

# Marion

*The Story of an Artist's Model*

By The Author of "Me"

Illustrated by Henry Hutt

I present my sister Marion's story in practically her own simple language, as I have taken it from her notes and journals that she kept over the years.—THE AUTHOR.

"N dat familee there are eleven cheel-dren, and more—they come! See dat leetle one? She is très joli, très joli, n'est ce pas? De father he come from England about ten year ago. He was joost a young man, mebbe twenty-seven or twenty-eight year old, and he have one leetle foreign wife and six leetle cheeldren. They were all so cold. They are not use to dis climate of Canada. My wife and I, we keep de leetle 'otel at Hochelaga, and my wife she take all dose leetle ones and she warm dem before the beeg hall stove, and she make for dem the good French pea-soup."

Mama had sent me to the corner grocer to buy some things. Thebeau, the grocer, was talking, and to a stranger. I felt ashamed and humiliated to hear our family thus discussed. Why should we always be pointed out in this way and made to feel conspicuous and freaky? It was horrid that the size of our family and my mother's nationality should be told to everyone by that corner grocer. I glared haughtily at Thebeau, but he went gar-rulously on, regardless of my discomfiture.

"De eldest—a boy, monsieur—he was joost nine year old, and my wife she call him, 'Le petit père.' His mother she send him out to walk wiz all hees leetle sisters, and she say to him: 'Charles, you are one beeg boy, almost one man, and you must take care your leetle sisters; so, when the wind she blow too hard, you will walk you on the side of dat wind, and put yourself between it and your sisters.' 'Yes, mama,' il dit. And we, my wife and I, we look out de window, and me? I am laugh, and my wife, she cry—she have lost her only bebbey, Monsieur—to see dat leetle boy walk him in front of his leetle sisters, open hees coat, comme ça, monsieur, and spread it out wiz hees hands, to make him shield the wind from his sisters."

The man to whom Thebeau had been speaking, had turned around, and was regarding me curiously. I felt abashed and angry under his compelling glance. Then he smiled, and said:

"You are right. She is pretty—quite remarkably pretty!"

I forgot everything else. With my little light head and heart awhirl, I picked up my packages and ran out of the store. It was the first time I had been called pretty, and I was just twelve years old. I felt exhilarated and utterly charmed.

When I reached home, I deposited the groceries on a table in the kitchen and ran up to my room. Standing on a chair, I was able to see my face in

*The debate is lively: Who wrote "Me," that excellent story? And right into the midst of the discussion comes a second challenge, a new novel by the same author—"Marion." Here's the challenge: You couldn't place "Me"; can you place my sister "Marion"? This is more than "the story of an artist's model." It is an intimate chronicle of the heartaches, the problems of life and love, of a young French-Canadian girl, who hears the call of art and forsakes home and native land to follow it. Instead of becoming an actress or a painter she is forced by dire necessity to earn a living as a model for other more successful artists. Her struggles, her many adventures in "Bohemian" life, told in the gripping language of a gifted, experienced author—they are "Marion." This new novel by the author of "Me" will only serve to enhance further the deserved repute of the anonymous writer, who chose to strike out along new lines unhampered by a literary reputation. "Marion" will increase the desire of many thousands to answer the question, "Who is the Author of 'Me'?"*

my eyes wide and blinked them at myself in the glass. Oh! if only my hair were gold! I twisted about, and then I made grimaces at my own face.

Suddenly I was thrilled with a great idea—one that for the moment routed my previous ambition to some day be an artist, as was my father. I would be an actress! If I were pretty, and both that Frenchman and Englishman had said so, why should I not be famous?

I slipped into mama's room, found a long skirt, and put it on me; also a feather which I stuck in my hair. Then, fearing detection, I ran out on tiptoe to the barn. There, marching up and down, I recited poems. I was pausing, to bow elaborately to the admiring audience, which, in my imagination, was cheering me with wild

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I looked up at Mr. Bertie to note the effect on him of the wonderland about us: I found he had been watching me instead.

applause, when I heard mama's voice calling to me shrilly:

"Marion! Marion! Where in the world is that girl?"

"Coming, mama."

I divested myself hastily of skirt and feather, and left the barn on a run for the house. Here mama thrust our latest baby upon me, with instructions to keep him quiet while she got dinner. I took that baby in my arms, but I was still in that charmed world of dreams, and in my hand I clasped a French novel, which I had filched from my brother Charles' room. Charles at this time was twenty years of age, and engaged to be married to a girl we did not like.

