending her superb figure to her husband for his more important works in which she has the deepest interest and unusual understanding. Of course these cases are exceptional.

Two years ago last August, in a little town near Naples, the most famous model of which the artist world ever has boasted died, lonely and penniless. Colarossi, the name awakened many memories. Some remember him as the magnificent model of Mollonier and other equally well known artists, and others whose memories go back to the "model of the Beaux-Arts," a sobriquet given him on account of numerous posings in that famous school of France. To the present-day student his name is linked with the Academy Colarossi, which still remains one of the leading art schools in the world.

CAREER OF COLAROSS.
In 1861 Colarossi came to Paris. He was 18 years old, strong, robust and handsome, having an unusually fine head. His success as a model was marked from the first. He immediately began posing for the large art schools, especially at the Beaux-Arts and in private ateliers. It was at St. Germain, where he had "died" during the Franco-Prussian war, that he first met Helissonier. The master is said to have painted over a thousand figures and for nearly all Colarossi posed as the model.

By economy and right living he managed to save the greater part of his earnings, so that in 1873 the model became a proprietor. He obtained possession of the Academie rue de la Grande Chaumiere, which was founded in 1814, and called it "Colarossi Academie." He had new and original ideas about running an art school and they turned out to be just what was needed. For a long while his academy was the great rival of the "Academie Julian," but other famous art institutions, whose founder was also a noted model in his early days, and who succeeded in rising to such an extent in the "Monde Paris" that he declined not only to receive rewards at the Salon, but even to whom the Legion of Honor was to be bestowed; truly a dreadful enemy and a powerful friend. Colarossi

did not attain such an exalted position, but his school flourished and money came in fast. Among the most noted artists whose students studied at his academy are Bargeton, Macmonnies, Barlett, Taffner, Harrison, Dodge, Simon, Priest and Laurent.

TOO MUCH PROSPERITY.
Prosperity brought with it excesses of various kinds and the once sturdy, hard-working model now had become a well known figure on the grand boulevards and in the cafes—clad in the latest cut English clothes. The pleasures of Paris, fancy drinks and beautiful women, conquered the son of the south, and although the school continued to bring in a good revenue, he soon was deeply in debt. At the time of his death, the academy was and still is being run for the benefit of his creditors, according to the French law.

Many stories are told among artists about this remarkable man. He had his good points, strongest among them a kind heart, and men now in the foremost rank remember when funds were low and work had to be produced for exhibitions or orders, this big hearted Italian would pose for them an hour or two without pay, and with his gay, good-natured character and cheery manner encourage and inspire.

Coming down to more recent days, probably the most famous model of her time is a girl who still is young, but whose career as a professional model evidently has been brought to a close. With some of the richest and most famous men of Paris—senators, authors, glided youths—at her feet, she threw herself overboard and married a poor man of a little cafe near the Gare Montparnasse. For some months they have been missing from their favorite haunts, and it is said that they have gone to Nice, where they may have bought a little cafe of their own.

For years this model, famous all over the world where men of art do congregate, has been known simply as "Petite Mignon." She was extremely redoubtable regarding her antecedents. Indeed, from what has been learned they were unimportant and uninteresting. Her father was a heavy drinker and treated his beautiful child with persistent brutality. Her mother was a consumptive, overworked woman who died when her daughter was only 6 years of age. A few months later her father died in the gutter from the effects of

an unusually heavy debauch.

Taken in by a poor neighbor, she grew up in a poor, but comfortable home, and it was not long before she made her appearance in the studios of Paris as a child model. At 18 her physical beauty was at its height and she was in constant demand by the greatest artists of the day. She became the favorite model of Whistler, of Bouguereau, and of Caroux Duran. Mignon's charms have been immortalized by the brush of Bonington.

To the girl model at this time life was one round of joy. She was an independent, wayward little miss, and kept or broke her professional engagements as she felt disposed. She almost drove Duran crazy on several occasions when he was painting against time and "Petite Mignon" refused to pose with any regularity. The fame of her beauty and grace spread over Paris, and it was not long before she had half the men about town in her train begging for a glance or a favor. Money, jewelry, fine clothes, motor cars were rained upon her in bewildering profusion. It is strange that this girl, who during her childhood had known nothing but abject poverty and privation, had her beautiful head turned by all this attention.

BEAUTY FADES.
As her visits to the studios became more rare her attendance at the balls and restaurants of Paris became more frequent. The cheap but tasty apparel of the obscure model gave way to the costly silks and dazzling jewels of the most sought-after beauty of Paris. Her ravishing, fresh coloring, which had been the joy of the artists, disappeared beneath the artificial contents of the rouge pot.

