

PRETTY LITTLE Mlle. CLEO, WHO IS THE TALK OF ALL PARIS.



Question---How Much of the Statue Is Really Pretty Cleo?

They have been taking big money at the turnstiles of the Champs Elysees Salon ever since it was opened, but the hurry Parisians are in to pay down their francs is not to be ascribed solely to their single-minded love of art. There is scandal in the air of the Palais de l'Industrie, and the tongues of the boulevard gossips are wagging hard. They are saying that Mlle. Cleo de Merode is the pride of the Paris Opera House. A good many persons vow that she is the loveliest of all the lovely women of the gay capital. At any rate she is one of the most famous of Parisian beauties. She it was who invented or rather revived that manner of doing the hair called "a la Botticelli." The fashion consists in parting the hair in the middle and allowing it to fall on each side in broad folds low over the forehead and ears in imitation of the style of culture the old Italian artist Botticelli adopted for his pictures of saints.

Mlle. De Merode is very likely a saint in private life, but in her professional moments she is a lady of the ballet. Her exquisite beauty and her delightful dancing are reported to have turned a prodigious number of heads; one of them at least, if the gossips are to be believed, being a crowned head. Such is Mlle. De Merode. It remains to tell how it has come about that visitors are flocking to the Salon on her account.

On entering the exhibition you find yourself in the Winter garden, where the statue is exposed. Right in front of you as you walk in is a statue by M. Falguiere, around which there throngs a crowd from the hour of opening to the closing hour. The artist calls his work "The Dancer." Like a good many other statues of charming creatures of the fair sex, whatever their name, it represents a young and lovely woman without any clothes. The special feature of this particular statue is that, so far as any rate as the head is concerned, it is a lifelike likeness of Mlle. Cleo de Merode. There is no mistaking the well-known features peeping out from beneath the celebrated folds of hair.

As a matter of fact the head of the statue is the head of De Merode. The charming artist makes no bones about confessing that she has allowed M. Falguiere to model the features of his dancing girl after her own. But the rest of the statue? From the top of the head to the bottom of the feet has it all been taken from De Merode? That is the question that all Paris is discussing. Does that thing of beauty whose

name is Cleo de Merode stand revealed without a veil to every dull clod who is prepared to spend a franc? Or are the curious merely feasting their eyes upon the shapely form of some nameless studio model?

For obvious reasons it is hard to get at the truth. There is nothing for it but to weigh the evidence. I have spoken on the subject both with Mlle. De Merode and her malicious accusers. The exquisite danseuse indignantly denies the charge.

"I was told months ago," she informed me, "that it was being whispered that I had sat to M. Falguiere for a life-sized statue. There is not a particle of truth in the report, which I at once contradicted, as did M. Falguiere, it being a wretched invention."

I remarked that several famous beauties had done as much.

"That was their business," retorted Mlle. De Merode. "I only sat for the head and wouldn't do any more for millions."

"Of francs or dollars?" I asked.

A different tale was told me behind the scenes of the Opera, the source whence the accusation was first made. The ladies of the ballet profess themselves exceedingly annoyed that one of their number should have disgraced them by sitting as a model for the nude. They one and all or them maintain that M. Falguiere's dancer is really Mlle. de Merode from top to toe. They assert that their comrade made no secret of the sittings at the time they were in progress and that several of them remonstrated with her. What is more, they are talking of taking steps to ensure the punishment of the beautiful offender. A movement is on foot to send a deputation of leading ladies to M. Galliard, the director of the Opera, to beg him to expel the stinking Cleo from the ranks of the ballet. Such is the position at present. How it will end is hard to see, and to the skeptical Parisians it does not matter much. They have been highly amused by the episode which has shown them ladies of the ballet in the new role of champions of modesty and has perhaps given them a glimpse of treasures of beauty they never expected to behold.

Mademoiselle De Merode, whose present name is that of a noble Flemish family, was born with a much humbler one. She is not yet twenty-three years of age, and it would probably be no exaggeration to say that she is the most famous woman in Paris. The great sensation created by her is due to a variety of interesting causes. Her

beauty is not only remarkable, judged by any standpoint, but it is of a type very different from that which is ordinarily offered to the eye of the pleasure-loving public. The Parisian has passed that stage of simple sensuality when a sound, plump person liberally displayed gives satisfaction. A suggestion of chastity, of melancholy, or even of plety in the object of his carnal admiration revives his jaded senses.