After dinner, which we had at noon, I received the cherished permission, and ran along to papa's room. Dear papa, whose gentle, sensitive hands are now at rest! I can see him sitting at his easel, with his blue eyes fixed absently upon the canvas before him. Papa, with the heart and soul of a great artist, "painting, painting," as he would say, with a grim smile, "pot-boilers to feed my hungry children."

I pulled out my paints and table, and began to work. From time to time I spoke to papa.

"Say, papa, what do I use for these pink roses?"

"Try rose madder, white and emerald green—a little Naples yellow," answered papa patiently.

"Papa, what shall I use for the leaves?"

"Oh, try making your greens with blues and yellows."

From time to time I bothered him. By and by, I tired of the work, and getting up with a clatter, I went over and watched him. He was painting cool green waves dashing over jagged rocks, from a little sketch he had taken down at Lachine.

"Tell me, papa," I said after a moment, "if I keep on learning, do you think I will ever be able to earn my living as an artist?"

"Who? What—you? Oh!" Absently papa

blew the smoke about his head, gazed at me, but did not seem to see me. He seemed to be talking rather to himself, not bitterly, but just sadly: "Better be a dressmaker, or a plumber, or a butcher, or a policeman. There is no money in art!"

NEXT to our garden, separated only by a wooden fence, through which we children used to peep, was the opulent and well-kept garden of Monsieur Prefontaine, who was a very important man, once Mayor of Hochelaga, the French quarter of Montreal, in which we lived. Madame Prefontaine, moreover, was an object of unfailing interest and absorbing wonder to us children. She was an enormously fat woman, and had once taken a trip to New York City, to look for a wayward sister. There she had been offered a job as fat woman for a big circus, Madame Prefontaine used to say to the neighbors, who always listened to her with great respect:

"Mon Dieu! That New York—it is one big hell! Never do I feel so hot as in dat terrible city! I feel de grease it run all out of me! Mebbe, eef I stay at dat New York, I may be one big meelionaire—Oui! But, non! Me? I prefer my leetle home, so cool and quiet, in Hochelaga than be meelionaire in dat New York, dat is like purgatory."

We had an old, straggly garden. Everything about it looked "seedy" and uncared for and wild, for we could not afford a gardener. My sisters and I found small consolation in papa's stout assertion that it looked picturesque, with its gnarled old apple-trees and shrubs in their natural wild state. I was sensitive about that garden. It was awfully poor looking, in comparison with our neighbors' nicely kept places. It was just like our family, I sometimes treacherously thought—unkempt and wild and "heathenish." A neighbor once called us that. I stuck out my tongue at her when she said it. Being just next to the fine garden of Monsieur Prefontaine, it appeared the more ragged and beggarly, that garden of ours.

Mama would send us children to pick the maggots off the currant bushes and the bugs off the potato plants and, to encourage us, she would give us one cent for every pint of bugs or maggots we showed her. I hated the bugs and maggots, but it was fascinating to dig up the potatoes. To see the vegetables actually under the earth seemed almost like a miracle, and I would pretend the gnomes and fairies put them there, and hid inside the potatoes. I once told this to my little brothers and sisters, and Nora, who was just a little tot, wouldn't eat a potato again for weeks, for fear she might bite on a fairy. Most of all, I loved to pick strawberries, and it was a matter of real grief and humiliation to me that our own

strawberries were so dried-up looking and small, as compared with the big, luscious berries I knew were in the garden of Monsieur Prefontaine.

On that day I had been picking strawberries for some time, and the sun was hot and my basket only half full. I kept thinking of the berries in the garden adjoining, and the more I thought of them, the more I wished I had some of them.

It was very quiet in our garden. Not a sound was anywhere, except the breezes, making all kinds of mysterious whispers among the leaves. For some time my eye had become fixed, fascinated, upon a loose board, with a hole in it near the ground. I looked and looked at that hole, and I thought to myself: "It is just about big enough for me to crawl through." Hardly had that thought occurred to me, when down on hands and knees I dropped, and into the garden of the great Monsieur Prefontaine I crawled.

The strawberry beds were right by the fence. Greedily I fell upon them. Oh, the exquisite joy of eating forbidden fruit! The fearful thrills that even as I ate ran up and down my spine; as I glanced about me on all sides. There was even a wicked feeling of fierce joy in acknowledging to myself that I was a thief.