It was at the height of her popularity as a beauty of the day, in the halls, when her appearances at the Bal Bullier, in the Latin Quarter, were the signals for the gatherings of scores of the most famous men of Paris, who risked position and fair name in paying court to the proud beauty, that she married her humble "garcon." Although in her going she left many sorrowing hearts behind, Paris is interested chiefly in the handsome girl of the Belgian painter, who was famous in America as he is in Europe, who is said to have offered in vain his heart, name and fortune to "Petite Mignon."

HENRI DUVAL.

Would You Like a Segantini? Going! Going! Gone! at \$150,000

PARIS, Feb. 24.—French art circles are attracted to their foundations by the controversy which has been renewed by the exhibition at the modern Italian Gallery here of the work of the famous Italian painter, the late Giovanni Segantini, and his followers in the divisionist movement, for the purpose of establishing the Segantini museum at St. Moritz.

The sad history of Segantini, a strange and wonderful genius, who lived with his family in the wildest parts of the Alps, and who was stricken by heavy pneumonia in the early summer of life and glory, is now becoming known beyond the limits of his country, and outside the group of critics and connoisseurs who have been interested in him since his first successes in Amsterdam and London when he exhibited his first great pictures done in the "divisionist" style.

The divisionists are a group of painters who believe that by dividing the lights and shadows into many little spots of different colors, effects of light and movement are obtained which cannot be realized by working in the old way. Colors are decomposed in such a manner that when one approaches near the pictures they seem nothing but a mass of many colored spots and stripes, but on going back a few paces, especially in the pictures of Segantini, wonderful effects of atmosphere, light and heat are produced.

NOTHING IN COMMON.
The divisionists must not be confused with the impressionists. They can be impressionists or, on the other

hand, they may work out each picture in detail of a picture. Segantini had nothing in common with the impressionists. He laboriously worked out every part, drawing carefully the sheep in the distance, the branches of the far away bushes. Indeed, he could not very well have done otherwise, for the atmosphere is so rarefied on the heights where he painted that all objects stand out clearly defined.

His school of painting, especially as applied to mountain scenery, is now being carried on by his sons, Mario and Gotthard and many other disciples, foremost among them the well known Carlo Fornara.

A heated controversy is taking place in the art centers as to the originators of this school. France claims the precedence, but it is firmly established that in 1888 at the exhibition held at Berlin, London, Segantini showed the first "divisionist" painting—look at the great Italian is truly the father of "divisionism," notwithstanding the constant statements by Frenchmen to the contrary.

ROMANTIC HISTORY.
The life of Giovanni Segantini reads like an unbelievable romance. His people not only being very poor but terribly ignorant as well, his early experience was such as would crush out the spirit of genius except in a nature that was strong enough to combat against gigantic disadvantages.

In 1861 when he was five years old his mother died and the little family was deserted by a shiftless father. Then all care of him ceased. He was left to his own devices from morning until night. His only protector was a sister still in her teens and she had to seek

employment in a factory. When she left for her work in the morning, little Giovanni was locked in a room at the top of a tenement house, alone all the long weary hours of the day. His sole amusement was standing on a chair and gazing out of the window at the roof tops of Milan.

Hearing some people talking in the court below him one morning, he listened. They told of a boy who had gone to France to make a fortune. He thought he would like an adventure of the same kind. Feverishly he lay awake all night and as soon as morning came and his sister had started for work, he endeavored to unlock the door, and after securing a morsel of bread which he crunched into his pocket, he started out to seek his fortune. He arrived at a street where he heard Nationalism had passed and immediately his feeble little brain thought that must be the road to France.

He bravely trudged along through the burning sun, decaying by hunger. As night approached, a sudden storm broke over him. He fell at the side of a tree through fatigue and fright, and a while later was found there by some peasants who immediately took him to their home.

FIRST INTEREST IN ANIMALS.
They put him to tend the sheep. It was this care that first aroused his interest in animals—their attitudes, their peculiarities. Not content with observation he had the uncontrollable desire to put them on paper. His attempts seemed miraculous to them, simple folk, so they raised money and sent him to Milan to study.

The boy had no schooling, so that at the age of 16 he could neither read nor write.

After completing his studies in art at the academy, he achieved a little success and sold a few paintings, but at very moderate prices. Then came his return to his beloved mountains. This man with the colossal nature could not abide the narrowness and the

restrictions of city life. He could not breathe in this whirlpool of noise, confusion and ever changing mass of people. The mountains electrified him. He loved the cold, vast, cheerless expanse of earth, high and far from the strife and turmoil and competition of town life. His devoted wife—for he had married after leaving the academy—respected his desire, so with untold courage she followed him to the barren mountain home where their children were born and where uncomplicatedly she bore terrible hardships.