Cleo de Merode possesses this refined Parisian taste. In her there is nothing of the commonplace, good-natured prettiness which is usually possessed by American and English dancers. Her face is grave and sad, almost that of a religious. It has nothing which would ordinarily be recognized as sensuality. Her hair is black and complexion of alabaster whiteness and very beautiful. Her face is rather long and her features severely regular. The method which she affects of doing her hair, direct-drawn down on each side of her face, adds to her mediæval and sanctified aspect. The fashion has been widely copied by women in Paris, including those who have plump faces and retrouse noses, and whom it renders in the highest degree ridiculous.

One of the most recent admirers of De Merode was the King of the Belgians, who paid a visit to Paris with the object of selling his Congo Free State. He failed in his political plan and stayed in the French capital several weeks longer than he had been expected to. The reason was plain when it was learned that he had become infatuated with Mademoiselle De Merode. De Merode has no cause to be overwhelmed by the honors paid her by King Leopold. The most famous men in France and in Europe pay her court. When she drives in the Bois de Boulogne, with an equipage perfect in quality and in taste, she is the syncope of all eyes. Her face is to be seen in the window of every photograph dealer.

Private Elevators in the Houses of Millionaires.

The passenger elevator has become a fixture in the homes of wealthy New Yorkers.

More than one hundred owners of fine residences in New York City and vicinity have elevators in their homes, and some of them more than one. About seventy of these elevators are hydraulic and thirty-six or more electric. The latter power is coming into general use. In a few years' time it is likely to supplant all other.

The following is a list of persons in New York and vicinity who are now using electric elevators in their homes:

- Mrs. Astor, No. 840 Fifth avenue.
- Mr. J. J. Astor, No. 842 Fifth avenue.
- Mrs. N. E. Baylies, Fifth avenue and Seventy-first street.
- D. C. Blair, No. 6 East Sixty-first street.
- Colonel George Bliss, No. 64 West Thirty-ninth street.
- M. C. D. Borden, No. 25 West Fifty-sixth street.
- Charles L. Colby, Nos. 8 and 10 East Sixty-ninth street.
- R. L. Cutter, Amity and Clinton streets, Brooklyn.
- J. E. Edson, Riverside Drive and Seventy-fourth street.
- Henry Hillton, No. 7 West Thirty-fourth street.
- Mrs. C. T. Hoyt, No. 12 East Sixty-seventh street.
- Dr. F. E. Hyde, No. 20 West Fifty-third street.
- John H. Inman, Fifth avenue and Sixty-eighth street.
- Mrs. Annie B. Kellogg, No. 88 West Fifty-sixth street.
- Dr. Herman Knapp, No. 26 West Fortieth street.
- Mrs. Nathan Littauer, No. 578 Madison avenue.
- T. A. McIntyre, No. 804 West Seventy-fifth street.
- J. J. McComb, Dobbs Ferry.
- Mrs. E. F. Montell, No. 11 West Thirtieth street.
- John H. Inman, Fifth avenue and Sixty-eighth street.
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- J. J. McComb, Dobbs Ferry.
- Mrs. E. F. Montell, No. 11 West Thirtieth street.
- C. C. Osborn, No. 82 Park avenue.
- C. M. Pratt, No. 233 Clinton avenue, Brooklyn.
- Mrs. Packer, No. 2 Grace court, Brooklyn.
- Dr. E. L. Partridge, No. 19 Fifth avenue, New York.
- Mrs. E. O. Perry, No. 1 East Fifty-sixth street.
- J. Hampden Robb, Park avenue and Thirty-sixth street.
- W. C. Schermerhorn, No. 49 West Twenty-third street.
- Mrs. W. Watts Sherman, Fifth avenue and Sixty-fifth street.
- Isaac Stern, No. 855 Fifth avenue.
- Joseph Stickney, No. 42 West Fifty-seventh street.
- Edward Sturges, No. 12 East Sixty-fourth street.
- H. A. C. Taylor, No. 1 East Seventy-first street.
- General Samuel Thomas, No. 17 West Fifty-seventh street.
- Cornelius Vanderbilt, Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street.
- Charles T. Yerkes, Fifth avenue and Sixty-eighth street.
- Mrs. M. E. Young, No. 15 West Fifty-sixth street.