"Thou shalt not steal!" I repeated the commandment that I had broken even while my mouth was full, and then, all of a sudden, I heard a voice, one that had inspired me always with feelings of respect, and awe, and fear.

"How you get in here?"

Monsieur Prefontaine was towering sternly above me. He was a big man, bearded, and with a face of preternatural importance and sternness.

I got up. My legs were shaky, and the world was whirling about me. I thought of the jail, where thieves were taken, and a great terror seized me. Monsieur Prefontaine had been the Mayor of Hochelaga. He could have

me put in prison for all the rest of my life. We would all be disgraced.

"Well? Well? How you get in here?" demanded Monsieur Prefontaine.

"M'sieu? I—I—crawled in!" I stammered, indicating the hole in the fence.

"Bien! Crawl out, madame!"

"Madame" to me, who was but twelve years old!

"CRAWL OUT!" commanded Monsieur, pointing to the hole, and feeling like a worm, ignominiously, under the awful eye of that ex-Mayor of Hochelaga, on hands and knees and stomach, I crawled out.

Once on our side, I felt not the shame of being a thief so much, as the degradation of *crawling out* with that man looking.

Feeling like a desperate criminal, I swaggered up to the house, swinging my half-filled basket of strawberries. As I came up the path, Ellen, a sister just two years older than I, put her head out of an upper window and called down to me:

"Marion,  
there's a  
beggar  
boy com-  
ing in  
at the



"This way," I would yell, "is mine!" Then, throwing myself on the sofa, I would sob and moan, just as Camille should, until sister Nora, who was acting as dummy, cried with sympathy and excitement. One day I heard father up-stairs calling: "What the dickens is the matter with that Marion? Has she taken leave of her senses?"

gate. Give him some of that stale bread mama left on the kitchen table to make a pudding with."

"The boy was about thirteen, and he was a very dirty boy, with hardly any clothes on him. As I looked at him, I was thrilled with a most beautiful inspiration. I could regenerate myself by doing an act of lovely charity.

"Wait a minute, boy."

Disregarding the stale bread, I cut a big generous slice of fresh, sweet smelling bread that Sung Sung, our one very old Chinese servant, had made that day. Heaping it thick with brown sugar, I handed it to the boy.

"There, beggar boy," I said generously, "you can eat it all."

He took it with both hands, greedily, and now as I looked at him another fiendish impulse seized me. Big boys had often hit me, and although I fought back as valiantly and savagely as my puny fists would let me, I had always been worsted, and had been made to realize the weakness of my sex and age. Now as I looked at that beggar boy, I realized that here was my chance to hit a big boy. He was smiling at me gratefully across that slice of sugared bread, and I leaned over and suddenly pinched him hard on each of his cheeks. His eyes bulged with amazement, and I still remember his expression of surprise and pained fear. I made a horrible grimace at him and then ran out of the room.

There was a long, black period when we knew acutely the meaning of what papa wearily termed "Hard Times." Even in "Good Times" there are few people who buy paintings, and no one wants them in "Hard Times." A terrible epidemic of smallpox broke out in the city. The French and not the English Canadians were the ones chiefly afflicted, and my father set this down to the fact that the French resisted vaccination. In fact, there were anti-vaccination riots all over the French quarter, where we lived.

And now my father, in this desperate crisis, proved the truth of the old adage that "Blood will tell." Ours was the only house on our block, or for that matter the surrounding streets, where the hideous yellow sign "PICOTTE" (smallpox) was not conspicuously nailed upon the front door, and this despite the fact that we were a large family of children. Papa hung sheets all over the house, completely saturated with disinfectants. Every one of us children were vaccinated, and we were not allowed to leave the premises. Papa himself went upon all the messages, even doing the marketing.

He was not absent-minded in those days, nor in the grueling days of dire poverty that followed the plague. Child as I was, I vividly recall the terrors of that period, going to bed hungry, my mother crying in the night and my



Said Colonel Stevens to me: "A young girl in a pink-cotton frock is the sweetest thing on earth."

my tears. Mama had told us that none of us must let papa see us cry, as it might "un-man" him, and she herself had heroically set the example of restraining her grief until after his departure. Now, however, the strain was loosened. I fancied I read in my brothers' and sisters' faces—we were all imaginative and sensitive and excitable—my own fears. Simultaneously we all began to cry.