In winter, many weeks were spent alone under the snow, for their barn like hut at times was covered nearly to the roof. Food often became scarce, especially after an unusually prolonged storm, and then it required great management and minute calculation to stretch out the few provisions until a way could be dug out so that a journey could be made to the nearest hamlet.

Farther and farther Segantini and his family penetrated into the mountains. One day he labored in the field and the next painted his canvases on all he arrived at an altitude of 2,700 metres at a spot called Engadine, near the lake of St. Moritz.

WORK UNDER DIFFICULTIES.
And shade on the mountains, his one thought was to reproduce them faithfully. To do this he had to have nature before him at each brush stroke. It was not only the sketching study but he had to be in the full open air but as well the entire canvas which was invariably of immense dimensions. Great material difficulties had to be overcome in order to accomplish this.

He raised up huge canvases out on the pasture fields of the Alps within a few paces of the glaciers and often in deep snow and laid around them sort of sentinal boxes to protect him from the icy blasts. To reproduce the effects of the sun on the glaciers it was often necessary to work in the open when the thermometer was many degrees below zero. For this purpose he

had a whole suit made of the skins of wild beasts underneath which he wore a metal armor which was specially prepared with a fatty substance as a preventive against cold and thus arrayed he worked with amazing fortitude. It was impossible to even take his immense canvases into the cabin. They were mounted on carts drawn by oxen and in that manner dragged down the steep, dizzy, winding mountain path to the towns of Pontremonte, Caccia and Chiavenna down to Milan, Turin and Venice. There they were sent to such an extent in the "Monde Paris" that he declined not only to receive rewards at the Salon, but even to whom the Legion of Honor was to be bestowed; truly a dreadful enemy and a powerful friend. Colarossi

Segantini died 16 years ago before he had accomplished the great task he had laid out for himself, to paint three large pictures representing "Nature," "Life," and "Death." These conceptions are so grand, so colossal, that they will surely remain one of the greatest creations of art of all ages. "Nature" is not quite completed and "Death" is little more than half painted.

And now the world is to pay him an honor such as has been accorded to few painters by the erection of a Segantini museum at St. Moritz—the delightful Alpine lake resort. Here, in an impressive fort-like building some of his masterpieces have been gathered under the sky where they were created and it is said of the school where he died.

The visitors' artistic enjoyment will be further enhanced by reproductions in photography and photoengraving of the other works which are possessed by the museum and galleries of the great capitals of Europe and by collectors all over the world. The last Segantini painting was the "Prince Wagnan" of Paris, for \$150,000. DOUGLAS SLADE.

Preliminary Rest Cure for Hardworked Society Dames

LONDON, Feb. 15.—In these days smart women make health a religion. They know good looks count for little without health and to make themselves fit they will go to any extreme. The London season is always a trying time for those who are not of robust constitutions and "the belle Americaine" says, "I am a strong and although very often her husband came into his father's title and estates she has struggled to do her duty as a hostess in town, she generally has to make an exit before the gaieties have concluded. This season she intends to try to stay on to the end as she believes the rest cure which she is taking at her house in Changan Place will bring her up for the fray."

Another American, who has just concluded a rest cure in Canada Duchess of Manchester, who is shortly on the move to Biarritz to be there during the king's stay. Her explanation of this to a friend was that it was absolutely essential for her to be quiet for a time before going anywhere within measurable distance of King Edward who allows none of his friends to say rest when he is near them. His Majesty is a man of exceptional energy and with no end of endurance. He is

never tired and he can get along well with six hours' rest. Night after night he can dine out and play bridge until the small hours of the morning and he expects his friends, women as well as men, to turn up smiling and looking as fresh as paint each day. The only woman of his immediate circle who can do this comfortably is Mrs. George Keppel who is a perfect Amazon and is younger than many of the others.

MODERN REST CURES.
These rest cures are conducted by specialists who visit "the patient" at a day. No number of the lady's family is allowed to see her during her treatment and she is allowed to speak only occasionally to the authorized nurse who waits upon her. The patient is made to consume a diet of plain food as she can take it and is not allowed to eat anything but the most simple and nourishing of foods as permitted. The specialist, who understands the most, always knows the proper effect of the diet he orders upon the complexion, the eyes and the nerves. The food usually takes the form of herbs and vegetables.

WEAKNESS IN COMMON.
About the first week in March Mrs. Astor hopes to be home from her long trip which her friends tell her has given her a new lease of life. Her sight is greatly improved since her last operation and consequently her spirits are excellent. Her house in Curzon street is again let to Mrs. John Jacob Astor, but her friends expect to see a great deal of her at Admiralty Park and she also

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