The New Woman Now Turning Her Mind To Pharmacy.

The new woman has found another industry in which to apply her talents. This time it is as a registered drug clerk that she will tempt fate. She is a recognized member of the alumni of the New York College of Pharmacy.

Whether it was because of the superabundance of competent and pretty typewriters and stenographers, the hard and unpleasant work incidental to shop work, or simply a desire to wander off into some new field where only men have been recognized is a question which only the lady pharmacist herself can settle, but the fact remains that within the past week two young women have been graduated from the New York College of Pharmacy with full honors and diplomas, and they are only the advance guard of many more to come. What is more, one of those girl graduates took the first prize for excellence in pharmacy and materia medica.

That women have always been more or less expert in the compounding of drugs is an unquestioned fact, although it was not always done in the interest of mankind. There was Lucretia Borgia for one. Catherine de Medici also made for herself a world-wide reputation, lasting through all time, as a most accomplished mixer of drugs and poisons. The first lady of Egypt of her time, Cleopatra, was thoroughly familiar with poisons and their antidotes. While both Catherine of Russia, often quoted as one of the original new women, and her sister, Queen Anne, were adepts in the art of disposing of troublesome courtiers through the agency of compounded drugs.

The entrance into pharmacy in this country of women is of recent date. There have been a few feminine druggists, but only within the last few days have the new women appeared as graduates.

The most recent women graduates from the New York College of Pharmacy are Misses Juliet M. Lowell and Madge O'Connor, both of this city. They were graduated on May 8. The first woman graduate from the same college was Mary Putnam Jacob, who is to-day recognized as an authority in medicine and pharmacy.

In 1877 the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy graduated a woman with the right to write Ph. G. after her name, and in 1883 the second female graduate took her degree from the same college, and in the same year a woman was graduated from the Chicago College with the same privilege. Between 1868 and the present year other Western and Southern colleges

graduated a few women as registered pharmacists, and to-day there are half a dozen women in New York and Brooklyn who are either proprietresses of drug stores or act as drug clerks.

It is only recently, however, that the trade in general has begun to realize the possibilities of the woman in pharmacy, and the extent to which the "sweet girl graduate" is likely to assume what has heretofore been regarded as one of man's prerogatives. The views taken of the entrance of women into the field of pharmacy by some of the now prominent pharmacists of New York are as varied as are the men themselves.

George Ramsey, assistant manager and head of the chemical department of one of New York's largest drug stores, said of women as successful pharmacists: "In my opinion the very nature of the business prevents their making a success of it. When a man is sick and comes in to have a prescription filled, he almost always begins to talk about his aches and ills to the clerk who is waiting on him. He would hesitate a long while before making a similar confidant of a young woman clerk, and, in fact, might object in any event to having a woman fill his prescription. Again, women are more apt to lose their heads than are men during a rush of business, and in that event serious mistakes are likely to occur. I do not think myself that the woman drug clerk can in the majority of cases be a success, not under any circumstances in the big city stores."

Dr. H. H. Rudy, of the New York College of Pharmacy, is of the opinion that the entrance of women into pharmacy is permanent. He gives it as his opinion that they are particularly fitted for work in pharmacy. "The best woman pharmacists are not up to the standard of the best men," he said, "but this may be accounted for by the fact that they have not had the years of training of which the men have had the benefit."

Miss Pauline S. Koellner, of No. 443 Second avenue, is one of the few women druggists in New York. She does most of the work herself, and says she does not think she ever lost a customer because she happens to be a woman. Customers sometimes appear surprised when they are waited on by a woman, but she recalls no unpleasant experience.

In Brooklyn Mrs. P. M. Backman and her two daughters own and manage a drug store, while Mrs. Mary V. Crosby is the owner and runs a drug store at Rockaway.

The Yale Crew Training for the Big Race at Henley.



SIMPSON, Bow. BROWN. BEARD. RODGERS. BAILEY. LONGAORE. TREADWAX, Captain. LANGFORD, Stroke.

(See Mr. Ralph D. Paine's article on the coming race on page 22.)