Never will I forget that return home, all of us children crying and sobbing, and mama now weeping as unconcealedly as any of us, and the French people stopping us on the way to console or commiserate with us; but although they repeated over and over, "Pauvres petits enfants! Pauvre petite mère!" I saw their significant glances, and I knew that in their minds was the same treacherous thought of my father.

But papa did return! He could have stayed in England, and, as my sister Ada extravagantly put it, "lived in the lap of luxury," but he came back to his noisy, ragged little "heathens," and the "painting, painting of pot-boilers to feed my hungry children."

"MONSIEUR DE ST. VIDAL is ringing the door-bell," called Ellen. "Why don't you open the door, Marion. I believe he has a birthday present for you in his hand."

It was my sixteenth birthday, and Monsieur de St. Vidal was my first beau! He was a relative of our neighbors, the Prefontaines, and I liked him pretty well. I think I chiefly liked to be taken about in his stylish little dog-cart. I felt sure all the other girls envied me.

"You go, Ellen, while I change my dress."

I was anxious to appear at my best before St. Vidal. It was very exciting, this having a beau. I would have enjoyed it much more, however, but for the interfering inquisitiveness of my sisters, Ada and Ellen, who never failed to ask me each time I had been out with him, whether he had "proposed" yet or not.

Ellen was running up the stairs, and now she burst into our room excitedly, with a package in her hand.

"Look, Marion! Here's your present. He wouldn't stop—just left it, and he said, with such a Frenchy bow— Whew! I don't like the French!—Pour Mamselle Marion, avec mes compliments!" and Ellen mimicked St. Vidal's best French manner and voice.

I opened the package. Oh, such a lovely box of paints—a perfect treasure!

"Just exactly what I wanted!" I cried excitedly, looking at the little tubes, all shiny and clean, and the new brushes and palette.

Ada was sitting reading by the window, and now she looked up and said:

"Oh, did that French wine merchant give that to Marion?"

She cast a disparaging glance at the box, and then, addressing Ellen, she continued:

"Marion is disgustingly old for sixteen, but, of course, if he gives her presents—" (he had never given me anything but candy before) "he will propose to her, I suppose. Mama married at sixteen, and I suppose some people—" Ada gave me another look that was anything but approving—"are in a hurry to get married. I shall never marry till I am twenty-five!" Ada was twenty.

This time Ellen, who was eighteen, got the condemning look. Ellen was engaged to be married to an American editor, who wrote to her every day in the week and sometimes telegraphed. They were awfully in love with each other. Ellen said now:

"Oh, he'll propose all right. Wallace came around a whole lot, you know, before he actually popped."

"Well, maybe so," said Ada, "but I think we ought to know that French wine merchant's intentions pretty soon. I'll ask him if you like," she volunteered.

"No, no, don't you dare!" I protested.

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"Well," said Ada, "if he doesn't propose to you soon, you ought to stop going out with him. It's bad form."

That evening St. Vidal called and took me to the rink, and I enjoyed myself hugely. He was a graceful skater, and so was I, and I felt sure that everyone's eye was upon me. I was very proud of my "beau," and I secretly wished that he was blond. I did prefer the English type. However, conscious of what was expected of me by my sisters, I smiled my sweetest on St. Vidal, and by the time we started for home I realized, with a thrill of anticipation, that he was in an especially tender mood. He helped me along the street carefully and gallantly.

It was a clear, frosty night, and the snow was piled up as high as our heads on each side of the sidewalk. Suddenly St. Vidal stopped, and drawing my hand through his arm, he began, with his walking stick, to write upon the snow:

"Madame Marion de St. Vida—"

Before he got to the "l" I was seized with panic. I jerked my hand from his arm, took to my heels and ran all the way home.

Now it had come—that proposal, and I did not want it. It filled me with embarrassment and fright. When I got home, I burst into Ada's room, and gasped:

"It's done! He did propose! But I said—I said—" I hadn't said anything at all.

"Well?" demanded Ada.

"Why, I'm not going to, that's all," I said.

Ada returned to the plaiting of her hair. Then she said skeptically:

"H'm, that's very queer. Are you *sure* he proposed, because I heard he was all the time engaged to a girl in Côte des Neiges."

"Oh, Ada," I cried, "do you suppose he's a bigamist? I think I'm fortunate to have escaped from his snare!"

The next day Madame Prefontaine told mama that St. Vidal had said he couldn't imagine what in the world I had run away suddenly from him like that for, and he said:

"Maybe she had a stomach-ache."

**E**LLEN, don't you wish something would happen?"

Ellen and I were walking up and down the street near the English church.

"Life is so very dull and monotonous," I went on. "My! I would be glad if something real bad happened—some sort of tragedy. Even that is better than this deadness."

Ellen looked at me, and seemed to hesitate.

"Yes, it's awful to be so poor as we are," she answered, "but what I would like is not so much money as fame, and, of course, love. That usually goes with fame."

Ellen's fiancé was going to be famous some day. He was in New York, and had written a wonderful play. As soon as it was accepted, he and Ellen were to be married.

"Well, I tell you what I'd like above everything else on earth," I said sweepingly. "I would love to be a great actress, and break everybody's hearts. It must be perfectly thrilling to be notorious, and we certainly are miserable girls."

We were chewing away with great relish the contents of a bag of candy.

"Anyhow," said Ellen, "you seem to be enjoying that candy," and we both giggled.

Two men were coming out

of the side door of the church. Attracted by our laughter, they came over directly to us. One of them we knew well. He was Jimmy McAlpin, the son of a fine old, very rich, Scotch lady, who had always taken an interest in our family, and especially mama. Jimmy, though he took up the collection in church, had been, so I heard the neighbors whisper to mama, once very dissipated. He had known us since we were little girls, and always teased us a lot. He would come up behind me on the street and pull my long plait of hair, saying: "Pull the string, gentlemen and ladies, and the figure moves!"

Now he came smilingly up to us, followed by his friend, a big stout man, with a military carriage and gray moustache. I recognized him, too, though we did not know him. He was a very rich and important citizen of our Montreal. Of him also I had heard bad things. People said he was "fast." That was a word they always whispered in Montreal, and shook their heads over, but whenever I heard it, its very mystery and badness thrilled me somehow. Ada said there was a depraved and low streak in me, and I guiltily admitted to myself that she was right.

"What are you girls laughing about?" asked Jimmy, a question that merely brought forth a fresh accession of giggles.

Colonel Stevens was staring at me, and he had thrust into his right eye a shining monocle. I thought him very grand and distinguished looking,

much superior to St. Vidal. Anyway we were tired of the French, having them on all sides of us, and, as I have said, I admired the blond type of men. Colonel Stevens was not exactly blond, for his hair was gray (he was bald on top, though his hat covered that), but he was typically British, and somehow the Englishmen always appeared to me much superior to our little French Canucks, as we called them.

Said the colonel, pulling at his moustache: "A laughing young girl in a pink-cotton frock is the sweetest thing on earth."

I had on a pink-cotton frock, and I was laughing. I thought of what I had heard Madame Prefontaine say to mama—in a whisper: "He is one dangerous man—dat Colonel Stevens, and any woman seen wiz him will lose her reputation."

"Will I lose mine?" I asked myself. I must say my heart beat, fascinated, with the idea. Something, now, was really happening, and I was excited and delighted.

"Can't we take the ladies"—I nudged Ellen—"some place for a little refreshment," said the colonel.

"No," said Ellen, "mama expects us home."

"Too bad," murmured the colonel, very much disappointed, "but how about some other night? To-morrow, shall we say?" Looking at me, he added: "May I send you some roses, just the color of your cheeks?"

I nodded from behind Ellen's back.

"Come on," said Ellen brusquely, "we'd better be getting home. You know you've got the dishes to do, Marion."

She drew me along. I couldn't resist looking back, and there was that fascinating colonel, standing stock still in the street, still pulling

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On the last night I experienced all the sensations of a successful star. Someone passed up to me over the footlights a real bouquet of flowers. My! I felt like a regular professional actress.



low. Life was a serious matter to Ada, who had enormous ambitions, and had already been promised a position on our chief newspaper, to which she had contributed poems and stories. To Ada, I was a frivolous, silly young thing, who needed constantly to be squelched, and she undertook to do the squelching, unspareingly, herself.

"Since we are obliged," said Ada, "to live in a neighborhood with people who are not our equals, I think it a good plan to keep to ourselves. That's the only way to be exclusive. Now that Gertie Martin" (Gertie was my latest friend) "is a noisy American girl. She talks through her nose, and is always criticising the Canadians and comparing them with the Yankees. As for that Lu Fraser" (another of my friends) "she can't even speak the Queen's English properly, and her uncle keeps a saloon."

Though I stoutly defended my friends, Ada's nagging had an unconscious effect upon me, and for a time I saw very little of the girls.

Then one evening Gertie met me on the street, and told me that, through her influence, Mr. Davis (also an American) had decided to ask me to take a part in "Ten Nights in a Barroom," which was to be given at a "Pop" by the Montreal Amateur Theatrical Club, of which he was the head. I was so excited and happy about this that I seized hold of Gertie and danced with her on the sidewalk, much to the disgust of my brother, Charles, who was passing with his new wife.

Mr. Davis taught elocution and dramatic art, and he was a man of tremendous importance in my eyes. He was always getting up concerts and entertainments, and no amateur affair in Montreal seemed right without his efficient aid. The series of "Pops" he was now giving were patronized by all the best people of the city and he had an imposing list of patrons and patronesses. Moreover the plays were to be produced in a real theater, not merely a hall, and so they had somewhat the character of professional performances.

To my supreme joy, I was given the part of the drunkard's wife, and there were two glorious weeks in which we rehearsed and Mr. Davis trained us. He said one day that I was the "best actress" of them all, and he added that although he charged \$25 a month to his regular pupils he would teach me for ten, and if I couldn't afford that, for five; and if there was no five to be had, then for nothing. I declared fervently that I would repay him some day, and he laughed, and said: "I'll remind you when that 'some day' comes."

Well, the night arrived, and I was simply delighted with joy. I learned how to "make up," and I actually experienced stage fright when I first went on, but I soon forgot myself.

When I was crawling on the floor across the stage, trying to get something to my drunken husband, a voice from the audience called out:

"Oh, Ma-ri-on! Oh, Ma-ri-on! You're on the bum! You're on the bum!"

It was my little brother, Randle, who with several small boys had got free seats up front by telling the ticket man that his sister was playing the star part. I vowed mentally to box his ears good and hard when I got home.

When the show was over Mr. Davis came to the dressing-room and said, before all the girls:

"Marion, come to my studio next week and we'll start those lessons, and when we put on the next 'Pop,' which I believe will be 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' we will find a good part for you."

"Oh, Mr. Davis," I cried, "are you going to make an actress of me?" "We'll see! We'll see!" he said, smiling. "It will depend on yourself, and if you are willing to study."

"I'll sit up all night long and study," I assured him.

"The worst thing you could do," he answered. "We want to save these peaches, and he pinched my cheek."

Mr. Davis did lots of things that in other men would have been offensive. He always treated us girls as if we were children. People in Montreal thought him "sissified," but I am glad there are some men more like the gentler sex.

So I began to take lessons in elocution and dramatic art. Oh! but I was a happy girl in those days. It is true, Mr. Davis was very strict, and he would make me go over lines again and again before he was satisfied, but when I got them finally right and to suit him, he would rub his hands, blow his nose and say:

"Fine! Fine! Marion, there's the real stuff in you."

He once said that I was the only pupil he had who had an atom of promise in her. He declared Montreal peculiarly lacking in talent

of that sort, though he said he had searched all over the place for even a "spark of fire." I, at least, loved the work, was deadly in earnest and, finally, so he said, I was pretty, and that was something.

We studied "Camille," "The Marble Heart," and "Romeo and Juliet." All of my spare time at home I spent memorizing and rehearsing. I would get a younger sister, Nora, who was absurdly interested, to act as a dummy. I would make her be Armand or Armand's father.

"Now, Nora," I would say, "when I come to the word 'Her,' you must say: 'Camille! Camille!'"

Then I would begin, addressing Nora as Armand:

"You are not talking to a cherished daughter of society, but a woman of the world, friendless and fearless. Loved by those whose vanity she gratifies, despised by those who ought to pity her—her—*Her*—"

I would look at Nora and repeat: "Her—!" and Nora would wake up from her trance of admiration of me and say:

"Camel! Camel!"

"No, no!" I would yell. "That is—" (pointing to the right)—"Mr. Davis called that 'dramatic action'?" "your way! This way—" (pointing to the left) "is mine!"

Then throwing myself on the dining-room sofa, I would sob and moan and cough (Camille had consumption, you may recall), and what with Nora crying with sympathy and excitement, and the baby generally waking up there would be an awful noise in our house.

I remember papa coming half way down the stairs one day and calling out:

"What the dickens is the matter with that Marion? Has she taken leave of her senses?"

Mama answered from the kitchen: "No, papa, she's learning elocution and dramatic art from Mr. Davis; but I'm sure she's not suited to be an actress, for she lips and her nose is too short. But do make her stop, or the neighbors will think we are quarreling."

"Stop this minute!" ordered papa, "and don't let me hear any more such nonsense."

I betook myself to the barn.

THE snow was crisp and the air as cold as ice. We were playing the last performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We had been playing it for two weeks, and I had been given two different parts—Marie St. Claire, in which, to my joy, I wore a gold wig and lace tea-gown—which I made from an old pair of lace curtain and a lavender silk dress mama had had when they were rich and she dressed for dinner—and Cassy. I did love that part where Cassy says:

"Simon Legree, you are afraid of me, and you have reason to be, for I have got the devil in me!"

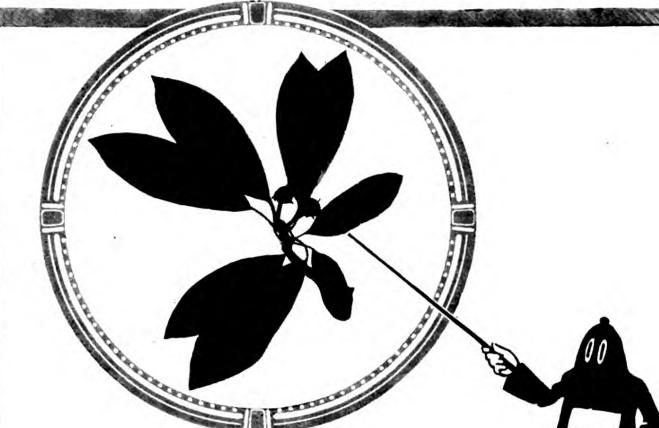
I used to hurl those words at him and glare until the audience clapped me for that. Ada saw me play Cassy one night, and she went home and told mama that I had "sworn like a common woman before all the people on the stage" and that I ought not to be allowed to disgrace the family. But little I cared for Ada in those days. I was learning to be an actress!

On this last night, in fact, I experienced all the sensations of a successful star. Someone had passed up to me, over the footlights, if you please, a real bouquet of flowers, and with these clasped to my breast I had retired smiling and bowing from the stage.

To add to my bliss, Patty Chase, the girl who played Topsy, came running in to say that a gentleman friend of hers was "crazy" to meet me. He was the one who had sent me the flowers. He wanted to know if I would not take supper with him and a friend and Patty that night.

My! I felt like a regular professional actress. To think an unknown man had admired me from the front, and was actually seeking my acquaintance! I hesitated, however, because Patty was not the sort of girl I was accustomed to go out with. I liked Patty pretty well myself, but my brother, Charles, had one day come to the house especially to tell papa some things about her—he had seen me walking with Patty on the street—and papa had forbidden me to go out with her again. As I hesitated, she said:

"It isn't as if they are strangers, you know. One of them, Harry Bond, is my own fellow. You know how his folks are, and but for them we'd have been married long ago. Well, Harry's friend, the one who wants to meet you, is a swell, too, and he hasn't been out from England long. Harry says his folks are big nob over there, and he is studying law here. His folks send him a remittance and I guess it's a pretty big one, for he's



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living at the Windsor, and I guess he can treat us fine. So come along. You'll not get such a chance again."

"Patty," I said, "I'm afraid I dare not. Mama hates me to be out late, and, see, it's eleven already."

"Why, the night's just beginning," cried Patty.

There was a rap at the door, and Patty exclaimed:

"Here they are now!"

All the girls in the room were watching me enviously, I thought—and one of them made a catty remark about Patty, who had gone out in the hall, and was whispering to the man. I decided not to go, but when I came out of the room there they were all waiting for me, and Patty exclaimed:

"Here she is," and, dragging me along by the hand, she introduced me to the men.

I found myself looking up into the face of a tall man of about twenty-three. He had light curly hair and blue eyes. His features were fine and clear cut, and, to my girlish eyes, he appeared extraordinarily handsome and distinguished, far more so even than Colonel Stevens, who had, up till then, been my ideal of manly perfection. Everything he wore had an elegance about it, from his evening suit and the rich fur-lined overcoat to his opera hat and gold-tipped cane. I felt flattered and overwhelmingly impressed to think that such a fine personage should have singled me out for especial attention. What is more, he was looking at me with frank and undisguised admiration. Instead of letting go my hand, which he had taken when Patty introduced us, he held it while he asked me if he couldn't have the pleasure of taking me out to supper. As I hesitated, blushing and awfully thrilled by the hand pressing mine, Patty said:

"She's scared. Her mother won't let her stay out late at night. She's never been out to supper before."

Then she and Harry Bond burst out laughing, as if that were a good joke on me, but Mr. Bertie (his name was the Honorable Reginald Bertie—pronounced Bartie) did not laugh. On the contrary, he looked very sympathetic, and pressed my hand the closer. I thought to myself:

"My! I must have looked lovely as Marie St. Claire. Wait till he sees me as Camille. 'I'm not afraid,' I contradicted Patty, 'but mamma sits up for me.'

This was not strictly true, but it sounded better than to say that Ada always sat up for anyone in the house who went out at night. She even used to sit up for my brother Charles, before he was married, and I could just imagine the cross-questioning she would put me through when I got in late. Irritated

(Be sure to follow up these experiences of "Marion" in the May issue of Hearst's)

## "Mr. Dooley"

(Continued from page 293)

th' best-known bein': 'Checkers in its Relation to th' Art iv War.'

"Well, thinks I to mesil at first 'this is a fine tribute to us ol' boys. We'll show th' young fellows how to tumble around. Ye'll see a gr-reat mealy whin thin octogenaryuns fly at each other.' But it's turned out as I shud've known it must. Two ol' fellows made a couple iv mild passes at each other, fell down, an' th' both come to a standstill. How about Von Hindenberg says ye? I have nawthin' to say against that handsome man, but 'twas no more thin a case iv an' ol' German lickin' an' ol' Rooshyun, an' him a gran' jook at that he'd had his vidky brought to his bedside iv'ry mornin' fr' thirty years. I'm not sayin' that Jawn L. Sullivan cuddin' lick Mike Donovan, but it wuddn't go in th' records.

"An' ar-rny can advance or retreat on'y as fast an' as fast as its commandin' gin'r'l can go; an' if th' commandin' gin'r'l is bein' pushed around in a wheel-chair it won't be very fast or far. Napolyon Bonaparty or Phil Sheridan cud fight all day an' all night, take a nap on horseback, toss off a gill iv Mongahala rye fr' breakfast an' resoom fightin'! But a gin'r'l iv eighty is no diff'rent fr'm any other man iv eighty. He has to have his shavin' wather in th' mornin', put in his teeth, ate his poached egg, dries his rhoomatich frame in wool an' find his soard before he can begin to di-rect th' battle. After a few hours fightin' he can't think iv anything more to say. Whin his aidy-camp comes to him an' says 'Gin'r'l, we await ye'v ordhers,' he says 'Go way, me head aches.' An' that ends th' battle.

"Whin our gr-reat rumpus broke out most ev' th' gin'r'ls were gallant ol' vethrans that had been settin' around th' War Department tellin' how wars shud be run. Before it was over a lot iv th' gin'r'ls was so young they had to wear false whiskers to make th' throops respect them. None iv them had ever wrote a book on war an' most iv them had never read wan. Th' ol' fellows wint back to Wash'ngton an' got a job on th' board iv sthateegy. Iv'ry now an' th'in they'd wake up fr'm a nap in an arm-chair an' tillygraft to Phil Sheridan, 'Why don't ye fight? Ar-re ye a cow'dr?'

"That is a sotable career fr'r th' aged, incuragin' th' young to fight. So I wasn't surprised to read in th' pa-pers th' other day that Gin'r'l McGuff had gone back to London an' his place had been took be Gin'r'l Bluff, an ambitious young sojer iv forty. Gin'r'l McGuff has been made a jook. He has written a scathin' indictment iv th' authorities iv th' War Office because fr'r days at a time he never received a shipment iv gruel."

"Ye don't seem to think us ol' fellows is good fr'r anything," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Not at all, not at all," said Mr. Dooley. "As statesmen an' granfathers we ar-re unexcelled. A statesman is a man who rembers th' mistakes iv th' past an' sees to it that they ar-re repeated. We're qualified fr'r that. No young man is a good statesman or a creditable granfther. But we mustn't step out iv our class. As soon as I begin feelin' young I begin to git scared. It's dangerous. As th' sayin' goes a man is as old as he feels young."

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